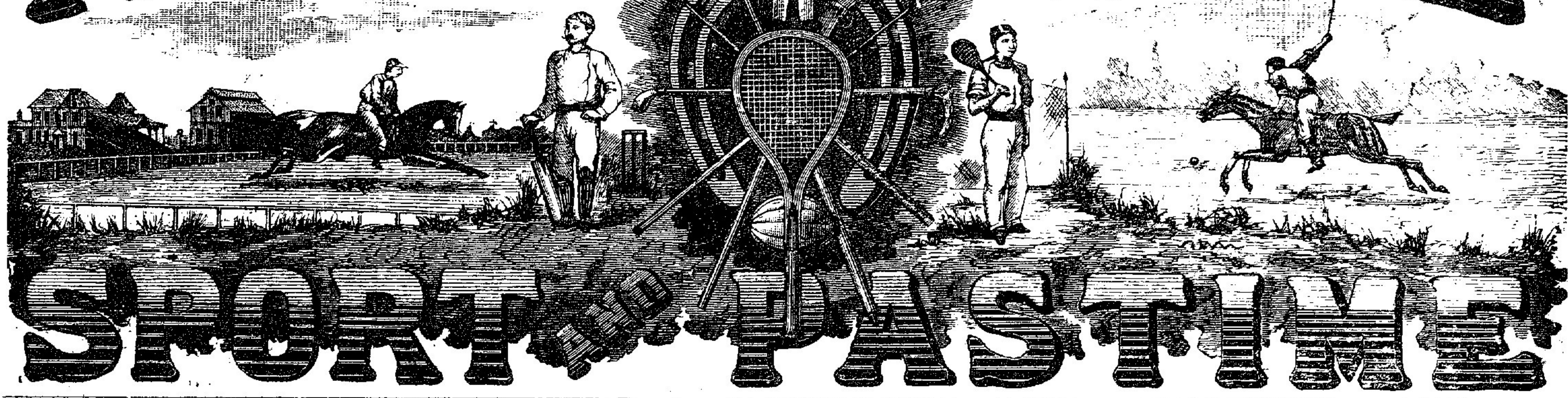


RIVER PLATE



SPORTS AT ALL TIMES

Vol. VI., No. 154. **Buenos Aires, Wednesday, June 13, 1894.** Price: 30 cents.

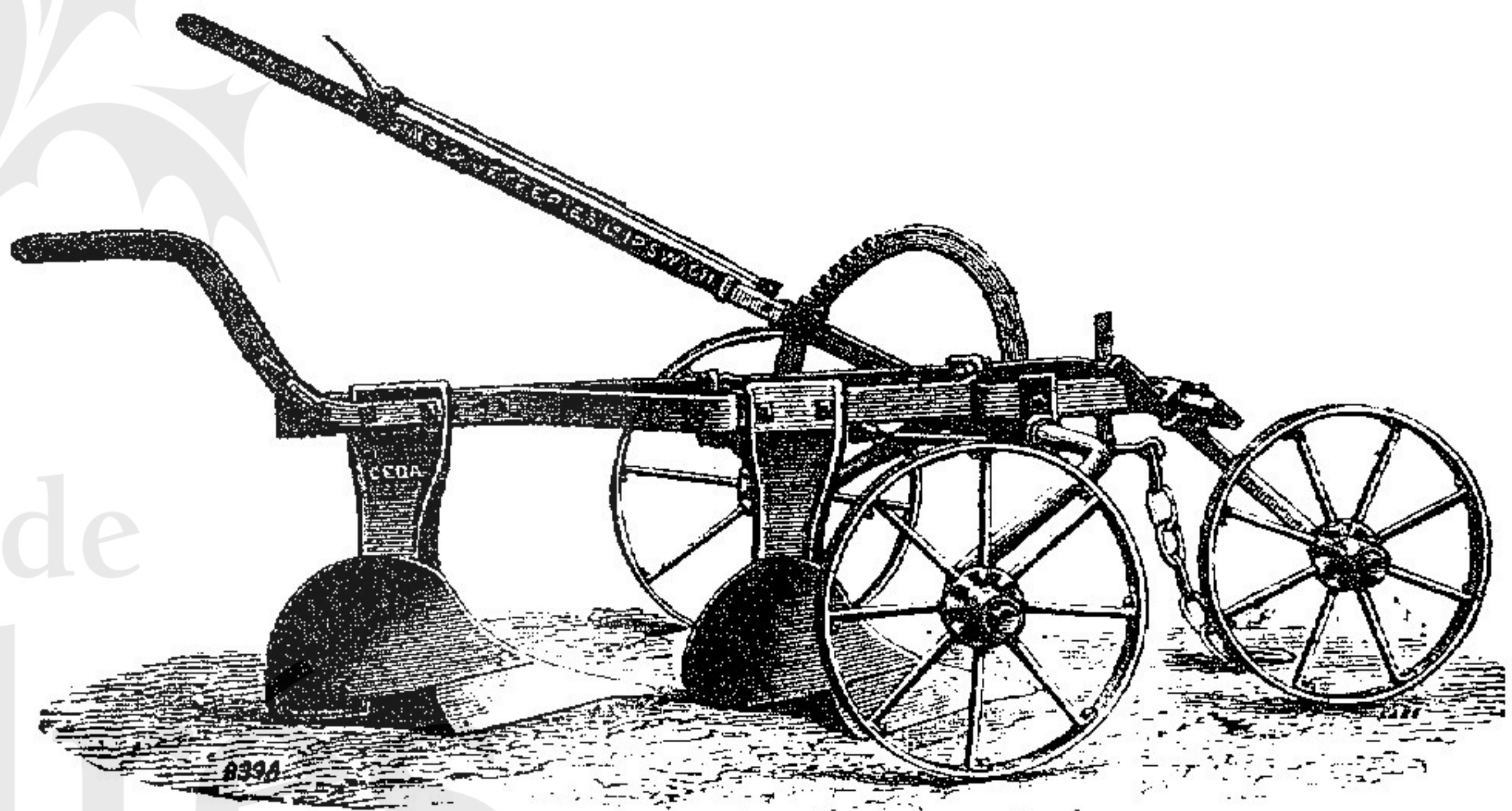
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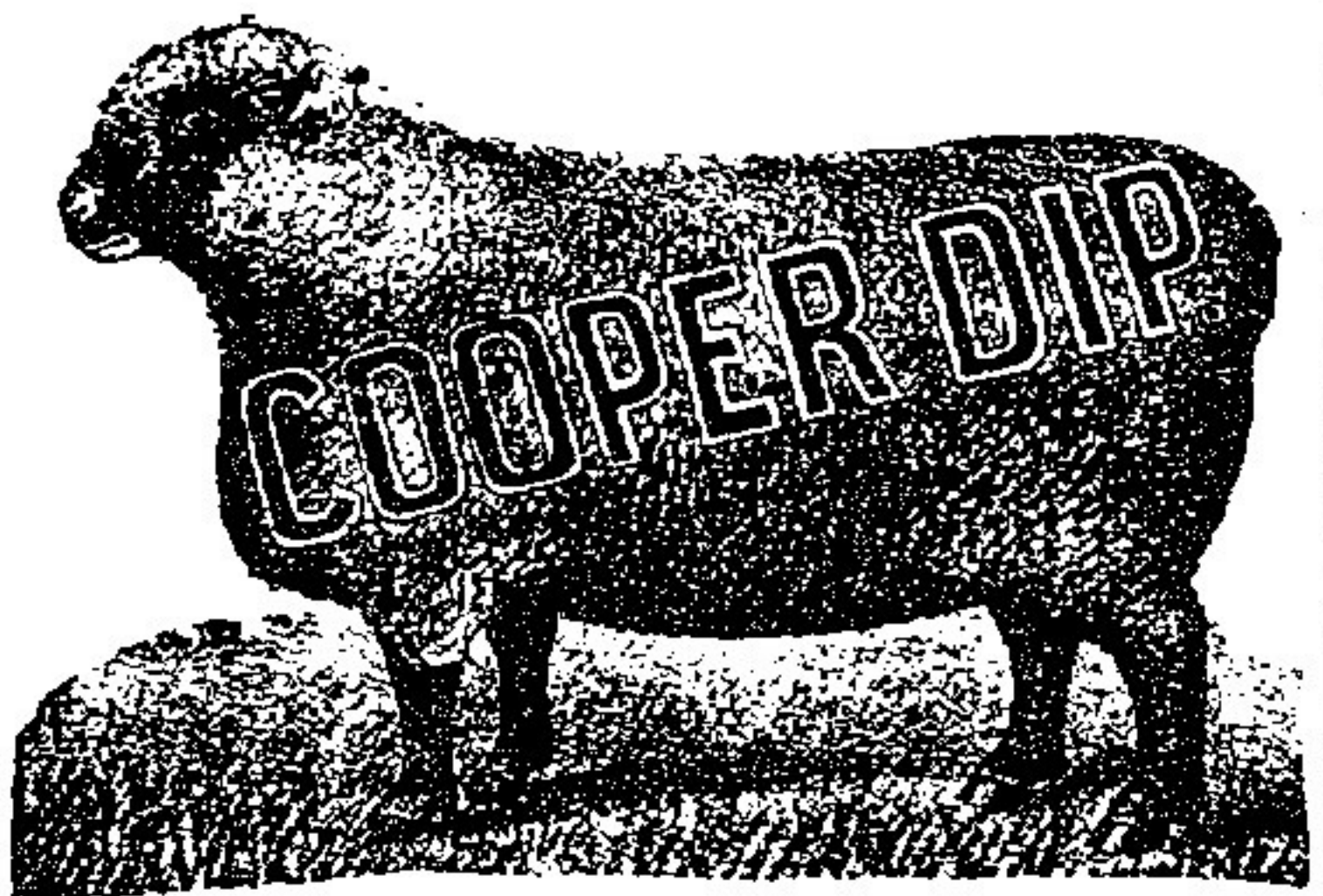


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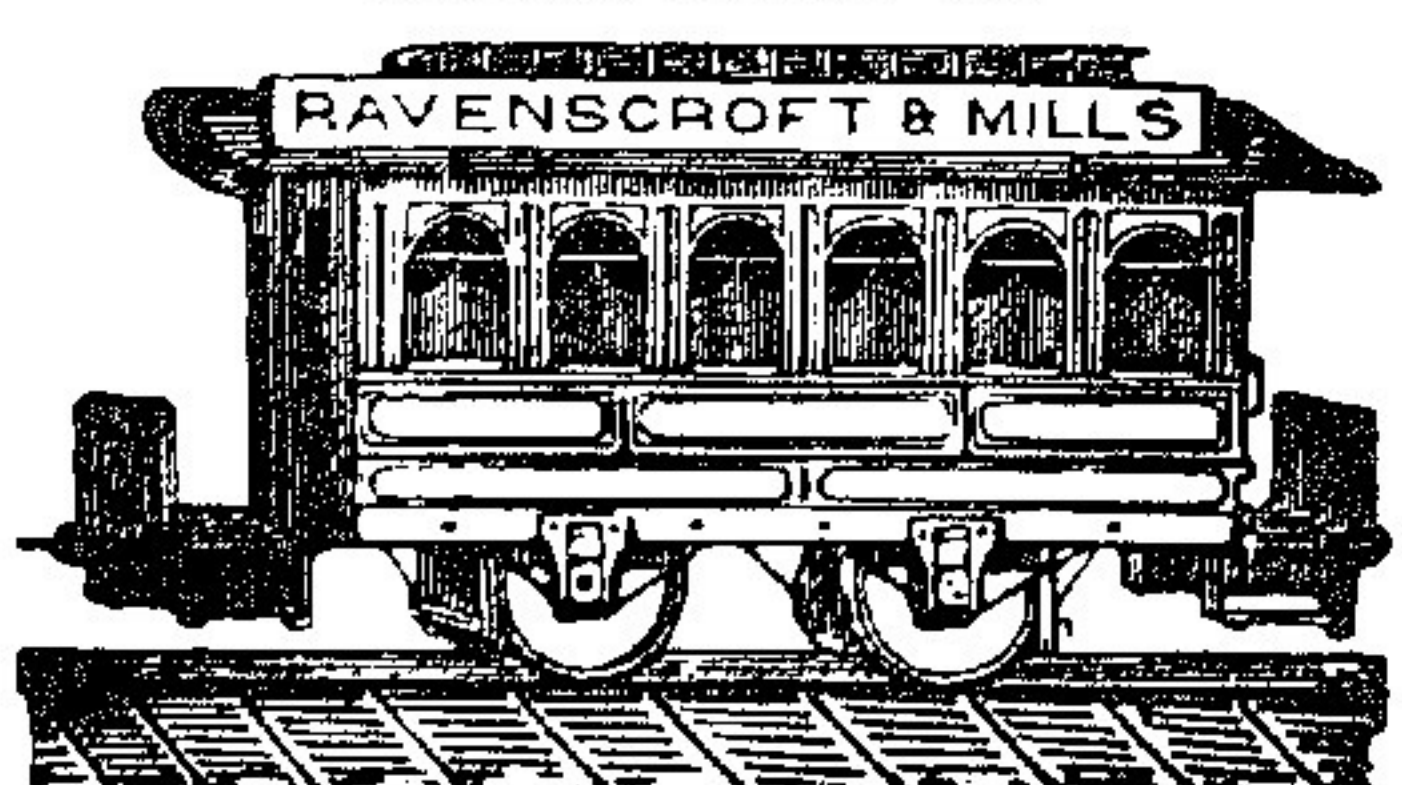
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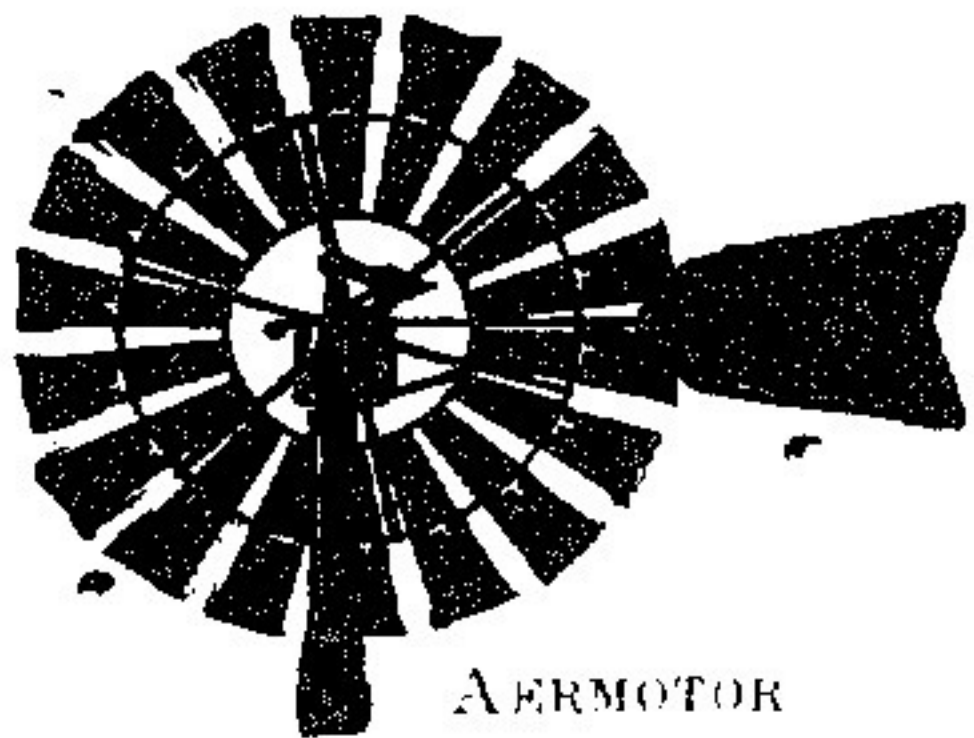
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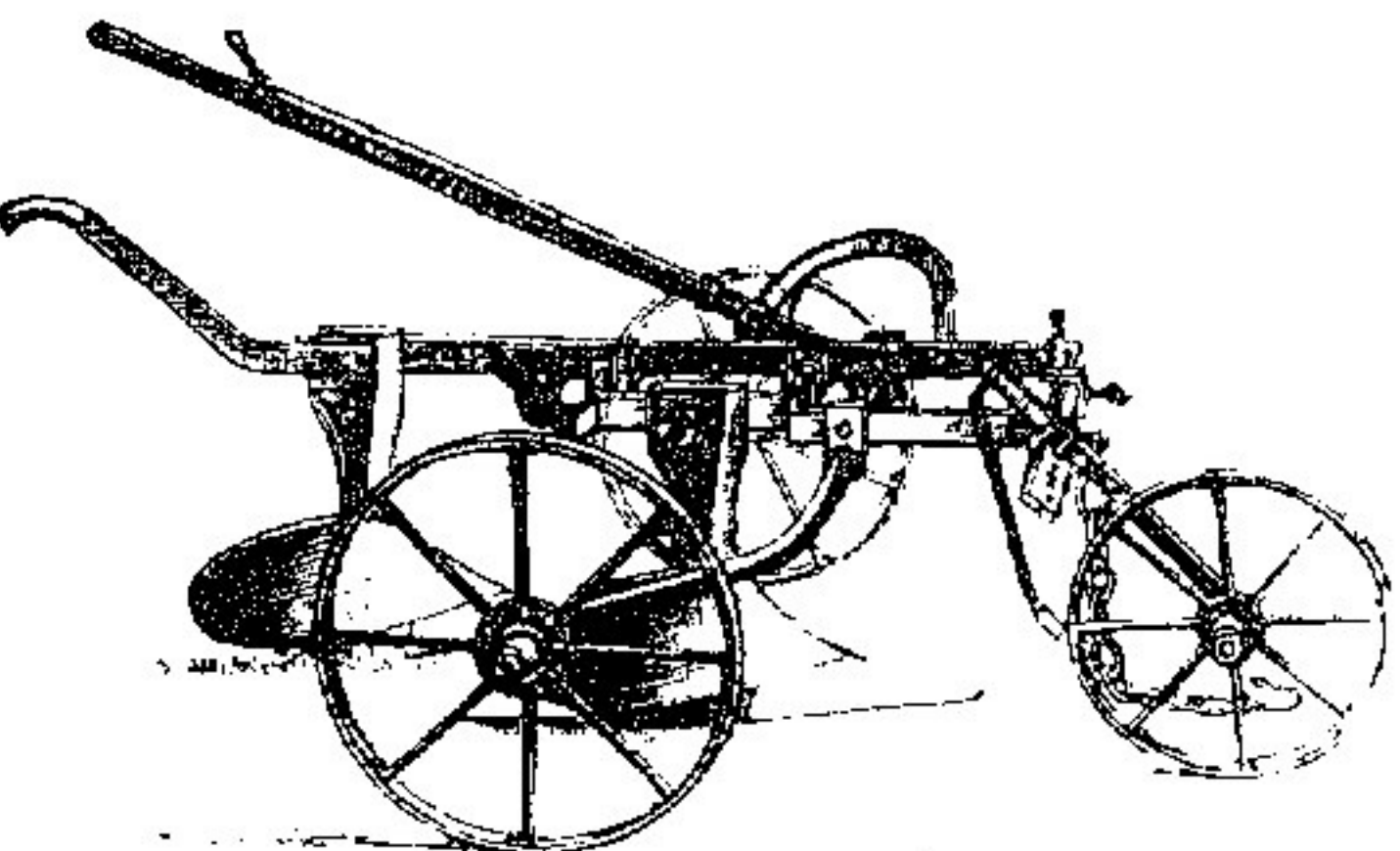
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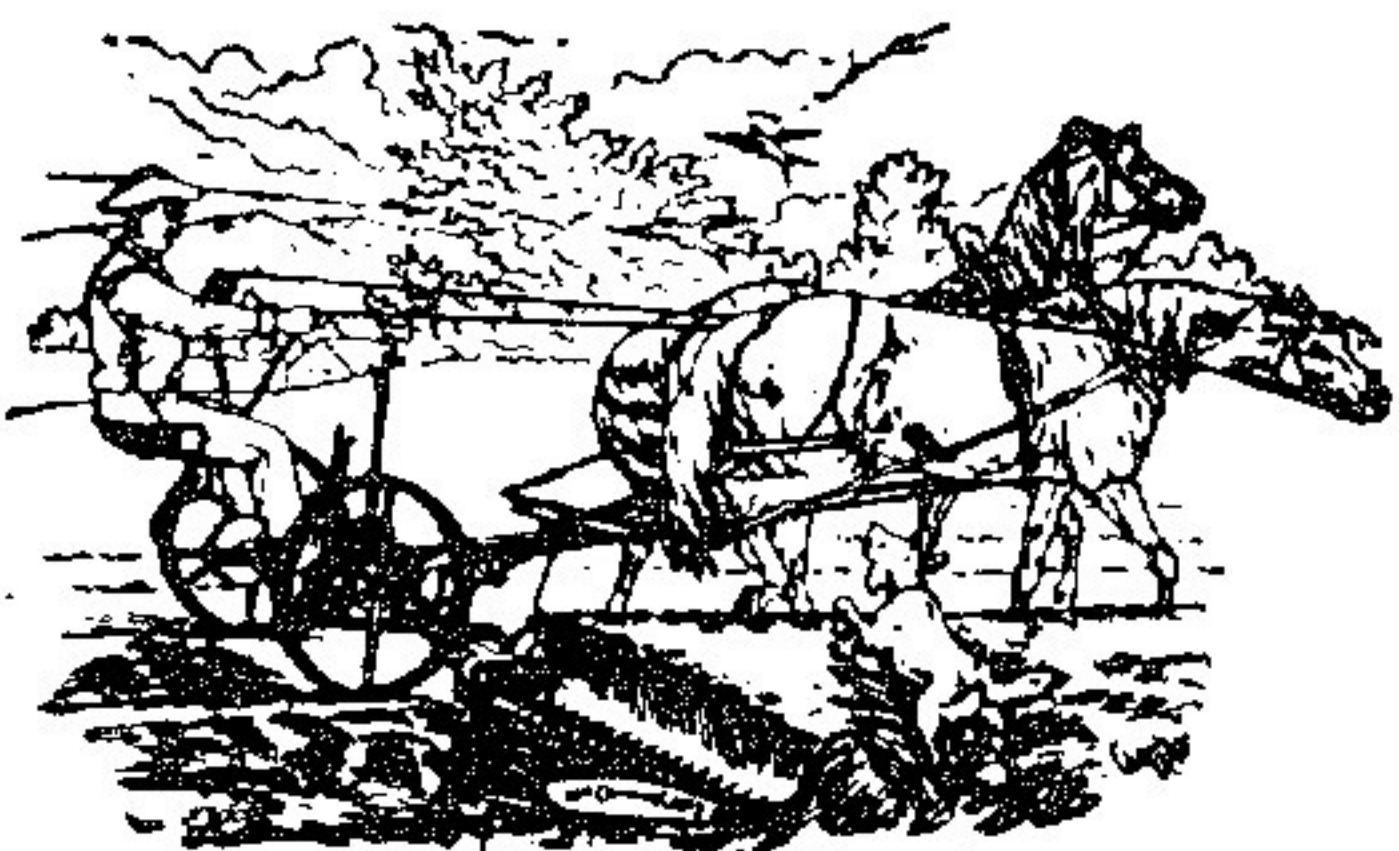


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1891

No. 1—August 5:
Mr. M. G. FORTUNE, Hon. Sec. Hurlingham Club.

No. 2—September 9:
ORMONDE.

No. 3—September 30:
PHENIX.

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

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

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

* Only a few numbers left.

1892

No. 7—January 27:
WINNING CREW IN THE INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED RACE (Buenos Aires Rowing Club), Tigre Regatta, 1891.

No. 8—March 23:
WHIPPER-IN.

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

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

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

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

No. 13—July 6:
HURLINGHAM CRICKET XI.

No. 14—July 20:
UNITED RAILWAYS CRICKET XI.

No. 15—August 10:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS.

No. 16—August 31:
THE BUENOSAIRES RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.

No. 17—September 14:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.

No. 18—October 5:
PRIZE CARICATURE.

No. 19—October 19:
ROSARIO LAWN TENNIS TEAM.

No. 20—November 30:
TIGRE REGATTA.

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

1893

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

No. 23—February 1:
CRICKET GROUNDS—PALERMO

No. 24—February 15:
ST. HONORAT.

No. 25—March 22:
HURLINGHAM.

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

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

No. 28—August 23:
THE BUENOS AIRES FRONTON.

No. 29—November 1:
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS, 1893.

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

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

No. 32—December 27:
HURLINGHAM POLO TEAM.

1894

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

No. 34—January 31:
ARGENTINE YACHTS.

No. 35—April 18:
THE CASUALS POLO TEAM.

No. 36—May 16:
CAMORS.

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HOME NEWS

RACING

NEWMARKET

Two Thousand Guineas Stakes of 100 sovs each h ft, for three-year-olds; colts, 9 st; fillies, 8 st 9 lb; the second to receive 300 sovs out of the stakes, and the third to save his stake. R.M. (1 mile 11 yards). Seventy-three subs.

Lord Rosebery's Ladas, 9 st.....J. Watts 1
Lord Alington's Match Box, 9 st.....M. Cannon 2
Sir J. Blundell Maple's Athlone, 9 st.....W. Bradford 3

Betting—6 to 5 on Ladas, 9 to 4 agst Match Box, 9 to 1 agst St. Florian, 26 to 1 agst Speed, 50 to 1 agst Hornbeam, 100 to 15 agst Athlone, 100 to 1 agst St. Hilaire, 500 to 1 agst Saltator.

Saltator carried on the running across the flat, but after passing the T.Y.C. winning post he was beaten, as was Speed, and at the bushes Match Box took up the running, followed by St. Florian and Ladas, with Athlone next. Before reaching the Abingdon Mile bottom Ladas worked his way into second place, and taking the lead soon after making the ascent for home won cleverly by a length and a half; four lengths behind Match Box, Athlone was third, with St. Florian half a length away, fourth; Saint Hilaire fifth; Speed sixth; Hornbeam seventh; and Saltator last. Time, 1 min 44 1-5 sec.

KEMPTON PARK

Kempton Park Great Jubilee Stakes of 3000 sovs; the second to receive 200 sovs, and the third 100 sovs out of the stakes. One mile.

Sir W. Throckmorton's Avington, 4 y, 8 st 1 lb Calder 1
Lord Cadogan's Prisoner, 5 y, 8 st 2 lb.....M. Cannon 2
Col. North's El Diablo, 4 y, 7 st 13 lb.....G. Barrett 3

The following also ran:—Skirpenbeck (3 y, 6 st 9 lb), St. David (6 y, 8 st 13 lb), Esmond (5 y, 8 st 4 lb), Delphos (3 y, 8 st 2 lb), Irish Wake (4 y, 8 st 2 lb), Golden Drop (5 y, 8 st 1 lb), Comedy (6 y, 8 st), Siffleuse (4 y, 7 st 10 lb), Llanthony (5 y, 7 st 10 lb), Athel, (5 y 7 st

10 lb), Lady Hermit (5 y, 7 st 7 lb), Queen of Navarre (4 y, 7 st 4 lb), Beggar's Opera (3 y, 7 st 1 lb), Milford (4 y, 7 st 1 lb), Royal Harry (4 y, 6 st 10 lb), Basildon (3 y, 6 st 8 lb) Profit (4 y, 6 st 6 lb).

Starting Prices.—6 to 1 agst Siffleuse, 100 to 15 agst Llanthony, 9 to 1 agst Avington, 100 to 9 agst Prisoner, 100 to 6 agst El Diablo.

Place Betting.—7 to 4 agst Siffleuse, 7 to 4 agst Llanthony, 7 to 4 agst Avington, 11 to 4 agst Prisoner, 4 to 1 agst El Diablo.

Golden Drop led for half the journey, when he gave way to Skirpenbeck, who carried on the running until 300 yards from home, when Avington drew to the front and won easily by three lengths; a head divided the second and third; Skirpenbeck was fourth, Llanthony fifth, St. David sixth, Delphos seventh, Queen of Navarre eighth, Comedy ninth, Esmond tenth, Basildon eleventh, Siffleuse twelfth, Milford thirteenth, Lady Hermit fourteenth, Golden Drop fifteenth, Irish Wake sixteenth, Athel seventeenth, Profit next, and Royal Harry, just behind Beggar's Opera, last.

MANCHESTER—May 18.

The Manchester Cup of 2000 sovs, 250 sovs in plate, the rest in specie, added to a handicap sweepstakes of 25 sovs each, 10 ft; second receives 300 sovs, and the third 100 sovs. One mile and three quarters.

Mr Buchanan's Shancrotha, 6 y, 7 st 12 lb.....Woodburn 7
Sir R. Jardine's Red Ensign, 4 y, 7 st 7 lb.....Finlay 7
Mr G. Meadow's Progression, 5 y, 7 st 7 lb.....Brown 3
Baron de Hirsch's Watercross, 5 y, 9 st.....Watts 0
Mr M. D. Peacock's Golden Drop, 5 y, 8 st 5 lb.....S. Chandley 0

Sir J. Thursby's Paddy, 5 y, 8 st 4 lb.....Calder 0
Mr C. Perkins' Dare Devil, 6 y, 8 st 4 lb.....Fagan 0
Mr T. Cannon's Irish Wake, 4 y, 8 st 3 lb.....Cannon 0
Mr J. H. Houldsworth's Carrick, aged, 7 st 6 lb.....Pratt 0
Mr Jersey's Nobleman, 4 y, 7 st 4 lb.....Gough 0
Captain Machell's Kilsallaghan, 4 y, 7 st 2 lb.....T. Loates 0

Mr J. Lowther's Houndsditch, aged, 6 st 11 lb.....Toon 0
Mr Bleackley's Ancajano, 5 y, 6 st 10 lb.....Ailsopp 0
Mr J. Lowther's Low Moor, 4 y, 6 st 9 lb.....Knowles 0
Mr A. Taylor's Aborigine, 4 y, 7 st 8 lb.....S. Loates 0
Sir J. B. Maple's Pilot, 5 y, 7 st 8 lb.....Bradford 0

Betting: 6 to 1 agst Red Ensign, 100 to 7 agst Shancrotha, and 20 to 1 agst Progression.

Aborigine led to the mile post, where Nobleman drew out, and led to the straight, where Red Ensign assumed the lead, but was challenged by Shancrotha, a good race resulting in a dead-heat; a neck between second and third, Kilsallaghan was fourth.

CRICKET

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY FRESHMEN'S MATCH

The excellent batting display of the opening day was continued in this fixture, the feature being a sterling 88 by W. G. Grace, a son of the veteran champion. He played in steady, but correct style whilst at the wickets for two hours and a half, his chief hits being seven 4's, seven 3's, and ten 2's. As the match at present stands Mr Latham's side, with five wickets in hand in their second venture, are 217 runs to the good. Score:

Mr Latham's Side

N. F. Druce (Marlborough and Trinity), c Douglas, b Wallis 64
W. Mortimer (Marlborough and Trinity), b Grace 9
Hon. F. W. Egerton (Eton and Trinity Hall), b Holberton 3
J. A. Crocker (Eton and Trinity), b Paul 7
H. Crabtree (Charterhouse and Pembroke), c Grace, b Paul 6
R. O. Schwarz (St. Paul's and Christ's), c Meeking, b Munro 4
K. Clarke (Tonbridge and St. John's), c and b Wallis 5
E. H. Bray (Charterhouse and Trinity), c Paul, b Cobbold 38
C. D. Pawle (Marlborough and Trinity), run out 19
W. J. Barton (Haileybury and Clare), b Cobbold 9
F. J. Anderson (Bradfield and Jesus), c and b Mitchell 8
H. Gray (Perse School, Camb., and Jesus), not out 28
P. H. Latham (captain), st Hill, b Holberton 51
B 19, 1 b 5 24

Total 275

Second Innings.—Druce, b Holberton, 36; Mortimer, c Farnfield, b Paul, 29; Egerton, c Paul, b Cobbold, 15; Crabtree, b Grace, 43; Crocker, c More, b Cobbold, 34; Bray, c Douglas, b Wallis, 4; Schwarz, c Grace, b Wallis, 11; Clarke, not out, 32; Pawle, not out, 4; b 11, 1 b 1—12. Total (7 wickets), 220.

Mr Douglas's Side

F. Mitchell (St. Peter's, York, and Caius), b Crocker 32
F. B. Sherring (Westminster and Trinity), b Crocker 8
A. H. More (Harpenden and Jesus), c Bray, b Crocker 16
W. G. Grace, jun. (Clifton and Pembroke), c Barton, b Latham 88
A. S. Farnfield (Guildford and Queen's), c Barton, b Gray 33
H. Meeking (Eton and Trinity), c Crocker, b Crabtree 0
P. W. Cobbold (Eton and Trinity), b Gray 2
R. M. C. Munro (Harrow and Clare), b Gray 5
H. T. Wallis (Honiton and Jesus), c Bray, b Crocker 46
G. M. Hill (Tonbridge and Jesus), c Bray, b Crocker 5
E. J. Holberton (Sherborne and Magdalen), b Gray 13
W. B. Paul (Private and Pembroke), not out 5
J. Douglas (Selwyn) (captain), c Druce, b Crocker 0
B 15, 1 b 8, w 1, n b 1 25

Total 278

OXFORD UNIVERSITY FRESHMEN'S MATCH

This match at Oxford was played under most unfavourable conditions, for although fine it was bitterly cold, whilst the wind blew a perfect hurricane. With the exception of double-figure contributions by Compton (21), Chinnock (20), Woodward (41), Forbes (16), Mitchell (22), Henderson (22), and Hartley (10), nothing out of the common occurred in the batting line; but in bowling the most successful were Bardswell (five wickets for 26 runs, making nine for 63 in the match), Watkinson (four for 34), and Woodward (three for 6). The side captained by Mr Bathurst eventually won by four wickets. Score:

Mr Fry's Side

J. S. Chinnock (Radley and Brasenose), b Hartley 10
R. T. Smith (Shrewsbury and Merton), c Crump, b Bardswell 1
R. S. Waddy (Paramatta and Balliol), c Bardswell, b Hartley 0
K. A. Woodward (Harrow and University), b Hartley 23
J. M. Quinton (Cheltenham and Worcester), b Bardswell 2
F. G. Morgan (Eton and Hertford), b Bardswell 5
L. Birley (Uppingham and New), b Hartley 0
B. H. Forbes (Eton and Christchurch), c Hartley, b Bardswell 5
E. D. Compton (Lancing and Keble), run out 10
C. Robertson-Glasgow (Glenalmond and Lincoln), c Bathurst, b Hartley 0
G. Jordan (Dulwich and University), c Crump, b Hartley 1
C. B. Fry (Wadham), not out 1
B 1, 1 b 1, n b 1 3

Total 61

Second Innings.—Compton, b Watkinson 21; Quinton, c Bardswell, b Watkinson, 7; Chinnock, b Watkinson, 20; Woodward, c Bathurst, b Henderson, 41; Smith, b Webb, 4; Waddy, b Watkinson, 0; Forbes, b Bardswell, 16; Birley, b Bardswell, 3; Morgan, not out, 7; Jordan, lbw, b Bardswell, 2; Robertson-Glasgow, b Bardswell, 0; Fry, c and b Bardswell, 10; b 7, 1 b 6. Total 144.

Mr Bathurst's Side

R. H. Mitchell (Eton and Balliol), b Forbes 27
C. J. B. Webb (Radley and Keble), b Forbes 5
J. B. Henderson (Winchester and Trinity), c and b Forbes 9
G. R. Bardswell (Uppingham and Oriol), b Waddy 2
J. C. Hartley (Tonbridge and Brasenose), b Forbes 18
L. M. Crump (Merchant Taylors', Crosby, and Merton), c Smith, b Jordan 0
O. P. Arton (Warwick and Lincoln), b Forbes 2
P. Lee (Rugby and Oriol), b Forbes 4
S. L. Watkinson (Sudbergh and Trinity), c Chinnock, b Forbes 0
R. B. Metcalf (Queen Victoria, Jersey, and Jesus), not out 9
J. C. Swanston (Loretto and Trinity), b Forbes 0
J. C. V. Bathurst (Trinity), c Jordan, b Woodward 31
B 17, 1 b 1 18

Total 125

Second Innings.—Mitchell, run out, 22; Webb, b Forbes, 1; Henderson, c Quinton, b Woodward, 32; Bardswell, b Quinton, 0; Hartley, c Compton, b Woodward, 19; Crump, run out, 1; Lee, not out, 9; Watkinson, b Woodward, 0; Metcalf, not out, 0; byes, 6. Total (7 wickets), 83.

The Marylebone Club have issued a circular to a number of leading cricketers asking for their opinion on the much discussed question of the "follow on." It is pointed out that there are three alternatives to the present law:—(1) That the "follow on" should be at the option of the side leading by 80 or more runs in the first innings; (2) That the number 80 should be increased to 120; (3) that the "follow on" should be abolished altogether. In this last case it would be necessary to alter Law 54, and empower the captain of a side to declare his innings closed at any time after the first day. It will be remembered that it was arranged that the M.C.C. Committee should consider the whole question and bring a resolution before a special meeting of the Club to be held in July.

Some remarkable scoring was made during the Cambridge University Seniors match which ended in a draw at Cambridge on Wednesday. During the three days over which the match lasted 1,249 runs were scored for the loss of but 33 batsmen, giving the splendid average of over 37 runs per wicket. At the draw the score stood:—Mr Pope's side, 260 (C. Wells, 84 and 439 (Thompson 145 and Wilson, not out, 98). Mr J. J. Robinson's side 521 (Healing 104 and Crabtree 161), and 29 without loss of a wicket.

W. G. Grace, junr., a son of the veteran cricketer, playing for Pembroke college against Christ college, at Cambridge, scored a brilliant innings of 126, which included hits of thirteen 4's and eighteen 3's.

FOOTBALL

The Celtic and Third Lanark played for the Charity Cup on May 5th at Hampden Park, Glasgow. At half time each side had a goal. In the second half nothing was scored, so the game ended in a tie, but the referee ordered the players to play an extra half hour. This proved to be the best part of the game. The Third Lanark soon got the ball through, but Celtic equalised immediately after. The game now became fast and exciting, and Celtic added a third goal, but the Third again came away and made matters equal. There was

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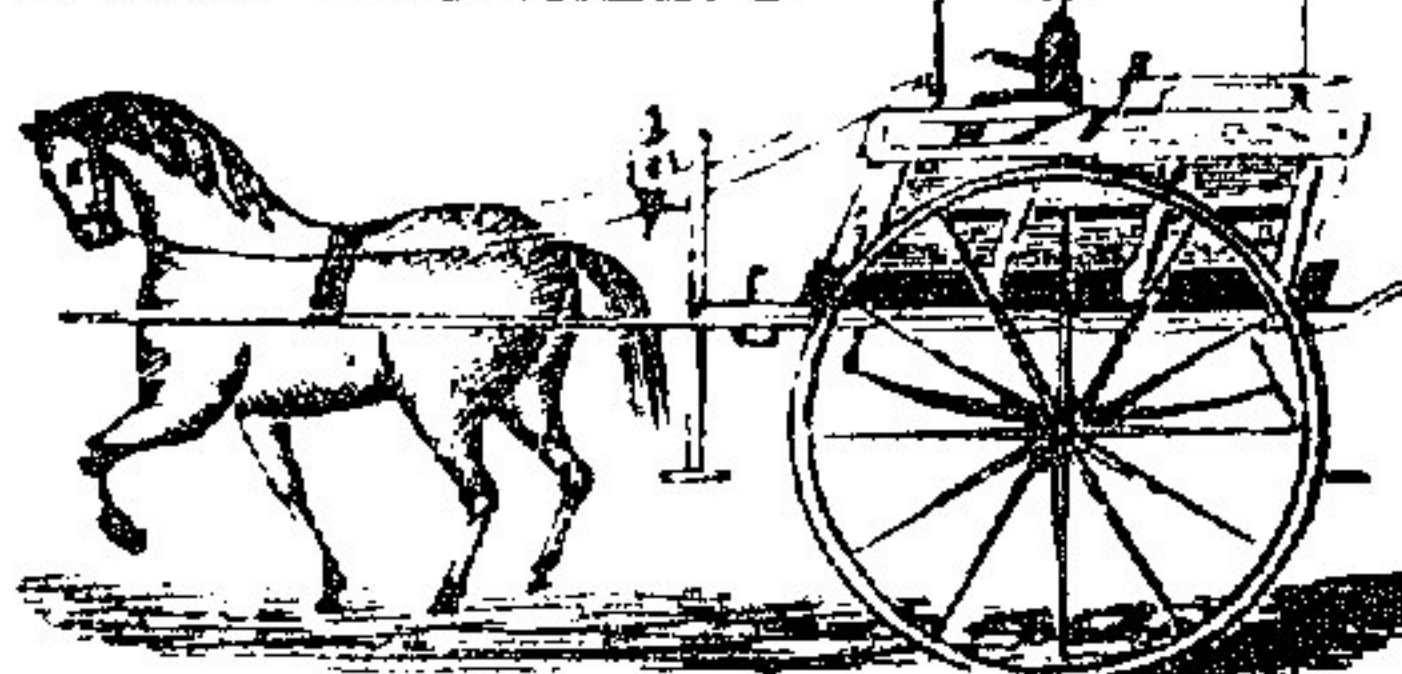
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no further scoring and the game ended in a draw of three goals each. The teams met again on Wednesday night, May 9, when the Celtic won by two goals to one.

In the Scotch junior final the Ashfield defeated the Renfrew Victoria by three goals to nil, after a severe struggle.

The final round of the Edinburgh City Cup was played at Tynecastle between the St. Bernards and Hibernians, and ended in a draw of one goal each.

The First Division of the Scottish League have brought their fixtures to a close, and Celtic head the list with 29 points, and therefore become the League champions for 1893-94, Heart of Midlothian second with 26 points.

DRAUGHTS

The Draughts Championship of the World, between James Ferrie and Wyllie (Herd Laddie) was brought to a close on the twenty-fourth day's play, the final score being: Ferrie, 13 games; Wyllie, 6; drawn, 69; with six of the stipulated 94 games to play.

BILLIARDS

Well within the recollection of the present generation of billiard-players a break of 500 at the ordinary English game was deemed a phenomenal performance. Peall, Mitchell, and others long ago made this a commonplace achievement, and the record now stands at 2,413 to the credit of the first-named, who has twice exceeded 2,000. That a four-figure break would be made with the spot-stroke barred was never dreamt of until John Roberts made this branch of the game his especial study. It was then, however, pretty generally believed only to be a matter of time for the champion to accomplish the feat. In a match with Diggle at Manchester he on Thursday night left off with an incomplete break of 1,033, which he increased to 1,392. This magnificent record will not readily be wiped out, unless by Roberts himself, whose marvellous delicacy and skill, combined with rapid play, make him the most fascinating, as he is the most finished, of English players.

The match in which J. Roberts is conceding E. Diggle 9,000 points start in 24,000 up (spot barred), was resumed at Manchester on Friday, 11 May, Roberts having on the previous night run up a sensational break of 1,033. The champion added 359 before coming to grief, and this made the full break, which was free from the slightest semblance of a fluke, into 1392, a number which exceeds by 525 his own record of 867, which had previously been the most ever made without the assistance of the spot stroke. Later on in the course of the evening Roberts ran up another splendid break of 771, and at the close of the night's play the totals were:—Diggle, 16,761; Roberts, 13,010. When play was resumed on Saturday afternoon, the Gentlemen's concert hall, where the match is taking place, was once more crowded with a very enthusiastic company. Some more good play was shown by both men, but nothing to compare with the sensational performances of the two preceding days. Diggle made breaks of 349 and 378, and Roberts others of 193, 204 and 259 unfinished, with the last of which he carried his total to 13,677, against the 17,491 of Diggle. When the mail left, the scores stood; Diggle, 22,310; Roberts, 22,083.

Roberts has for many years past been incomparably the best billiard-player we have ever seen, and has over and over again excited wonder and admiration by his marvellous performances and the constantly increasing size of his record break. Some time back he succeeded in making an innings of 867, and thus got within measurable distance of the attainment of what had been his ambition for some years—the scoring of a break of a 1,000 points without the assistance of the spot stroke, and he has at last the gratification of having succeeded in the most handsome fashion. Roberts is a well built man of nearly 6 feet in height and plays even the most difficult strokes with astonishing rapidity and care of execution. He is 47 years of age.

ROWING

The scullers' race between G. Bubeat, ex-champion of England, and S. Emmett, of Wandsworth, from Putney to Mortlake, for £50 a side, was decided on the 7th May under very favourable conditions. In the course of the four miles and a quarter Bubeat clearly showed his superiority, and rowing in his best form he finally paddled home the easiest of winners by three clear lengths in 25 min. 26 secs. The winner was a strong favourite at five to two on.

BOXING

Dick Burge (Newcastle) and Harry Nickless boxed at the Bolingbroke Club, Clapham Junction, for £600 and the Ten-stone Championship. The Newcastle man was greatly fancied by his supporters, and before the men stood up they betted two to one on him. Burge never seemed anxious to force the work, and throughout he acted mainly on the defensive. In all twenty-eight rounds were fought, and during the whole of this period the form on both sides was very poor. Nickless was almost as strong as his rival in the twenty-seventh round, but in the next Burge landed the right heavily on the point of the jaw and knocked his opponent out.

ANGLING.

Loch Leven has well maintained its reputation this season, for up to the end of April it had yielded no less than 1940 trout weighing 1631lb, or an average of thirteen ounces to each fish. This weight is, however, rather below the average of the take of last season.

YACHTING.

There appears to be every reason to hope that the forthcoming yachting season will be as successful and brilliant as the two last have been, and it is evident that the next month will see a large number of yachts in commission. The Prince of Wales's cutter Britannia is being refitted, having her decks caulked and other work done; and she will be ready for the early Thames matches. Prince Henry of Battenberg's 20-rater Asphodel is expected to be ready for launching about the end of May.

In a strong northerly wind the first of this season's races of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club took place on Saturday off Southsea. In the 2½-rating class Gareth again showed that she had not lost her last year's form, and won easily from Manx Cat; while in the one's Wolfhound, a last season's boat, was first, Mr Langrishe's Warry Warry second, and Estrella (Mr Cox) third. Amongst the half-raters Coquette took first place.

Mr George Gould has announced, in an interview, that he and Mr Howard Gould intend sending their yacht, the Vigilant, to Southampton on the 1st June, and will accept any challenge issued from either side of the Atlantic.

Of late years no club has done more to promote small-class racing than the Castle Yacht Club, at Cowes. Its races are also so well managed and the course so well suited to the smaller boats that its meetings are always in favour with yachtsmen, and good entries are invariably secured. Whit Monday was an ideal sailing day. Additional interest was added to the races at Calshot by the fact that the two new five-raters, Fleur-de-Lis, designed and built for Major Montgomery, and the Pente, constructed for Major Bucknill, were to make their first appearance. Pente may do better in a strong wind; but in the light breeze of yesterday Fleur-de-Lis had an easy win and outsailed her rival at every point. Meneen was first of the 2½-raters, and Gareth second. Ten one-raters started; but interest in the race was somewhat marred by several of them going aground. In the end Morwena was first; Gemini—a new boat—second; and Fay third. Among the halves, Wee Win was first, and Vega second. It will be seen that in the 2½ and 1½ class races Herrshoff boats won—a rather remarkable occurrence, as only three by that designer were competing.

EN PASSANT.

A Rosario correspondent sends me the following definition of what "wait-a-bit" is. "It is," he tells me, "a bush very common in South Africa, having very long, sharp thorns, and is called by the Boers 'wacht-en-beetje.' Anyone who has the bad luck to get entangled in one of these bushes has to go through some delay and profanity before he can proceed on his joureey."

I have learnt since last week that "Wait-a-bit" is the same thorny plant as the climbing cane ruin called Calamis Australis and is to be found in some parts of Australia, principally in the cedar and bunga-bunga scrubs in the Wide Bay districts of Queensland, where it grows in rank luxuriance. In some parts it is called the "Scotch Lawyer," in New Zealand it is always known as the "Bush Lawyer."

The public libraries at home have set themselves up as guides to the literary culture of the English mind, and thereby called forth a good deal of indignant discussion in the papers. The book they object to their readers perusing is George Moore's latest, "Ellen Waters." Whether the book be all that a puritanical schoolmistress would choose for a dictation class of select young ladies is not the point. The question is whether libraries, being purveyors of reading matter to their subscribers, can reasonably refuse to circulate anything that is considered fit to be published? The book would only be given to those who ask for it, and anyone asking would probably know what he was going to receive. The simple act of Messrs W. H. Smith and Sons refusing to circulate a particular book, and being copied by others, does not, as an individual action, convey so much to me as the reality that is gradually being opened up to my mind that very soon the freedom of the Britisher will have given way to the fetters of an irresponsible set of moral censors. Anyone has only to make enough fuss to get up an agitation and a following to procure restrictive laws against anything they choose to find fault with.

The raid against alcohol by the teetotalers has long gone beyond the bounds of sanity. The dealings of the powers that be with regard to music-halls is well known to everyone, and now, forsooth, we are to be told what we are to read. It is really time, I think, that a commonsense party arose in the British Isles, with the object of hurling the fanatics who will interfere in the personal affairs of others to the realms of chaos which they would bring about.

A question one very often hears asked is, Whether flowers in a bedroom are healthy or unhealthy? Dr Andrew Wilson has been good enough to scientifically explain the matter in a few words. With regard to cut flowers, he says, their vital functions having ceased by being cut, they cannot do any harm. Touching living plants he is more explicit, and tells how in the light a growing plant will absorb carbonic acid gas and emit oxygen, but in the dark the order is reversed, by the emission of carbonic acid gas and the consumption of oxygen. The quantities, however, are so exceedingly small that no harm can take place through having plants in one's room. He finishes his article thus: "Practically, if we do not suffer from ourselves and our lung-excretions in our rooms, we have infinitely less to fear from any amount of growing plants." This calls to mind the absolute necessity of sleeping in fresh air with, whenever possible, a free access of fresh air from without to the sleeping chamber, which means always choose a room with a window to it, and sleep with that window open.

The Badminton has brought out a new book called "Big-game Shooting," by Clive Phillipp-Woolley, with contributions by other good men. As are all in this series, the book is good. I am glad to see it lays particular stress on the folly and cruelty of killing more game than is, so to speak, necessary for the sport or the collection of specimens. Mr Phillipp-Woolley says "the man who kills fifty or a hundred rhinos in one year, or scores of cariboo at the crossings during the annual migration in Newfoundland, or deer and sheep by the hundred in America, shocks humanity and does great injury to his class." When a man shoots more game than can be consumed by himself and friends he wastes cartridges, ceases to be a sportsman, and becomes a butcher. I have heard of a man in the country boast of having shot away over three hundred cartridges in one afternoon at pigeons.

If the Budget were passed as proposed lately in the House of Commons, altering the scale of taxation on the estates of the dead, the Duke of Westminster's heir would have to pay toll to the State of no less than £1,300,000, which means that the fortunate gentleman would have to get through life with an estate valued at sixteen millions and a quarter sterling.

A good story is being retold of the late Baron James Rothschild. A friend of his died leaving a fortune of about one million pounds. When Baron James was told this at his club, he observed, "How mistaken one is in estimating the means of one's friends. I had always supposed that he had been comfortably off."

The artificial formation of diamonds by dissolving carbon in various fused metals at the temperature of the electric light furnace and at high pressure has been attracting much attention in the scientific world. Some of the black diamonds were shown by M. Moissan at the Nottingham meeting of the British Association last year. In a recent contribution to the "Comptes Rendus," M. Moissan describes some modifications by which he has been successful in producing perfectly transparent and colourless diamonds similar to those naturally found, possessing the same wonderful limpidity, high refractive power, hardness, and density, and capable of scratching rubies. The diamond will have a far more formidable rival to contend with if the Moissan gems come into general use than the Parisian paste varieties.

Captain Abney declared in his lecture at the Royal Institution, London, lately, that one person in every twenty is colour blind, and therefore incapable of appreciating works of art. This must be a sad blow to painters. There are some people who can only match white with

white, and know no other colour. There are others who see everything violet or everything green, and would be none the wiser if the whole town were painted red. It is a sad condition, though as far as my observation goes, the sufferers bear their lot cheerfully, and ask for none of the special considerations and privileges so often demanded by those afflicted by other human infirmities. Possibly it consoles them to reflect that they cannot be dispatched to the draper's to match skeins of silk and worsted for their lady friends. I am inclined to think that one in twenty is too heavy a percentage for those who can't distinguish between colours.

* *

Under the title of the "Man of the Moment," Mrs Sarah Grand contributes an indictment against a whole sex—the sex naturally to which she herself does not belong. The "Man of the Moment," it seems, has been made "flabby" by idleness and luxury, and adopts an improper tone when speaking about women. One might, perhaps, hope on his behalf that he does not extend to women in general the tone which he adopts when referring to the new woman in particular. But it only aggravates his offence in Mrs Grand's eyes, seeing that, in her view, "the manners of the new woman are perfect; she is never aggressive, never argumentative, etc." However, if the case of the "Man of the Moment" is hopeless, there is still a chance for the man of the future. For the woman of the moment will be able to "spank proper principles into him in the nursery" with such charming directness of Anglo-Saxon speech does she, whose manners are perfect, express herself.

* *

Major G., a well known sporting shot in Hertfordshire in days gone by of muzzleloaders, was once shooting over the stubble with another sportsman who was given to miss everything, following each miss usually with: "By Jove, I forgot to put the shot in." A partridge having got up in front of him, and after blazing away and the bird continuing its flight, he sang out as usual: "By Jove, I forgot to put the shot in." Hardly were the words out of his mouth than the bird lowered and fell dead some distance off. "Hullo," said Major G., "your bird must have had a fit, go and pick him up."

* *

On Monday, Congress rejected by a majority of two votes the diploma of Dr. Dávila, Editor of the "Prensa," who was elected deputy for the province of La Rioja. The reason given was corrupt practices. It is rather hard on Dr. Dávila that he should be made a scapegoat.

* *

Draining the Zuyder Zee has for a long time been a dream of the Dutch, which now seems in all probability about to be realised. After two years' discussion of the various plans brought forward, a Royal Commission recommends that part only of this great watershould be reclaimed, as its entire drainage would do away with the livelihood of hundreds of fishermen. The idea is to reclaim important tracts of land along the margin of the Zee, leaving in the centre a large fresh-water basin—the Ysel Lake—which would communicate with the chief towns by means of wide canals. The drainage would be carried out by means of a sea-dyke from North Holland and Friesland. The work would cost from £14,000,000 to £16,000,000 sterling, to drain the whole place would cost about £26,000,000, the calculation is that the land reclaimed would be worth something over £27,000,000. The present mania for cutting canals all over the world may be exceedingly useful to the few, but I am afraid some day something unprecedented may happen, such as tapping the Gulf Stream for instance. What would become of Old England and north Europe generally if this occurred, and yet there is a scheme on foot, which, it is said, will produce this undesirable result.

* *

Some of the omnibusses and trams in London are now fitted with the electric light in a very ingenious manner. Not only is the interior well illuminated, but outside, high up besides the driver, a large globe is placed containing a brilliant lamp, which sheds a white light on the passengers on the seats behind, enabling them to read a newspaper comfortably, while in front is a colored glass which serves to indicate the route the car takes. The innovation is of great service at night time, not only to those already in the vehicle but to people in the street, who can see at once that their bus or tram is coming.

In connection with ballooning, it may be mentioned that two professional aeronauts have been making some experiments in the clouds, which are considered original, and, in any case, are important from a military point of view. They found, after having gone up in different aerostats, that they could communicate with each other when nearly a mile apart, provided that both balloons were exactly at the same height—that is to say, in the same aerial zone. The aeronauts intend to continue their experiment further, and also to test their capability of hearing and distinguishing sounds or noises from the earth when high in the air.

THE PARSON'S DOG.

Two old friends of mine owned a farm just on the borders of the Orange Free State. Once or twice a year they deemed it advisable to drive over and see how the farm looked. The said farm boasted a hut or shanty, but no resident stock, not even a tenant. What it had greater reason to boast of was its character as a game preserve. It was situate between two farms, the occupying owners of which were Dutchmen, and, as usual, these Boers were not amicably disposed towards Englishmen. Not that that mattered; on the contrary, was beneficial to sport-preserving, as they would not permit any person to shoot upon their properties, and no one knew exactly where their boundaries began or ended.

I had received many a pressing invite to accompany them on these trips, but for many and diverse reasons had never been circumstanced, from a business point of view, as to permit of my leaving town.

At last my opportunity came, and I found myself, one bright fresh morning, gun in hand, on my way to Fred Barclay's abode, whence the start was to be made. Jack Budge did not turn up to time, but presently a native boy came running in with a note from Jack to say he had met with a misfortune and would not be able to go. We knew a day or two after that he had stayed over-late at the club, and in going home had fallen and broken the small-bone of his arm.

"Whisky!" ejaculated my companion, "and a lot of it it takes to break the arm of such a chap as Jack Budge. Come, jump in, we shall be late. It's deuced near five o'clock."

Fred Barclay, my host, had a wife, and that wife had a sister, that sister, it was generally believed, was engaged to the curate of St. Blaise's. The curate was a bit of a sport in his way, though no one quite knew what that way was. He had not been in the colony very many months—or the Church either, for the matter of that—but was generally voted rather good fun. He had brought a dog with him from England, a dog with a reputation, called a pointer, in reality a dropper. This animal had come under cover, so to speak, of a splendid reputation; but no opportunity had yet arisen to test Punch's merits.

The curate, who, by the way, had been dubbed by the unspiritual ones of our community "The Dodger," had heard over night that a shooting party was on the tapis, and generously offered the loan of Punch. Barclay's own dog had "gone wrong," and so the Dodger's offer had been accepted, and it was arranged that we were to call for the dog on our way.

The four mules in our cape-cart drew us merrily to the Dodger's, and that worthy we found already up waiting for us, with Punch on the chain close by.

"Hallo! Fred, where's Budge?" was the first question. It being explained that Budge was "hors de combat," the Dodger burst out:

"Oh, then you can find room for me. I can come, if there's room."

"Hurry up then, my boy," said Fred, and the Dodger proceeded to do as asked.

The transmutation of the Dodger from the cleric to the sportsman was effected in remarkably quick time, and indeed he looked much more like a man in tweed than he did in broadcloth. Punch being hoisted into the cart, and his owner snugly ensconced likewise, our mules went off eagerly to tackle the thirty miles before them. This they did in grand style. At the end of the first twenty we halted and took breakfast at a way-side hotel, where we pulled up at the same moment as the coach from the colony. We shared the meal provided with some half-dozen passengers, two of whom had just returned from a trip to the old country. They were communicative as travellers should be, and gave us several items of news, for which otherwise we should have had to wait till our return to camp.

Off again as soon as the mules had disposed of their forage, and another hour saw us landed in capital time to begin our first march after fur and feather. Timothy, the Cape boy, who came to look after the mules, was left in charge, and instructed to have dinner ready soon after sundown. Fortunately at the moment of starting two Kafirs from a neighbouring kraal came along. We at once "inspanned" them to act as bearers, which they willingly agreed to do on the off-chance of a *baséla* of tobacco and what offal they might pick up from slain bucks.

We began exceedingly well, for on passing a small pan of water collected from the late rains, Punch, who was evidently athirst, rushed in through the reeds which margined the pan, for a drink. His appearance disturbed four couple of black ducks. The Dodger with his first barrel knocked over one, but missed with his second. Barclay bowled over a right and left, and yet another was accounted for by myself. We *coo-ee'd* to Timothy, who was within hail, and he was instructed

to take the victims to the hut. Before we had cleared the pan our cleric espied what he took to be a crane on the further side of the pan. It was a long shot, but he determined to have a try; so after making sundry—what may be termed trigonometrical—calculations he "let fly." The bird remained no longer in view, but certainly did not take wing. We walked round with the object of satisfying curiosity, but we could see nothing, Punch in the meantime nosing about. I was watching him, when suddenly he drew back with a half-smothered yelp; for right in front of him had risen up a long, snake-like form which for a moment puzzled me, but only for a moment, as I soon recognised the Dodger had knocked over, helplessly wounded, a bittern. These birds are rare in this part of South Africa.

We now began work in earnest, taking line at the foot of an irregularly trending ironstone ridge, at the base of which was a nice moist well-covered bottom. "Just the very place for redwing partridge," said Barclay, and so it proved, for up blundered a grand covey of fourteen. Flying thwartwise across our line, between us we scored two brace and a half. And this was, I regret to say, the beginning and the end of it.

Punch, his owner, his breeder, his relatives near and distant, came in for a wholesale anathematising. Stock, lock and barrel were consigned to perdition.

"What was the matter?" Ah, nothing beyond the fact that we discovered the animal's points. Points, I say: he was all point and no drop! He must have had early training in company with a champion locomotive. We thus soon came to understand that if we wanted to be with Punch or have him with us, that the best thing we could do would be to charter a mail train. He was one of the 2.40 sort, and no amount of scourging seemed to have any effect upon him. He was thrashed and scolded, but to no purpose. His eccentricities communicated themselves to the birds, and for a couple of hours we walked and talked. You can guess what sort of "talk" we indulged in. And from that time Punch continued his mad career; though a "dropper" he would not drop it.

But all things have an end, and so it was with Punch's actions. The rough and heated surface of the blocks of ironstone at length did for us what we could not do for ourselves. His feet became sore and raw, and in spite of our disappointment we could not withhold our sympathy. We managed to secure some half-dozen korhaans, a species of small bustard, and a couple of lagging veld hares; but sport was out of the question, so we sadly turned our steps hutwards. For some distance the bearers in turn carried the dog; but his spirit was unquelled, for just as we were entering a clump of *caal-bosch* he sprang from his carrier, and with nose in air broke into a family of guinea-fowl. Away they went, and Gilpin-like, away went Punch. The Dodger's patience gave out at last—he had been talking *turantal* all the morning—and he sent a charge of No. 4 straight and true, which found its lodgement in poor Punch's cranium, dropping him in his tracks, proving that even in death he was what had been claimed for him in life—a dropper.

In silence we reached the hut, and in silence attempted to despatch the meal Timothy had prepared for us. I say "attempted." Why, oh why, had Timothy chosen to exercise his culinary art upon those fearfully and wonderfully built wild-fowl slain at the outset of our walk? The birds must have been in training as "homers" month in and month out for many decades past. Horse-flesh would have proved tender in comparison. In endeavouring to negotiate a drum-stick the Dodger broke one of two "costly" teeth, which he regretted the more, knowing that as he could not get his loss repaired in camp his pulpit utterances would have a lisp—or worse, a whistling—accompaniment until the disaster could be rectified.

Barclay in a fit of despair told Timothy to inspan at once and start for home and happiness. Said he, "It's no good remaining here without a dog."

Of course it wasn't, and so we started back in high dudgeon. Ten miles from camp a storm, which had been brewing, burst upon us; one of the mules got the reins under its tail and would not budge an inch; then the brute indulged in a fit of kicking, and soon after rolled over the pole, breaking it—and there we were, a perfect deluge of rain pelting down on us while we endeavoured—at last successfully—to bind up the damaged pole. We did get back to camp that night, but our condition—Ye gods and little fishes! The Dodger has not owned a dog since.

New Development of Electricity.

The Rollaston wind motor is a new invention for bringing the currents of air into the service of electricity. The motor is, in fact, a new form of windmill, differing materially, however, from those one is accustomed to see in rural districts. It is horizontal in design, and erected within a skeleton turret fixed to the top of an iron structure about thirty feet high. Within the turret is a vertical steel shaft, to which five concave sails are attached. The principle is therefore simple. The mechanism is so finely adjusted that on the least breath of wind the sails and shaft revolve. The shaft runs from the top of the turret to the ground below, and to it at the lower end suitable gearing is provided for working the necessary apparatus for driving the dynamo. Here, then, are very simple means for obtaining motor power. Of course, it will be said but on some days there must be insufficient wind to set the sails in motion, but this is at once met by the provision of accumulators, of which there may be any number, and by means of which sufficient storage may always be ready for use on calm days.

Disappointed.—A Story of the Oaks.

It was on the birthday of Squire Romney's daughter, Diana, that his favourite brood mare Firefly, gave birth to a filly foal.

"So there is no difficulty about naming her, Somers," he said, to the stud-groom; "and though I say it, if she only turns out half as good-looking as my girl, she will win the Oaks to a moral."

But misfortunes seemed to follow the daughter of Firefly from her birth. As a yearling she was chased round the paddock, bitten, and nearly worried by a fierce New Zealand dog, which had been given to the Squire. The brute was shot, but the filly was nervous for the rest of her days. At the beginning of her two-year-old career she caught cold, which settled into inflammation of the chest, and she never ran at that age. During the autumn, however, she thickened tremendously under training, and when given a rough gallop did everything that was asked of her, and to her owner and trainer's delight, showed no trace of roaring, a calamity much to be feared after a young horse has suffered from inflammation. All went well through the winter, and it looked as if the mare's ill-luck had turned. Squire Romney still kept up the old practice of having a private trainer, and the stables attached to the house, which being situated in a hollow in the Wittshire downs, was handy to some splendid training grounds, the turf on which was rarely hard. The trial of Diana was looked forward to with much interest by the Squire and his daughter. On the evening before, Tom Manners, who usually rode in any important home spin for the stable, arrived, and after an interview with the master, retired to the trainer's cottage for the night.

"I am in a nice fix, Di," said the Squire, after his departure. "Things are bad, rents lower each year, and your brother Ralph keeps writing for money, as if I were a joint-stock bank, and I, like an old fool, remembering what I myself was like as a young man, can't refuse him."

"Of course not, Dad," answered the girl. "It's all very well for us to economise down here, but Ralph, in London, must live like a Rowney ought to do. Don't worry, dear, I daresay my namesake will pull us through."

A pretty girl was Miss Diana, with a bright young face and sunny smile. Yet she managed the house, and could arrange the weights for a trial nearly as well as Mr Underhand, the trainer, himself. Her brother devoted most of his time to racing, had the name of a good steeplechase rider, and could finish on the flat as well as most amateurs. Early in the morning Squire Rowney and his daughter walked their horses up behind the string of thoroughbreds on to the downs, whilst the trainer and Tom Manners led the procession. A cold east wind was blowing across the upland fields, in which the young corn was just showing above the ground, for it was a late season. The hedgerows, although in leaf, looked nipped up and dusty, and although the 1st of May, the horses had their thick rugs on.

"Let's get it over quickly, Underhand," said the Squire, "and they had better gallop down hill; some horses won't face it."

After a pipe-opener, Manners mounted the mare, the stable jockey got on Tom Fool, a five-year-old handicap horse, who had shown winning form at a mile and a-half, whilst a 6 st. lad rode a four-year-old selling plater to bring them along.

"Any three-year-old that can beat Tom Fool at even weights, is good enough to win either Derby or Oaks," remarked the owner, "unfortunately I did not enter in the former."

"I shall be contented with the Oaks," laughed the girl. "Come on, dad, let's canter down and see the finish."

A white post marked the finish or commencement, as the case might be, of the mile and a-half course, and fifty yards in front of that the pair reined in their horses. Six or seven minutes passed, and then over the brow of the hill came the horses.

"Tom Fool leads," cried Miss Diana, cantering a few yards to meet them.

"Hanged if the mare ain't beat," muttered the Squire, as Manners took up his whip.

It was a true bill. The old horse won easily, and the four-year-old was only a length behind Diana.

"This is a bad business, Di," said her father, to the girl riding beside him, as they jogged homewards. "Can't make it out."

Stopping at the telegraph office as they passed through the village, Mr Romney stopped to wire to his son the result of the trial.

"I am afraid it will be a disappointment for him," he said to his daughter, "but it can't be helped."

A fortnight passed, and, to the surprise of the Romneys, Diana's name was quoted at twenty-five to one, whenever betting on the Oaks appeared in the papers. A week before the race, as father and daughter were breakfasting together, the former looked up from his letters and exclaimed:—

"What do you think, Di. Your brother's coming down in time for dinner."

"I knew it father, I wrote to him."

"Well, you must possess some spell to bring him down at this time. Why next week is Derby week."

"That's just it, dad. I believe the trial was all wrong. I have been thinking it over. Firstly, Tom Manners did not seem to me to be doing his best. Secondly, the mare had never been spurred, for I went into the stable on purpose to see, and lastly, why is she now at a hundred to six, when, according to her trial, she has not a hundred to one chance. I wrote to Ralph to come down, and bring a riding friend with him. Underhand is laid up with the influenza, so we can have the trial quietly over again to-morrow. I will see

to the horses having their muzzles on the last thing to-night myself."

Never was a man more astonished than the Squire, but so accustomed was he to let his daughter manage for him, that he never dreamt of interfering. Ralph and his friend, a well known gentleman rider, turned up in time for dinner. Diana thought the former looked pale and worried. The next morning the second trial came off, at the same weights as the first, but the result was very different. Mr Hater, on the mare, left Tom Fool as if he were standing still in the last furlong, whilst the four-year-old was beaten by a hundred yards. Squire Romney's delight knew no bounds.

"We have the winner of the Oaks for a thousand," he exclaimed. "Come home, lads, and we will have a magnum of '84 out to drink her health."

Diana glanced at her brother. Instead of being excited and pleased, he appeared more anxious-looking than ever. She felt something was wrong and determined to watch, and try and find out what it was. The next morning from her bedroom window she saw him cross the lawn in the direction of the trainer's cottage. Slipping on cloak and hat she followed. The trainer was at breakfast as the young master, as he was generally called, entered. The weather had changed, a balmy south wind was blowing, and in spite of his late attack Mr Underhand's window was open.

"Rather imprudent, isn't it?" said Ralph, as he entered the room where the trainer sat alone, pointing to the open casement.

"Perhaps so, sir. But the warm air seems to strengthen me, and goodness knows I feel weak enough. Glad to see you down with us, sir."

"I want five minutes chat with you, Underhand. The matter's serious. Some week ago I got a wire and letter to say Diana, of whom we expected so much, had been badly beaten in her trial. I was annoyed, as I thought through her I saw a way out of my difficulties. When, therefore, knowing what I did, they began to back her, I never lost an opportunity of laying. One man at my club in particular, was keen on the mare, and I laid him twenty monkeys in a bet. I should not have done it, perhaps, but I had a great dislike to the man."

"Was his name Vigors, sir?" asked the trainer.

"Yes. How do you know? Well, never mind for the moment. This morning we tried the mare over again, and she won in a canter. I do not see how she can lose the Oaks. Now of course your first trial was a plant, and you knew it. No, don't bluster, it won't help you. All I have got to say is this, if the mare wins, as she must do if she starts, I am ruined, utterly ruined. There will be no chance of backing after this trial gets wind, which it has by this time. Now, mark me, if she starts you lose your place. But if she is lame before I leave here to-morrow, I will lend you two hundred in notes. If it were only ruin I would not care, but it means disgrace. I shall be a defaulter, and not only in the ring, but to my club friends. Now which is it to be?"

"Well, sir," said Mr Underhand, after a pause, "I could not bear to see the family disgraced. I suppose I shall have to accept the two hundred."

And Miss Diana, the Squire's pet, who had heard all this? On one side, her father disappointed, both in ambition and pocket, and on the other side, the brother she had also dearly loved, disgraced, ruined. Still more, she would have to tell her father, his father, all. No, he must bear his disappointment. She could not stop him backing her namesake—the mare she was so proud of—for a few days. Anything to save her brother and the name from disgrace. The next day, to the Squire's intense chagrin, the Oaks mare was reported lame, after exercise. She never ran in public, so, to the end, was an unlucky animal. But the owner of the winner that year was a luckier man than he wot of, and I, and a few more in the know, had to put up with one more racing disappointment.—"F. B." in "Sporting and Dramatic News."

Fishing by Night in Lapland.

A night's fishing on a great Lapland river is a thing to be remembered. By six or seven o'clock, as a rule, the sun is off some pool or another which it is the angler's duty to carefully note, and to this favoured spot he is guided by two Lapps in a swift canoe. Reclining on a layer of birch boughs in the bottom of the light craft, the boatmen, armed with long poles, force him along the margin of the pools and up the most powerful rapids until, arrived at the top of the proposed beat, the rods are put together and operations are begun in earnest. Full of life and vigour, the heavy salmon, straight from the depths of the icy sea, show sport which will flush the cheek and try the skill of the most veteran angler; and when conquered, and the steel driven into the broad and silvery side, they are trophies to be proud of. As the hour of midnight approaches the mosquitoes begin somewhat to relax in their attentions, the sun still blazes on the hills and up-lying ridges, but for the most part the surface of the river is in comparative shadow. Then comes the mist—that enemy fatal to sport—first in little eddies and behind the boulders one sees faint wreaths, as of grey smoke, curling and twining on the water; the wreaths multiply and extend in volume and density until the broad river is sheeted in its filmy folds. Slowly but surely it rises, until the birch trees are enveloped in its chilly embrace, and then it is time for coffee. The canoe is hauled ashore, the Lapps collect wood and build a huge fire, on which a kettle is soon boiling and salmon steaks grilling, and within half an hour the angler is enjoying a repast fit for a king.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCES.

For days past I eagerly scanned the native papers in hopes of finding something in the way of a respite, but alas, although hints were thrown out that it would never come off, last Sunday I (after having had a good substantial breakfast) wended my way to the meet, arriving there punctually at 12 o'clock, according to military instructions. I thought I would see some five to ten thousand citizens assembled, but no, after a hunt round the Plaza, I discovered some six or seven men sitting on benches, with vigilantes forming a large ring right round the space where we were afterwards drilled; what they were there for, I cannot tell you, unless it was to keep off the little boys who came and laughed at us. At about 12.15 p.m. three gentlemen seated themselves at small tables about ten paces distant from each other and commenced taking down the names of some of those assembled, I presented my "boleto," but I was told to go to the other table, from whence I was referred to the third, where I was informed that a table for "jóvenes entre diez y ocho y veinticuatro años" had not yet been started, but all would be right soon. At about 12.30 p.m. a rush was made to one table, which I discovered was for those of my age. I presented my "boleto," and while so doing I must have gone under a most wonderful transformation, as I was transferred in that moment from one company to another, without any paper having been given to me to that effect.

After waiting some minutes, I asked one of the gentlemen at a table if I might go, and he kindly told me to do as I pleased: but I did not go, as my attention was arrested by a gentleman who arrived in a most beautiful uniform, and who I learnt was the Minister of War. He soon, however, gave orders to have us formed up into companies, when this was done, and we were all ready to start, a tiny little man came up to me, and said something about "estatura," and put me about number four from the top.

After having had a small speech made to us, we gave all sorts of military turns and twists, which reminded me of my drilling in the old school playground, and then we marched up and down. One young gentleman (not in my company, asked to be allowed to go, and was told to put the man behind him in his place, the reason for going being given, a most important family matter (a game of polo).

At 2 p.m. sharp, we were allowed to go, after having played a most successful game of soldiers' not tin.

An Australian View of English Cricket.

In the "New Review" Mr. Spofforth, the demon bowler, indulges in some interesting critical comparisons between English and Australian cricket. When Mr. Spofforth first came to England with an Australian team, he says:—

"As far as batting was concerned there could not be two opinions but that England was far ahead of us, not only in finish, but in soundness. English batsmen played as though they had been taught, while very few of our batsmen had any real style at all; indeed, C. Bannerman and Murdoch were the only two who were at all equal to the Englishmen. I maintain, however, that it was only in batting that England showed any marked superiority. In fielding we were as good, and in throwing in to the wicket far more accurate. There were six of our eleven who could throw over one hundred yards. Nor had England a wicket-keeper so good as Blackham; he never had a long-stop, no matter how fast the bowling. Lastly, as regards bowling, we held, I think, a distinct advantage. It seemed to us that all the English bowlers had a machine-like style; they seemed to have learned to bowl straight and to keep a good length, but there was no attempt at variety."

Things have changed since then, and Mr. Spofforth says:—

"If, again, we stop to compare the cricketers of England to-day with those of Australia, we must allow that the old country has a heavy advantage. Australians have improved in batting; it is true; they have made immense progress in style; but there is not a good bowler in the whole colony, if I except C. T. B. Turner; indeed, the fast bowler is a thing of the past in Australia. Nor can the colonies produce a captain. The spirit of organisation and management seems foreign to Australia; and much of England's success in the international matches has been due to superior generalship."

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River Plate Sport and Pastime

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1894.

SPORTING NOTES

Let me begin my notes this week by apologising to my readers for the mistake which crept into these columns anent the sale of the celebrated Phoenix. The horse on sale at Messrs Bullrich and Co.'s is not Mr Kemmis' famous sire, but one belonging to the Stud Phoenix, winner of many races it is true, but hardly meriting the epithet of "celebrated."

I read in the "British Quarterly Trade Review" of a machine which has been invented as a substitute for horse-riding, the apparatus being known as the Hercules horse action saddle. I regret to be unable to reproduce the drawing which accompanied the description, but the machine is something like a clothes-horse in appearance, a saddle being placed thereon instead of the homely towel.

Some idea of the Hercules horse action saddle may be gathered from the following measurements: Height from the floor level to the saddle peak, rather over 3 ft.; length, 21 in.; breadth, 13 1-2 in. The saddle itself measures 20 in. by 13 in. These dimensions are so moderate that the whole apparatus can be readily packed in the compass of an ordinary travelling box, the sides of which may be so arranged that when the invention is required for use away from home no unpacking is necessary.

No doubt some sort of exercise may be obtained with the aid of Messrs Vigor and Co.'s contrivance, and with the present high price of alfalfa, etc., to say nothing of the ever increasing gold premium, who knows but that we may all be reduced some day to do our riding that way.

The telegraph brings us the following result of the Derby, run last Wednesday:—

Lord Rosebery's b c Ladas, by Hampton— Illuminata!	1
Lord Alington's b c Matchéox	2
Mr T. Cannon's b c Reminder	3

The Oaks was won by the Duke of Portland's b f Amiable, by St Simon—Tact, who was followed home by Sweet Duchess and Sarana, in the order named. The Epsom Grand Prize of £2000, run last Thursday, was won by Reminder.

It is not known whether Sr Boucau's colt, Facundo, by Ormonde—Philosophy, ran in the great race, but as he did not run in the Two Thousand it is not to be supposed that he started for the Derby. It is a source of regret to many to hear that Facundo has not fulfilled the hopes of those connected with him, for if breeding went for anything, this horse should have occupied a very prominent position in the annals of the turf.

In the light of subsequent events, the following remarks made by John Corbett, in the "Sporting Times," after the Two Thousand, should be specially interesting, and it only remains to be seen if his prophesy will be verified as regards the St. Leger:

With Son o' Mine quite stumped up by the first gallop he took after his lameness, there will be no new blood of importance in the opposition, and Ladas will do as Isinglass did, viz., win all three of the great races, as he comes down hill like "greased lightning," whereas Matchbox does not. There can, therefore, be little hope of the verdict being reversed at Epsom, and we utterly fail to see how Bullingdon and Arcano are to be dangerous, seeing that of the many easy races Ladas has won he never won so easily as he did at Ascot, where Bullingdon and Arcano were his principal opponents.

I hear of several big bags made lately, and perhaps the most noteworthy was that made by the Messrs James and E. R. Gifford and Drs Newman Smith and Watkins at Pacheco last Sunday, and which consisted of 115 snipe, a most satisfactory record, as I understand it was made by three guns, one of the shooters being indisposed early in the day.

The entries for the Kennel Club's Show have been postponed till the 20th inst, as foreshadowed in my notes last week, and it is satisfactory to learn that there is no fear of any interference on the part of the Municipality anent the much discussed dog tax, as far as the canine exhibits are concerned.

The jumps at Palermo still continue to attract many men who prefer a ride on these fine mornings to remaining in bed. On my last visit thither I noticed one or two useful ponies which should give a good account of themselves with the hounds or at Hurlingham one of these days.

There is, however, one fence, known as the open ditch, at which several horses refused most persistently. Possibly this may be accounted for by the fact that a broad and newly painted white board has been put up, similar to the one at the steeplechase course at Hurlingham, though considerably broader, which no doubt frightens the horses by its present state of newness.

The Beagles met at Palermo last Sunday, and a good number of members turned up. The made fences were successfully negotiated at the outset, there being no casualties to report. The run was a most enjoyable one in every sense, and it is worthy of note that all the hounds were well up at the finish, after what was perhaps the fastest run of the season.

Next Sunday the meet will be at Hurlingham, and as there are two polo matches in the afternoon, no doubt a large number of members and their friends will be present to witness the sport. Indeed nearly all the rooms at the Club House have already been retained for Saturday and Sunday nights.

I learn from the Hon. Sec. of the B. A. Football Club that he has given the Rosario Athletic Club the following dates: July 1st, 15th and 29th, to play off the Rugby match, and I hope they will avail themselves of one of these offers, as Rosario showed such good form in their Association match v. Lomas, that this match, if played, should be of the greatest interest.

It is a new departure to play football in the early morning, and I note that a match was played on Sunday last which commenced before 9 a.m. This was necessary in consequence of so many of the players having to present themselves for enrolment in the National Guard, they being de-

termined that their duty towards the country of their birth should not interfere with their pleasure as Englishmen.

Some good bicycle racing was witnessed on the new track at the Arcadia Gardens last Sunday. The ever-increasing popularity of this sport, and the central position of the new track, should ensure the success of Messrs Ridgely and Harris' new venture.

An Extraordinary General Meeting of the Quilmes Club took place on the 9th inst., in the Hotel Universo, Quilmes, to discuss the question of grounds and other business. Owing to the rain, the meeting was only fairly attended. It was decided to keep on the new ground in Quilmes, near the railway, and also the polo field in Bernal. I must congratulate the members on this decision, as it will enable them to commence preparing their grass cricket pitch on the new ground in time for the coming season. The new tennis courts are very good, and I hope soon to hear of arrangements for a tournament. Mr William Morgan was elected Vice-President, in place of Mr Boutell resigned.

The Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club intend holding a tournament on June 29th, the anniversary of the foundation of the Club. The events to be decided are gentlemen's singles, mixed doubles, and ladies' singles. The entries, which should be made to the Hon. Sec. Mr T. S. Boadle, Calle 25 de Mayo 149, will close on the 14th inst. Some handsome prizes have been sent out by Mr A. Herbert, who was the first President of the Club, and a good entry should result.

The courts are in very good order just at present, and players should be in good practice after the recent championship tournament. The playing of a tournament in one day is a most desirable innovation, as the longer the time given for the playing of the various ties, the greater the difficulty becomes in getting matches played off.

Having received three reports of the Hurlingham v. Belgrano polo match which took place last Sunday, not to offend any of my voluntary contributors I publish them all, and leave my readers to form their own opinions as to the merits of the play. There seems to be no doubt that there was a want of combination about the game, a fault that can be found with a good many teams. I am glad so many people have come to the fore with polo news this week. There has been a want of reports of games lately, which I regret, as everyone likes to know what everyone else is doing at polo, and I believe this paper is the only medium for conveying the information.

FOOTBALL

FIXTURES.

ARGENTINE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL LEAGUE

JUNE

Sun. 24—Anglo-Argentines v. British, at Belgrano.
Fri. 29—Lomas A.C. v. St. Andrews F.C., at Lomas.
Fri. 29—Rosario A.C. v. Retiro A.C., at Rosario.

JULY

Sun. 1—B. A. and R. Ry. v. Lomas A.C., at Belgrano.
Sun. 1—Flores A.C. v. Retiro A.C., at Flores.
Sun. 8—Rosario A.C. v. Lomas A.C., at Lomas.
Mon. 9—Lobos A.C. v. Rosario A.C., at Lobos.
Mon. 9—St. Andrews A.C. v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Lanus.
Sun. 15—Lomas A.C. v. Retiro A.C., at Lomas.
Sun. 22—Rosario A.C. v. St. Andrews F.C., at Rosario.
Sun. 29—Lobos A.C. v. Lomas A.C. at Lobos.
Sun. 29—Flores A.C. v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Flores.

AUGUST

Sun. 5—Retiro A.C. v. Lobos A.C., at Retiro.
Sun. 12—
Wed. 15—St. Andrews F.C. v. Flores A.C., at Lanus.
Wed. 15—Lobos A.C. v. B. A. and R. Ry., at Lobos.
Sun. 19—Flores A.C. v. Lomas A.C., at Flores.
Sun. 19—B. A. and R. Ry. v. Retiro A.C., at Belgrano.
Sat. 25—Buenos Aires v. Montevideo (Inter-City), at Flores.
Sun. 26—Scotland and Ireland v. England and Wales, at Lomas.
Wed. 29—Rosario A.C. v. Flores A.C., at Rosario.
Wed. 29—St. Andrews F.C. v. Lobos A.C., at Lanus.

SEPTEMBER

Sat. 8—St. Andrews F.C. v. Lomas A.C., at Lanus.
Sat. 8—Lobos A.C. v. Flores A.C., at Lobos.
Sat. 8—B. A. and R. Ry. v. Rosario A.C., at Belgrano.
Sun. 9—Retiro A.C. v. Rosario A.C., at Retiro.

RUGBY

JUNE

Sun. 17—Scotland and Wales v. England and Ireland, at Lomas.

Sun. 24—Hurlingham v. Buenos Aires, at Flores.

JULY

Mon. 9—Hurlingham v. Lomas, at Hurlingham.

Sun. 15—Private Firms v. Public Companies, at Flores.

Sun. 22—Lomas v. Buenos Aires, at Flores.

AUGUST

Sun. 5—Rosario v. Buenos Aires, at Rosario.

Sun. 12—Scotland and Wales v. England and Ireland, at Flores.

Wed. 15—Old Bedfordians v. Buenos Aires, at Flores.

ASSOCIATION

FLORES v. LOBOS.

Owing to many members of both the above teams having to serve their country in the form of "Guardia Nacional" this League match took place at Flores at the unusually early hour of 8.45 a.m. on Sunday last. As may be easily imagined there were very few spectators to witness the game, which was far from being an exciting one, Flores having it all their own way from beginning to end, and finally winning by six goals to nil.

Lobos won the toss and elected to play with the wind, which was blowing very hard down the field, but in spite of this advantage two goals were registered against them, Cowes and Gahan being responsible.

Throughout the last half the ball was almost always in dangerous proximity to the Lobos goal, Gahan, Gordon, Williams and Gifford each scoring a point.

Lobos were somewhat handicapped as two of their men failed to put in an appearance. Murphy, Buchanan and Munroe were the most conspicuous of the visitors, and we think that the goalkeeper might have stopped at least three of the shots which went through. Flores, though running up a big score, were indifferent, the forward division more particularly so. Gordon at back was brilliant and Ireland also showed up well. Elliott must learn to keep his place and not to go running to all parts of the ground.

Mr P. M. Rath took upon himself the arduous duties of referee to the entire satisfaction of both parties.

ST. ANDREWS v. RETIRO.

This match, one of the Association League series, was played on Sunday the 10th on the Retiro ground, a strong wind blowing at the commencement. St. Andrews won the toss and elected to play with the wind. The game was very evenly contested from start to finish, St. Andrews only winning by one goal to nil, which was scored by Perkins. St. Andrews are poor scorers, appearing to think that high kicks into goal are more telling than low and hard ones; but for this they might have come out with at least two more goals to their credit.

Retiro have shown wonderful improvement and had hard lines in not scoring twice. Merson in goal was a shining light, whilst "Jack," Blunt and "Robinson Crusoe" were the pick of the outside lot.

For St. Andrews Bridger played a good individual game and Morgan did plenty of looking on. Muir and Gibson were the pick of the backs.

Mr R. V. Rudd officiated as referee.

The date for the Association match between Buenos Aires and Montevideo has been definitely fixed to be played at Flores on August 25, when a good game may be looked forward to.

ARGENTINE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL LEAGUE

The following table shows the present positions of the clubs competing in the League Competition of this season:

Club	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Flores	6	5	1	0	10
Lomas	5	4	0	1	9
Rosario	5	3	1	1	7
Lobos	6	3	3	0	6
St. Andrews	6	3	3	0	6
Retiro	6	1	5	0	2

B. A. and R. Ry. have scratched all matches.

Flores stands at the head of the list at the present moment, but as they have played one more match than the others they are not unlikely to give way to Lomas after they have played their next match against Retiro.

RUGBY

A NOVEL MATCH.

A correspondent from Rosario writes as follows:

"It is positively asserted that a match under Rugby rules is shortly to be played here between a fat and a thin fifteen. In consideration of the physical development of the fat team the rules of the game will be slightly modified. The scrum will be eliminated altogether, as the fat forwards would be put to too much discomfort to bend down to make a close scrum, and butting on the part of the thin team will be considered a foul. The names of those who will take part in the match have not yet been made public."

It is a great pity that our neighbours over the water at Montevideo are unable to get up a Rugby XV., as the match between us in days gone by was always so keenly contested.

A match will be played on Sunday next at Lomas, on the arrival of the 3 p.m. train from Constitucion, between the Scotch and Welsh XV. v. the English and Irish XV.

Rugby fixtures are now so very scarce that even one match not being played comes as a blow to lovers of the game. Unfortunately, Rosario were unable to get up a team to contest with the Buenos Aires last Sunday, but we most sincerely hope that we may yet receive a visit before the season is over from our old rivals.

GOLF

At Lomas, on Sunday, we noticed on the links Messrs Gardom, Hopkins, Livock, Sumner, Fortune, Masters, Scroggie, Alexander, Tabor and Ballantyne.

In the forenoon Messrs Gardom and Fortune played a single, the latter winning by 3 up and 1 to play. In the afternoon Messrs Scroggie and Fortune beat Messrs Gardom and Alexander two rounds.

We hope the Lomas Club will arrange a tournament at no very distant date, and we are sure that all lovers of the noble game will help them to make it a success.

CYCLING.

The bicycle races on Sunday last at the Jardin Arcadia, Calle Florida, were well contested. The winners are as follows:

Three Laps—A. Guisani, 1; Manet, 2. Time, 1 m 3 sec.

Four Laps—J. Guisani, 1; Castex, 2. Time, 1 m 22 sec.

Five Laps—Cruchet, 1; Lowden, 2.

Five Laps—Luisani, 1; Oggen, 2. Time, 1 m 52 sec.

Ten Laps—Luisani, 1; Manat, 2. Time, 3 m 30 sec.

The last race, one of twenty laps, did not take place owing to the lateness of the hour and an accident to one of the riders, which happily is not of serious consequences.

POLO.

The second meeting of the Bellaco Polo Club took place on Sunday, 27th ult., at the beautiful estancia of Mr Peel, "Bella Vista." The ground was in excellent condition, and the play was much faster than on the previous Sunday. After a most sumptuous breakfast the men took the field at 2 o'clock, the sides being as follows: Blues—Messrs Peel (Capt.), Croker, Warburton and C. Hughes. Reds—Messrs Henderson (Capt.), Lees, Disbrowe and Palacio. The play throughout the whole of the game was of a most scientific character, and some very clever passes were made. When full time was called the score stood at two goals each; another quarter was, however, played, during which the Reds managed to add one more goal to their score, and thereby coming off victors. Peel and Henderson both sustained their prestige by scoring twice each, and Lees once. This most enjoyable meeting concluded with a dance in Mrs Peel's beautiful sala, where, amidst a bevy of fair ladies, those wounded on the polo field speedily forgot their ills.

Estancia "La Paz," the country residence of Mr Conrad Hughes, was on Sunday, June 3rd, the scene of a most brilliant gathering. The play was not announced to begin until 2 o'clock, but as early as 9 o'clock the guests commenced to arrive, all looking forward to the hearty welcome and well-known hospitality of Mr Hughes. After breakfast, during which success to the noble game of polo was proposed and fully honoured, a parade of the playing members of the Club was formed for the benefit of some of the ladies of the house who were unable to attend the play.

The following sides were picked: Blues—Messrs C. Hughes Jr. (Capt.), Henderson, Peel and Warburton. Reds—Messrs Disbrowe (Capt.), Croker, Lees and F. Hughes.

The ground, to which Mr Hughes had given special attention, was in first-class order, and from the moment the ball was thrown into play a most exciting fight was maintained, which, however, resulted in a complete victory for the Blues of 4 goals to 1. Lees scored for the Reds, and Peel three times and C. Hughes, Jr. once for the Blues.

The opening of this new ground was further celebrated by an after dinner dance, which was participated in by all the leading English families for leagues around, and was continued far into the night, much to the enjoyment of all.

PRIVATE COMPANIES v. PUBLIC FIRMS

A good game was played on Sunday, at Quilmes, between the representatives of Private Firms and Public Companies. The play was fast throughout, and the form displayed by two of the beginners, Messrs Rose and Burrows, gives great promise for the future.

The following were the teams:

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| Private Firms. | Public Companies. |
| 1. T. Rose. | 1. F. Bethell. |
| 2. Burrows. | 2. W. D. Bailey. |
| 3. F. Rooke. | 3. J. Bennett. |
| T. Murray (back). | |

The Public Companies won by three goals (Bailey 2, Bennett 1) against two of the Private Firms (Rooke 1, Murray 1).

HURLINGHAM v. BELGRANO

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| Hurlingham | Belgrano |
| 1. F. W. Clunie | 1. T. Hubbard |
| 2. R. W. Anderson | 2. Cassels |
| 3. F. Sartoris | 3. T. E. Preston |
| G. S. Anderson (back) | M. de C. Findlay (back) |

Belgrano had the best of the first quarter and scored one goal, the second one being disallowed, the bell having rung for time. The game was of a most rough and ready description and reminded an onlooker more of a game at hockey on the ice, where everyone goes for the ball irrespective of the players on their own or the other side. Cassels rode hard and did some useful work, he made one very pretty shot at goal which only missed scoring for his side by half an inch. Hubbard at No. 1 worked hard, and when he learns the rules will prove a careful player of the thrusting order. After the first quarter, Sartoris had to give up from want of condition and Robson took his place, which improved matters slightly for Hurlingham as he soon hit a goal.

The game during the second and third quarters was nothing but a mingled medley of men and ponies, who seemed as much at sea in their game as a lot of boys trying to dance the Lancers. The two Andersons worked hard, but R. W. once or twice got in the way of his own men, during one quarter Clunie was almost out of the game owing to the vagaries of a small black pony he was riding. The last quarter was faster, but Findlay looked as if he would like a top coat all the time to keep him warm. Eventually the game ended in a win for Belgrano by two goals to one. The ground being on the small side ought not to be sufficient excuse for the ball being so much in touch. There was a lot of missing, which in a way was accountable by the roughness and softness of the ground after the rain of the day before, which made it difficult to get any way on the ball.

Hurlingham met Belgrano on Sunday, 10th inst., on the latter's ground, and a not particularly interesting game resulted in a win for the home team by two goals to one. During the first quarter Belgrano pressed the visitors, who, however, broke away on several occasions, Clunie being conspicuous and would have scored but for a timely ride off on the part of Findlay. Cassels and Preston, too, were active at this critical stage, and brought down the ball to the Hurlingham goal, where Preston drew first blood for Belgrano. A little later Cassels had hard lines with a shot of his, which just shaved the goal post. The same player, however, was rewarded at the close of this quarter by seeing a well-placed backhander of his taking effect. During the second quarter Hurlingham did most of the pressing, but failed to score. The third quarter, however, had not well started when Robson hit a splendid goal for his side (Hurlingham) and it looked as if the strangers were going to equalise when Cassels and Hubbard came away down the field and looked like scoring, but their combined effort came to naught. Belgrano, during the remainder of this quarter, kept the Hurlingham team confined pretty much to the latter's ground, and would have scored again, but for some dashing play by G. Anderson, who saved well on more than one occasion. The last quarter was by far the fastest and best contested, the ball travelling well from goal to goal. Robson missed an easy chance of equalising, and Findlay's steady play was of great assistance to his side. Hubbard, too, had one or two good runs but didn't quite get home. R. Anderson rode very hard during this quarter, and Cassels roused the enthusiasm of the spectators by some brilliant shots. No further scoring took place, and Belgrano secured a popular victory by two goals to one. For Belgrano, Hubbard took the place of Jefferies who was unable to turn up, and for Hurlingham, H. Scott Robson that of Sartoris, who retired unwell after the first quarter. The ground was heavy and the wind cold, yet Mrs Webster braved the cold to minister to the creature comforts of both spectators and players.

The general opinion about the game played at Belgrano between a team of that Club and a team from Hurlingham, appears to be that it was the worst exhibition of polo that has been seen for a long time. The ground was very uneven and lumpy, and no doubt was accountable for a good deal of the erratic hitting, or, perhaps, it should be described as the continuous missing, but it was not sufficient to urge an excuse for play, which was described thus by an old player who was present on the ground, in the following terms. He said if you had taken four beginners hap hazard and set them to play against four other beginners, you could hardly have expected to see more missing and more ignorance of rules and the theory of the game. People seemed to ride from anywhere to anywhere, utterly regardless of crossing. Combination was unknown, and players on the same side seemed to be continually in each other's way.

The Belgrano Club seems to be perhaps more lacking in combination than any other of our local clubs, and there has always seemed to us to be a certain amount of individual independence and a lack of that esprit de corps which is so indispensable to a good organisation and

satisfactory combination. On Sunday last, too, the riding was reckless, and no one seemed to consider for a moment whether he was in the right or the wrong if only he went for the ball, no matter what the angle, or whom he jostled or crossed. There seems to be a certain reluctance to listen to the exhortation and advice of the captain of the side, which it would be as well to banish, and a little more concentration of authority could not fail to be beneficial to the general play. It is unusual to hear of erratic hitting in the Belgrano team. Usually they hit hard and true, and undoubtedly ride hard as well, and it is a pity to see such good material playing in such a disunited and independent manner.

The following is the 2nd Hurlingham's team in the match against Belgrano's 2nd team to be played at Hurlingham on Sunday, at 1 p.m.

F. W. Clunie (1), — Challinor (2), Cuthbert Thompson (3), G. S. Anderson (back).

RACING

PALERMO—JUNE 10.

Sunday's meeting at Palermo attracted a greater number of lookers-on than usual, and they were rewarded by seeing some excellent racing.

Several of the events produced good fields, although in the principal race of the day, the Premio Hipodromo Argentino, only two could be found to face Buenos Aires. Camors made most of the running, but it was only on sufferance, as directly the favourite was asked he came away and won easily.

The Premio Esperanza resulted in a pretty set-to between Alta Gracia and Sweet, of which the former got the best by a short head, Mauser, who had cut out most of the work, being close up third.

The other events though good call for no particular remark, but we were pleased to observe that the starting gave general satisfaction.

Details are as follow:

PREMIO CALANDRIA, a weight for age race for losers up to the day of the race, \$1600 to the 1st, 160 to the 2nd, 1000 metres.

Stud Orissa's ch f Luisita, by Noé—Lucy, 2 y, 48 k.	0
Ecurie Camors' Consul, 2 y, 50 k.	1
Stud Treason's Good Luck, 3 y, 58 k.	2
Stud Niño Dorado's Tandil, 7 y, 59½ k.	0
Ecurie Avant Garde's Caprice, 6 y, 59½ k.	0
Stud Santa Fé's Mercurio, 3 y, 58 k.	0
Stud Hatteras' Gravity, 3 y, 58 k.	0
Stud Hatteras' Speculation, 3 y, 56 k.	0
Stud Pichiman's Prim, 3 y, 58 k.	0
Stud Florista's Florista, 4 y, 57½ k.	0
Stud Carpintero's Lyndall, 3 y, 56 k.	0
Stud A. Lincoln's Argentina, 3 y, 56 k.	0
Stud A. Lincoln's Neptuno II, 2 y, 50 k.	0
Stud Las Ortigas' Vengeresse, 3 y, 56 k.	0
Stud El Plata's Pyrita, 3 y, 56 k.	0
Sr. F. Marquez' Fontenoy, 2 y, 50 k.	0
Stud San Jorge's Gloxinia, 2 y, 48 k.	0
Ecurie Argentino's Spice, 2 y, 48 k.	0

Fontenoy made all the running until headed by Luisita, who won by two lengths from Consul, Good Luck, half a length off being third.

Tickets—Luisita with 1142 win and 1289 place, Consul 127—215, Good Luck 92—104, Tandil 40—105, Caprice 91—122, Mercurio 189—263, Gravity and Speculation 329—480, Prim 88—161, Florista 62—92, Lyndall 99—161, Argentina and Neptuno II. 158—306, Vengeresse 291—326, Pyrita 100—166, Fontenoy 46—108, Gloxinia 124—156, Spice 67—135. Totals 3045—4189.

Dividends—Luisita \$4.79 win and 3.11 place, Consul 8.70 place, Good Luck 15.85 place.

PREMIO GLORIATION, for maiden two-year-olds, colts 54 kilos, fillies 52 kilos, \$1800 to the 1st, 180 to the 2nd, 1000 metres.

Stud Las Ortigas' br f Symla, by Phoenix—	
Elfrida, 52 k.	1
La Petite Ecurie's La Favorita, 52 k.	2
Ecurie Titan's Viroflay, 54 k.	3
Ecurie Camors' Sapphire, 54 k.	0
Sr Ramon Biais' Regina, 52 k.	0
Stud Niño Dorado's Mila, 52 k.	0

Regina took the lead until just before reaching the bend, where she was passed by Symla, who went on to win by half a length from La Favorita, Viroflay a length behind obtaining third place after a well fought out finish.

Tickets—Symla with 758 win and 649 place, La Favorita 711—671, Viroflay 1303—1137, Sapphire 471—478, Regina 1295—983, Mila 1234—1384. Totals 5772—5302.

Dividends—Symla \$13.70 win and 7.31 place, La Favorita 7.14 place.

PREMIO HIPODROMO ARGENTINO, an open weight-for-age race, \$6000 to the 1st, 500 to the 2nd, 3rd saves his stake, 1750 metres.

Sr J. B. Zubiaurre's b h Buenos Aires, by Chivalrous—Sarsaparilla, 3 y, 57 k.	1
Ecurie Camors' Camors, 7 y, 60½ k.	2
Stud Entre Rios' Satanella, 5 y, 58½ k.	3

Camors held command into the straight, where Buenos Aires challenged, and easily disposing of Camors won in a canter by a length. Third beaten by two lengths.

Tickets—Buenos Aires with 7423 win, Camors 3338, Satanella 1676. Total 12437 win.

Dividend—Buenos Aires \$3.01 win.

PREMIO ERIDAN, an open handicap, \$1800 to the 1st, 180 to the 2nd, 1100 metres.

Ecurie Indecis' br c Atila, by St. Mirin—Alexandra, 3 y, 52 k.	1
Stud El Plata's Antropofago, 3 y, 54 k.	2
Stud Las Armas' Winchester, 3 y, 55 k.	3
Sr F. Varela's Tonic, 5 y, 59½ k.	0
Stud Red Lancer's Maybloom, 3 y, 55 k.	0
Ecurie Camors' Whitethorn, 4 y, 55 k.	0
Stud Entre Rios' Federal, 4 y, 55 k.	0
Ecurie Anacoreta's Clarette, 3 y, 54 k.	0
Sr J. B. Zubiaurre's Guerrillero, 6 y, 53 k.	0
L. Gonzalez	0
Ecurie Gladiateur's Maraton, 3 y, 52 k.	0
Stud Carpintero's Bumblybuss, 3 y, 51 k.	0
La Petite Ecurie's Danton, 4 y, 50 k.	0
Stud General Paz' Bay Rum, 3 y, 50 k.	0
Stud Painé's Opal, 3 y, 49 k.	0
Stud Monte Grande's Florido, 4 y, 45 k.	0
Stud Orissa's Orissa, 4 y, 45 k.	0
Ecurie Radamé's Sensacion, 4 y, 40 k.	0

Orissa was in front till the paddock was reached, where Antropofago took up the running, but at the stand he was passed by Atila who won comfortably by half a length, the same between second and third.

Tickets—Atila with 1265 win and 1510 place, Antropofago 512—826, Winchester 555—903, Tonic 38—56, Maybloom 312—461, Whitethorn 551—526, Federal 84—143, Clarette 128—237, Guerrillero 802—918, Maraton 888—1173, Bumblybuss 540—490, Danton 1202—1481, Bay Rum 479—623, Opal 420—748, Florido 411—281, Orissa 1233—1877, Sensacion 104—159. Totals 9524—12,412.

Dividends—Atila with \$13.55 win and 5.50 place, Antropofago 8.40 place, Winchester 7.85 place.

PREMIO INDECIS, a limited handicap, open to all horses, top weight 60½ kilos, bottom 48 kilos, \$2500 to the 1st, 250 to the 2nd, 1900 metres.

Stud Pobre's br h Ailimé, by Phoenix—Con-suelo, 3 y, 48 k.	1
Ecurie Camors' Cantiniere, 4 y, 48 k.	2
Ecurie Anacoreta's Nubifer, 6 y, 48 k.	3
Ecurie Indecis' Infernal, 5 y, 50 k.	0

Cantiniere made strong running all the way to the paddock, where she was beaten, and Ailimé coming on won by a length. Nubifer was half a length behind the second, and the favourite last.

Tickets—Ailimé with 2537 win, Cantiniere 2124, Nubifer 1997, Infernal 5812. Total 12,470.

Dividend—Ailimé \$8.84 win.

PREMIO ESPERANZA, for two-year-olds, colts 54 kilos, fillies 52 kilos; a penalty of 3 kilos to be carried for each race won before starting; \$2000 to the 1st, 200 to the 2nd; 1200 metres.

Ecurie Titan's ch f Alta Gracia, by Phoenix—	
Madge, 52 k.	1
Ecurie Indecis' Sweet, 55 k.	2
Stud Las Armas' Mauser, 54 k.	3
Sr J. B. Zubiaurre's Rastreador, 54 k.	0
Stud La Confianza's San Lorenzo, 54 k.	0
Stud Las Ortigas' Mimi, 52 k.	0

On the fall of the flag, Mauser went off with a lead, which he kept till opposite the paddock, where he was passed by Sweet and Alta Gracia, the latter winning a good race by a head from Sweet, who was a length in front of Mauser.

Tickets—Alta Gracia with 1769 win and 1781 place Sweet 2819—2237, Mauser 663—652, Rastreador 2525—1800, San Lorenzo 456—371, Mimi 761—493. Totals 9003—7334.

Dividends—Alta Gracia \$9.16 win and 3.45 place, Sweet 3.15 place.

PREMIO STONE CROSS, an open handicap, \$2000 to the 1st, 200 to the 2nd, 1600 metres.

Sr E. Casal's br h Ravachol, by Phoenix—	
My Maud, 3 y, 53½ k.	1
Stud Painé's Lighthouse, 3 y, 41½ k.	2
Ecurie Anacoreta's Nubifer, 6 y, 53½ k.	3
Stud Hatteras' Woodnymph, 3 y, 55½ k.	0
Ecurie Gladiateur's Silex, 4 y, 53½ k.	0
Stud La Confianza's Riflero, 5 y, 52½ k.	0
Ecurie Titan's Trebol, 3 y, 45½ k.	0
La Petite Ecurie's Bijou, 3 y, 45½ k.	0
Stud Monte Grande's Florido, 4 y, 43½ k.	0

Florido got best away, but was soon passed by Silex, who maintained his advantage to the turn into the straight, where Lighthouse assumed the lead, Ravachol however collared him in front of the stand, and getting the best of the finish won by about a length, Nubifer two lengths away being third.

Tickets—Ravachol with 3486 win and 2265 place, Lighthouse 546—729, Nubifer 737—362, Woodnymph 603—699, Silex 2399—1651, Riflero 1663—1239, Trebol 713—672, Bijou 613—559, Florido 168—142. Totals 10928—8518.

Dividends—Ravachol \$5.64 win and 3.20 place, Lighthouse 5.75 place, Nubifer 6.87 place.

ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

In some of the inside camps feed is running short. After the autumn rain the trevols came up in almost rank luxuriance, but there was no sod and now the camps are getting bare. Some of our leading estancieros are already securing pasturage and are sending their stock away to avoid the epidemia which would certainly follow if they kept them where they are during the winter.

* *

Ploughing is in full swing and apparently we shall have a larger area under cultivation this year than ever. A good deal of land is being laid down in alfalfa, and we hear that preparations are being made to sow large quantities of maize when the season comes round.

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"La Agricultura" contains some notes about the working of an estancia, and we are glad to see that it advocates strongly the working of stock of all kinds in corrales and stock yards with races and condemas the lasso in no measured terms.

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Messrs Bullrich and Co. offer by private sale the eight horses comprising the Stud Jorge belonging to Mr Jorge Atucha. The names of the horses are: Landseer, La Riojana, Insula, The Baron, Gloxinia, Vision, Lacreacia, and Blackfriar.

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The late rain has been almost general in the south-west and south camps of the province.

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The Postmaster-General has received telegraphic advices from Rio de las Piedras to the effect that a swarm of locusts passed over there in a northerly direction.

* *

On Friday, 15th inst., Mr Vicente L. Casares, of the estancia San Martin, will offer for sale some pure-bred stallions and mares. The sale will take place at Messrs Punes and Lagos' yard.

* *

Frosts have been general all over the country and the camps have suffered considerably. Fortunately the winter commenced rather late this year and probably will not prove a long one. Rain is still needed everywhere, but if we have heavy rains and cold winds after it is likely that there will be considerable mortality as there are plenty of thin cattle all over the province.

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In wheat the European market has suffered a drop, prices touching 10.50 franc and no sales are reported here except to fill up a cargo or two.

* *

An Ashburton correspondent of the "Weekly Press" of New Zealand writes:—"About five years ago, when cull merinos were selling in our local yards at 1s and 1s 2d to 1s 3d a head, and difficult to quit at that, it was thought the bed rock of low prices had been reached for any animal worth bringing into the yards. This record, however, was lowered at a country sale in the district last March, when a line of twenty-five sheep was put up and knocked down at 12s 6d the lot or 6s a dozen. At the same sale a ram was quitted at 2s 6d. This latter figure will probably constitute the world's record for a ram good enough to be put with ewes."

* *

If a few farmers were to take up the business of supplying families, hotels, and restaurants, with large, young, tender, and moderately cheap poultry regularly, it would be found to be a paying business. At present no one can rely upon the poultry purchased at the markets, because they are of all sorts, sizes, breeds, ages, and qualities, and no two alike. The business of raising squabs and broilers is a large and profitable one in France and in North America, and ought to be equally profitable here.

* *

The "Live Stock Journal," speaking of the import of live sheep from Argentina, says it is a business which is likely to increase greatly in a very short time, because it has not only been proved very feasible, but has

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also given very good primary results. All that is necessary is to know what class of animals is required, and to attend to them carefully on the voyage, as well as to secure adequate accommodation. The percentage of loss from this country is very small, and of the 10,523 sent from this Republic in 1893 only 143 were lost, and as a rule the sheep were landed in excellent condition.

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Mr Alvan Millson, Assistant Colonial Secretary at Lagos, on the West Coast of Africa, tells of an earthworm which is said to inspire dread among the natives of that coast. Its appearance is against it. The worm (says "Natural Science") is not only large—three or four feet—but it is either of a rich, raw-beefy colour or of a lowering black, the difference of colour being a mark of a difference of species. On one occasion a number of natives were collected together when one of these giants strolled casually into the camp; the result appears to have been a rapid flight on the part of the natives. The reason for the awe-inspiring character of the worm is its reputed habit of sucking blood. It does not seem probable that the most recent results of zoological research are known in tropical Africa; but it is a curious coincidence that this research has tended to show that the line of separation between the leeches and earthworms is by no means so wide as it was at one time thought to be. This big earthworm of West Africa inhabits a locality that is remarkable; it does not, as do most earthworms, burrow constantly in the ground, throwing up castings, but lives in deserted hills of Termites.

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A reform in the method of disposing of fat stock is fast gaining favour with Home farmers, as the following extract from the "North British Agriculturist" will testify. A sale of cattle was recently arranged to take place in Fifeshire under the following conditions, viz., "The cattle will be weighed in the presence of the buyers on a stamped weighbridge by a sworn weigher, who shall declare their weight by marking it on a blackboard, and thereafter sold by an auctioneer at so much per hundred weight as fixed on the blackboard, the bids to be fixed at the rate of 3d. per hundredweight, the cattle to be sold without reserve." This scheme has the merit of being perfectly fair for all parties.

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We take the following from the "Weekly Press" of Christchurch, New Zealand: "The inhabitants of Argentina are rapidly developing the wheat growing lands of their country. Little more than a decade ago this Republic did not produce enough wheat for its own people. Last year they exported 38,000,000 bushels, and it is stated that not one twentieth part of the area suitable for growing wheat has been brought under cultivation. Wheat farmers in the United States are recognising that in Argentina they must look for a formidable rival in the wheat markets of the world. This is one more warning for New Zealand farmers. With high-priced land we cannot profitably compete against these new cheap lands."

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We take the following from the "Sydney Morning Herald":—"The ship Blairmore, which arrived at Newcastle from Buenos Aires on the 20th inst., brought very unpleasant intelligence from Paraguay. The vessel left Buenos Aires on 31st January, and Captain Caw was frequently interviewed by men from the new settlement begging a passage back to any part of Australia. Four men offered £10 each, but Captain Caw declined to take them. The Buenos Aires journal brought by Captain Caw publishes a letter signed C. H. Manning, 15th December, 1893, giving a vivid account of the hardship endured by the settlers, 85 of whom had left in a body, penniless, in order to interview the Government of the country with the view of getting away altogether. The writer implores the editor of the "Review of the River Plate" to telegraph to the authorities in Australia to warn people not to come to Paraguay. Another letter appears in another issue of the same paper in defence of the settlement, accusing the seceders of drunkenness and promoting discontent. It also states that when they went away they were provided with plenty of food, and also with \$100 each for single men, \$400 for married men, and \$100 for each child. The editor of the journal regards the whole scheme as chimerical and founded upon principles at present far ahead of the progress attained by mankind."

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A dozen years ago the average price of wheat in the English market was just about double what it is to-day. Such a fall in the price of one of the great staple productions is necessarily very discouraging to producers; but fortunately in this country has been compensated for by the increased value of our meat. The fall in the price of wheat means a proportionate reduction in the price of bread to the British consumer, and as the United Kingdom requires to import something like 20,000,000 quarters of wheat annually to feed her people, the fall in price represents a reduction in the cost of bread made from imported wheat of some £25,000,000.

H. SCOTT ROBSON

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As wages have not fallen in the interval, this £25,000,000 represents a clear gain to the consumers, and is available for expenditure on other necessities, and luxuries. Until a few years ago the cost of bread in England absorbed so large a proportion of their wages that the great mass of the workers had little to spare for meat, and the use of meat was mainly confined to the upper and middle classes.

But of late years the scale of living amongst the wage-earners has, in consequence of the fall in the prices of almost every article of consumption, materially risen, and with it a growing demand for meat. That demand is more and more being supplied from abroad.

As has been frequently pointed out, the home production of beef, and mutton does not increase as rapidly as the requirements of the population, and this is one of the principal countries to be benefited by this increased demand.

In this demand the farmer has at least secured some compensation for the reduced return he obtains for his wheat.

The greatly increased spending power of the British workman, consequent on the lessened cost of imported bread-stuffs, amounting as we have said to some £25,000,000 compared with what was the case some twelve years ago, is giving to the frozen meat trade a stability which promises well for the future. That stability will, there is every reason for believing, be increased from year to year.

The present level in the price of this article of food is bringing it within the reach of persons who scarcely ever heard of it before. The amount of frozen mutton at present imported into Great Britain only amounts to about a fifth of the mutton consumed; and therefore, much as we deplore the smaller return for our wheat, it is well to bear in mind that it is compensated for by the improved market for our surplus stock.

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It is reported by Mr Weddell, well known in the frozen meat trade, that Wm. Wells and Co. have discovered a new method of thawing meat by electricity and a series of fans. The method has already been patented, and according to the "Australasian" London correspondent a quantity of beef and mutton will be thawed by the new process, and placed in the Smithfield market for the inspection of Smithfield butchers. It is confidently anticipated that the price of meat treated by this process will be raised at least 1d. per lb. Should this prediction be realised we shall have still another illustration of the value of science as applied to the common things of every day life. It is cheering to note the improvements being brought about in the matter of preserving meat and dairy produce, which means increased profits.

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Of the new Japanese fodder plant, seeds of which have been received by us from Baron Sir F. Von Mueller, and distributed to several gentlemen likely to take an interest in the subject, the Adelaide "Observer" says:—"The Polygonum Sachaliense is reputed to give 95 to 100 tons of green fodder per acre of land every year, produces leaves 12in to 18in long by 3½in broad, and quickly grows 20ft high. It can be cut four times a year, grows rapidly by rhizomes underground. The leaf stems are carmine, and the stems have a reddish tinge on a green back. The plant has been cultivated in France for its ornamental appearance, but has lately been found to be nutritive for stock. The young stems are eaten as asparagus, but are inferior to that esculent."

PIPE RACKS---KEY RACKS

ARTISTIC—USEFUL



KIDD & HUTTON, 385 BOLIVAR

TIGRE BOAT CLUB

PROGRAMME OF CLUB RACES

TO BE HELD ON

FRIDAY, 29th of JUNE, 1894

1. CLINKER FOURS (entries closed), 1200 metres.
2. INRIGGED FOURS, 1000 metres.
3. DOUBLE SCULLING RACE, in Half-Outrigged Boats, 800 metres.
4. CANOE RACE, 300 metres.
5. PAIR OAR RACE, in Clinker Boats, 1000 metres.

Entries close on June 23rd next.

P. H. VARGAS, Hon. Sec.
Calle Piedad 390.

ROUND THE TOWN.

The second subscription dance of the season takes place to-night at the now indispensable Pabellon Argentino, proceedings beginning at 9 p.m., and the first dance commencing with the commendable punctuality which has always distinguished these reunions on previous occasions. The demand for tickets has been unprecedented, and the committee have been sorely tempted to follow a precedent given by a former President and make a clandestine emission of so-sought-after a commodity. I am happy to be able to inform my readers that there will be no occasion to go into supper early, as many had announced their intention of doing, for I learn from a good source that the supply of champagne is to have all the attributes of the widow's cruse of biblical precedent.

.

The ball offered by Mr and Mrs Gustavo Napp to their friends and relations, of which mention was made in these columns last week, is fixed for the 15th inst., at their handsome residence, Loreley, on the Belgrano barranca. Special mention should be made of a certain famous brand of "maitrank" brewed on former occasions by the genial amphitryon herself, and which is always much appreciated. The house is specially adapted for dancing, and all the beauties of Portena society have promised to assist. In a word, and to borrow an expression from the "vida social" young man, "sera todo un acontecimiento social."

.

Much discussion has lately been rife in the columns of a contemporary as to whether it is possible to live like a gentleman on one hundred dollars per month. I have no ambition to rush into the controversy, beyond expressing an opinion that the term "gentleman" appears to be a somewhat elastic one in these latitudes, but I notice that there is quite a brigade of the Garvin and Waterton type who appear to live on nothing a month and thrive on it, their claims to public charity being chiefly based on their assertion that they are gentlemen, and, therefore, especially deserving individuals. Both of the above worthies have now disappeared from our midst, and it is consequently to be presumed that they have made their fortunes and have retired from the business. From which we may take it that a gentleman with one hundred dollars per month is a gentleman indeed.

.

The mustering of the National Guard on Sunday last was a most edifying spectacle. I noticed that these civic defenders were kept in the ranks for considerably over two hours, whilst a gentleman in a check suit walked up and down the files as busy as friend Tony in the circus, with just about the same results. This must be very hard on those compelled to serve, especially coming on a Sunday, which, in these countries, is looked forward to as a day of rejoicing. The youths I saw drawn up in the Paseo de Julio were the most motley lot in plain clothes imaginable. Some had overcoats and walking sticks, and many had neither, but all of them were smoking, and looking as unhappy as if they had already to carry a 14-lb. remington about with them all day.

.

The compliance with one's civic duties is always an irksome duty at best, even when performed under a minimum of discomfort, and many amusing anecdotes are told in that delightful little book, "An Englishman in Paris," of the subterfuges resorted to by such celebrities as Balzac and Eugene Sue to evade their onerous duties. It should therefore be specially gratifying to the Argentine authorities to note that very few conscripts failed to put in an appearance on Sunday last, when called upon to do so, and every consideration should be shown them in consequence, instead of keeping them motionless in the windiest quarter of the town for what appeared to the onlookers a most unnecessary length of time.

.

I note that the "Review of the River Plate" is making a crusade against what is really a blot on the boasted civilisation of this city. I allude to the cabs and their so-called drivers. No more dirty and ramshackle vehicles than those to be found crawling along our streets exist, and their conductors are even more repellant than their vehicles. This is especially the case with the

night cabs, and it may be taken as a general rule that whenever one is driven at a decent pace at night, the odds are ten to one the horse is a stolen one, only to be brought out under cover of the darkness, when the chances of his being recognised by his legitimate owner are reduced to a minimum.

No doubt the wretched condition of the driver and his carriage is largely accounted for by the lowness of the fares, the sum earned being in many cases only sufficient to feed the man, let alone the horse, and it is therefore to be hoped that in that happy though vague future period, when all these things shall be set right, due regard will be had for this, so that the cab-driving fraternity may earn a decent wage for the improved service they should be compelled to supply.

And yet the Jehus of this city are improving slowly. It is a distinct step in the right direction when a coachman remains on the box whilst waiting for his fare, and it was a common sight up till quite lately to see the black driver of some millionaire's carriage smoking a cigarette as black as himself whilst lounging on the cushions but lately vacated by a proud and haughty señorita or her be-jewelled mamma. It is also said that many "carriage folk" were only able to go to Palermo twice a week, because their coachman refused to wash the family shay if it was only to be dirtied again the very next day.

There is but little to report in the theatrical world this week with the exception of the production of a zainete-comico-lirico entitled *Las Verbenistas*, which is a burlesque on the marvellously popular *Verbená de la Paloma*. It is a native production not much to be recommended, in fact it is best described as being vulgar without being funny, and without any of the pretty music which is such a redeeming feature in the older piece. It appeared to me both coarse and objectionable, but it is nevertheless popular, and for those who like that sort of thing it is just the sort of thing they like.

I read that a box at the opera for the eight remaining performances of the present season has just been sold for \$38. This seems a low figure, as boxes on this tier can comfortably accommodate four persons, the price consequently working out at less than \$13 per head, which is cheaper than the stalls, without any of the discomfort or difficulty of obtaining them.

It is to be hoped that Sr Ferrari will give a performance of the *Pagliacci* this year, which opera the Buenos Aires public were unable to appreciate last year, in spite of its pronounced success in London and elsewhere in Europe.

From grave to gay is but a step, and I accordingly proceed to chronicle here a pleasant smoking concert which took place at the Brunswick Restaurant last Saturday night. It is regrettable that bad weather kept away many of the customary audience and not a few of the artistes, but a most successful concert was held in spite of these drawbacks. Such old favourites as Messrs Permain and Crowe were, needless to say, vociferously applauded, and were most obliging in responding to the encores. Mr O'Donoghue is a distinct acquisition; his rendering of "Home, Sweet Home," in imitation of a cornet, being excellent, and deservedly encored; and I cannot conclude this short notice without mentioning Mr Robinson, who, if I mistake not, is new to the smoking concert platform, and who sang several songs in mirth provoking style, and with a pleasant smile which was as accomplished as it was infectious.

The Buenos Aires Dramatic Club have decided to give a public performance shortly, Gilbert and Sullivan's popular operette *The Pirates of Penzance*, being the play selected. I hear that there has been considerable difficulty in obtaining the score of the opera, but this, it appears, has been got over with the aid of photography, the copies thus obtained being perfectly clear and legible. This new departure of the Buenos Aires Dramatic Club is worthy of all praise, and there is no reason why the performance should not be as complete and accomplished as that given by the Valparaiso amateurs during the visit of our cricketers to Chile last year, which from all accounts was exceptionally successful.

PRICES

Price of gold on the Bolsa from June 6th to June 12th inclusive—
 Wednesday.....313.00 % Saturday.....399.00 %
 Thursday.....299.00 " Monday.....400.00 "
 Friday.....406.50 " Tuesday.....395.00 "

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

	Special	Fat	Carne gorda	Buena carne y carnudes
Bullocks.....	\$.....			
Novillos (mestizos).....	55-65	45-52	30-36	19-28
" (criollos).....	45-50	30-40	25-30	11-13
Cows (mestizas).....	55-65	30-34	26-28	15-20
" (criollas).....	30-32	27-33	15-18	9-7
Calves.....	4.50-10.50	6.00-12.00		
Hides—Bullock.....	\$14.50-15.50			
" —Novillo.....	9.50-12.00			
" —Cow.....	6.00-7.00			
Sheepskins, per kilo.....	0.50-0.75			
Lambskins, per dozen.....	2.10-2.50			
Sheep—Lincolns.....	\$8.00-10.00			
" —Mestizo-Lincolns.....	6.80-7.60			
" —Rambouillet.....	4.00-6.50			
Ewes.....	4.50-6.00			
Wheat (barleta), 100 ks.....	\$6.50-6.90			
" (French), 100 kilos.....	6.35-6.40			
" (Candeal).....	5.30-7.00			
" (Saldomé).....	6.20-6.60			
Maize (morochó), 100 kilos.....	7.40-7.90			
" (amarillo), 100 kilos.....	6.40-7.30			
Hay, 1000 kilos.....	47.00-55.35			
Wool—Cross Lincoln.....	5.80-10.60			
" —Fine mestiza.....	4.80-9.00			

FIXTURES

RACING

Sunday, June 17—Hipodromo Argentino, at Palermo.
 Friday, June 29—Hurlingham Club's Meeting.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

Sunday, June 24—Anglo-Argentines v. British, at Belgrano.

RUGBY

Sunday, June 17—Scotland and Wales v. England and Ireland, at Lomas.

ROWING

Friday, June 29—Tigre Boat Club's Regatta.

POLO

Sunday, June 17—Hurlingham 2nd Team v. Belgrano 2nd Team, at Hurlingham, 1 p.m.
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday, July 7, 8, 9—Cañada de Gomez Club's Tournament.

LAWN TENNIS

Friday, June 29—Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club's Tournament.
 Months of July and August—Flores Athletic Club's Lawn Tennis Tournament (Handicap).

Programme of a Race Meeting

TO BE HELD AT

HURLINGHAM

ON

FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1894

A HANDICAP for Ponies of 53 inches and under; a Sweepstakes of \$10 each with \$50 added; 500 metres.

MEMBER'S CUP, Handicap, value \$250, added to a Sweepstakes of \$20 each; for Ponies of 56 in. and under, the property of and to be ridden by Members of the Hurlingham Club; 1200 metres.

A HANDICAP HURDLE RACE, for Ponies of 56 in. and under; a Sweepstakes of \$15 each with \$50 added; 1600 metres.

LADY'S BRACELET, of \$150, a Handicap Sweepstakes of \$15 each, for Ponies of 56 in. or under. Each pony to be nominated by a lady. The nominator of the winner will receive a bracelet or other prize selected by her. 700 metres.

THE HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE, open to all comers (thoroughbreds excepted), a Sweepstakes of \$25 each with \$50 added; about 2500 metres.

A MAIDEN HANDICAP, for Ponies of 56 in. or under that have never won a race under Hurlingham Rules; a Sweepstakes of \$10 each with \$50 added; 1500 metres.

Entries close on Wednesday, 20th inst., to the Secretary, Piedad 559.

FLORES ATHLETIC CLUB

Lawn Tennis Tournament (Handicap)

A TOURNAMENT will be held on the GROUNDS of the above CLUB during the months of JULY and AUGUST next.

GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES, entrance \$2.

GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES, entrance \$4.

MIXED DOUBLES, entrance \$1.

The Gentlemen's Singles and Doubles are for members only.

The Mixed Doubles will be open to any Ladies (Members or otherwise) accompanied by Gentlemen members of the Club.

Entries to be sent up to June 30, to

Mr J. S. AGAR.

Defensa 124 (City).

Cañada de Gomez Polo Club

A LOCAL POLO TOURNAMENT will be held on the above Club's Ground on SATURDAY, SUNDAY and MONDAY, JULY 7, 8 and 9.

The Tournament is open to all affiliated Clubs and Scratch Teams.

Entries close on Thursday, July 5th, when the draw will take place.

The River Plate Kennel Club

WILL HOLD A

DOG SHOW

ON THE

25th and 26th June, 1894

IN

BUENOS AIRES

Entries will be received at the office of the Club until Saturday, 9th June, inclusive, for dogs of the following classes.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Hounds (Bloodhounds, Foxhounds, Harriers, Otterhounds, Beagles, etc.) | 18. Bull Terriers—Bitches |
| 2. Fox Terriers—Dogs | 19. Collies—Dogs |
| 3. " Bitches | 20. " —Bitches |
| 4. " Puppies | 21. " —Puppies |
| 5. Pointers—Dogs | 22. Smooth Terriers (Black and Tan, English, &c.) |
| 6. " —Bitches | 23. Rough Terriers (Irish, Bedlington) |
| 7. " —Puppies | 24. Rough Terriers (Scotch, Skye, Dandy, etc.) |
| 8. Braques | 25. Pomeranians |
| 9. Setters (English, Irish, and Gordon) | 26. Italian Greyhounds |
| 10. Retrievers (Curly and Wavy) | 27. Pugs—Dogs |
| 11. Spaniels (Clumber, Sussex) | 28. " Bitches |
| 12. Spaniels (Irish, Water, Field and Cocker) | 29. Toy Spaniels (Ruby, Blenheims, King Charles, etc.) |
| 13. Dachshunds | 30. Great Danes—Dogs |
| 14. St. Bernards | 31. " —Bitches |
| 15. Newfoundlands | 32. Greyhounds |
| 16. Bulldogs | 33. Deerhounds |
| 17. Bull Terriers—Dogs | 34. General Class (for dogs not included in the above classes) |

Entry fee for each dog \$2.

Should sufficient entries be received of any description of dog for which no special class is named, a class will be formed for them.

No prize will be given in any class in which there are fewer than three competitors.

In making entries it will be necessary to state if the dog be imported or bred in the country.

Any person wishing to enter a dog—For Sale—must state the price at time of entry, and the secretary shall have power to sell such dog at the price mentioned any time during the show.

All entries are received subject to the Club's rules for shows, which may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Piedad 559.

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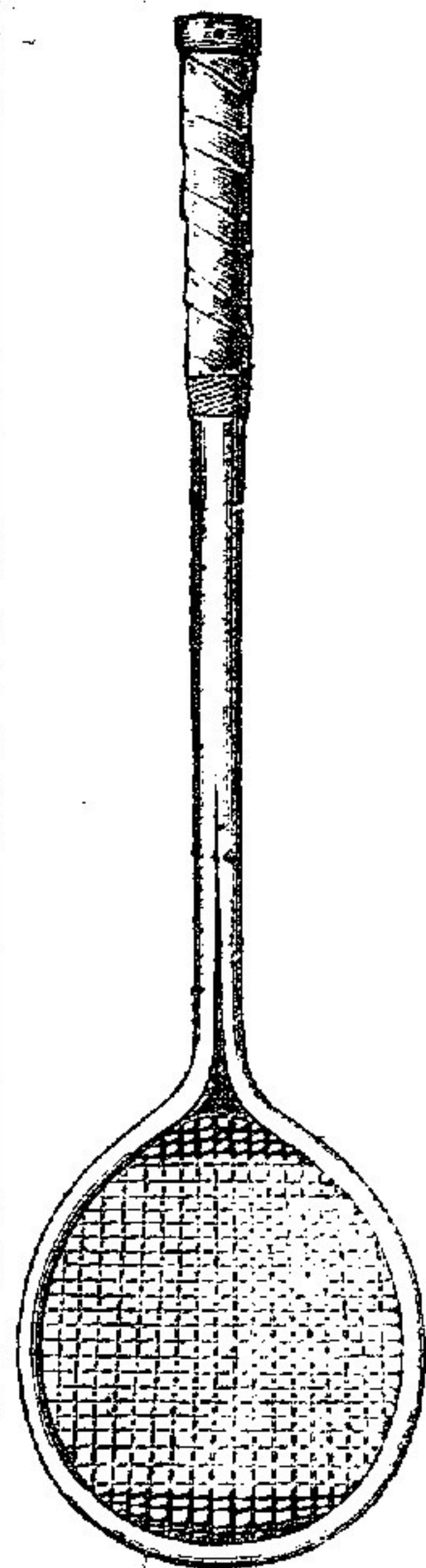
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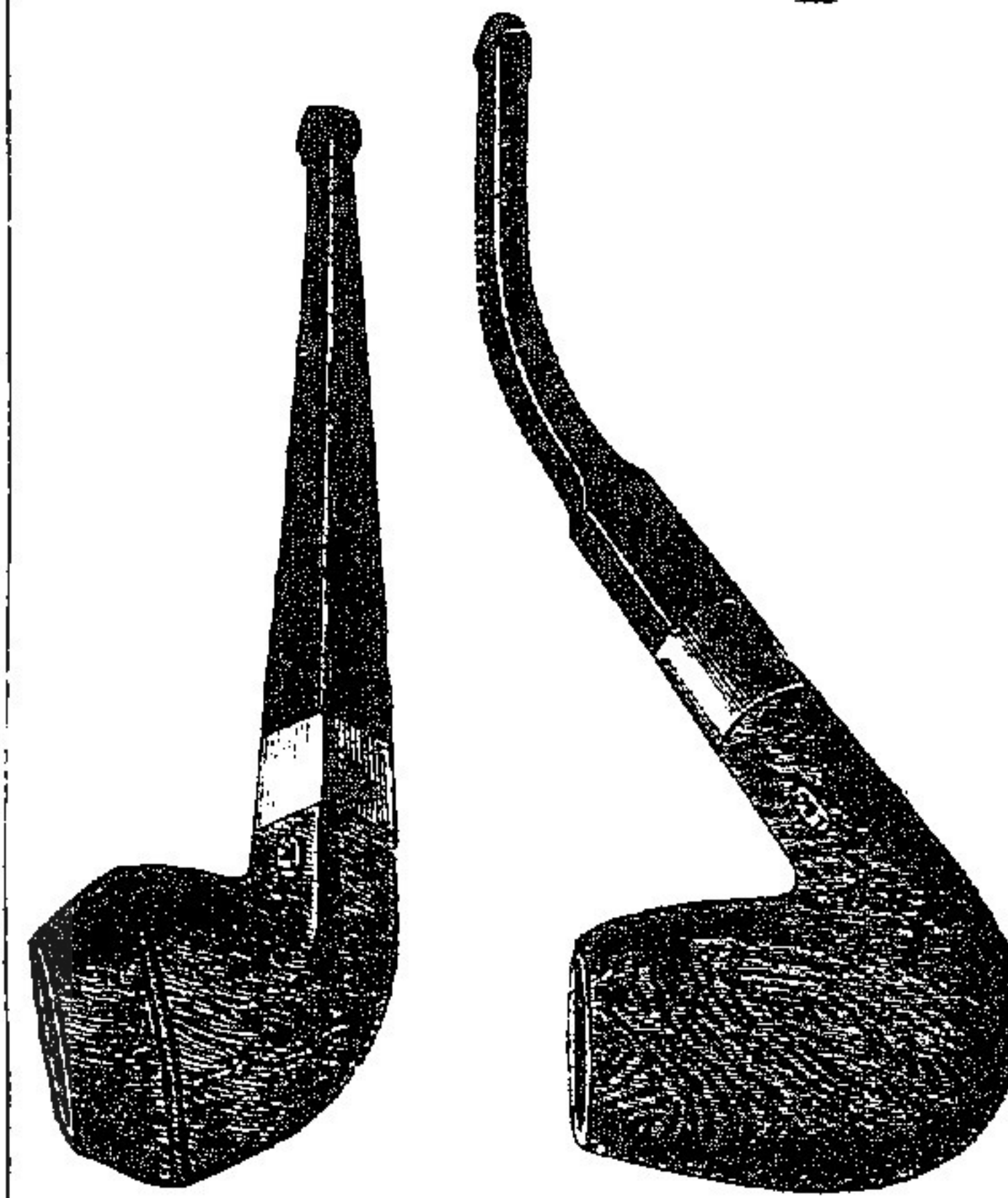
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BUENOS AIRES

1894 - Catálogo - 1894

CATÁLOGO ILUSTRADO Y DESCRIPTIVO CON CALENDARIO DE SIEMBRA Y PLANTACIONES. SE ENVIA AL QUE LO SOLICITE, Gratis.

TOWARDS THE SUNSET.

(Continued).

On enquiry I found that the R.M.S. Boyne sailed on the 23rd, so as it was only the 20th I determined to try and catch her. Next evening I took the steamer down the river, congratulating myself on being at last safe for a time, for even were it now to leak out that I had conveyed the money for arms and ammunition to be used in a revolt against the Government, my going home would completely put them off my track. Things, thought I, are turning out better than I expected, but as often happens, at least so I have generally found when congratulating myself on fancied security from any unpleasant events turning up, I was even then actually on the point of a most unpleasant discovery. And it happened in this way. The Boyne was advertised to leave the Otter Roads at 2 p.m. of the 23rd. I arrived in Buenos Aires by river steamer on the 22nd, for the railways were not made until long after between Rosario and Buenos Aires, and I had to provide myself with suitable clothes. I found a tailor who promised to rig me out with two suits by nine o'clock on the morning of the 23rd, but as tailors are the most unreliable of men, so this one was no exception to the rule. Nine o'clock passed, ten and eleven also, and yet my clothes were not forthcoming. I ran round to his place, half choked with anger and despair.

"Only three more buttons to sew on, sir, be ready in 'arf an hour, sir," said the beast.

"Confound you," I cried, "the tender will be leaving in an hour, and I shall miss the steamer."

I picked up the buttons and thread lying on a table where the beggar was sitting sewing, and telling him I could sew them on myself on board, I paid his account and made him send his man along with me, bringing the clothes to the hotel. My portmanteau was ready, only waiting for these things, so getting a man to carry it I started for the passenger mole. Here I met an Irish boatman.

"Going by the Boyne, sir?"

"Yes; plenty of time, is there not?"

"None too much, sir, the tender is only waiting for the mails."

I hurried on, but in front of me I caught sight of two ladies, one old and stout, the other just the opposite, with a remarkably neat figure and bewitching little feet done up in French shoes. These things, of course, attracted my attention, but as they were walking quickly away from me it was not until we reached the very end of the pier that I caught them up, and I was just going to bolt down the steps into the boat after my portmanteau when they turned, and to my surprise I saw that the feet and figure belonged to Matilda Paunero.

Both of us uttered a cry of astonishment and recognition.

"Whenever did you come down here?" I asked hurriedly. "I thought you had gone to Mendoza."

"Mendoza? No! what ever put that into your head?"

"My God, I thought to myself, here is some dreadful mystery and cold-blooded foul play."

"I must speak to you alone, Matilda," I said hurriedly. "I have no time to waste, I am going to Europe and the steamer will leave directly."

"I must have a few words with this caballero in private, señora," said she to the old lady who was with her, and with that I took her hand and led her to a bench on the other side of the pier.

"Now then, answer me quickly, much depends on what you say. What brought you down here?"

"The very afternoon you arranged to take the money for Castillo to Rosario, my brother brought me a telegram from my aunt, Doña Clementina Basualdo, saying that she was ill and on the point of death, and asking me to come to her here at once."

"Do you remember a black silk handkerchief you worked for little Celestina Bengolea?"

She blushed and smiled.

"It was not for Celestina really, but it was stolen from my room about a fortnight ago."

"Well, Carlos has it now, it was handed him with a letter signed with your name, saying you were going to Mendoza to enter a convent, and asking him to meet you at El Balde. He went, and though he ought to have caught me up and come with me he didn't do so. You must find out what has become of him."

"Oh, mi Dios! Alberto se ha muerto," she cried, as she fell up against me in a swoon.

"If yer aint sharp you won't catch the Boyne. Tug's whistled twice, and I'll be 'orf in two minutes."

I shouted out to the old lady to come and look after Matilda, and jumped down the ladder into the boat, at the risk of going through the bottom.

A volley of "gringo sin verguenza" (shameless foreigner), and shrill yells of "policia" followed me as I bade the man shove off. I could see people running up the mole, attracted by the old lady's screams, and a small crowd soon hid them from my sight. Five minutes after I stood on the tender, and we were off. Here I luckily met old Mr Petty, the Royal Mail Company's pilot, going on board the Boyne to take her through the sand banks that render the navigation of the River Plate so difficult. He was an old friend of mine, and I hurriedly begged him to procure me a sheet of paper and an envelope, for I must write a letter before we got on board. He began chaffing me, asking whether I had come away in too big a hurry to say good-bye to my sweetheart. But when I told him that it was a matter of life and death, that a friend of mine had been treacherously dealt with and probably murdered, that I had only just that moment found it out, and must write at once and acquaint others with the fact, he quickly procured me the necessary articles and promised to have the letter brought back by the tug on her return. The Boyne being a large ship could not come within fifteen miles of Buenos

Aires, and there she lay out in the river, and it would take the tug the best part of an hour and a half to reach her, consequently I had ample time for writing my letter to Phil. I told him what Matilda had told me. How I had seen Carlos with the black silk handkerchief we both knew. How Don Severiano, naturally supposing him to be with me in Rosario, would have no suspicion of foul play. That putting together the facts of Matilda's supposed letter, which now I had no doubt had been written by Alberto, and her being sent out of the way to Buenos Aires the same day, the only conclusion possible to arrive at was that Carlos had been kidnapped by Paunero's orders and probably murdered on his way to El Balde. I begged him by our friendship, and also on account of Carlos' mother and sisters, to do all he could to clear up this mystery. I told him that I should only be four months in England, and asked him to write me at once what he had been able to find out; and also asked him to direct a letter for me at the "Standard" Office in Buenos Aires at the beginning of October, so that I might find it there when I landed. This finished I handed it to Mr Petty, and stepped on board the Boyne with a sadder heart than I had expected when I woke that morning in Buenos Aires.

Of my journey, of the time I spent in my dear old home in the heart of the Midlands of beautiful England, I have nothing to relate as those things have naught to do with the interest of my story. But about a month after my arrival I got a letter from Phil. More tragedies had been and were being enacted since I left—of Carlos not a word had been heard, he had completely disappeared. His mother and sisters were in despair. Maria's marriage had been put off. Don Severiano had raged and sworn, as only Spaniards and Italians can, when he heard that Carlos was not with me; and finally offered a reward of \$500 for his recovery. Don Alberto had been found murdered just outside the town about ten days before this letter was written, and Doña Indelecia had told him that Matilda was lying at death's door in Buenos Aires, stricken down with an attack of brain fever.

All these things tended to spoil my sojourn at home, and I soon became possessed with a feverish anxiety to return, added to this everything in England seemed so dreadfully small. The fields which formerly I had used to consider enormous had somehow dwindled down, everything besides seemed tame. All I knew of England was what I had seen during my holidays, and life, real life, had first burst upon me in the almost limitless pampas and enormous forests of western Argentina, and I longed once more to gaze on the mighty Cordilleras, now hidden from my view beyond six thousand miles of ocean, under the glowing sunset of southern skies.

Oh, for a gallop over the grassy plains, for the feeling of the crisp, clear mountain air. I really believe that had I met an Indian in one of those shady lanes I should have hugged him for the very memories he would have brought back to my mind. I have met Englishmen who have lived in the country for years, and left it with the idea which most Englishmen have of it, that it is all flat. Dolts and blockheads, they have seen nothing of it beyond the flat abominations of Santa Fe and Buenos Aires. Had they travelled over it as I have, they would admit that there is some of the grandest scenery, and some of the finest sport in the world, to be found along the edge of the southern Cordilleras. And land for cattle, and market for their produce in Chile, unequalled in the whole province of Buenos Aires.

One thing amused and, at the same time, rather annoyed me during my stay in England. I was in town, and one night at a party I amused the girl who sat next me at dinner with some of my adventures out here; and among other things I told her of the old manuscript we had found and read in Araucibe's cave. I could see from the smiles and shrugs that people sitting round had also heard my story, and treated it as one of the proverbial traveller's tales. But it is true, as true as that I told it then, and as true as that I have written it since.

In August I got another letter from Phil.

"Do not let me hurry you," he wrote, "though I must tell you frankly that the sooner I clap eyes on you again the better I shall be pleased. Tom Armstrong and Betsey came out quite unexpectedly, and turned up here about the 3rd or 4th of June. Betsey said she had lost all heart when the old place was sold and I gone. They got my address at the London and River Plate Bank in Buenos Aires and came straight up. They have brought a nephew, a young fellow of eighteen, he was in a training stable at Newmarket, but got too heavy to ride, so they sacked him. I put him on my grey the other day with spurs on. You never saw such a game. The grey chucked him clean. He is a good lad and will be very useful, as he knows a heap of Spanish already. Have not heard anything of Carlos, he is a gone coon I expect. Maria married Palomeque last week. Politics quiet for the time, though Araucibe tells me that they are going to play the devil's delight before long, and your friend Castillo is helping them tooth and nail. Doña Matilda still in Buenos Aires getting well, been very bad I hear, nearly dead. Worth a lot of money now, brother dead, no other relations except cousins, she takes the whole cake. Serious thoughts of marrying her myself. Brother dead, sweetheart out of the way, interesting foreigner makes the running, wins, tableau! Araucibe nearly always here now, amusing beggar, knows what became of Carlos I fancy, but won't be pumped. Bricks for house all spoilt in burning, built the house of algarrobo slabs, first rate, verandah all round. Bought 3000 head of cattle, A1 class but very wild. No sport of any sort since you left. Nothing but hard work. When you come out, if you have time, bring up 'Whiskers,' he is at Las Rosas, Cañada de Gomez; give my love to them all. Good-bye.

"PHIL DUNN."

Phil's letter came like a whiff from the forests and mountains, a voice from another world; and on the 20th of September I started again for the River Plate, arriving in Buenos Aires on October 15th, and the first thing I heard there was that Ivanowski had been shot, murdered in fact. Many were the rumours current at the time as to how and why he had been killed, but the one which had the most colouring of truth in it I heard some time after in Mendoza. I was told that when Ivanowski heard the stories which were flying about concerning certain officers, he wrote to Buenos Aires repeating them, adding as much as he was able to learn himself. A reply came back immediately, ordering him should he consider that he possessed sufficient proofs of these officers' disaffection to arrest them, or cause them to be arrested, and forwarded at once to Buenos Aires. This letter, unfortunately, fell into the wrong persons' hands, and seeing that there was now no longer any possibility of hiding their schemes, they determined to take the bull by the horns, which they did at once by having Ivanowski shot.

I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, for no one I fancy ever knew the real facts of the matter, except the men who shot Ivanowski, but taking into consideration what was told Phil and I by Ivanowski, that day when we were cow-hunting at the Laguna Bebedero, it seems more than likely that this is what had really occurred.

At the "Standard" office I found a letter from Phil, written evidently before Ivanowski's death, for he made no mention of it, begging me to come up as soon as possible.

I had to stay one day in Buenos Aires as there was no steamer up the river on the day I arrived, so I spent the whole of that afternoon driving about in an open cab in the hopes of seeing Matilda, as there were many things I wanted to find out that I thought she could enlighten me on. But it was no use. Many times I saw ladies in the distance both walking and driving who looked something like her, but each time I was disappointed. Of course I could have found out where she was staying had there been but one family of Basualdos in Buenos Aires, but there were many, and it would hardly have done to have gone round knocking at their several doors and asking whether the Señorita Paunero lived there or not, for ten to one I should have hit on the wrong one and been kicked out as an impertinent madman.

That very day came the news that Arredondo had revolted, and that most of the regiments on the frontier had joined him, but everybody was so excited, and such a number of different stories were handed about, that no one knew which to believe. Newsboys were running all about the streets shouting out "Revolt of Colonel Arredondo and all the Army," "Murder of Colonel Ivanowsky explained," and a hundred other things calculated to excite the curiosity of the public and induce them to buy the printed bulletin they offered for sale, and for which, though only about the size of an ordinary sheet of writing paper, they asked as much as the "New York Herald" fetches in the States.

The National Guard was called out in all the provinces, and the country was declared in a state of siege. The river steamers and trains were crowded, and it was only by paying a double fare that I managed to procure a passage.

In Rosario I found things to be even worse. The trains stopped by order of the authorities, and no one allowed to leave the town without a special permit. Luckily I had gone to the English Consulate in Buenos Aires and obtained a paper stating that I was a British subject, and by means of this I managed to secure a seat in a Government special going up with some young officers to Rio Cuarto. Most of my luggage I had left in Rosario, only bringing away a couple of flannel shirts and a few small necessaries in a little handbag. And this I found was very fortunate, for the train stopped about seven leagues from its destination, while the engine went on to reconnoitre, for Arredondo was supposed to be at the town itself or close to it.

We waited there for about two hours and still the engine did not make its appearance, and thinking it was becoming rather too monotonous I descended, and with my bag in my hand started off to walk to the estancia of an old friend of mine, Don Tomás Slatter, an Englishman who lived close to the Arroyo Chucul. It was only a nine-mile walk, but still I was mightily pleased when I saw the white walls of the estancia gleaming through the trees.

Slatter was delighted to see me, for all his peons had gone off to avoid being taken by one of the numerous commissions that were then scouring the country in search of men to swell the ranks of the National Guard. We had the customary drink together, and then sat down under the verandah to discuss the affairs of this "most distressful country."

"How did you manage to escape?" he enquired.

"Escape? Where from? I am afraid I don't quite understand."

"Why, from prison. Where else should you escape from?"

"Worse and worse. I don't understand a bit. I have never been in prison. I have only just come out from home."

"Get along," said he with a laugh, "that cock won't fight. We heard about six months ago that you had gone down to Rosario to pay for and receive arms for Arredondo, and then we heard that you were taken, but come, joking apart, how did you manage to get away?"

"I answer you, Mr Slatter," I said solemnly, "that I have only been five days in the country. I went home six months ago and have just come out, and am on my way to join a friend of mine in San Luis."

"Then all I can say is that it is a most extraordinary thing to me however you got into that train, and a most

providential thing for you that you left it when you did, for if you had reached Rio Cuarto you would most certainly have been taken, and then it would have gone hard with you."

"Well, that is deuced unpleasant," I remarked, "if what you say is correct, I am what you might call in a hole, I shall be noble. If I go on to Rio Cuarto, and if I go back why, of course, I should not have the slightest chance. I am too well known. What do you think I had better do?"

"There is only one thing for you to do, my boy," said old Slatter, "you must go on. When once you are past Rio Cuarto you will be in Arredondo's country, and consequently among friends. If you are caught by the Government people and recognised, as you most likely would be, for you have got your name up in a rather unpleasant manner, 'quien sabe' if they wouldn't shoot you."

"But I have my British protection paper in my pocket."

"Not worth the paper it is printed on in the present emergency. You would be shot for conspiracy against the constituted Government, for purchasing and conveying arms to be used by the rebels against the authorities. Lord Palmerston, himself, could not save you even if he were here to do it."

"Then I must ride it and risk it," I exclaimed, "you can give me a couple of good horses, and you must lend me a saddle, too, mine is in Rio Cuarto, and there I fancy it will have to remain for some time."

Old Don Tomas Slatter had the best breed of horses in the upper provinces in those days. He was an Englishman, though having been in the country at that time over forty years, and living all his life among the natives had become more like a native in his ideas than anything else. He possessed twenty odd leagues of camp and more than twelve thousand mares. He used to keep a small army of peons, and though the Indians had on one or two occasions succeeded in driving off small points of animals they had become convinced that the game was not worth the candle; for his men, splendidly mounted and armed, invariably overtook them, recapturing the spoil and killing many. But he had another thing in his favour. For some reason or other he had been held in high honour by the tyrant Rosas, who was looked upon almost as a god by the Indians, and this, too, in a manner might explain why his cattle were usually spared at times when neighbouring estancias were ravaged.

"Where do you propose going," he asked presently, "and how far is it?"

"I think I had better make straight for my friend Dunn's estancia, about twelve leagues south-west from the town of San Luis, that will be more or less sixty-five leagues from here."

"I can give you a couple of horses that will take you there in forty-eight hours."

"They will have to be good ones, then, for it will be a devil of a gallop. I shall cut camp the whole way. I will start to-night after supper, there is no moon but that doesn't matter, by morrow I shall be in front of the Sierras del Rosario, and to-morrow afternoon, if I have good luck, I ought to be near the Rio Quinto."

"Are you sure you won't get lost at night?"

"No fear," cried I, "think of the hundreds of nights I have spent out driving cattle. I know the sky like a book and could ride all night in any direction, for there are stars which never change and I can ride by them, keeping Magellan's clouds well on my left hand. If the horses don't fail me I shall turn up all right."

"The horses I guarantee; come and look at them."

We went round behind the house, and there under a tree we found the two horses he proposed to lend me. Anyone not used to our little criollo horses would, perhaps, not have looked at them twice, except to note that one was the exact counterpart of the other, for they were as like in size, shape and colour as two bullets out of the same mould could be.

Their colour was a dark, dull red. I don't know any English word that would describe it, the natives call it "sangre de toro," without the slightest particle of gloss, the coat hard and very coarse. Their heads might have been carved out of wood, short, square, and very lean, with rabbit ears, and very bright though slightly sunken eyes, necks short and thick, shoulders very broad in front, sloping and muscular, though very narrow and high at the withers, back short and almost flat over the loins, quarters square and broad. The hind legs were very straight, though with immense power. The forelegs were straight and short. As I passed my hand from the knee down to the pastern I found the sinews like bits of wire. Pasterns very short, and rather too straight. The hoofs black, very deep and coarse and slightly contracted.

"What do you think of them?" he asked, as I finished my examination.

"They look good enough," I replied.

"Good enough!" he shouted, "I do not believe there are two other horses in the republic with the heart in them that those have. They will never give in, they will drop in their tracks first, they are own brothers, and, Lord, the trouble they gave to tame. It was more than five years before I could get them to leave off bucking, one is rising ten and the other eleven now. And, talking about bucking, I never saw anything to come up to it. All pluck, they wouldn't give in, but when they did—Ah! But there they are. Did you ever see such depth of girth on a horse in your life? They stand fifteen and a half hands, and, d—n me, if they look much over fourteen."

It was true, the size of their bodies made them look lower than they really were. Barring a few white spots on the withers, apparently old saddle galls, they were whole coloured, not a white hair to be seen on head or legs.

"I suppose they are perfectly tame now?"

I asked this as I was going on a long ride, through an almost uninhabited part of the country, and to get bucked off and left on foot would not be a pleasant experience.

"As tame as kittens," he replied. "When they gave in they gave in completely. Even if you were to come a mucker galloping at night across camp, and sprain your ankle, or break your arm, you could mount from either side and they would neither of them move till you are in the saddle."

This was comforting, at any rate, and just what I wanted to know.

"I tell you what," I said, "I'll buy them from you. What will you take for them?"

"Lad," he cried, "the money isn't coined that would buy those two horses. They are worth a man's life any day. I could get on them and laugh at Indians or soldiers. I don't say but what there are faster horses in a short skurry, but I'd just like to see the horse that could outlast them. No, when you get to your friend's place, just give them each a good feed of corn, have them well washed, and turn them loose. They will be back here under a week, I go bail."

I thanked him as well as I was able and then his wife called us in to supper. I found one of the horses saddled up, when I went out afterwards, with a Mexican cavalry saddle, covered in every available spot with silver, and having holsters for pistols, and on examining these I found that each one contained an old fashioned bell mouthed brass blunderbuss. I burst out laughing at this.

"Eh?" said the old fellow, "what's up, what are you laughing at?"

"These," said I, taking them out and handing them towards him, "you don't suppose I am going to take these things along, d you?"

"You just put them back where you took 'em from, they're loaded with slugs. And don't you make any mistake. One of those in a muss is better than five of your revolvers. You could pepper half a dozen men at twelve or fourteen yards with one of them or blow one in two at close quarters."

"But, how am I to return you the saddle, if you could wait until this row blows over I could either bring it back or send it down by diligencia, it is a valuable saddle and must be worth a lot of money."

"It aint the actual money value of the thing that I care about, it is the fact that it was given me as a present by Juan Manuel Rosas, that makes me value it. He gave me this land we are on now, in fact every thing I have."

"You must have done him some very great service for him to give you all that."

"Look here," he cried suddenly, "are you going to start, or are you going to stop talking all night, because if so I'll have the horses unsaddled and tied up again."

"I beg your pardon, Mr Slatter," said I, "I didn't mean to be rude or inquisitive, many thanks for your kindness and good bye—I'll send back the saddle on the first opportunity," and with that I mounted.

"Just draw Pithyas's head up alongside your knee and he'll lead like a dog, Damon and Pithyas I call them, you are on Damon, t'other's Pithyas. Good bye and good luck."

"One moment," said I, "where do I cross the river?"

He stood looking up at the sky for a moment.

"You see the Southern Cross, well, cut straight for the lowest star, that will bring you to within a few yards of the pass, the horses know it."

And with another "good bye" I started.

A solitary ride like that I had before me, of about two hundred miles, afforded me abundance of time to consider the position in which Don Severiano and adverse circumstances had placed me. It was known then to others that I had conveyed the money down to Rosario. I myself was known to several of the private police in Rosario, and it was perhaps on this account that I had been allowed to get on the train which left Rosario. Yes, that must be it. Police spies always met the river steamers at the mole to see who landed. Some of them had undoubtedly seen me, recognised me, and informed Vargas, and he remembering that I had been entrusted by Castillo and Arredondo with the money I had delivered to him six months before, no doubt imagined that I was now also entrusted with some secret service connected with his party, else why had the money been sent to him. He, doubtless, when advised of my landing had had me watched, and when I applied for a passage up in the train, it had been given me by his orders. For now I came to think of it I was the only civilian there, all the other passengers were officers. Lucky, though, that none of them took it into their heads to question me. But they were all too busily engaged in discussing among themselves whether Arredondo would really fight or not, and if he did where the scrimmage would be most likely to come off.

Confoundedly lucky, though, that the train had stopped just where it did, and also that I had got off it there, and walked those nine miles up to Slatter's place. If I had gone on I should have found myself in a veritable hornet's nest. Caught, and probably shot. Beastly unpleasant and "infra dig," too, to be shot as a rebel conspirator by a firing party of Argentine soldiers.

I had started at 8 o'clock, at 12 I unsaddled Damon and mounted Pithyas, and again, as it began to get light at 4 in the morning I again changed, so as to give each horse a spell of four hours. As it began to get light I distinguished the Sierras del Rosario about four leagues ahead, so I reckoned I had come about eighteen leagues, for they lie almost due south from Achiras which is again fourteen from Rio Cuarto, to the west.

It was with much disappointment when first I mounted Pithyas that I found his paces were as like those of his brother as he himself was in shape, size, and colour. The same long measured gallop, each stride measuring the same amount of ground in exactly the

same time. I believed if those two horses had been set to gallop a league and their strides counted, they would have been found to be the same number and have taken exactly the same amount of time.

I say that I was disappointed, for any change in pace after riding a considerable distance on one horse is always a relief; and I was in no sort of fettle for a long gallop like this—four months in England and the journeys there and back of twenty-five days each way all tend to put one out of condition. Before I had gone home I should thoroughly have enjoyed the ride, but now as I rode up to the edge of the mountains "del Rosario" I began to feel that the twenty-two leagues meant sixty-six miles, and was delighted when I found a little brook with good grass, for here I determined to give my horses a five hours' rest. It was just half-past seven when I dismounted, so I had been riding eleven hours and a half, and done sixty-six miles, or about six miles an hour. Nothing much certainly, but then I was not riding against time, nor did I wish to distress my horses unnecessarily, besides we still had about a hundred and thirty miles to go, so I had taken it pretty easily, galloping a couple of leagues, and then jogging for a bit, and then on again. I washed their backs, using my flannel shirt as a sponge, hobbled Damon and left his brother loose with the leading rein trailing, and then finding a rock which I saw would keep the sun off me till after midday, I lay down with my saddle for a pillow, and slept like a dog.

At half-past twelve I woke, my limbs stiff and painful, and hungry. Great Scott! hungry! and nothing to eat and no chance of getting anything either for another hundred and thirty odd miles. I looked round the rock as I tightened my belt, and picked up my knife and revolver which had fallen out while I slept. There were my horses, asleep to, and standing close together, and so provokingly like one another that had it not been that I had hobbled Damon and left his brother loose I should not have known t'other from which.

Cursing my folly at having started without anything at all in the way of provisions I set to work to saddle up Pithyas, but while thus employed a happy thought struck me. I had heard Carlos mention while we were in Araucibe's cave that there was a bag with dried beef and some stale biscuits lying in a corner there, though at the time we none of us had paid any attention to it, for we had as much good fresh beef as we needed, and to spare, but this would shorten my fast by a considerable number of hours. Let me see; the lake is twelve leagues east from the fort and the fort is four leagues east from Phil's place, sixteen leagues, or, say, roughly speaking, about fifty miles, leaving about eighty miles to travel before I got anything to eat. That was nothing, I could do that in ten hours or eleven at the outside, so at one o'clock I started again, getting my direction from the sun, that is to say the least bit back from a right angle on my left side. Old Slatter's opinion of his horses was fully confirmed in my mind, for the one I bestrode galloped gallantly on, tossing his head in the air every now and then as though to let me know that there was lots left in him yet, while old Damon trotted steadily along with his ears just level with my knee, as though he had been doing nothing else all his life and liked it. As the sun was setting (half-past six) we reached the Rio Quinto and I knew that I was only forty miles from the Laguna. As I drew rein in the middle of the river, for it was only about three feet deep, to give my horses a drink and cool their feet and legs a bit, the water looked so delightfully clear and enticing that I determined to have a bath, and that bath lived in my memory for many a day after, for the delight of feeling the cool water rushing over my heated body and aching limbs was a sensation not easily to be forgotten, but I could not help laughing as I buckled my belt two holes tighter than it had been that morning. Caramba, thought I, if this goes on much longer I shall soon be looking as weedy as a society belle. On again through a country partly forest, partly open, wherever it was open, I put on the steam, for in the woods all was dark horrible gloom, and I had to go slowly and often to stop to avoid being brushed off my horse by a low hanging branch.

At a quarter to two both horses threw up their heads with a glad snuffle, and I knew that we were near the laguna and that they smelt water; and, sure enough, five minutes later, we rode out upon the belt of salt which girded the dark waters of the lake.

I saw that I had ridden over the low ridge of sand hills that Phil and I had seen at the further side that morning at sunrise when we lay on the ground looking at the wild cattle. But still we had about eight miles to go to get to Araucibe's hiding place, and those eight miles, travelling alone as I was, tired and hungry, seemed never ending, but at length I found the entrance to the little ravine that led into the natural paddock.

So far as I could judge no one had been there lately. The cross bars were secured at the gateway, but the raw hide strands with which they were tied had grown so hard from being moistened either by dew or rain that I had to cut them with my knife in order to get in.

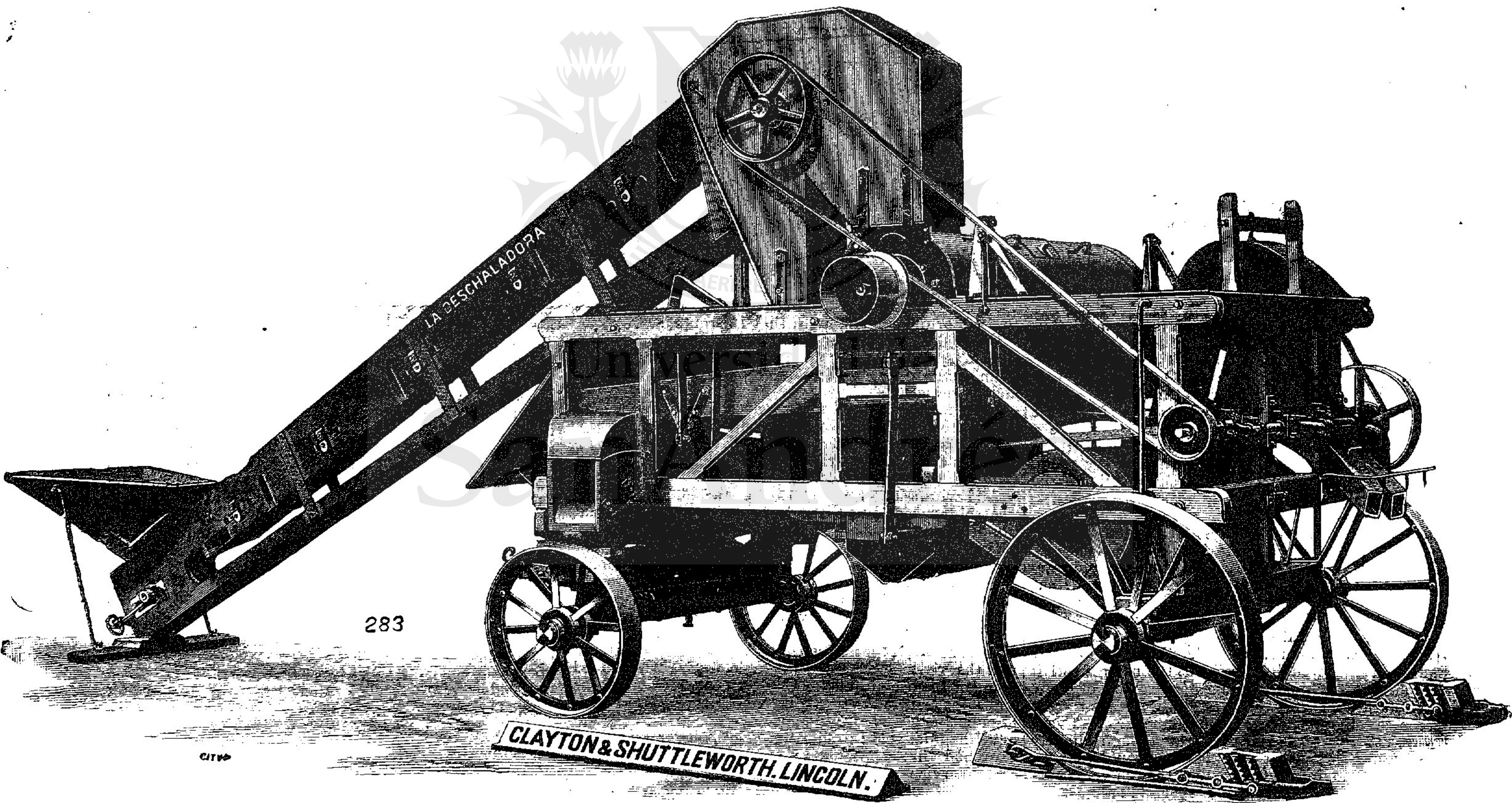
What a relief it was when I rode round behind the evergreen tree and saw once more the white cow's hide which covered the entrance to the cave. As soon as I dismounted I pulled out one of old Slatter's blunderbusses and then struck a match to see that no one was hidden within. But that was a superfluous precaution, there was no one there and probably had not been for several months. Strange to say I didn't feel hungry now, it was after three o'clock in the morning so I unsaddled my horses and let them both go, and then went and secured the gate again. Inside the cave I was surprised to find a bundle of gaudy-coloured ponchos, piled in a corner, and a lot of salted ribs of beef hung on a string stretched across from one wall to the other.

To be continued.)

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