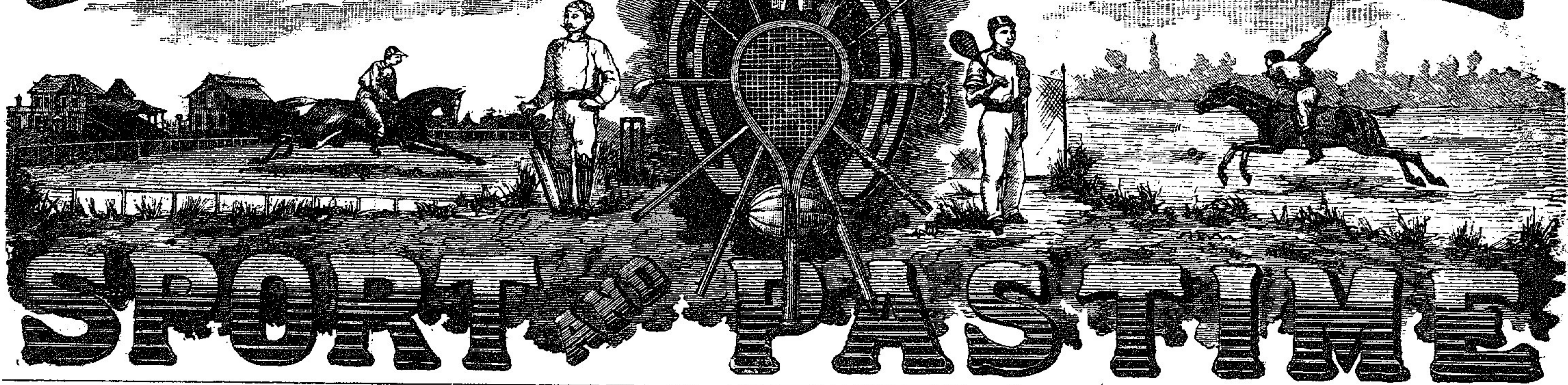


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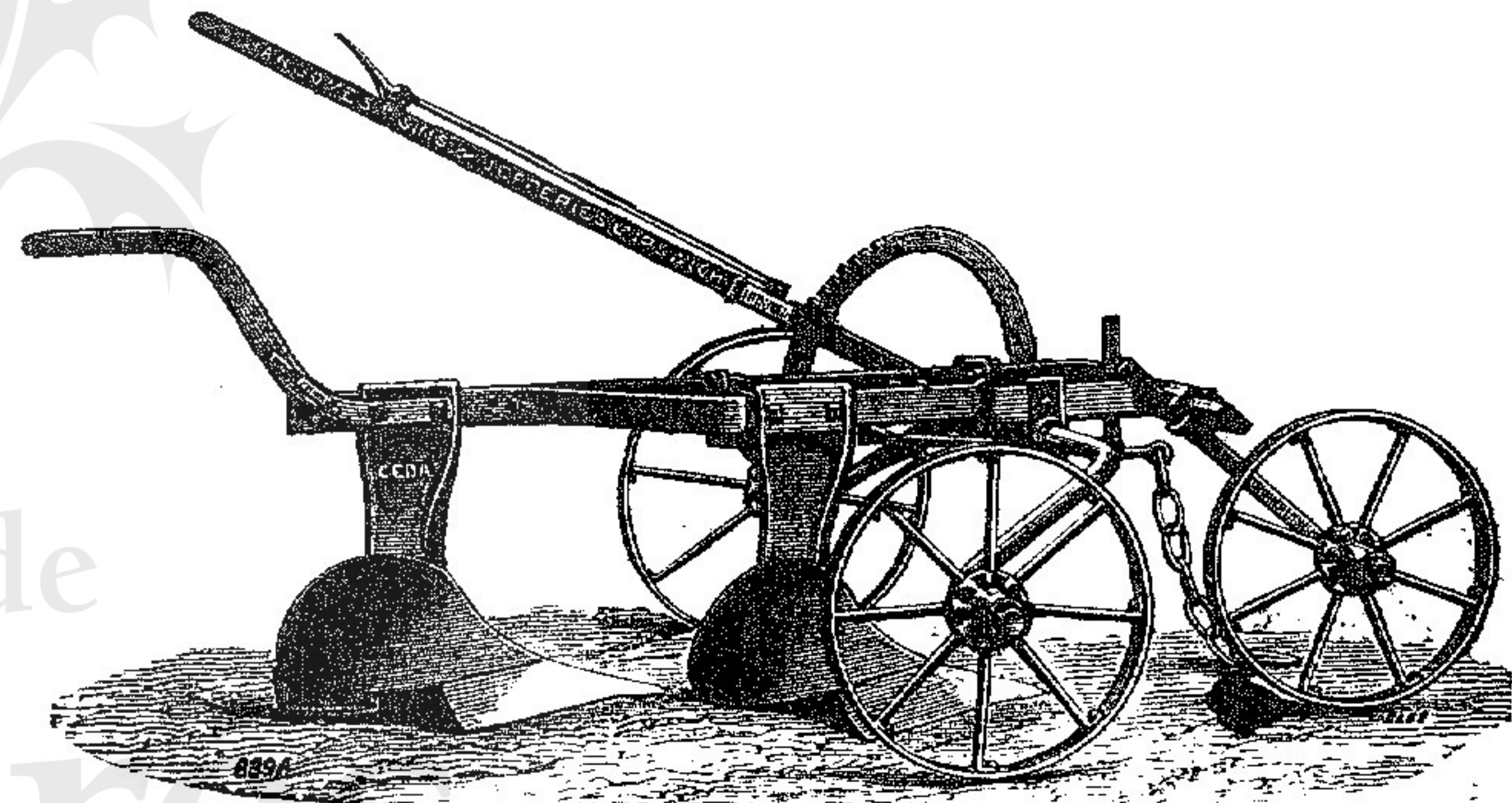
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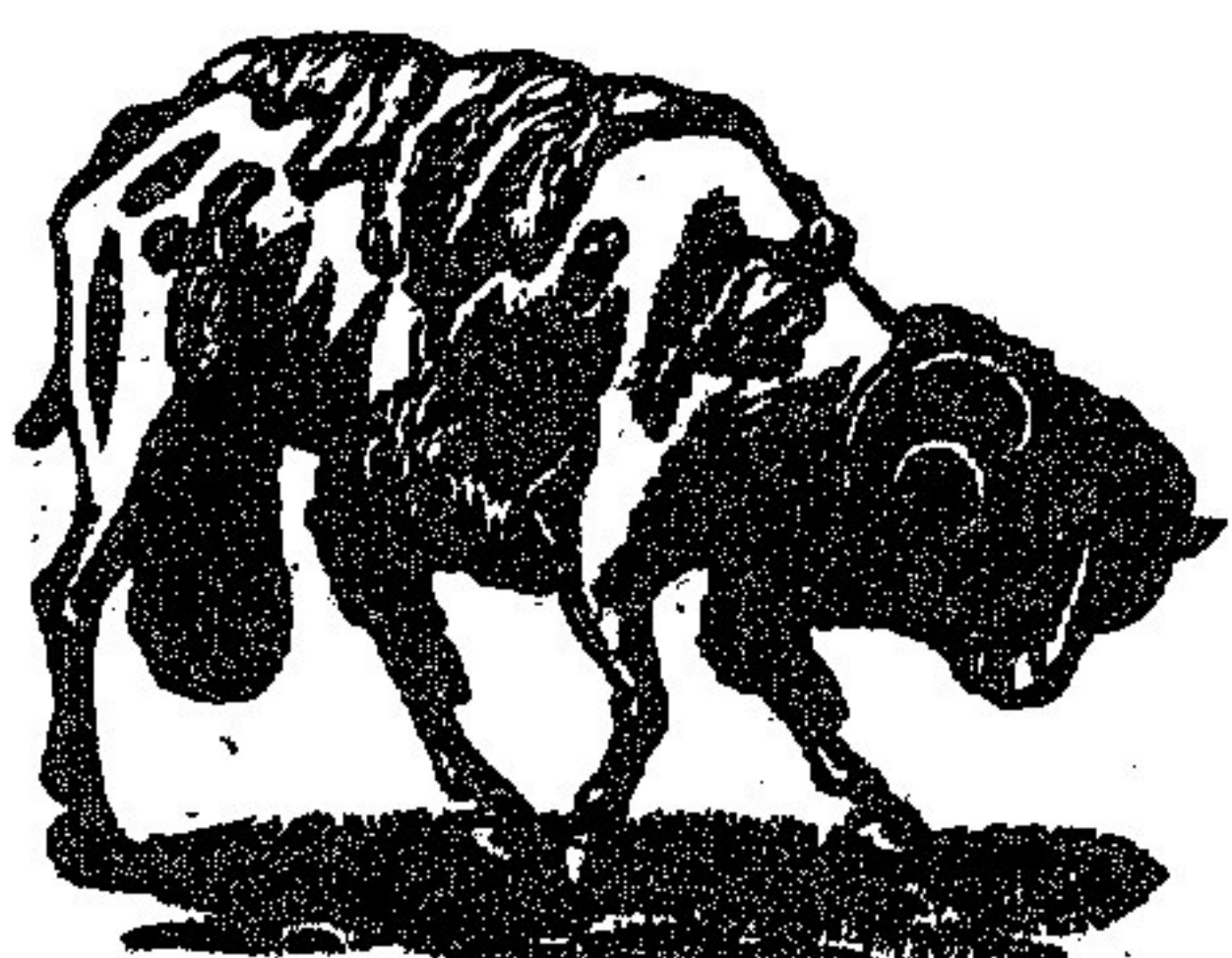
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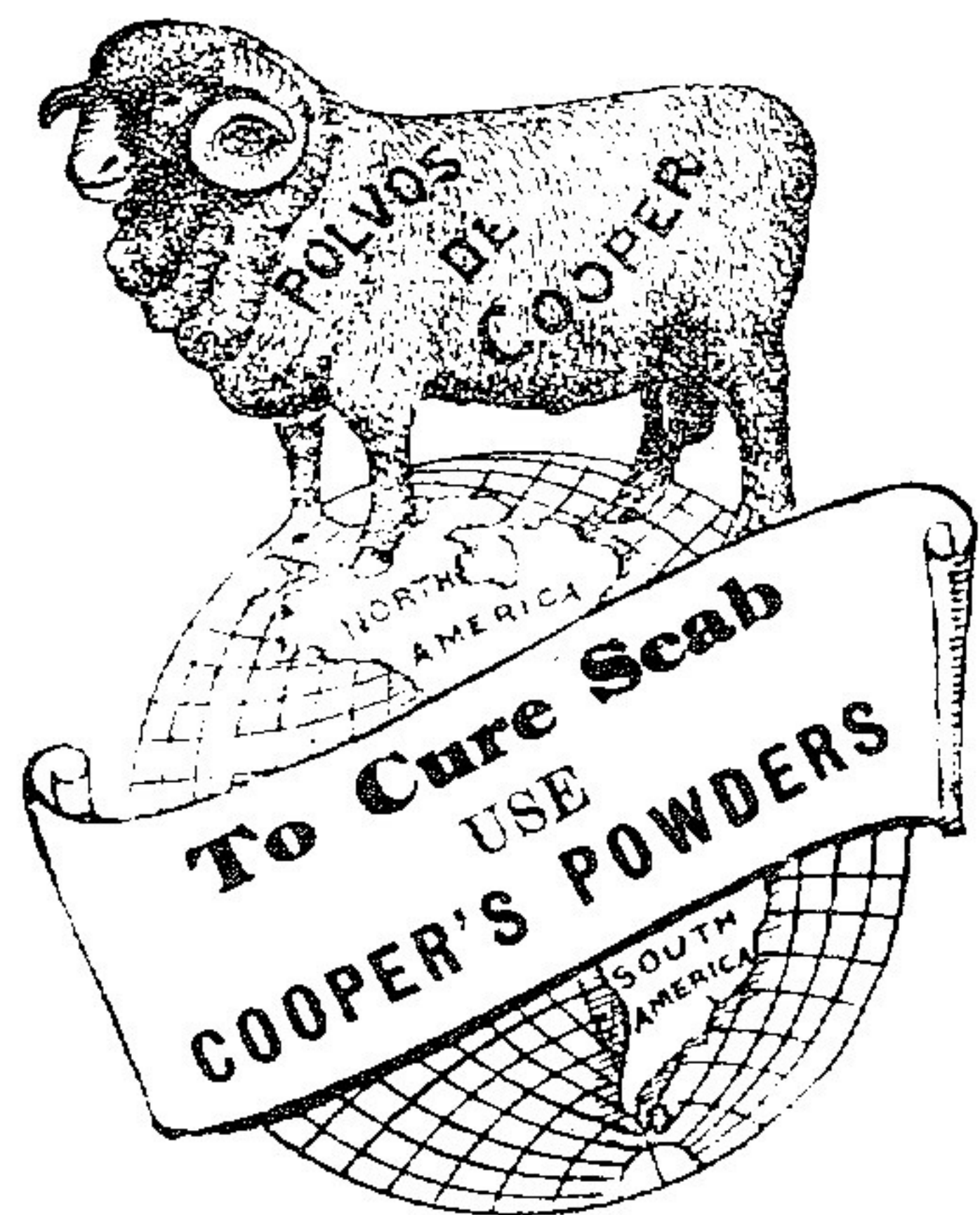
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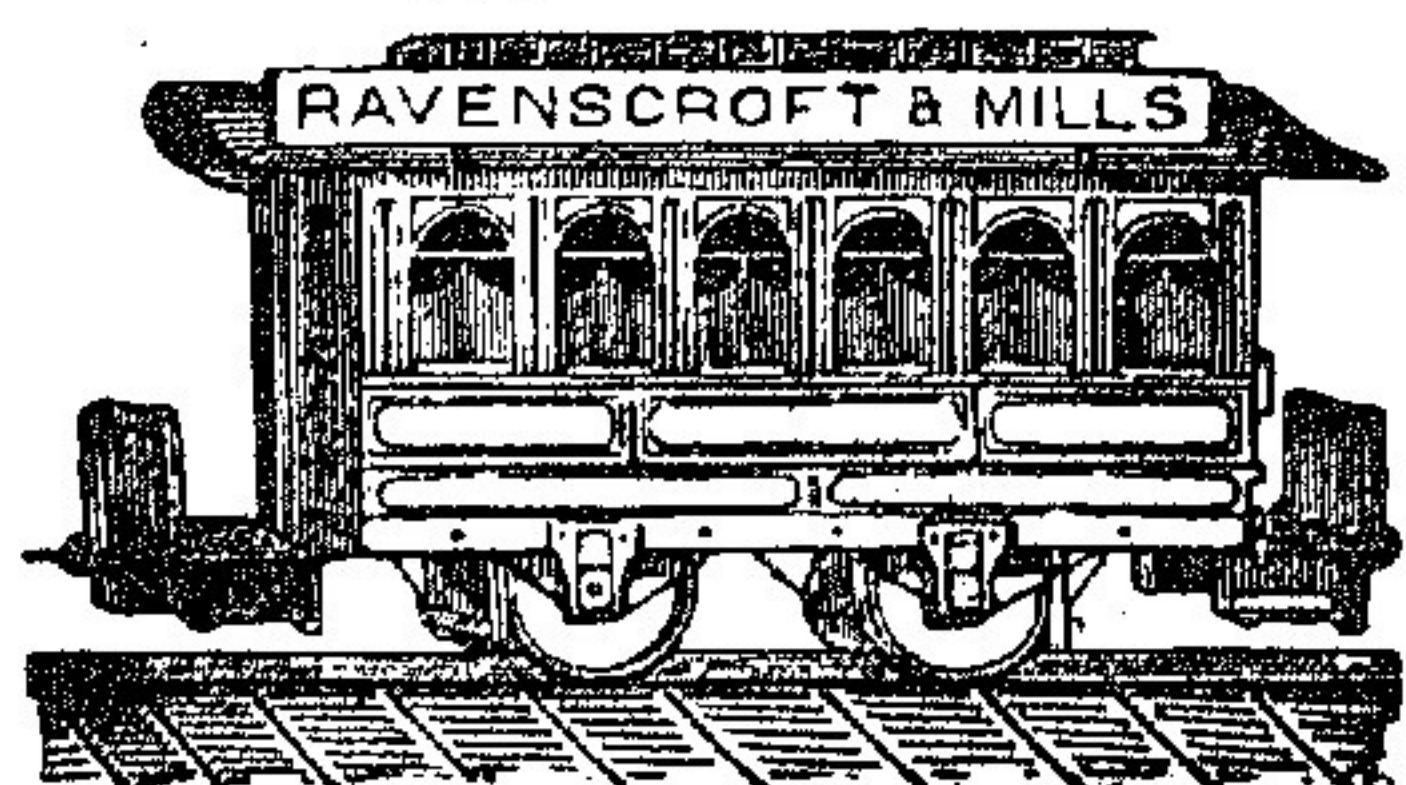
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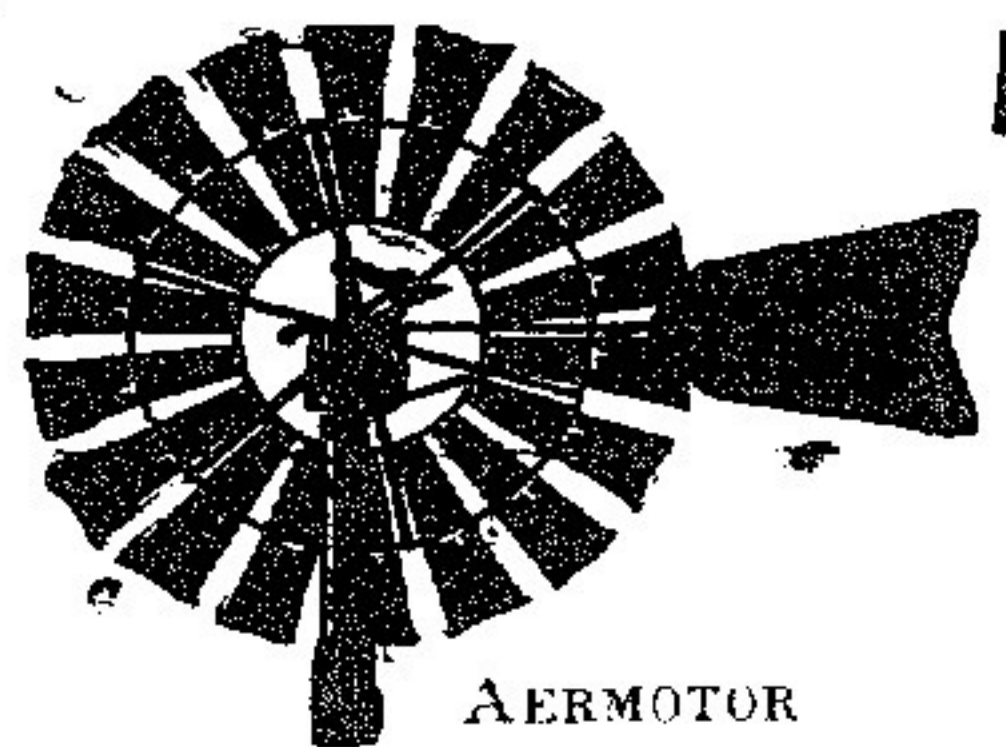
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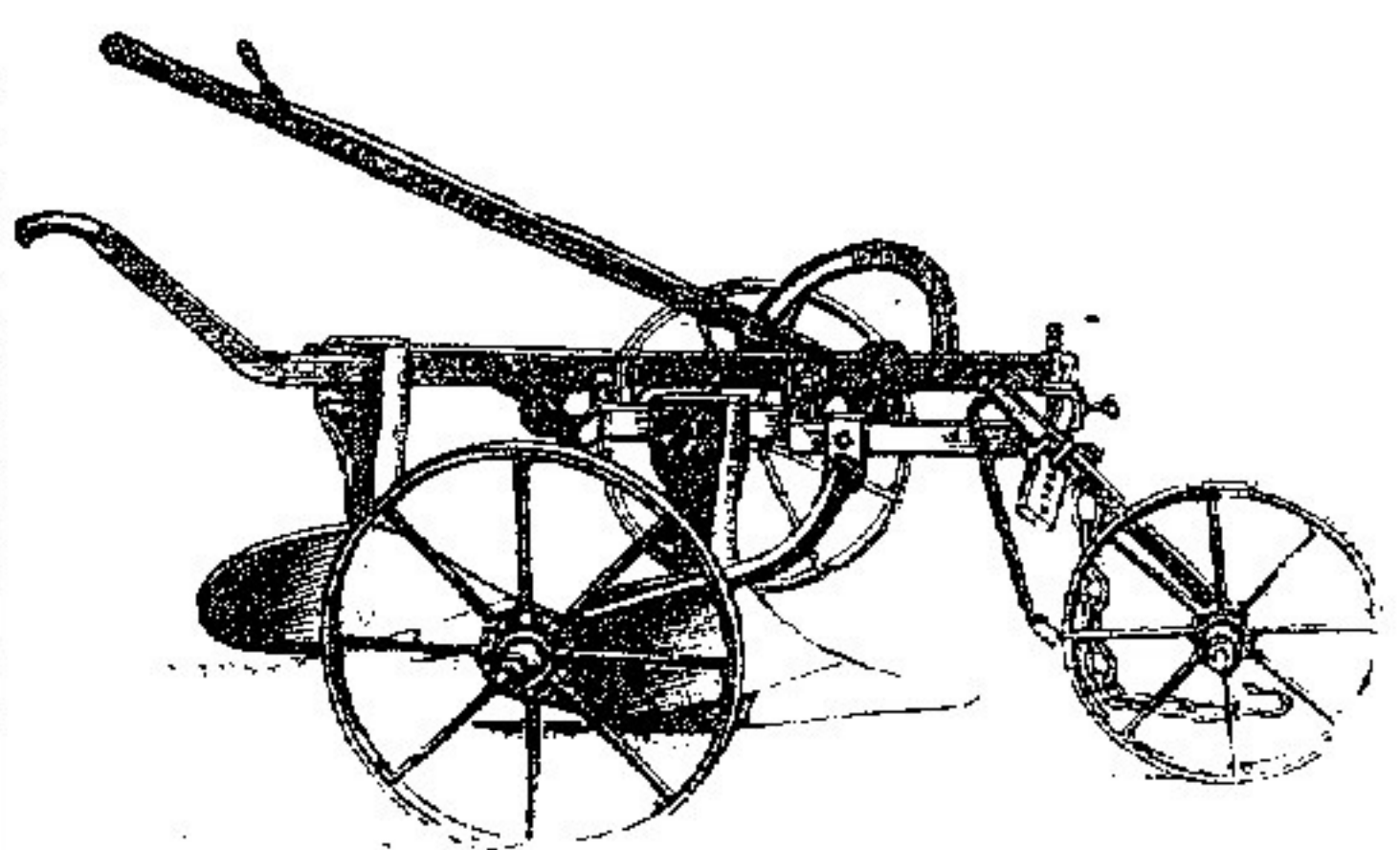
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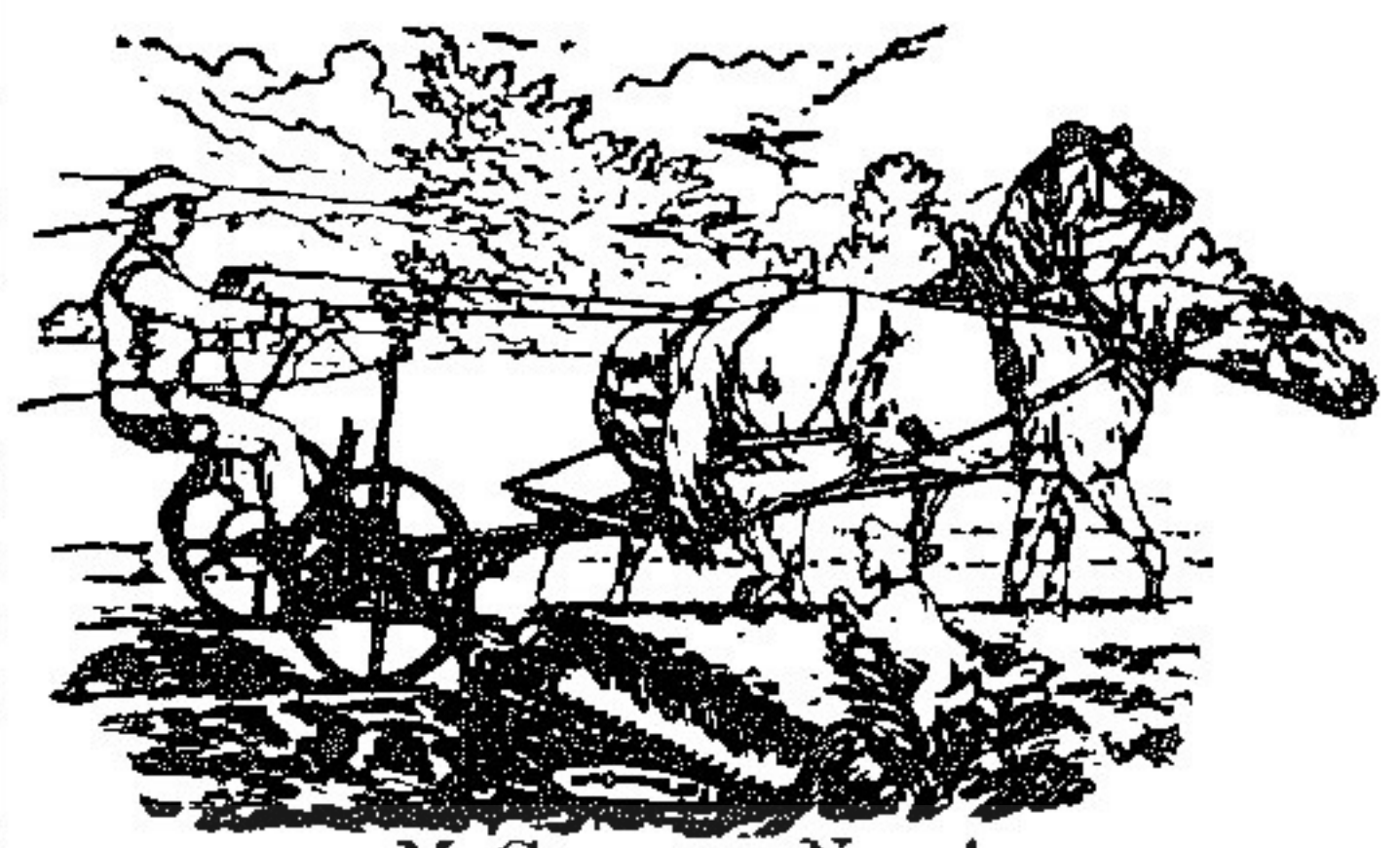


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No. 2—September 9:
ORMONDE.

No. 3—September 30:
PHENIX.

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

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

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

* Only a few numbers left.

1892

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WINNING CREW IN THE INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED RACE (Buenos Aires Rowing Club), Tigre Regatta, 1891.

No. 8—March 23:
WHIPPER-IN.

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

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

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

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

No. 13—July 6:
HURLINGHAM CRICKET XI.

No. 14—July 20:
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No. 16—August 31:
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No. 19—October 19:
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No. 20—November 30:
TIGRE REGATTA.

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

1893

No. 22—January 18:
THE NORTHERN CRICKET TEAM.

No. 23—February 1:
CRICKET GROUNDS—PALERMO

No. 24—February 15:
ST. HONORAT.

No. 25—March 22:
HURLINGHAM.

No. 26—April 26:
THE GAUCHOS IN LONDON.

No. 27—June 20:
THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAMS.

No. 28—August 23:
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No. 29—November 1:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS, 1893.

No. 30—December 6:
LOMAS A.C. ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM.

No. 31—December 13:
THE VALPARAISO AND BUENOS AIRES CRICKET TEAMS.

No. 32—December 27:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.

1894

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

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HOME NEWS

RACING

The Manchester Handicap Steeplechase was one of the interesting events of the week ending on February the 24th, as in it ran Ardcar, who had been much fancied by the public and freely backed by them for the Grand National, for which event he ran a good fourth a couple of years ago. He was made a hot favourite, opening with 5 to 4 being freely taken, and, even when a big commission had been executed at 2 to 1 for Why Not, the Irishmen eagerly increased their investments at the remunerative odds of 13 to 8, at which the market closed; 3 to 1 was taken also about the other Hibernian, Carrollstown, but Harpist and Old Sam were quite out in the cold. The only incident of the race was the early fall of Old Sam for after going less than half the journey the issue was placed beyond doubt by Ardcar assuming the command, and, forcing the pace, he won in a canter by three lengths; Carrollstown having twice that advantage over Why Not, who ran very sluggishly and narrowly escaped a bath at the stand water jump, in which he immersed his heels on landing.

The February Hurdle Race was the great event of the second day, Red Prince II., the winner of the valuable Lancashire Steeplechase at the Easter Meeting last year, proving the winner and disposing of the two better favourites fairly easily.

On the second day at Sandown, February 17, was run the Grand Prize. Unfortunately the weather quite spoiled the sport; the rain never ceased, and so bad was the light that there were numerous falls during the day. In the big race, the Prince of Wales' mare, The Vigil, going strong and well, fell at the hurdles near the entrance gate. Many of the jockeys complained that they could not see the hurdles, and there was little doubt that the bad light confused the horses. The Prince of Wales had braved the disagreeable weather to see his mare run, and, as she was first favourite, her royal owner's disappointment was shared by many.

Details of the three events we have mentioned are as follows:

MANCHESTER FEBRUARY STEEPLECHASE.

February 19th.

Manchester Handicap Steeplechase of 250 sovs; 3½ miles.
Mr H. E. Linde's bk h Ardcar, by The King or Buckshot—Valeria, aged, 11 st 12 lb. Hoysted 1
Lord Shaftesbury's Carrollstown, aged, 11 st 9 lb (inc. 3 lb extra). G. Williamson 2
Capt. C. H. Fenwick's Why Not, aged, 12 st 7 lb A. Nightingall 3
Mr R. Storey's Harpist, aged, 9 st 12 lb Mr C. R. Whitton 4
Mr W. C. Keeping's Old Sam, aged, 10 st 3 lb E. Matthews 0

Betting—13 to 8 agst Ardcar, 2 to 1 agst Why Not, 3 to 1 agst Carrollstown, 100 to 8 agst Harpist, and 20 to 1 agst Old Sam. Won easily by three lengths, a bad third.

February 20th.

February Hurdle Race of 200 sovs; 2 miles.
Mr H. E. Linde's ch c Red Prince II., by Kendall—Empress, 5 y, 12 st 3 lb. W. Hoysted 1
Mr W. Dunne's De Beers, 6 y, 12 st 7 lb. Kavanagh 2
Mr L. W. Arnell's Collina, 5 y, 11 st 1 lb. Colling 3
Mr J. James's Tranby Croft, 4 y, 11 st 11 lb J. Walsh, Sen. 0
Mr T. G. Gordon's Loot, 4 y, 11 st 1 lb. C. Hogan 0
Mr A. Amor's Instep, aged, 11 st 1 lb. Fitton 0
Mr C. Perkins's Gyration, 4 y, 10 st 6 lb Capt. Bewicke 0

Betting—3 to 1 agst De Beers, 100 to 30 agst Collina, 11 to 3 agst Tranby Croft, 8 to 1 each agst Red Prince II., and Instep, and 10 to 1 each agst Loot and Gyration. Won comfortably by a length, five lengths divided second and third.

SANDOWN PARK, First Spring Meeting.

February 17.

Sandown Grand Prize (handicap hurdle race) of 500 sovs; second received 50, third 25 sovs; 2 miles.
Mr E. P. Ryan's b g Caerlaverock, by Isonomy—Ellangowan, aged, 10 st 12 lb. Escott 1
Mr G. C. Scruby's Dereham, 6 y, 11 st 6 lb. Morris 2
Mr M. A. Maher's Detonator, 5 y, 10 st 8 lb J. Walsh, sen. 3
Mr C. Trimmer's Oregon, 6 y, 12 st 7 lb. Sensier 0
Mr J. Stoddart's Red Rube, 5 y, 11 st 2 lb Williamson 0
Mr Jersey's Studley Royal, 4 y, 10 st 6 lb. Mawson 0
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's The Vigil, 4 y, 10 st 4 lb A. Nightingall 0
Count Ch. Kinsky's Svetlo, 4 y, 10 st 2 lb. Mr Milne 0
Lord Penrhyn's Iconoclast, 4 y, 10 st. Curtis 0

Betting—5 to 2 agst The Vigil, 100 to 30 agst Red Rube, 5 to 1 agst Caerlaverock, 7 to 1 agst Oregon, 8 to 1 agst Dereham, 100 to 12 agst Detonator, and 100 to 8 each agst Studley Royal, Svetlo, and Iconoclast. Won by a length and a half, four lengths separated second and third.

With, perhaps, the exception of the Liverpool Trial Steeplechase Handicap at Sandown on Friday, March 2nd, there was hardly a race worth mentioning during the week ending on March 3rd, the date up to which the latest mails have been received. There were only five runners for the race in question, though, as Wild Man from Borneo, Correze, St. Anthony, and Tor Cross were among them, a good race was expected, and there was a wonderfully good and game finish between St. Anthony (favourite at 5 to 2) and Brunswick. It evidently looked for a moment or two as if the favourite would be beaten, but Escott called on him, and a very game response landed him a very clever winner by a length, with Correze a bad third. Tor Cross broke a blood-vessel, and was pulled up after the first round. St. Anthony ran a very clever race with Specs at Colwick Park last month, being only defeated by a neck. He was not overweighted on this occasion, and was quite worth taking 5 to 2 about, though we read that it was just possible that if Brunswick had been as game as St. Anthony the race might have been closer, if not reversed.

Liverpool Trial Steeplechase Handicap of 200 sovs; 3½ miles.
Mr F. B. Atkinson's br c St. Anthony, by St. Gatten—Sea Coal, 5 yrs, 11 st 1 lb. Escott 1
Mr Lancashire's Brunswick, aged, 10 st 11 lb. A. Wood 2
Mr Ch. de Crespigny's Correze, 6 yrs, 11 st 5 lb. Sir C. de Crespigny 3
Mr John Widger's Wild Man from Borneo, 6 yrs, 11 st 11 lb. Mr Joe Widger 0
Mr A. Hobson's Tor Cross, 6 yrs, 11 st 1 lb. Mr A. M. Ripley 0

Betting—5 to 2 agst St. Anthony, 4 to 1 each agst Wild Man from Borneo and Correze, 5 to 1 agst Tor Cross, and 6 to 1 agst Brunswick. Won by a neck; a bad third.

Betting in London on future events was, on March 3, as follows:

Grand National—
11 to 4 agst Cloister (t and o)
100 to 12 — Ardcar (t and o)
100 to 6 — Nelly Grey (t & o)
20 to 1 — Correze (o)
20 to 1 — Ilex (t and o)
33 to 1 — Schooner (t and o)
33 to 1 — Paul (t and o)
40 to 1 — Apostle (t and o).

City and Suburban—

10 to 1 on the field (o).

Derby—
3 to 1 agst Ladas (o)
9 to 2 — Match Box (t and o)
8 to 1 — Son o' Mine (t and o)
9 to 1 — Bullingdon (t)
100 to 8 — Arcano (t)

University Boatrace—
7 to 4 on Oxford (laid and offered.)

Lincolnshire Handicap—
9 to 1 agst Grey Leg (t and o)
100 to 7 — Laodamia (t and o)
100 to 7 — Le Nicham (t and o)
100 to 7 — Victor Wild (t and o)
100 to 7 — Beggar's Opera (t and o)
100 to 7 — Macready (o)
15 to 1 — Marnovia (t and o)
100 to 6 — Gangway (t and o)
100 to 6 — Xury (t and o)
20 to 1 — Juvenal (t and o)
20 to 1 — Windgall (t and o)
20 to 1 — San Giovanni (t and o)
33 to 1 — Harfleur II. (t and o)
33 to 1 — Opoponax (t and o)

FOOTBALL.

The majority of the matches in the second round of the Competition Proper for the Football Association Cup was played on Saturday February the 17th, with the following results—Aston Villa beat Sunderland with three points to spare; Derby County beat Leicester Fosse by three goals to none, and Blackburn Rovers beat Newton Heath by five goals to one.

In the Association Amateur Cup, the second round of the competition proper resulted as follows: Old Etonians beat Middlesborough by four goals to two, Old Carthusians beat Reading by four goals to one, Marlow beat Rushden by two goals to none, Bishop Auckland beat Ilford by four goals to two, Casuals beat Chatham by two goals to none, Chirk beat Old Brightonians by four goals to two, Sherwood Foresters beat Stockton by four goals to none, and Shrewsbury Town and Old Staghorns drew with two goals each.

The Oxford and Cambridge Association Football match was played at Queen's Park on Wednesday, February the 17th, and resulted in a win for Cambridge by three goals to one. The weather made football almost impossible on account of the hard frost. The game was, however, played; the coldness of the atmosphere was borne with remarkable stoicism by the onlookers; but the play, though far from uninteresting, came not up to expectations. There was looked in vain for the smart forward work which had so materially helped the Dark Blues to their very many successes during the present season; yet one marvelled not that it was absent, for the conditions were far from favourable to quick and accurate passing or combination. Gameness, associated with a little risk, were the elements necessary for success in such circumstances, and the majority of the Cambridge men, acting up to this, won a match in which few thought they possessed the "ghost of a chance."

The teams were as follows:—
Cambridge University—A. E. Harrison (Magdalene and Ipswich School, goal), T. M. Macdonald (Trinity Hall and Harrow), L. V. Lodge (Magdalene and Durham) (backs), R. A. Low (Selwyn and Aldenham), C. O. S. Hatton (St. John's and Stamford), R. H. Foy (Jesus and Forest School) (half backs), J. Sharples (Caius and Trent Collene), G. P. Dewhurst (Trinity and Repton) (right wing), T. N. Perkins (captain, Jesus and St. John's, Leatherhead, centre), G. S. Wilson (Pembroke and Charterhouse), J. H. Manley (Clare and Repton) (left wing) (forwards).

Oxford University—G. B. Raikes (Magdalen and Shrewsbury, goal), C. B. Fry (captain, Wadham and Repton), W. J. Oakley (Christ Church and Shrewsbury) (backs), E. B. Alexander (Trinity and Forest School), E. C. Bliss (Oriental and Charterhouse), E. F. Buzzard (Magdalen and Charterhouse) (half backs), R. N. Bosworth-Smith (Magdalen and Harrow), F. W. Carlton (Trinity and St. Mark's, Windsor) (right wing), G. O. Smith (Keble and Charterhouse, centre), J. Walker (Magdalen and Shrewsbury), C. D. Hewitt (Magdalen and Charterhouse) (left wing) (forwards). Referee, Mr T. Gunning; linesmen, Messrs L. R. Wilkinson and E. V. Gotling.

Of the twenty-one matches played, Cambridge have won thirteen and Oxford seven. In the evening both elevens and the two University fifteens were the guests of the Sports Club at dinner.

The severe state of the weather made it almost compulsory for all matches under Rugby rules to be abandoned during the week.

Ireland v. Scotland (R).—Never, we read, in the history of the great winter pastime in the Emerald Isle has such interest been taken in an international as in the seventeenth meeting of Ireland and Scotland which took place on February the 24th. Lansdowne-road, Dublin, was the venue, and the biggest crowd ever seen at that well-known enclosure assembled to witness the match. The attendance was estimated at 10,000, and included a great many ladies, while his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, accompanied by a distinguished party from the Viceregal Lodge, was also present, and watched the game from a special stand. The brilliant achievement of the Irishmen at Blackheath on Feb. 3rd seems to have given Rugby football a tremendous impetus in Ireland, while the fact of its being the

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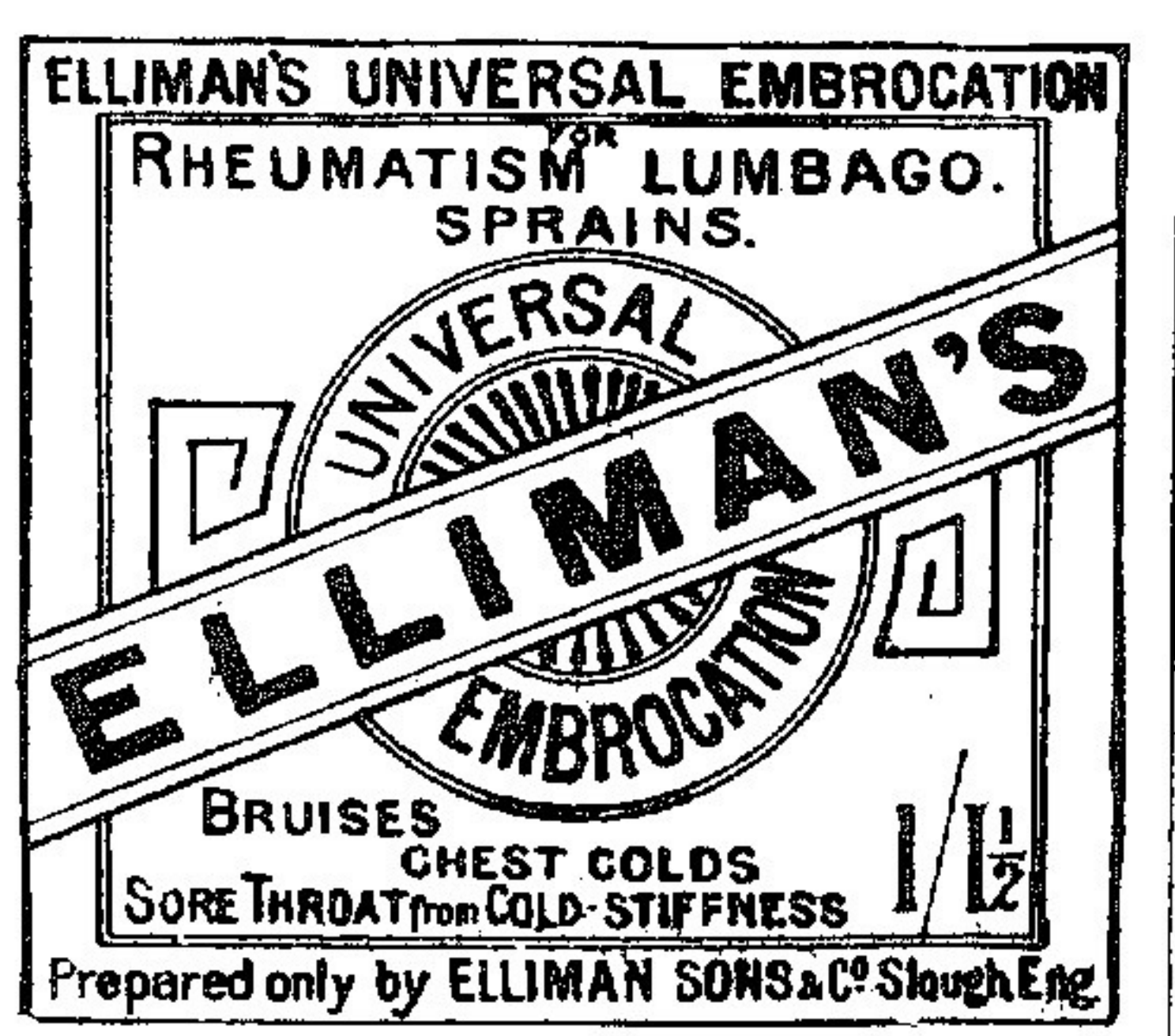
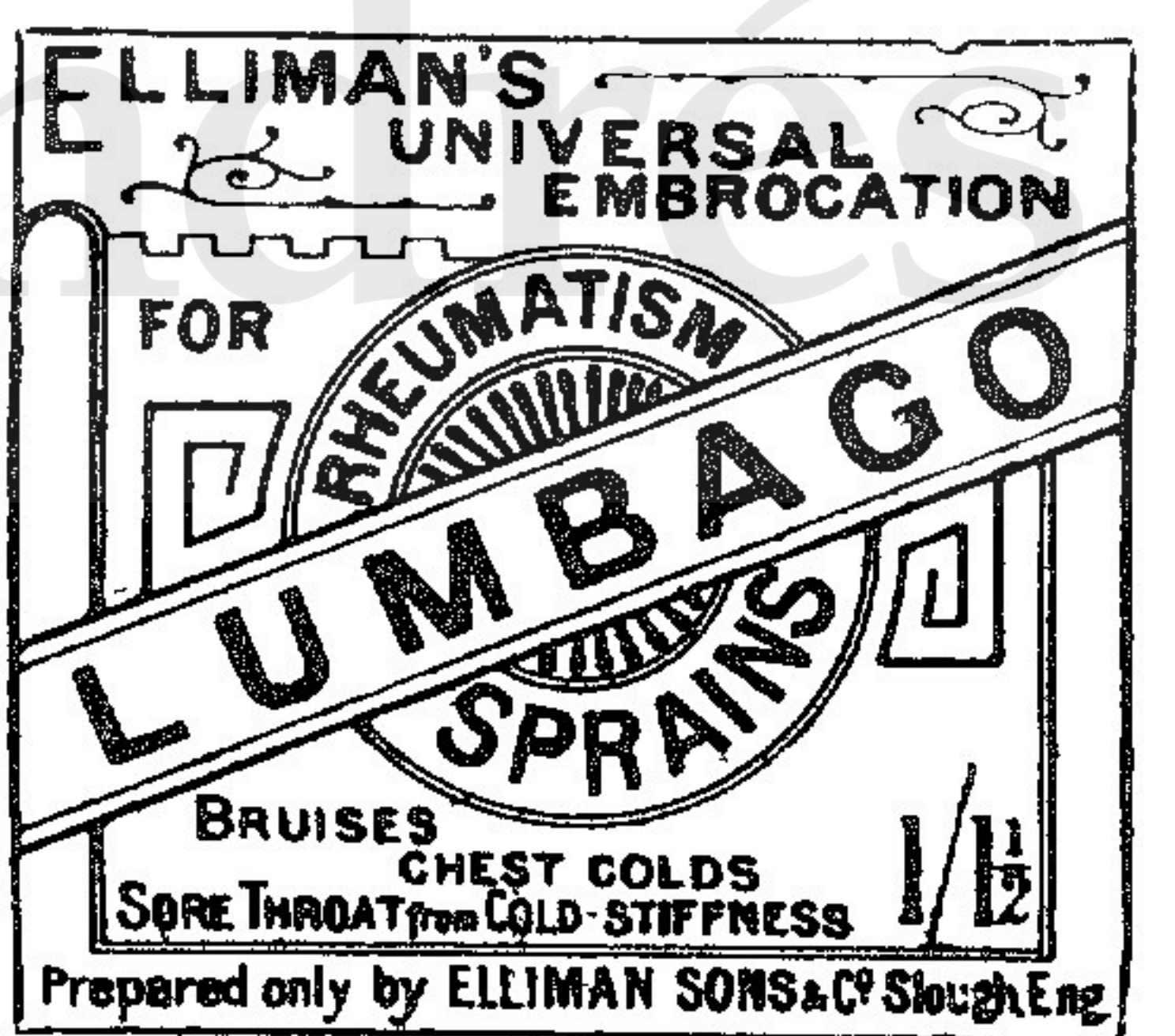
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first occasion on which the Scotch match was played in Dublin added not a little to the general interest. It was a case of Blackheath over again, as the wearers of the Shamrock only snatched the victory out of the fire in the last five minutes of the game, after it had looked long odds on a repetition of last year's draw. When the point was scored, as the whistle sounded a moment later, leaving Ireland winners by a goal to nothing, the enthusiasm must have been wonderful to witness. At the same time it appears that the game was by no means an interesting one to watch, being from the first a fierce forward match. The Irishmen stayed the better; still, they did not show to anything like the same advantage as at Blackheath. Forrest, Rooke, John Lyttle, Lindsay, and Crean were the pick of the winning forwards, and Tuke outshone Browne at half, while Gwynne and Lee, in the centre, were very effective. Wells, under great difficulties, did splendidly, and Grant justified his selection. On the other side McMillan, Boswell, Cownie, Anderson, and Leggatt worked hardest in the scrums, and Simpson and Donaldson came out of a trying ordeal with flying colours. Gedge, who was on the outside, was the best of the three-quarter backs, all of whom tackled grandly, while Cameron at full back proved very reliable. The teams were:

Ireland.—P. J. Grant (Bective Rangers, back), H. G. Wells (Bective Rangers), L. H. Gwynne (Dublin University), S. Lee (North of Ireland), W. Gardiner (North of Ireland) (three-quarter backs), W. S. Browne (Dublin University), B. B. Tuke (Bective Rangers) (half backs), E. J. Forrest (captain), T. Crean (Wanderers), C. V. Rooke, H. Lindsay (Dublin University), John Lyttle, J. H. Lyttle (North of Ireland), J. H. O'Connor (Bective Rangers), A. T. Bond (Derry) (forwards).

Scotland.—A. Cameron (Watsonians, back), G. T. Campbell, G. McGregor (London Scottish), W. Wotherpoon (Cambridge), H. T. S. Gedge (Wanderers) (three-quarter backs), J. W. Simpson (Royal High School), W. P. Donaldson (Oxford) (half backs), J. D. Boswell (captain), G. T. Neilson (West of Scotland), H. T. O. Leggatt, W. B. Cownie (Watsonians), R. G. McMillan (London Scottish), W. R. Gibson (Royal High School), H. Anderson (Glasgow Acaemicals), A. Dalgleish (Gala) (forwards).

Referee—Mr H. L. Ashmore (Rugby Union); touch judges, Messrs Garrett (Ireland) and Smith (Scotland).

The Association match between Wales and Ireland was played on February the 24th, but this time Ireland were defeated, the Welshmen winning by four goals to one. The teams for this match were as follows:

Wales: J. Trainer (Preston North End) (goal), O. D. S. Taylor (Newton), S. Arridge (Everton) (backs), R. Jones (Wrexham), T. Chapman (Newtown), A. Hayes (Wrexham) (half backs), J. Evans (Oswestry), B. Lewis (Bangor), W. Lewis (Bangor), E. James (Cardiff), J. Rea (Aberystwyth) (forwards).

Ireland: T. Gordon (Linfield) (goal), R. K. Stewart (Cliftonville), S. Torrens (Linfield) (backs), N. McKewin (Linfield), R. Milne (Linfield), J. Burnett (Distillery) (half backs), W. Dalton (Linfield), G. Gaffkin (Linfield), A. Stanfield (Distillery), W. Gibson (Cliftonville), J. Barron (Cliftonville) (forwards).

We read that throughout the match the Welsh trio of halves played a sound game, their strength telling more particularly in the first half of the game. Arridge kicked splendidly and was a very sure back. Trainer compared favourably with Gordon. On the right wing, B. Lewis, having found a weak spot, made the best of his opportunities. Amongst the Irishmen, Torrens, Stewart, and Milne strove manfully to stem the tide when the forward division somewhat collapsed. The centre man never seemed really in touch with his wing men.

The third round of the Football Association Cup, played on February the 24th, resulted as follows:—Notts County drew with Notts Forest, with one goal ending; Sheffield Wednesday unexpectedly beat Aston Villa by three goals to two, the latter club being evidently stale after the matches against Sunderland and besides getting all the worst of the luck; Bolton Wanderers beat Liverpool by three goals to none, and Blackburn Rovers beat Derby County by four goals to none.

Somerset's victory over Devorn which gave them the title of champions of the West of England, was followed on March 1st at Bath by another equally meritorious win over the Midland Counties, so they are now the recognised champions of the South. Somerset won the match by a try to nothing.

COURSING.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

The final round of the Waterloo Cup was decided on Saturday, February the 24th, Count Stroganoff's r.b. Texture beating Captain Ellis' nomination, Mr M. Fletcher's Falconer in the final course, and so winning the Cup. As regards the weather, we read in "The Field" that inauspiciously as was the Waterloo Cup opened—the running on the first day being stopped by frost, and then for a time on the second day by fog—the finish was everything that could have been desired, the weather being fine, and the trials, with hardly an exception of the right sort. During the earlier part of the week there appeared little likelihood of any coursing taking place, as the severe frost of the night of the 18th had taken a strong hold of the ground, and the next day showed no signs of any softening. On February the 20th the draw took place, as usual; but it was well known that the committee had early on decided to postpone the commencement until Thursday morning, hoping by that time that the "frost

send" would be put to flight. The surmise was quite right, but then another enemy to coursing—fog—intervened, and for a long time—indeed, right up to two o'clock—it appeared as if another blank had been drawn, when almost suddenly the sun made its welcome appearance, and was greeted with a roar of applause. The fog now soon cleared away, and from this time all went well, although it was not possible to get right through the card, five courses being left over until the next day.

Turning to the winner of the Cup, Texture, says "The Field," it is most satisfactory in every way to know that her owner, Count Stroganoff, is a thoroughly all-round sportsman, and one who supports coursing for the love of the sport, and not for what can be made out of it. He it was who introduced coursing into his native country, Russia, where it is now taken up with great zest by many of the highest in the land. Several of our best dogs have been purchased to run over there, and Russia too has its Waterloo Cup. That good dog Simonian was taken over, and quickly showed himself worth the purchase money. Texture has only been in the possession of Count Stroganoff some six weeks, having been bought for him by his manager, Mr J. Cowlin, at the Barbican, on Jan. 6, for 110 guineas, really more with the object of breeding from her than running her, though when it was found that she had retained her form, she was promptly got ready to fill the Count's nomination. It may not be out of place here to give a resumé of Texture's performances. As a puppy she ran at Upper Nithsdale, and divided a sixteen with three others, and then journeyed on to Newmarket, but was unluckily put out in the first round of the Champion Puppy Stakes. Her next appearance was in the Waterloo Cup, and in this she ran in grand form, winning three rounds before being put out by Fitz Fife, who took the dyke much the better. Those she beat were Romero, Rathbeal, and Jim o' the Hill. Texture then passed into the possession of Mr H. Fenning, who, however, did not run her again until the 1893 Waterloo. Here she again showed her best form, and won four rounds, but was then so hard run that she was unable to make much show against Button Park. The four dogs she put out were Meinbank, Havering II., Torrance, and Hooks and Eyes. This season Texture has run once, at the Border Union Meeting, and there she won two courses, beating N'y Pensez Plus and Queller, before being put out by Fallen Fortune.

In the present Waterloo Cup Texture was drawn against Lady's Fan, and in a well-run trial hardly allowed the latter anything but the kill. She then met Free Kick, and although the latter led her by cutting across on the inside, after being disappointed on the outside, Texture came round much the smarter, and, guarding her hare very smartly never gave her opponent another chance. Grey Crow appeared as if she would lead had the hare gone over the dyke, but in another very smartly run trial Texture was always the cleverer and finished the easiest of winners. On the morning of the final she led and gained a decisive victory over Mellor Moor, and then, in an almost similar trial, just as easily beat Ivan the Great, who had been hard run on the previous day. Texture was then brought to the slips against Falconer, who had previously won the undecided against Follow Faster. Greatly to everyone's astonishment, the bitch gradually began to creep away from the puppy, and, after leading a length, showed herself much too smart for her opponent, and was an easy winner when she knocked over the hare for Falconer to kill.

ATHLETICS

The Oxford University meeting was held on February the 26th, and the chief features of the gathering were the performances of Greenhow, Exeter, in the mile, which he completed in 4 min. 34.3-5 secs. against a strong wind; Oakley in the long jump, in which he cleared 22 ft. 5 1/2 in., and became the first man who has cleared that distance and yet not been declared the winner, C. B. Fry having approached his own record with a fine jump of 23 ft. 0 1/2 in.

Magdalen College, Brazenose, Clare College, Cambridge, Third Trinity, and King's, each held their meetings during the week, but no event of particular importance occurred unless it was the hammer throwing of A. B. Johnston, Pembroke, in the Cambridge University Handicap. He reached 109 ft. 8 in. in an exhibition throw, and the three men behind him all covered over the standard of 98 feet.

WINTER EVENINGS

IN TOWN AND CAMP

PARLOUR GAMES

HALMA LEADER

BACKGAMMON

CHESS DRAUGHTS

KIDD & HUTTON, BOLIVAR 385

WOMEN'S GOSSIP.

Dear Kate,—

As I have owed you your cookery receipt I think I must give you one or two in this letter and next with a few of the hints and "odds and ends" you seem to find useful.

To begin with the "odds and ends" then. Do you know that white spots on tables or other furniture can be removed by rubbing the spots well with camphor, when they should promptly vanish:

I was reading lately some hints on wise treatment of the hair, and among other things the writer recommended the wearing of the hair in a loose plait at night instead of rolling it up on the head and pinning it in place with hairpins. The hair should be thoroughly well brushed every night before one retires to rest, then taken back, loosely plaited and the plait tied at the foot with a bow of soft and not too narrow ribbon, a wide soft ribbon is less apt to cut or break the hair.

One should never tie up one's head in caps and shawls at night as that weakens the hair, and for one's fringe Hinde's curlers used for an hour in the morning should be quite sufficient.

The smoothness and glossiness of the hair is improved by rubbing it with a flannel cloth after brushing it, and one should rub downwards the long back plait every morning with the flannel cloth before unplaiting it. Point your hair carefully every now and then, snipping the points of your fringe and long hair with sharp scissors yourself if you are far from a hairdresser. Koko, as I daresay I have told you before, is an excellent hair tonic and can be had of all chemists. A little jara-bandi with four tablespoonfuls of eau de cologne and two teaspoonfuls of tincture of cantharides is a capital hair wash, for very dry hair a few drops of good oil such as Rowland's golden maccassar oil should be added to the wash.

Do you know a good way to preserve meat in hot weather is to wrap the joint loosely in a cloth wrung out in vinegar, and hang it in a draught. In very hot weather the cloth must be remoistened with the vinegar twice or thrice a day.

In cases of violent sickness an old wife's cure much resorted to in the north is sometimes effectual, it is simply to give the patient buttermilk to drink. This will often stop the sickness until a doctor and other remedies can be got. One must, however, be most particular that the buttermilk is fresh and good.

I have been told that the following remedy is used in India and other hot climates in cases of illness of the nature of cholera until medical aid can be procured, mix thirty to forty drops—according to age and sex—of laudanum with a quantity of red pepper and a glass of good brandy, in no case, however, must the quantity of laudanum exceed forty drops.

Give the preparation to the patient and repeat the dose till it can be retained at the same time keeping up the heat of the body by steaming, rubbing and the application of mustard plasters. A good lotion for sprains and one it is well to have at hand in case of accidents is half a pint of spirits of wine, two ounces of mustard, two ounces of camphor, and half an ounce of laudanum, put in a bottle, shake up thoroughly, cork closely, and let it stand for a week, then drain it into another bottle and keep well corked till required, in using rub well into the sprained part.

And now here are two cooking receipts: a railway pudding. Take two eggs with their weight in flour butter and sugar, and one heaped teaspoonful of baking powder. Then melt the butter, and mix it and all the ingredients well together and spread on a flat baking tin, bake for about six minutes in a very quick oven, turn over and spread the underside thickly with some nice jam, then roll up and serve, this pudding is also good eaten cold.

Here is a chicken salad we think good, and it is a most useful dish for luncheon or supper.

Roast a plump tender fowl, and when it is cold cut the best of the meat into little pieces of as neat a shape as possible—boil three eggs till quite hard, let them cool, take off the shells, and slice them into pretty thin slices, rub the bottom of your salad bowl with a young onion, lay in a layer of the fowl and egg, break do not cut, over this the crisp fresh heart of a cabbage lettuce, slice a few very young radishes, and if you like it a little cress, and a few thin slices of cucumber may be laid on the top before it is served—add another layer of fowl and eggs, and another of salad and so on till your bowl is full. Mix a good mayonnaise salad dressing to which add about six drops of tarragon vinegar pour this over the salad and mix thoroughly, then let it stand for ten minutes, add the cucumber if liked and serve.

In the world of music we have lately lost Von Bulon, who, after two years of increasingly bad health, has died somewhat advanced in years. The son-in-law of Listz, the friend of Wagner, he was a brilliant exponent in his own peculiar style of the work of both these great composers. His piano playing was marvellous, and one cannot but grieve that it will never again be possible to hear him render the great works he loved so well.

In the world of letters we have lost R. M. Ballantine, that industrious and beloved writer of boys' books, whose carefully studied and delightfully realistic stories charmed our early years, and are still so thoroughly appreciated by the young folks of to-day. Mr Ballantine died in Rome, whither he had gone for a change, and will be greatly missed by a wide circle of friends and readers.

As to fashions there is very little to chronicle; draped skirts seem certainly gaining favour, and one sees some very pretty gowns with a rather full skirt, just lifted at one or both sides to show a pretty petticoat in a rich dark shade of silk or velvet. The waistcoat and collar

made of silk or velvet to match the petticoat makes a smart costume. Black violets are very fashionable in hats or bonnets, and natural coloured violets, made in velvet and shading from pale grey heliotrope to deep purple, are pretty and seasonable.

Fringes are often worn slightly parted in the middle and to some faces this style is very becoming. The hair is still very much worn low and in carefully dressed coils.

We are having the stormiest and windiest Spring, and tho' flowers are peeping out and birds beginning to sing we are still glad to roll ourselves in furs, and one of the chief difficulties of life at present is to keep one's hat or bonnet on and one's fringe in order, so as to arrive at one's destination, be it call or tea, in some degree tidy and presentable.

By the way, a good way of removing a grease stain from a silk gown or ribbons is to rub the place with wet lump magnesia let it remain on till dry and then dust off the magnesia with a soft cloth. A learned and valuable domestic treasure tells me she finds a small pinch of salt added to eggs to be whipped is a great help in making them whip quickly and frothe up well.

The same authority says fine lace should always be boiled, not washed, put it in a pan with plenty of water, so as not to burn or singe it, and some cut up soap, watch it carefully and when boiled starch it very slightly with the water in which rice has been boiled. Dip the lace into this, squeeze it out, put it between the folds of a dry towel and clap it till partially dry, pick it out carefully as to pattern and edges with your fingers, lay it on an ironing table and place over it a piece of fine muslin, turn the right side of the lace to the table as lace must always be ironed on the wrong side, and then with a cool iron, iron it above the muslin, then pick out the pattern again carefully, and once more iron it running a cool iron several times gently over it.

Here is a pudding I used to enjoy much, as a child, at the house of a dear old Roman Catholic lady who used to treat her little protestant friends to lovely sorts of fish and pudding in Lent!

Beat well up together two large tablespoonfuls of marmalade, four ounces of fresh butter—melt the butter carefully first—four ounces of lump sugar, and three eggs, add a strong squeeze of lemon and pound all in a mortar. Line an open dish with light puff paste pour in the mixture and let it bake in a quick oven for about half an hour, it is equally good eaten hot or cold. As it is Lent here is also a fish receipt from the same source.

Take some little shell shaped moulds, butter them and put in them some pieces of cold white fish broken up small and a morsel of butter, add some grated parmesan cheese and a little chopped hard boiled egg and a spoonful of batter sauce, season over hotly with cayenne pepper, and salt to taste, cover each mould with egged bread crumbs, bake in a quick oven and serve very hot.

To finish up here is a simple receipt for London buns which I got recently from a friend's cook, we think them very nice for afternoon tea, and they would also make excellent light cakes for nursery festivities if not eaten too newly baked.

Take one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter pound of sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, two eggs, two ounces of chopped lemon peel, the grated rind of a lemon, and half a teacupful of milk. Beat the eggs and keep back a small part to glaze the buns, mix all the dry ingredients thoroughly, add the eggs and milk enough to make a stiff paste, when quite mixed divide into fifteen pieces, make up quickly into balls, brush with egg and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.—And so adieu!

MARGERY.

ROUND THE TOWN.

The Easter holidays are over, and the town has once more resumed its busy and work-a-day aspect. The banks and business houses have again opened their doors, but bronzed faces and strained muscles bear eloquent testimony of the thoroughness with which Englishmen have entered into this, the longest vacation in the year. The exodus from town must have been considerable, as a glance at the sporting columns of this journal will show that in every suburb something was to be done, and even the most inveterate city man would appear to have taken this opportunity of getting away from the scene of his daily labours and breathing the pure air that is only to be found outside the city now-a-days.

.

Whilst Englishmen were acquiring health and strength in the suburbs, the Argentine young man has been enjoying himself after his own peculiar fashion, to the top of his bent. Easter Sunday, and the days immediately preceding it, are field days for him, as all the ladies go to their various churches on these occasions, and the "jovenes distinguidos" gather together at the corners of the streets, and ogle them to their heart's content. Nor, I fear, are the lovely Portenas averse to this form of flattery, indeed many look upon it as their due, and prefer being stared at and possibly spoken to, than to being allowed to pass on their way unmolested.

A curious custom which obtains here, but is not to be found, I believe, in the catholic countries of Europe, is the celebration of the rising of our Lord. From 12 o'clock mid-day on the Saturday preceding Easter Sunday until 12.30 p.m. full license is given to fire off any weapon or cracker one may wish, and this permission was duly taken advantage of by the younger generation in Buenos Aires. This is a most dangerous custom, as the promiscuous firing off of rifles or revolvers might unwittingly cause a most serious accident, or when discharged intentionally afford an excuse for the paying off of old scores for which no opportunity could be found in ordinary times.

.

The long-awaited verdict in the "Rosales" case has at last been published, the sentence of the Court being that all the officers of the ill-fated vessel are innocent, with the exception of Commander Funes, whose sword has been taken away for one year for *having gone to sea in a ship that was not seaworthy*. This verdict has been an open secret for some time past, and has therefore not created the surprise that it otherwise would doubtless have done. Let the survivors, however, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest (if they can) the comments of the whole of the foreign press on their sentence, and let them remember that although they have been declared innocent by their peers, they have been found to be more than guilty by that most powerful tribunal of all—public opinion. Much praise is due to the Fiscal, Colonel Lowry, whose careful preparation of the evidence convinced him of the survivors' guilt. Justice, we know, is proverbially blind, but it is to be feared that in this case she was deaf also.

.

The reporter of "El Diario," who has been sojourning in the "Departamento Central de Policia," has not wasted his time whilst in durance vile, and is now giving to the world, in the columns of his paper, a glimpse at the inside of this institution. In this manner his detention is not only a public gain, but has, I trust, proved profitable to himself, and as "no hay mal que por bien no venga," I trust that for the future the authorities will be a little more chary of detaining any one even remotely connected with a newspaper.

There are few of us but have occasional dealings in the Comisaria, and speaking personally, I must confess to feeling a certain sense of security for the future in the possession of a reporter's card.

.

Theosophy has made rapid strides, and we have now in our midst an institution which, under the title of "Logia de los Estudios Ocultos," is practising that science or religion which proved so profitable to the late Madame Blavatsky. Unfortunately, however, for Doctor Das, who is the chief priest of this new faith, the newspapers have been busy lately exposing many of his miracles, and from them we learnt that instead of employing "mahatmas" or the astral forces, his results have been obtained through the medium of ordinary prestidigitation. This must indeed be a blow to the believers in the occult sciences and esoteric Buddhism.

.

What has happened to Jabez Spencer Balfour? It seems a long time since any news has been received from Salta, and our worthy Consul must be tired of the enforced inactivity which has been imposed upon him by the astute Jabez's legal proceedings. Surely this is an occasion where it is to everybody's interest to hurry up the ponderous machinery of the law, for if Jabez is to be extradited, surely he would prefer a nice salubrious and clean English prison with proper food, to his present quarters, however luxurious, in a Provincial gaol which can boast of none of the advantages enumerated above.

.

The passengers per R.M.S. Clyde to the number of 105, were sent on Sunday last to Martin Garcia to perform ten day's quarantine in that pleasant spot. The Clyde sailed on yesterday from the outer roads as foreshadowed in my notes in our issue of 7th inst. and in spite of the asseverations to the contrary by the agent of the R.M.S. Co. as published on March 14th; indeed I do not see how this is to be avoided, as long the present quarantine regulations remain in force, and the new time table is strictly adhered to. I am glad to learn that the Clyde steward, attacked by yellow fever is now out of danger, and on his way to complete recovery.

I learn that Miss Thompson, the new serpentine dancer, who made her debut at the Zarzuela Theatre on Saturday last, is quite a success, and everyone who witnessed her artistic performances came away enchanted with her graceful presence and dress. This is very satisfactory news, and as she is to appear nightly I have no doubt my readers will take an early opportunity of seeing her and judging for themselves. Naturally, some people who expected a different kind of dance were disappointed, but they should remember that Nini Patte en l'air and Miss Thompson belong to two totally different schools of dancing.

.

The new Teatro Casino fills a long-felt want, and, as such, has scored a decided success. All though not strictly a music hall, the performance is on the "café chantant" principle, and just the place to drop into for an hour or so after dinner or before going to bed. Theatrical performances in Buenos Aires begin at 8 p.m. and finish at midnight, and many would-be theatre goers are debarred from attending, owing to having to hurry over their dinner in order to be in time for the first act, or having to leave before the end of the piece. For such, therefore, the Casino will be found very convenient, as the performance has neither beginning to miss nor end to be waited for. I would, however, suggest to the management that programmes be supplied, so that the patrons may know when to remain and when to leave.

.

It seems rather dangerous to ride in a hack carriage nowadays in Buenos Aires, and a glance at the police reports will show that if your Jehu does not rob you in the tariff, he is quite likely to rob you "vi et armis" on the way.

In fact for those in search of excitement, a drive through the city can be confidently recommended, for if in addition to the bumps and the jolts and the collisions one is accustomed to, we add the pleasant possibility of being attacked by the driver on arrival, the drive should be of palpitating interest. Let me here warn my readers against allowing two men on the box, especially at night, as it is against the police regulations, and if one is going to be attacked it is always preferable to have one adversary than two.

.

Much interest has been aroused in theatrical circles by the marriage of one of the Queens of Zarzuela, Sta. Mercedes Aranaz, with a young man bearing a historical name in Argentine society. As the marriage took place before the Civil Registrar, two witnesses were necessary to certify the bridegroom's age. The curious point is that the young man in question is avowedly a minor, and that therefore false testimony of his age was necessary before the marriage could be carried out. On this fact, his father has claimed that the marriage is null and void and the ceremony an illegal one, but I understand that in every probability the marriage will be declared binding, and that the father's only remedy will be against his son's witnesses. I refrain from giving the happy bridegroom's name, as I do not know whether the story has been published in the papers yet or not.

.

The elections for Senators and Deputies for the Legislature of the Province of Buenos Aires passed off on Sunday last in all peace and quietness, and resulted in a victory for the Radical party.

It is not within the province of this paper to discuss the politics of this country, but it is nevertheless pleasant to note that at last the people have been allowed to vote as they wished, and that the new body of legislators will be of their own selection and not chosen for them by party wire-pullers. Those who pay the piper are thus allowed to call the time, and it is to be hoped that the Province will now enter a career of prosperity, uninterrupted by political outbreaks which can only serve to retard the progress of the country.

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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.

AGENTS.

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River Plate Sport and Pastime

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1894.

SPORTING NOTES

The Annual General Meeting of the Lomas Athletic Club is to be held in the Schoolroom of the Lomas Academy on Monday, 2nd April, at 8.15 p.m. The business of the meeting is to elect a President, Vice-President, and four members of committee, and to hear the yearly report of the club.

**

The general meeting of the Kennel Club, postponed from Thursday, March the 15th, will be held at these offices, Piedad 559, to-morrow, at 4 o'clock p.m. A good attendance is necessary, as the meeting will arrange regarding the dog show to be shortly held under its auspices.

**

The first Association football match of the season was played the other day, the Retiro and Rosario Ry. Athletic Clubs supplying the teams. The Railway eleven won by six goals to love, all of which were obtained in the second half.

**

The following team will represent Hurlingham in their match against Flores at Hurlingham on April 1st: Messrs J. R. Garrod, E. R. Gifford, P. M. Rath, P. L. G. Bridger, A. Anderson, H. Anderson, J. T. Darch, E. L. Rumbold, R. Moscrop, W. G. Moscrop, and another.

**

H. M. S. Racer is off to Colonia, I am sorry to say, her sailors and marines brightened Hurlingham considerably on the race day. Her officers are all good sportsmen, and I hope to see them back before they leave these parts for home.

**

The Quilmes Club I hear are going to get up a race meeting. These gatherings are very popular at Quilmes, and generally bring out some useful ponies not seen elsewhere.

**

To wind up the cricket season a match will be played on the 15th April between a team of South American born and an eleven of British born. It ought to be one of the best games of the year. If Slater can come up from Montevideo to play his side ought to win, it will be decidedly the stronger on paper.

It must not be forgotten by its members that the annual general meeting of the Buenos Aires Football Club is to be held at these offices, Piedad 559, at 8.15 o'clock p.m. on Thursday, April the 3rd. As I remarked last week, the prospects of Rugby football are this year much brighter, and as far as can be judged at present a very respectable fixture card may yet be drawn up.

**

With the most excellent object of providing a challenge shield or cup, the Amateur Athletic Association are talking of holding a smoking concert in town, to which a moderate entrance would be charged, and in which all the local talent will take part. The Association, as will be seen from our report of their general meeting, is badly in need of funds, so the idea is a good one in every way.

**

The shield or cup when purchased would be competed for at every championship meeting by the various clubs affiliated to the Association. The score would count by points, and the club whose members scored most points in the different events would take possession of the trophy for the year. This would help greatly to keep up the esprit de corps amongst members of our numerous athletic and other clubs.

**

I am asked by four athletes to issue a challenge on their behalf to any other four men in South America to a match at quoits under the following conditions:—Eighteen yards, catch quoits, sixty-one points up, \$500 a side.

Anyone interested in the challenge, or anxious to accept it, can write to me here.

**

There seems to be a very common idea that there is a very stiff entrance fee to the Hurlingham Club. There never has been an entrance fee to Hurlingham and for the present one will not be imposed. For camp members the subscription is only ten dollars, and for town members twenty-five dollars, per six months. Several times during the past week I have heard men, who would like to join so useful a club, say they thought there was at least a hundred dollars entrance fee.

**

The starting at Belgrano on Sunday was again disgraceful. One gets tired of this subject as it now seems hopeless to expect the Jockey Club and Hipodromo Nacional to appoint an official who can keep the jockeys under control, and not lose his head, when it is most wanted. A quiet determined man can start a race without difficulty unless his field be composed of perfectly unmanageable brutes, which the horses here very seldom are.

**

With this week's number of "Sport and Pastime" are sent out circulars giving particulars of the Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club's Open Tournament and Championship Meeting. As my readers already know the Tournament will be held on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of May, on the Club's courts, at Calle Vicente Lopez. The entries will be received by the Hon. Secretary, at Calle 25 de Mayo 149, Buenos Aires, up to noon, of Tuesday, May the first.

**

The wiu of the Casuals in the Polo Tournament was a most popular one. "Johnnie" Smyth has now been playing in very nearly every Tournament played in this country, but this is the first win he has ever pulled off, though none has deserved to more than he. It was very sporting of Newman Smith to give up his place in the Casual team to Smyth, although the Doctor is playing in rare form at present. It just made the difference in the game against Hurlingham, having Smyth to look after Robson, though the latter played in anything but his usual form.

**

The final match of the Tournament brought quite a crowd of people out from town, and they were well repaid by seeing a splendid game fought out to the last. I heard some one laid 10 to 1 on the Casuals and they must have been pretty well convinced of their folly before the game was over. It was anybody's game right up to the time the Casuals got their goal, which was only something over a minute before time.

The new Polo goal posts at Hurlingham do excellently well. They are very simple to make, being nothing more than canvas filled with straw, but they want painting with rings so as to make them still more conspicuous to the players during the excitement of a game, and more distinguishable from the white race course fence just behind them. The difficulty with this kind of post is to get them to stand up quite straight, but this is easy enough if good straight canes can be procured to run through them.

**

The programme for the athletic sports to be held at Hurlingham on Thursday, May the 3rd, is as follows:—

- 120 Yards Flat Race, Handicap.
- Quarter Mile Flat Race, Handicap.
- Half Mile Flat Race, Handicap.
- One Mile Flat Race, Handicap.
- One Mile Walking Race, Handicap.
- Two Mile Bicycle Race, Handicap.
- High Jump, Handicap.
- Long Jump, Handicap.
- 120 Yards Hurdle Race, Handicap.
- Pole Jump, Handicap.
- Putting the Shot (7 ft. square) Handicap.
- Throwing the Hammer (9 ft. circle) Handicap.
- Throwing the Cricket Ball.
- 1000 Yards Steeplechase, Handicap.
- 200 Yards Boys' Race, Handicap for Boys still at School.
- High Jump, for Boys still at School, Handicap.
- 120 Yards Hurdle Race (3 ft. Hurdles), Handicap for Boys still at School.
- One Mile Bicycle Race, Handicap.
- 300 Yards Consolation Race.

The meeting will, of course, be held under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Association of the River Plate, and the events are open to all amateurs.

**

The lawn tennis match between the Lomas A.C. and Rosario, which was played on Thursday and Friday last at Rosario, resulted in a win for the home players. Out of the nine games played Rosario won six and lost three, as follows:

- J. J. C. Daniel and H. M. Rattray (Rosario) beat A. Anderson and F. H. Jacobs.
- J. J. C. Daniel and H. M. Rattray (Rosario) beat F. L. Jacobs and A. Leslie.
- J. J. C. Daniel and H. M. Rattray (Rosario) beat H. Anderson and P. L. G. Bridger.
- F. Francis and H. Dale (Rosario) beat F. L. Jacobs and A. Leslie.
- F. Francis and H. Dale (Rosario) beat H. Anderson and P. L. G. Bridger.
- A. Clarke and J. Neil (Rosario) beat H. Anderson and P. L. G. Bridger.
- A. Anderson and F. H. Jacobs (Lomas A.C.) beat F. Francis and H. Dale.
- A. Anderson and F. H. Jacobs (Lomas A.C.) beat A. Clarke and J. Neil.
- F. L. Jacobs and A. Leslie (Lomas A.C.) beat A. Clarke and J. Neil.

BOOTS.

CRICKET

CRICKET FIXTURES.

APRIL

Sun. 1—Flores v. Hurlingham, at Hurlingham.
Sun. 1—London Bank v. Lanus, at Palermo.
Sun. 8—Rosario Rv. v. Lomas, at Belgrano.

MONTEVIDEO CRICKET CLUB—FIXTURES

Sunday, April 1—North (U. K.) v. South (U. K.)
Sunday, April 15—Secretary's v. Captain's Team.

CRICKET IN PARAGUAY.

NEW AUSTRALIA v. ENGLAND

Anglo-Paraguayans, scattered few and far between in the weed-grown "Garden of South America," and to most of whom the manly sports of the mother-land have been for many years only a tender recollection, have been for the past month in an unwonted frame of mind, talking and writing of an international cricket match to be played in the heart of Paraguay. All but the oldest resident, judging from their own experience, thought that the willow had never before been swung in their far-away exile, and it was naturally a rousing feeling for the sons of the English shires and old boys of the public schools to be rallied suddenly to meet in the national game a team of those far-famed cricketers, the Australians, and to fight out in the almost forgotten land of Lopez the battle for supremacy which has gone ceaselessly on, at both ends of the world, since the long-limbed Australians swept over England's cricket fields in their victorious raid of a generation ago. So the English of Paraguay gathered into Villa Rica, coming by road and rail from far and wide; from lonely cattle ranches and rama-plantations, from Asuncion the ancient and from Sapucay the beautiful, and from the shores of the crystal lake Ipacaray, beside which Madame Lynch, the Cleopatra of Paraguay, dreamed the dream of con-

P O L O .

THE CHAMPIONSHIP TOURNAMENT AT HURLINGHAM.

Unlike the past three years the autumn Tournament at Hurlingham was got through under the most favourable conditions. Most of our readers will remember how, in 1890, the tournament had to be postponed from day to day on account of rain, till finally its matches were played in the most cheerless and miserable weather imaginable. The same thing almost happened in 1892, and again last year, when Hurlingham and Belgrano were only just able to play off their tie on the first day, and play became quite impossible on the second. The Tournament just over now makes the third held under the auspices of the Polo Association, and to us, who helped in a small way to organise the Association, it was a great pleasure to note the increased interest taken in every match, the wonderful improvement in the class of ponies playing, and the all round excellence in the Polo compared to that of three years ago. Then when the final was played, as far as we remember, there were two ladies on the ground and some dozen or so men, more or less interested in the result. On Sunday there were some hundreds of people at Hurlingham, all anxious regarding the result, and watching the game with real interest.

As the race meeting had been fixed for Thursday the 22nd, no polo was played on that day, but the first matches were set down for the day following. This necessitated two teams having to play twice on Saturday, a not very good arrangement, but in this case an unavoidable one, and as it proved in the end, successful also. Lovely weather favoured the race meeting; a fine day, though a somewhat hot one with too much dust, followed, then an hour or two's rain on Friday night freshened things up, laid the dust, and made the ground in beautiful order for Saturday, though strange to say the dust appeared again before the evening.

All of the ten teams already published made their appearance. A preliminary round was played to get rid of the byes so in all nine matches formed the Tournament proper. Venado Tuerto and Belgrano A. were the first to meet, their tie being fixed for nine o'clock on Friday morning. The teams were:

Venado Tuerto	Belgrano A.
1 Baron Peers	1 F. M. Still
2 C. Hinchliffe	2 R. Anderson
3 E. Dormer	3 E. Richards
H. E. Bedford (back)	M. de C. Findlay (back)

At first the Belgrano men had the upper hand. Both teams were always very mixed up, and got in each other's way too much to make the game fast and interesting. Still's hitting, however, was worth seeing. It was not till Belgrano were awarded a free hit for an off side, which resulted in the ball going behind the Venado Tuerto lines, that the game became something more than a scrimmage. Venado Tuerto cleared, and very soon had the game in their opponents' quarters, but Findlay and Anderson ran it down the ground again, the former scoring the first point. A very pretty piece of play on the part of Anderson followed; he deserved to score, but the Venado Tuerto backs just managed to save their stronghold. A very dangerous cross on the part of Richards happened immediately after this, which gave Hinchliffe and him a very nasty tumble, but luckily without damage to either. Time was called with Belgrano leading by one goal to love.

Belgrano were now mounted on less handy ponies, and, in consequence, Venado Tuerto pressed them hard. Another dangerous cross by Richards again gave Venado a free hit, from which Hinchliffe made a capital try at goal, Findlay saving remarkably well. Shooting at goal was all along very erratic on the part of both teams. The pace of the game now improved, a good run of Anderson's nearly scoring. The ball, shortly after this, was left lying in front of the Belgrano goal, but, owing to the dust, nobody saw it, though it made an easy chance. Bedford was the first to catch sight of it, but he hit wide, and shortly afterwards time was called with the score still unaltered.

Some good play on Anderson's part marked the beginning of the third quarter, for the greater part of which Belgrano were defending their goal. Hinchliffe ran the ball up well once or twice, but he always hit behind only, till Dormer got possession, and the Baron riding off Findlay, a capital goal resulted. Another soon followed, hit by Hinchliffe, so Venado Tuerto now led by two goals to one. On resuming play Dormer's pony crossed his legs and came down, giving his rider, already badly damaged, a rather nasty shake; however, he very pluckily remounted, or rather was lifted on his pony, and after a few minutes was instrumental in scoring another goal for his side, Hinchliffe again hitting the ball through. Time was called with the score: Venado Tuerto three goals, Belgrano one.

In the last quarter Richards changed places with Findlay and played back. The result was good, as though both teams played up well Belgrano always seemed to have the best of the game. A fine run of Findlay's was the feature of the quarter. He took the ball the whole length of the ground and scored. This was the only point recorded during the period, so Venado Tuerto were left winners by three goals to two.

For the winners Dormer, in spite of a damaged knee which was made worse by his fall, played a very good game; Hinchliffe backed him up well, Bedford was very reliable at back and the Baron made a useful number one.

For the losers Findlay was a host in himself. Still's hitting was very good but he and Anderson did not play well together. Richards played well in the last quarter at back, but his play before was spoilt by the two crosses we have mentioned.

Immediately after this match was over, Hurlingham and Las Petacas took the field. A good deal of interest was taken in this game, as the Petacas men are always favourites, and it was half expected that they might put out last year's winners. Unfortunately their strongest man, Sixto Martinez, was unable to play, owing to an injured hand, his place having to be taken by R. England. The teams therefore were as follows:—

Las Petacas	Hurlingham
1. Francisco Benitez	1. F. J. Balfour
2. F. Kinchant	2. J. Ravenscroft
3. José Martinez	3. F. Furber
R. England (back)	H. S. Robson (back)

Before the game had been started two minutes Las Petacas ran through their opponents, and José scored a goal. Hurlingham, however, pulled together better after this lesson, and some exciting play followed. Furber was the first to score for the home club, and soon after Ravenscroft added another point to the score, a performance he again repeated before the period ended, so Hurlingham led by three goals to one at the beginning of the second quarter.

The Las Petacas men now gave some fine exhibitions of clean hitting, and frequently brought on themselves cheers from the spectators, of whom there were now a considerable number. José in particular was very smart, and with Benitez riding off Robson on every necessary occasion, the Hurlingham goal was threatened more than once. Faulty shooting, however, was the Petacas men's great fault, till at last Kinchant scored for them with a long straight shot. This point, however, was immediately retrieved by Ravenscroft, so Hurlingham still were leading at the end of the quarter, by four goals to two.

Las Petacas had all the best of the fight in the third period, during which they scored the only point, a goal very stupidly hit by Balfour in trying to clear the goal with a cross shot. Play was slower in this period, and almost altogether in the Hurlingham part of the ground. Score at the call of time: Hurlingham four goals, Las Petacas three.

Excitement now ran high, as it did not seem at all improbable that Las Petacas would win after all. Francisco was giving Robson a lot of trouble in defending his goal, and putting him off his usual safe play to an extent which made matters look serious for the home team. However, Ravenscroft seized an opening about five minutes from the beginning of the quarter, and scored a fifth goal for Hurlingham. This made matters safe, and though Kinchant added another point to his score Hurlingham were able to hold their advantage to the end, and were left winners of one of the best games in the tournament by five goals to four.

This is the third tournament in which Las Petacas have taken part, and on each time they have been beaten by the small majority of only one goal.

Francisco's play as No. 1 was almost faultless; he stuck to his man like a leech, yet was ready and able to take the ball when necessary. Kinchant showed himself, as usual, a very hard hitter, and José was a treat to watch. His play was quite the feature of the match.

Robson did not play in his usual form for the winners, of whom Furber was, perhaps, the most useful, as he worked hard and played with great judgment. The same may be said of Ravenscroft, who, however, was not playing nearly so well as we are accustomed to see him, and his famous old grey, The Ghost, was more than once the cause of his losing good opportunities of getting away with the ball.

The first match for the afternoon was between Quilmes A and Hurlingham B teams. At two o'clock the following sides formed up on the ground:—

1. J. Bennett	1. F. W. Clunie
2. F. J. Bennett	2. C. Finlayson
3. C. Hope	3. G. S. Anderson
T. Murray (back)	E. Robson (back)

As may be imagined Quilmes showed themselves the stronger team from the start, but though Hurlingham were playing a losing game they stuck to their work so well that after the first period Quilmes only notched one point in each quarter.

F. J. Bennett was the first to score for his side, his brother soon following with another goal, and a third being scored before time was called, Quilmes held the lead by three goals to one.

During the first few minutes of the second period Hurlingham pressed their opponents, Robson keeping the ball well up to his forwards who were working very well, but before long Quilmes got away and Hope scored a fourth goal. Hurlingham were now several times threatened but Finlayson and Robson saved cleverly on each occasion. Time was called with the score Quilmes four goals to 0. A goal hit by F. J. Bennett marked the third quarter, and though Quilmes had always the best of the game in the last period they only scored one more point, and so won by six goals to love.

The winners played very well together but missed the ball very often, and did not hit at all straight in front of goal. The Bennetts played very well together, and were well backed up by Hope and Murray.

Hurlingham B team played wonderfully well together. Robson was very good at back though he went up into the game rather too often. Finlayson, Anderson and Clunie, all worked hard and played a good uphill game. With practice this team will make one good enough to take on anybody.

The last match of the day was between Quilmes B and Santa Fé. The teams were—

Santa Fé	Quilmes B
1. C. B. Wilson	1. F. Houlder
2. M. Fea	2. J. Lean
3. M. Whish	3. A. M. Hudson
A. J. Dickinson (back)	W. D. Bailey (back)

In the first quarter Dickinson was practically out of the game, owing to a temporary illness, and Houlder playing a capital number one with the rest of his side working well together, Quilmes had all the best of matters at first. Towards the end of the period however Santa Fé pressed them and eventually Wilson scored.

Quilmes commenced the attack in the second period, and had the ball behind Santa Fé's lines once or twice. The Northerners however broke away at last and the Quilmes goal only escaped two or three times by the narrowest of shaves. Some clean hitting on the part of Lean was the means of relieving the Quilmes goal, and time was called with Santa Fé having all their work cut out to prevent their opponents from scoring. Santa Fé one goal to love.

A capital run down the ground by Lean and Bailey, which ended in a goal, marked the opening of the third period and brought the scores level. But after Whish only just missed the posts, and some capital up and down play, in which both sides showed to advantage, Dickinson scored a second goal for Santa Fé. The Quilmes men were now kept very busy defending their goal, their opponents hammering at it without giving them a chance of getting away, till finally Wilson scored. The period closed, therefore, with the score: Santa Fé three goals, Quilmes one.

Quilmes now seemed to have lost their dash, and Santa Fé had the game in hand, a goal by Whish, and another hit by Dickinson being scored against them in the final quarter. Nevertheless, though they were beaten by five goals to one, Quilmes were again pressing Santa Fé when time was called.

The winners individually were very good, but never got together all through the game, though it was at once apparent that with a little combination they would have been a formidable team. Fea is a very promising player, with a long reach, and he has some very useful ponies. Both Dickinson and Wilson were out of practice, as, indeed, were all the team, as they had only been chosen to play a day or two before the entries closed.

Quilmes played a very plucky game. Lean's clean hard hitting was well worth seeing, as also was Houlder's unselfish play forward.

This match closed the day's play. The dust rather spoilt play, and made it at times very difficult to follow the game.

Early on Friday morning rain fell heavily for nearly a couple of hours and it had not quite stopped when, at seven o'clock, Belgrano B. team and Venado Tuerto rode on to the ground. The ground was in capital order for playing on, not in the last slippery, and with no dust. An early start had to be made as the winners of this and the next match had to play again in the afternoon, and so as long a rest in between as possible was given them. The teams were:

Belgrano B.	Venado Tuerto
1 C. R. Thursby	1 Baron Peers
2 Th. Hubbard	2 C. Hinchliffe
3 Dr Newman Smith	3 E. H. Dormer
T. E. Preston (back)	H. E. Bedford (back)

At first Venado Tuerto had the best of the game, Newman Smith occasionally breaking away with the ball, and carrying it back into their quarters. Then Belgrano had the best of the game for the rest of the quarter, one shot of Newman Smith's only just shaving a goal post and another straighter one hitting a pony.

The game continued at a good pace in the second quarter, Thursby and Newman Smith playing very well for Belgrano, and Dormer for Venado Tuerto. The Doctor, from a hit out, ran the ball right down the ground and scored the first point for Belgrano. Soon after the same two players were the means of scoring another goal, again hit by Newman Smith, so that Belgrano was now two goals to the good.

Venado Tuerto now saw that something must be done if they were to win, so Hinchliffe was told off to take charge of Newman Smith, who had been doing nearly all the work for Belgrano, and the result was at once apparent. After missing two easy shots Venado Tuerto scored, Dormer hitting the goal, and with Newman Smith always ridden out by Hinchliffe, the score was soon made level, Baron Peers notching the point. Two goals all.

There was plenty of missing in the last period, during which Dormer and Hinchliffe each hit a goal for Venado Tuerto, and Hubbard one for Belgrano. So the game ended in favour of Venado Tuerto by four goals to three.

The weather had now cleared, and the sun was shining brightly when Hurlingham and the Casuals met to play off their ties in the first round. The teams were:—

Hurlingham A	Casuals
1. F. J. Balfour	1. R. McC. Smyth
2. J. Ravenscroft	2. P. Talbot
3. F. Furber	3. F. S. Robinson
H. S. Robson (back)	Follett Holt (back)

Hurlingham at first kept the ball in possession of their forwards, and after an offside had been given against Balfour, Furber got possession, and though ridden out by Holt, scored a very pretty goal under the neck of his pony. This was the only point scored during the quarter, in which the home club had a little the best of the fight.

Ravenscroft carried the ball into the Casuals' quarters when the second period opened, where it was kept for some little time. Talbot however took it down the ground and till ponies were changed the game was very even, Talbot on one side and Ravenscroft on the other getting most of the work to do. A run of Furber's,

followed by a centre from Balfour would have scored had not Holt hit behind in self defence, and on resuming the game Hurlingham continued to have the best of it, till Holt got away and with Smyth holding Robson safe, ran right down the ground and scored the first goal for the Casuals. This point however was revenged by Ravenscroft immediately afterwards and the score stood, at the call of time, Hurlingham two goals, Casuals one.

From this point the Casuals seemed to combine well, and they had all the best of the game to the finish. Holt had a shot at goal which missed, then Ravenscroft shot wide at the Casuals' goal. Robinson and Talbot carried the ball again into Hurlingham ground and the former scored a second point, and shortly after added a third. Hurlingham were now very hard pressed and Furber only managed to save once or twice by hitting well into touch. Smyth was instrumental in notching a point for his side by centring the ball then riding off Robson and leaving Talbot to score. Casuals four goals, Hurlingham two.

Ravenscroft nearly scored for Hurlingham in the beginning of the last period, and after Talbot had taken the ball up, Furber went near scoring from a good run down the ground. The Casuals, however, had matters now all their own way, and time after time the Hurlingham goal was in danger, and once or twice the ball had to be hit behind in self defence. A fine piece of combination on the part of the Casuals gave them another goal, hit by Robinson. This was the last point scored in the match, which ended in favour of the Casuals by five goals to two.

At eleven o'clock Las Petacas played a match against Belgrano, who played C. J. Tetley instead of F. M. Still. The Petacas men had the game all their own way, and won by sixteen goals to one.

The first tie for Saturday afternoon was between Venado Tuerto and Quilmes A, as follows:—

Venado Tuerto.	Quilmes A.
1. Baron Peers	1. J. Bennett
2. C. Hinchliffe	2. F. J. Bennett
3. E. Dormer	3. E. Robson
H. E. Bedford (back)	T. Murray (back)

Quilmes kept the ball almost entirely in their opponents' quarters till a foul was given against them, but after the free hit Venado Tuerto pressed them hard. There was a great deal of missing on both sides, Hinchliffe and F. J. Bennett, who also missed two easy chances at goal, being the principal offenders. Dormer did almost all the work for Venado Tuerto during the first quarter, in which no goal was scored by either side.

Before a minute had gone of the second quarter, F. J. Bennett scored, but though Quilmes had several other opportunities afterwards they did not do so again.

The game now became very slow and first J. Bennett, then Robson, and again Bennett scored goals for Quilmes. The last goal was hit after Robson had taken the ball right down the ground and centered to Bennett.

The last period requires little description, as though Quilmes had the game in hand, and added another point to the score, neither side were playing with much dash. The game eventually finished leaving Quilmes winners by five goals to love.

The ground was now very dusty again and it became difficult at times to distinguish the players. Casuals and Santa Fé were the next to take the field as follows:—

Casuals	Santa Fé
1. R. McC. Smyth	1. C. B. Wilson
2. P. Talbot	2. M. Fea
3. F. Robinson	3. M. Whish
Follett Holt (back)	A. J. Dickinson (back)

From the first Casuals showed themselves the stronger, and two goals hit by Robinson and one for Santa Fé by Wilson made the score at the end of the period, Casuals two goals to one.

In the second period the Casuals scored three more goals to Santa Fé's one, Smyth, Talbot and Holt being their hitters. Some really fine hitting on the part of Robinson, Talbot and Holt was quite the feature of the match, and in this period it was particularly good.

One shot of Robinson's was hit from nearly the centre of the ground and went a little to the outside clear over one of the goal posts.

The goal each was scored in the third period, Wilson hitting one for Santa Fé and Robinson for the Casuals, so the score now stood Casuals six goals, Santa Fé three.

In the last quarter Santa Fé pulled themselves together well and pressed the Casuals hard. They scored two goals, hit respecting by Fea and Whish to their opponents one, hit by Talbot, so the Casuals were left winners of a very pleasant game by seven goals to five.

It is noteworthy that during the game there was not one appeal to the umpire, nor was a ball broken all through the match.

Santa Fé showed just the same good points and faults as they had shown on the day previous, but the Casuals showed decided improvement in their combination. Holt played a very fine game at back, and as we have said his hitting was a treat to witness. Johnnie Smyth played a most useful game at No 1 and was seldom out of his place.

On Sunday morning Santa Fé, with Lieutenant Wilkin playing in place of Mr A. J. Dickinson tried conclusions with a scratch team consisting of Messrs F. Kinchant, M. de C. Findlay, Moncrieff, and Tetley. After a real good game the Santa Fé men won by a goal.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th the final came on for decision. A very large number of people had assembled on the sides of the ground, and the excitement was considerable as the teams took up their positions as follows:

Quilmes A	Casuals
1. J. Bennett	1. R. McC. Smyth
2. F. J. Bennett	2. P. Talbot
3. E. Robson	3. F. Robinson
T. Murray (back)	Follett Holt (back)

As in the match against Venado Tuerto, E. Robson took the place in the Quilmes team of C. Hope, whom illness prevented from playing.

If anything at the start Quilmes had the best of the game, though Casuals were the first to hit behind. Fast up and down play followed, and play was of a very even nature. There was some missing on both sides probably owing to nervousness and neither side had scored when time was called.

Murray just saved his goal as the second period opened and the ball went behind the line for the third time only in the match. The Casuals continued to be pressed, Holt after missing a shot saving his goal very smartly from a hot shot of Bennett's. Talbot now seized an opportunity of clearing but he was stopped by a cross for which his side obtained a free hit. The Bennetts at this point showed some capital play, and F. J. Bennett had a very narrow shave of scoring for Quilmes. Robson then put in a fine shot which Holt saved beautifully, and a run up the ground by Talbot followed. After a few minutes real fast play time was called with the score still unchanged.

Neither side could claim any advantage in the third quarter, in which Robson distinguished himself, and drove the ball once or twice behind the Casuals' goal, Holt having to hit behind more than once in self defence. Just before time Smyth and Talbot got away with the ball, but still no score had to be recorded.

For the last quarter the Casuals had the hill and what little wind there was in their favour, and they at once penned Quilmes round their goal. They were, however, in turn rather pushed, and Holt again had to save a shot of F. Bennett's. This player had another opportunity later, his brother playing well into his hands, but his shot just missed the goal. After Holt had again to hit behind, the Casuals took the ball down, and the final shot of a good run down by Holt nearly scored. The game was now all round the Quilmes goal, and eventually the Casuals scored from a scrimmage, Talbot hitting the ball through one minute and a half from time. The game, therefore, ended in a win by a goal to love for Casuals, who thus secured the honours of champions till next October, when they have to defend their title again.

The game was a good one, as good a one to watch as any we had seen in the tournament. Though the Casuals were not playing up to their form of the previous day, Quilmes played a very fine game, and no praise is too good for the play of the brothers Bennett. Robson played better than we have ever seen him, and Murray was a very safe man at back.

The Casuals seemed to be a little slack after their two hard matches of the day before, and Robinson especially was right out of form.

We are of decided opinion that the best team won, though on form in the final there was nothing to choose between the winners and the runners up. Quilmes played a very brilliant game, especially forward, in the final, and the Casuals play against Hurlingham hardly left anything to be desired.

Quilmes were very fairly mounted. J. Bennett had his old string, Compadrito, and the Entreriano bay, with a white-faced bay from Montevideo which first learnt the game here at Hurlingham. F. J. Bennett played that good little pony Rover, H. Anderson's Kitty, and a nice brown pony. Robson had to rely mostly on borrowed ponies, and Murray's best appeared to be a dun, and a little bay.

One of the best ponies played in the Tournament was Talbot's Greyling, a wonderfully fast and handy pony. Holt had a good looking chestnut, which, however, was not so fast as he looked to be, and a big bay played well with him. Smyth seemed best mounted on a black and a rare made little bay, which seemed, however, rather too hot to be a pleasant pony to play on.

Altogether the Tournament was a great success, and never have we seen better all round polo. There was hardly a game not worth following all through, and a better lot of ponies we suppose were never before seen on a polo ground in this country. The camp teams as usual were the best mounted, though some of the Quilmes and Hurlingham ponies had little to find fault with. One of the best mounted men seemed to be H. E. Bedford, and his grey, Au Revoir, showed himself as good on the polo ground as he is on the racecourse. The Venado Tuerto ponies were all good. Dormer had a rare roan which could turn on a sixpence, and Baron Peers had nothing but the very handiest in his string, though some of them wanted pace.

The Club House, where most of the players were staying, proved a great acquisition, and helped perhaps to make the tournament one of the most harmonious functions we have ever attended. Most of the teams dined there together on Saturday night when the Polo Association Championship Cup, already won by Hurlingham, and the Polo Association Cup now in the hands of Mr H. E. Bedford were on the table and were not always empty. So ended the third and one of the most enjoyable Championship Polo Tournaments held under the auspices of the Polo Association, and what made it more enjoyable still was that the team which won it was the one we all most wished to see win.

Complete results of the Tournament are as follows:—

- Preliminary Round—
- Venado Tuerto beat Belgrano A, 3-2.
- Hurlingham beat Las Petacas, 5-4.
- First Round—
- Quilmes A beat Hurlingham B, 6-0.
- Santa Fé beat Quilmes B, 5-1.
- Venado Tuerto beat Belgrano B, 4-3.
- Casuals beat Hurlingham, 5-2.
- Second Round—
- Quilmes A beat Venado Tuerto, 5-0.
- Casuals beat Santa Fé, 7-5.
- Final—
- Casuals beat Quilmes, 1-0.

PONY RACING

HURLINGHAM—MARCH 22.

The holding of a race meeting at Hurlingham during the Polo Tournament proved a thoroughly successful experiment, and one we should recommend to be repeated. The entries of several ponies from Santa Fé gave the meeting an additional interest hitherto little enjoyed at Hurlingham, and we hope that the success met with by the ponies which had been brought many miles to run, will encourage their owners to repeat the experiment in the future, and send a few entries for every race meeting at Hurlingham, where a little new blood is much wanted.

When the bell for the first race was rung, the stand and paddock were better filled than we have seen them at Hurlingham for many a day. A great many ladies were present, and altogether the meeting was of a thoroughly lively description. In spite of our friend the "Standard" saying that he could not even get a sandwich to eat, we have been told that the catering department left nothing to be desired.

Racing commenced with the March Hurdle Race, which proved a failure owing to the hurdles having no wings on them, and causing three of the horses to jump the rails in preference. Though these were set going again, the race was only a procession, Regent leading all the way by the length of a street, and winning in a common canter from Pagliaccio. This commenced a series of winning mounts for Baron Peers, who had brought quite a long string with him from Venado Tuerto, and who won every race he rode in at the meeting.

Huerfano secured the Tournament Stakes very easily for the Baron, and Inquieto had it all his own way in the Midget Stakes for 13 hands 1 in. ponies.

The event of the day was the Polo Association Cup, for which every pony coloured for it on the card was a starter. Au Revoir realised the expectations of him and won from start to finish, though only a neck divided him from Brandyball at the finish. This race was almost a repetition of the one in which Brandyball last ran; he appeared to come up as the ponies galloped past the stand, from which most of us thought he had won, but in reality we only thought so because we saw a gap between his tail and Au Revoir's head. For this reason, that it is so difficult to judge the finish of a race from the stand at Hurlingham, it would, perhaps, be a good idea to move the judge's box nearer to it by a few yards. Au Revoir's was a very popular win, especially as he is as good a polo pony as ever looked through a bridle, and to win as he did after making all his own running and carrying top weight, says something for his quality.

Baron Peers steered his own pony again first past the post in the Open Handicap, and the distance seemed to suit Pardo in the Galloway Handicap, as Lavalle could not quite catch him at the finish.

Details of the meeting are as follows:—

THE MARCH HURDLE RACE, for Horses the property of and to be ridden by members of the Buenos Aires Hunt Club or an affiliated Polo Club; a Sweepstakes of \$20 each with \$50 added; catch weights, not under 75 kilos; 2500 metres, over seven flights of hurdles.

Baron Peers' roan Regent	Owner	1
Mr J. Weinberg's chestnut Pagliaccio	Mr McMorrin	2
Mr F. E. Kinchant's dun Camello	Mr England	3
Mr R. England's bay Old Carthusian	Mr Talbot	0
Mr W. Paats' bay Sultan	Owner	0
Mr L. J. Moser's brown The Jabberwock	Owner	0

After giving a lot of trouble at the post Regent led to the first hurdle, at which Sultan ran out and jumped the rails. At the second hurdle Old Carthusian and Camello did the same, the former falling, but both were jumped back into the course and sent along in pursuit of the others which were always led by Regent. Half way, however, Regent was left almost alone and cantered in an easy winner by thirty lengths.

Totals—279 win and 231 place.
Dividends—Regent \$3.30 win and 2.90 place, Pagliaccio 3.90 place.

THE TOURNAMENT STAKES, for Polo Ponies, to be played by their owners in the Championship Tournament; a Sweepstakes of \$10 each with \$50 added; 600 metres; weight for inches, 75 kilos top weight.

Baron Peers' roan Huerfano, 56 in, 75 k. Owner 1
Mr F. J. Balfour's bay Patchwork, 55 in, 72 k
Owner 1
Mr F. E. Kinchant's dun Nutria, 54 in, 69 k
Lt. Wilkin 3
Mr F. E. Kinchant's bay Jué Pucha, 55 in, 72 k
Mr England 0
Mr G. S. Anderson's white Whitewash, 55 in, 72 k
Mr E. Robson 0

Huerfano was quickest on his legs and followed by Patchwork made all the running and won by three or four lengths easily, two lengths separated second and third.

Totals—281 win and 282 place,
Dividends—Huerfano \$3.30 win and 2.35 place, Patchwork 2.30 place.

THE MIDGET STAKES, a Handicap for Ponies of 53 in. and under; a Sweepstakes of \$10 each with \$50 added; 500 metres.

Mr E. Lambuschini's roan Inquieto, 53 in, 64 k
Mr Hicks 1
Mr F. Erskine's Baccarat, 53 in, 62 k . . . Mr Finlayson 2
Mr J. Ravenscroft's dun Bayo, 53 in, 62 k
Mr E. Robson 3
Mr W. Lacey's L. B. W., 53 in, 62 k . . . Mr Mandia 0
Mr J. L. McMorrans' black Cabo, 52 in, 59 k
Mr Boyd 0
Mr H. B. Buxton's brown Bombulo, 53 in, 58 k
Owner 0

Inquieto led all the way and won from Baccarat, who took second place at the paddock, by three lengths easily, half a length separated second and third.

Totals—276 win and 337 place.
Dividends—Inquieto \$3.05 win and 3.60 place, Baccarat 14.00 place.

THE POLO ASSOCIATION CUP presented by R. R. MacIver, Esq., added to a Sweepstakes of \$20 each for Polo Ponies the property of and to be ridden by regular playing members of an affiliated Polo Club; weight for inches, ponies of 56 in. to carry 80 kilos, ponies ridden by their owners allowed 5 kilos; 1500 metres. The Cup to be won twice in succession by the same owner and pony, or three times in all by the same owner.

Mr H. E. Bedford's grey Au Revoir, 56 in, 80 k
Baron Peers 1
Mr J. L. McMorrans' black Brandyball, 55 in, 77 k
Owner 2
Dr Newman Smith's dun Crucifix, 54 in, 69 k
Owner 3
Mr F. E. Kinchant's brown Cumbre, 56 in, 80 k
Mr England 0
Mr F. E. Kinchant's black Ayjtua, 55 in, 77 k
Mr Taibot 0
Mr F. Erskine's bay Flutterby, 54 in, 70 k . . . Owner 0
Mr J. Ravenscroft's white Daiman, 54 in, (car) 74 1/2 k
Owner 0
Mr F. J. Balfour's bay Newty, 53 in, 66 k . . . Owner 0
Mr C. H. Jefferies' bk Garryowen, 53 in, 66 k Owner 0

Au Revoir at once took the lead and ran along the bottom stretch with Daiman, Cumbre, and Newty next in order to the thousand metre post. Here Crucifix and Garryowen drew up, and with Daiman and Cumbre beaten in the turn, went on in pursuit with Newty and Brandyball close behind. In the straight Brandyball caught Au Revoir, and Garryowen dropped back. The race home lay between Au Revoir and Brandyball, the former winning a close race by a neck, four lengths separated second and third.

Totals—474 win and 739 place.
Dividends—Au Revoir \$6.70 win and 3.95 place, Brandyball 3.70 place, Crucifix 8.00 place.

OPEN HANDICAP SWEEPSTAKES, for all Ponies of 56 in. and under, \$20 each with \$50 added; 800 metres.

Baron Peers' black Ramadan, 56 in, 74 k . . . Owner 1
Stad' Temeraire's brown Salsifi, 56 in, 75 k. Sr Amare 2
Mr W. Paats' white Flecha, 54 in, 69 k . . . Mr Mandia 3
Mr E. Hicks' brown Whitelegs, 56 in, 75 k
Mr T. Jefferies 0
Mr H. E. Bedford's roan Christmas Gift, 56 in, 75 k
Dr N. Smith 0
Mr F. E. Kinchant's bay Jué Pucha, 55 in, 72 k
Lt. Wilkin 0
Mr L. Rousse's brown Chinango, 56 in, 75 k . . . Owner 0
Mr F. Franks' chestnut Cigarette, 55 in, 73 k
Mr Balfour 0
Mr C. H. Jefferies' black Garryowen, 53 in, 66 k
Owner 0

Ramadan and Salsifi were first away and led round the turn from Flecha and Cigarette, who lay wide on the outside. In the straight Ramadan and Salsifi drew away from the others, the former winning by a length, third three lengths off.

Totals—359 win and 480 place.
Dividends—Ramadan \$5.70 win and 2.85 place, Salsifi 2.95 place, Flecha 3.75 place.

THE GALLOWAY HANDICAP, for Ponies and Galloways of 58 in. and under; a Sweepstakes of \$20 each with \$50 added; 1000 metres.

Mr J. L. Moser's grey Pardo, 57 in, 65 k
Mr C. Jefferies 1
Mr W. H. Pott's chestnut Lavallo, 58 in, 85 k
M. Bond 2
Mr L. Rousse's grey Aly, 58 in, 66 k Owner 3
Mr J. Weil's bay Cirio, 58 in, 66 k Owner 0
Mr F. Goeters' chestnut Glengarry, 58 in, 61 k Owner 0

Pardo and Lavallo jumped off together in front and led round the bend, where the field, with the exception of Glengarry, closed up. Pardo drew out in the straight with Lavallo, and a good race home resulted in the former holding his own to the finish and winning by a length, a bad third.

Totals—429 win and 406 place.
Dividends—Pardo \$9.15 win and 2.90 place, Lavallo 2.55 place.

EN PASSANT.

In England a woman can no longer be legally compelled to live with her husband. That these things are managed, if not better, at least very differently on the Continent, is pretty evident from the following curious adventure, which happened to a Croatian lady of Essegg, who was minded to imitate Ibsen's Nora, a few days ago and actually left her husband's home. As soon as her better half, who is a well known sausage manufacturer in the city of Essegg, found himself deserted, he made enquiries, which led him to believe that his wife had left by the slow train for the town of Pecs in Hungary. He then forwarded the following telegram to the police prefect of Pecs: "A lady due by slow train. She weighs exactly eighty-three kilogrammes (thirteen stone). I beseech you to arrest the same, for she is my runaway wife." The police prefect, on receiving the telegram, despatched a discreet police officer to take his stand on the railway platform and await the arrival of the train. When the train came in the policeman was extremely embarrassed whom to deprive of liberty, for most of the female passengers were so decidedly inclined to *embonpoint* that he sorrowfully shook his head and remarked that if things were as they ought to be in this unjust world "most of them ladies there would have had to take double tickets." It was most embarrassing. The agent, however, cut the Gordian knot by requesting all the stout ladies, without exception, to step for a moment into the luggage-weighing room. Here he had them weighed, and only one of the goodly gathering turned the scale at thirteen stone. "Where have you come from, ma'am?" asked the policeman. "From Essegg. Here is my ticket," was the reply. "Very well. Please follow me to the station. You others may all go home." A few minutes later the lovely sausage maker was informed by telegram that his faithless spouse was under lock and key, and would be delivered up to him whenever he might find it convenient to come and fetch her. How would Ibsen's Nora have demeaned herself had she been living in Hungary when she forsook her husband?

In writing about the late Mr Ballantyne last week I inadvertently included in his works a book called The Treasure Island, for which I owe the author of that thrilling romance an apology. His name is Stevenson, he lives in Samoa with his wife and family, and is a cousin of the popular progenitor of Hurlingham, Mr Fortune.

They seem to be having good old-time weather at home. From an account in one of the papers I read the Sussex Coast enjoyed 25.7 hours of bright sunshine in one week, being about 41 per cent. of a possible total.

A German has been trying the effect of the ordinary class of food we consume on animals. Tobacco has been tried long ago, and some animals get very fond of it. The new experiments show that monkeys evince a craving for alcohol, the effect of which is to make them sulky and listless.

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" (criollas)	30—35	24—28	14—16	3—5
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" —Novillo	6.00—11.70
" —Cow	4.70—6.00
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" —Rambouillet	5.50—6.50
Ewes	3.70—6.50
Lambs	2.00—2.50

Wheat (barleta), 100 ks (new crop)	\$6.00—6.50
" (French), 100 kilos	5.50—6.30
" (Candeal)	6.00—6.15
" (Saldome) (new crop)	5.50—6.00
Maize (morochó), old, 100 kilos	6.80—7.10
" (amarillo), old, 100 kilos	6.50—6.85
Hay, 1000 kilos	45.00—62.00
Wool—Cross Lincoln	5.90—11.50
" —Fine mestiza	4.80—9.20

FIXTURES

RACING

Sunday, April 1—Hipodromo Argentino, at Palermo.

CRICKET

Sunday, April 1—Flores v. Hurlingham, at Hurlingham.
Sunday, April 1—London Bank v. Lanus, at Lanus.

ATHLETICS

Sunday, April 29—Junin Athletic Club's Annual Sports.
Thursday, May 3—Hurlingham Club.

LAWN TENNIS

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, May 24, 25, 26—Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club's Tournament and Championship.

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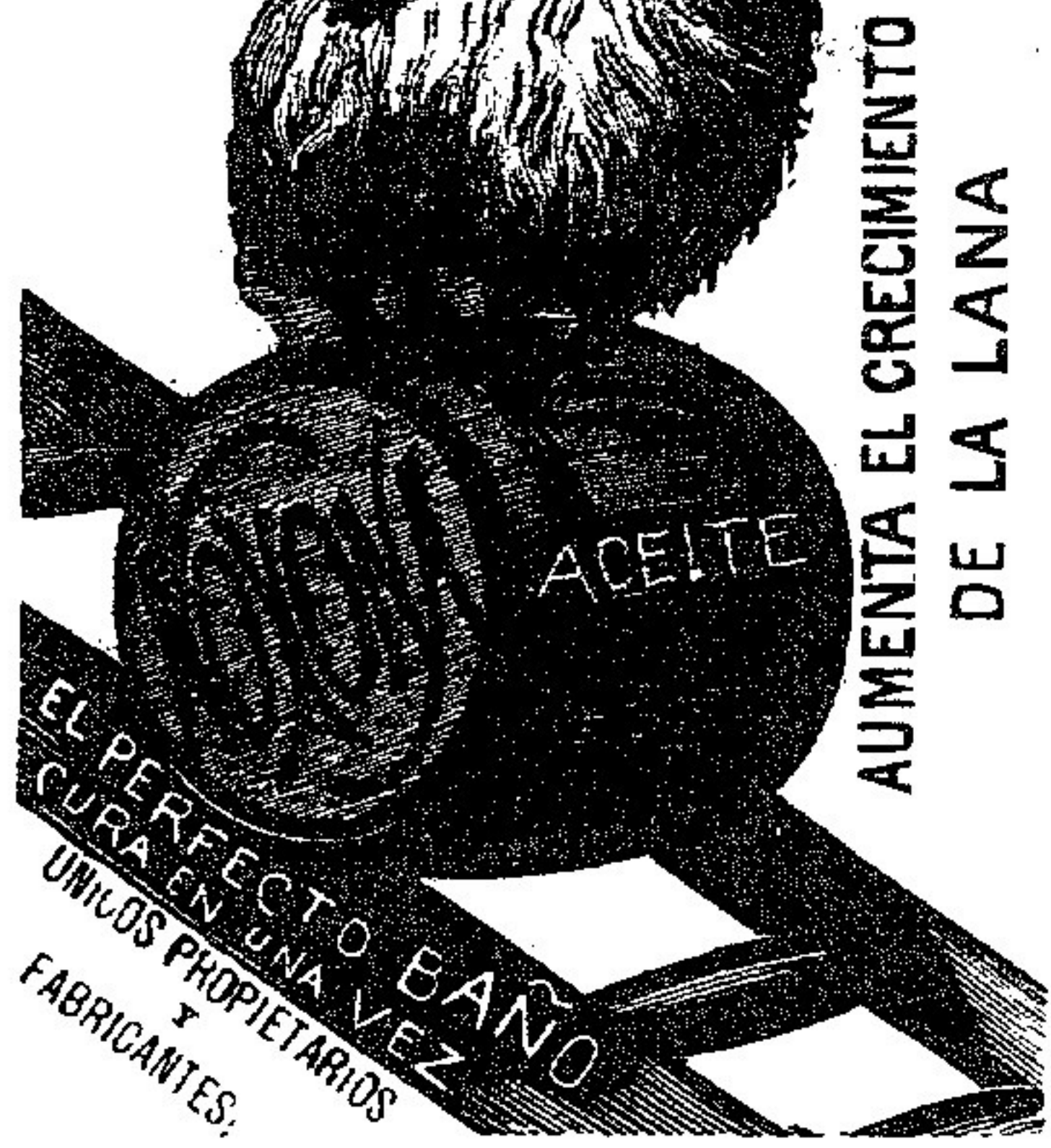
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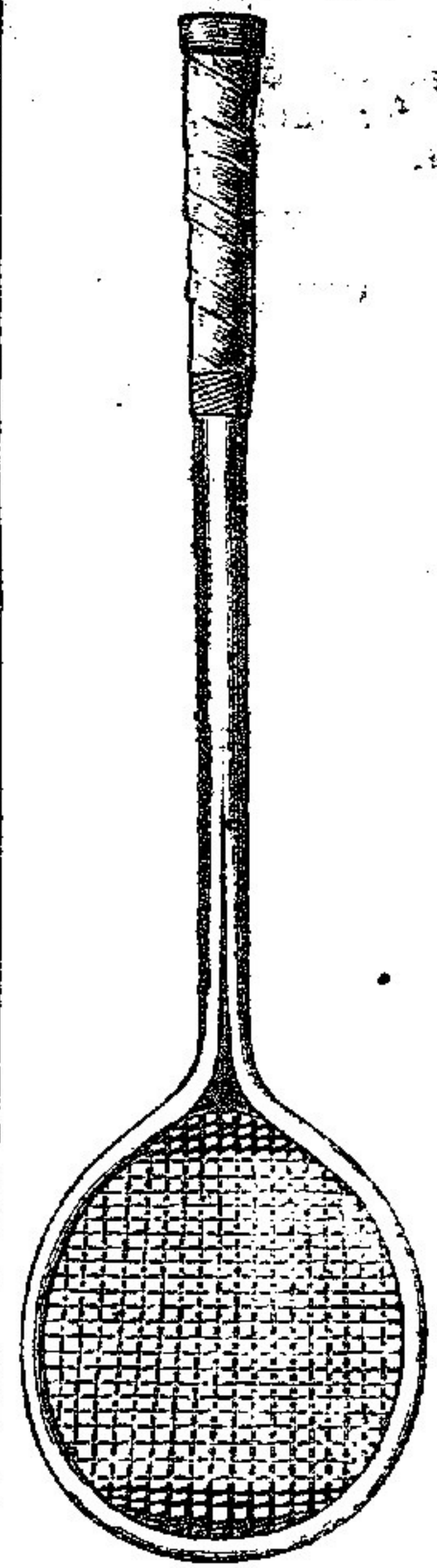
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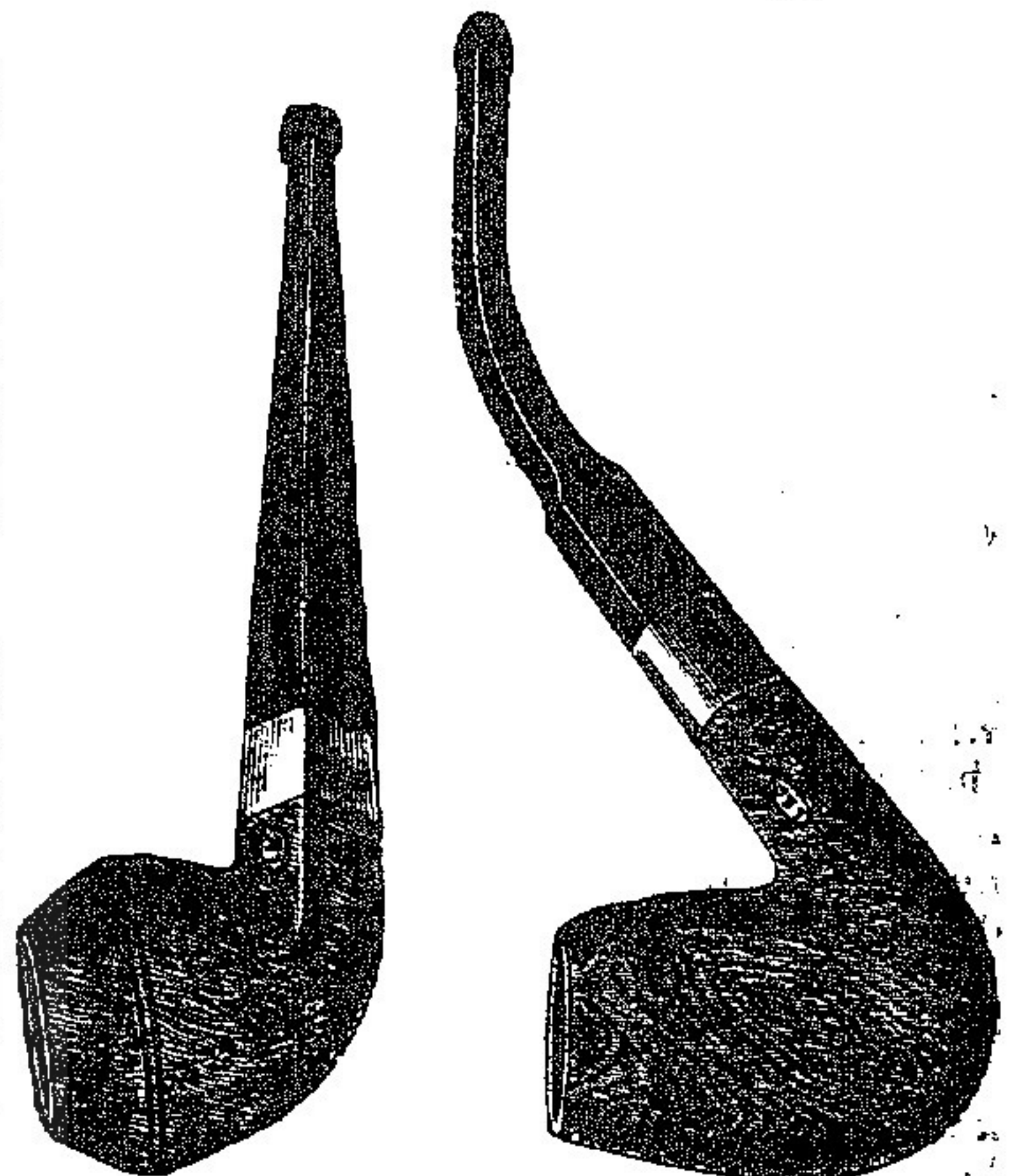
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Accept no other flower

TOWARDS THE SUNSET.

A sad heart beat underneath Phil Dunn's stout ribs one damp, drizzly day towards the end of September, 1872, as he sat on his horse by the edge of the road which runs above Dulverton and on to Tiverton and Exeter, looking down on the valley of the Exe, for that day his farm, stock, machinery and house had been sold by public auction. Not that he was in debt, not he, none of the Dunns ever had been, for tradition has it that a Dunn would rather have sold the roof over his head than owe any man a shilling, but bad times, poor crops and rot among the sheep had lowered his bank account to zero, and all that had at last remained to him was what had been that day sold by public auction at the King's Head in Dulverton. And that was the last look he might, perhaps, ever have at that lovely valley, for he was leaving the country, and going, as his old farm hands had it, to "furrin' parts." But Phil was not a man to linger long over vain regrets; he had made up his mind weeks, nay, even months before, that he could no longer hold on to the old place and at the same time keep out of debt, so he determined to sell it, and now that he had done so he was rather surprised at finding himself the actual owner of so much money, for there had been genuine competition at the sale, since two neighbouring land owners had both had their eyes on the place, knowing it would sooner or later come into the market, but as both of them had kept their own counsel up to the day of the sale, they were both surprised to find the other a competitor for what each of them thought they could obtain for an almost nominal price. Thus, when the four hundred and twenty acres, some odd roods and perches were offered, the bidding at first was low, and rose only by five pound bids, but as competition either makes men angry or obliges one or other to retire from the field, and since in this case the competitors were both obstinate men as well as tolerably wealthy ones, the bids by-and-by rose from five to ten pounds, and then to fifty, but the last bid of all was of a hundred, and that clinched the matter, and everybody said it was the best sale they had ever seen, and most of them proceeded to get drunk on the strength of it. But the upshot of the whole matter was that after everything had been sold, auctioneers fees paid, and the bill at the King's Head settled, he found himself owner of the very serviceable sum of £7,436 13s. 6d., a good £1,500 more than he ever expected to get for it. Well, as I have already said, there he sat looking down the valley, and as he sat he began to soliloquise after this manner: "All gone, everything; the old house, the moor, meadows and all, horses, cattle, sheep, and every animal I possessed this morning, and if it had not been for Charlie Wyse lending me this old mare, I should have had to walk to Tiverton to-night," but just at that moment a low whimper by his side stopped short his soliloquy by contradicting him, and looking down he beheld a little, old-fashioned, dusty-coloured, wire-haired Scotch terrier, who looked up at him, wagged his stump of a tail, and uttered a low, gruff bark, as much as to say "What next?"

"Why, Whisker, old man," he cried, "I had quite forgotten you, but you shall go with me, old chap, and we will make our fortunes in this wonderful River Plate that I've been hearing so much of lately, so come along, its getting late," and with that he turned the old mare's head in the direction of Tiverton, and began jogging off down the road.

He had not got more than a mile before he was again stopped, not this time, however, by his own thoughts, but by a man dressed somewhat after the manner of a keeper, in a green velvet coat and breeches and stout leather gaiters, who got down off a stile on which he had been sitting, and came towards him.

"I knowed as how I shouldn't get a word with you at the King's Head," he said, as he touched his hat, "so I just come on here, as I wanted to say something to you afore you goes away."

"I'm glad you did, Tom, but I wasn't going away without saying good-bye to Betsy and little Dorris, don't you believe it. I will send a trap out from Tiverton in the morning to bring them in."

"God bless you for that, sir, there's Betsy been a crying her eyes out all the afternoon to think as how the old place was sold, and you, as she'd nursed from a baby, going away. But what I want to speak to you about, sir, she musn't know nothin' on until its all over, or else there'd be no doin' nothin' with her; how I wants to know, sir, exactly where you are going."

"I'm going to the River Plate, to the Argentine Republic."

But this seemed to bring no light to Tom Armstrong's understanding, for he rubbed his forehead in perplexity. Just then the fog lifted a little, and showed the sun now nearly setting, like a great blood red ball.

"Over there towards the sunset," said Phil, laughing, "and more than six thousand miles away."

"The distance aint of no account whatever, sir, but you see we've been with the old master better than thirty years, long before you was born, sir, and we've saved together better than £400, so if you finds the country a good one and will have us, we will just go out to you."

"Thanks, Tom," said Phil, "that's an offer I wont forget, and if I like the place I will write and let you know. And now good night, I must be off or it will be dark before I get to Tiverton."

True to his promise, Phil hired a trap next morning to bring Tom, Betsy, and little Dorris to say good-bye, but Tom Armstrong had seemingly forgotten his resolution of the previous evening as to not telling his wife anything about his projected journey, for when they arrived, before even they had time to get out of the trap, Betsy Armstrong shouted out in a voice that might be heard half way down the street—

"Oh Master Phil, Master Phil, do be quick and have us out, I shall be counting the days till your letter arrives telling us how to get there."

Betsy had been Phil's nurse, and after his mother died which took place shortly after his birth, had taken charge of him up till the time when he had been sent to Blundell's school at Tiverton. Her husband Tom thirty years before, had been taken on by Phil's father as carter's boy, but as he got older he proved himself to be both intelligent and steady, and by degrees had got on until he had got charge of all the stock on the farm, and then as old Mr Dunn became almost a cripple from rheumatism, he bought and sold, and in fact did all the business connected with the farm until Phil became competent to manage it himself. They were a good specimen pair of English farm hands, Tom and his wife, loud voiced and rosy cheeked, honest as the day and loving Master Phil as their own son.

Little Dorris was a pale sickly-looking girl of twelve, and it was hard to believe at first sight that she was the offspring of so healthy looking a couple. A thin palefaced little child she was then, with great brown eyes, which gave her a look of being always sleepy.

This then was the trio that Jack now promised definitely to send for should he think fit to settle in this new land to which he was now bound.

And this is what he told me some three months later as we sat at breakfast together in Keenan's hotel in Rosario.

I had come down from Santa Fé with an estanciero, from whom I had bought some steers, to settle about payment, and met Phil Dunn for the first time. We soon got acquainted, and were now having breakfast amicably together with Whisker sitting between us waiting for scraps.

"I'd a deuced good mind to clear out right away and be off to Australia," he was saying, "when I had seen the province of Buenos Aires, it is what I call a half year country, there are no grasses there so far as I could see that could stand any drought, right enough when it rains, but as bare as your hand in a dry season, and as flat as this table. And the people too are the runmiest lot I ever saw, Irish sheepleaders most of them, they all seem to have a horrible dread of being taken for Englishmen, they copy the natives as near as they can, they wear the same dress, and speak Spanish amongst themselves. Most of them have red heads, and all of them sore lips, and weak knees."

"I burst out laughing at this."

"Whatever have they been doing to you?" I asked.

"You seem to have an awful down on them."

"I've done nothing to them in particular but I'll tell you what happened to me once. I had got out as far as Magdalena, and wanted to go on to Chascomus, so I bought a horse and started straight along the road, but that afternoon the brute went lame, and to make matters worse it came on to rain, but just about sunset I came to a good sized place, where there was a large barn, and four or five big sheep pens full of sheep. So I marched off to the house door which was shut, but opened just as I got there, and one of these gentry of the red head and sore lip class put his head out, and said—

"What do ye want?"

"I told him that my horse was lame and asked leave to stay the night there, at which he politely informed me that they didn't want any loafers there, and that there was a pub two leagues further on and that I could stop there, and with that he slammed the door in my face and I started to walk those six miles."

"Yes," I said, "I have often heard the same thing before, but they are not all the same. If you will go up to Santa Fé you will find plenty of Irishmen up there, but I will guarantee you will never be served like that."

"I've just come from there," he replied, "I know them all and a clinking good lot they are, I had no end of a bother to get away, they all wished me to stay a week at their places, and did their best to persuade me to buy land there. That is nice land if you like, and good grass too, plenty to eat at all the year round, not like the Buenos Aires camp where half the year from all accounts the cattle and sheep are bursting, and the other half starving. Sugar and muck I call those camps."

"Then why didn't you stay in Santa Fé if you like the camps so much?"

"Well I'll tell you, the land is good but it is too con-foundedly flat to please me. I am not in any hurry to settle, but I am used to a hilly country and woods, and water, and that's what I must have if it is to be got. And I believe that in a large country like this it can be got. And I am just going to play round for six months or so, and if at the end of that time I don't find what I want I'm off to Australia."

"I know just the country that will suit you," I said, "where I am going shortly, to the west, to San Luis, 'para el lado que se entra el sol.'"

"What does that mean? Is that Spanish?"

"Yes, that's Spanish; and it means towards the sunset."

"By George," he cried, bringing his fist down with a thump on the table, which made all the glasses ring, "those are the very words I said to Tom Armstrong when he asked me where I was going just before I came away. There's a fate in those words for me, and I'm going with you if you'll let me. But what market is there up there for cattle?"

"Chile," I replied; "and a far better market than Buenos Aires. They have very few cattle there. You see it is only a small country, a narrow strip between the mountains and the sea, mostly agricultural, and very thickly populated."

"How old are you? and how long have you been out here? You don't seem to have wasted much time in getting acquainted with the country."

"I was twenty last October, and have been two years in the country, and, as you say, I have not lost much time, for I know a good deal of the country, especially the west, which, for my part, I prefer to all the rest."

We smoked in silence for a bit, for we had finished breakfast by this time, when he suddenly said—

"Those fellows up in Santa Fé are all gentlemen's sons, aren't they? and some of them been in the army too?"

"I believe so," I replied.

"Well, I'm not; and I don't pretend to be a gentleman. I'm a farmer, my father was a farmer too, and grandfather before him."

"Yes, thought I to myself, and a good looking specimen you are, though certainly not a handsome one. He was, I suppose, about twenty-six or seven, broad shouldered, and about five feet eleven in his stockings, but his nose spoilt his face. It was too large. Some time it had been Roman, but it had been broken, and now from Roman had become a well defined Wellington. His eyes were brown, and so was his hair, which was very short and curly."

"We talked the matter over for some time. Phil had made up his mind to go west with me, and I did all I could to persuade him to meet me at San Luis in three months' time, for it would take me fully that time to get there with cattle for the distance was something over 340 miles, for the road in some parts was bad, and in one or two places where we had rivers to cross we usually stooped a week or two to rest the beasts, as there was abundance of good grass, besides plenty of water and nothing to pay for it, since there were no settlers in those days. Some few who had been enticed there by the good quality of the camp, had invariably been killed or cleared out by the Indians. But it was no use, in vain I pointed out to him how sick of it he would be, travelling day after day at a foot's pace with the cattle."

"Besides," said I, "there is nothing to see before you get to Rio Cuarto. The county is all the same as Santa Fé, except just before you get to Frayle Muerto, where the forest begins, but we soon get out of that and then go south, and again through level plains till we are close to Rio Cuarto."

"And after that?" he inquired.

"After that the pretty scenery begins, and the further west you get the prettier it becomes. Mountains, rivers, and forests."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "You say you will be a month on the road to Rio Cuarto. I will just go up to Santa Fé and have some fun with those fellows, and meet you this day month up there."

So he went off, and two days later I started with my troop from Los Leones, a station on the Central Argentine Railway. About three days under the month we arrived safely at a stream called Chucul, about five leagues from Rio Cuarto. The railway to Mendoza was at that time being made, and the earthworks were finished as far as Rio Cuarto, but the rails had only been laid as far as the bridge which crossed the Chucul. The brickwork for this was made all ready for receiving the girders, but the girders had not yet been placed in position, as some of them were wanting.

Just at the top of the hill which led down to the river was a large railway wagon fitted up as a store, and kept by a man called Wilson, a friend of mine. The morning after our arrival at Chucul, I cantered off to see Wilson and have a yarn, but found him just about to start for Rio Cuarto, so having nothing better to do, I rode in with him. At the Hotel de las Mensagerias, at the corner of the plaza, we found Phil Dunn and three young Englishmen, Frazer, Deaken, and Blackbourne. They had joined the Argentine army, and had had commissions given to them.

"I got here yesterday," cried Phil, as I came off and shook hands. "Came by diligence; but how was it we didn't see you on the road?"

"Because I came by another road further south," I replied.

The other three fellows were old friends of mine, all Fraile Muerto men, as wild as hawks, and had joined the Argentine army out of sheer cussedness, and didn't care whether they were kicked out of it or no.

Colonel Carcoba and Captain Gigena had been sent from Buenos Aires some two years before to raise a new cavalry regiment in the provinces, and the first town in which he established his head quarters, and where he ultimately got most of his men from and also some of his officers, was Fraile Muerto. Here he found a whole crowd of young Englishmen engaged for the most part in doing nothing, and being of a jovial turn of mind and a capital companion though rather too fond of tipping his elbow, he soon got on good terms with most of them and finally persuaded these three to join him. He was a Cuban by birth and had the reputation of never getting on with his officers for he thoroughly hated the Argentines, and six months never passed without his being engaged in a duel with one or other of them, and this was the reason for his wishing to collect as many foreigners about him as possible, and at the time of which I speak, when I came across his regiment in Rio Cuarto, although by this time he had completely his full complement of men and officers, there were only three Argentine officers in the regiment, the remainder being German, French, Swiss, and the three Englishmen I have just mentioned. On duty he was very strict, and never over-looked a fault, I once heard him tell Blackbourne,

"Be kind enough to remember that when on duty I am el Coronel, and when off duty Benigno Carcoba."

Of course I was glad to meet these fellows for I had not expected it, and their regiment had been told off, as soon as it was completed and the men had been taught the necessary drill, for frontier duty in San Luis as the Indians had lately been turning their attention in that direction and giving a lot of trouble. Two Caciques

especially had kept on invading month after month and killing men and carrying off women and cattle with impunity and there were "El Indio Blanco," whose name had become a terror in the south of the provinces of San Luis and Mendoza, and Gregorio Islas who was fast following in his footsteps. Who the "Indio Blanco" was or where he came from no one knew, and many were the rumours and conjectures about him. Some said he was an Indian, others that he was not, though of one thing there was no doubt, his courage and ferocious cruelty. It was quite enough for word to come from the frontier that the Indio Blanco "was in" for there to be a regular stampede from all the estancias. He got his name from being fair haired and with the fresh complexion of a Dane or Norwegian, though like the Indians he had no beard or moustache.

As may be imagined we soon began to make things pretty lively laughing talking over old reminiscences and comparing notes generally, and Blackbourne was just giving us a most comical account of how the Colonel got drunk the night before and had to be put to bed, by himself and a sergeant, when in walked the Colonel himself with a couple of telegrams in his hand. He must have had an idea that the story was about himself though as it was told in English, of course he could not have understood it, for looking straight at poor Blackbourne,

"I think you had better keep your stories till we get to the frontier," he said, "we shall want them to keep us awake there, for here," holding up one of the telegrams, "is an order for us to repair at once to Fortin Charcon and relieve Colonel Sosa and I think that at the end of the two years we shall have to remain there your ideas will have become pretty stale and here," said he holding up the other telegram, "is notice from General Arredondo in Villa Mercedes, to the effect that about three hundred Indians crossed the frontier last night going towards Mendoza. Teniente Frayer, how soon can those new horses be here?"

"Not possibly before another three days, Colonel." "Maldicion" he cried stamping his foot in a passion "those villains of contractors are never up to time I shall have to make an example of one of them some of these days for the good of the rest. Now you go and take five men you can trust with two horses each, and ride for your life to meet them and hurry them up. And by the virgin if they have not got the whole five hundred complete I will dock them five dollars a head all round, that will teach them to be up to time next time I give them a job. And you" he went on apparently noticing me for the first time "how are you amigo, come to join us at last, I thought you would in the end."

For he had done his best the year before to induce me to join.

"No," I replied, "I am going up to Mendoza with a troop of cattle."

"Cattle, caramba! where are they?"

"About a league the other side of the Chucul."

"Ride then ride as though the devil was behind you," he cried "and bring them in at once for if the Indians happen to go that way, they won't leave you a horn, and not one of your men alive."

"I know that," I replied and out I ran and Phil after me.

"Hold hard," said he catching me by the arm just as I was mounting my horse which I had left tied to a post in front of the door.

"What for?" I asked.

"Why I am going with you of course, I bought two horses this morning and you don't imagine I am going to let you go alone if there is any danger about do you?"

"There is no use your coming," I exclaimed, "besides look at that" pointing to a great black angry looking cloud that was slowly coming up from the south west. "We are going to have no end of a storm, you'll be drenched and get your death of cold, it doesn't matter to me I'm used to it."

"Oh hang the storm, I sha'n't melt I'm not made of sugar. anyway I am going too, so just wait half a second."

So knowing that I should only lose time by arguing, and time just then was exceedingly precious, I told him to hurry up and waited his return impatiently.

The cattle I was taking up to Mendoza were not my own, they belonged to a Spaniard, a great friend of mine, called Don Severiano del Cascillo. I had made two trips with him already and he knew he could trust my judgement, he was a widower but immediately after our return from the last trip to Santa Fé he had married his dead wife's sister so not wishing to leave home again so soon, and unwilling to lose the chance of getting another lot of cattle over the Andes that year before the pass was closed by snow for the winter, he had proposed to me to go down east and buy the cattle by myself where I could and bring them up, offering me \$200 for the trip and five per cent on any profits that might result after the prime cost of the cattle and all necessary expenses had been paid. I was of course very young to take such an amount of responsibility on myself but he declared he had entire confidence in me, and I thinking it was a fine opportunity of shewing what I was made of accepted. So with \$500 cash and a letter of credit for \$20,000 on the Spanish Bank in Rosario I had started, purchased fourteen hundred first rate beasts, paid for them and was here already a third of my way back with the cattle all right and in first class condition when these confounded Indians had turned up, and threatened to spoil all. I knew what it would mean to Don Severiano and to me too for the matter of that if the Indians caught us. It would have meant almost ruin to him, and to me probably death, or at best ruin, for had I by good luck escaped with my life, I should have been for ever after marked as unlucky and perhaps never have such a chance again.

But when I came way Don Severiano had given me his favourite peon to go with me, Carlos Bonavida. He

had grown up on this road and knew every inch of it, and it struck me that perhaps he might know some place where he could hide for a day or two until we heard what had become of the Indians. Besides he was the best all round gaucho I have ever seen to lasso, to ride, or to track there was not his equal to be found, for tracking especially he was "renombrado" (renowned) all over the upper provinces where every man is a good tracker, and Don Severiano used to boast that Carlos would track a barefooted man for a week in the Cordilleras.

No wonder then, considering how much I had at stake and with the news of these confounded Indians still tingling in my ears, that I was impatient to be off.

But Phil did not keep me long waiting, for in less than five minutes he, Wilson and myself were galloping as the Colonel had said as though the devil was behind us away to the Chucul. We did the five leagues in the hour, and as we crossed the stream I saw that Carlos had collected all the cattle for the storm was now coming up fast, and we could already see the lightning playing about among the huge clouds though at present it was too far off for us to hear the thunder.

I soon found Carlos and told him the news. "Which way did the Colonel say they had gone?" he enquired.

"Towards San Luis," I replied.

"Then we are all right for the time, you see when they invade up here they have not time to turn, we are too close to the frontier, they must go straight for the place they intend to plunder and out again as fast as possible, it is not like down east where the nearest estancias are eighty or ninety leagues from the frontier and they can dodge about for a week or a month if they choose before they decide to invade, here they must make up their minds before they come in where they intend to go and go straight for that place and out again, as the soldier will be after them the whole time, so if as you say they have gone west we are all right."

"Well, get all the men off their mules," said I, "have the horses brought along and let every man catch a horse, for if by any chance the Indians did happen to come this way they ought to have a chance to save their lives at any rate, and if they were caught on mules, they would all be spitted like frogs before they could clear a hundred yards."

And then as Carlos galloped off to see my orders carried out, I turned with a sigh of relief and explained the matter to Phil whose knowledge of Spanish was not as yet sufficient to allow him to understand the drift of our conversation.

"I feel like a man who was condemned to be hung, and just got a reprieve," I said when I had explained what Carlos had just finished telling me.

"I dare say you do, old man," he replied, "and I know I should have felt the same if I had had all these cattle in my charge and the risk of them being driven off by those beasts of Indians."

Just as we had changed our horses for those we had been riding were pretty well pumped by the gallop we had just done, the first gust of wind came, like a cold breath from the Arctic regions.

"Christopher Columbus," cried Phil, "this morning it was as hot as Hades, and now it is as cold as, as—"

"Charity," said I laughing as I supplied the simile, "yes, and we shall have it worse than that, and rain on top of it, too, I'll tell you what, we will just scoot off to Wilson's wagon and buy a couple of bottles of grog, we shall want it before morning, and the men too."

When we got there we found Wilson in a state of excitement, bordering on the profane.

"D—n it all," he cried, as we got off and tied our horses to a telegraph post. "That confounded peon of mine has gone off and taken two pairs of boots, a brand new poncho, and \$40 cash. If ever I see him again I'll shoot him straight away."

We sympathised with him as far as we could, and told him that we had come for a couple of bottles of grog, and asked him to hurry up, as the storm would be upon us before we could get back. He set to work as fast as he could, and filled one and had half filled the other, when another tremendous gust came, which seemed as though it would require very little more to upset the wagon.

"Shut the doors for goodness sake," cried Wilson, "or else we shall have the roof off."

I slid the door to, for it was hung on wheels from the top, and we had a tot all round. I was fumbling with some money to pay for the grog when I felt the wagon shake.

"We're moving," I shouted.

"Can't," says Wilson, "wheels are scotched. I scotched them myself this morning before I went to Rio Cuarto."

"I don't care whether they are scotched or not," said I, as I picked up the bottle and pulled open the door a little. "I know we are moving."

I saw a telegraph post whiz past as I did so, and then—

"Jump, you beggars, jump," I yelled, and out I jumped, for there we were going along down that hill, and towards the place where the bridge ought to have been, but was not, at about eighteen miles an hour.

Out they tumbled after me like a couple of rats out of a rick with a ferret in it, and then we saw the wagon, gathering way with every yard it went, rush right down to the end of the rails, and then disappear with a crash over the brickwork into the river.

"I say, though, can't that fellow run," said Phil, as we sat up and rubbed the dust out of our eyes. I looked and saw Wilson about a hundred yards off, going like a young steam engine down the track, and then we both burst out laughing. I know it was rather a heartless thing to do, making slight of the poor fellow's misfor-

tune, but still there was something so intensely ludicrous in the whole business, that neither of us could help it. By good luck, too, neither of us had broken our bottles, and hadn't paid for them either, the wagon had stampeded before we could manage that, and what is more, I never did, for I have never seen Wilson from that day to this.

"This is an ill wind that is likely to blow nobody any good, so far as I can see," I observed, as we wended our way back to where our horses were tied, for our own troubles were just about to commence. We had scarcely got back to where the cattle were standing, all packed as close together as possible, when the rain came down. It was like sitting under a shower bath for five consecutive hours, and the water poured off our heads, down our collars, under our clothes into our boots, and out again over the tops: while all the time the wind came rushing up from the south-west as cold as ice, howling through the trees, and ever and again breaking off great branches. It was as light as day, too, until about three o'clock in the morning, for the lightning played incessantly up and down among the clouds, running in their silver threads like rivers on a map, all about in every direction, while the thunder rolled and grumbled, sounding just as though someone was playing a game of skittles up above with heavy balls on a boarded floor. Though now and then one blinding flash, followed by a deafening crack, would make us start and look hurriedly round to see whether any of us had been struck. But all this time the cattle never offered to stir. There they stood with their backs humped up, and their heads down, waiting patiently for the dawn. And when about half past three it began to get a little lighter, the rain stopped, though the wind came on more boisterously than before. We were far too cold to shiver, early in the night we had got beyond that stage, but now every minute or so all the muscles in our bodies would suddenly contract, with a great painful spasm, and it was really painful to breathe. We were, in reality, all of us half dead. Another six hours the same as those we had just spent, would, I believe, have seen the last of us collapse.

As soon as it got light enough for us, I rode up to where Carlos was sitting, like a sentinel on duty, at the far side of the troop.

"We must be out of this at once. In another hour the river will be swollen so that we shall not be able to get across. And we must get to Rio Cuarto as soon as possible to get the cattle in safety."

"True," he replied, "but the Chucul must be up now. You wait here a minute, while I gallop down and see what it is like."

He galloped off, and in about a quarter of an hour came back.

"We shall have to swim for it," said he, "even now, but the longer we wait the worse it will be. If we don't cross at once, we shall not cross for another two days."

"Come along, then," I cried, and went off on one side, while he went off on the other to hurry up the men.

I had not seen Phil for some hours for we had separated early in the night, but now I found him sitting on his horse with his back humped up and his face a ghastly pale green.

"How do you feel, old man?" I asked.

"Feel! Oh, hang it all," he replied, "I don't feel at all I am numbed, half dead, I thought you never had it so cold out here, it was awful."

"It is always cold when the wind comes over the snow on the Cordilleras, and the closer you are to them the worse it is. But come along, we are off now, we have to cross the Chucul and the Rio Cuarto, too, before the water rises too much."

We had little trouble in starting the cattle, they seemed to be only too glad to be moving, and gradually they began to string out first at a walk, then at a trot, and soon at a gallop down the hill towards the river, which, in the grey light of coming dawn, looked like a broad sheet of polished steel, and abominably cold.

"Keep them going," I shouted to the men, "and mind they don't turn at the water."

(To be continued.)

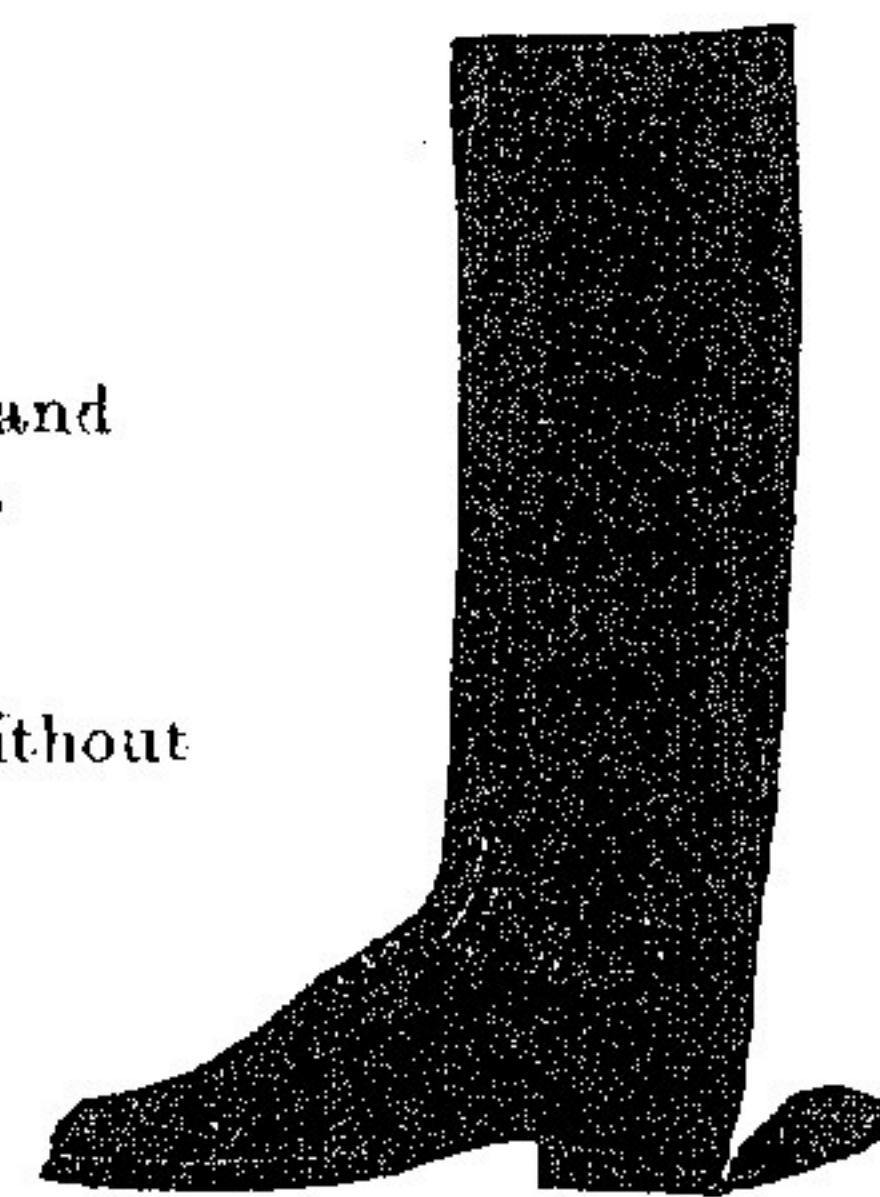
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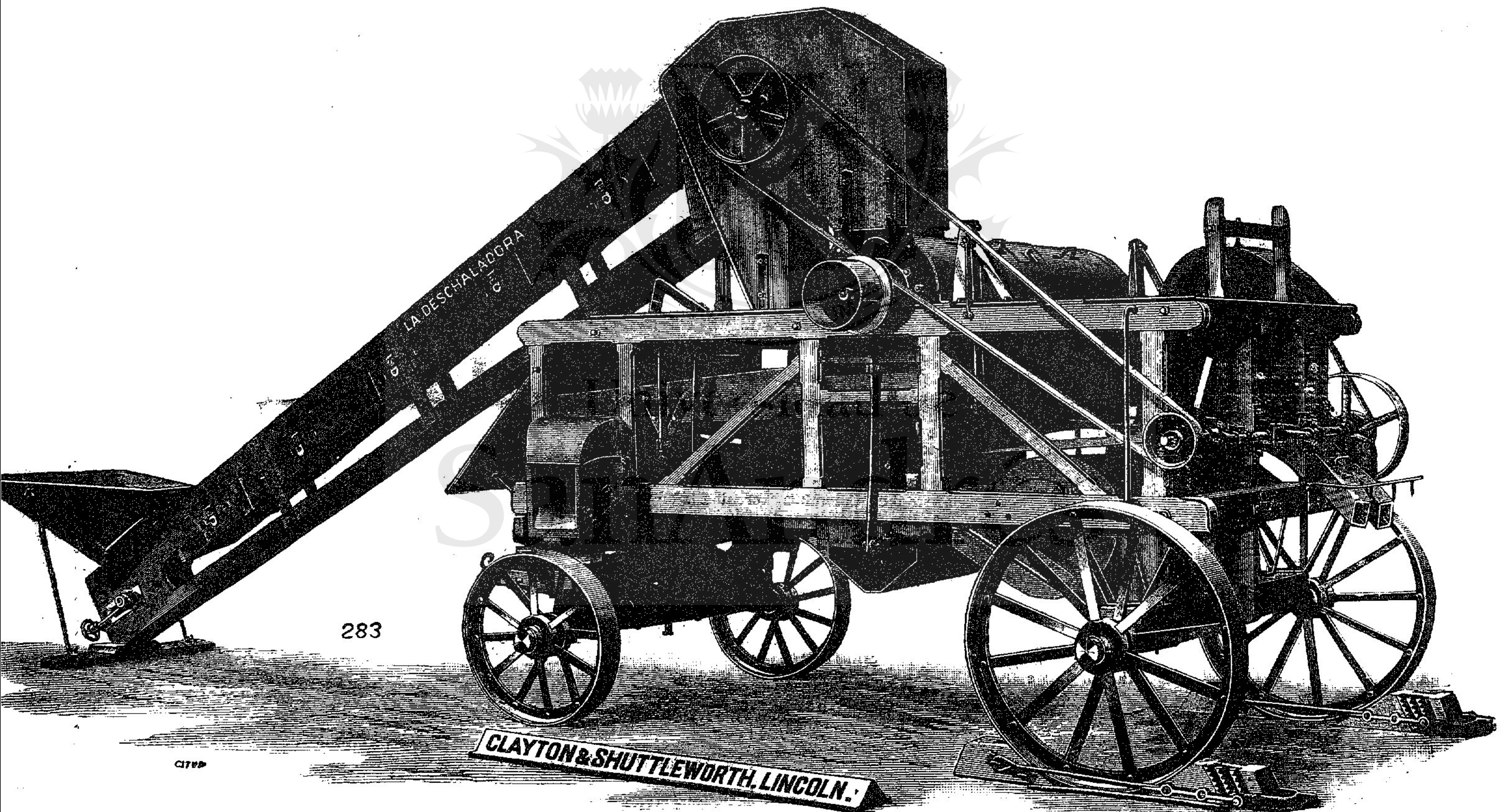
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