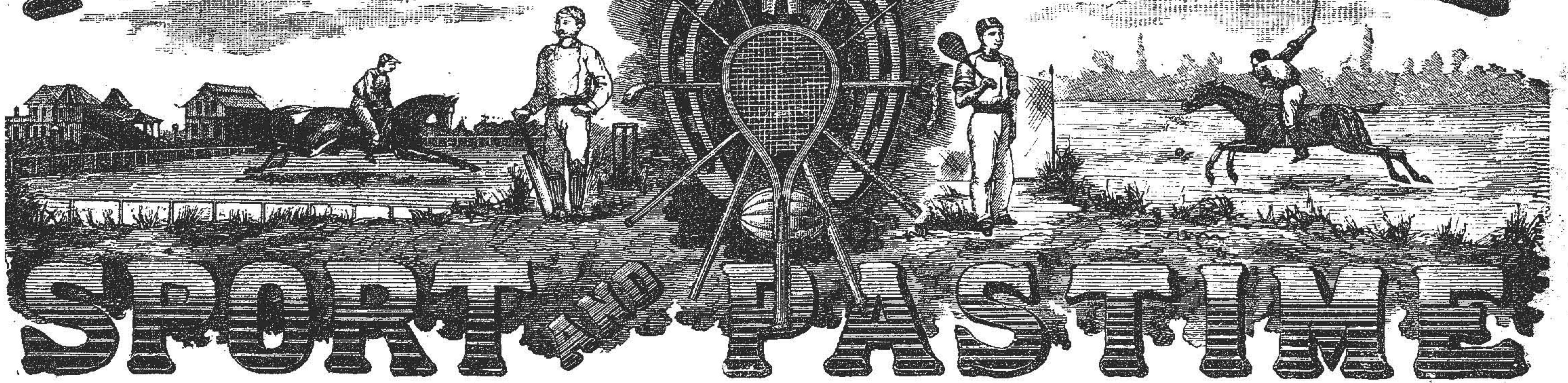


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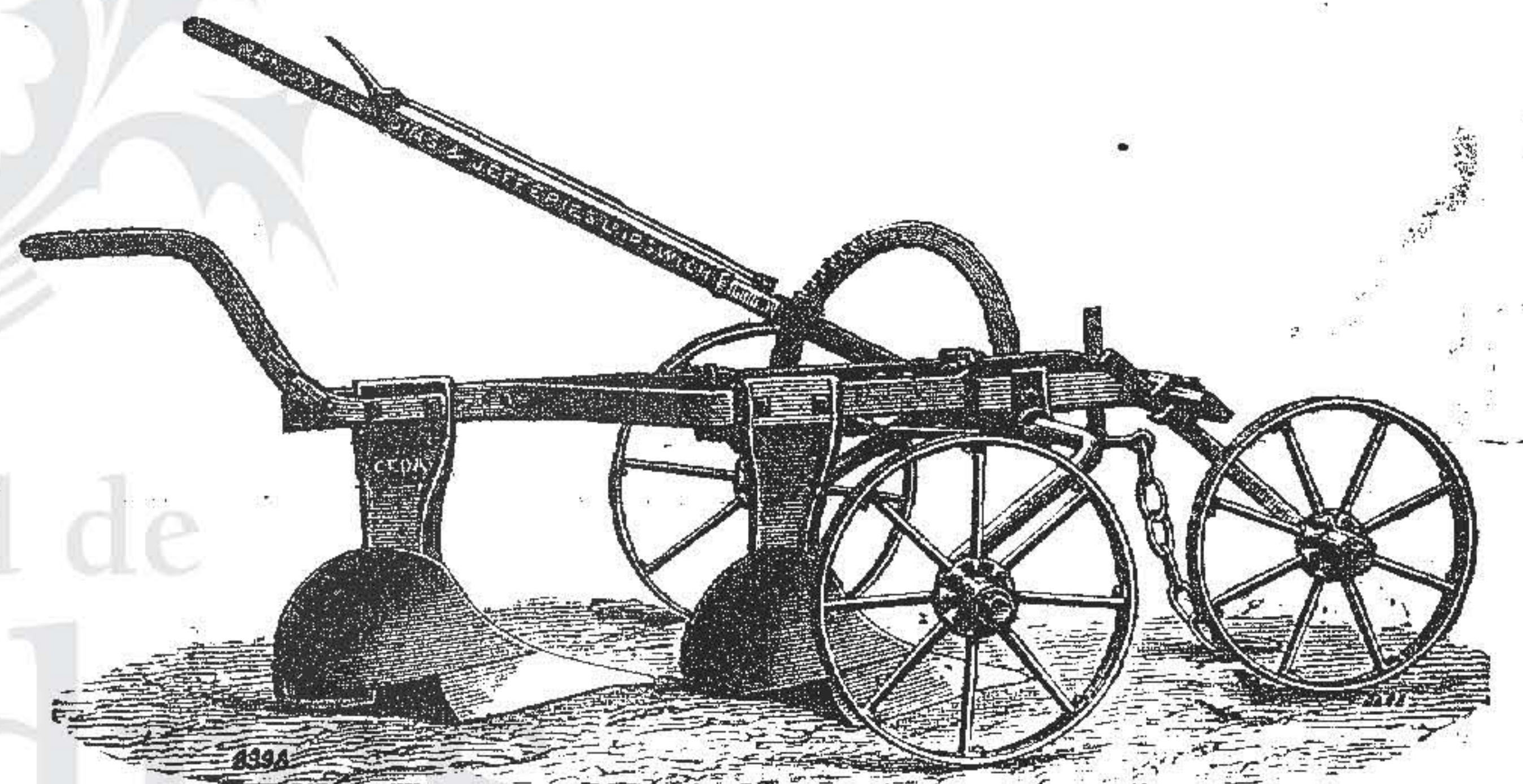
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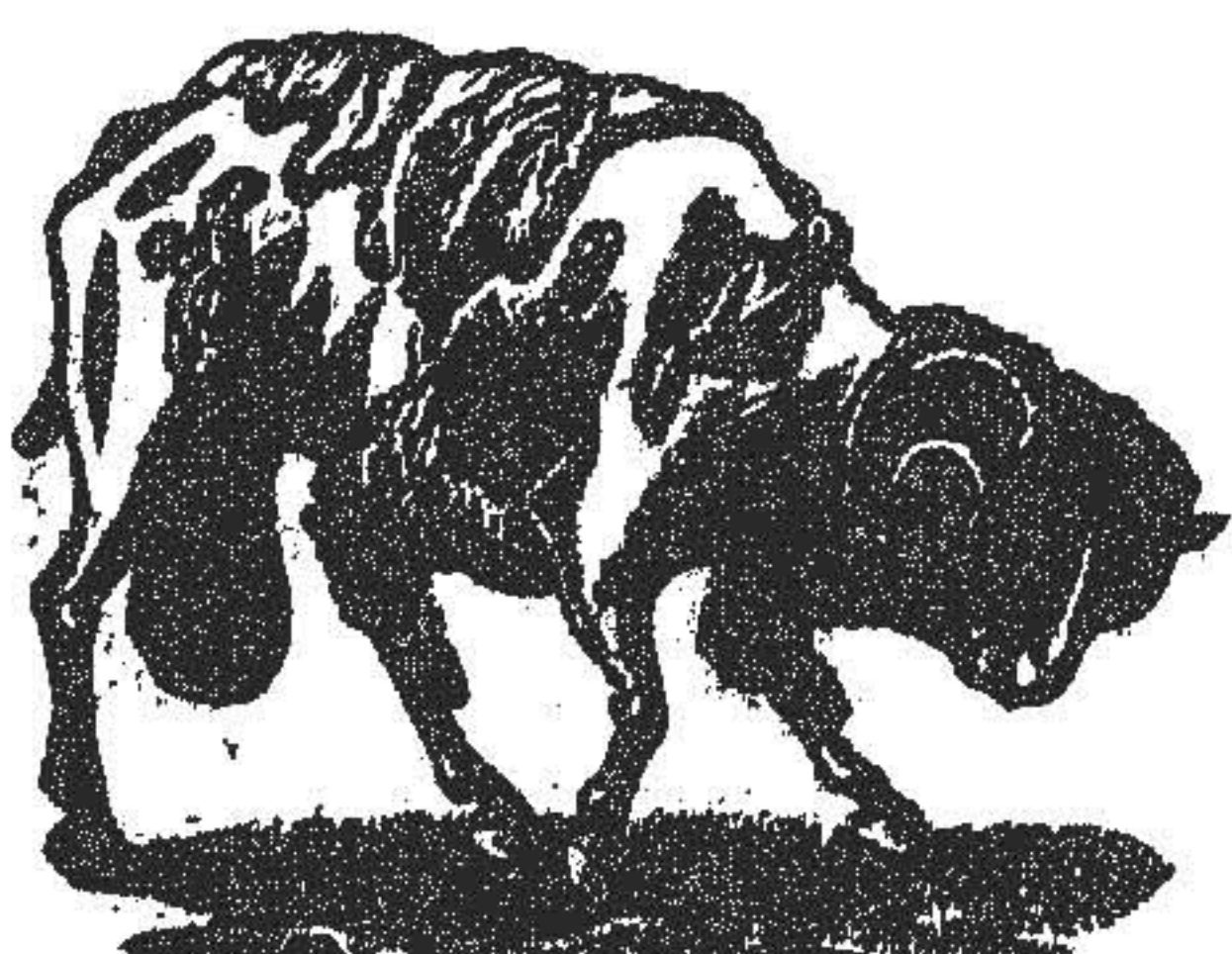
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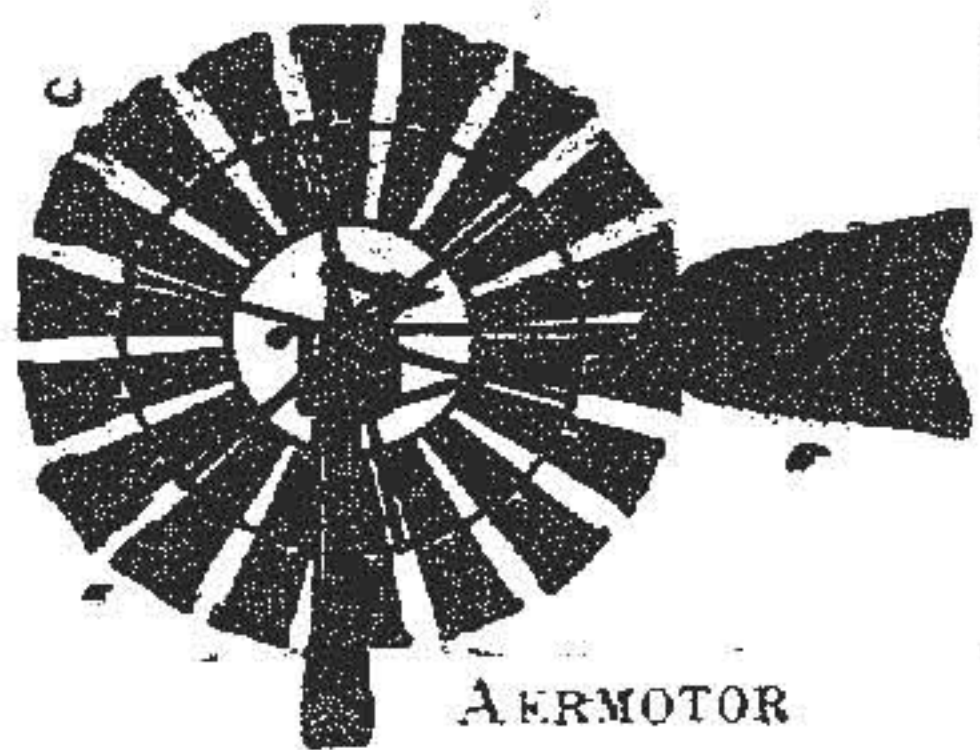
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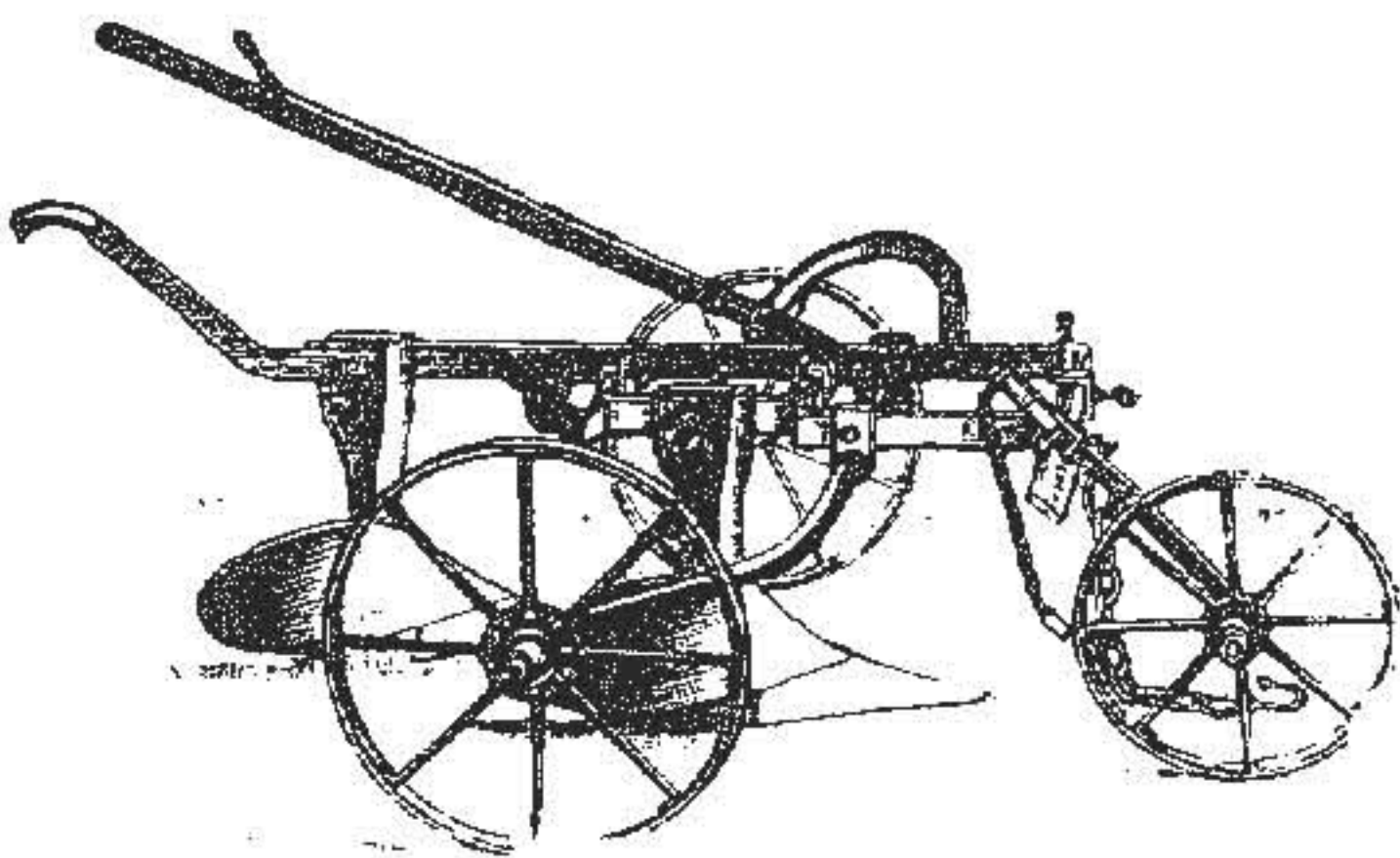
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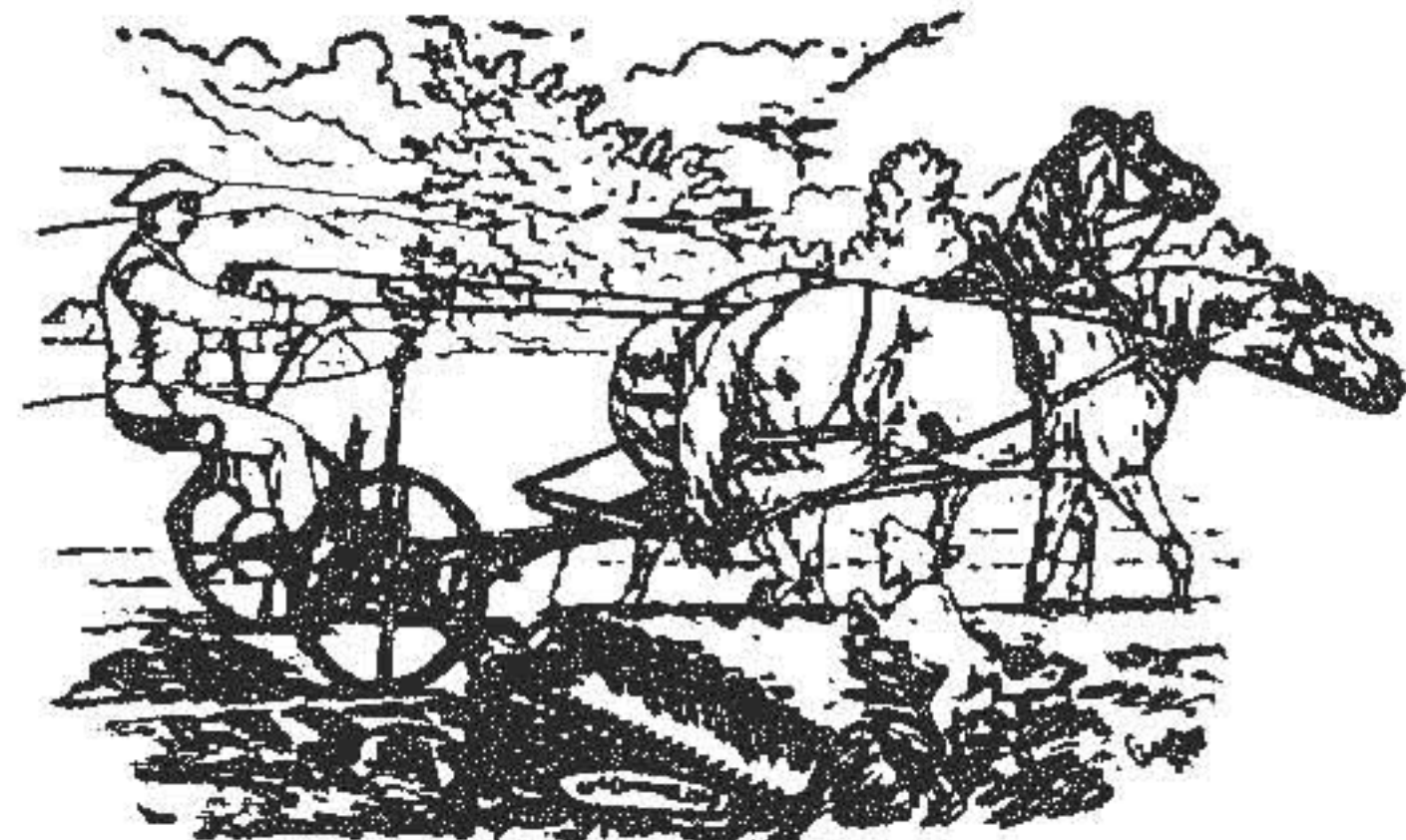
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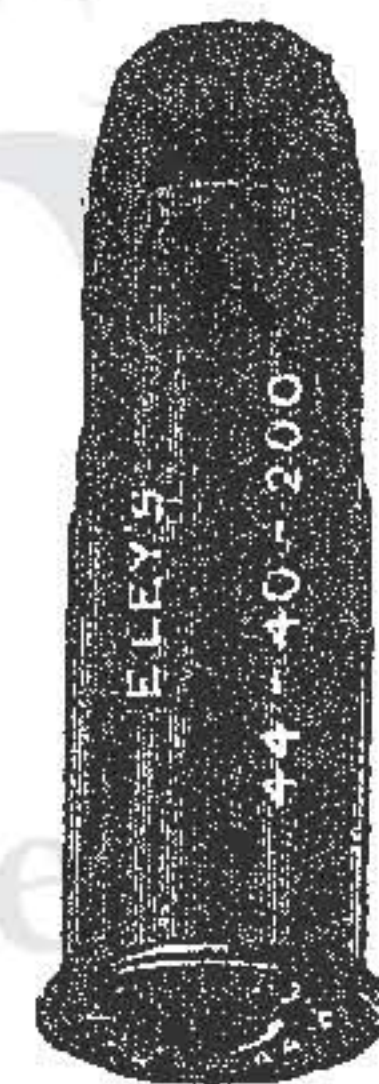
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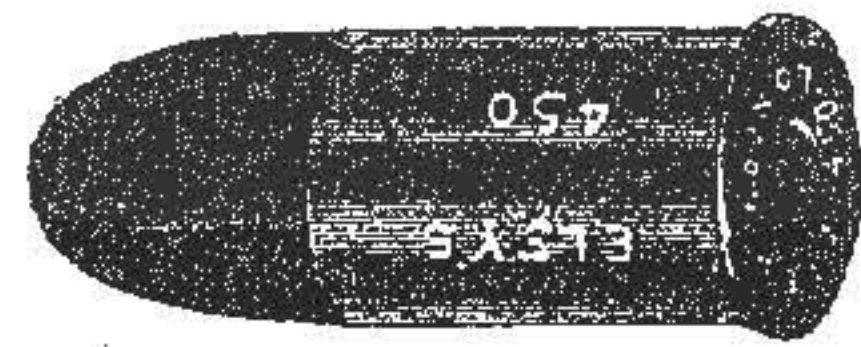
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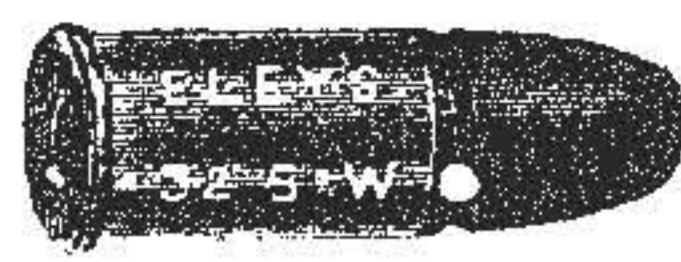
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No. 6—December 23: THE SOUTHERN CRICKET XI.

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No. 16—August 31: THE BUENOS AIRES RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.

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1893

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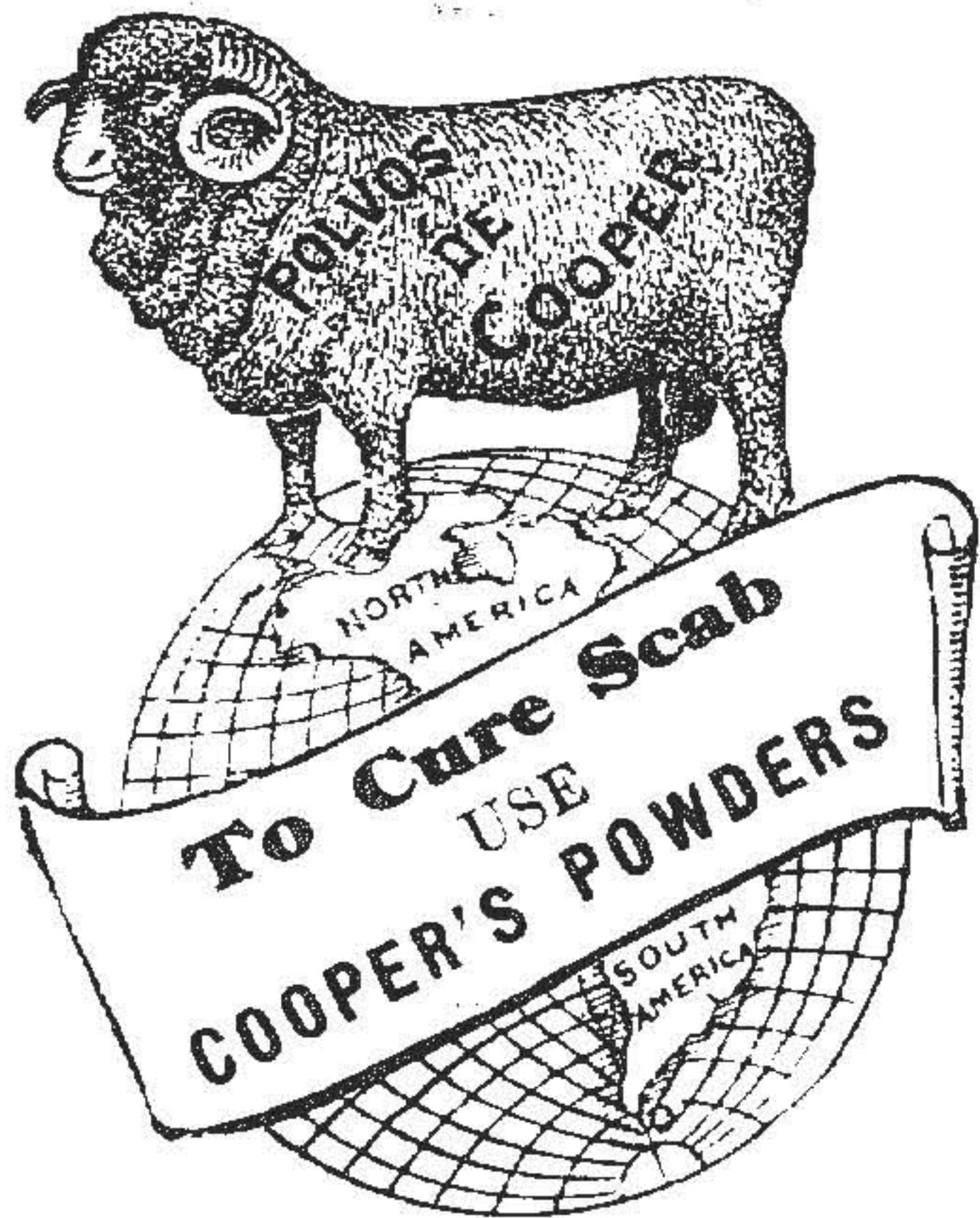
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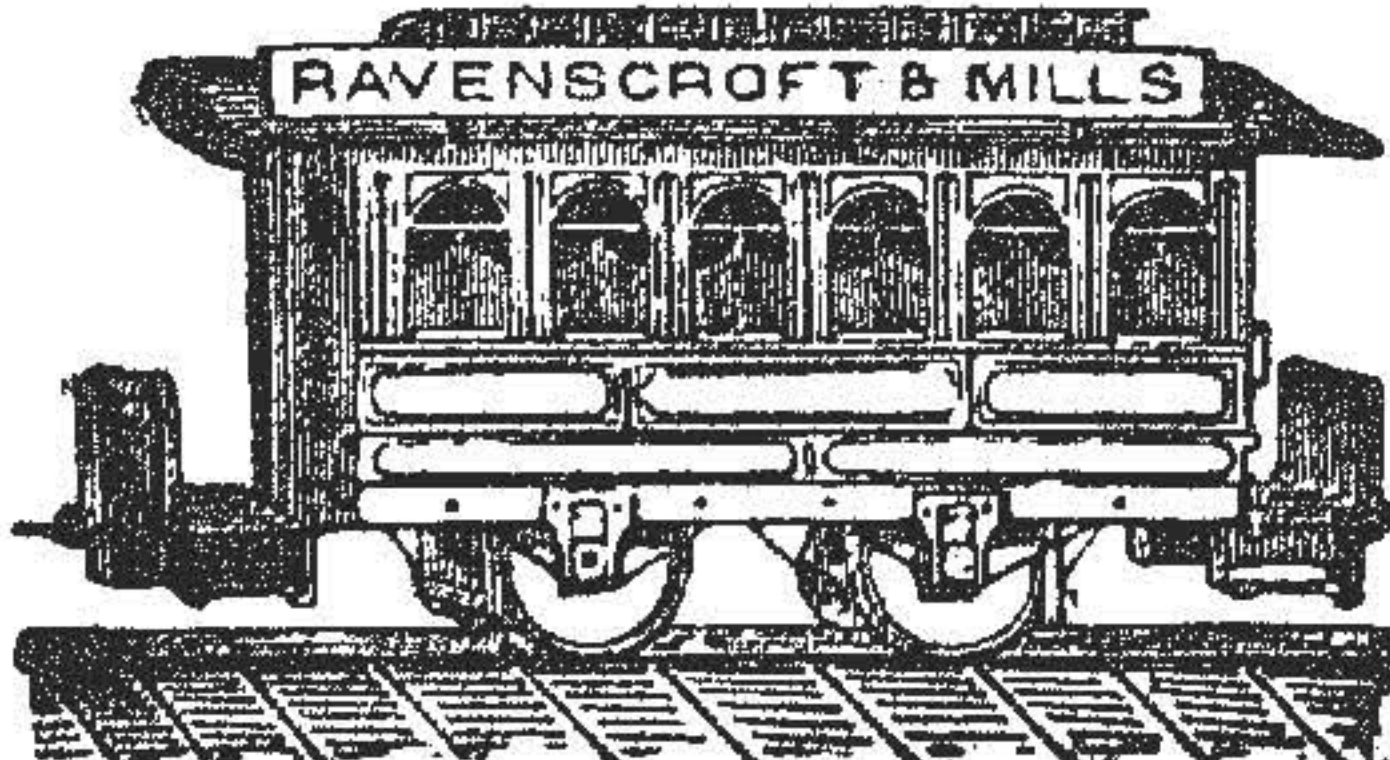
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HOME NEWS

RACING

The event of the week ending on March the 10th was the soldiers' meeting at Sandown of which we have account of the first day's racing, with the Gold Cup on the cards.

For this great event Midshipmite was expected to be able to give Æsop and Leybourne the weight imposed on him, and he was going so well as he came up the hill that this backers were already hugging themselves; but over the last fence Æsop challenged, and, gradually drawing away, won by a length and a half. He was meeting The Midshipmite on 12 lb better terms than he did over Aintree, and his weight for the Liverpool this year would be 10 st 12 lb, including 8 lb penalty.

Of the first day of the March Meeting at Sandown Park we wrote last week and there is little to say about the second day except to detail the chief event, the March Hurdle Race, for which the Prince of Wales' mare, The Vigil, was made a hot favourite. However, she was beaten two hurdles from home; and Caerlaverock, through Partisan blundering over the last hurdles, won by a length. The Vigil finished close up fourth.

Two good days' sport were had at Gatrik, when the executive certainly deserve to succeed, as they are most liberal in their added money. In a selling steeplechase on the first day, Old Gamecock ran third to Oxtan and King of the Gipsies, and we think that such a good old slave would have been better treated by Mr Swan, his owner, had he not been started in a selling race, but earning instead a well merited rest. A poor lot finished behind Grey Wether in the principal event which we give below.

Wins by only a neck, rare things in steeplechasing, separated the winners of two events on the second day, on which the International Hurdle Race was the race of the day. Fourteen, amongst which were some good classed ones, started, and a very pretty race resulted.

SANDOWN PARK, March 3rd.

March Handicap Hurdle Race of 200 sovs; 2 miles.
Mr E. P. Ryan's b g Caerlaverock, by Isonomy—
Ellangowan, aged, 11 st 10 lb (inc 10 lb ex). Escott 1
Mr G. Grant's Partisan, aged, 12 st 7 lb (inc. 5 lb
ex) Mr Bewicke 2
Mr F. R. Hunt's Will o' the Wisp, 4 y, 10 st 7 lb
Pearce 3
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' The Vigil, 4 y, 10 st
5 lb A. Nightingall 0
Mr H. Heasman's Prince Frederick, aged, 11 st
11 lb Williamson 0
Mr J. Collins' Eventide, 6 y, 11 st 2 lb Morris 0
Mr J. Davis' Thespis, 4 y, 10 st 9 lb Halsey 0
Betting—11 to 10 agst The Vigil, 4 to 1 agst Caerlav-
erock, 5 to 1 agst Prince Frederick, 8 to 1 agst Will o'
the Wisp, 10 to 1 agst Partisan, and 100 to 8 each agst
Eventide and Thespis.
Won by a length; four lengths separated second and
third.

GATWICK, March 7th.

Tantivy Steeplechase of 500 sovs; 2 miles.
Mr E. Woodland's gr c Grey Wether, by Pell Mell
or Eastern Emperor—Brunette 10 st 10 lb
Mr H. Woodland 1
Mr W. Low's Great Scott II., 10 st 7 lb Guy 2
Mr C. Howard's Cronborg, 10 st 10 lb Halsey 3
Mr L. J. Shirley's Alvin, 10 st 10 lb G. Morris 0
Sir J. Dickson-Poynder's Brookwood, 10 st 7 lb. Reed 0
Mr R. K. Mainwaring's Oaklands, 10 st 7 lb
Mr Atkinson 0
Mr E. Woodland's Somerby, 10 st 7 lb Oates 0
Betting—7 to 4 agst Grey Wether, 100 to 30 agst
Cronborg, 4 to 1 agst Oaklands, and 10 to 1 agst any
other.
Won by thirty lengths; a bad third.

March 8th.

International Hurdle Race (Handicap) of 600 sovs., of
which the second received 50, and the third 20; 2 1/4
miles.
Mr E. C. Smith's b h Black Duck, by Galopin—
Call Duck, 5 y, 11 st 6 lb (inc. 5 lb ex).
G. Williamson 1
Mr E. J. Percy's Mimram, aged, 10 st 12 lb. Mr Bell 2
Mr M. A. Maher's Kentish Fire, aged, 10 st 3 lb
Taylor 3
Mr G. Grant's Partisan, aged, 12 st 9 lb (inc. 5 lb
ex) Mr Bewicke 0
Mr F. B. Atkinson's Warrington, 6 y, 12 st 6 lb
Escott 0
Mr T. Cannon's Dornoch, aged, 12 st 1 lb G. Mawson 0
Mr Dougall's Braemar, 5 y, 11 st 10 lb Mr H. M. Ripley 0
Baron de Tuyl's Lumberer, 5 y, 11 st 4 lb
R. Nightingall 0
M. R. Lebaudy's Little Jack, 5 y, 11 st 2 lb. Craddock 0
Mr J. A. Miller's Innisheen, aged, 11 st 1 lb. Halsey 0
Capt. C. Howard's Golden Crown, aged, 11 st
J. Jones 0
Mr G. Parker's Gay Minstrel, 6 y, 10 st 11 lb
W. Pullen 0
Mr Haughton's Rathdrum, 4 y, 10 st 5 lb. G. Morris 0
Capt. A. E. Whitaker's Barcalwhey, 4 y, 10 st
A. Nightingall 0
Betting—11 to 2 agst Dornoch, 7 to 1 each agst Mim-
ram, Warrington and Little Jack, 9 to 1 each agst Black
Duck and Partisan; 10 to 1 agst Kentish Fire, 100 to 8
each agst Braemar and Innisheen, 100 to 7 agst Rath-
drum, 100 to 6 agst Barcalwhey, and 20 to 1 agst any
other.
Won by a head; two lengths separated second and
third.

THE GRAND MILITARY SANDOWN PARK—March 9th.

Grand Military Gold Cup of 500 sovs; three miles.
Capt. M. Hughes b g Æsop, by Chippendale—
Fable, aged, 11 st 12 lb Sir C. Slade 1
Mr H. Powell's The Midshipmite, aged, 13 st 7 lb
Major Murdoch 2
Capt. Gordon's Leybourne, 6 y, 11 st 7 lb Owner 3
Sir S. Scott's Zoe Mou, 4 y, 11 st Mr Ricardo 0
Mr Eustace Loder's Blush Rose, 5 y, 11 st
Capt. Crawley 0
Mr W. Murray-Threipland's Dalkeith, aged, 11 st 7 lb
Owner 0
Lord C. G. Bentinck's Seaside, 6 y, 11 st 12 lb
Mr Campbell 0
Col. G. H. Gough's Playwright, 4 y, 11 st
Capt. Murray 0

Betting—5 to 2 agst Leybourne, 3 to 1 agst the Mid-
shipmite, 7 to 2 agst Æsop, 5 to 1 agst Playwright, 8 to
1 agst Seaside, and 10 to 1 agst any other.

Dalkeith, at a nice pace, showed the way to Play-
wright, Blush Rose, and Æsop, with the Midshipmite
and Leybourne next, and Zoe Mou last. After clearing
three fences, Blush Rose closed with Dalkeith, and the
pair went on from Playwright, Seaside, and Æsop. The
Midshipmite now being last. At the water Zoe Mou
fell, and entering the straight Playwright took up the
running, and passing the stand was followed by Dal-
keith, Æsop, and Blush Rose, with the Midshipmite
still in the rear. At the first fence along the far side,
little more than a mile from home, Blush Rose fell, and
at the last ditch Playwright, Seaside, and Dalkeith fell.
Æsop then drew to the front, attended by the Midship-
mite and Leybourne. Three fences from home The
Midshipmite took up the running, but Æsop headed him
at the last fence, and won by a length and half; ten
lengths between second and third; only the three placed
went the course.

FOOTBALL

England v. Ireland (A).—"The Field" says that the results of previous engagements were not by any means calculated to inspire the Irish representatives with confidence for the thirteenth annual encounter with England, which was played off on March 3rd, at Belfast. Since the inception of the match in 1882, England won all along the line, but this game proved the turning point, Ireland making a draw of it, after having none the worst of the day's play. The English Eleven were handicapped by an accident to their captain, Holmes, who injuring his ankle in the first twenty minutes, was compelled to retire for the remainder of the time. The Englishmen, winning the toss, had the wind at the out-set, notwithstanding which the home team pressed at the start. Reader getting some real hot ones to stop. The Hibernian forwards played up with great determination, but the superior science of the visitors soon gave them an advantage, of which they were not slow to avail themselves, and after Holmes had retired a beautiful piece of work by Devey and Whitehead effected the downfall of the Irish citadel, the Aston Villa man shooting a clever goal. Nothing daunted, the home side now set about equalising the score, but, despite their efforts, England kept them at bay until the interval. On a resumption being made, the visitors' front rank showed great improvement, and Spikesley wound up a brilliant run by getting one past Scott, thus notching the second point for his side. Then the Irishmen had an innings, thanks to Gibson and Barron, the left wing, who caused Reynolds and Howarth a deal of uneasiness, and, after working the leather well down the field, Gibson passed to Stanfield, who kicked through. It was now nearing time, and it looked good odds on a win for England, but, although they pressed hard for some time, they could not increase their advantage. Within three minutes of the finish the Irishmen swooped down on the enemy's goal, and a wild burst of enthusiasm broke out when Gibson sent the ball through and made matters equal. Reader appealed against the score, on the ground that the ball had gone outside the post, but the referee ruled it all right, and the game was accordingly left drawn, with two goals each. To say that the Hibernians were pleased with the result would be putting it very mildly. They expected a big beating, and, had they gone into the field with more confidence, it is just possible they would have won.

Ireland—Scott (Cliftonville, goal), R. K. Stewart (Cliftonville), S. Torrans (Linfield, captain) (backs), R. Milne (Linfield), Johnston (Linfield), R. Burnett (Distillery) (half backs), W. Dolton, Gaffikin (Linkfield), J. Barron, W. Gibson (Cliftonville), A. Stanfield (Distillery) (forwards).

England—J. Reader (West Bromwich Albion, goal), R. H. Howarth (Preston North End, captain) (backs), Reynolds (Aston Villa), Crabtree (Burnley), J. Holt (Everton) (half backs), H. Chippendale, Whitehead (Blackburn Rovers), D. Hodgetts, Devey (Aston Villa), F. Spikesley (Sheffield Wednesday) (forwards). Referee, Mr T. Park (Scotland).

The Rugby match of the day, if not of the season, was played on March 3rd between the Championship County, Yorkshire, and the rest of England. Yorkshire were exceedingly confident of success, but the team opposed to them proved of superior construction all round. At half time the score stood three points each, but during the second half we read that Yorkshire were taught more than one lesson, for every man in the English team played a game which was brilliant, effective, and withal true to the spirit of sport and football, and the game eventually finished with the score England two goals (one dropped) and two tries to Yorkshire three tries, or fifteen points to nine. Criticising the individual play, the "Field" says that without doubt the match was the best of the series so far played, and this time had the wholesome effect of demonstrating to Yorkshire supporters the fact that the best football is played elsewhere than in the champion county. The levelling effect of recent gales and wintry weather is no doubt responsible for the falling off in style of Yorkshire football, but whatever the cause it was evident that the real nature of the passing game is not understood by the present Yorkshire team. It was reserved for Taylor and Hooper chiefly to show the importance of repassing as a means of breaking through an opposing line. On the Yorkshire side the forwards Speed, Nowell, Walsh, Broadley, and Bradshaw were ever to the fore, but behind the pack only Rigg showed first-class powers. Lockwood and Ward were complete failures, and the others, for various reasons, did nothing out of the ordinary. The English team's success was partly due to their all-round strength and excellent combination, and partly to the ceaseless activity of Taylor, Murfit, and Jackson, whose efforts were a treat to witness. The excellent and successful initiative work of Taylor and Hall, the fine kicking of Byrne, and the omni-presence of Murfit and Jackson were the chief factors in the back division's superiority, whilst Hooper made many friends by his sterling exhibition. Indeed the last-named, instead of proving a weak spot in the team, showed himself to be possessed of great resource, and excellent alike in defence and attack. Regarding the forwards it need only be stated that they beat the Yorkshire front rank for three parts of the game, thereby giving their comrades in the rear opportunities, the seizing of which enabled them to gain a glorious victory.

England.—J. F. Byrne (Moseley) (back), C. A. Hooper (Middlesex Wanderers), W. Jackson (Halifax and Gloucester County), S. Murfit (West Hartlepool), F. Saville (Stockport) (three-quarter backs), E. W. Taylor (Rockcliffe), W. Hall (Ulverston) (half backs), A. Ailport (Blackheath), J. J. Robinson, W. E. Tucker (Cambridge University), J. Hall (N. Durham), G. Lee (Rockcliffe).

(Continued on page 5).

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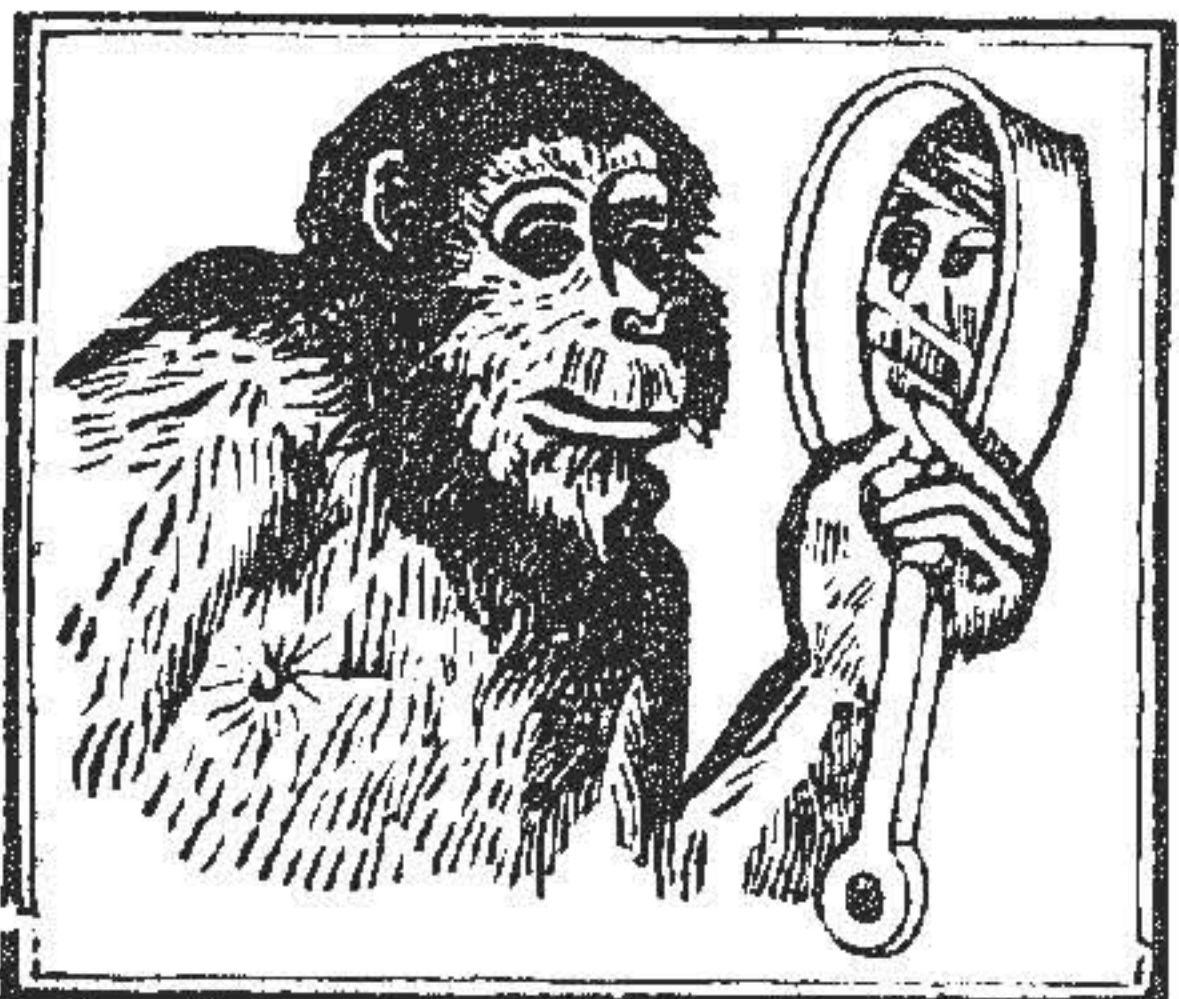
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 Yorkshire.—A. Ward (Bradford) (back), A. Davey (Normanton), R. E. Lockwood (Heckmondwike), B. Sharpe (Liversedge), F. Firth (Halifax) (three-quarter backs), A. Rigg (Halifax), R. Wood (Liversedge) (half backs), H. Bradshaw (Bramley), T. Broadley (Bingley), H. Speed, J. Nowell, W. Walton (Castleford), O. Walsh (Hunslet), J. Toothill (Bradford), A. Barraclough (Manningham) (forwards). Referee, Mr W. Cail; touch judges, Messrs Miller and Whalley.

The first match of the Penultimate Round of the London Association Charity Cup lay between the holders, Crusaders, and Old Westminsters, and the match was played at Leyton on March the 3rd. Both teams were well represented, and a fast, well contested game resulted. The Crusaders had just a shade the better of the game in the opening half, but in the second play ruled very even, Old Westminsters winning in the end by two goals to one.

Notts Forest and Notts County played off their tie on March the 3rd, the County winning a one sided game by four goals to one. The tie was played it will be remembered, in the Football Association Challenge Cup competition.

The final tie in the Interhospital Union Challenge Cup lay between St. Thomas' and Unionist College Hospital. As may be expected, so strong a team as St. Thomas' did what they liked with their opponents and won by a goal and ten tries to a try.

GOLF

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE

This year's inter-University match was played at Sandwich instead of Wimbledon as usual. We read that Cambridge were without some of the players who have done them such good service in the past, last year especially, the most notable being Mr C. E. Hambro, a very strong player. Mr J. L. Low was playing once more, and again did he and Mr R. B. Pearson repeat the close match which was associated with their two previous meetings at Wimbledon. Mr A. M. Chance avenged himself for last year's contest, when he was the only beaten Cambridge player, by finishing four holes ahead of his opponent, but besides Mr Low, Mr E. K. Fleming was the only other successful Cambridge player. One match was halved, Oxford winning the other four, the majority of holes in their favour being thirteen. This victory brought Oxford's total of successes equal to that of Cambridge, each having won eight, whilst, as a matter of detail, Oxford have a majority of forty-six holes. Their surplusses reaching 133 to the 87 of Cambridge.

Oxford	Holes	Cambridge	Holes
Mr F. H. Stewart	0	Mr A. M. Chance	4
Mr R. B. R. Mair	6	Mr T. R. Upcher	0
Mr R. H. Mitchell	6	Mr H. M. Siddall	0
Mr R. B. Pearson	0	Mr J. L. Low	1
Mr A. J. Boger	6	Mr H. Glasier	0
Mr G. M. T. Smyth	0	Mr E. K. Le Fleming	2
Mr H. E. Atkinson	—	Mr K. M. Marshall	—
Mr J. Robson	2	Mr F. H. Marigold	0
Total	20	Total	7

Majority for Oxford, thirteen holes.

The following is the result of former inter-University matches:

Year	Winner	Holes	Year	Winner	Holes
1878	Oxford	24	1886	Oxford	37
1879	Cambridge	10	1887	Cambridge	12
1880	Oxford	8	1888	Cambridge	8
1881	No match	—	1889	Oxford	9
1882	Cambridge	1	1890	Cambridge	1
1883	Oxford	2	1891	Cambridge	11
1884	Oxford	2	1892	Cambridge	12
1885	Oxford	38	1893	Cambridge	32

In 1878, the first match, only four a-side played; in 1879, 1880, and 1882, six a-side; and in 1883, eight a-side, which has been the fixed number ever since.

ATHLETICS

The national cross-county championship management had a fine day for their fixture at Blackpool on March the 3rd.

A couple of clubs, Salford H. and Bolton H., represented the north; the Midlands sent only the Birchfield H., while the south contributed no fewer than five out of the eight competing teams, viz., Essex Beagles (holders), Finchley H., Walthamstow H., Ranelagh H., and, lastly, the South London Harriers' contingent.

Morton, of the Salford team, was the first away, and he led for the best part of a lap, with H. Watkins, of the Walthamstow H., R. J. Moran, another Salford representative, and others of the same club, and of Birchfield, close up. In the second circuit of the track, Watkins took up the running, followed by G. Crossland, Salford H. (first man home in the Northern Championship), Moran (Salford), H. Bunkley (Birchfield), G. Martin (Essex Beagles), and C. Souch (Salford), all pretty close up. On jumping the rails into the open Watkins was well ahead, and he carried on the lead as far as the men could be distinguished, with Crossland still lying second, Moran third, and this order was held to the final circuit, in which Martin disposed of Moran (who had a stitch), and Watkins came back to and was passed by Crossland, who speedily established a commanding lead, finally

winning by about seventy yards in 1 h 8 min 17 sec; Martin, third, got home 130 yards ahead of Moran, and the rest, to the number of sixty-three, struggled home at intervals more or less prolonged.

In the result, Salford were declared winners with a score of 60 points, Birchfield H., 71 points, were second; and Essex Beagles, 100 points, third. As will be seen the two northern clubs were first and last respectively.

Positions of the Clubs.

1. Salford H.—G. Crossland, 1; R. J. Moran, 4; C. Souch, 7; G. H. Morris, 14; J. Barlow, 16; W. H. Morton, 18. Total points 60.
2. Birchfield H.—H. Dunkley, 5; A. Meacham, 6; C. W. Davies, 8; T. Birch, 11; M. M. Eaton, 13; A. Mabbett, 28. Total points, 71.
3. Essex Beagles.—G. Martin, 3; W. Saward, 9; T. Bartlett, 12; J. R. Brawer, 19; J. Manktelow, 26; D. G. Lusty, 31. Total points, 100.
4. Walthamstow H.—H. Watkins, 2; E. Jones, 20; H. Foreman, 25; F. H. Cabbage, 29; A. G. Dabbs, 35; S. C. King, 40. Total points, 151.
5. Finchley H.—F. Randall, 17; T. Rutherford, 21; F. J. Strange, 30; A. J. Brown, 32; G. Buck, 33; W. E. Gillson, 37. Total points, 170.
6. Ranelagh H.—J. Allen, 15; R. Davies, 23; J. H. Childs, 24; S. Thomas, 34; W. Crowhurst, 41; H. R. Tracey, 44. Total points, 181.
7. South London H.—J. E. Sanders, 22; E. Gaven, 36; R. H. Hibbs, 39; F. L. Rowles, 47; C. H. Twose, 52, E. Titley, 57. Total points, 253.
8. Bolton H.—J. P. McCabe, 10; T. Sedgwick, 38; G. Cliffe, 49; A. Openshaw, 55; L. Crompton, 58; J. Fearney, 63. Total points, 273.

The Cambridge University Sports were held on March the 3rd and 5th. Only three events were decided on the first day, and foremost amongst those was the mile, which W. E. Lutyens, the University president, won in the excellent time of 4 min. 23 sec. The six competitors at the weight put from off the cinder path. The results came out rather differently to what had been expected after the handicap meeting, and victory rested with C. H. Rivers, who was second string to C. B. Nicholl last spring. He won with 36 ft. 6 in., and afterwards put 37 ft. 9 1/2 in. The high jump went to another of last year's second strings, G. S. Lubbock, with 5 ft. 5 1/2 in.

On the second day the 100 yards furnished a surprise, W. Attles (second string in 1893) defeating a speedy freshman, G. Gomer-Williams, by a foot, in 10 2-5 sec. A. B. Johnston excelled at the hammer, winning with 103 ft. 7 in., and afterwards throwing 104 ft. 10 in. and 104 feet 3 in. The long jumping was not so good as at the handicaps, when both A. J. P. Warlow and H. M. Tapper exceeded 21 ft. Now the former could only get to 20 ft. 11 1/2 in., and the latter was 2 in. less than that. A splendid performance was witnessed in the half mile handicap, which W. E. Lutyens carried off from scratch in the fine time of 1 min. 57 4-5 sec., which is the best half mile done at Fenner's. As there were seven competitors for the hurdle race, there had to be two trial heats, as well as the final, within the same hour. L. E. Pilkington ultimately secured the event, but only by half a yard from T. Leese, a Trinity hall freshman, to whom at the handicaps he had been called upon to concede no fewer than eleven yards. The quarter mile terminated in favour of a Hall freshman, W. Fitzherbert, who, however, was very closely run up by A. H. Greg. The absence of F. S. Horan from the three miles race, left the event rather open. F. S. Fischer was a good deal fancied, and looked like winning until the last 100 yards, when he was defeated by G. H. Todd, a Corpus freshman, who finished four yards ahead of Fischer in 15 min. 36 sec.

EN PASSANT.

I read that a new code of telegraph regulations just issued by the French Postmaster-General enumerates the languages in which messages may be written, namely, French, English, German, Arabic, Armenian, Bohemian, Bulgarian, Croat, Danish, Slavonian, Spanish, Flemish, Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, Hungarian, Illyrian, Italian, Japanese, Latin, Malay, Norwegian, Persian, Little Russian, Polish, Portuguese, Roumanian, Ruthenian, Russian, Servian, Siamese, Slooak, Slovenian, Swedish and Turkish.

It is not so long ago that I saw a book set up by Apostolides, in which the Lord's Prayer was printed in a hundred languages, so to be really up to date the French Postmaster-General will have to see that Irish, Welsh, Kaffir, Maori and other such idioms are imported to his staff.

"Councillor," cried to a well-known Irish barrister, one of the "B'hoys" from the gallery of the old Theatre Royal, Dublin, "who wrote Shakespeare's plays?" "It was Mr Preface," answered a voice from the pit, "I saw his name at the beginning." "Shure," cried another voice, "it was Mr Finis; I saw his name at the end." A writer in a periodical called "Baconiana" has gone one better than the Dublin "B'hoys." He has proved to demonstration—his own demonstration, at least—that Shakespeare as a writer of plays never existed. He points out that the Greek goddess called Pallas Athene had as one

of her nicknames "The Shaky-Lady-with-the-Spear," and that the writers of the dramas usually attributed to the "Divine William" took as a pseudonym the first and the last words of the English title of the goddess, which, of course, gave "Shakespeare." Bacon knew Greek; must have known the sobriquet of Pallas; was fond of verbal contractions: "ergo," he was the author of "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and the rest.

The following from George Augustus Sala's pen is interesting:—

We have had, or suppose that we have had, the Age of Gold. Byron wrote a satire entitled "The Age of Bronze;" but were the noble bard living now he might pen an even more mordant poem on "The Age of Newspaper Lying." It is announced on authority that the alleged interview between Mr Gladstone and M. Henri Deloncle, of which an account appeared in the Parisian journal *La Patrie*, is pure fiction. Mr Gladstone never saw M. Deloncle at all; and at the date assigned to the imaginary conversation the Prime Minister was absent from Biarritz on an excursion. The enterprising French journalist who trumped up the account of this interview might do well to transfer his services to a certain well-known newspaper published at Melbourne, Victoria, which through its fondness for inventing "imaginary conversation" has long since acquired the enviable title of "The Daily Ananias."

It is very satisfactory to learn that the cataracts obscuring Mr. Gladstone's sight only existed in the imagination of the inventors of copy for their respective papers. Dr. Granger, of Chester. Mr Gladstone's doctor has emphatically declared that Mr Gladstone's sight is not more impaired than any other man's would naturally be at the advanced age of eighty-four.

Although Léonide Leblanc was never a member of the Comédie Française, with her has just passed away one of the best known French actresses of the century. She created many great parts, that of Diana in Dumas père's "Dame du Monsoreau," Madame Dubarry in his "Joseph Balsame," Raphaelle in "Nos Intimes," Mlle. de Saint-Genex in "Le Marquis de Villemer," and, more lately, Madame De Cornay in Ohnet's "Serge Panine." Born something under half a century ago at Dampierre, Léonide was destined by her parents to follow the career of a country schoolmistress; but she was a born "comédienne," and in spite of the strong opposition of her family, made her début when only fifteen in a small theatre at Belleville. It was there that the manager of the Variétés happened to see her, and, struck with her beauty and talent, he offered her an engagement. For thirty years she remained one of the greatest favourites of the Parisian theatrical public, but some few years ago, struck down by an incurable disease, she disappeared into private life, and was rarely seen save at some important "première," half hidden in a stage box, and refusing with painful obstinacy to recognise even her oldest and most faithful friends.

It was a curious idea of the late Cardinal Manning to use the phonograph in order that his voice might be heard after he was dead and buried. What the Cardinals object was is not easy to imagine, unless he thought the novelty of a voice from the dead would be more impressive than a message written in the ordinary way, it would not be so lasting but sensationalism being the order of the day it would take the vanity of an inventive mind to provide a new excitement of so weird a nature. The ceremony if it might be so called of unveiling the message was performed at the house of Colonel and Mrs Gourand in whose possession the instrument containing the message had been left. The guests who accepted the invitation and were present included Sir Algeron West, the United States Ambassador, the Spanish Ambassador, the Lady Mayoress, Lord and Lady Knutsford, General Lord Roberts, the Attorney-General and Lady Russell, Lady Jeune, Lord Rowton, Sir Richard Webster, Sir Ellis Ashmead and Lady Bartlett, Mr and Mrs James Knowles, Canon Curteis, the Rev. Mr Hawsis, Monsignor Johnson (the Cardinal's and the late Cardinal's chaplain), Madame Belle Cole, Sir John and Lady Puleston, Mr and Mrs H. M. Stanley, and Mrs Tennant. After those who were to listen first had taken their places at the instrument a faint scratching of the point upon the surface of the cylinder was heard as the diaphragm travelled over the record, and a look of intelligence on the faces of the listeners showed that the message was being understood. It proved to be exceedingly short, and, as might have

been expected, self-conscious. The words which were slowly, solemnly, and deliberately uttered, ran as follows: "To all who may come after me: I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken in my life, will be found to have done harm to anyone after I am dead." And then after a long pause, during which the needle continued to scratch upon the cylinder, came the signature, intoned rather than spoken, "Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal Archbishop."

* *

The United Kingdom Tea Company, Limited, must be a fearless go-ahead concern for I read they have brought a small consignment of most extraordinary tea from the Mount Vernon estate in Ceylon at public auction on February 13th in the Commercial Sale Room Mincing Lane for the enormous sum of eight pounds ten shillings per pound. In the report of the sale, it is said that the tea was pronounced to be absolutely the very finest ever grown. Heretofore I have always been under the impression that drinking tea was an economical pleasure, but eight pounds ten works out to cost something over half a crown a cup which I should call extravagant drinking for a beverage that cheereth not.

* *

A few days ago, when it was a question of cabling to London, I heard the question asked if anyone knew a certain firm's registered address. Of course they did not, why should anyone carry such knowledge about in their head? But as it may be useful for other business men to know where they can get such information, it will be interesting for them to know that a work giving it has been compiled, about which the "Illustrated London News" says the following:—

Mr Henry Sell has at last been rewarded for his pertinacity in the direction of obtaining, as far as possible, a complete list of registered telegraphic addresses. The Postmaster-General wisely conceded to Mr Sell the information for which he has asked in vain for eight years. The volume will be absolutely indispensable to commercial men in all parts of the United Kingdom, and it is not surprising to learn that the services of three hundred people in collecting and checking were rendered necessary to produce it. Congratulations, as well as thanks, are due to the enterprising editor.

* *

The murderous scene that took place on the platform in the railway station at Bragado has caused rather a deep impression. How the affair originated has not been clearly set forth, both sides blame each other, certain it is, however, that were the custom of carrying arms to be discontinued a spontaneous outburst of political feeling would not have resulted in the death of several people, amongst whom was a brother of the late governor of the province. So many papers write on the subject of murder and rapine and have done for so long that anything we can say will have no effect on the general weal. To shew how hopeless it is to expect matters to go straight at elections, a story told me the other day by one in charge of a set of tables will explain. To prevent bloodshed in case of a disturbance it was agreed that all parties should abstain from carrying arms, knives or weapons of any kind, to such an extent was this carried out that when the "carne con cuero" lunch came on there were no knives provided to cut it with. The next election, my friend said, I had to take a knife to eat with, so I thought I might as well put my revolver in my pocket too, and I expect everyone else did the same.

* *

A funny lawsuit was lately brought against the Empire, in London, for infringing artistic copyright. Amongst the many attractions offered by the management of this well known resort is a series of "tableaux vivants," in which human beings are grouped so as to represent well known works of art. Some of the groups represented figure-pictures which belonged to a Mr Haufstaenagl, an art publisher at Munich, and he it was who brought the action to restrain the Empire Company from exhibiting those scenes. He lost his case as regards the figures, because not being permanent they could not be considered a copy, but the company were required to remove the painted scenery background copied from the plaintiff's picture. Most people rather like their goods advertised, and if Mr Haufstaenagl (what a dreadful name to write) is of a different way of looking at these matters, I have no doubt that other scenes will be found equally pretty and interesting as those hailing from over the Channel, without the annoyance of frivolous suits brought by strangers.

A frugal nap last week took his passage in the steerage for his blue skied bay, but before sailing drew a large prize in a lottery, thereupon he hrew thrift to the winds, and took a cabin to himself in the saloon, in which he would probably be exceedingly uncomfortable, unsurrounded by the squalor and dirt affected by these hardy sons of toil during the years they seek wealth.

* *

The lamented death of Madame Patey almost on the platform on which she had been singing to a Sheffield audience caused a great shock to those who admired this splendid contralto singer. She had sang Handel's "Lascia ch'ie Pianga," and in response to an encore gave her old favourite, the "Banks of Allan Water." On leaving the platform she suddenly fainted, and remained unconscious until next day, when she died in the early morning. Madame Patey was of Scotch parentage, but born in London in 1842. Her voice was a genuine contralto of remarkable volume and power, extending to the lower E and filled with perfect ease the biggest of concert halls. Though she was splendid as a ballad singer she shone most in Handel. Her sudden death has been made the occasion for many to bring up the question of encoring singers; the custom is wrong and unfair to the artists, this every one knows, but they go on encoring just the same, because they know if they did not singers would not sing half as well. In some cases it is cruel, but such is the vanity of the human singer that he or she would rather die amidst a chorus of applause clamouring for an encore than be allowed to leave the stage after having sung the exact quantity contracted for. It is the only criterion they have of the true opinion of the public, and if sometimes they feel too done to give an encore the sense of fatigue is sweetened by the feeling of having struggled to please and having succeeded. I, for one, deplore the present system of encoring, as arranged and carried out by the claque, but I am sure as long as we have artists and go to theatres or concert halls, the cry of encore or bis will be heard and enjoyed with the same keen relish.

* *

The present cunning system of heading newspaper paragraphs saves a great deal of time and trouble to the hurried reader searching information on a particular subject. To those journals adopting this time saving measure I should like to recommend for the place of honour the words

MIRABILE DICTU

and then read their handling of the contents of a telegram from one of the provinces announcing that after an absence of salary for two years, the schoolmasters had been paid. To have been paid is extraordinary, but that the pedagogues should have waited for two years to be paid is to me much more extraordinary. I was told a short time ago how this class of government employee lived, knowing their chances were precarious in the extreme, I thought it would be difficult for them to get any credit, but it appears not, they discount vales drawn against their salary to the village almacenero at rates more or less usurious, generally they take value in kind, and by this means they get the necessaries of life and the almacenero gets their salaries on pay days.

* *

Occasionally, the schoolboy in his blindness, says the "Pall Mall Budget," blunders into a great and glorious truth. A Canadian boy, I read in the "Spectator," when asked to define an abstract noun, replied as follows: "An abstract noun is the name of something that has no real existence—as the virtues."

* *

For really amusing reading let me draw attention to the provincial telegrams that come to the Capital occasionally. For instance, the following from Cordoba: "The astronomical observatory has announced an eclipse of the moon visible in this city. *The date, however, has not yet been fixed.*" When it is ready, I suppose, we shall hear again.

* *

Poor "Johnnie" Wilkinson has been reported dead once before, but this time I am afraid it is only too true. He was upset out of a cab in Liverpool and broke his skull. He may not have been very original, but he was a splendid mimie, and those out here who saw him will long remember his amusing antics in the "Mikado," and laugh at his drolleries when thinking of the past.

So as to give time for intending exhibitors in this year's Salon, the secretary of the "Ateneo" has issued a circular announcing the opening for the 1st October. This is the second year of the Argentine Academy, whose address is 791 Avenida de Mayo.

* *

Great was the satisfaction at the speedy retribution that overtook a dishonest railway official, who had been maligning his fellows and humbugging his directors. Some of the papers say he was allowed to resign. Perhaps he was.

* *

A case somewhat similar to the one brought by Messrs Staudt and Co. of this market, against the Havas Company for cabling to Montevideo that their firm was in difficulties, has just been settled at home. Whitaker in his annual almanach gave a list of the Australian Banks, against those in liquidation, or course of reconstruction, he placed an asterisk. Unfortunately one asterisk went astray and marked the wrong bank, and that bank was, not unnaturally, somewhat annoyed. Eleven thousand copies of the almanack had been issued, of them some 5000 were recovered, leaving say six thousand out with the condemnatory asterisk. Whitaker did not attempt to excuse himself, in fact he apologised and was fined twenty shillings. Messrs Staudt and Co. claim one million francs for the mistake in their case, whether they get it, or no, there can be no excuse for an officious transmitter of news wilfully telegraphing information of a hurtful character about a Commercial house. Whether a million francs is too much to ask I can't say, I leave it to those fond of arithmetic to answer but if a publisher has to call in an edition of eleven thousand books through the Comp. allowing an asterisk to slip into its wrong place, be fined twenty shillings and pay costs—how much will be required to indemnify a firm whose name has been sullied by an irresponsible tout acting for a telegraph company?

* *

The New Zealand Steamship Company has resolved to make Montevideo a port of call on its homeward, but not on its outward voyages, instead of Rio Janeiro, during the yellow fever season. The first steamer calling here will be the Kaihaura on April 13, and will be followed by one every month. These steamers are amongst the finest and most luxurious of any afloat, and offer the additional advantage of a direct voyage home without touching at Brazil.

* *

The French fetes organised annually in support of the French Hospital are now in full swing, and very gay they are. Never have I seen the Fete St. Cloud so animated, and I hope the result will be in proportion to the energy and beauty displayed by the fair sellers. As usual the petits chevaux table does a splendid business. The Arcadia Toboggan has also proved a great attraction. The pigeon race that was to have taken place on Sunday was put off until Thursday. Every night there is something new on the programme, and every night the fete is well worth seeing by those seeking pleasure.

ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

Messrs Dickinson Bros., of Las Lomas, Sauta Fé, have already shipped 10,400 tons of wheat and linseed this season.

* *

The rural affair at Maipu was not so great a success as it might have been, on account of the tremendous storms experienced on the 14th, 15th and 17th of March. The fair was fixed for the 17th, 18th and 19th, so many animals were unable to be sent, and many people were kept away on the first day. A goodly number of rams were sold and a few horses and cows.

* *

Some of the most important of the sales were as follows: Messrs Gibson Bros. sold thirty-one Lincoln rams for a total of \$2,495, the highest price obtained being \$100 each for a pair, and \$95 each for three others. Sr. Agustin de Elia sold forty-three Lincoln rams for \$3,280, the highest price being also \$100, and thirty ewes at \$30 each. Mr E. Madero sold twelve Lincoln rams for \$780, one of them fetching \$100. No other sales of any importance were effected, and prices ruled low.

* *

There are many of our readers in the camp who doubtless are curious to know the origin and exact meaning of the numerous quaint expressions used by gauchos and camp peons. We shall be glad to answer

any enquiries regarding them, as we have means at hand to do so should any of our readers write to us for information.

**

During last month the Indians of the Chaco invaded the townships on the coast of the Salado no less than five times, carrying off large numbers of horses. These frequent invasions lead to the supposition that the Indians have formed some tolderias close to the townships of the frontier.

**

The following sales of novillos in Rosario should be noted. Seven hundred and fifty, of three years and upwards, at \$28 per head, and eight hundred two-year-olds, from Sr. Enrique Nuñez estancia in Venado Tuerto, at \$25 each. Notwithstanding the severe drought there are plenty of cattle in Santa Fe in very fair condition.

**

An enormous quantity of wheat, lying at the different railway stations all over the country, has been lost through the late heavy rains. The wheat was lying waiting for wagons, to the scarcity of which we have already referred. In the most part the galpones were quite insufficient to hold all, so much remained outside, and of this large quantities have been quite ruined.

**

Sr. José Victorica has sold a league of camp on the Uruguay, situated on the banks of the Gualaguaychú, to Sres. Herrera and Liborás, at \$30 the hectare. The price obtained for this camp speaks itself for the value of Entre Rios camps as pasture lands.

**

The president of the Rural Society has addressed letters to the managers of the Western and Southern railways, thanking the former, in the name of the society, for having drinking troughs placed at many of the stations on the line, and the latter for an intended voyage to Europe and North America, where he intends to study all that relates to the carriage of live stock by rail for the benefit of the line he directs.

**

Up to the end of last month there had been received at the Central Market fifty millions of kilos of wool of the past clip, or say some 150,000 bales. All this wool has been sold or exported with the exception of some four million kilos, which form the existing deposit in the market, and which for the most part consists of inferior wool for which there is little demand. However, the opening of the North American market may be the means of effecting the sale of this class of wool.

**

The complaints regarding the scarcity of wagons in all parts of Santa Fé still continue, and each day seem to become more frequent. The loss to some houses and growers is very considerable as they find themselves unable to fulfil contracts they have entered into for exportation of grain. We hope by next year, when the wheat crop of Santa Fé will probably be heavier than ever, that the railway companies will have been able to place a sufficient number of wagons on their lines to meet the demand.

**

We notice that in the market of Barcelona Argentine hides fetch the highest prices. Hides from Córdoba are most preferred it seems, and those which have been staked out wide.

**

The port of Gualaguaychú during the latter end of last month showed wonderful signs of activity, and on Friday there were no less than eight steamers and sixty sailing vessels in the port all loading or discharging cargo. The amount of wheat which has left and is leaving the port is almost incredible. The projected railway between Villaguay and Concordia is already being planned out. Novillos are fetching from \$36 to \$38 in Villaguay and on the other side of the Gualaguay, where the cattle are now fattening fast and will soon be fit for the saladeros for which they are contracted.

**

The Rural Society of Bahia Blanca have just published their statutes. The company have a capital of \$45,000, divided into three series, each of three hundred shares of \$50 each. The object of the society is to encourage and improve the stockbreeding, agriculture, and all other industry within the district of Bahia Blanca and the national territories, as well as to protect them. The society will exist for thirty years, counting from the time the statutes in question be approved by the National Government.

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

The meeting of shareholders of the Sansinena Meat Company was held on Thursday last and the report read; \$50,000 was written off for depreciation of stock, and a balance of profits over from the year's work of \$57,016.45 gold, 13 per cent. of which is to be distributed in accordance with No. 87 of the statutes and 87 per cent. to be passed to the reserve fund to reduce the original cost of the establishment. The following board of directors was elected: E. Tornquist, S. B. Hale Pearson, H. von Bernard, T. de Bary, O. Stoppani. Syndic, M. A. Passman; suplente, Henry Lahusen.

**

Messrs A. Bullrich and Co. advertise that they have received on consignment from one of the principal factories in Germany a new fencing wire which is equal to the best ever imported into this market, also a machine for testing the wire, by which interested parties can verify the strength of it personally. This special wire resists all climates and the price is \$5 gold per roll, galvanized, and \$4 gold per roll, varnished.

**

One of the most important of future events for our stockbreeders is the sale of the stock on the Estancia Bafango, Mr J. W. Nash's celebrated place at Las Rosas, Santa Fé. On few estancias in the country has the stock been "improved" to the extent it has been at El Rafango, where for over twenty years the work of refinement has been carefully carried out. Of late Mr Nash has effected some large sales of both cattle and horses from El Refango, and the lot now to be sold comprises the whole of the remaining stock on the place.

**

The sale, which will be conducted by Messrs Bullrich and Co. on the Estancia itself at Las Rosas on Sunday April 15, will include Shorthorn cows, bulls, heifers and calves; Shire mares, with filly and colt foals; Shire colts; Yorkshire mares and foals; Yorkshire colts; hunter mares and foals, and colts and fillies; work horses, ponies, etc. The cows on El Refango have bred novillos which have fetched prices ranging from \$149 to \$240 for exportation, some of which we have seen could not be surpassed on any estancia in the country.

**

The following table shows the comparison in the numbers of animals slaughtered during the past four years, the present being calculated up to the end of last month:

	1894	1893	1892	1891
Buenos Aires	218,100	243,500	357,500	273,000
Rivers (R.A. 88,900)	327,100	282,200	290,800	337,800
Montevideo	217,000	165,300	162,900	127,200
Rio Grande	170,000	180,000	255,000	215,000
Totals	932,200	871,000	1,066,200	953,000

The work has been distributed as follows:
Sr. C. M. Huergo—Bahia Blanca 32,000, Sres. Luro 15,500, Rocca 75,000, J. B. Repetto 30,000, L. Repetto 20,000, Fernandez 6000, Dolores 10,000, Lucan 6600, Zárate 5500, Unzué 17,500. Total 218,100.
Sr. Martin Meyer—Colon 4400, Sres. Garbino 4000, Spangenberg 6900, E. R. Extact Co. 17,000, San Javier 47,000, Santa Elena 9900. Total 88,900.
Sr. G. C. Dickinson—Nuevo Cuareim 17,000, Cuareim 16,000, Guaviyá 23,000, Nuevo Paysandú 38,000, Casa Blanca 110,000, Fray Bentos 120,000 Mercedes 13,200. Total 238,200.

**

There is at present a great demand for salt butter for exportation to Brazil, and the manufactories which have contracts for supplying this article find themselves unable to meet their obligations owing to the past drought. The price of La Martona butter for exportation is as high as \$2.60 the kilo, but there is none to be had even at this price. The manufacture of butter should be gone in for by our estancieros in a much larger scale than it is, as there is a ready sale for this article in all European and Brazilian markets.

**

Lomas de Zamora owes to Sr. Manuel A. Naon the credit of having grown there tobacco which has been pronounced of superior quality by the experts who have examined it. Sr. Naon had some seeds consigned to

JUAN LEAN
GENERAL CAMP AGENT
AND
Salesman in Corrales
195 - RECONQUISTA - 195
(Union Telephone 973)

ESTANCIA TO RENT, of five and three-quarter leagues, in the district of Trenque-Lauquen. The camp is all well watered, and the half of it is fenced, and in first-class condition.

EIGHT LEAGUES of unfenced camp to rent in the district of General Villegas, and three leagues in the Pampa Central.

300 HEAD OF CATTLE fit for exportation, and 1000 CAPONES also ready.

him from Minas, Brazil, and on his own and Sr. Rosende's chacras at Lomas the crop just gathered amounts to some three hundred arrobas, there are besides large quantities of tobacco on other places in leaf, and the result of the experiment must be exceedingly encouraging to Sr. Naon.

**

Naturally the drought of the past season, which has done so much damage to other crops, has been of great benefit to the tobacco plants, which require water at the first but it is not afterwards necessary for their growth. The initiative of Sr. Naon and the great care and trouble he has taken with his experiments well deserve the success he has met with, and we hope that others will be encouraged to try, if only on a small scale, what appears to promise to be a lucrative business.

**

We have heard of a contract having been entered into for the supply of live cattle for Europe at the price of six cents gold the kilo live weight.

**

A thousand novillos have just been sold from an invernada at Belleville at the useful price of \$33 gold each. The weight of these animals is in no case under 600 kilos.

**

At the Ayacucho Fair just held Messrs. Gibson Brothers sold a hundred and fifty rams at the average price of \$62 each, the highest price being \$225. The same estancieros sold nine hundred sheep by the cut at \$13 each. As these sheep were the last of Messrs. Gibsons' stock for sale this season, the prices are very good, and speak for the popularity of the sheep bred by these estancieros.

WINTER EVENINGS
IN TOWN AND CAMP

PARLOUR GAMES
HALMA LEADER
BACKGAMMON
CHESS DRAUGHTS
KIDD & HUTTON, BOLIVAR 385

THE RIVER PLATE KENNEL CLUB.

The Annual general meeting of the River Plate Kennel Club was held on Friday last, the Rev. Canon Pinchard in the chair, and a fair number of members present.

The business of the meeting was to receive the Committee's report and statement of accounts for the past year, and to elect five new members for the Committee. The Committee's report was as follows:—

The Committee have pleasure in being able to report satisfactorily on the first year's working of the Club which promises exceedingly well for the future.

There are now one hundred and one members on the books, a large increase in their number having taken place after the show in November.

The first dog show held by the Club proved a much greater success than the Committee anticipated. In all one hundred and eight (108) entries were obtained, some of the dogs shown being of a very high class.

The Committee were unable to give prizes to the winners, as although the show covered expenses it did not leave sufficient funds to purchase more than diplomas.

There were of course a great many initial expenses such as the purchase of benches, feeding dishes, flags, etc., which cost the Club over four hundred dollars, (400) but these will serve for future shows, so that with the same result at the next show, and there is every reason to expect that it will be still more successful, the Committee will be enabled to present prizes of some value to the winners.

At the end of last year the Committee sent round circulars to all the members of the Club with the object of ascertaining how many inscriptions they might expect should a Stud book be started, but as only answers from nine persons were received it was decided to postpone the publication of a Stud book till after the next show at the earliest.

The statement of accounts showed that the Club has a small balance in hand, besides the majority of this year's subscriptions still to collect.

It was arranged at the meeting to hold the next dog show in the early part June; the exact date could not be fixed till arrangements were made regarding the locale.

T. Hine & Co.'s Brandy Victoria Whisky Bollinger Champagne

Chas. Alexander
R. & J. CARLISLE & Co.
135 - MAIPU - 135

TO CORRESPONDENTS

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR RIVER PLATE SPORT AND PASTIME, PIEDAD 559, BUENOS AIRES.

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

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

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River Plate Sport and Pastime

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1894.

SPORTING NOTES

The programme of the Hurlingham athletic sports will be found in another column. The entries close in less than three weeks' time, and the sports will be held almost within the month, so there is none too much time left for training for those who have not already commenced getting fit.

.

The programme for the next race meeting at Hurlingham on May 24th will be published next week, and will be as much as possible like that of last year. There will, however, be a steeplechase and a hurdle race for ponies, and it is more than probable that the Derby Cup will again figure on the programme.

.

A return match between the Hurlingham and the Belgrano Polo Clubs will be played on the 8th, at whichever club the ground is found to be in the better condition. Since the tournament the Hurlingham polo ground has been very dusty, but that is again the fault of most polo grounds, so it is after all only a matter of comparison.

.

The drag hounds had a spin over a nice line round Belgrano on the early morning of the first. It was found, however, too hot for hunting, and so unless the weather cools considerably the little hounds will not yet meet regularly.

.

The Quilmes Club are getting up a concert, for the benefit of their funds, which it is proposed to hold shortly. A number of popular amateur entertainers have promised to assist so the function should prove a success.

.

English South American Sportsmen must be getting quite well known at home through the English Sporting papers. A short time ago "Land and Water" published the portraits of the Hurlingham Polo team, and my latest Sporting and Dramatic News has a capital portrait of the Valparaiso football team which played against our cricketers last November at Valparaiso.

.

Apropos of the fascinations of golf "Truth" tells the story of a Scotchman, a retired Minister

of the Kirk, who was deploring the tendency of the game to become a ruling passion, and also to induce bad language. "In fact," he said, "I had to give it up for that reason." "Give up golf!" exclaimed his friend. "No," said his reverence, "the Meenistry."

.

As usual the Argentine Association Football League have got early on the field, and have already drawn up and published their list of fixtures for the coming season. The secretaries of the Rugby clubs meet on Tuesday to arrange fixtures, and I hope their clubs will respond better this year than last, and not allow Rugby football in Buenos Aires to die out altogether.

.

Next Sunday the only cricket fixture on the list is Lomas A.C. v. the Buenos Aires and Rosario Railway. As it is probably the last match of the season for both clubs, they each are putting their strongest elevens in the field. Play will commence on the arrival of the ten o'clock train from the Central to Belgrano. Lunch will be served on the ground by the Brunswicke.

.

Both clubs for this match will be represented by two teams, and even a third is spoken of. I am glad to see that polo is again going so strong at Belgrano, where the polo club have a ground second to none down here. For the early morning practice games there are often as many as a dozen men on the ground, and most of them own real good ponies.

.

It seems a pity that the cricket season should be over just when the weather is at its best for the game. At Hurlingham on Sunday last the day was perfect for cricket, and there is no reason why we should not have a few more like it before the cold weather sets in. On the other hand, the temperature was much too hot for a game of football between the Retiro and St Andrew's Clubs played on the same day.

.

If one may judge at all from the first two two-year-old races of the season, there seems to be every reason to expect that Primera, Sr. Zubiaurre's filly, by Noé, out of that grand mare Condessa, will be a second Etoile or Niobe, and carry everything before her for the first part of the season. Primera only cost her owner, who by the way is said to have two better than her in his stable, a comparatively small sum which she has soon repaid.

.

I regret to have to record the death of Mr Macnaughtan, who died at the Anglo-German Hospital in Rosario on Thursday last. Mr Macnaughtan, owing to his wonderful pluck and spirits, was getting safely over the results of the terrible accident he met with at Las Rosas and through which he lost an arm and a leg, when he was attacked with dysentery which in his weak condition soon terminated fatally. His funeral took place on Friday last, and was attended by a large number of friends.

.

I read in a Rosario contemporary that Mr Fred. K. Smythies, former proprietor of La Independencia, of which Mr Macnaughtan was part owner, is lying at the Anglo-German hospital in a dangerous condition from a severe attack of apoplexy. His state is so serious that but little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

.

The Annual General Meeting of the Lomas Athletic Club was held on Monday night in Lomas Academy Schoolroom, forty-seven members being present.

The balance sheet, showing a deficit of \$1111.71, was discussed and finally adopted. This deficit is owing to the improvements made in the pavilion; after the meeting a subscription was raised to defray it.

Mr F. L. Jacobs was re-elected president; Mr A. Leslie was elected vice-president; and Messrs G. C. Kennard, H. E. Gwyther, Juan Cowes, and P. L. G. Bridger were elected to the four vacant seats on the committee. Mr G. C. Kennard having resigned his seat, Mr C. A. Tabor, the next on the list, was elected.

A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring committee, and also to Messrs Hayward and Goodfellow for the use of the schoolroom.

The Albion Football Club had a capital record for last season as they won six out of their ten foreign matches and only lost the three played against the Montevideo Cricket Club, the remaining one being a draw, though in their total of matches the number of goals scored against them and by them were exactly the same, twenty-three in each case.

.

The Annual General Meeting of the Albion Football Club was held in Montevideo on the 18th of March, when the yearly reports were read and approved, and the following committee elected for the ensuing year:

President, W. J. Maclean.
Vice-President, J. H. Clark.
Committee, Alf. Davis, J. D. Hogge, H. C. Lichtenberger and H. A. Woodcock.
Football Captain, A. C. Lichtenberger.
Football Vice-Captain, E. Decureux.
Cricket Captain, E. Young.
Cricket Vice-Captain, W. S. Ashe.

Since the above meeting Mr Woodcock presented his resignation from the Committee, Mr Stewart taking his place, and at a committee meeting held on March 20th, Mr J. Stewart was elected Hon. Treasurer and Mr J. D. Hogge Hon. Secretary.

.

They seem to go anything but straight on the North American Turf. Enquiries are now being made, I see, into what is known as the cocaine abuse at the San Francisco race-track, and it is intended to arrest the owner of the first horse discovered bearing marks of the "hypo" gun. Some few jockeys it seems have been known to give their mounts a shot at the post, even unknown to the owner. They lean over to apparently alter their bridle and take this opportunity to stick the needle under the skin of the horse's neck and then shoot the cocaine. An expert can do the trick in a few seconds.

.

The "Northern Miner," an Australian paper, gives the following account of wonderful pluck and endurance on the part of a mere child:—"Tom Brown, scarcely thirteen, started from Pentlane in search of his father's two horses. Tom rode a mare and led a packhorse, and arrived at Powlathanga, looking for Redbank station. Mr J. Moahan directed him to within two miles of the place, but the youngster got bushed, and came back that night. Next morning he started away confident that he could find the place, but when six miles from Powlathanga the mare he was riding threw him, breaking his thigh, so that the bone protruded. This little hero then started for Powlathanga on one leg and two hands, and we can hardly realise the sort of time he passed that day and night. The poor little chap said the ants "wired in" to his lacerated limb at night, and next morning he started again. The horses made their way back to Powlathanga, and Mr Prichard at once despatched scouts to find the boy. They came on him within half a mile of the station, he having done a five-mile crawl, trailing a broken limb behind. Needless to say, Mrs Prichard did everything possible for the little fellow, and sent him to Charters Towers Hospital in charge of the stockman who found him. He is now doing well, but lonely and strange, far from parents and home."

.

The annual general meeting of the Buenos Aires Rugby Football Club was held at Piedad 559 last evening, when the following office-bearers were elected for the season: President, Mr R. Bridgett; Vice-Presidents, A. E. Bowan and J. Drysdale; Captain, F. W. Fothergill; and the six members of Committee Messrs G. S. Anderson, R. W. Anderson, T. M. Lees, D. J. Stokes, L. Corry Smith, and A. Baikie.

The treasurer's report showed a balance in hand of \$237.50.

Five matches were played last season, of which four were won and one lost.

Rule No. 4 now reads:

That the Committee of the Club consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, and a Captain, to be elected by a general meeting of the members, and six members of Committee, out of which the Secretary and Treasurer will be elected.

At a subsequent Committee meeting it was arranged to hold a meeting of Secretaries to arrange fixtures for the season, on Tuesday next, 10th inst., at 8.30 p.m.

Boots.

PREMIO RIO NEUQUEN, a Handicap for all horses, that having run, have not won more than \$15,000 before the day of the race, \$1600 to the 1st, 160 to the 2nd; 1750 metres.

Ecurie Avant-Garde's br h Sebastopol, by Whipper-In—Silwood, 3 y, 57 k I. Sanchez 1
Ecurie Camors' Cantiniere, 4 y, 52 k P. Aguilari 2

Sebastopol waited on Cantiniere till close on home when he came away and won easily by a couple of lengths.

Tickets—Sebastopol with 3504 win, Cantiniere 996. Total 4500 win.
Dividend—Sebastopol \$2.31 win.

BELGRANO—APRIL 2.

A much better day's sport was had at Belgrano on Monday, when the second two-year-old race of the season was the attraction. For this event seventeen youngsters started, and, as usual, the peculiar behaviour of the starter at the post produced much laughter from some, and considerable hissing from others of the public, and one wished that the official in question would have been placed on one of the young ones he seemed to think should behave like donkeys, so that he might see how useless it is to try and get well away a field of horses in the way he was trying. When the flag eventually fell to a bad start Primera seemed to shoot to the front, and there she remained to the finish. She is a very smart filly, as the race was run in the extraordinarily good time of 1 min. 7 3-5 secs., and she bids fair to follow in the footsteps of Etoile, though we hear that Sr Zubiaurre has two even better than her in his stable. The ten colts and fillies which finished behind the first four were of little account for the most part. The remaining races of the afternoon gave very fair sport, and two dead heats had to be recorded, though many seemed to think that in the case of Opal and Danseuse the horses should have been separated.

Details of the meeting are as follows:—

PREMIO BUMBLBYBUSS, a handicap for all horses that have run without winning before the day of the race, \$1500 to the 1st, 1450 metres.

Stud A. Lincoln's bk m Tenebrosa, by Substantif Can't, 3 y, 50 k L. Gonzalez 1
Ecurie Gladiateur's Muchacho, 4 y, 52 k L. Diaz 2
Stud Niño Dorado's Urania, 3 y, 50 k N. Gongora 3
Stud General Paz' Caandra, 4 y, 52 k N. Sosa 0
Stud Sainé's Lighthouse, 3 y, 52k G. Morales 0
Stud El Plata's Pirita, 3 y, 50 k J. Cardoso 0
Stud Floresta's Pensamiento, 3 y, 49 k C. Bellino 0
Ecurie Casal's Gallo, 3 y, 48 k J. Paez 0
Stud Carpintero's Charmante, 3 y, 47 k B. Pavon 0

Casandra led for a short distance, then Muchacho took up the running, but Tenebrosa came away at the stands and won by a length; three lengths separated second and third.

Tickets—Tenebrosa with 935 win and 1234 place. Muchacho 178—200, Urania 206—451, Casandra 106—176, Lighthouse 439—503, Pirita 234—291, Pensamiento 201—325, Gallo 273—441, Charmante 316—362. Totals 2888—3983.

Dividends—Tenebrosa \$5.55 win and \$2.91 place, Muchacho \$7.66 place, Urania 4.51 place.

PREMIO BRANDY SNAP, an open handicap; \$1800 to the 1st; 1600 metres.

Ecurie Gladiateur's ch h Clermont, by Soukaras Clementine, 3 yrs, 54 k L. Diaz 1
Capt. Hatteras' Clovis, 4 yrs, 52 k I. Diaz 2
Stud Las Ortigas' Clarin, 5 yrs, 60 1/2 k G. Palacios 3

Clovis ran at a rare pace to the stands where he was collared by Clermont, a close finish between the pair resulting in the latter winning by half a length; three lengths separated second and third.

Tickets—Clermont with 885 win, Clovis 2502, Clarin 1355. Total, 4742 win.

Dividend—Clermont \$9.64 win.

PREMIO ESPERANZA, for all two-year-olds, colts 50 kilos, fillies 43 kilos, winners 3 kilos extra; \$3500 to the 1st, 300 to the 2nd, 100 to the 3rd, 1100 metres.

Sr. J. B. Zubiaurre's ch f Primera, by Noé—Condesa, 51 k L. Gonzalez 1
Stud Camors' Haltère, 48 k P. Aguilari 2
Stud Pobre's Hipócrita, 50 k P. Torres 3
Ecurie Argentino's Spice, 48 k K. Coll 0
Stud Floresta's Azahar, 50 k P. Carabajal 0
Stud General Paz' Cain, 50 k J. Gonagora 0
Ecurie Gladiateur's Monseñor, 50 k L. Diaz 0
Ecurie Indecis' Lancero, 50 k J. Cardoso 0
Ecurie Indecis' Mignonette, 48 k B. Pavon 0
Stud Las Ortigas' Neblina, 48 k A. Garcia 0
Stud Niño Dorado's Husar, 50 k P. Lara 0
Stud Orissa's Luisita, 48 k A. Saavedra 0
Stud Orissa's Moonstone, 48 k C. Bueno 0
Stud San Jorge's Gloxinia, 48 k G. Ales 0
Stud Santa Fé's My Mary, 48 k N. Sosa 0
Stud Titan's Alta Gracia, 48 k I. Diaz 0
Sr. J. B. Zubiaurre's Novedad, 48 k J. Paez 0

Primera was quickest on her legs, and was favoured by the start. She led throughout and won in a canter by two lengths; half a length separated second and third.

Tickets—Primera and Novedad with 3160 win and 1801 place, Haltère 231—259, Hipócrita 599—1109,

Spice 105—191, Azahar 240—459, Cain 10—18, Monseñor 72—197, Lancero and Mignonette 756—828, Neblina 413—445, Husar 37—103, Luisita and Moonstone 70—83, Gloxinia 137—199, My Mary 127—175, Alta Gracia 721—1383. Totals 6678—7480.

Dividends—Primera \$5.80 win and 3.20 place, Haltère 5.89 place, Hipócrita 3.96 place.

PREMIO BLACKFRIAR, an open handicap, \$1800 to the 1st, 1100 metres.

Stud Las Ortigas' b m Danseuse by Whipper In—Dancette, 3 y, 54 k G. Palacios †1
Stud Paine's ch m Opal by Phoenix—Topaz 3 y, 51 k J. Gongora †1

Ecurie Gladiateur's Maraton, 3 y, 51 k L. Gonzalez 3
Stud Camors' Whitethorn, 4 y, 59 k P. Aguilari 0
Gen'l Paz' Bay Rum, 3 y, 51 k P. Morales 0
Stud Carpintero's Alhambra, 3 y, 50 k P. Torres 0
Stud Azur's Friedland, 3 y, 49 k A. Saavedra 0
Ecurie Indecis' Atila, 3 y, 49 k B. Pavon 0
Stud Radames' Sensacion, 4 y, 43 k J. Paez 0

Danseuse was leading at the paddock, and her jockey appeared so certain that he had won that he eased her up, but Opal caught her on the post and the judges' verdict was a dead heat, with Maraton half a length behind them.

Tickets—Danseuse with 1012 win and 1129 place, Opal 435—487, Maraton 873—1090, Whitethorn 1036—1059, Bay Rum Atila 540—625, Sensacion 394—475. Totals 5382—6084.

Dividends—Danseuse \$5.35 win and 3.63 place, Opal 9.80 win and 5.79 place, Maraton 3.69 place.

PREMIO BOQUERON, an open handicap, \$2000 to the 1st, 1900 metres.

Capt. Hatteras' bk m Thebis, by Whipper In—Mnemosyne, 3 y, 55 1/2 k I. Diaz 1
Ecurie Les Ardenes' Tristan, 4 y, 52 1/2 k J. Bayardi 2
Ecurie Gladiateur's Silex, 4 y, 54 1/2 k L. Diaz 3
Ecurie Casal's Mudo, 5 y, 53 1/2 k J. Paez 0

Thebis made all the running and won very easily by two lengths from Tristan, who finished the same distance in front of Silex.

Tickets—Thebis with 3159 win, Tristan 544, Silex 1996, Mudo 1311. Total 7004 win.

Dividend—Thebis \$3.99 win.

PREMIO BUENOS AIRES, a handicap for all three year olds, \$1800 to the 1st, 1450 metres.

Ecurie Gladiateur's ch f Alina by Orbit—Absala 58 k I. Sanchez †1
Stud José Maria's ch c Revancha, by Whipper In—Lotus, 56 k J. Lacruz †1
Stud Sultan's Anzoletto, 49 k P. Lara 3
Captain Hatteras' Woodnymph, 53 k I. Diaz 0
Stud Floresta's Siempreviva, 48 k C. Bellino 0
Stud Pichiman's Mr Gilmore, 48 k B. Pavon 0

Alina headed the lot till half way down the straight, when she was joined by Revancha and Anzoletto. An exciting finish between the three resulted in a dead heat between Alina and Revancha, with Anzoletto half a length off third.

Tickets—Alina with 2328 win and 1361 place, Revancha 1088—1092, Anzoletto 333—296, Woodnymph 2323—1659, Siempreviva 329—277, Mr Gilmore 450—226. Totals 6851—4911 place.

Dividends—Alina \$3.18 win and 3.44 place, Revancha 4.52 win and 3.80 place.

THE M.F.H.'S DAUGHTER

"Yes, certainly, it did look uncommonly well," decided Algernon Tofts, as by standing on a chair and turning himself in every inconceivable position he succeeded in obtaining a more or less complete view of himself in the small and dingy looking-glass of his bedroom at the George and Dragon.

The faultless tops, the immaculate breeches, the last thing out in horsecloth waistcoat, the perfect fit of the brand-new pink coat, made up a *tout ensemble* which, with the personal appearance and dashing style of the rider, would infallibly create a sensation among the East-shire Hunt, which Mr Tofts was about to honour with his presence. There was but one thing wanting, he thought, as he descended stiffly from his exalted position—the magic letters E.H.C. on the shining buttons of his coat; but who could doubt that the favourable impression he would make, backed by a handsome subscription, would soon gain his admission to the Hunt Club.

"Horse round?" he inquired with affected carelessness of the waiter, as he finished his breakfast with a glass of cherry brandy, "to keep the cold out," as he informed that functionary, but, if the truth must be owned, in the hopes of overcoming a peculiar indefinable sensation, usually associated with nervousness, but at tributed by Mr Tofts to the weather.

"Just coming, sir; here he is," said the waiter, as the ostler emerged from the stable, and Mr Tofts hurried to the door.

"He's a rare good 'oss, sir," said the man, as he caught the very unfavourable glance with which Tofts was regarding the great raw-boned bay he led up; "you'll see, he'll carry you like a bird, he knows every inch of the country; why, there ain't one in the field as has done what he has."

The ostler was actually speaking the truth, for there are certainly few horses upwards of twenty years old to be met with in the hunting field, and as to his knowing every inch of the country, had Mr Tofts been a trifle more wide awake, a little touch of blacking on the near foreleg about the knee might have conveyed to his mind a suspicion that his steed had made a somewhat closer

acquaintance with some part of the country than might be altogether desirable.

He settled himself slowly and deliberately in his saddle, and while the ostler busied himself in adjusting the stirrups to his satisfaction, he proceeded to elicit a little information about the country and the probable line they might take. The mention of various "big places" likely to be encountered, and a rather confused story about a certain brook in which various men had narrowly escaped drowning and various horses had broken their backs, nearly undid all the good effects of the cherry brandy.

"Many ladies out, generally?" he inquired, hurriedly changing the subject.

"Well, there's the master's daughter, she's out pretty regular, and goes well too, and there's four or five more; but they don't do much as a rule; just come out for an airin', till they come across an orkard place, and then they say they're tired and go home."

"Quite right, too," ejaculated Tofts, heartily; "that is, of course, I mean ladies are best out of the way," he added, as the ostler looked up in surprise. "Thanks, that'll do," and matters being finally arranged to his satisfaction, he rode off at last.

Jogging along to the meet he was passed by or overtook various other sportsmen, and was delighted to observe the many inquiring glances cast in his direction. Being the only stranger out in pink he found himself the object of interest, too, for all the early arrivals. Presently the master trotted up with the hounds and a number of followers, among whom he quickly detected a young lady on a sturdy little cob, not a showy looking animal, but decidedly business-like, as were the well-hung skirt and neat covert coat of the lady. By a judicious movement Tofts succeeded in edging himself among those nearest to the fair rider, who chanced to be the only lady out. A little well-timed civility to the M.F.H.'s daughter, a gate opened, a lead offered, or even perhaps a rescue from the dangers of an awkward fall, would be a sure way of ingratiating himself with the father. Already he heard himself, in imagination, addressed as "Tofts, old fellow!" by that all-important personage, perhaps even offered a mount from his stable; but the sight of the master's horse at that moment indulging in a series of kicks, bucks and plunges, made him register a mental vow to decline that token of friendship.

The hounds moved off, and Tofts followed, with the same feeling that his heart had somehow got into his boots that he always experienced when the riding-master's voice resounded through the school. "Now, sir, your turn at the hurdles." For Tofts had not rashly appeared in the hunting-field without due preparation; a course of riding-school lessons had qualified him, so the master assured him, for encountering every sort of obstacle.

The hounds and huntsman disappeared into the covert, and there was a long period of waiting, broken at last, to Tofts' indescribable relief, by disappointed murmurs of "Blank, confound it!" A good long trot to the next spinney revived his spirits, and he began to feel himself every inch a sportsman, when suddenly there was a shout, people came galloping past him, and Tofts found himself galloping wildly too, without the least idea why or whither. A handy line of open gates led across the first four or five fields, and another was in sight, when, to his horror, the foremost riders suddenly diverged over a hedge to his right. Tofts caught a glimpse of something scarlet and white in the air, as one over eager sportsman flew over the hedge, leaving his horse to follow, and his knees shook as he thought of the probability of finding himself in a like predicament. He clutched at his reins desperately, and looked about to see if there where any way of escape; the M.F.H.'s daughter was close behind him. "Allow me, after you!" exclaimed Tofts, with the greatest politeness, grasping at the chance of even a moment's reprieve, and reining his horse back with such alacrity that he got himself roundly abused by the next man to him. The lady disappeared, and one man after another followed. Tofts had got crowded out of his turn, and before he could get straight at it, to his immense relief there was a cry of "Back again!" and with the remaining few he made once more for the line of gates. The fox was headed away from the wood, and forced to take to the roads, our friend found himself in safe company, and congratulated himself accordingly.

"Yonder he goes!" shouted some one ahead, wheeling his horse sharply, and before Tofts knew what had happened the horse that "knew the country" had taken matters, or rather the bit, into his own guidance, and he found himself charging the hedge, and actually safe over it, thanks to a wild clutch at his saddle. He shook himself back into his seat, a little surprised not to find himself further out of it, and after he had been taken, whether he liked it or not, over some half-dozen more very mild obstacles, he began to think he really had done it all of his own accord.

At the first check, Tofts, to his intense delight, saw the master riding up to him. "Ah!" he thought, with a glow of triumph, "he sees I mean going, and he wants to make acquaintance."

"Morning, Mr.—"

"Tofts," suggested he, politely raising his hat.

"Ah! well, Mr Tofts, are you thinking of coming out often with us?"

"Well," stammered Tofts, quite confused at so much interest in his intentions, "really, I can't quite tell yet; I think most likely—"

"I was only going to say that if you are we shall soon have to get a fresh pack," interrupted the master, pointing to an unlucky hound just limping off, in consequence of Tofts, with a loose rein, having galloped into the middle of the pack.

"Ah! they are not quite so fast as some I have seen," answered Tofts, bandily; quite unconscious of the indignant irony of the master's speech.

What answer he might have got had not the hounds happened to hit the scent again just at that moment, it is perhaps as well not to inquire. Tofts found himself once more close to the object of his admiration, and venturing a remark, found it answered with so much cordiality, that he was quite elated. A slow run, with frequent checks, gave excellent opportunities for conversation; thanks to his horse's cleverness, he was quite successful in opening a couple of gates, and he was just responding with great alacrity to a friendly invitation to come over and see her father's place, when the pace suddenly quickened. "Duce take it!" he muttered, as the cob speedily left him far behind, "I was getting on like smoke." He had other food for reflection in a minute, as he overheard some one calling out to a friend, "We're in for the brook after all—the beggar's making straight for it."

"The brook! Is it much of a place?" asked Tofts, as coolly as he could.

"Pretty fair, especially after last week's rain," was the chilling answer; but hope revived as another man passed him with the remark, "If you're not certain of your animal's powers as a water jumper, there's a ford to the left—you'll see lots of fellows going that way."

Tofts thanked him heartily; but he did not feel quite so grateful when he reached the ford and found the water deep enough almost to reach a horse's girths, and a very awkward bank at the far side. Here he found his fair friend in difficulties with the cob, who objected to facing the water.

"Here, just give me a lead!" she called, unceremoniously, as Tofts rode up; and somehow the loud voice and abrupt speech he had thought so cordial and hearty earlier in the day, did not strike him now as half so pleasant. However, here was the opportunity he had longed for, of helping the M.F.H.'s daughter in a difficulty, so he advanced gallantly to the rescue, and plunged in. He dared not trust to the security of his seat if he took his feet out of the stirrups, and consequently in a minute or two he found his boots unpleasantly full of water.

"I'm afraid it's very deep," he said ruefully, as he watched the horse in front going farther and deeper in.

"All right! Get on! for goodness sake, don't stop!" cried the lady, who had induced the refractory cob to follow his lead, but so unwillingly that the least hindrance would probably be fatal to further progression.

Poor Tofts! he felt that he had deserved kinder encouragement than this; but the peril was nearly over; his horse put its forefeet on the bank, slipped, and recovered with a violent effort, and landed safely on the top, while a resounding splash told the fate of the unfortunate rider, who had ignominiously slipped over its tail. Shouts of laughter greeted his reappearance, as choking and spluttering he scrambled out of the muddy water, and the loudest and shrillest of all was the laugh of his charmer.

Thoroughly damped in mind and in body, Tofts scrambled on to his horse, which some one had caught for him; but he could not help commenting rather savagely on the lady's behaviour as he did so.

"I don't think much of the manners of your master's daughter," he said.

His helper's laughter broke out louder than before.

"By Jove! that's a good one," he said, as well as he could speak for laughing. "That's why you've been so precious civil all day!"

Not a word more would he say, as he rode off to impart the joke to his friends, and it was the ostler at the inn who supplied the key to the riddle.

Poor Algernon Tofts! He had risked his neck, ruined his new coat, and narrowly escaped drowning, all for the sake of Lydia Thomas, the horse-dealer's daughter!

A SPANISH RACE-MEETING

The cynic foreigner has asserted that if London were burnt down Englishmen would immediately hold a dinner amid the ruins in commemoration of the catastrophe. It is not at all improbable, as Lord Wilton remarks, in his "Sports and Pursuits," that this prandial celebration would be followed by a horse-race. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon penetrates his thoughts in his hours of ease turn lightly to an equine contest, and as most nations can understand the game it is not difficult to encourage their native bent in this direction.

In the year of Her Majesty's Jubilee I was in Bilbao, famous of old for its blades, now for the raw material of which they were made—the ironopolis of Spain, the counterpart of Cardiff in industrial progress and activity. A storm was lashing the Belle Vao—the beautiful bay—into fury, and the mad bar at the mouth of the Nervion, which winds between mountains from sea to city, was raging in foam, the cause of the ship's detention no less than my own. It is the land of "Spearam Poko" as the British sailor pronounces the national maxim of *espera un poco*, "wait a bit," and I was suffering from its infliction. Now Bilbao is purely commercial, and the solace of gin and bitters in a crowded café on a hot day the favourite tippie—and *passer le temps* of the English colony—was a diversion of which one soon had enough, unless possessing the absorbing properties of a sponge, or the imperviousness of the habitual soaker. The bull ring was shut up, the theatre was in a similar condition, and there was nothing to be done except to eat or to drink, or to draw the streets blank for the dark-eyed beauties.

Suddenly came the news that Bilbao was to inaugurate its first race-meeting on Sunday afternoon. This was due to the unhallowed inspiration of an Englishman. At least he was like one of the horses he owned—sired by an English thoroughbred out of a Spanish dam. He had been brought up in this country, had hunted here, and had become inoculated with sport. That he won

the events is not a matter of much moment. Education is necessarily expensive. The Sabbath arrived, the bar was still moaning, but we had reached a better frame of mind.

Spaniards exhibit the propensity to reverse the Saxon sequence of the order of fitness. They begin to build a house with the roof; they let off fireworks in the daytime; their rule of road is contrary to ours; and they deal cards to the right instead of the left. Thus the race-meeting commenced with a pyrotechnical display. The course was situated by the side of the river, half-way between the town and its "Brighton-super-mare," presenting in area more the appearance of a rural athletic ground than the scope requisite for the galloping of horses. It was about half a mile round, railed in, and was under foot of as near an approach to turf as is available in this region. There were two grand stands of a primitive kind, which, however, were well-filled; though the "gate-money" throng was rather attenuated. The Spaniards prefer their amusements spiced—"all hot," and there was no blood to be spilt on this occasion. Rank and fashion were represented by a few ladies in carriages, who were interested in the promoter and a match which was on the list of events. They added a veneer to the proceedings.

On reaching the scene of action I found some ponies tied to the rails in what may be termed the paddock. They looked as if they had been fed on hurdles, had bolted them whole, and digestion had not "waited upon appetite." I concluded that they had done duty in bringing down some of the provisions or other necessaries for the afternoon. My friend, the Anglo-Spaniard, enlightened me. He saw me gazing at them.

"Ah," he explained, "I thought I should be short of runners, so I borrowed a few from the tramway company."

These animals were about 14-hands, and in some sort of condition. If they could raise the imitation of a gallop, it was about the extent of their motion. Among them was a smart looking cob clothed in gorgeous raiment. It was stripped for my edification. It belonged to the gentleman already mentioned.

"Worth a hundred and fifty in London," the owner remarked, in a moment of pardonable exultation.

Living in Spain is confusing. There is always the difficulty of distinguishing between pounds and pesetas. I did not inquire which he meant, for I thought it might be rude, but when I replied that the animal was well worth the sum, I intended pesetas, which run about twenty-five to the pound.

Everything was in accordance with conventionality. There was a weighing-room and a clerk of the scales, and the competitors were religiously weighed out and weighed-in. Perhaps a Sandown Park official would have discovered considerable laxity, but his officiousness would only have interrupted the harmony of the proceedings for no satisfactory result. For the first race seven started: Three of them were of the penny-plain two-pence-coloured style, the other three were not much better, belonging to butchers and bakers and candlestick makers; the Anglo-Spaniard made the seventh with his cob. He had induced one or two of the English colony to venture into the pigskin, and the natives regarded them as great jockeys, the national reputation for horsemanship being sufficient to earn them a diploma for equitation. The breeches and boots they sported were rather foreign, but the colours made a gaudy show. The saddles and bridles were not racing tackle, but they had the shape of English goods, and were probably "made in Germany." They were generally a size too large.

We had cards, too, which were quite a triumph of the printers' art. No bookmakers' shouts rent the air. This was unfortunate, for it was all Lombard-street to the China orange on one. Still, those who have recollections of the old Bromley meetings, or are acquainted with hunters' flat races of the present day, will be aware that there is such a thing as arrangement. When the Spaniards have developed pencils the latter will probably soon learn the wiles of the serpent.

The Anglo-Spanish cob was sleek, and his joints were not stiff from constant slavery on the road. As for the other starters, they were mainly of the character of those steeds which are let out at 'Appy Amstead for the delectation of 'Arry and 'Arriet on a Bank Holiday at one penny per ride. Their legs were like sticks, and as wooden. A little yellow derelict was placed at the disposal of a youth who balanced the scales at 11 st. 10 lb. He was of English birth, and an analytical chemist by profession. His vanity was tickled by an invitation to ride, and he readily consented, though his seat and attitude were not suggestive of experience. The saddle fitted somewhere on the top of the withers, and the rider extended his arms over his pony's ears, assuming much the same position as a bishop blessing a congregation. The reins hung down each side of the animal's head in graceful festoons. The field jumped off in a cluster, all the riders, with the exception of the Anglo-Spaniard, using their whip. They could hardly get out of the latter's way. So they came past the stand, the spectators already discounting the race as being over for the leader. On the far side of the course there was a stretch of heavy going in the shape of some sand. The first time round the yellow beast experienced some difficulty in getting through it, but the amateur Archer failed to see the necessity of catching his quadruped by the head. He kept his hands well over the ears, either to instigate the animal to more speed, or else to point the road. As could be anticipated the inevitable catastrophe occurred in the second time round. The pony was done, and directly it sunk into the soft ground it tumbled on its head. The rider had not far to go. He was not hurt, and came back to the stand proud of his prowess. If the brute had not tumbled down he would have won! In the meantime the Anglo-Spaniard was

imitating the tactics of a Job. He was a model of patience. Imbued with one idea, he was fully impressed with the creed that the only way to ride a race was to wait, and come in at the last. He faithfully carried out his own orders. He cantered behind these cripples until a quarter of a mile from home, and then letting the colt have its head, passed them and won. He was intensely pleased with himself, being convinced that it was solely owing to his jockeyship that he had pulled off the contest.

The next race the Spaniards had to themselves. The yellow derelict and its companions were ready to start, but the analytical chemist having analysed his preceding performance found that it contained too much danger. Something a trifle superior to the tramway stud was successful in this event. Then came the great match.

This was announced on the card as being for 1,000 pesetas (£40). It was between the Anglo-Spaniard's horse and a rich merchant's animal. The latter was native bred, and looked like a carriage horse; the former was by an English stallion, and had inherited the paces and propulsion of its sire. The Anglo-Spaniard put his brother up, while the merchant was content with his stable-boy. A great deal of excitement accrued over the weighing out. The boy wanted to get into the saddle without any more weight than his body. Ultimately he had a lot of shot put into his pockets, but much language had to be wasted before he would consent. When fairly mounted, he insisted upon having the weight placed in bags and tied round his waist, and he handled the shot as if it did not matter how much was spilt in the process. The two owners indulged in much verbiage and gesticulation. Finally everything was settled, and the horses went to the post. Here the boy wanted to alter his weight, but was over-ruled. The brother had orders to wait, and come with a rush at the last, consequently the boy made all the running. First time past the stand the natives were jubilant, second time more so, third time most so, for their horse retained the lead. The Anglo-Spaniard had got his glasses out, and was watching every phase of the contest, though the horses were never more than two hundred yards from him. Each round he shouted to his brother to wait, though it was clearly manifest that the horse was hardly out of a canter, whilst its opponent was extended. The moment its head was loosed the race was all over. Said the Spaniard, "Those English ride too well. You see they don't take the lead, but wait, and then come through at the finish." The victorious owner was delighted at his brother's horsemanship. He extolled him to the skies, and was persuaded that had he not waited until the moment he did the race would have been lost.

The fourth and last event was another success for the Anglo-Spaniard. He mounted a fresh cob, and had out the tramway wrecks again. He waited of course, and came through at the finish, though he might have dismounted and ran for half the journey. Still he thoroughly believed that his tactics won him the races.

That night I was out in the Bay of Biscay dreaming that I was making a waiting race of it.

The S. and D. News.

Practical Hints on Horse Breaking.

The above title may appear almost "presumptuous" in a country where nearly every man either can, or fancies he can, ride; but in extension, I will remark that there is a very wide difference between being able to ride, and to break. The first accomplishment may be acquired by almost anyone—up to a certain point—who has a fair amount of "pluck" and common sense, though only a few become really good horsemen, whilst the other is only acquired by experience, and the constant study of the various dispositions of the "equine" race. It is because people, as a rule, do not realise this, that so many men set themselves up as breakers at home, who can really do nothing more than sit on a horse fairly well, and whose one remedy for all the faults and failings of their unfortunate pupils, is whip and spur.

Some of my theories may not quite tally with the ideas of some of my readers, but as it is not my intention to attempt to teach, but merely to unite what I have found to be the best method of breaking horses, I ask the indulgence of such. I, of course, do not intend to treat of breaking horses for camp use, as not only many of my readers are doubtless much more capable of explaining that kind of work than I am myself, but also the time and trouble required for the thorough education of animals of that class would be wasted.

My object therefore is merely to give my ideas on "civilised" horse breaking—if I may be pardoned the expression.

To begin with, I think there can be no doubt that the less a youngster is "bustled" and frightened the easier will be the task of breaking him. Never hurry a colt, plenty of time and patience, at first, will be found to really hasten instead of retarding matters. "More haste, less speed," is a proverb particularly applicable to colts. Hurry your colt, and work him hard at first, and you may indeed break him, or rather his heart, but give him three months' rest afterwards, and see the result: he will probably require breaking again. I have often heard men say of a very bad one, "cut off his corn and keep him low," and I have always said to such men what I say now "that such treatment will never 'break' a horse, though it may break his 'spirit.'" To my mind, a horse to be properly broken and "mannered" cannot be too lively, as long as he is quiet and well mouthed. What greater misery can there be to a "horseman" than to ride a slovenly, spiritless brute, which seems to go through its paces as a stupid child will its lessons, simp-

ly because it is obliged to do so? No, the properly broken horse should do everything which he is required to do, as if it were a pleasure to him. I must admit, however, that in some cases the natural tendencies to vice cannot be wholly eradicated. The very hot colt cannot always be made quite steady, although he can be made perfect as a mount for a good horseman, and the "slug," though often a genuine animal, cannot be made a pleasant means of locomotion.

If colts are strong and well formed, I am of opinion that they should be "handled" and ridden a little at two years old—though they should on no account be worked so young—as I believe that after breaking horses "furnish" and develop much more rapidly than before. In any case—I am not of course speaking of "racehorses"—they should be broken at three years, as the younger they are the less trouble they will give their breaker, and in that case the less risk they will run themselves.

Breaking I consider should not be accomplished by "work," except in the case of an older animal, in which instance the bones being well set, if the horse be in good condition, he may be worked steadily, though even great care should be taken not to over excite him or strain his powers. It is always well to bear in mind that everything is quite new and strange to him and, therefore, he being of necessity frightened and liable to over excitement, should not have any undue strain placed upon him. Let us suppose that a three year old is coming into the stable to be broken either to saddle or harness, or both. A good roomy, light, and lofty loose box should be prepared for him having plenty of litter, a pitch of green food in the manger, and a bucket of water in a corner. The latter, although he is hardly likely to drink, yet is sure to smell at, and when he finds that it will do him no damage he will soon realise for what purpose it is intended. Water should always be kept before a horse, both night and day, so that he can drink if so disposed. If water is laid on in the stable and there are water mangers in the boxes, so much the better, but keep the water there.

(To be continued.)

"TOUCHED," AND THAT SORT OF THING.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO DOSS CHIDDERDOSS.)

Dear Sir, your columns pray let me bemoan:
My office, my time, they're no longer my own;
I'm enveloped in friends who must see me alone,
And that sort of thing.

Let me shut myself up with my nose to my books,
Refuse to see clients, ignore their black looks,—
Yet it seems I'm a pigeon, the prey of the rooks—
And that sort of thing.

Wont the A. A. Benevolent come to my aid
And license these poachers, unwashed and unpaid?
They eat up my time and they drive away trade
And that sort of thing.

Heres' one, pimply nose, and a blue bleary eye,
He comes for you straight, and you hear the old cry
"Do you speak English? well please Sir then I,"
And that sort of thing.

The next is a makeshift, just fresh from the camp,
So he says, but I'd call him a second rate tramp.
He expectorates first, grants the weather is damp,
And that sort of thing.

You've a place in the camp? Why he'll manage that,
"Any job as you likes, Sir, he'll not grumble at,"
Yet the owl doesn't know a milk cow from a cat
Or that sort of thing.

"A gent Sir, most 'ticker." Well let him come in.
He does, and the room reeks of new Boca gin,
While a ratchety voice barks for some of your tin
And that sort of thing.

And then comes a gringo and swears by the powers
He's sampled this country!—but a matter of hours—
His passage he wants,—that pleasure is ours
And that sort of thing.

"A lady to see you."—We know the old ruse.
We know that poke bonnet. Now please to excuse,
I'm down on my luck; you're down on the booze
And that sort of thing.

It's no use to protest you're a stony broke group,
Holy Sue Hallelujah! has the charge of a troop,
And you wearily buy all her tickets for soup
And that sort of thing.

Next lot is a toff too utterly utter
And he comes from Beyrout, or may be from Calcutta.
If you follow his tips you'll be left in the gutter
And that sort of thing.

His side is immense, he knows the Baboo,
The Viceroy's a pal. Read his letters and you
Will oblige with a loan. He has landed a few
With that sort of thing.

They must see you alone, with business so pressing,
You're had every time, there's no hope of redressing.
But, Sir, as they go you don't use words like "blessing"
Or that sort of thing.

And why should my room, Sir, be crowded with such.
They take up my time, they absorb far too much.
And I feel just so wild when they have me and "touch,"
And that sort of thing.

Z.

PRICES

Price of gold on the Bolsa from March 28th to April 3rd inclusive—
Wednesday.....354.00 % Saturday356.50 %
Thursday352.00 " Monday.....356.70 "
Friday354.00 " Tuesday356.00 "

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

	Special	Fat	Carne gorda	Buena carne y carnudos
Bullocks.....	\$.....
Novillos (mestizos).....	52—63.....	42—55.....	25—35.....	15—19.....
" (criollos).....	33—40.....	27—33.....	19—25.....	9—13.....
Cows (mestizas).....	38—48.....	33—38.....	19—26.....	8—13.....
" (criollas).....	28—33.....	22—26.....	12—14.....	3—5.....
Calves.....	6—8.....	2.50—4.....		

Hides—Bullock.....	\$.....
" —Novillo.....	6.00—10.50	
" —Cow.....	4.00—5.50	
Sheepskins, per kilo.....	0.45—0.75	
Lambskins, per dozen.....	2.20—3.00	

Sheep—Lincolns.....	\$9.10—10.50
" —Mestizo-Lincolns.....	6.70—9.50
" —Rambouillet.....	4.20—6.50
Ewes.....	2.50—3.50
Lambs.....	2.00—2.50

Wheat (barleta), 100 ks (new crop).....	\$6.30—6.80
" (French), 100 kilos.....	6.50—7.00
" (Candeal).....	7.00—7.50
" (Saldomé) (new crop).....	6.00—6.50
Maize (morochó), old, 100 kilos.....	6.80—7.00
" (amarillo), old, 100 kilos.....	6.50—7.00
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FIXTURES

RACING

Sunday, April 8—Hipodromo Argentino, at Palermo.

CRICKET

Sunday, April 8—Rosario Rv. v. Lomas, at Belgrano.
Sunday, April 15—Secretary's v. Captain's Team (Montevideo Cricket Club).

FOOTBALL

Sunday, April 15—Lobos A.C. v. Retiro A.C., at Lobos.

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.

What is said to be the best collection in the United States of works on horses has just been presented to the library of the University of Pennsylvania by Fairman Rogers. The collection consists of about 1000 volumes, and embraces all branches of the subject. Many of the books are very old and rare, going as far back as the beginning of the sixteenth century. The collection also includes some of the latest works on veterinary subjects and translations into English of the standard works on horse-raising, breeding and stable management. The greater part of the books are in their original bindings, and contain some curious illustrations. There are also many English and American stud books.

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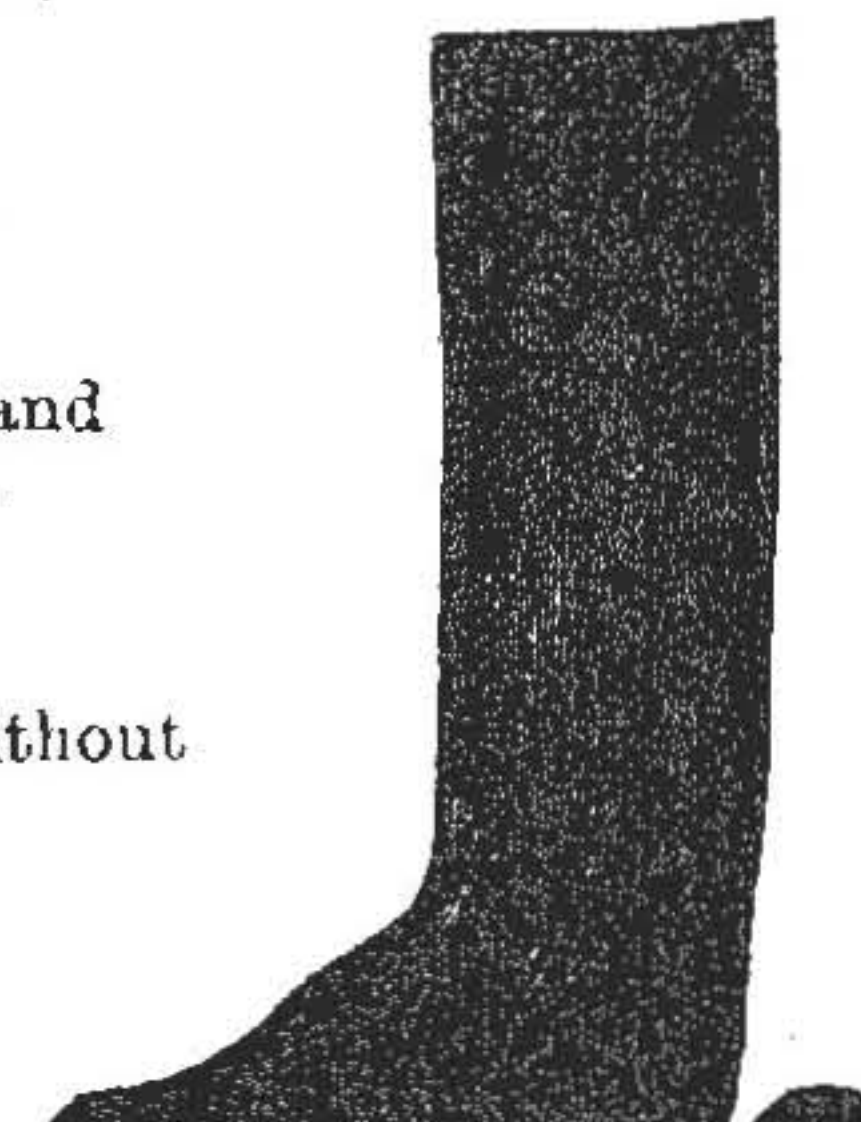
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- Association of the River Plate—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad.
- BELGRANO—*Black and White*—J. K. Cassels, Lavalle 108, Belgrano.
- CAMP OF URUGUAY—*Pale Blue*—L. Edwards, Barranca Coloradas, Colonia.
- CANADA DE GOMEZ—*Red and Yellow*—J. S. Robinson, C. de Gomez, F.C.C.A.
- CASUALS—*Crimson and White*—R. McC. Smyth, Venado Tuerto.
- GUALEGUAY—*Crimson and French Grey*—H. J. Perrett, Guauguay, Entre Rios.
- HURLINGHAM—*Blue, Red and Yellow*—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
- LA MERCED—*French Grey and Cerise*—P. H. Cawardine, La Merced, Chascomus.
- LA VICTORIA—*Brown and Yellow*—Magnus Fea, Estacion El Trebol, F. C. Central Argentino.
- LAS PETACAS—Frank E. Kinchant, Las Petacas, San Jorge, F.C.C.A.
- LEZAMA—*Red and Black*—E. J. Craig, Estancia Las Baitancas, Lezama.
- MEDIA LUNA—*Pale Blue with Crescent*—Scott Moncrieff, Soler, F. C. Pacifico.
- MONTEVIDEO—*Chocolate and Green*—Fred. A. Christie, Club Inglés, Montevideo.
- North Santa Fé—R. S. Foster, Chiru Traill, F. C. C. and R. Roldan—W. Ellery, Roldan, F.C.C.A.
- Rosario—W. F. Christie, F.C.C.A. Rosario.
- San Jorge—C. H. Hall, San Jorge, Estacion Molles, F. C. C. del Uruguay, Montevideo.
- SANTA FE—*Red and Blue*—Kemball Cook, Las Tres Lagunas, Las Rosas, F.C.C.A.
- SANTIAGO DEL ESTERO—*Green*—Dr. Newman Smith, La Banda, Santiago del Estero.
- Tuyú—H. Gibson, Los Ingleses, Ajó, F.C.S.
- VENADO TUERTO—*Chocolate and Gold*—H. Miles, Venado Tuerto, F. C. S. Santa Fé y Cordoba.

ATHLETIC CLUBS

- AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF THE RIVER PLATE—*Blue and White*—E. Danvers, 559 Piedad.
- B. A. AND R. RY.—*Yellow and Black*—F. F. Webb, 748 Avenida de Mayo.
- CAMPANA—B. J. MacCullagh, Campana.
- Cordoba—J. C. Bowden, Gerencia, F.C.C.C., Córdoba.
- ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL—*Red and White*—Percy Hill, 3502 Santa Fé.
- FLORES—*Light Blue, Yellow, and Dark Blue with narrow White Stripes*—B. G. Henderson, 89 B. Aires, Flores.
- HURLINGHAM—*Blue, Red and Yellow*—F. J. Balfour, 559 Piedad, Buenos Aires.
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- LOBOS—*Blue and Red*—James F. McKeon, Lobos, F.C.S.
- LOMAS—*Blue and White*—P. L. G. Bridger, Casilla de Correo 1121.
- Montevideo—H. D. McMaster, Club Inglés, Montevideo.
- QUILMES—*Dark Blue and Orange*—F. W. Fothergill, Plaza Constitucion, F.C.S.
- ROLDAN—T. H. Wilson, Roldan.
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- Tucuman—A. S. Reade, Tucuman, F.C.N.O.A.

LAWN TENNIS CLUBS

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

CRICKET CLUBS

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

FOOTBALL CLUBS

- ALBION—*Blue and White*—H. A. Woodcock, Montevideo.
- Argentine Association League—A. Lamont, Plaza Constitucion F.C.S.
- BUENOS AIRES (Rugby)—*Blue and White*—T. M. Lees, London Bank.
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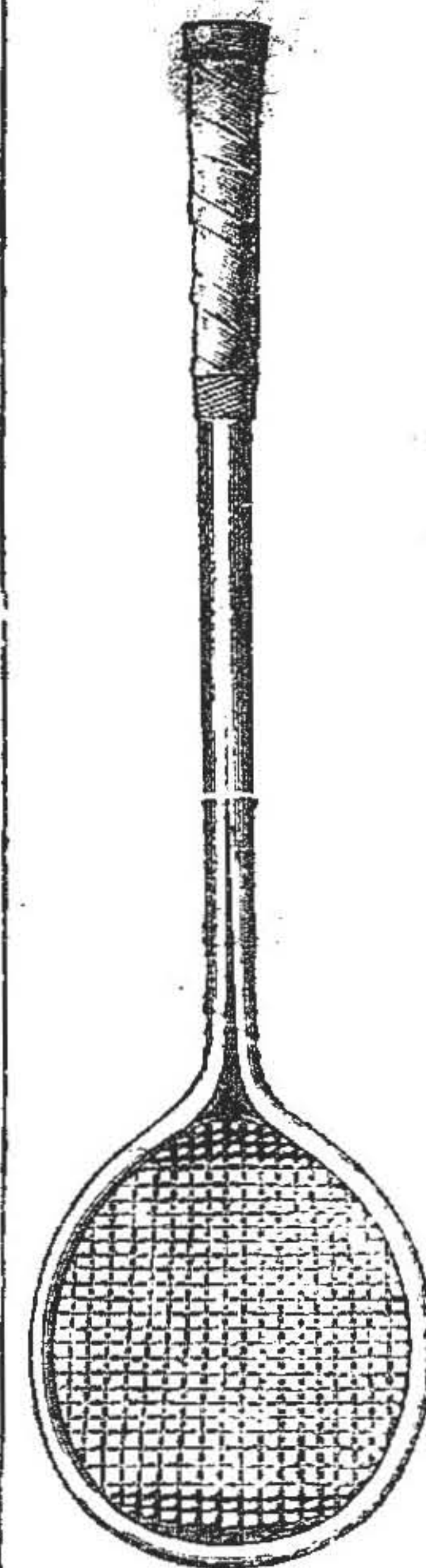
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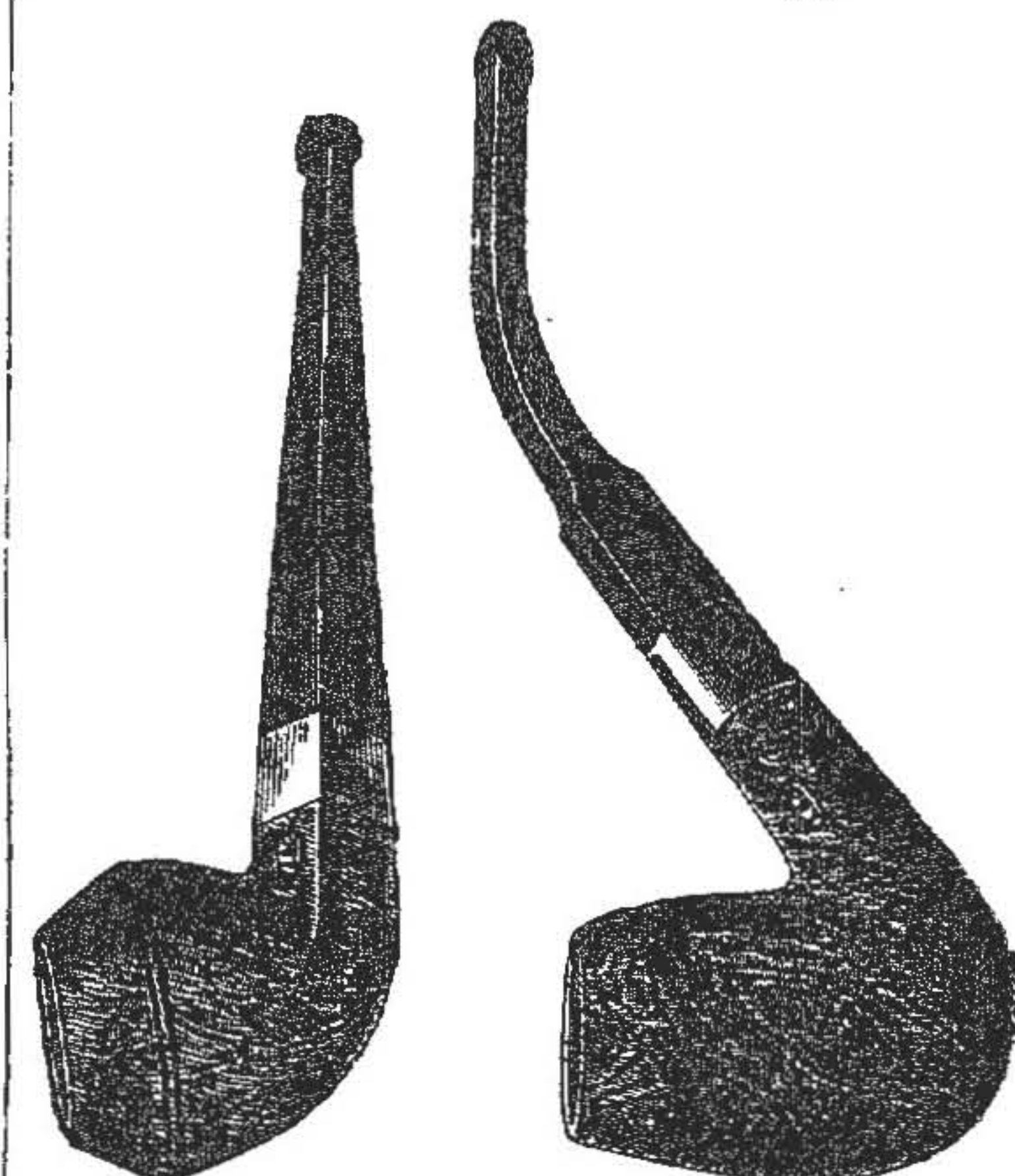
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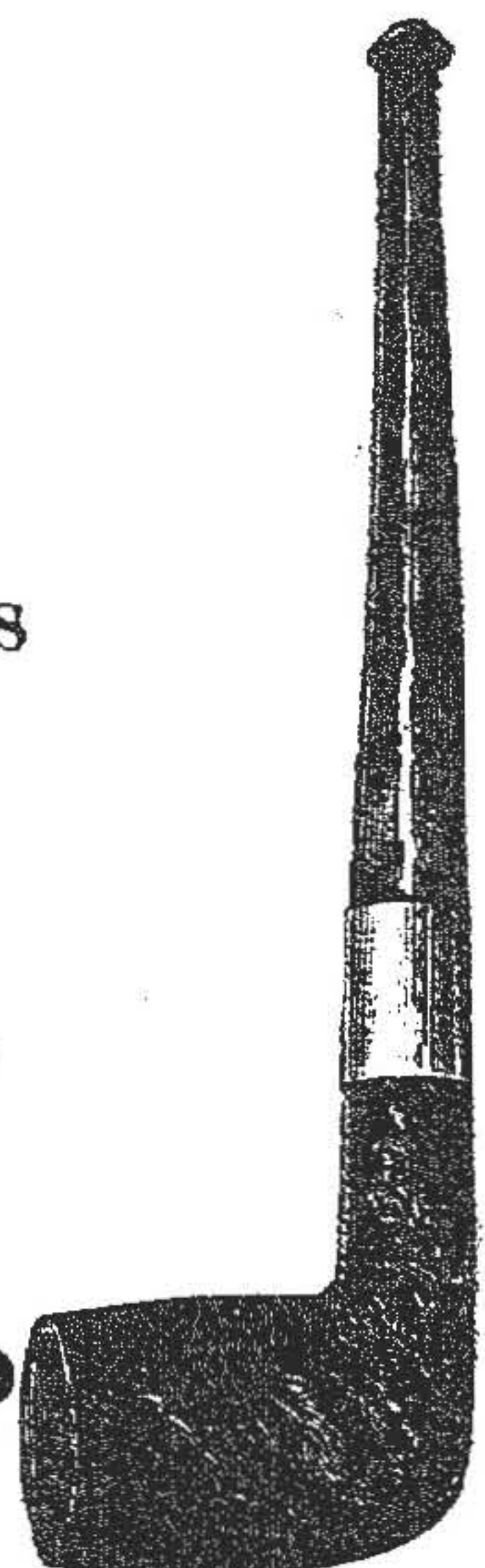
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TOWARDS THE SUNSET.

(Continued).

Soon I heard the front ones splashing as they entered the stream, and then they disappeared to come up three yards further on, for the bed of the stream was deep and steep and narrow, so that as they crossed those in front were separated from the hinder ones by a narrow strip of boiling, surging water. Most of the men had crossed alongside of the animals, though I had waited to see the last one over. And now came my turn, and in we went; the water rose to my horse's knees, then over my boots, and then, with a slipping, sliding plunge, in we went to the bed of the stream. As the dark waters closed over my head I slid off my saddle and gripped my horse by the mane, though as we came up I clambered into my seat again; then splashing, slipping, scrambling up the further bank, and once more after the flying herd. I had lost my hat as I went down into the water, but that was a trifle, but as far as I could see we had lost no men nor animals. Phil was some way ahead; he was over before me, and I was glad to see him galloping alongside some of the foremost ones cracking his whip. On we went, and before we reached the Rio Cuarto the sun rose and things began to look more cheerful, but as we neared the river I began to get anxious again, for the town is on the further or western side, and the bed of the river is three hundred yards wide, and I knew well by experience on former trips that if the water had come down we should have to swim in at least a hundred of these, though usually the water barely reaches to the horses' girths. But we were in luck, for the river had not as yet felt the influence of the heavy rain, and we passed with ease and safety and took the cattle round to the other side of the town and camped on the old race course.

"Now come along and let us put on some dry things and get some hot coffee," said Phil as soon as we had halted.

"You cut along," said I, "and get a change, I will follow as soon as I have fixed off the men. Besides, I have no dry things to put on, all my spare clothes were on the pack mule last night and are soaked, and what I have on will be dry in half an hour."

After a lot of persuasion, for he did not wish to leave me and go alone, at last I got rid of him, and then set to work to square things a bit. I had eighteen men counting Carlos, so I sent off six to tend the cattle while they fed, ordering those who went first to be relieved in two hours' time by another six and so on, and then taking Carlos with me went off to the town and bought a load of firewood and sent it out to them, and loaded up Carlos with meat and stores. I found the two English officers, Carcoba and Phil all having breakfast together when at length I rode up to the little hotel in the plaza.

"Ah," said the Colonel, as I entered, "you may thank your stars that the Indians went the other way yesterday, for it was the Indio Blanco who was in again. He invaded this morning at El Moro, carried off Colonel Bengoleo's capataz, killed all the men, and carried off all the cattle. That caballero is getting rather too bad, but we shall nail him soon. I cannot think how it is that the teniente Baigorria has let him escape so long."

The teniente Baigorria was a young officer, half an Indian himself, who was just becoming known. He had already annihilated three lots of these marauding blackguards, and the name of Antonino Baigorria was almost as much dreaded by them as the names of the Indio Blanco, and that of Gregorio Solar, by the estancieros and other inhabitants of the Province of San Luis. He never followed straight along their tracks, as was the habit in those those days with most of the officers on the frontier, but with a few splendidly mounted men he would make a wide circle and fall on them from the front, when they least expected an attack, and when, from the distance they had travelled, considered themselves safe. He generally came on them too in the middle of the night, or early part of the morning, when most of them would be asleep, and fell on them suddenly and in silence, sabering them all. Very few had ever got away to tell the tale, but those who had, had told such a tale that caused those that listened to look upon Baigorria more as a "gualiche malo" (bad spirit) than a man. Where he got his information from, as to the route the Indians had taken after passing the frontier, no one knew, or where he got his knowledge of the country either, for few men cared to go far beyond the frontier in those days, but the soldiers who had been "out" with him declared that he was intimate with every wood, mountain, lake, or river, as far as they had occasion to accompany him, how much further they did not know. The elder officers in the army, the generals, colonels, and majors, could not but acknowledge his worth, pluck, and sagacity, though they qualified their praise. "He knows the country," said they, "so, of course, he has the advantage over us."

These two men were then at the time of which I am writing, so to speak, pitted against one another, and bets were freely taken and offered amongst the officers whose duty it was to guard the frontier of the Provinces of San Luis and Mendoza, as to what would be the upshot of an encounter between them. And meet they must, sooner or later, there was no question as to that, the only wonder was that they had never done so before, since they were both working on the same tract of country, the one to destroy, the other to protect. But the Indian had first-rate scouts, who brought him the most minute details as to where all the troops were, and the names of the officers in command.

"Well, I wish to goodness some of you would take him in charge," said I, in reply to the Colonel's remark, for I am mortally afraid that if you don't he will be dropping on top of me one of these fine days."

"The best thing you can do," said Carcoba, "is to be off at once, and make the best of your way to San Luis,

after that you will be comparatively safe. This canalla has recrossed the frontier by this time, and we probably shan't see anything more of him for a month: You should start this afternoon."

"No," I replied, "I cannot do that, I must give the cattle a rest, and a feed, and be on the way before sunrise to-morrow."

We had a good siesta to make up for our want of rest the night before, and then we saddled up to go and see how the cattle were getting on. The other horse Phil had bought was a grey, a splendid-looking little beast, though it struck me that he was rather nervous, and I suggested this to him for I saw he had a pair of spurs on. But he said it was all right, so I refrained from any further remarks. Now there was a short cut to where the cattle were feeding, across some small paddocks that had formerly been enclosed with adobe walls, and I took that way, but in passing through a gap in one of these, something startled the grey, and he shied badly, which angered Phil, and he drove in the spurs. The effect was totally unexpected by either of us, for down went the grey's head with a vicious squeal, and he set to work to buck in good right down earnest. Well, Phil sat the first, second, and third buck all right, but at the fourth he lost a stirrup, and at the fifth he flew right over the grey's head, and landed with a thud on the soft, saturated turf. The grey, when he felt his rider safely disposed of, trotted a few yards, and then turned round and looked at him and snorted loudly.

Phil sat up, rubbing the back of his head. He looked first at me, and then at the horse, with a comical expression of doubt on his face.

"I say, old fellow," said he, "what happened to him?"

"What happened to him?" said I as soon as I could speak, "what happened to you is the question I should think."

"Not a bit of it," cried he laughing, "but did you ever see a horse do anything like that before? I never did, I thought at first that there was a double-barreled earthquake on, or else that he had had a dose of dynamite and blown up."

"You started him bucking by jamming your spurs in, and he simply bucked you off, that's all."

"Well, I never saw a performance of that sort before. I have ridden several steeplechases, and hurdle races in England, bucking mules at circuses, and backed scores of our moorland ponies for the first time, but this job beats my record, just you get on and let me see how he does it."

"No fear," said I, "I don't play at those games for amusement, one has to do it often enough from necessity without that."

The grey never offered to buck again as Phil remounted, and never did after as long as I knew him, except when spurs were used, and those he always seemed to resent as an insult.

I was amused at Phil's manner of taking his discomfiture, he was a cool hand, there was no mistake about that. All through the rain, and cold of the preceding night he had never complained nor grumbled, he had never even mentioned the fact of having swum the river that morning before sunrise, in the bitter cold, and I made up my mind at the time that he was undoubtedly plucky, an opinion I never had occasion to change in after days, for chance threw us together in many a situation of danger and difficulty, but I never saw him hurried, nor hesitate, till the last trick in the game was played and the cards went against him, but I must not anticipate, my story must be told as events happened, one after the other, chapter by chapter, line by line.

We started again next morning long before sunrise, and the following afternoon about two hours before sunset we arrived at the little range of grey mountains over which our road lay to reach the village of Achiras. As the point of our drove, a good mile and a half in length topped the range and disappeared over the other side, I said to Phil,

"When we get up there, where those cattle are just going out of sight, I will show you a country after your own heart."

And when we got there we both with an accord drew rein, for before us lay a curious and beautiful sight. The mountains curved away on our right for nearly a league, and then came round in front again, forming a kind of bay or crescent, inside this was a valley of some two leagues in extent, of the most beautiful green. Through the valley ran a little river, on the edge of which rose two knolls or mounds, of white quartz called Las Hermanas (the sisters), opposite us lay the little white washed town, or village of Achiras, while away to the south, stretched an immense plain of waving grass, bounded in the distance by another range of mountains, the Sierra del Rosario—looking in the glow of sunset of a delicate pink, the shadows painted in with the most delicate dove colour.

"By George," said Phil after he had gazed for several minutes in silence on the scene. "What a country, and to think that those fellows down in Buenos Aires know nothing of this, and are content to live out their lives in that flat abomination down there. How do you account for it?"

"The only way I can account for it is," I replied, "that the poor beggars don't know anything about it. Their grandfathers probably came out a hundred years ago, and started with a small flock of sheep, and now they, their descendants, are owners of thousands, and they stick to the province that made their fortunes, and most likely they don't know anything about this side of the country, for if you come to think of it, you could buy a league of land here, and put it under alfalfa, for less than half what a league of land would cost you in Magdalena, or Chacomus, and be fifty times better pasture. You would be independant of rain as well, for with all these little streams coming down from the mountains, you could irrigate hundreds of leagues. The climate

too is as healthy again, for here we are more than a thousand metres above the River Plate. While for scenery and sport, of course there is no comparison."

"And market for your stock?" asked Phil.

"How can you ask that?" I replied, "don't you see that all these animals we are driving come from the lower provinces, if it pays the men down there to sell them to us at prices we can afford to pay for them, and then drive them all this way, it would pay any one far better to breed them here, for we could then pay more for them, as we should save the expenses of the journey and much of the risk."

"It is a funny thing then that no one has done it." "The natives are all too poor, and the Englishmen won't come. They prefer to stick together like a flock of sheep."

"Well, this is the country for me at any rate," said he, "I should like a few trees, but we can't have everything."

"Wait till you get past the Moro," said I, "the forests begin there and extend right away to the Cordilleras, three hundred miles. And how far south no one knows for the country is as yet undiscovered."

While we were talking, Carcoba and his regiment rode up.

"Looking out for Indians?" said Carcoba laughing.

"No," I replied, "admiring the scenery, my friend intends buying land and settling down, he likes the look of this part of the country, but he complains that there are no trees. He wants wood, water and a hilly country, do you know of any such place?"

"Caramba! do I know of any such a place, of course I do, the very spot—close by fortin Charcon where we are going, there is a lovely valley, the valley of the Arroyo Pencoso. The most beautiful pasture in the Province, a fresh water stream that never runs dry, since it comes from springs in the mountains, and any amount of forest. It belongs to old Don Manuel Alvarado and could be bought for \$500 (£90) per league. We shall be glad of neighbours, and will see that the Indians don't take his cattle, and his countrymen here will prevent him forgetting his own language. When shall you get to San Luis?"

"That is thirty leagues," said I, "we shall be there in about six days."

"Well, come round to the cuartel when you arrive, and I will introduce you to Don Manuel."

"I wish you would tell Don Severiano if he is in San Luis that I shall be there in six days from now." I said as he began moving off.

"All right," said he, "and good bye," and with that they galloped on.

Early the next morning we came to Colonel Bengolea's estancia near the town of El Moro, and Phil and I went up to enquire the details of the celebrated Indio Blanco's last raid. I knew all the people, so without much trouble we were admitted into the capataz's dwelling room, but we found him too ill and weak to talk. He had three lance wounds in his body, and his arms, and head had been hacked about in a most terrible manner. Besides his wife had been carried off, and he himself left for dead in the patio, the other peons and an old black woman who had acted as cook had all been murdered.

No one else had been left alive who had witnessed what had taken place, and all we could learn from the neighbours, who had come in after the massacre, was what the capataz had been able to tell them, when first he recovered his senses, after that he had refused to talk, and lay there moaning, and it was with considerable difficulty that they could induce him to take sufficient nourishment to keep him alive. What he had told them was this. In the madrugada (early dawn) of the night of the storm, he and his wife were awakened by the door of the room next theirs, where the five peons slept, being forcibly broken open; next they heard the screams and cries of the men, as they were lanced. He had jumped up, and struck a light, but before he could load a remington he had, the door of his room was broken open, and in rushed the terrible Indio Blanco, followed by five or six men. He had made a short fight of it, armed with his long two edged knife, or facon, which all the up country natives carry, but had been lanced almost immediately, and lost all consciousness, when he came to again his wife was gone and the peons and the cook lay heaped one on another by the door of the other room, dead and simply covered with wounds.

The woman had undoubtedly been carried off, for no traces of her had been found nor indeed so far as I ever heard was she ever seen again. She was quite young, and had been only married about a year, and was very pretty, I remembered having admired her only on my way down a few months before. And now she was gone, like many a hundred others had been taken to a captivity worse than death.

Her husband, poor fellow, as he lay there, his head, arms, and body swathed in bloodstained bandages, was anything but a pleasant sight, so we went on to inspect the other room, where the peons had been killed. On the walls which were plastered and white washed, there were abundant evidences of the horrible scene which had been enacted there less than a week ago. And the door frame also bore ghastly testimony, for it had evidently been broken in with a heavy stone, and was smeared all over with blood.

"Come along," said Phil, "when a hurried glance had shown us all those things, I cannot stand horrors of this sort on an empty stomach, let us get on to the Moro and have some breakfast, I suppose there is an inn of some sort there."

So we went on, and leaving these horrors behind tried to forget them, though that was a fruitless task, for in those days the Indio Blanco's name was on everybody's lips, he was always appearing like an evil spirit when least expected, and like an evil spirit he seemed to pos-

ness an immunity from bodily harm, for men averred, who had been struck down, and left for dead but afterwards recovered, that they had fired blunderbusses, and pistols, at him point blank which must necessarily have wounded if not killed him, but not withstanding all this in less than a month after he was heard of in some other part of the province and where ever he appeared the same things happened. Men were slaughtered whenever they could be caught, and women and cattle carried off. He never left a young or pretty woman, but the old and ugly were either lanced, or had their throats cut? We were obliged to remain half a day at the Moro, to have the horses, mules and such of the bullocks as were getting foot sore, (for we were now travelling over sand and stones) shod. So that afternoon Phil and I started to climb up the mountain, which rises like a solitary flat topped cone, to the north of the town. This mountain is separated from the others and is as I have said in shape like a cone, but it is covered with turf right up to the top where there is a deep hollow, with a pond of clear water in it. From there you get a lovely view, for from the outskirts of the town the country slopes gradually down for thirty five miles, to the valley of the Rio Quinto, and the whole of it is covered with forest. As far as we could see to the south and west the forest continued, while the view to the north and east, was shut out by mountains. When we had had a swim in the pool, for it was so deep that neither of us could reach the bottom by diving, we lit our pipes and lay down on the edge of the hollow to have a smoke, and admire the scene. It was one of those evenings such as we sometimes have out here, when the air is so transparently clear as almost to dazzle one, and causes an unpleasant feeling in the eyes, such as one experiences after looking for a considerable time through a pair of powerful field glasses. Every outline, even the most distant, was clearly defined, we could see quite plainly a slight mist raising above the Rio Quinto, we could make out the abrupt rise on the further side, and far away in the distance above the tops of the trees, the faint pink outline of the Sierras of San Luis.

"I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently old man," said Phil after we had lain there in silence for some time, "for having brought me up here. This is the sort of country I wished to find, though from what I had seen below, I never expected it. But is all that forest we see before us uninhabited?"

"Utterly," I replied "from here to the Rio Quinto you won't find a single house nor any living thing but wild beasts. There are plenty of pumas and tigers, besides deer, ostriches, and guanacos in the forest but nothing else. But a few leagues south you find any quantity of wild cattle and on the plains to the east hundreds and thousands of wild mares and horses."

"But is it only up here where these confounded Indians carry on such games?"

"No, down in Buenos Aires, Santa Fé and the south of Cordoba they are just as bad or worse. In Buenos Aires you have the Caciques Catriel and Calcurá, and the south of the provinces of Santa Fé and Cordoba are taken charge of by Pincen, Potroai, and Namuncurá, cousin of Calcurá, only those provinces are so much more populated, that one hears less about them. When one man is wiped out and his cattle taken, another one takes his place, and glad to get it, but up here where the population is so sparse, every estancia that is sacked leaves a void that is not filled perhaps for years. The Indians kill far more people and carry off far more cattle from the Province of Buenos Aires than they do from here, but here you hear far more about it."

"Well, if I come to settle up here I shall make it my particular business to settle the hash of that gentleman, whose work we saw this morning."

"Let us rather hope that Antonino Baigorria does it before he gets a shot at you," said I, "it would be deuced awkward if he was to turn up just about the time you had finished stocking your land."

"Well, I should be no worse off here than anywhere else so far as I can see, one runs the same risk everywhere."

But it was getting late, the cattle had been feeding nearly all day, and we were going to travel all night so as to reach the Rio Quinto by noon the next day, so we started and journeyed on. Nothing worthy of note occurred, until on the morning of the fourth day from our leaving El Moro, Phil, myself and Carlos were seated under the shade of a wide spread ombú on the banks of the Carnerillo river, about a league and a half from San Luis, cooking our breakfast. I was in high spirits, my mission so far had been a success, we had passed the dangerous part of the country, and from now on to Mendoza, was nothing more than a straight drive of seventy leagues, with plenty of water, though very little to eat. Those seventy leagues had to be done with a rush, for the road lay through a forest of black Algarrobo and Calden, over an undulating sandy country with hardly any grass. Though when we reached Mendoza the cattle would have a fortnight's rest in the most luxuriant alfalfa potreros, irrigated with water from the Cordilleras, and then on, before the passes closed for the winter, to Chile. I was busy making a fire of dried sticks while Carlos was preparing a kid we had bought for breakfast when Phil suddenly exclaimed:

"Who is that fellow galloping down the road there making signs?"

We looked up and I saw it was Don Severiano. When he had crossed over and we had shaken hands and I had introduced Phil.

"How have you got on?" he asked, "Carcoba told me you would be here some time to-day so I came down to meet you."

I told him that we had got on first rate, we had escaped meeting the Indians by two days, and I asked him whether the cattle were going on to Chile at once.

"No," he said, "if the cattle are in good condition and up to the description you wrote me before you started they are sold. I have sold them to a Chilean dealer, who will see them to-morrow, at \$33 all round."

Now as they had only cost \$18 in Santa Fé and expenses would not amount to \$3 more per head, we should realize a handsome profit.

"Well, according to that you can consider them as sold," said I, "for they are an A 1 lot and in good condition, a few of the heaviest got a little foot sore, but I had them shod at El Moro."

Well, that afternoon the Chilean turned up and looked over the beasts and accepted them at the price agreed on, so we counted them and I handed them over, and Phil and I went and secured a room in a little French hotel, for though Don Severiano had a large house where I always stayed when I came up with cattle, it was at present full, as his wife's sister and brother-in-law had come down from Mendoza to stay a fortnight. So here was I, with a pocket full of money, for the cattle were paid for on the nail in Chilean gold Condors, and Don Severiano promptly handed over my wages and also my share in the profits, with nothing to do for the next three months, for it was too late to bring another lot with any chance of crossing the Andes that year, and too early to start again on account of next year as cattle can only cross from the middle of November till the middle of April. Don Severiano wanted me to go and stay with him at his place near Mendoza, but Phil struck at this.

"No," said he, "you have brought me all the way up here, and now as good luck will have it, you have not got to go on, you must just stay with me and help me to buy some land and then stock it, I will make it worth your while."

So I agreed to stay and help him. But next day as we were having breakfast a little incident occurred which besides amusing us all considerably, gave Phil an insight into the ways of people up there, and showed him how they settled their little differences without appealing to the functionaries of the law.

Phil, Blackburne, Fraser, Don Severiano, and I had met by mutual arrangement at our inn to breakfast together, Don Severiano was sitting with his back to the door, and I alongside of him, listening to and laughing at a story Blackburne was telling, so we neither of us noticed the entrance of a tall dark Chilean who had only a short time ago had a lawsuit with Don Severiano about five bullocks which he claimed, but which Don Severiano had proved to belong to him. Francisco Arancibe, his name was, and he came quietly in and sat down at a table a little behind us. We were much astonished therefore in the midst of our fun and laughter to hear a loud voice shouting out just behind and apparently to us.

"Ah canalla, when are you going to pay me for those five bullocks you stole?" We started and looked round at once, and there saw Arancibe very savage, and seemingly half drunk, glaring at Don Severiano.

"Don't excite yourself amigo," said Don Severiano, quite quietly, "that question was settled by the Judge of the Peace, and if there is any further question about it, it is you who will have to pay me."

Up jumped Arancibe in a rage, and picking up a water bottle threw it at Don Severiano's head. It missed him, and would have hit Blackburne who was sitting opposite full in the chest had he not in some wonderful manner caught it.

"Take that as payment," he cried.

Up jumped Don Severiano, and whipped out a knife about a foot and a half long which he always carried in a leather sheath inside one of his long boots. But Arancibe didn't seem to like the look of things, for he jumped to the door, but just as he went through it Blackburne let fly with the bottle.

"Don't be after leaving your belongings behind then," he cried with a brogue you could have cut with a knife, for he was an Irishman, and always spoke broad when he was excited.

The bottle caught Arancibe just between the shoulders and sent him sprawling into the street. Don Severiano was after him though, hoping to be able to give him a prod, but Arancibe had his eye on him and picked himself up and with a wonderful agility started running off down the street shouting as he ran—"I'm coming back, I'll be back in a minute."

We went back roaring with laughter to finish our breakfast, but Don Severiano gave one of the waiters half a dollar to keep an eye on the street, and let him know when Arancibe made his appearance. Just as we were finishing in ran the waiter crying: "Here he comes, and he has got a revolver in his hand." Up jumped Don Severiano, pulling out a revolver as he ran towards the door, and we after him to see the fun. Sure enough there was Arancibe standing in the street about thirty yards away with a revolver in his hand, a good deal more drunk than he was before, and shouting out for Don Severiano to come on, for he meant to have his blood or else the five bullocks.

"Five bullets are what you'll get," cried Don Severiano, and he fired a shot in his direction. Arancibe gave a skip, and fired off two chambers of his revolver in the direction of Don Severiano, and then we heard some shouts and a galloping of horses, and round the corner of the street nearest the plaza came comisario Pilar, and five mounted policemen, intent on finding out the cause of the disturbance. Then Arancibe fancying that he had come to our aid, for he rode straight up to us and stopped, turned and fled.

"How now," cried Pilar, "what the devil is the row, what is all this shooting about?"

"Why that drunken blackguard Arancibe threw a waterbottle at me while we were at breakfast," said Don Severiano, "and then went and got a revolver and began blazing at me."

"But I heard the reports of two revolvers distinctly," said the comisario.

"Yes, I fired a shot over his head to frighten him."

"But what is it about?"

"The old question about those five bullocks that was decided in court last month, he always brings it up when he gets drunk."

"Perfectamente," said the comisario, "then I will just go and fine him fifty dollars for pulling out firearms in the public thorough fare, and that will come in handy for the races on Sunday."

(To be continued.)

Junin Athletic Club

The Annual Athletic Sports

in connection with the above Club will be held on the CLUB GROUNDS at JUNIN, on SUNDAY, APRIL 29th next (under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Association).

The following events (Handicaps) will be open to all amateurs, viz.:

- 100 YARDS FLAT RACE.
- 220 YARDS FLAT RACE.
- 440 YARDS FLAT RACE.
- ONE MILE FLAT RACE.
- HIGH JUMP.
- LONG JUMP.

For further particulars apply to

LL. W. MAKIN.

Hon. Sec. Sports Committee, Junin, F.C.B.A.P.

Hurlingham Club's Athletic Sports

TO BE HELD ON

THURSDAY, MAY 3rd, 1894

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Amateur Athletic Association of the River Plate

OPEN TO ALL AMATEURS

PROGRAMME

1. 128 YARDS FLAT RACE, Handicap.
2. QUARTER MILE FLAT RACE, Handicap.
3. HALF MILE FLAT RACE, Handicap.
4. ONE MILE FLAT RACE, Handicap.
5. ONE MILE WALKING RACE, Handicap.
6. THREE MILE BICYCLE RACE, Handicap.
7. HIGH JUMP, Handicap.
8. LONG JUMP, Handicap.
9. 120 YARDS HURDLE RACE.
10. POLE JUMP, Handicap.
11. PUTTING THE SHOT (7 ft. square) Handicap.
12. THROWING THE HAMMER (9 ft. circle) Handicap.
13. THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.
14. 1000 YARDS STEEPLECHASE, Handicap.
15. 200 YARDS BOYS' RACE, Handicap for Boys under 15 years.
16. HIGH JUMP, for Boys under 15 years, Handicap.
17. 120 YARDS HURDLE RACE (3 ft. Hurdles), Handicap, for Boys under 15 years.
18. ONE MILE BICYCLE RACE, Handicap.
19. 300 YARDS CONSOLATION RACE.

Ages of competitors in the Boys' Races must be certified according to rule.

Entry for each event \$3; general entry \$20; Boys' events \$1 each.

The Athletic Association will present standard medals to competitors who may qualify for them and are members of an affiliated club.

Entry forms, with entrance fees, to be sent in on or before 21st of April to the Secretary.

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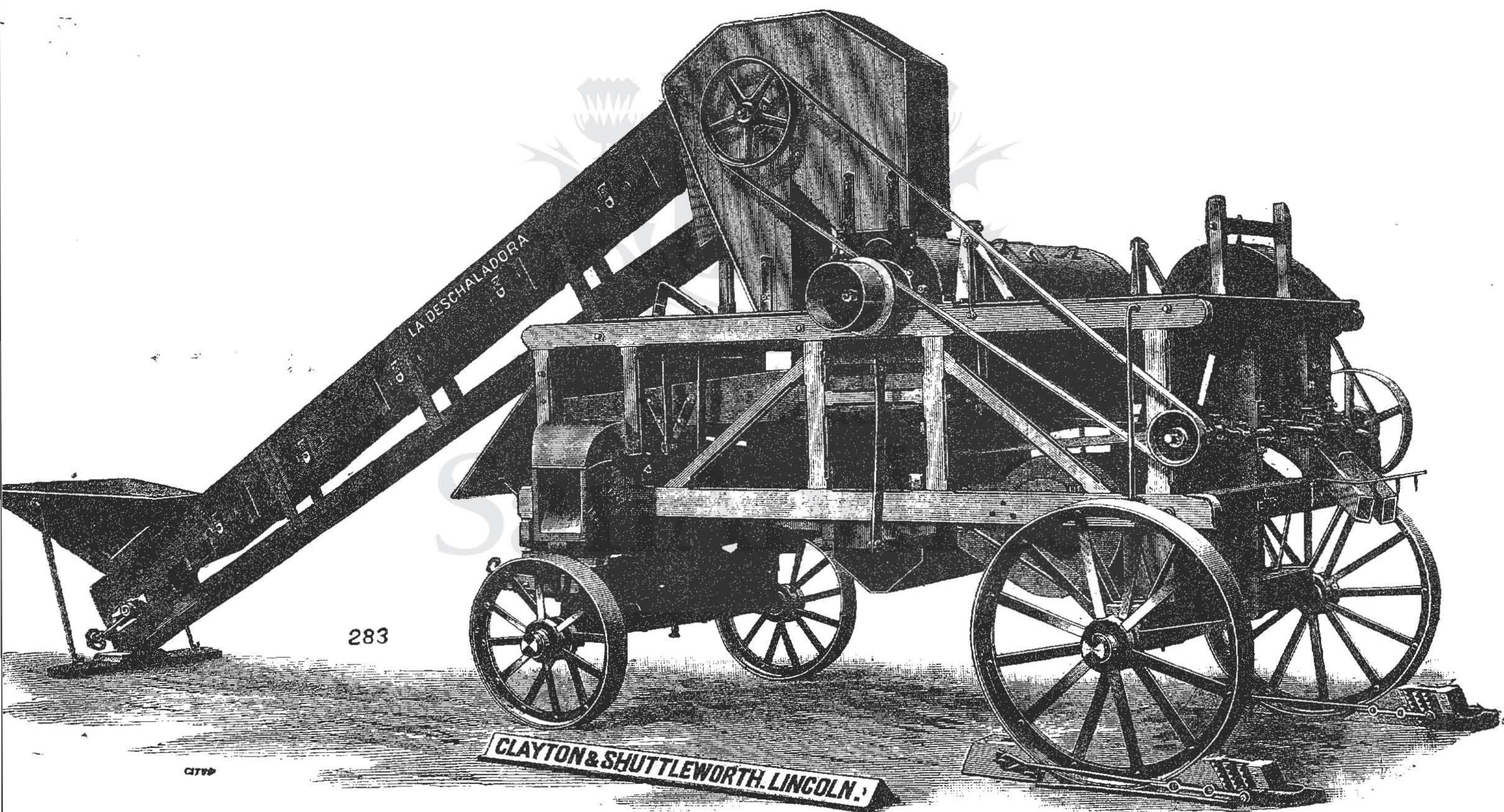
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