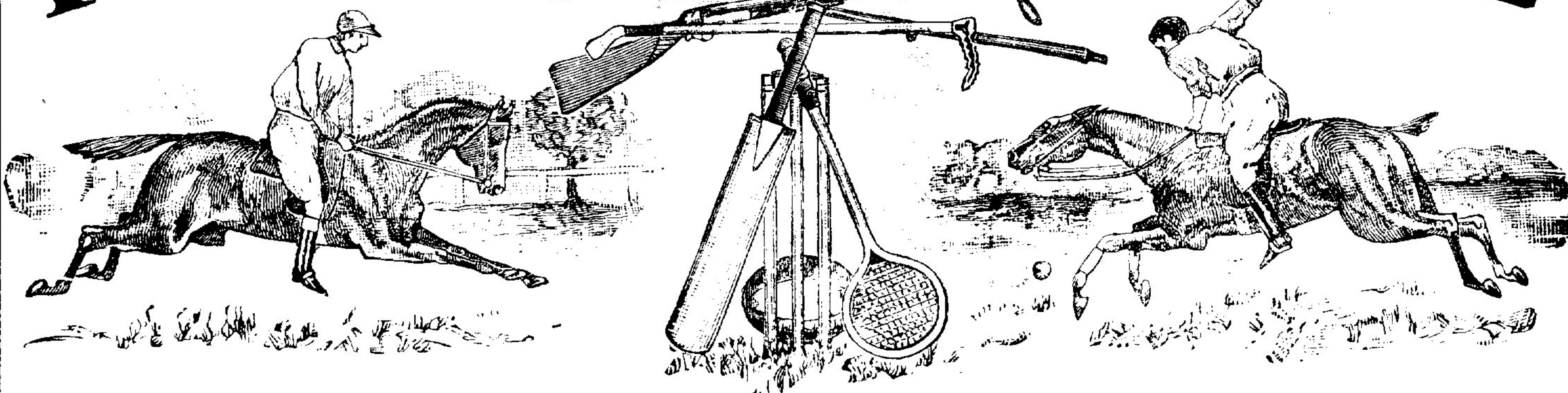


RIVER PLATE



SPORT & PASTIME

No. 450, Vol. XVI.

BUENOS AIRES, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1900

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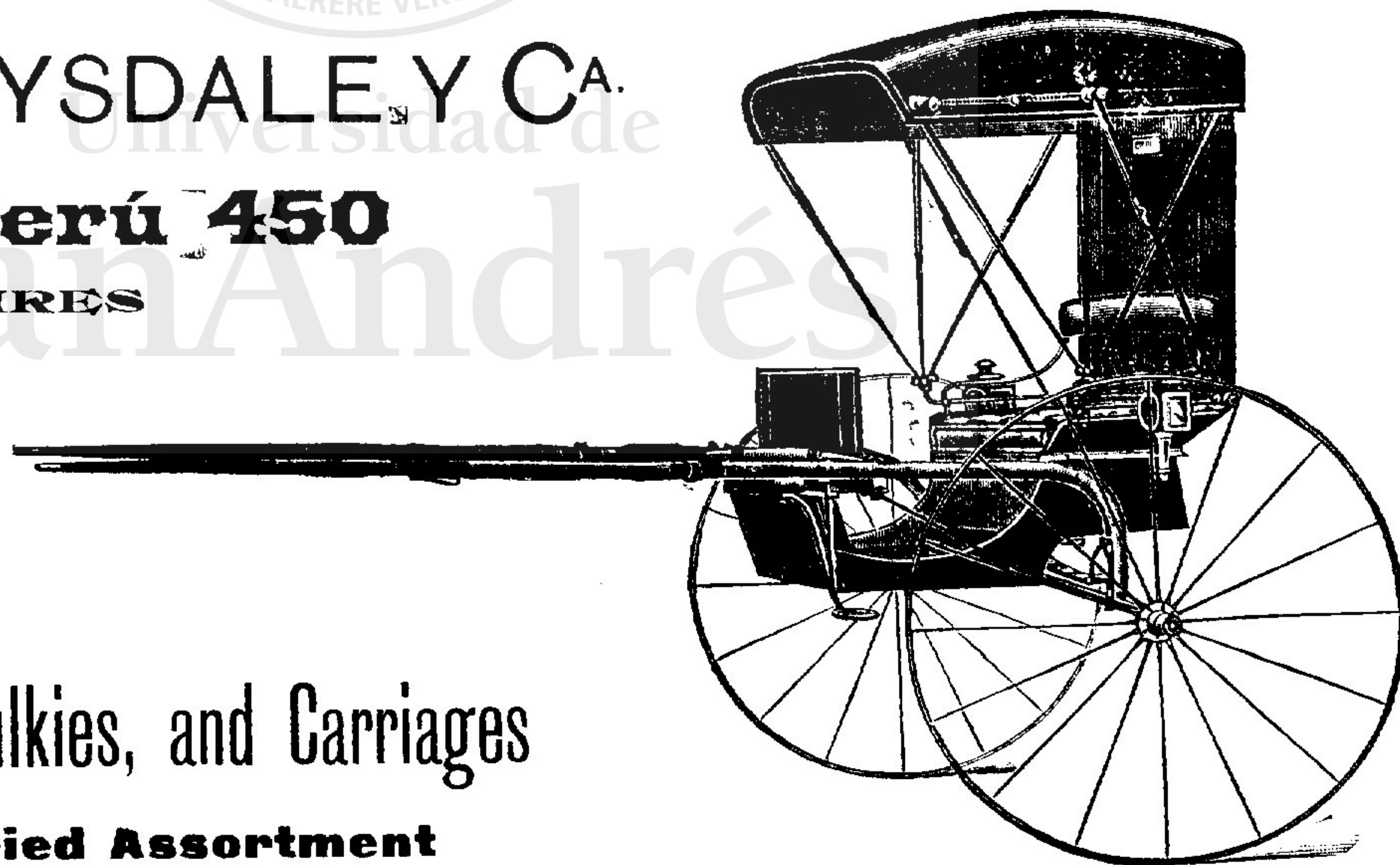
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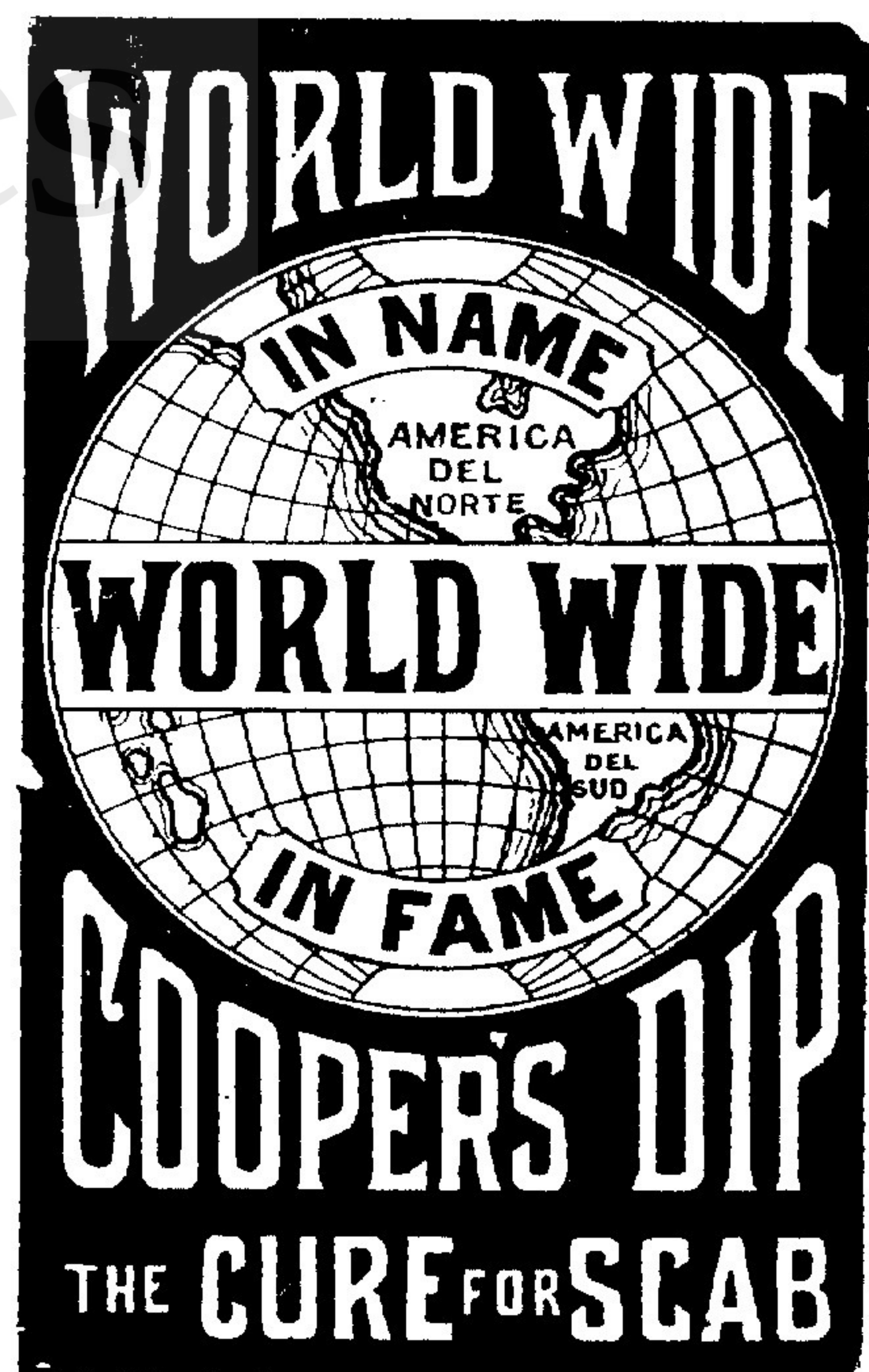
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Jan. 1, 1900.



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River Plate Sport and Pastime

BUENOS AIRES, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1900.

RACING.

BELGRANO—FEBRUARY 11.

Although favoured with a beautiful summer's day the programme presented so little attraction that the attendance was not up to the mark, being hardly better than on an ordinary weekday. The animation, however, was pretty well kept up, there being upwards of 69,000 tickets sold between win and place, enough to leave a tolerable margin.

In the Selling Plate, Tula, who was in the group, fell so unfortunately as to kill herself, her jockey escaping wonderfully with very little hurt, and no further damage being done.

The starting, although the fields were small, was not successful, and in the sixth race, the favourite, Ecarté, was nearly left at the post, and the starter on his return, came in for a good deal of hissing in consequence.

The only close finish of the day was in the young ones' mile, which was booked as a certainty for Congo, but the brother of Yerba Amarga only got in by the skin of his teeth from Selim, whose strong challenge must have put the heart of backers in their mouths till the numbers were hoisted.

Graco was also a hot favourite for the mile handicap, but this improving colt held his race safe and won easily.

The Selling Plate was taken by Reyezuelo, who paid well on account of his good form all last year and received no bid when put up for sale.

The rest of the races are not worth mention, and we will hope the next card will turn out better.

The following are the details:—

PREMIO OLGA, for horses of four years and more that have been a year in the country and have not won more than \$4000. Weight, 52 kilos, 3 kilos extra to winners of one race, 5 kilos of two, and 7 kilos of three or more. \$1300 to first, 100 to second, 1600 metres.

Stud Ariel's Mandrin, by Kimbolton—Georgina, 4 y, 55 k..... F. Perez 1
Stud Las Perlas' Olga, 4 y, 55 k..... G. Morales 2
Stud Paris' Sully, 4 y, 52 k..... R. Gomez 3
Also ran—Union, Kaolin, Libertador, Miraflores, Alianza, and Cosa Cerá.

Dividends—Mandrin \$11.25 win and 3.95 place, Olga 3.90 place, Sully 7 place.

PREMIO CARACOL, for three-year-olds that have not won. \$1300 to first, 100 to second, 1200 metres.

Stud Ituzaingo's Motin, by Jupiter—Kitten, 57 k..... N. Sosa 1
Stud Hironde's Mlle. de Mezeray, 55 k..... F. Olivera 1
Ecurie Radamés' Condesa, 55 k..... J. Gomez 3
Also ran—Nicolini, Blucher, Longfellow, 4 de Octubre, Mundano, Modista, Dalila, Regalia, Gracieuse, and Orchata.

Dividends—Motin \$13.75 win and 4.80 place, Mlle de Mezeray 5 place, Condesa 3.70 place.

PREMIO REMATE, for all horses. The winner to be sold for \$3000. Those entered to be sold for less to be allowed 3 kilos for each \$500 reduction, 3 kilos extra for every win in a Selling Plate, in 1899 and 1900. Weight, three years 57 kilos, four years and more 60 kilos. \$1400 to first, 100 to second, 1900 metres.

Stud Independencia's Reyezuelo, by Gloriation—Regalina, 6 y, 54 k..... I. Diaz 1
Stud Copahué's Frontin, 5 y, 54 k..... R. Bastiani 2
Stud Criollito's Juncal, aged, 54 k..... F. Olivera 3
Also ran—La Grue, Victoriosa, 9 de Julio, Esparta, Tula, and Olga.
Dividends—Reyezuelo \$21.05 win and 6.70 place, Frontin 3.55 place, Juncal 8.85 place.

PREMIO HORTENSIA, for three-year-olds that have not won Classics. Weight 50 and 48 kilos. 3 kilos extra for every win. \$1600 to first, 100 to second, 1600 metres.

Stud La Alianza's Congo, by Exmoor—Nellie II., 56 k..... H. Esteves 1
Stud Rosarino's Selim, 53 k..... N. Sosa 2
Ecurie Royal's Cecilia, 51 k..... R. Saavedra 3
Also ran—Lidiador, and Infierno.
Dividends—Congo \$2.55 win and 2.35 place, Selim 4.55 place.

PREMIO LUNFARDO, handicap for all horses. \$1600 to first, 100 to second, 1600 metres.

Stud El Plata's Graco, by Tissaphernes—Cinisca, 3 y, 57 k..... J. Sarthou 1
J. Quaini's Lunfardo, 4 y, 51 k..... J. Ribero 2
Stud Copahué's Frontin, 5 y, 52 k..... P. Aguilera 3
Also ran—Amambay, Evangelina, and La Cocarde.
Dividends—Graco \$4.40 win and 3.45 place, Lunfardo 5.35 place.

PREMIO FRIOLERA, handicap for all horses. \$1500 to first, 100 to second, 1200 metres.

Ecurie Belgrano's Siria, by Acheron—Señorita, 4 y, 49 k..... F. Gomez 1
A. Lincoln's Vulcano, 3 y, 49 k..... J. Feliú 2
Stud Don Gonzalo's Ecarté, 4 y, 61 k..... F. Perez 3
Also ran—Calvino, Indiscretion, and Quiroga.
Dividends—Siria \$21.20 win and 7.75 place, Vulcano 5.45 place.

PREMIO REGALADA, handicap for all horses. \$2000 to first, 100 to second, 2000 metres.

Stud La Aurora's Libertador, by San Martin—Libertad, 4 y, 45 k..... J. Olmos 1
Stud Hironde's Lanza Seca, 5 y, 57 k..... F. Olivera 2
Stud La Alianza's Clio, 3 y, 45 k..... L. Cova 3
Also ran—Huapi, and Kaolin.
Dividends—Libertador \$12.80 win and 6.15 place, Lanza Seca 5 place.

POLO.

HURLINGHAM.

At last it has been cool enough for a game of polo, so on Sunday last, at 4 p.m., the following turned up and played four jolly quarters: Messrs H. and T. Robson, Drabble, Harnett, Jefferies, Sheehan, Challinor, Ravenscroft, Mullaly, Bedford, and Willes.

The ground was in first-rate condition after the rain, and with good hitting the ball travelled well. We were sorry to see rather too much crossing, especially by old hands, but as the umpires for once were quick to penalise we have hopes of seeing this fault die out. Messrs H. Robson and Ravenscroft picked up sides.

GOLF.

MAR DEL PLATA.

The Bristol Hotel Company have kindly presented a prize to be played for on the Mar del Plata golf links on the 26th and 27th inst.

The competition will be four rounds of nine holes, medal play, under handicap, and the four rounds may be played on either day at any time as may best suit the competitor.

The competition is open to all golfers. Entries, together with entrance fee of \$2, to be sent to Mr. H. Hume, British Bank, on or before the 22nd inst.

FOOTBALL.

Position of clubs in the English Association Football League up to January 8th:—

	Matches Played	Won.	Lost.	Drn.	Pts.
Sheffield United	21	14	0	7	35
Aston Villa	22	14	5	3	31
Wolverhampton Wanderers	20	10	4	6	26
Sunderland	20	11	7	2	24
Bury	20	10	7	3	23
Nottingham Forest	20	8	6	6	22
Stoke	21	9	8	4	22
Everton	21	8	9	4	20
Derby County	19	7	7	5	19
Manchester City	20	7	9	4	18
Newcastle United	18	6	7	5	17
West Bromwich Albion	20	6	9	5	17
Notts County	20	6	10	4	16
Burnley	20	6	10	4	16
Blackburn Rovers	17	7	9	1	15
Preston North End	20	5	11	4	14
Liverpool	21	4	12	5	13
Glossop	18	3	11	4	10

The matches between Preston North End and Bury, Glossop and Newcastle United, and Blackburn Rovers and Sheffield United, which were abandoned, are not included.

CYCLING IN ENGLAND

January 12th, 1900.

The Inns of Court volunteers will take with them a cycling detachment, and for these two dozen and a half of safeties in addition to tandems have been supplied. These are made with specially stout tubing, with extra strong re-inforcements at the joints, and all have duplex top tubes. The machines are to be painted khaki, and there are to be no plated parts to reflect the sun's rays, and so attract the attentions of the enemy. Special Dunlop tropical tyres are to be fitted, as best qualified to withstand the burning heat of the African sun. An experienced soldier-cyclist draws attention to the necessity of having the lens of the lamp, which each machine will carry, covered with a small screen during day-time, otherwise the reflection would speedily betray the presence of the wheelmen.

With the view of thoroughly equipping a number of cyclists which Major Liles has promised to provide should the Authorities at the War Office sanction the formation of a special cycling corps, Mr J. K. Starley has made the patriotic and generous offer to provide cycles for 250 men. His telegram to Major Liles was:—"Will supply 250 cycles if you can find the men for South Africa." It remains to be seen whether the military authorities will accept these proposals and allow of a special cycling detachment being sent to the front. It will be a question of expediency as there can be little doubt that should the experts advise that a cycling corps would be of service in South Africa, the government will not put any obstacle in the way. Of course, the ultra-enthusiasts are loudly declaiming against the Government for not having paid more attention to military cycling.

A track measuring *forty-four laps to the mile* rather takes one's breath away. Yet these are the dimensions of the new cycle track at the Crystal Palace. It must not be assumed that the Crystal Palace Co. intend to run two tracks, or that the famous one of three laps to the mile is superseded. The diminutive track above mentioned is the one used for the pursuit race in the circus entertainment, which is a very popular feature of Sanger's Show. The track is made in sections, so as to be easily laid down and removed when not in use. Of necessity, the banking is very steep, four feet six inches, and the surface is of smooth stout cardboard laid in slabs which are from four to six feet in width. A writer describes the entertainment by saying that when the riders are engaged they look as though they were riding around the inside of a gigantic pudding basin.

At the close of this month, presuming the veteran long-distance rider "Teddy" Hale continues fit and well, (and apparently he is in wonderful health and reels off his hundred miles a day as though he was simply engaged on a pleasure jaunt), he will have covered half his task, which is to ride one hundred miles daily, for six days in the week, resting on Sundays, for fifty-two consecutive weeks. He has experienced some very bad weather of late, as the heavy rains and the rapid alternations of frost and thaw have broken up the roads so that "the going" has been exceptionally heavy. He has enjoyed wonderful immunity from accidents, and if the same good fortune in this regard awaits him in the future, the only obstacle apparently, to his winning will be removed.

Thefts of machines are still very common. The depredators usually spot a wayside public-house where there is no efficient out-look kept and then take the best machine available. As a rule, the men engaged in this profitable business are good riders, and when once in possession of a start, get clear away. The difficulty of recovering a machine, once the thief has got right away, and if he happens to be an old hand at the game, is increased by the fact that he has probably a confederate who keeps a repair shop where he has a stock of odd parts. By a little manipulation it is thus possible to so dismember a machine, putting other parts in the frame, that the owner would not recognise his own mount, were he to come upon it casually. Of course, the machine so manipulated is a wretched mass of inconsistency—nevertheless it can be made saleable and its identity destroyed.

There is no doubt that just now, when motors and motor-cars are sufficiently a novelty to attract more than passing attention, enterprising firms, who do not mind the expense of a really smart motor-van, are able to get a very good advertisement for themselves and their wares by using these vehicles for traversing the city streets for show purposes. At present, two firms, one advertising a peculiar kind of pickle and the other a ballpointed pen, are very much in evidence in the City of London. They both own very ornate motor-vehicles, which, needless to say, are emblazoned very extensively with a description of the wares in question, in addition to, in one case, a gigantic effigy of the goods. So far, these costly vehicles are apparently not used for draft purpose, but solely for advertising. Obviously, however, they may fulfil the double purpose.

In the East Riding of Yorkshire, where the rural constables have long distances to traverse, it has been decided to mount certain of the county police on bicycles. Not only is this so, but someone has been sufficiently thoughtful to bring before the authorities the necessity of giving these men cycling suits. It is suggested that a policeman, mounted on a good machine, and who probably would be allowed to disregard the law as to giving audible warning of his approach, if the person being approached happened to be "wanted," would do more to clear the country of tramps and loafers than would be possible in the case of men mounted on horses, whose hoofs, ringing on a hard country road, give sufficient notice to the depredator to skulk under cover until the coast becomes clear. Besides, if cycles can be substituted for horses a great saving of expense will be effected thereby.

One of the effects of the war has been to withdraw from among the ranks of prospective customers many who would have helped the cycle agent into a current of prosperity as the season advanced. Mr Thomas Atkins himself is not usually much of a wheelman, his tight fitting tunic and trousers, together with regulation army boots not lending themselves to the pastime, for he must on no account discard these in public, even when on furlough. But among the officers, where no such sartorial distinctions obtain, cycling is popular and, of course, most volunteers, whether commissioned, non-commissioned officers, or privates, are wheelmen. These being drafted out of the country will probably affect even wider circles, as pleasant wheeling parties that possibly had been arranged for the new season will now be broken up, and old mounts will probably have to do duty for another season in the case of ladies who have lost their escorts

ROUND THE TOWN.

Thank Heaven! we can all breathe comfortably once more and that the heat wave has passed away. Like the garrison of Ladysmith we were all wondering how much longer we could hold out, and although each declared himself completely done we all managed to keep going and survive. Let us hope that this may also be the outcome of the Ladysmith business, although at the time of writing with rumours of Buller having been again defeated, etc., makes us somewhat nervous. However, it is an ill wind that blows no one any good, so the continuous North wind combined with the heat has blown the city the good of closing the banks an hour earlier and generally slackening off a bit during the height of summer. Luckily the temperature did not change or show much sign of doing so until the edict had gone forth, and the experiment was in force, for had the coolness of Thursday come a day or two earlier it is questionable if the attempt would have been made and we should have suffered for nothing. If this early closing movement, which includes Saturday, can only be developed up to the point of a regular Saturday half-holiday then we can bless the heat which brought it about.

We are quite of the same opinion as our colleague as to the advantage of a Saturday half-holiday for it would certainly tend to the advance of sport in the suburbs and generally make the life of the employees of Banks, Railway Companies, etc., pleasanter. Most of the Railways do close early on Saturday, but as the other employing offices are hard at work it is impossible to arrange games, etc., but if the half-holiday were to become general then

some useful time could be put in at practice if nothing else. With the golf season coming round again many a round could be played during the afternoon, and in fact the time could be well occupied by all. As matters stand, the holidays in this country, including all the feast-days—on many of which back work is got up—are fewer than the average employee in England gets, and even if the feast days were still continued the holiday time would not be too much. We hope that those who have any power in the matter will do their utmost to bring about this change for the better and the new hours will be a pointer in the direction of how it might pan out.

The theatres suffered more perhaps than any other business from the heat wave. All the houses in town were closed and as some of them had specially contracted companies this must have meant a serious loss. The San Martin was in the middle of a successful run, but this had to be cut off in its prime. The opera company at this theatre is a very good one and with the drop in the temperature will resume its representations. The tenor and soprano are both artistes of a better class than is usual with out-of-season companies and when any of the older operas are being given the show is well worth a visit.

Tina di Lorenzo is to pay the River Plate a return visit during the present season and will no doubt meet with the same success which greeted her some years ago, when she appeared at the old Nacional, which met with a fiery end shortly after. Tina turned the heads not only of the *jeunesse doree* of Buenos Aires, but became the fashion with all and did tremendous business during her stay. She is a clever but somewhat heavy artiste, very Italian in manner but in some parts, especially those of a light comedy nature, she was very taking.

Bahia Blanca, will be very much en fete during the feria and entertainments of various kinds are being prepared. The most ambitious of these is a reproduction of "Barba Azul" or our old friend Blue Beard which is to be given in the Politeama D'Abreu on Saturday, 17th inst. Blue Beard has already reaped laurels for the ladies and gentlemen taking part therein, and as the desire to see it again was very general it was wisely decided to give it once more during the fair time. We hope for the sake of the fair singers and dances in the place that the Biela Comet Heat Wave will have passed completely away, as there are a number of ballets and dances in the extravaganza and to pirouette or go through any active exertion with the thermometer at 100 in the shade would be a very trying experience. Mrs. Jack Hampson is one of the leading spirits in the matter and has done much to keep Bahia Blanca alive by her exertions.

Since writing the note above we have received the following circular with reference to the Bahia Blanca Feria, which gives us further details:

The Bahia Blanca Feria being fixed for 17th, 18th, and 19th inst., the British community residing in that town intend giving an amateur performance of "Bluebeard," a burlesque arranged by Mrs Hampson and Mrs Carpenter, with all the newest songs and dances introduced, on Saturday the 17th, at the Teatro d'Abreu, at 8 o'clock, and the caste is as follows;

Bluebeard.....	Mr Milman
Ibrahim.....	Mr P. Williams
Shacabac.....	Mr Gwyther
Fatullah.....	Miss MacDougall
Fatima.....	Mrs Jack Hampson
Sister Anne.....	Miss Selwood Hewett
Beda.....	Mrs Wright
Elfa.....	Mrs Simpson
Selim.....	Miss E. MacDougall

Entirely new scenery and dresses.

Chorus of Bodyguard, Trumpeters, Dancing Girls and Pages
Grand Turkish Ballet, etc., etc.

PRICES:

Stage Boxes.....	\$15 without entrada
First Tier Boxes.....	15 " "
Second Tier Boxes.....	10 " "
Amphitheatre.....	3 and \$2 with entrada
Paradise.....	1 " "

As the proceeds are to be in aid of the Funds for the Widows and Orphans of the Transvaal War, it is hoped our British neighbours will support us to the best of their

ability. Any orders for rooms at the hotels, or boxes to be secured beforehand, may be sent to C. C. Cumming, Esq., British Vice-Consulate, Bahia Blanca, who has kindly promised to attend to the matter.

The popularity of Mr Robert W. Anderson was well proved on Monday afternoon on the occasion of his marriage with Miss Beatrice Burr, which ceremony took place at 4.30 p.m. The church, which had been prettily decorated for the occasion, was filled, and representatives from all the leading families were to be seen in the pews. The bride, who looked very happy, was handsomely gowned in white satin trimmed with orange blossoms. She was escorted by her brother, Mr Hubert Burr, and was attended by Miss Rose O'Dwyer and Miss Holway as bridesmaids, both dressed in summery costumes of pink with pink hats to match and carrying shower bouquets. Mr A. G. MacKinnon acted as best man, Mr A. Anderson being groomsmen. The service was conducted by the Rev. H. George, and during the choral portion of the same Mrs Mills sang a setting of Moore's words, entitled "A Wish," by Myles B. Foster, with much feeling. After the ceremony the wedding-party and guests adjourned to the house of Mr and Mrs Nuttall in Calle Uruguay, where the usual toasts were drunk with great enthusiasm, that of the bride and bridegroom, felicitously proposed by the Rev. H. George, being given with musical honours. The presents made a splendid show, silver predominating, and were still further proof of the great popularity of Mr and Mrs Anderson, to whom, in conjunction with their numerous friends, we beg to wish all the happiness that this life has in store for mortals.

The Annual General Meeting of the Buenos Aires Amateur Dramatic Club was not very largely attended but the business of reading the report, treasurer's statement, and electing a Committee was got through by those who did turn up. There seems to be a slacking off in the interest shown in the Dramatic Club, and although years ago the General Meetings were not crowded, still members used to turn up and do their share of helping the society along. The Committee appears to have experienced great difficulty in getting members to act in the Club Performances and this has perhaps dispirited them a little. Some of the fault for this lies in the number of public performances given during the year, to which preferential attention is paid to the detriment of the smaller but equally useful entertainments for the members only. The new Committee is a strong one and we shall hope to see an improvement in the Club entertainments this season, as otherwise the members will be inclined to think themselves neglected for the sake of the public, and this was not the intention with which the Club was founded and carried on for many years.

The Transvaal War has been made the subject of many bets and some of them rather queer ones too. One gentleman, and be it said to his credit, a German, made a bet with one of his compatriots, who accused him of being too English, of a case of champagne, a suit of clothes, a hat, a pair of boots, and in fact, a complete rig-out that Ladysmith would not fall before the 5th of February. The bet was made when the place was first invested, and the conditions were duly drawn out by a limb of the law whose fee had also to be paid by the loser. Two or three times of late the maker of the bet had felt a bit nervous, but the 5th has passed and he is now safe. Many bets were made concerning the time when Pretoria would be in the possession of the British, when the war would be over, etc., but unfortunately most of these are still unsettled.

The song with Buller's army was said to be "One more river, one more river to cross."

FIXTURES.

RACING.

Feb. 18—Hipódromo Nacional, Belgrano.

CRICKET.

Feb. 18—Quilmes v. Lomas, at Lomas.

Feb. 18—Hurlingham v. Belgrano, at Belgrano.

Feb. 18—B.A.C.C. 2nd XI. v. Flores 2nd XI., at Palermo.

LAWN TENNIS.

Feb. 18—Quilmes v. Buenos Aires, at Quilmes.

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE POST.

"You think you can manage it?"

"Well, sir, I can but try; it is the only way I know to prevent the mare winning. She can run round any other horse in the race, and I know that her owner means business."

The first speaker stroked his moustache with a troubled air.

"It's a risky business," he remarked.

"Not when you come to think of it, sir. The lad they are putting up is eaten up with conceit; I can get round him easily. Then the turn where he will be led astray is a nasty one, and if he is a bit muddled and nervous he will think of nothing but following the lead I will tell him about. I think we shall do the trick."

"Well, Bruton, you know the terms. A monkey for you if Diomeda loses the Vernon Cup."

And the speaker strode out of the stable yard, where the above conversation had taken place, as if glad to terminate the interview.

And well he might be; for up to the present moment Willoughby Ashe had never done anything to disqualify him absolutely from the title of gentleman, which he merited by birth and by education. But he had just now connected as pretty a piece of rascality as could have been devised by a double-dyed stage villain. This was nothing less than to insure the defeat of Diomeda, that animal belonging to a man to whom Ashe owed a grudge. The man in question was a certain Guy Thornton, who had crossed Ashe on one occasion which need not be mentioned for the sake of this story. Suffice it to say that Ashe, finding out by some mysterious means that Thornton had staked his all on the mare, his all meaning every available penny he had in the world so as to win enough to enable him to propose to a girl with whom he was desperately in love, thought this a good opportunity for a noble revenge. He found out that a stable boy was to have the mount, a boy in whom Thornton trusted implicitly, and who was in reality *sans peur et sans reproche*, besides being a good little jock. Ashe and the worthy Bruton laid their heads together, and the plan concocted was that little Jack Deane should be made to follow a wrong lead round the turn mentioned above, and should lose the race through going the wrong course.

A horse had been entered by Ashe for this express purpose, and Bruton had now to get hold of the boy as best he could before the race.

This was not difficult; Guy Thornton's place was close to the farm where the above worthy had taken lodgings, and Jack Deane could be seen at any time in the stable-yard, or on Diomeda as she took her walking exercise. Accordingly, the day after this plan was settled behold the worthy Bruton seated on an overturned bucket, watching Jack rubbing up some bits.

"I suppose now," began Bruton, "that it is of no use to try to get you away from your master. He could not do without you, eh?"

Jack grinned and reddened. He was a very pretty, clean-looking boy, whose greatest fault was inordinate vanity.

"Not just yet, at any rate," he said.

This was just the opportunity Bruton wanted.

"Of course, I did not think of your leaving him before the Lipton races," he said; "we all know that Diomeda is going for the Cup, and we all know who is going to have the mount. It is a pretty fine feather in your cap, Master Jack."

The grin grew broader and the crimson wave mounted to the curly locks that kept Jack's forehead white, notwithstanding his open air life.

"Perhaps she may not win," he thought it necessary to say, "and then where should I be?"

There was no response to this, and the youngster went on tentatively.

"I suppose it is just as easy to ride a real steeplechase as a trial?"

"Well, it's mighty easy to ride a losing race," said Bruton, having now got the lead he wanted, "but it's quite another pair of shoes to guide a horse first past the post, especially on a course like Lipton, with its nasty twists and turns."

"Yes, that's just what I was thinking of," said the unconscious Jack. "But I think I can manage to keep cool," he added, drawing himself up, "and that's all that's wanted."

"Oh yes, Jack, never fear, you'll be all there. It's odd, ain't it, that I rode my first race at Lipton?"

"No, did you really? And how did you get on?"

"Well, I will tell you the whole story," said Bruton, lighting his pipe. "I was a young chap, about your age, but not such a rider by long odds, but it suited my master to put me on a dark one that he thought a moral for a maiden race they used to have at Lipton in those days. Of course, I was as pleased as Punch, and when they put me on to the pigskin and led me down to the starting post (for the mare took two to hold her till the flag fell) I did not know more what I was about than a babe unborn. My master at the last moment took it into his head to lecture me on the difficulties of the course.

"Just you keep behind Jackson till you get into the straight," he said, "he is sure to go right, and you can afford to wait on him."

"Well, I went on close behind Jackson, and all was going well till some of us got into a mess at the water jump, and I got so muddled that I could not remember which was the yellow and which the orange jackets. I followed orange past the turn, then gave the mare a touch of the spurs and she jumped off and won by ten lengths. What did they do but raise an objection. I had followed the wrong horse; we had gone the wrong side of the post, and I lost the race.

"Dear me, I wonder what I had better do," said Jack.

"Do as I did; follow some good rider."

"But you did not, you see," grinned Jack.

"Then do as I meant to do," said Bruton without losing his temper; "I know who I should follow."

"Who?" asked Jack eagerly.

"There's a gentleman jock who is going to ride The Stag; he knows the course, you had better stick to him."

"And if he falls?"

"Well, ain't you as likely to fall as any one else?" was the retort.

Then they chatted away on subjects common to stable boys, and Bruton retired to his virtuous couch that night feeling that he had done a good day's work.

"Oh, what a lovely horse!" said pretty Elsie Vane, as Diomeda swept past the carriage in her preliminary canter, "and what a pretty little jockey!" And she backed the mare at once to the extent of a dozen pair of gloves.

And, indeed, very like winning did the animal look, slinging along in a nice easy canter, and young Thornton's heart beat with hope as he made his way towards his lady love, and marked her delighted surprise when he told her that the animal she had been backing belonged to him.

"Oh, do you really think she will win?" cried Elsie.

"I hope so," said Thornton, fervently. "I have staked my all on her," he added in a low tone.

Elsie blushed furiously. She had divined Thornton's reason for not declaring himself; she now partly divined his intense interest in this race.

Though Thornton knew that Diomeda was as fit as she could be, and that Jack was the very jockey for her, he was terribly afraid of the favourite, Diplomatist, who was ridden by the well known gentleman rider, Mr Tait. The old horse was looking very well, and Thornton knew that his fencing powers were almost unrivalled. Still he took advantage of the rush on that animal to back Diomeda more heavily, and at a better price than he had thought probable at first.

Jack Deane was very nervous, poor little fellow. Like a great many bumptious people who are over confident in a general way, now that the "tug-of-war" was come he felt proportionately despondent. Thornton had prudently abstained from giving any unnecessary instructions; beyond telling him to wait on Diplomatist to a certain point and then to come on, he had left the boy much to his own devices. He trusted in little Deane's pluck, and his mare's extraordinary turn of speed and the confidence existing between Diomeda and her rider. So Jack rode down to the starting-point unflustered by his master, but with Bruton's words of the week before ringing in his ears. He wished himself anywhere but where he was at the moment, mounted on a mare who could easily win if properly steered. He had made eager enquiries as to which horse among the eight runners rejoiced in the appellation of The Stag, and had been duly satisfied. Indeed that animal had been an object of attention to a great many since he appeared on the course, and had elicited many a jest from the crowd on account of his ungainly appearance.

"Looks as if he had been taken from drawing a hearse," said a would-be wit, as the animal sidled down

the course, "and that's the clown out of a circus without his paint a-riding of him."

The jockey certainly sported a harlequin jacket of the brightest crimson and blue and white cap.

Jack kept as close to his pioneer as the somewhat eccentric movements of The Stag would permit, and kept repeating "red, white, and blue" to himself, so that in case of a collision at the water jump, he might not forget what colours he had to follow.

At last they were off, though the fractious temper of The Stag caused several false starts, which did not disturb the equanimity of the placid Diomeda in the least, as Thornton perceived gaily. Two outsiders led, then the three favourites, closely followed by The Stag and Diomeda. When once he was fairly started Jack became as cool as a cucumber, and sat firm and square in the saddle, hands well down.

"How well old Diplomatist goes," said a man on Miss Vane's carriage. "The race is as good as over."

"I don't think so," quietly replied the man he addressed. "I would not mind backing an outsider against him."

"I wish you would, my dear fellow. Do you see that little bay mare? What a fencer she is! By Jove! Lone Star's down, and she has jumped clean over him. What do you think of my fancy now?"

Elsie was looking sympathetically at Guy Thornton, who stood near the carriage looking perfectly impassive. And yet every shilling he possessed, except a small bequest which he could not touch, was invested on this little mare, and, not only every shilling, but all his hopes of happiness. And Diomeda flew along as if she knew this, clearing all the "obstacles" as if they were nothing, and going well within herself, as even an unpractised eye could see.

As they passed the stand Diplomatist was leading, with The Stag and Diomeda a length behind him, and the others that were left standing up several lengths behind again. The favourite's supporters were somewhat disappointed at his appearance; he appeared to labour up the slight incline opposite them, and jumped big at the fence beyond, as if tiring slightly. On the contrary, Diomeda had not turned a hair, whilst Guy was enraptured to perceive that Jack was now as cool as if he were playing marbles in the stable yard.

"The race is over if that bay mare stands up," said Diomeda's would-be backer.

Guy Thornton felt suffocating. There was now only three fences to be cleared, and the crowd began their shouting. "Diplomatist wins!" "No, he don't; The Stag walks in!" "Diomeda wins in a canter!" "Ten to one on Diomeda!" shouts a voice from the ring.

"By Jove!" that's the second time that harlequin fellow has tried to cross Diomeda," exclaimed a friend of Guy's. "If he wins there'll be an objection."

"He won't win," said Diomeda's adherent, as the little bay came away from her horses like a flash of lightning, "the mare wins easy. But what on earth is Tait about?"

Mr Tait, in fact, was riding in such a very free and easy style that the favourite's backers commenced a murmur that would evidently develop into groans and hisses as that gentleman rode up. Guy did not pay him much attention; all his thoughts were fixed on his gallant little mare, as she neared the second fence from home. Once over that she was a winner, as the last one was a mere nothing, and he held his breath as she approached it. She rose to it splendidly, but, either from negligence on Jack's part, or from being slightly weary, she stumbled on landing, pitched on her head, and rolled her jockey off by her side.

Elsie laid her hand on Guy's arm. He was blinded for a moment. To lose all just as it appeared so near, so certain! Then, in less time than it takes to write this, Jack flung himself into the saddle, just as the mare was righting herself, sent her along at her utmost speed, and cantered past the post an easy winner amidst deafening cheers from the crowd.

"My darling, I have won you," said Guy to Elsie in a low voice full of excitement. He had not the least idea of what he was saying. A smile and pressure of the hand from her, and he was off to shake Jack by the hand, and give him all the praise he merited.

Mr Tait, however, who had ridden in the calmest way, apparently quite indifferent to the hostile demonstration against him, raised an objection to the winner. Both The Stag and Diomeda had gone to the left of a post instead of the right, at a turn in the course. Two unimpeachable

witnesses backed up his statement, and Diplomatist's number went up as winner.

Half an hour after, Guy Thornton, looking very white, but quite composed, came back to Elsie.

"I must wish you good-bye, Miss Vane," he said, "I am off to South Africa next month, and must go to town in a day or two, so we may not meet again just yet."

"But you are coming to the dance to-night?" she said. He was going to say that circumstances had changed since then—but another feeling came over him. "I will come," he said.

Miss Vane looked bewitching that night. She and Guy sat out the supper dances in a shady recess. Elsie had heard from others the sad story of the lost race. She did not condole with Guy, but she determined that he should not leave her under any misunderstanding.

"Now why this sudden resolution about South Africa?" she asked, after long silence.

"To retrieve my shattered fortunes," said Guy, trying to speak lightly; "if that little mare had won her race I could have done something in this country, but that idea is over."

"And how about me?" asked Elsie.

"You?" cried the astonished Guy.

"Yes, me. You said, when you thought Diomeda had won, that you had won me. I have not gone the wrong side of a post, have I?"

"I don't understand," stammered Guy.

"Then you are a goose," cried Miss Elsie, whose forte was not good temper. "Don't be so proud and stupid," she went on; "if Diomeda was on the wrong side of the post, you are on the right side of my heart. Now go down on your knees, sir, and ask me to marry you at once. I can't propose to you, though it is leap year."

What was Guy to do? What would any man, who was not a perfect imbecile, in his place have done?

Of course they did not go to South Africa, but they are perfectly happy at home. Guy still races, greatly to his wife's satisfaction, and poor little Jack, who nearly broke his heart over the Lipton Cup, rides for him. In fact the only person who has not scored is Ashe, who, besides being out of pocket to the tune of nearly a thousand (for he had had to back Diomeda to save appearances, and heavily tip the rider of The Stag), has put himself in the power of a villain of deeper dye than himself, and is still paying for it.

Jack Deane is thoroughly cured of his conceit, and is a perfect little jock. He takes good care now to go over the course on foot beforehand, and since that fatal day has never been known to go the wrong side of the post.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Lomas, Pueyrredon 217, Feb. 8th, 1900.

To the Editor of *Sport and Pastime*.

Dear sir,—

I beg to acknowledge receipt of the gold-filled watch chain which I was successful in winning in your missing word competition, which is to my entire satisfaction, for which please accept my best thanks. Hoping you will be favoured with a large number of competitors, I remain, yours truly,

A. Ricci.

Some time back, after war had been declared, one of our camp friends left for South Africa, promising to let us have an account of his experiences from time to time. His first letter has just reached us, and we publish below his account of an amusing incident which occurred during his voyage to the Cape.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

When I left you for the Cape I promised to write a short account of my voyage. This I now proceed to do, but have found it best to divide it into different parts under different headings. The first part I therefore call

"A BULLOCK IN THE SALOON."

Now don't be alarmed, it sounds worse than it really was. It all happened in this manner. We had been loading the bullocks in the ordinary way, and at 10 p.m. all work stopped and we turned in. I had the stern bunk on the starboard side, and a mighty high bunk it was; however, I did manage to get in and reposed comfortably. I was still reposing when I heard my door banged open and one of the steward's boys rushed in, shut the door and jumped up on my bunk. There's nothing like doing things quietly, so I sat up and thought what was likely to

hurt most if properly applied, and had just come to the conclusion, that a spur rolled up and down his back might shift him, when I felt myself embraced and heard a tearful voice exclaim, "Oh, please sir, help us, there's one of the bullocks in the saloon."

I thought the boy was mad and feeling a trifle bored, but quite resigned I got out of my bunk and opened the door just to show the boy that he had nightmare. Oh, Lor', I got it all right, there was the bullock standing about three feet away, and could only see his glaring eyeballs by the light of the candle. I shut the door and retreated, none too soon, for he charged and drove his horns bang into the panel. This was rather serious, what was to be done, I could hear the steward, who was about 55 years of age, crying like an antediluvian child over at the other side of the saloon. I got some clothes on, and opened the door again. This time it was very carefully done, and I saw him standing about a yard away with his tail turned towards me. One horrible shout and hissing groan and all was done, that is to say he cleared round the saloon and I jumped on to the table. He didn't seem to think I looked well on the table as he got rather angry and started swinging his tail round and pawing the floor with his fore-feet. This went on for a few minutes when a new idea entered his head (he had a fine head for ideas) and he started round the saloon butting everything and sending the arm chairs flying about in all directions. This was glorious and the poor old steward sobbed louder than ever. Then the grand hunt of the evening started, I went round the saloon and the bullock after me. Everything that came in his way he sent flying, and every time I came upon a chair I tried to hoist it on to the table, some times I had to abandon the chair, but that was all the more fun, round and round we went, taking everything as it came and the boys looked on and wondered, and the old steward sobbed (did I tell you that the steward was drunk? It appears not, that's a pity, because every little helps, and he had been drunk for about ten days). After about ten minutes I got the chairs on the tables and I sat down in one to rest and admire my adversary, who stood and glared at me.

Now to explain the rest of the story I must go into the plan of the saloon. It was a large room with a cabin on each side and a fixed table in the middle. On each side there was a narrow alleyway which led on one side to the bathrooms, etc., and on the other to pantries, etc. On entering the latter alleyway you ascended the companionway, and exactly opposite to the stairway was the door of the stewards cabin, so that if you went straight on after coming down stairs, you'd walk into the steward's bunk, but by turning to the left you got into the saloon. Now I hope everyone clearly understand, the position, I don't quite see how they can from my explanation, but that's nothing in comparison to the bullock.

Naturally I began to think it was about time that some of the ship's officers began to appear and sure enough I soon saw the first officer's head round the corner of the staircase. "What's all this noise about?" Oh! foolish man, and oh! foolisher question. Bang, swish! he soon had his answer. Bullets *do* go, so people have told me, but that man's head disappeared much quicker than any bullet could. The next time I saw that man he was looking in through the sky lights. He had the sense not to ask his question again, I should certainly have shot him if he had, but he simply looked, so I ventured to explain things. Soon after four more heads appeared beside his, and I suggested a rope. When we got one, they spent about half an hour trying to lasso the brute, who stood between me and the stairway. This was annoying, so I seized the rope and got pulled up through the skylight myself, I then passed down the stairs, and caught the animal first shot, a thing that I've never done before. The stair, like all ships' stairs, was one of these winding things, and exceedingly difficult to pull a bullock up, however, it was the only way out so we passed the rope through a pulley and started the steam winch. Up he came till his nose was nearly on a level with the top stair when bang went the rope and down slid the bullock, slap through the steward's door and into his cabin. Then the fun began. The steward wept copiously and prayed, his prayers were extemporary and highly original, at least I never heard a man before praying to be saved from "this awful bullock." However, I got another rope on and we started pulling again. Not a move, he'd got his knees against the bottom stair and we couldn't stir him. However, what with lots of shouting and judicious kicking on the nose, he got on his feet and started backing into the steward's cabin. "Oh! sir, for God's sake, save me, he is walking on my

coat and waistcoat." Heavy sobs and soft prayers. Oh! Heavens, he's getting into bed with me. More sobs, the prayers suddenly changed to swearing. "Do you think I can come out, sir?" Shut your row you blooming fool, how can you come out when the bullock fills up the whole door? "Oh, my! Oh, my! I'll stick a fork into him."

There was a dead silence for a few moments and then I heard a thump. "Oh, Mr— he's kicked me in the stomach and I'm dying." I simply sat on the stairs and laughed until my sides ached.

The bullock now lay down, so I tied his head up short to a stanchion and left him there, in the morning he was dead.

When the captain arrived that saloon looked lovely, and so did the steward, he had to get hopelessly drunk before nine o'clock to try and get his nerves into normal condition. It appears that the bullock got loose, and while wandering about fell down the small hatchway of the meat room which was in communication with the saloon by one of the alleyways. But if anyone asks the steward what was that bullock yarn, he nods his head, and pointing the finger at me, says: "If it 'adn't 'a been for that gentleman there, me an' the boys was all dead and not a bit of the cabin left."

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

Advertisements, orders for papers, etc., should be addressed to PIEDAD 559, BUENOS AIRES, and should be kept distinct from communications intended for the Editorial Department.

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Proprietor and Editor J. O. ANDERSON.

RIVER PLATE SPORT AND PASTIME

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1900.

NOTES.

We would call the attention of our golfers to the announcement in another column of a competition which is to be held on the Mar del Plata links on the 26th and 27th inst. A prize has been kindly presented by the Bristol Hotel Company, which will be competed for. The conditions are four rounds, Medal play, under handicap, and the four rounds may be played on either day at any time as may best suit the convenience of the competitors. All entries should be sent to Mr H. Hume, British Bank, on or before Thursday, the 22nd inst.

We see from our contemporary *The Uruguay Weekly News*, that the annual general meeting of the Montevideo Golf Club was held on January 30th with Mr E. Richards in the chair. A most satisfactory report was presented to a fair attendance of members, showing the club to have an increased membership on the previous year and a useful cash balance in hand. Sympathetic reference was made to the terrible cyclone which, besides wrecking the club house entirely, caused the death of one member and grave injuries to two others.

The club played two matches during the season in addition to the usual competitions, and was successful both against the Navy and the Buenos Aires G.C. while the captain, Mr A. D. Dunbar, for the third time in succession, won the Golf Championship of the River Plate. The election for officers for the coming season resulted as follows:—President, Mr E. Richards; Vice-president, Mr T. F. Lane; Captain, Mr A. D. Dunbar; Committee, Messrs J. S. Reid, Duncan Scott, E. O. Crocker, J. Harvey, J. Adams and James Oldham.

Only two cricket matches were played last Sunday, and low scoring was the order of the day, both at Banfield and Palermo. At Banfield thirty wickets fell for two hundred and twenty-three runs, giving an average of a little over seven runs per wickets. At Palermo the average per wicket was almost as low, the figures working out at twenty-four wickets for two hundred and seven runs, or at the rate of a little more than eight runs a wicket. It was, therefore, a great day for the bowlers, and some brilliant performances were accomplished.

To take the Championship match first, Banfield entertained the Lanús team, who inflicted the eleventh successive defeat on their hosts. The only individual score of

any note made during the day was that of thirty-eight compiled by Mr T. Benson, in the second innings of Lanús. The bowling honours of the match were carried off by Mr C. P. Knaudt, who altogether secured nine wickets for twenty-nine runs, a brilliant piece of work and one that has placed him third on the list of the bowling averages, a position he well deserves for he has done good work before this.

With regard to the above match a rather amusing incident occurred on which we have been asked to give an opinion. It appears that the popping crease was marked across the matting, and one of the Lanús batsmen, after taking a terrific "swipe" at a ball, ran off, carrying the matting with him. Had he been stumped we have been asked to decide if the batsman would have been out, as his foot was still behind the crease! He would certainly have been out if he was more than four feet away from the wicket, the distance from the stumps at which the popping crease has to be drawn, and which, by the rule, is *deemed unlimited in length*.

At Palermo we were treated to one of the most extraordinary games it has fallen to our lot to witness for a long time, and it was exciting enough to please even the most *blasé* spectator. The wicket was certainly much slower than the players had been accustomed to recently, but it played well and truly, and yet for some quite unaccountable reason the bowlers had the upper hand throughout, and some brilliant work was done with the ball, Messrs Macdonald and Spray, for their respective sides, meeting with positively startling success.

With the more than fair batting team the home captain had at his command, the small total of fifty, for which the whole side was dismissed, augured ill for the senior club's representatives. The visitors started none too well and yet with forty-six up for five wickets there appeared to be little danger of a defeat, and yet so it was, for the remaining four wickets could only add a couple of runs, and the B.A.C.C. were left victorious of the strangest and most exciting match of the season.

After the heavy rain of the previous day or so the outfield was quite slow, a fact which the fieldsmen of both teams evidently revelled in, especially after the fiery grounds they have played on of late. In other words the fielding on both sides was distinctly good, in fact we saw no signs of looseness at all until the two chances were missed in the second innings of the B.A.C.C. when, to all intent and purposes, the match was over. The smart work all-round in the field was one of the brightest features of the match.

Unfortunately, however, there was a dark side to the game which we feel it our duty to mention, and that was the decisions of the umpires. On the two sides there were at least four mistakes made, and many think five. It is, of course, a most difficult matter to deal with as we have frequently, in these notes, pointed out before. In heat like we have experienced lately, one is only too thankful to see any spectator stand as umpire and so save the players themselves, and yet when a mistake is made there is a regular out-cry.

Even on an occasion like last Sunday, when both umpires were strictly neutral, neither being a member of either club interested, there were some who talked of wilful mistakes. This is ridiculous as most of the players would be the very first to admit. At the same time it is most annoying for a batsman to be given out when he is

not. Is there no remedy for this umpire question? We have so many old cricketers here keen and enthusiastic. Could not some of them form themselves into a small body of umpires who would be willing to stand for the interests of the game?

It is really a serious matter and one that must be looked into, or if not our cricket is bound to suffer. As things are at present, the umpires who generally act seem to image that if there is the slightest doubt at all it must always be given against the batsmen. The latter, we may remind these good people, should *always* have the benefit of the doubt. We sincerely hope that some steps will be taken to remedy this growing evil, for let it be remembered that more than one match this season has been seriously interfered with by distinctly wrong decisions, owing to carelessness or ignorance.

The Committee of the Buenos Aires Lawn Tennis Club are very wise in fixing on the dates for their annual tournament in good time, so that everyone may make his or her arrangements accordingly. It is amazing how this annual tournament has grown in popularity year by year, until now it may fairly be described as not only one of our most important sporting events, but also one of the principal social functions of the year. Of course, the Championship of the River Plate is always *the* event, and as it seems to be more open than ever this year, the meeting should be very largely patronised.

From an advance copy of the programme, kindly forwarded to us by the Hon. Secretary of the B.A.L.T.C., we note that Wednesday, May 23rd, Thursday, May 24th, and Friday, May 25th, are the actual days fixed for the tournament. Very soon we hope to publish the full programme giving all details. Entries, we presume, can be made from now on, to the Hon. Secretary, Calle 25 de Mayo 175, and will be received up to Saturday, May 5th. Intending competitors should always bear in mind that the earlier entries are sent in the easier the Committee's work becomes, so every effort should be made in this direction.

As none of the numerous competitors for our missing word competition have been successful with their guesses, the same sentence will hold good for this week. We would ask all intending competitors to try to send in their words on or before Monday, if possible, although they are allowed up to Tuesday.

As we mentioned in these notes last week, a meeting of the various cricket club captains was held on Thursday evening last, for the purpose of appointing a Selection Committee, to choose the South eleven for the match at the end of this month. We have so long advocated the advisability of the Selection Committee being made as small as possible that it was very pleasing to find that the various captains were also quite of this opinion, and the Committee this year will consist of three members only, which we consider a step in the right direction.

The three selected are all well-known on our cricket fields, and as they are regular players throughout the season should be capable of judging well the form of all our players. Messrs B. B. Syer, P. L. G. Bridger, and J. O. Anderson are the three to whom the task of choosing this year's South team has fallen, and we hope they will have the full confidence of all those who have the interests of Southern cricket at heart. The match this year is of particular interest, as both the North and South teams have now won the same number of times. We trust that

all those selected on either side will be able to play, and that a fine struggle may ensue.

It is now definitely decided that the International Athletics in connection with the Paris International Exhibition, will take place in the middle of July. This date was not quite in accord with the wishes or intentions of the French Athletic Committee, but the American contingent, a very strong one, insisted on the middle of July being fixed for the athletic portion of the second Olympian games. As the English Championships take place on July 7th, probably in London, the date will suit the English representatives admirably; July 7th will also enable the majority of the American visitors to try their mettle first against the Britishers before both came together on the neutral ground of Paris.

The English A.A.A. are almost certain to send a special team of the best men to Paris, probably the winners of the English Championships, or at any rate some of them. The Hon Secretary of the Association already has the matter in hand, and is in correspondence with the chairman of the International Athletic Committee in Paris, the Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who has a considerable knowledge of the English athletics of every description.

A curious incident took place in the Midlands last month. The congregation assembling at Broughton Astley Church, a few miles from Leicester, on one Friday afternoon to take part in an intercession service for our troops in South Africa, was thrown into a state of excitement, by a fox dashing into the building. Hounds were at its heels, and, following it into the church, quickly caught and killed it in the sacred building.

This is given in a home paper as a fishing story—possibly because it takes the cruet: An angler makes a mistake when he deceives a little child. A citizen was in the habit of being very firm with his little boy, and one day at the table, as the boy left the glass stopper out of the vinegar cruet, the father said to him, "Put that cork back into the vinegar cruet." The boy put it back, and asked mildly, "Is that a cork, papa?" The old gentleman was half mad, and he answered, "Yes, that's a cork, and you shut up and don't talk back."

The boy shut up, and that was supposed to be the end of it; but a few months later the man was out fishing, and having need of a float, he sent the boy to the house with instructions to get a cork, and be quick about it. The boy returned with the glass stopper to the vinegar bottle, and handed it to the old man, with just a trace of a twinkle in his eye. The old man remembered the cork episode, and didn't want to go back on himself, so he thanked his son, put the glass stopper on the line, and held it up on top of the water for two hours to make the boy believe it would float.

Several of our American contemporaries have been discussing the shooting of the Boers, and the *New York Sun* observes: Of late years many hunters in South Africa have claimed that the younger Boers were not maintaining the reputation of their fathers. The extermination of game in and near the Transvaal, they said, caused most of the young men to abandon the chase, and the cost of modern ammunition deterred most of them from sufficient practice to keep up to the mark as rifle experts. Some Boer shooting records in the past few years distinctly indicated deterioration. It was found that each head of game killed by a party of hunters on the

Limpopo in one week, with breechloading rifles, cost about thirty cartridges. Their record was also poor in the fight with Dr. Jameson's raiders.

The Boers fired from behind rocks, while the enemy was on an exposed plain on which marks indicating distances had been placed. The burghers killed only twenty-three raiders, and wounded less than that number, though they fired 6000 cartridges. Either the sportsmen have under-estimated the average efficiency of the Boers of today, or the latter practised shooting for months before hostilities began. Early last year the burghers of the Orange Free State were supplied by the Government with ammunition for rifle practice as the result of the meeting of commandants at Bloemfontein, and the same thing was doubtless done in the Transvaal. The rifle record of the burghers certainly has not hitherto justified the poor opinion some distinguished sportsmen have lately entertained of their markmanship.

CRICKET.

CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP.

The following table shows the position of clubs in the Cricket Championship:

Club	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	Points
Lomas	9	8	0	1	8
Hurlingham	11	7	1	3	6
Flores	10	7	2	1	5
Quilmes	10	5	5	0	-0
Lomas "A"	11	4	5	2	-1
Belgrano	12	4	7	1	-3
Lanus	10	3	7	0	-4
Banfield	11	0	11	0	-11

Points are scored as follows: Plus one for a win, minus one for a loss, and drawn games are ignored.

BATTING AND BOWLING AVERAGES.

SEASON 1899-1900.

The changes this week are not so numerous, although several alterations have taken place. The match at Palermo, while improving many of the bowling averages, with the exception of perhaps two, had disastrous effects on the batting averages. In these G. Elliot drops three places, Spray eleven, Macdonald two, Huxtable three, J. H. Elliot seven, Holtum seven, and G. Henshaw eleven, while E. Luck drops out altogether. Of those who have obtained a better position Syer goes up two places, Lomas three, T. Benson twelve, Bartlett three, and Bridger fifteen, while F. E. Jones appears on the list for the first time.

In the bowling Spray goes up to second place and Knaudt takes the third position, having risen nineteen places. H. Elliot falls four places and Macdonald rises four, these being the more important changes this week.

BATTING.

Player	No. of Innings	Times not out	Highest score	Total runs	Average
B. F. R. Bedford	6	0	137	249	41.50
A. J. Symons	11	2	74*	314	34.88
A. Anderson	18	2	97*	453	28.31
J. O. Anderson	21	2	90	538	28.31
R. W. Rudd	14	1	93	347	26.69
E. D. Drabble	10	0	100	261	26.10
E. L. Duggan	6	1	49	130	26.00
Lacey	10	2	69	205	25.62
G. F. Elliot	13	1	63	294	24.50
R. L. Halstead	12	3	120*	219	24.33
E. L. Rumboll	23	1	42	496	22.54
D. Leighton	14	2	70	250	20.83
B. B. Syer	21	5	53*	327	20.43
J. B. Campbell	10	2	51	163	20.37
F. C. Wibberley	15	1	59	285	20.35
H. B. Anderson	7	2	28*	96	19.20
W. Flint	5	1	25	74	18.50
H. A. Cowes	10	2	43	147	18.37
T. Flint	5	1	39	71	17.75
A. Macdonald	22	3	60*	337	17.73
F. H. Jacobs	12	2	50*	174	17.40
J. S. Prescott	12	1	49	188	17.09
B. G. Henderson	5	2	34	51	17.00

Player	No. of Innings	Times not out	Highest score	Total runs	Average
R. A. Brooking	7	2	31*	84	16.80
T. Benson	11	1	52	167	16.70
A. A. Miller	5	1	33*	66	16.50
W. B. Spray	13	0	98	212	16.30
D. Gibson	13	1	58	190	15.83
J. S. Campbell	12	0	50	178	14.83
J. D. Shepard	17	1	45	234	14.62
J. T. Huxtable	7	0	33	100	14.28
C. H. Lomas	13	1	58*	171	14.25
C. C. Alexander	14	1	41	184	14.15
T. M. Greene	7	0	51	98	14.00
F. E. Jones	5	0	29	70	14.00
J. H. Elliot	13	1	56	166	13.83
P. L. G. Bridger	12	2	41*	133	13.30
C. H. Benson	7	1	15	79	13.16
J. V. Holtum	8	1	25	87	12.42
A. B. P. Boyd	6	1	32*	62	12.40
E. O. Morgan	7	1	31*	74	12.33
S. U. Leonard	10	1	39	108	12.00
R. H. Bartlett	11	0	27	122	11.90
T. C. E. Fowler	8	1	31*	81	11.57
R. E. Draper	9	0	48	103	11.44
H. Torre	8	4	15*	45	11.25
H. Lucas	18	1	41	186	10.94
P. C. Sly	16	1	35	162	10.80
C. Gibson	13	1	46	126	10.50
W. A. Campbell	14	6	32*	83	10.37
G. Henshaw	13	2	36*	113	10.27
A. V. Sly	8	1	22	71	10.14

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING.

Player	O.	M.	R.	W.	Average
G. F. Elliot	112.4	30	222	29	7.65
W. B. Spray	179	70	335	42	7.97
C. Knaudt	55.2	13	133	16	8.31
W. A. Campbell	181.1	32	410	48	8.54
R. A. Brooking	209.4	88	412	47	8.76
Lacey	83.2	29	173	19	9.10
T. V. M. Knox	271	71	622	65	9.56
H. A. Cowes	166.3	52	356	36	9.88
J. S. Prescott	144.2	44	390	39	10.00
H. B. Elliot	142.2	30	382	38	10.05
R. Kingsland	157.2	29	427	37	11.54
P. L. G. Bridger	79	22	198	17	11.64
H. Torre	152.3	47	306	26	11.76
A. Macdonald	154.3	45	361	30	12.03
G. L. Miles	87	17	248	20	12.40
R. H. Bartlett	145.1	38	372	30	12.40
H. Lucas	197.1	41	529	42	12.59
E. L. Rumboll	168	42	464	36	12.88
J. O. Anderson	95.1	12	351	26	13.50
H. B. Anderson	81.3	24	210	15	14.00
J. S. Campbell	142.2	31	394	28	14.07
H. I. Fraser	60	11	173	12	14.41
A. J. Symons	57.3	16	174	11	15.81
R. E. Draper	59.2	11	200	12	16.66
C. R. Tupholme	115	22	355	21	16.90
W. G. Brown	87	24	221	13	17.00
T. Benson	168.2	33	476	26	18.30
W. Stirling	40	5	140	7	20.00
A. Campbell	112.2	20	343	17	20.17
J. H. Williams	55.3	11	167	7	23.85
S. U. Leonard	67	15	194	8	24.25

LOMAS A.C. v. QUILMES C.C.

The above Championship match will be played at Lomas next Sunday, on the arrival of the 10.15 a.m. train from Plaza Constitucion. The following will represent Lomas:

P. L. G. Bridger (captain), J. O. Anderson, H. B. Anderson, A. Anderson, R. E. H. Anderson, R. W. Rudd, R. A. Brooking, H. A. Cowes, F. H. Jacobs, R. L. Halstead, J. B. Campbell.

LANUS v. BANFIELD A.C.

This championship match was played last Sunday at Banfield, and resulted in a victory for the visitors by twenty-nine runs.

Lanus batted first but with the exception of Williams (21), Greaven (10), and T. Benson (12) nobody got into double figures and the last wicket fell with the total at 85 only. Knaudt bowled very successfully for Banfield and secured five wickets at the small cost of 13 runs, while R. Kingsland also did useful work with the ball.

Badly as the visitors had fared the home team did even worse and against the deliveries of Tupholme, T. Benson and Thompson offered very little resistance. Lomas and Bartlett alone batted with any confidence and them these two accounted for 33 runs between out of the 56, of which eight were extras.

All the Lanús bowlers obtained good figures. Thompson with three for 14 coming out with the best analysis. On Lanús batting again T. Benson and Fothergill alone gave any serious trouble, the former scoring a useful 38 and the latter 16, and all were dismissed for 82 runs or three less than their previous total. Knaudt again bowled total of well and was well supported by Bartlett.

Full score and analysis:—

LANUS A.C.		1st inn	2nd inn
E. Luck c Bartlett b Kingsland.....	7	b Bartlett.....	2
J. Luck c Dawson b Kingsland.....	9	b Kingsland.....	0
A. H. Williams b Kingsland.....	21	b Bartlett.....	7
A. G. Thompson b Bartlett.....	2	b Kingsland.....	1
A. Greaven b Kingsland.....	10	b Knaudt.....	8
C. R. Tupholme c Bardrick b Knaudt.....	9	c Gibbs b Bartlett.....	0
T. Benson c Dawson b Knaudt.....	12	lbw b Knaudt.....	28
G. Henshaw b Knaudt.....	0	b Knaudt.....	0
F. W. Fothergill b Knaudt.....	6	c and b Knaudt.....	16
S. Galup not out.....	3	c Gibbs b Bartlett.....	5
J. Greene b Knaudt.....	2	not out.....	0
Extras.....	4	Extras.....	5
Total.....	85	Total.....	82

BANFIELD A.C.	
A. Brooke b Tupholme.....	2
A. Woodwell b Benson.....	2
C. H. Lomas b Benson.....	19
R. H. Bartlett c Fothergill b Tupholme.....	14
F. J. Bardrick lbw b Thompson.....	2
C. D. Moffatt b Thompson.....	0
F. J. Dawson c Luck b Benson.....	1
E. Morgan c Williams.....	5
R. T. Gibbs b Tupholme.....	3
R. Kingsland run out.....	0
C. P. Knaudt not out.....	0
Extras.....	8
Total.....	56

BOWLING ANALYSIS.											
Lanus A.C.		1st inn				2nd inn					
		O	M	R	W			O	M	R	W
R. H. Bartlett.....	10	1	25	1		R. Kingsland.....	10	1	20	2	
R. Kingsland.....	15	1	43	4		R. H. Bartlett.....	13	4	29	4	
C. P. Knaudt.....	7	2	13	5		C. P. Knaudt.....	6	0	16	4	
						R. T. Gibbs.....	2	0	12	0	
Banfield A.C.		O	M	R	W						
C. R. Tupholme.....	9	5	8	2							
T. Benson.....	9	1	26	4							
A. G. Thompson.....	5	1	14	3							

B.A.C.C. v. FLORES A.C.

The above return match was played last Sunday at Palermo in beautiful, if rather warm weather, and before a fair attendance of spectators. Unfortunately the visitors were one short throughout, a more serious matter than it might have been on another occasion, for although the home team only managed to make 50 runs, it proved sufficient to enable them to win the match by a couple of runs, so that another man might easily have helped Syer, who carried his bat, to turn the tables on the victors. A feature of the game was the number of bad decisions given, and grumbling was the order of the day. At least three batsmen were given out who were palpably not out, and the sooner this defect is remedied the better. With such low scoring some of the trundlers obtained capital figures, notably A. Macdonald, who took five wickets for half a dozen runs, and Spray who captured five for eight.

J. O. Anderson won the toss for the B.A.C.C. and decided to bat on a nice looking wicket, which played very fairly well throughout. A. Anderson and Lace opened the batting to the bowling of Knox (river end) and H. Elliot. The start was disastrous, as Anderson played the last ball of Knox's first over to third man and backed up a little too far. The ball was smartly thrown in and the batsman failed to get back, but the wicket-keeper put the wicket down without the ball in hand, in spite of which fact, the umpire, who, by the way, could not possibly have seen, gave Anderson out. Rumboll followed and three runs later Knox clean bowled Lace. With two wickets down for only three runs, Rumboll and J. O. Anderson came together and a long spell of slow play followed, the bowling being far too straight and steady to allow of the batsmen taking any liberties with it. Although Macdonald relieved H. Elliot the score had been slowly raised to 35 before J. O. Anderson was well caught in the long field by H. Elliot. Then ensued a most melancholy procession. Rumboll was bowled by Macdonald after making 20, but

the rest, with the exception of Phillips, did nothing and all were out for exactly 50 runs, of which three batsmen had contributed 44. At this period the luncheon interval was taken.

On resuming the Flores innings was opened by Rudd and Huxtable, the attack being shared by Spray and Rumboll, the latter bowling from the railway end. Runs came very slowly and it was some time before the first 10 was hoisted. Five runs later Rumboll put down a rather slower ball than usual and Rudd tried to make a full pitch of it but missing, was bowled. G. Elliot came next but with the total unaltered hit a catch to cover-point. Macdonald made a single and was then bowled by Spray, so that three wickets were down for 16. Syer, however, was yet to come and his aptitude for pulling a game "out of the fire" made matters anything but certain for the home players. At 24 Huxtable got in front of a straight ball from Spray and then Jones came in, and the only stand of the innings was made. The newcomer began in a most determined manner hitting out all-round, putting a ball from Rumboll out of the field, the railway end, among other hits. At 46, however, he paid the penalty being taken at cover-point off Bridger, who had just previously relieved Rumboll. With only half the side out for 46 it looked a very good thing for Flores, but with the fielding sharp and crisp all round and with Spray and Bridger bowling for all they were worth, wicket fell after wicket and the innings actually closed with an addition of a couple of runs only, leaving the B.A.C.C. victorious by two runs. Syer carried out his bat for a plucky 13. Spray bowled extremely well and once again proved invaluable to his side.

After a short rest play was resumed, B.A. starting their second venture with A. Anderson and Bridger to the bowling of Knox and Macdonald. With only a few runs scored H. Elliot should have easily taken Bridger at cover-slip, the same player being let off by point directly after. He gave them no further opportunity, however, and played up in capital style. With 13 up A. Anderson again experienced hard lines being lb.w. to Knox. R. E. H. Anderson comfortably "bagged a brace" as did Spray who followed. Rumboll, the next comer, lent Bridger valuable assistance, and in spite of various changes in the bowling the total was carried to 89 before J. Elliot bowled Rumboll for a useful 42. J. O. Anderson came next and quickly rattled up 11 before he was given out stumped, a very doubtful decision. Phillips helped Bridger to play out time the total at the close being 109 for five wickets. Bridger taking out his bat for 41. Knox with three wickets for 26 again bowled well.

Full score and analysis:—

B.A.C.C.		1st inn	2nd inn
A. Anderson run out.....	0	lbw b Knox.....	4
A. Lace b Knox.....	0	did not bat	
E. L. Rumboll b Macdonald.....	20	b J. H. Elliot.....	42
J. O. Anderson c H. Elliot b Knox.....	16	st Syer b Rudd.....	11
W. B. Spray b Macdonald.....	0	c Macdonald b Knox.....	0
R. E. H. Anderson c Syer b Macdonald.....	0	b Knox.....	0
P. L. G. Bridger b Knox.....	2	not out.....	41
F. Grant b Macdonald.....	0		
J. Stuart c Syer b Macdonald.....	0	} did not bat	
J. C. Croll not out.....	0		
R. L. Phillips c Jones b Knox.....	8	not out.....	2
Extras.....	4	Extras.....	9
Total.....	50	Total (for 5 wks).....	109

FLORES A.C.	
R. W. Rudd b Rumboll.....	5
J. Huxtable lbw b Spray.....	9
G. F. Elliot c J. O. Anderson b Rumboll.....	0
A. Macdonald b Spray.....	1
B. B. Syer not out.....	13
F. E. Jones c J. O. Anderson b Bridger.....	14
J. H. Elliot b Spray.....	0
J. V. Holtum lbw b Spray.....	0
T. V. M. Knox c R. E. H. Anderson b Bridger.....	0
H. B. Elliot b Spray.....	1
Extras.....	5
Total.....	48

BOWLING ANALYSIS.											
B.A.C.C.		1st inn				2nd inn					
		O	M	R	W			O	M	R	W
T. V. M. Knox.....	16	5	29	4		T. V. M. Knox.....	12	3	26	3	
H. B. Elliot.....	7	2	11	0		H. B. Elliot.....	3	1	9	0	
A. Macdonald.....	8	3	6	5		A. Macdonald.....	7	1	10	0	
						G. F. Elliot.....	5	0	11	0	
						J. H. Elliot.....	7	2	17	1	
						R. W. Rudd.....	3	0	27	1	

Flores A.C.				
W. B. Spray.....	12	6	8	5
E. L. Rumboll.....	9	0	28	2
P. L. G. Bridger.....	2	0	7	2

ROSARIO.

ROSARIO A.C. v. CORDOBA AND R. RY. AND BANKS.

The above twoday match, which was commenced on Friday, was brought to a conclusion on Sunday, the 4th inst., resulting in a victory for the Club by 126 runs.

Notwithstanding the heat, which was terrific on both days, plenty of enthusiasm prevailed amongst the players, and several of them succeeded in making quite respectable scores.

Leunda, who was responsible for 62, out of a total of 101, and Martin 86, were top scorers for their respective sides, whilst A. H. Knight, with an analysis of seven wickets for 37, and H. Dorning, seven for 28, were the most effective with the ball, according to the score sheet.

Unfortunately a correct analysis was not kept for the R.A.C.'s second innings.

The following are the scores and analysis:—

C. AND R. RY. AND BANKS		1st inn	2nd inn	
J. Neil c Robinson b Gardom	0	b Martin	0	4
A. Leunda not out	62	c Martin b Knight	11	11
H. Dorning c Pixton b Knight	7	c Goodfellow b Martin	4	4
G. Brown b Gardom	6	b Knight	2	2
F. Coutts run out	1	lbw b Robinson	22	22
V. Parr b Gardom	0	b G. Middleton	16	16
—Rowe c Martin b Knight	7	c Martin b Knight	0	0
G. W. Hamill b Knight	0	b Knight	7	7
H. H. Spicer b Knight	0	Retired		
W. Lowe c Gloag b Knight	1	Absent		
C. Doubell b Knight	3	run out	0	0
—Arthur did not bat		Absent		
J. Beaumont (sub)	0	b Martin	12	12
Extras	14	Extras	7	7
Total	101	Total	85	85

ROSARIO A.C.		1st inn	2nd inn	
W. D. Gardom lbw b Leunda	11	b Dorning	6	6
F. Martin c Doubell b Dorning	16	st Beaumont b Dorning	86	86
H. Middleton b Dorning	2	c Neil b Dorning	6	6
A. Robinson b Leunda b Dorning	8	c Dorning b Neil	1	1
A. H. Knight c Dorning b Parr	11	c Leunda b Doubell	20	20
L. Jacobs c Coutts b Dorning	10	b Dorning	16	16
G. Middleton b Brown	18	c and b Dorning	4	4
A. Pixton c and Parr	2	b Brown	38	38
C. C. Day c Spicer b Dorning	3	c and b Dorning	1	1
—Gloag b Dorning	0	b Dorning	12	12
C. L. Roberts not out	2	b Leunda	13	13
J. Goodfellow c and b Dorning	0	not out	6	6
Extras	2	Extras	18	18
Total	85	Total	227	227

C. & Ry & Banks				BOWLING ANALYSIS.					
1st inn				2nd inn					
O	M	R	W	O	M	R	W		
A. H. Knight	14.1	2	37	7	A. H. Knight	12	1	30	4
W. D. Gardom	8	0	31	3	F. Martin	6	0	26	3
F. Martin	6	1	16	0	G. Middleton	6	2	19	1
Gardom bowled 3 wides.				A. Robinson	2.1	1	2	1	0
				C. C. Day	2	1	1	0	
Rosario A.C.									
O	M	R	W						
H. Dorning	13	0	28	7					
A. Leunda	7	0	31	1					
V. Parr	4	0	14	2					
G. Brown	2	0	7	1					
Parr bowled 1 no-ball.									

ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

Messrs Bullrich and Co. sold last week at auction 13 Lincoln rams imported by Mr F. Miller. The prices ranged from \$160 to 300, and gave an average of \$219.

The s.s. Induna clared last week for South Africa with a cargo of 750 horses embarked by the Army Remount Commission.

We were amused, if not particularly edified, by an article which appeared in the *Diario* last week on the Argentine horse and the British Army Remount Commission. It is distinctly amusing to hear that the Commissioners don't know what a good horse is when they see it, and this is practically what the writer of the article implies.

The writer in question advises owners of horses to put up the price on the Commission, as they must have the horses at any cost.

We are also informed that the best horse here is not the big boney animal, but what is termed by the gaucho *caballo del medio*. It is a term we have never heard used, but, of course, it may be a provincialism. We very much question if any gaucho in the Argentine Republic, ever heard of a *caballo del medio*, and are inclined to think it is an expression coined by the writer for the occasion.

The small fraction of camp in Pergamino offered at auction last week by Messrs Roman Bravo and Co., with a base of \$60 per hectarea, and rented on a three years contract at \$10 per square, was not sold, there being no bid for the property.

It is estimated that two thirds of the sugar cane crop in Tucuman, has been lost owing to drought.

Prices in the Deptford market showed a marked improvement both for novillos and capones, and may be quoted approximately at £20 and 33s. respectively. The business this end, however, is still very slow, and shippers show little interest for anything except special lots. Freights are still scarce and high, and no doubt the weather is accountable also for a good deal of the apathy noticeable.

Carbuncle or "grano malo" appears to be on the increase and cases are reported from many partidos, and what is more it is attacking human beings. The present moist warm weather will not tend to impede the spreading of the disease unfortunately.

The number of Argentine novillos landed in England last year was, according to English official figures, 85,365 head, against 89,369 head in 1898. In sheep the figures are 382,080, and 430,073 for 1899 and 1898 respectively.

The total value of the Argentine stock was, for 1899, £598,436, against £637,388 for 1898.

Argentine sends more than double the number of capones exported to England by the United States and Canada combined.

The French live stock exporters, Messrs Smith and Co., have purchased from Messrs Bavio, from their estancia San Telmo, in the partido of Magdalena, 100 export steers at \$38 gold each, and from Sr F. Bavio's estancia La Verde, in the same partido, 100 export steers at \$38 gold each.

Messrs A. Bullrich and Co. sold on Wednesday last another batch of 34 New Zealand Lincoln rams, which came consigned to Mr W. Candy. The prices ranged from \$150 to 300 each, and gave an average over the lot of \$222.65. The animals were not as fine in the wool as the last lot received by Mr Candy.

The sale is reported of 100 novillos for export, bred by and the property of Sr. Eliseo Ramirez, from his estancia in the partido of General Belgrano, at \$50 gold each. If the price be as stated the animals must be a very special lot as nothing like the price has been paid for some time past.

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In the United States of America, the decrease in the numbers of horned cattle is in inverse proportion to the increase of the population. In the year 1889 the population of the United States was 61,289,000, and the number of cattle 50,331,042, which gives 821 head of cattle to every 1000 of the population. In 1898, the population was 74,389,000, and the number of cattle 45,105,083 head, or 606 head of cattle to every 1000 inhabitants.

It will be seen that in a period of nine years, from 1890 to 1898 inclusive, the number of animals to every 1000 inhabitants has decreased by 25 1/2 per cent. The exportation of live stock has decreased in the same period by 26 1/2 per cent.

On Friday last Messrs A. Bullrich and Co. sold a batch of pure Lincoln rams from Sr. Manuel J. Cobos' estancia Belen. The prices ranged from \$200 to \$320 each and gave an average of \$239 %. Buyers—Messrs Benadeo Hnos., Duche, Jaime Vieyra, Macintosh, and Loubet.

From Nogoyá, Entre Rios, comes the news that "tristeza" has broken out amongst the cattle and in a bad form, large numbers having died. The camps in the neighbourhood are suffering from the drought and the maize crop is practically a total loss.

The *Nacion* gives the following method for preserving melons in a fresh state. Place the melons in a barrel or box on a layer of plaister of Paris, having first thoroughly cleaned and dried the fruit; fill in the spaces between each melon, and between the fruit and the sides of the box, with plaister of Paris, and proceed in the same manner till the box is quite full, care being taken to select sound fruit, and not to allow the melons to touch each other or the sides or bottom of the barrel or box. Each melon should be wrapped in a piece of ordinary packing paper. Melons treated thus will keep for months.

Last week Messrs Alchourron Bros. sold at auction the live stock on Sr. Rebes' estancia El Alba, in the partido of Pila, the result of the sale being as follows:—

Lincoln rams, from	\$30.00 to 185.00
Lincoln sheep, al corte ..	2.50 to 3.20
Lincoln capones	4.00 to 5.60
Potros	20.00 to 43.50
Bulls	105.00
Novillos, mestizos, for invernada	35.00

According to recent statistics poultry farming in the United States produces three hundred million dollars annually.

The sale is reported of 2000 hectares of camp in the partido of Tres Arroyos, the property of Dr. Mendez Paz, at \$54 per hectarea, which gives a rate of \$135,000 per league kilometrical, a big price for these lands, but this is explained by the fact that the buyers were several chaceros, who each take a small fraction for agricultural purposes.

Again we have little to report on the wool market: buyers either have no orders to fill or are trying to wear out the patience of the consignatarios. With the cooler weather there has been a rather better attendance, but prices have not improved, and sales have not been appreciably on the increase. The daily arrivals have decreased immensely, being barely some 200,000 kilos daily, and the sales about the same amount. Prices may be said to be \$2 lower per ten kilos all round than at the end of December. Sheepskins are also very weak, 90 cents per kilo being about top price.

It is reported that the new Minister of Agriculture has decided to suppress the Locust Extinction item in the Budget of that Department, thereby saving the national exchequer large sums yearly. There can be no doubt that the Locust Extinction Committee has done good work, but neither can there be any doubt that, to put it mildly, a very large proportion of the money is grossly misapplied.

We hear a report to the effect that a very important business in camp, running into seven figures, is under consideration. The camp, which is prime invernada land, is about twelve leagues from Buenos Aires.

On many estancias, during the laying season, there is such a plethora of eggs that it is often a question what to do with them. The following article from an exchange is interesting, and may prove of use. There is no reason why eggs should not be preserved in large numbers, for use in the months when they are scarce, or even for sale at that period, when prices are good.

"At the instance of the Poultry Society of Saxony an interesting competition has been held as regards the preservation of eggs. The eggs had to be handed in before May 1st, and were to be kept six months. As the main result of the competition it seems certain that preserving with water-glass is the best, the cheapest, and the most convenient method. The competition comprised two sections; the first for eggs intended for confectioners, general cooking purposes, etc.; and the second for well-kept, clean eggs, which should be readily saleable for ordinary purposes. Not one of the 150 competing eggs was rotten at the examination after the lapse of the six months. In the first section there were three entries, and the eggs that were awarded first prize were treated in the following manner:—The eggs were first gently knocked against one another so as to ascertain that they had no cracks. From twenty-five to thirty eggs were then placed in a sieve and dripped with warm melted lard; when the eggs had been removed from the sieve and the lard coating had cooled they were submerged in a solution of water-glass. For 600 eggs six pounds of water-glass dissolved in some eight gallons of water, were used. The cost of this method amounted to about two-thirds of a penny per score, and the taste of both the yolk and the white was irreproachable. There was no loss of weight. As regards the eggs awarded second prize, the yolk was good, but the white had become somewhat reddish. The taste, however, was all right. The eggs had been placed five minutes in a 20 per cent. solution of vitriol of iron, to which had been added 1 1/2 per cent. tannin, soluble in water. The eggs were then rinsed with water, dried, and kept as might be ordinary eggs. The loss of weight was light, and the cost was about the same as in the previous case—two-thirds of a penny per twenty eggs. The third entry received no prize. The loss of weight was too great, and the yolk and the white had been shaken together. They had been kept in cowhair from a tanyard, and the basket in which the eggs were should be turned every six weeks.

"This exhibitor also competed in the second section, but with the like result, as did several other competitors; some had used strong chemical solutions which had influenced the shell, or methods which necessitated looking after the eggs morning and evening. First prize was awarded to Doctor of Medicine Braune, Dresden; the eggs sent in by this gentleman could not be distinguished from fresh eggs as regards outer and inner appearance, and the taste was very good. The eggs were washed with a brush and kept in an air-tight box, which was filled with a 10 per cent. solution of water-glass which has been renewed once during the six months. There was no loss of weight, and the place where the eggs had been kept had been as warm as 20 deg. Réaumur. The first-prize taker in the first section secured the second prize in the second section. The eggs were not so beautifully white as those of the first-prize winner, but the inside of the eggs and the taste were irreproachable. The eggs had been fourteen days old when preservation began and had been treated as those from the same competitor that took first prize in the first section, only they had not been dripped with lard, which reduced the cost to below 1/2d per score. They had been kept in a cellar in which the temperature had not been above 8 deg. Réaumur. There was no loss of weight. Third and fourth prizes went to the same exhibitor. As regards the former, the eggs had an irreproachable appearance, and the inside was almost as good as Nos. 1 and 2. He had gradually dissolved 3/4lb. of water-glass in about a gallon of boiling water, and when cold poured the solution over the eggs, which stood on the narrow end in a stone jar. He had tied parchment paper over the jar, and kept it in a pantry where the temperature had been as much as 18 deg. Réaumur. The eggs had been eight to fourteen days old when the preserving commenced. The fourth-prize eggs were not quite so good as the former in taste; they had been kept in a solution of salt and lime. Neither Nos. 3 nor 4 had lost any weight.

The following notes are from the *Live Stock Journal*:—

The highest price paid for Christmas cattle at the Union Stock Yard, Chicago, during the past sixteen years,

has been made by Mr L. H. Kerrick, Bloomington, Illinois, who sold sixteen head of high-grade Aberdeen-Angus steers of his own breeding and feeding at \$8.25. They averaged two years in age, and 1536 lbs. in weight. They were handled by Clay, Robinson and Co., and bought by Armour and Co. These cattle topped the market for that day by 75 cents (excepting the \$8.50 paid for two pure-bred Aberdeens-Angus steers), and they netted \$123 per head. With the exception of the year 1882, when cattle reached \$9.30, this was the highest price for a car-load of steers ever recorded on the Chicago market. Ten head of Galloways, made the same figure in 1883. Mr Kerrick duplicated this price with another consignment of twelve head not yet two-year-olds, and averaging 1380 lbs.

It is stated that over 10,000 horses have been purchased of late in South America for the British Army, and a great number of mules are being shipped to the Cape.

Thirty-two Lincoln Longwool ram lambs, together with a few remaining shearling rams, the property of Mr W. Hesselstine, of Beaumont Cote, Barton-on-Humber, were shipped to South America on Thursday week, having been purchased by Mr F. Miller, for Messrs McGrath and Co. The lambs were an excellent lot, being well-grown and possessing the even, heavy, lustrous fleeces and other characteristics of the well-known Beaumont Cote flock. They were sired by rams from the flocks of Messrs H. Dudding, C. Clark (Scopwick), and S. E. Dean and Sons, and cannot fail to please South American flockmasters.

John Kent, the famous trainer, once found himself in a curious difficulty. He received from Lord George Bentinck to train some five-and-twenty yearlings in one batch without the slightest clue to the pedigree of each. To aggravate the situation, most of the youngsters were by the same sire—Bay Middleton—and most of them were bays, without a spot of white anywhere by which they might be distinguished. They had come by road (it was in the pre-railway days) from Bonehill, the breeding paddocks in Warwickshire which Lord George rented, and if the boys who brought them had known the names and pedigrees of their charges when they started, they were exhaustively ignorant on this important subject when they reached Mr Kent's place at Goodwood. In his difficulty, John Kent applied to Lord George who referred to the stud groom at Bonehill, who obligingly furnished names, pedigrees, and descriptions; it was hoped that these were correctly allotted, but there was much room for doubt in view of the fact that several of the young ones were as like each other as so many peas.

The agricultural future of the Soudan has occupied considerable attention in legislative circles. The land must be cultivated, and capital is required for roads, irrigation, and railways, which are the forerunners of trade development. According to Gessi Pasha, an officer under the late General Gordon, "The Soudan might be the richest country in the world; its climate and soil are adapted for every kind of cultivation. The products are very plentiful, and every kind of corn and vegetables grow there freely, often yielding two crops a year." Of the neighbourhood of the Nile approach to the Albert Nyanza, Gessi says that "On the banks one sees many and populous villages; cattle are abundant, and the inhabitants enjoy an affluence, the like of which I never saw in other parther parts of Central Africa." The same observer remarked of the Shilluk country that it was regarded as "the granary of the Soudan." Cattle were, in 1878, so abundant that the owners did not know how many head they possessed. Gessi has also placed on record the opinion: "I believe that the provinces of Bahr-el-Ghazal and Niam-Niam will soon become the finest jewels of the Soudan. . . . Rich in grain, especially maize. Once so rich in cattle that in one raid 20,000 head were carried off." When the resources of the Soudan are fully realised, and the Anglo-Egyptian Government has thoroughly settled the natives in their own land, then we shall witness an impetus given to the breeding of live stock such as never has been known since the days of the Pharaohs. Ancient Egypt was famous for camels, horses, asses, cattle, and sheep, and in days to come history will repeat itself by not only finding 'corn in Egypt,' but remounts for cavalry."

The familiar expression "a dark horse" is said to have obtained currency originally in Tennessee. There lived there an old horse dealer named Samuel Flynn, who generally had among his stock a speedy nag or two which he would pull out for a race on any occasion when in course of his travels he thought he saw a good thing. The best horse he ever used in this way was a nearly thoroughbred black stallion which he called Dusky Pete. Flynn used to save this horse—which was a veritable flyer, though not much to look at—on his journeys, and hack him quietly into the town as though Dusky Pete were one of the nags he was going to offer for sale. One day he arrived at a town on the day the local race meeting was to be held, and made a post entry of Dusky Pete. The town-people were inclined to jeer at the stranger's horse, and Flynn was able to make a book at fancy odds. Just before the horse left the saddling paddock Judge McMinamee, a "Turf oracle," popularly supposed to know every horse in the State, came down to the course, and the strange nag was pointed out to him. He at once recognised Dusky Pete, and made the remark which gave birth to the common phrase: "Gentlemen, there's a dark horse in the race that will make some of you sick before supper." Flynn rode a waiting race, and won with a rush.

If history—Oriental history—can be trusted, the most expensive horse the world has ever seen was a grey Arab stallion named Lylee. He belonged to Zan Mohammed Kan, one of the Punjaub princes who held court at Peshawar, and the fame of the horse in due time came to the ears of Runjeet Singh, "the Lion of the Punjaub." Runjeet was a great horseman, and, as might be expected of so daring a soldier, a desperately hard rider. He spent enormous sums upon his stud, and when he heard of a good horse bought him if money would buy; if not, he generally found other means. Runjeet made up his mind to get possession of Lylee, and made overtures to Zan Mohammed, who declined to "trade;" negotiations failing, Runjeet picked a quarrel with him, and after a bloody war obliged the unlucky Peshawar prince to sue for peace. Runjeet was prepared to grant peace on one condition, that Lylee should be given up. Zan Mohammed consented, but only after a long course of subterfuge and evasion did he fulfil his agreement, and when Runjeet did get possession of the horse he had another long sanguinary fight to keep him. Altogether this grey Arab stallion cost an expenditure of £600,000 and the lives of 12,000 men, according to Runjeet's estimate. It was believed that Lylee was got by an English thoroughbred, and had all the characteristics of Messenger blood. He was certainly a very big horse to be a pure Arab. Some English officers who saw the famous horse in 1839 described him then 'as a very old flea-bitten grey, standing 16 hands high.'

LAWN TENNIS.

FIXTURES FOR 1899-1900.

FEBRUARY.

Sun. 18—Quilmes v. Buenos Aires, at Quilmes.
Sun. 25—Santa Lucia v. Quilmes, at Santa Lucia.

MARCH.

Sun. 4—Santa Lucia v. Buenos Aires, at Santa Lucia.
Sun. 11—Lomas v. Buenos Aires, at Lomas.
Sun. 18—Quilmes v. Lomas, at Quilmes.

APRIL.

Sun. 1—Santa Lucia v. Flores, at Santa Lucia.
Sun. 8—Flores v. Lomas, at Flores.
Sun. 15—Belgrano v. Santa Lucia, at Belgrano.
Sun. 22—Lomas v. Belgrano, at Lomas.
Sun. 29—Santa Lucia v. Lomas, at Santa Lucia.

MAY.

Sun. 6—Flores v. Quilmes, at Flores.

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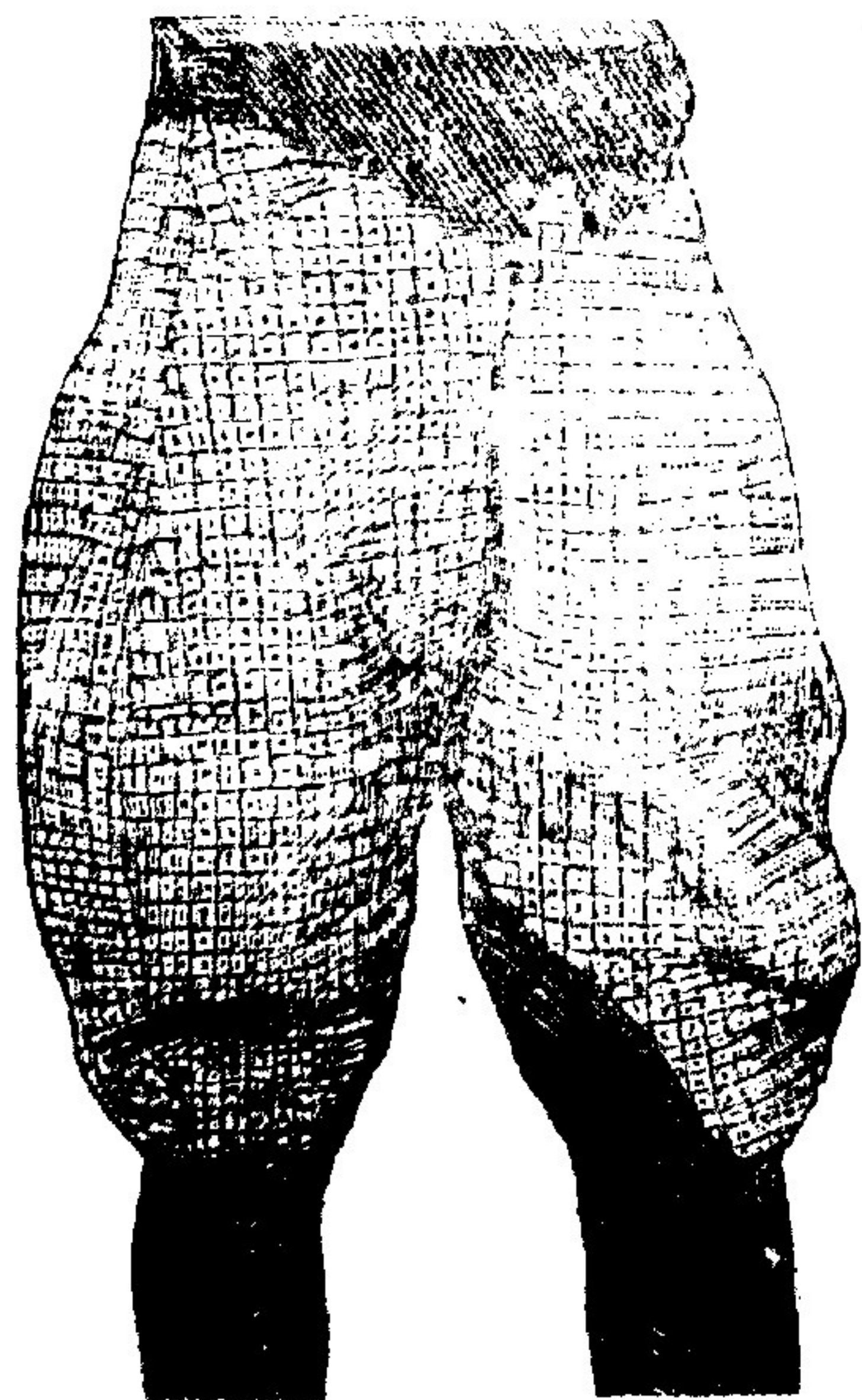
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AN UNWILLING IDOL.

It was after dinner one day that Gregson, who seemed in a communicative mood, led me away to his quarters for a "buck." Gregson's quarters were not of the "boudoir of a young duchess" order with which the den of the British officer is generally associated by the uninitiated; they were very plainly furnished, for he lived in his camp kit, and except in the matter of armchairs did not spread himself at all in the way of luxury.

There was no denying the comfort of his armchairs, however, and when I found myself ensconced in one of them, with Gregson opposite, and each of us fitted with a whisky and soda and a cheroot, I felt instinctively that I was in for an interesting evening, and that he was about to let himself go in the way of imaginative narrative.

There was nothing particularly ornamental about the room, but looking casually about the place my eyes fell on a silver cup on the mantelpiece, which I did not remember to have seen there before.

"That's a nice-looking pot you've got there," I said, by way of giving him a start.

"Yes; pretty shape, ain't it?" he answered, pulling reflectively at his cheroot, and winding himself up, as it were.

"Racing cup?" I hazarded.

"Yes," he said; "that's just what it is. But there's a bit of romance attached to that cup."

"Is there?" I asked, looking in astonishment at Gregson, who was about the last man one would associate with romance of any sort.

"Yes; there was a woman in that case," he continued, abstractedly—"a devilish good-looking woman, too. I'll show you her photo some day. I'm not quite certain if I can lay my hand on it at the moment."

"I didn't know you went in for that sort of thing," I said.

"No more I do, but this one went in for me," he replied. "You see, I was sort let in for it. She was a deuced fine woman—married, of course—and most of the fellows in the station were hanging round after her. I wasn't of course, but with my usual luck, and the usual perversity of women, she seemed to take a fancy to me, and badgered me with notes and invitations, and rides on the quiet when her old man was out of the way, and all sorts of things I didn't want; though, of course, there was a certain amount of satisfaction in laying over all the rest of the fellows, even if it was in such an unimportant matter as a woman."

"It was just before the Dharnagar Sky Meeting came off that she seemed to grow more than usually pally, and to make up to me more than ever. I had an Arab in training then—a very smart gee he was, too, with a good turn of speed. I had only just bought him from Abdul Rahman's in Bombay, and, of course, as usual, I expected to do great things with him."

"The race I was in for was called the Ladies' Cup; it was a usual thing at that meeting. The ladies of the station were in the habit of subscribing for a pot and of course there was a lot of added money besides, for they like a bit more than a pot out there. I didn't want the Cup myself particularly, but I could have done with some of the other stuff, as usual."

"Now, this woman was of a romantic turn of mind, and as I was by way of being her pet man she was as keen as mustard on my distinguishing myself somehow in public, so as to give the pair of us a buck-up as it were, and to let the other women see that her tame man was better than any of theirs. She thought this Cup business was my chance, and of course made up her mind that I had got to win it; and equally of course, all the women in the place and their best men had made up their minds that they wanted that pot too; so that there was an amount of competition brought into the affair that was absurdly disproportionate to its importance."

"I had quite enough to do those times. I can assure you, what with getting my gee fit and myself too, and attending on the lady generally—for I was not let off anything, you take my word for it, and had to jam in poodle-faking and all the usual game whenever I could find any spare corners of time."

"Well, we were sitting together in her verandah, the evening before the race—her old man was away on duty at another station—and things were getting a trifle thick, I thought."

"You will win to-morrow," she said, looking at me with an air of tender admiration.

"I'm going to try," I remarked.

"Remember, there is much at stake," she replied.

"As how?" I answered, not quite tumbling; "I didn't know you had anything on."

"Certainly," I said. "But—"

"For my sake," she repeated; "you understand, don't you?"

"Not quite," I said, not being up in the ways of women, and not wanting to commit myself through not knowing the ropes.

"Then she came close up to me, while I got green with apprehension, and said, with a theatrical air—"

"If you win that race you win me! I want you to shine out above them all, so that I may be proud of you; you will then be my hero, and I will follow you anywhere."

Gregson paused, and took a pull at his whisky-and-soda.

I took the opportunity to remark—

"Quite romantic, wasn't it?"

"Oh! yes," he continued; "devilish romantic to look back upon now, but I tell you I fairly sizzled with horror. I went home to think it out. There were no two ways of looking at it; if I won the next day that woman would make my life a burden to me; her old man would be sure to oliver, whichever way I played my cards, and if he raised any dust, and my old aunt got hold of it, there'd be my prospects in life gone at one fell swoop. I was too much dipped over the race to throw it away, or I should have done so like a shot. I simply had to do my level best, and chance what happened afterwards. After all, I thought she might change her views, or at any rate modify them."

"I was forced to forget her and all about it when we went to the post, and I took stock and reckoned up my chances. We were a field of nine, and I could see they all meant business. They weren't at all certain about me, for my gee was a new one they didn't know anything at all about; and as soon as we were on the road I could see I had all my work cut out and that they were not going to give me more of a chance than they could help."

"However, they shook out after awhile, and by stealing an inch here and there I managed to get through them, and then I came away; and they never caught me again. Yes, I landed that race right enough; and then, as I pulled up and turned round, I caught sight of all the beauty and fashion in the Stand, and all the other business came back on me like a hundred of bricks!

"There? Oh! yes, she was there right enough, standing by the gate as I rode in, and looking up at me with an air of proprietorship and pride that made me shiver. Then, when I had got into my coat, she led me about just to show the people what a dook I was; and later on she proposed the most barefaced elopement I had even heard of, leaving the details for future arrangement."

"I tell you I never spent such an unhappy evening, till, just as I was dressing for mess, the adjutant came into my bungalow and said—"

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap, but they've wired for a company to go down to Bundlepore—they're expecting trouble there. The chief wants you to go, and to start to-night. I'm awfully sorry."

"Sorry!" I exclaimed; "I was never more delighted to move in all my life. I'll go anywhere you like in five minutes."

"Well, I didn't feel really safe till the train was well under weigh, the lights of our cantonment fading in the distance, and I could hear the men singing 'Now We Shan't be long' down at their end of the train. Then I lit a cheroot and breathed again. It was a marvellous piece of luck for a nervous man, wasn't it?"

"Marvellous!" I answered; "but what about her when you came back again?"

"Oh! we were away a month," said Gregson, "and when we got back she had bolted with a cove in the Army Medical! so I was safe."

"It's a pretty cup," I exclaimed, reaching up for it and examining it. Then, as I looked underneath the handle I felt constrained to regard Gregson with sorrow—albeit, qualified with admiration.

"This is a bit thick, old man," I said.

"What? The cup?" he asked.

"No," I expounded; "but there's a little bit of paper under here with 'Lot 55' on it! Now I come to think of it, you said yesterday that you were going up to a sale, didn't you?"

"I don't know anything about what I said yesterday," snorted Gregson. "You swallow your peg, and pour yourself out another, if you like. I'm going to turn in!"

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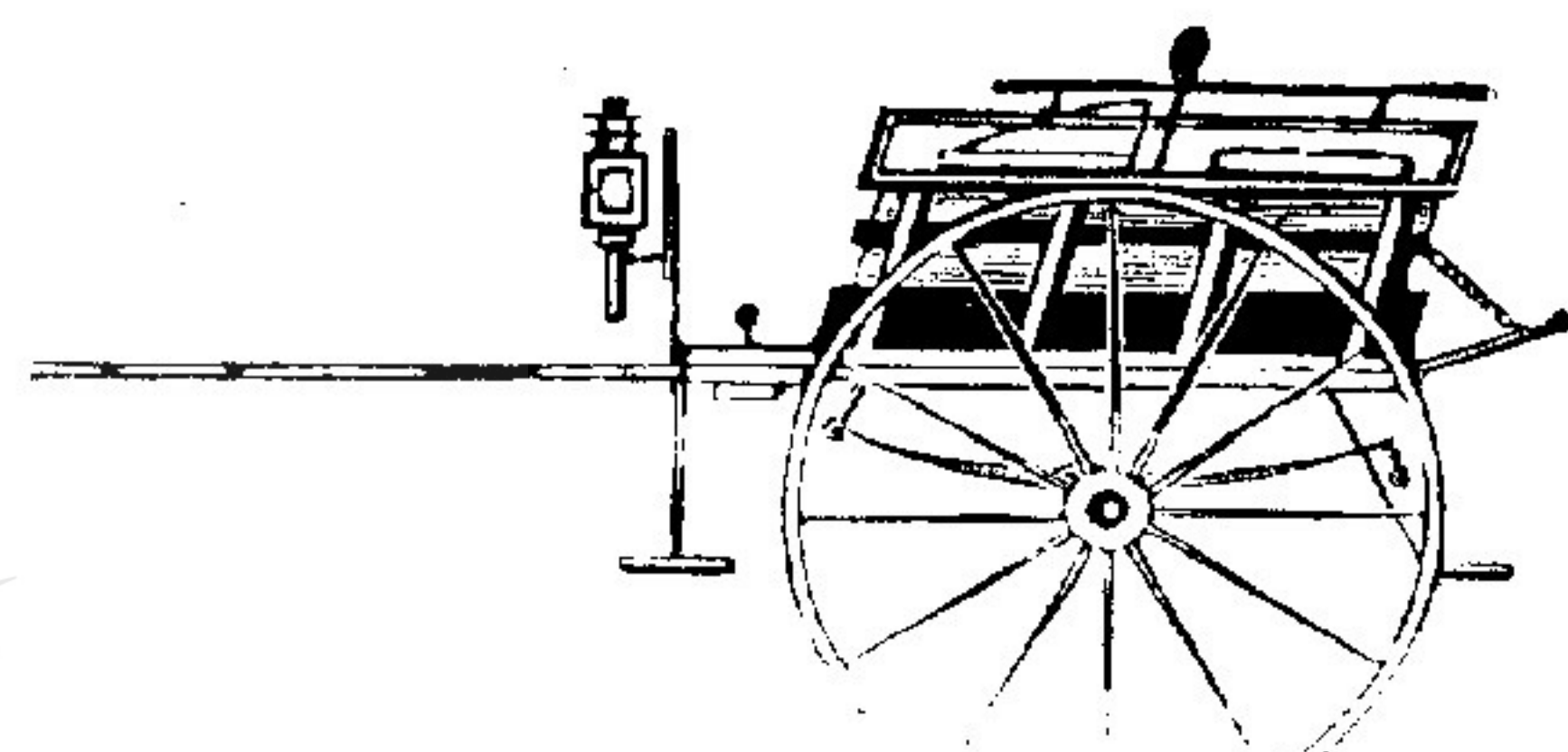
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