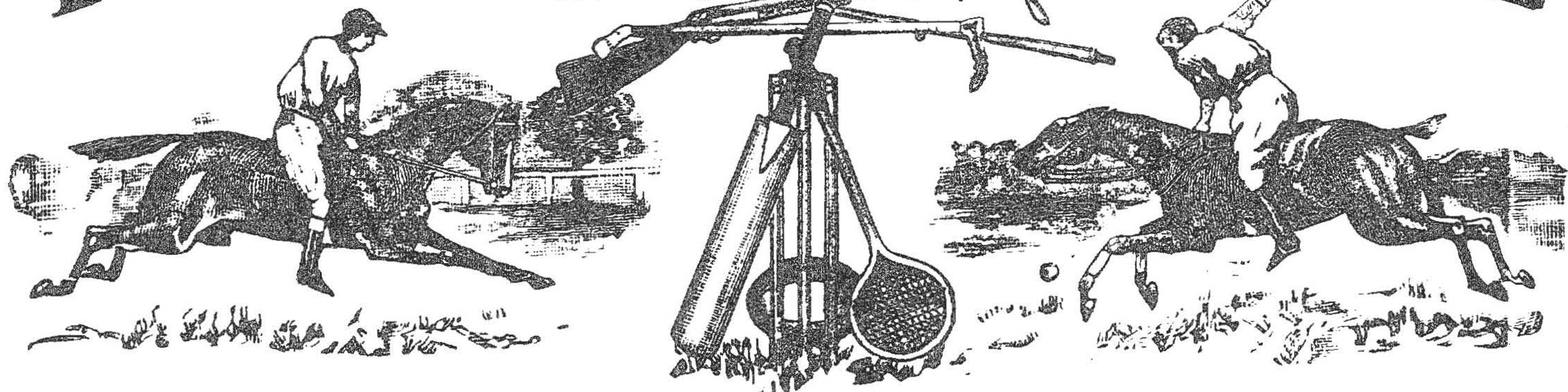


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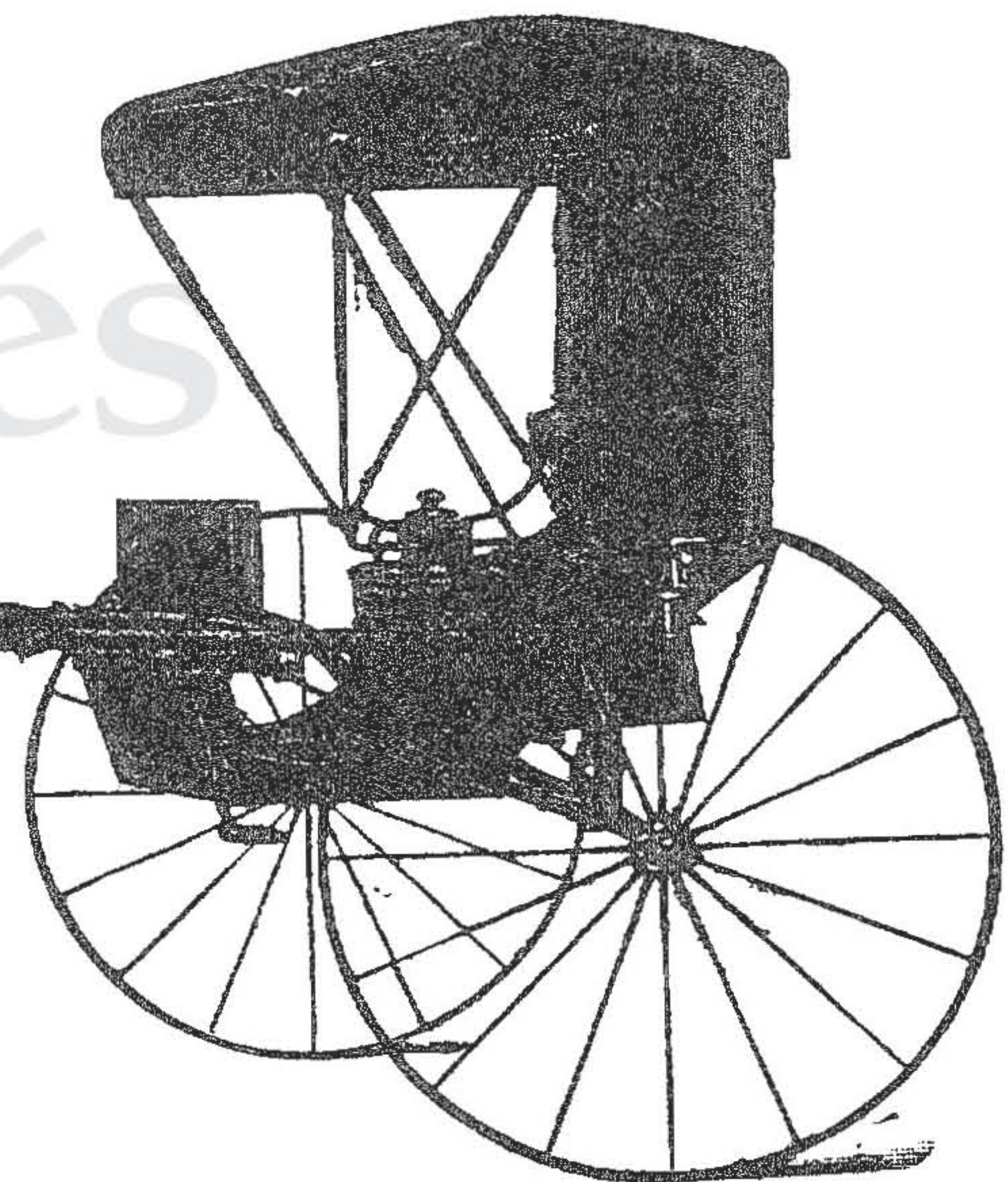
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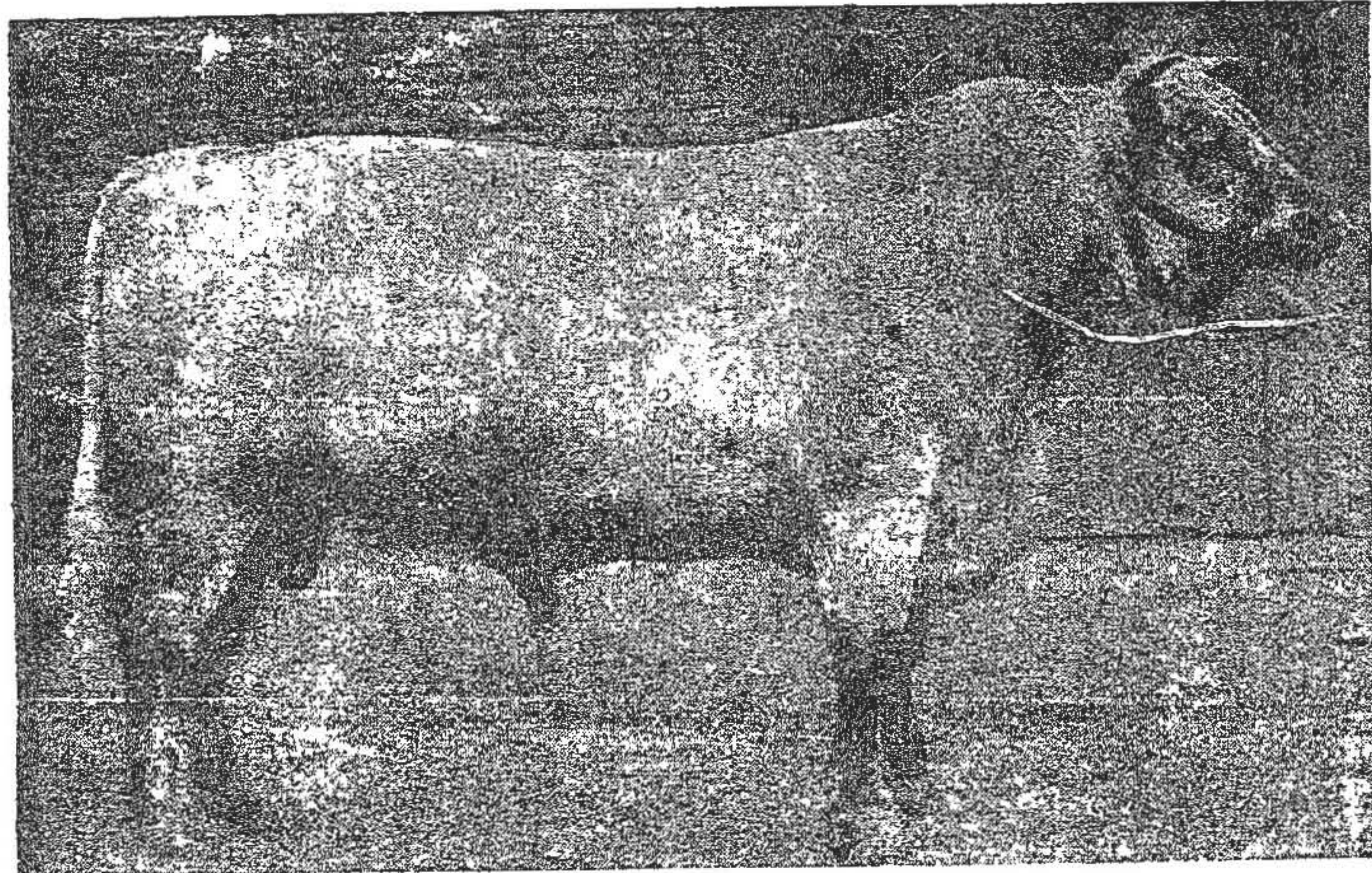
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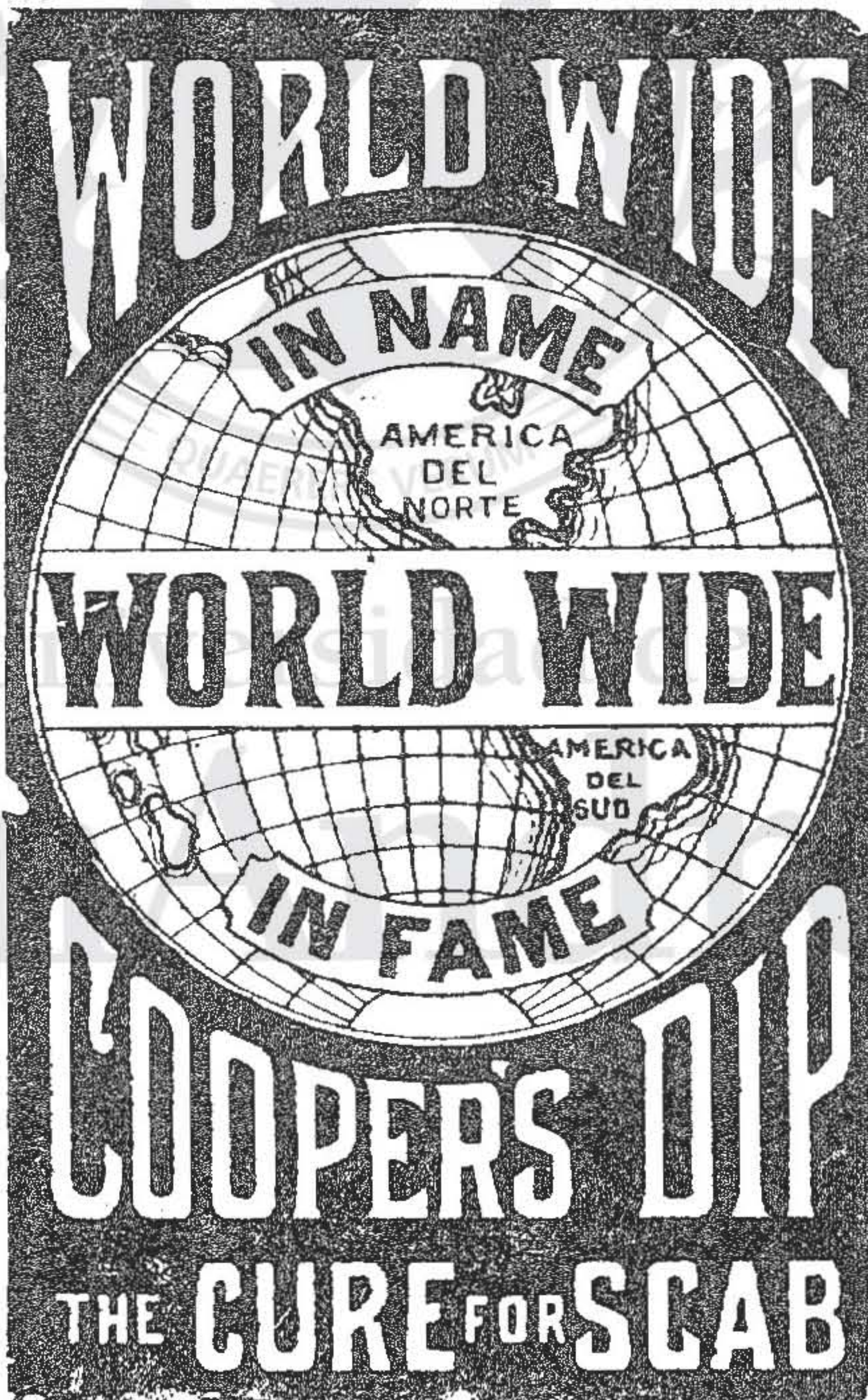
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River Plate Sport and Pastime

BUENOS AIRES, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1900.

GOLF.

BUENOS AIRES GOLF CLUB.

MIXED FOURSOMES COMPETITION.

The above competition was played on Wednesday afternoon last at Rivadavia, in dull and threatening weather, but no rain fell and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent. Twenty couples entered, eighteen of whom put in an appearance, so the turn out may be regarded as a good one. The previous day's rain had made the links a little wet in places, but considering all things they were in very good order. Some of the ladies were rather badly splashed with mud and water but they took it all in good part. The weather has been so bad all through this golf season that mixed foursomes have been almost an impossibility so this competition was the more enjoyed in consequence. The winners proved to be Mrs. H. W. Roberts, who played extremely well, and Dr. Petty, while their opponents, Mrs. Wyatt Smith and Dr. Phelps, finished second, their nett score being only two strokes worse.

The following are the full details:—

	1st round	2nd round	Gross score	Handicap	Nett score
Mrs. H. W. Roberts and Dr. Petty	63	57	120	-8	112
Mrs. Wyatt Smith and Dr. Phelps	78	60	138	-24	114
Mrs. and Mr. W. Higgins	68	66	134	-14	120
Miss Patterson and Mr. G. B. Pearson	70	75	145	-24	121
Miss Williamson and Mr. Walker	79	70	149	-26	123
Mrs. Cripps and Mr. C. Fox	70	72	142	-17	125
Mrs. and Mr. Marjoribanks	60	65	125	scr	125
Miss Mackern and Mr. Sumner	66	65	131	-5	126
Miss E. Smiles and Mr. Macdonald	68	64	132	-3	129
Miss Smiles and Mr. F. H. Benn	85	64	149	-18	131
Mrs. Ravenscroft and Mr. Paton	78	72	150	-18	132
Mrs. and Mr. Richardson	86	74	160	-26	134
Miss A. Mackern and Mr. W. G. Mackern	77	80	157	-20	137
Mrs. Balfour and Mr. Fortune	71	88	159	-20	139
Mrs. Lace and Mr. MacMaster	99	75	174	-28	146
Mrs. and Mrs. T. S. Boadle	93	80	173	-26	147
Miss Dorothy Henderson & Mr. Kenneth Henderson	92	89	181	-30	151
Miss M. Jacobs and Mr. J. O. Anderson	85	84	169	-18	151

Mrs. and Mr. Leitch, Mrs. Goldsmid and Mr. Lace were unable to compete.

ROSARIO GOLF CLUB.

The final handicap of the above Club was played under "bogey" rules at the Arroyito Links on Sunday, the 16th inst., when the handsome Cup presented by Mr. Hoffman, a former resident of Rosario, was put up for competition. M. J. A. H. Beaumont proved the fortunate winner. The following are the scores:—

	Holes down.
J. A. H. Beaumont	2
J. Macrae	7
R. Fisher	8
J. G. Barnett	8
J. M. Wigley	10
G. Robb	11
C. Mallet	11
W. Robinson	17

ROWING

UNION DE REGATAS.

The following is the programme for the annual regatta to be held under the auspices of the Union de Regatas on Thursday, November 1st:

1. Premio F.C. Buenos Aires y Rosario—Open Fours, 1500 metres.
2. Premio Tigre Boat Club—Senior Single Sculls, 1500 metres.
3. Premio F.C. Central Argentino—Junior Fours, 1500 metres.
4. Premio Union de Regatas—Senior Fours, 2500 metres.
5. Premio Buenos Aires Rowing Club—Double Sculls, 1500 metres.
6. Premio Ruder Verein Teutonia—Open Pairs, 1500 metres.
7. Montevideo Challenge Cup—Pairs, for crews under 22 years, 1000 metres.
8. Premio Compañias de Seguros—Junior Single Sculls, 1500 metres.
9. Men-of-War Boats.
10. Parry Challenge Cup—for eights, 2500 metres.

The races will be rowed in the above order, which, however, the Committee reserve the right of changing in case of necessity. Entries close on October 20th.

POLO

A capital description of polo is contributed to the July number of *Pearson's Magazine*, by Mr Herbert Pratt, whose paper is illustrated with a beautiful series of photographs, showing the various strokes of the expert player. Describing how the polo pony is trained, the writer says: "The pony is first got into condition by a system of hard exercise and judicious feeding. He is taught to trot and canter, to change his legs at the exact moment, to turn quickly and cleanly, and, most important of all, at the will of his rider to start or stop instantly. The *modus operandi* of teaching a polo pony to change his legs and turn smartly is curious. A number of tall, thin poles are stuck in the ground in one line about seven or eight feet apart. Then the scholar is taken some twenty yards from one end and is ridden at a slow canter along the line in and out, taking one post on the off and the other on the near side, and passing each other as closely as possible without knocking it over. As will be seen, in order to do this, he has to change his legs pretty quickly and to turn sharply. All the time these initial lessons are being taught the trainer has carried a polo stick whilst on the back of his pupil, who quickly learns that the swinging stick is not harmful, and allows it to be used upon a ball without showing fear. But care is taken during these preliminary lessons that the legs of the pony are not struck, or the result would be fatal for his future use in the game. At first only a straight forward stroke is tried, but, when a greater confidence is begotten, it is possible to vary the strokes, and to strike the ball from both the near and off sides, and even to hit it under the neck of the pony. Another all-important lesson to be learned by the pony is to obey the will of his rider as indicated by the pressure of his legs. He learns to do this by a method of association. In early days leg pressure is applied with a corresponding touch of the bridle, and soon the pony associates the pressure against his side with the bridle direction and can dispense with the use of the latter. A good player, therefore, will seldom guide his steed when in play by bridle and bit, because if the pony's head is free he is better able to turn and follow the ball quickly. It is little short of marvellous to see the way in which a good polo pony will instinctively turn and pursue the ball, or 'ride off' the pony of his master's opponent.

CIRENCESTER TOURNAMENT.

The above tournament, which was held last month and which was a great success, has particular interest for many of our readers, as among seven teams entered for the Open Tournament was one called "The Boxers," consisting of—

1. Mr. F. Daniell
2. Mr. C. A. Hay
3. Mr. A. Stourton
- Mr. A. N. Other (back)

They met the Cirencester "A" team first (the eventual winners of the Open Cup), and suffered a defeat by five goals to one.

In the Handicap Tournament, however, we are able to congratulate Mr. C. A. Hay on being one of the members of the winning team.

We take the following short account of the final from "Land and Water":—

While the Open Cup had been going on, the Handicap Tournament had also provided an interesting series of games, the final being contested by—

- | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| B. | A. |
| 1. Mr. R. H. H. Eden | 1. Mr. W. B. C. Burdon |
| 2. Mr. C. A. Hay | 2. Mr. C. C. Gouldsmith |
| 3. Mr. S. Mason | 3. Mr. J. Hawes |
| Mr. J. Adamthwaite (back) | Mr. K. H. Marsham (back) |

B team had won all their games easily, and looked like making an easy win when the score stood at five to two. But no players could have fought an uphill contest more pluckily or steadily than did A team, and the game stood at five all at the close of time. In the additional time the struggle was very keen, but B team just managed to score and won the tournament by six goals to five.

PONY RACING

HURLINGHAM GYMKHANA.

The programme for this popular gathering is published elsewhere. One thing we notice with regret is that there are fewer events than ever in which the ladies can participate—in however small a way. This we think a mistake, as formerly it has always appeared to us that these competitions—such as the thread needle race—were mainly responsible for sustaining the interest of the spectators through an undoubtedly long programme.

A new race is a 500 metre race to be ridden bare-backed. Why not make this a ladies' nomination race? And also we would suggest that it be started with the jockeys dismounted. This would be more likely to bring the quiet, handy, polo pony and the racehorse pure and simple together than kilos of weight.

Another innovation is a tug-of-war for teams mounted bare-backed. Here we ought to have lots of fun and plenty of loose horses.

We hear Mr. Barrington has very kindly offered another cup for the stick and ball race, and that the course is to be made far more intricate than in former years, which will be a distinct improvement.

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HUNTING

HURLINGHAM HUNT RACE MEETING.

Sunday, September 30.

The Hurlingham Hunt Races were postponed from Saturday last, until Sunday, September 30th, owing to the wet state of the country.

We give the programme below, but notice that no time is given for the first race. However we conclude it will start, as in former years, about 11 o'clock. There is nothing specified as to riders or weights, but we hear only Members of the Hunt can ride, and that the weights are anything over 75 kilos.

Great interest is being evinced by the farmers, so we sincerely hope for fine weather, and that they may have a pleasant afternoon to wile away the thoughts of this disastrous winter.

Race for Horses over about four miles of fair hunting country.

Race for Ponies, 58 inches and under, which have run in races at Hurlingham, over about four miles of fair hunting country.

Race for Ponies, 58 inches and under, which have never been raced, over about four miles of fair hunting country.

Only horses and ponies which have been hunted with the Hurlingham Draghounds at least five times during the season of 1900 can be entered for these races.

Entrance fee for each horse or pony \$2 currency.

All entries to be made by 10 a.m. on the day of the races to the Treasurer of the Hunt.

On conclusion of the above there will be two races as follows:—

- 1.—For owners or tenants of land, over which hounds have run during the present or previous season.
- 2.—For farm servants employed on land, over which hounds have run during the present or previous season.

Before the races there will be a "Carne con cuero" in the Club Paddock for the farmers.

HOME CRICKET.

It was Yorkshire who, in 1894, called the meeting which culminated in the extension and official recognition of the County championship Tournament; and its representatives have received, in return for the good which they have done for the game, the honour of being the first county to survive with an unbeaten certificate the wear and tear of a season in the late nineties. Their triumph is as popular as it is deserved. Mr. F. S. Jackson, perhaps the finest all-round cricketer in the world, Mr. F. Mitchell, and Mr. F. W. Milligan were serving their country instead of their county; but Yorkshire displayed the magnificence of their reserve power by putting into the field a team (composed almost entirely of Yorkshire-born players) which proved invincible. Lord Hawke, ideal of cricket captains, first saw the light at Gainsboro', in Lincoln but he comes of a Yorkshire family, Wilfred Rhodes, G. H. Hirst, and Schofield Haigh were all born near Huddersfield, the former couple at Kirkheaton, and Haigh at Berry Brow; Mr. T. L. Taylor at Leeds, and J. Tunnicliffe and Mr. Ernest Smith close by, the former at Pudsey and the latter at Morley, D. Denton at Castleford, J. T. Brown, sen., at Driffield, D. Hunter at Scarborough, and E. Wainwright at Tinsley, not far from Sheffield. Yorkshire is a big county, but considering the amount of "foreign" element which enters into the composition of every other county team in England, the performance of the broadacred shire's "home" product is indeed remarkable.

Although, at the end of the first innings, Sussex held the useful lead of 268 to 214 in Yorkshire's last match of the season at Brighton last month, the Tykes never looked a great deal like losing. The draw was certainly not in favour of Sussex. K. S. Ranjit Singhji played another fine innings of 87, while Mr. C. B. Fry was responsible for 55. Mr. T. L. Taylor gave a sterling display of batting in Yorkshire's second innings, and deservedly heads his county's batting averages with 49.33. Hirst, for the second year in succession, is second with 43.69. Rhodes is, of course, the best bowler, he has taken 206 wickets at a cost of 12.29 runs each. It is, indeed, a rare performance for a bowler to capture over 200 wickets in county mat-

ches alone, and he has certainly done his share of Yorkshire's great work. One has to go back to 1886 to find a county holding an unbeaten certificate for the season. In that year, Notts won seven and drew seven of the fourteen matches which they played. In 1884, they won nine and drew one of ten matches; while in 1881, Lancashire won eight and drew three of eleven. Going farther back, the unbeaten record becomes rather common the matches not being numerous. Middlesex were at the top of the tree in 1878, with three wins and three draws in six games.

Mr. C. J. Kortright is a batsman sometimes. The occasions this season not having been frequent, he took advantage of his county's last fixture, to bang the Middlesex bowling all over the field. In his batting there was all the "devil" which characterises his trundling; now and again, he sent the ball into the stands. Essex would have been in a bad way without his 131. Mr P. F. Warner played another scientific innings of 69 for Middlesex, and Mr J. Douglas made 72. J. T. Rawlin, who will be forty-three on November 10, showed something like his old form with the ball, taking four wickets for 39 runs. W. Reeves, who captured six for 105, met with most success for Essex. Poor Hampshire! They seemed, at the finish of play on the second night, to have a fair chance of beating Leicestershire; but at 4 p.m. on the last day, they had sustained another defeat. To J. H. King must be accorded chief credit for the victory. Not only did he bring about the collapse of Hampshire in the second innings, by taking five wickets for 36 runs, but he played a model innings of 68 (not out) when runs were wanted, and, with the help of Mr C. J. B. Wood (79), gained the required 180 runs for the loss of but four wickets.

If ever a man won a match for his side, Mr G. L. Jessop gained for Gloucestershire their brilliant victory over Surrey last month. A short time ago he appeared to have improved his bowling at the expense of his batting, but, on the occasion under notice, he came off in each department of the game. A score of 54 in each innings gave victory a good foundation, and some brilliant bowling consummated the work. Surrey wanted 197 to win when they went in at twenty minutes past two on the last afternoon. While Mr V. F. S. Crawford was batting, there seemed to be a chance of their succeeding. During the time which he occupied to score 27, Hayward was compiling 2, but a merry innings of 37 was brought to a close by a brilliant catch by Mr F. H. B. Champain at long off. Mr Crawford hit one ball clean over the pavilion and out of the ground, and he appeared to be set for another century. The remaining batsmen made a great race of it, but Lees was bold after defending his wicket for an hour, and at five minutes to six, Gloucestershire had won by eleven runs. In the second innings, Mr Jessop took six wickets for 72 runs.

Although Mr. R. E. Foster showed something like his true form when scoring 46 out of a total 144 in the second innings, Worcestershire were always a losing team in their match against Kent, at Canterbury. Mr. H. K. Foster made 73 out of 151 in the first innings, but the youngster Blythe proved well nigh irresistible. His total capture amounted to twelve wickets for 123 runs, and in what one may term his initial season in first class cricket he has already taken 105 wickets. Mr. H. C. Stewart was top scorer for Kent with 77, but almost as useful to his side was his brilliant fielding at slip. Mr. E. W. Dillon again batted finely for his 74. He is evidently one of the most promising cricketers of the day.

The last match of the season at the Crystal Palace undoubtedly supplied the most interesting cricket. Dr. W. G. Grace scored his second century of the year; and when, at 3 p.m. on the last day, London County were 186 runs on, with five wickets to fall, he applied the closure. But he did not reckon with a slight shower which fell shortly afterwards, and transformed a difficult wicket into a comparatively easy one. Mr S. M. Tindall, of Lancashire, and Mr H. G. Hill, of Warwickshire, batted well for the M.C.C., and knocking up 48 and 54 respectively ultimately enabled the club to win a most exciting game by two wickets. The match would have been drawn; but in a most sportsmanlike spirit, Dr. Grace agreed to play being extended in order that the M.C.C. might secure the victory which they so thoroughly deserved.

A CAPE HORN CHRISTMAS.

All hands in Yamba hut had turned in, except a couple at the end of the long rough table.

These late birds were playing euchre by the flickering light of an evil-smelling slush lamp. The cook had banked up the fire for the night, but the myall ashes still glowed redly and cast heat around. On the stone hearth stewed a bucket of tea. But for the snores of the men in the double tier of bunks ranged ship-fashion along both sides of the big hut, the frizzling of the grease in the lamp, and the muttered exclamation of the players, everything was very quiet.

'Pass me!'

'Make it!'

'Hearts!'

And both men dropped their hands and sprang up in affright as a wild scream rang out from the bunk just above them.

As they gazed, a white face, wet with the sweat of fear, poked out and stared down upon them with eyes in which the late terror still lived.

'What the dickens is up?' asked one, recovering from his surprise, whilst the grumbles of awakened sleepers travelled around the hut.

'My God! what a dream! what a dream!' exclaimed the man addressed, sticking out a pair of naked legs, and softly alighting on the earthen floor, and standing there trembling.

'Shoo!' said the station wit, as he turned for a fresh start; 'it's only Jack the Sailor had the night-horse.'

But the man, crouching close to the players, and wiping his pallid face with his loose slirt sleeve, still exclaimed,—

'What a dream! My God! What a dream!'

'Tell us what it were all about, Jack,' asked one of the others, handing him a pannikin of tea. 'It oughter been bad, judgin' by the dashed skreek as you give.'

'It was,' said the other—a grizzled, tanned, elderly man—as he warmed his legs, and looked rather ashamed of himself. 'But hardly enough to make such a row over as you chaps reckons I did. I was dreamin', he continued, speaking slowly, 'as I was at sea again. It was on Christmas Day an' the ship was close to Cape Horn. How I knowed that, I can't tell. But the land was in sight quite plain. Me an' another feller—I can see his ugly face yet, and sha'n't never forget it—was makin' fast one of the jibs. Presenly we seemed to 'ave some words out there, hot an' sharp. Then I done a thing, the like o' which ud never come into my mind when awake—not if I lived to the age of Methuseler—I puts my sheath-knife into him right up to the handle.

'The weather were heavy, an' the ship a-pitchin' bowsprit under into a head sea. Well, I was just watchin' his face turn sorter slate colour, an' him clingin' on to a gasket an' starin' hard, when she gives a dive fathoms deep.

'When I comes up again I was in the water, an' there was the ship half-a-mile away.

'Swimmin' an' lookin' round, I spies the other feller alongside me on top of a big comber, with the white spume all red about him.

'Nex' minute, down he comes, an' I feels his two hands a-grippin' me tight by the throat. I expect's it was then I sung out an' woke myself,' and the man shivered as he gazed intently into the heart of the glowing myall ashes.

'Well, Jack Ashby,' said one of his hearers, gathering up the scattered cards, 'it wasn't a nice dream. If I was you I should take it as a warnin' never to go a-sailorin' no more. Never was at the game myself, and don't want to be. There can't be much in it, though, when just the very thoughts o' what's never 'appened, an' what's never a-goin' to 'appen, is able to give a chap such a start as you got.'

'Ugh!' exclaimed the sailor, getting up and shaking himself as he climbed into his bunk. 'No, I'll never go back to sea again!'

But, in course of time, Jack Ashby became tired of station life—became tired of the everlasting drudgery of the rouseabout, the burr-cutting, lamb-catching, and all the rest of it.

He had no more dreams of the kind. But when at nights the wind whistled around and shook the crazy old hut, he would turn restlessly in his bunk and listen for the hollow thud of the rope-coils on the deck above, the call of 'All hands,' the wild racket of the gale, and the hiss of stormy waters.

So his thoughts irresistibly wandered back again to the tall ships and the old shipmates, and all the magic and mystery of the great deep on whose bosom he had passed his life. He knew that he was infinitely better off where he was—better paid, better fed, better off in every respect than he could ever possibly hope to be at sea.

Battling with his longing, he contrasted the weevilly biscuits and salt junk of the fo'k'stle with the wholesome damper and fresh mutton and beef of the hut.

He thought of the 'all night in' of undisturbed rest, contrasting it with the 'Watch ahoy! Now then, you sleepers, turn out!' of each successive four hours.

He thought, too, of tyrannous masters and mates; of drenched decks and leaking fo'k'stles, of frozen rigging, of dark wild nights of storm, and of swaying foot-ropes and thundrous canvas slatting like iron plates about his ears; of hunger, wet, and misery.

Long and carefully he thought of all these things, and weighed the balance for and against. Then, one morning, rolling up his swag hurriedly, he went straight back to them.

Even the thought of his dream had no power to stay him. But he made a reservation to himself. Said he,—

'No more deep water! I'll try the coast. I've heard it's good. No more deep water; and, above all, no Cape Horn!'

He shipped on board a coaster, and went trips to Circular Head for potatoes; got bar-bound for weeks in eastern rivers looking for maize and fruit; sailed coal-laden, with pumps going clank-ketty-clank all down the land, and finally, after some months of this sort of work found himself in Port Adelaide, penniless, and fresh from a gorgeous spree. Here he fell in with an old deepwater shipmate belonging to one of the vessels in harbour.

'Come home with us, Jack,' said his friend. 'She ain't so bad for a limejuicer—patent reefs, watch an' watch, an' no stun's'ls for'ard. The mate's a Horse. But the ole man's right enough; an' he wants a couple o' A.B.'s.'

'No,' said Jack Ashby, firmly. 'I'll never go deep water again. The coast's the ticket for this child. I've got reasons, Bill.'

And then he told his friend of the dream.

The latter did not appear at all surprised. Nor did he laugh. Sailors attach more importance to such things than do landsmen. All he said was,—

'The Dido's a fine big ship. She's a-goin' home by Good Hope. Was it a ship or a barque, now, as you was on in that dream?'

'Can't say for certain,' replied Ashby, reflectively; 'but, by the size o' her spars, I should reckon she'd be full-rigged. Howsomever, if ever I clap eyes on his ugly mug again—which the Lord forbid—you may bet your bottom dollar, Bill Baker, as I'll swear to that, with its big red beard, an' the tip o' the nose sliced clean off.'

'A-a-a-h!' said the other, staring for a minute, and then hastily finishing his pint of 'sheoak.' And he pressed Ashby no more to go to England in the Dido.

But the latter found it just then anything but easy to get another berth in a coaster. Also he was in debt to his boarding-house; and, altogether, it seemed as if presently he would have to take the very first thing that offered, or be 'chucked out.'

'Two A.B.'s wanted for the Dido,' roared the shipping master into a knot of seamen at his office door one day shortly after Jack and his old shipmate had foregathered at the 'Lass o' Gowrie.' And the former, feeling very uncomfortable, and as a man between the Devil and the Deep Sea, signed articles.

His one solitary consolation was that the Dido was not bound round Cape Horn. He cared for none other of the world's promentories. Also, as he cheered up a little, it came into his mind that it would be rather pleasant than otherwise once more to have a run down Ratcliffe Highway, a lark with the girls in Tiger Bay, and a look-in at the old penny gaff in Whitechapel.

But the main point was that there was no Cape Horn. Had not Bill Baker told him so? 'Falmouth and the United Kingdom,' said the Articles. Certainly there was no particular route mentioned. But who should know if Bill Baker did not?

But all too surely had the thing that men call Fate laid fast hold on the Dreamer. And the boarding-house-keeper cashed his advance note—returning nothing—and carted him to the Dido, and left him stretched out on the fo'k'stle floor, not knowing or caring where he was, or who he was, or where he was going, and oblivious of all things under the sun.

Nor did he show on deck again until, in the grey of next morning, a man with a great red beard and a flat nose looked into his bunk and called him obscene names, and bade him jump aloft and loose the fore-topsail, or he would let him know what shirking meant on board of the Dido.

'This is a bad beginning,' thought Jack Ashby, as, with trembling body and splitting head, he unsteadily climbed the rigging, listening as one but yet half awake to the clank of the windlass pawls and the roaring chorus of the men at the brakes. 'That's the feller, sure enough!' he gasped, as, winded, he dragged himself into the fore-top. 'I'd swear to him anywhere. Thank the Lord we ain't going round the Horn! I wonder if he knowed me? He's the mate. An' Bill was right; he is a Horse. Damn deep water!'

'Now then, fore-top, there, shift your pins or I'll haze you,' came up in a bellow from the deck, making poor Jack jump again as he stared ruefully down at the fierce upturned face, its red beard forking out like a new swab.

'Thank the Lord, we ain't goin' round the Horn!' said Jack Ashby, as, with tremulous fingers, he loosened the gaskets and let the stiff folds of canvas fall, and sang out to sheet home.

Down the Gulf with a fair wind rattled the Dido, through Investigator Straits and out into the Southern Ocean, whilst Jack cast a regretful look at the lessening line of distant blue, and exclaimed once more,—

'Damn deep water!'

That evening the officers spin a coin, and proceed to pick their respective watches.

To his disgust, Jack is the very first man chosen by the fierce chief mate, who has won the toss, and who at once says,—

'Go below the port watch!—his own.'

It is blowing a fresh breeze when he comes on deck again at eight bells. It is his wheel. He finds his friend Bill Baker there.

'East by sowthe,' says Bill emphatically, giving him a pitying look, and walking for'ard.

'East by sowthe it is,' replies Jack, mechanically.

Then, as he somewhat nervously, after the long absence, eyes the white bobbing disc in the binnacle, and squints aloft at the dark piles of canvas, it suddenly bursts upon him. Whilst he has been asleep the wind has shifted into the west. It blows now as if it meant to stay there. They are bound round Cape Horn after all.

'Mind your hellum, you booby,' roars the mate, just come on deck. 'Where are you going to with the ship—back to Adelaide? I'll keep an eye on you, my lad,' lurching aft, and glaucing first at Jack's face and then at the compass.

Truth to tell, the latter had been so flustered that he had let the Dido come up two or three points off her course. But he soon got her nose straight again, with, for the first time, a feeling of hot satisfaction at his heart that, upon a day not far distant, he and the man with the red beard, and tip off his nose might, if there was any truth in dreams, be quits. Be sure that, by this Jack's story was well known for'ard of the foremast, Bill Baker's tongue had not been idle, and, although a few scoffed, more believed, and waited expectantly.

'There's more in dreams than most people thinks for,' remarked an old sailor in the starboard watch, shaking his head sagely. 'The first part o' Jack's has comed true. If I was Mister Horse I'd go a bit easy, an' not haze the chap about the way he' a-doing of.'

But the chief officer seemed to have taken an unaccountable dislike to Ashby from the moment he had first seen him. And this dislike he showed in every conceivable way until he nearly drove the poor chap frantic.

At sea an evil-minded man in authority can do things of this sort with impunity. The process is called 'hazing.' The sufferer gets all the dirtiest and most disagreeable of the many such jobs to be found on shipboard. He is singled out from his fellows of the watch and sent aloft with tarry wads to hang on to a stay by his eyelashes. Or he is set to scraping masts, or greasing down, or slung outboard on a stage scrubbing paintwork, where every roll submerges him neck high, whilst his more fortunate companions are loafing about the decks.

If the hazed one openly rebels, and gives his persecutor a good thrashing, he is promptly 'logged,' perhaps ironed, and at the end of the passage loses his pay, holding himself lucky not to have got six months in gaol for 'mutiny on the high seas.' There is another thing that may and does happen; and every day the crew of

the Dido watched placidly for the heavy iron-clad block, or marlingspike, sharp-pointed and massive, that by pure accident should descend from some lofty nook and brain or transfix their first officer—the Horse, as unmindful of the qualities of that noble animal, they had named him. But Jack Ashby never thought of such a thing. Nor did he take any notice of friendly hints from his mates—also sufferers, but in a less degree—that the best of spike lanyards would wear out by constant use, and that the best-fitted black-strops would at times fail to hold.

Jack's mind was too much occupied by the approaching test to which his dream was to be subjected to bother about compassing a lesser revenge that might only end in maiming.

He, by this, fully believed things were going to turn out exactly as he had seen them that night in Yamba men's hut in the far-away Australian Bush. Therefore he looked upon himself and his tyrant as lost men.

At times, even, he caught himself regarding the first officer with an emotion of curious pity, as one whose doom was so near and yet so unexpected. And, by degrees, the men, recognising this attitude of his, and sympathising heartily with it in different fashions, and different degrees of credulity, forbore further advice, and waited with what patience they might.

It was getting well on towards Christmas.

I no more wished to go to London via Cape Horn than did John Ashby. But my reasons were altogether different.

When I had engaged a saloon passage on the Dido it was an understood thing that she would take the other Cape for it. But a short four hours' fight against a westerly wind sossickened the captain that he put his helm up, and squared his yards, and shaped a course that would bring him closer to Staten Island than to Simon's Bay.

It was some time before I had any conception of how things stood for'ard, with respect at least to the subject of this story.

I saw, of course, that the chief officer was a bully, and that he was heartily disliked by the men. But of Jack Ashby and his dream I knew nothing. Nor, until my attention was especially drawn to it, did I perceive that he was undergoing the hazing process.

As the only passenger, and one who had paid his footing liberally, I was often on the fo'k'stle and in other parts of the ship supposed to belong peculiarly to the men.

Thus, one night, happening to be having a smoke on the top gallant fo'k'stle, underneath which lay the quarters of the crew, I sat down on the anchor stock, and watched the cold-looking seas rolling up from the Antarctic Circle, and exchanging at intervals a word with the look-out man as he stumped across from rail to rail.

Close beside me was a small scuttle, with the sliding-lid of it pushed back.

I had scarcely lit my pipe when up through this, making me nearly drop it from my mouth, came a long, sharp scream as one in dire agony.

'What's the matter down there?' shouted my companion, falling on his knees and craning his head over the coamings of the hatch.

Without waiting for an answer, we both bolted on to the main deck and into the fo'k'stle, where could be heard broken murmurs and growlings from the sleepy watch who filled the double tier of open bunks running with the sheer of the ship right into the eyes of her.

And on one of these, as I struck a match and lit the swinging slush lamp, and glanced around me, I saw a man sitting, his bare legs dangling over the side. Down his pale face ran great drops of sweat, and his eyes were staring, glassy, and fixed. One or two of his mates tumbled out; others poked their heads over the bunk-boards and swore that it couldn't be eight bells already. But the man still gazed over and beyond us with that horrible stare on his dilated eyes, and when I laid my hand on him he was rigid. Then one who, in place of drinking his 'tot' of rum that night, had treasured it up for another time, produced it; and, lying the man back and forcing open the clenched teeth, we got some of it down his throat; and presently he came to himself and sat up. His first words were,—

'I've had it again! Just the same—the mate an' me! Then, with a look around, 'I'm sorry to have roused ye up, mates. I'm all right now.' Then to myself, 'How long afore we're off the Horn, sir?'

'About a week if the wind holds. Why?'

'Because,' replied he, lying back and rolling over in his blankets, 'I've got a week longer to live.'

'That was Jack Ashby, an' he's had his dream again,' said the lookout man in an awed voice as we hurried on deck, fearful of wandering bergs.

Then (his name was Baker) he told me the whole story, and, in spite of my utter incredulity, I became interested, and, having little to do, watched closely the progress of the expected drama.

Also, after that night, I had many a talk with Ashby. I found him a man rather above the average run of his class, and one open to reason and argument; nor, on the whole, very superstitious. But on the subject of his vision he was immovable.

'You saw the land in your dreams, did you not?' I once asked.

'Yes, sir,' replied he. 'Big cliffs, not more 'n a mile away,' and he described its appearance, and the position of the vessel.

'Well, then,' I said, 'it may interest you to know that the skipper intends to keep well to the south'ard, and that we're more likely to sight the Shetlands than the Horn.'

But he only shook his head and smiled faintly as he replied,—

'He was goin' home by Good Hope, sir. But he didn't. What the skipper means to do, an' what the Lord wills is two very different things. My time's gettin' short; but we'll both go together—*him* an' me. I don't reckon as there 'll be any hazin' to speak of in the next world. P'r'aps, it's best as it is. If I wasn't sure an' certain o' what's comin', I'd have killed him long ago. But,' he concluded, 'I'm ready. I've been showed how it's ordained to happen; an', so long as I've the company I want, I don't care.'

During these days, impressed, somehow, by the feeling of intense expectation that pervaded all hands for'ard, I took more notice of Mr Harris, the mate, than I had hitherto done.

'He was no favourite of mine, and, beyond passing the time of day, we had found very little to say to each other.'

And now, although scouting the idea of anything being about to happen to the man, I watched him and listened to him with curiosity.

Certainly he was an ill-favoured customer. Besides being plentifully pitted with smallpox over what of his face was visible through the red tangle of hair and beard, the fleshy tip of his nose had been sliced clean off, leaving a nasty-looking, flat, red scar.

This, he said, was the work of a Malay kreesse, whilst ashore at Samarang on a drunken spree. But the captain once told me confidentially that common report around Limehouse and the Docks attributed the mishaps to Mrs. Harris and a carving-knife.

Be this as it may, he was a bad-tempered, overbearing brute, although, I believe, a good seaman.

At meal times he rarely spoke, but, gulping his food down, left the table as quickly as possible.

The captain, who occupied the whole of his time in making models of a new style of condenser, for which he had taken out a patent, but by no means could get to work properly, never interfered with his first officer, but left the ship entirely in his charge.

No thought of approaching evil appeared to trouble Mr Harris, and he became, if possible, more tyrannical in his behaviour towards the crew, Ashby in particular. Truly wonderful is it how much hazing Mercantile Jack will stand before having recourse to the limited amount of comparatively safe reprisal that a heavy object and a high altitude endows him with!

But the Jacks of the Dido were waiting with more or less of faith, the fulfilment of their shipmate's dream.

It was on the 23rd of December—which, by the way, was also the extra day we gained—that the strong westerlies, after serving us so well, began to haul to the south'ard.

'You'll see the Horn after all,' remarked the captain to me that morning. 'Two years ago I was becalmed close to it. But I scarcely think that such a thing will happen this time,' and off he went to his condenser.

It was bitterly cold, and the sharp wind from the ice-fields cut like a knife. The water was like green glass for the colour and clearness of it, the sky speckless, and as bitter looking as the water. Gradually freshening, and hauling still to the south, the wind at length made it necessary to shorten some of the plain sail the Dido had carried right across. On the 24th land was sighted, and

the captain, coming on deck with his pockets full of tools and little tin things, told us that it was Cape Horn.

The fo'k'stle-head was crowded with men, one minute all gazing at the land, the next staring aft.

'What the deuce are those fellows garping at?' growled the mate, walking for'ard.

Whereupon the watchers scattered.

Looking behind me, I saw that Jack Ashby was at the wheel.

He smiled as his eye caught mine, and pointed one mittened hand at the chief officer's back. I looked at the land, and began, for the first time, to feel doubtful.

Coming on deck that Christmas morning, I rubbed my eyes before being able to take in the desolation of the scene, and make sure that I was indeed on board the *Dido*.

The ship looked as if she had been storm-driven across the whole Southern Ocean, and then mopped all over with a heavy rain-squall.

The wet decks, the naked spars, the two top-sails tacked up to a treble reef, and seeming mere strips of canvas, grey with damp, the raffle of gear lying about, with here and there a man over his knees in water slowly coiling it up, hanging on meanwhile by one hand, combined, with the lowering sky and leaden sea, to make up a gloomy picture indeed. The ship was nearly close-hauled, and a big lump of a head-sea on, with which she was doing her level, or rather, most unlevel, best to fill her decks fore and aft.

Broad on the port bow loomed the land—great cliffs, stern and ragged—at whose base, through the thin mist that was softly drizzling, could be seen a broad white belt of broken water.

'Cape Horn weather!' quoth the captain at my elbow.

He was swathed in oilskins, and squinting rather anxiously at the sky.

'The glass is falling,' he continued; 'but there's more southing in the wind. Might give us a slant presently through the Straits of Le Maire.'

And with that pulling out a bit of the condenser, and looking lovingly at it, he went below. The mate was standing near, staring hard at the land. It might have been the shadow of the sou-wester on his face, but I thought he appeared even more surly and forbidding than ever.

Of course it was a holiday. During the last four hours both watches had been on deck shortening sail. After clearing up the washing raffle of ropes, and leaving a man at the wheel and another on the lookout, they were free to go into the fo'k'stle, and smoke or sleep, as they pleased.

Dinner—a curious acrobatic feat that Christmas day in the *Dido's* cabin—over, I donned water proofs and sea-boots, and putting four bottles of rum in a handbag, which I slung over my shoulder, I stepped across the wash-boards and made for the fo'k'stle.

Creeping from hold to hold along the weather bulwarks, at times up to my waist in water, I wondered how any ship could pitch as the *Dido* was doing and yet live.

One moment, looking aft, you would imagine that the man at the wheel was about to fall on your head; the next that the jibbooms were a fourth mast; whilst incessantly poured such foaming torrents over her fo'k'stle that, as I slowly approached, I seriously doubted of getting in safely with my precious freight. Luckily, the men were watching me, and a couple, running out, caught hold of my hands, roaring in my ear,—

'Run, sir, when she lifts again!'

And, making a dash for it, we got through the doorless entrance just in time to escape another avalanche.

I found the fo'k'stle awash, chests and bags lashed into lower bunks, and the greater part of both watches sitting on the upper ones, smoking, and eyeing the cold sparkling water as it rushed to and fro their habitation. My arrival or rather, perhaps, my cargo, was hailed with acclamation.

The captain certainly had sent them a couple of dozen of porter. But, as one explained,—

'What's the good of sich rubbishin' swankey as that when a feller wants somethin' as 'll warm 'is innards this weather?'

'Where's Ashby?' I asked, hoisting on to a bunk amongst the crowd.

'Here I am, sir,' replied a voice close to in the dimness.

'Well,' I said, cheerily 'what did I tell you? Here's Christmas Day well on for through, everything snug—if damp—and nothing happening. Give him a stiff nip, one of you, and let us drink to better times, and no more nonsense. Once we're round the corner, yonder, this trip will soon be over.'

'Thank you kindly, sir,' replied Ashby, as he emptied the pannikin, which was being so carefully passed around by the one appointed, who holding on like grim death, after every poured-out portion, held the bottle up to the light to see how the contents were faring. 'Thank you kindly, sir,' said he. 'But Christmas Day isn't done yet.'

Even as he spoke, a form clad in glistening oilskins came through the water-curtain that was roaring over the break of the fo'k'stle, and, leaning upon the windlass, sang out,—

'You there, Ashby?'

'Ay, ay, sir,' replied the seaman.

'Lie out, then,' continued the mate, for he it was, 'and put another gasket around that inner jib! It's coming adrift! Bear a hand, now!'

The ship for a minute seemed to stand quite still, as if waiting to hear the answer, and each man turned to look at his neighbour.

Then Ashby, jumping down, with a curious set expression on his face, walked up to the mate and said very loud,—

'Don't send a man where you'd be frightened to go yourself.'

'You infernal soger!' shouted the other, enraged beyond measure at this first sign of rebellion in his victim. 'Come out here and I'll show you all about that! Come out and crawl after me' and I'll learn you how to do your work!'

He disappeared, and Ashby followed him like a flash. In a trice every soul was outside—some clinging to the running gear around the foremast, others on the galley, others in the fore rigging.

I could see no sign of any of the head sails being adrift. All, except the set fore-topmast stay-sail, lay on their booms, masses of sodden canvas, off which poured green cataracts as the *Dido* lifted her nose from a mighty plunge.

For a minute or two, so dense was the smother for'ard of the windlass bits, that nothing was visible but foam. But, presently, as the *Dido*, paused, weaving her head backwards and forwards, as if choosing a good spot for her next dive, we saw, clear of everything, and high in air fronting us, the two men.

One was on the boom, the other on the foot-rope. The topmost man seemed to be hitting rapidly at the one below him, who strove with uplifted arm to shield himself.

Perhaps for half a minute this lasted. Then the ship gave her headlong plunge, the crest of a great wave met the descending bows, and when the bitter spray cleared out of our eyes again the lower figure was missing.

From the other, overhanging us, a black streak against the sullen sky, came what sounded like a faint cheer. There was a rapid throwing motion of the arm released from the supporting stay, followed by a clink of steel on the roof of the galley. Then came once more the roaring plunge, and slow upheaval as of a creature mortally wounded.

But, this time, the booms were vacant, and a man beside me was curiously examining a sheath-knife, bloody from point of blade to tip of wooden handle.

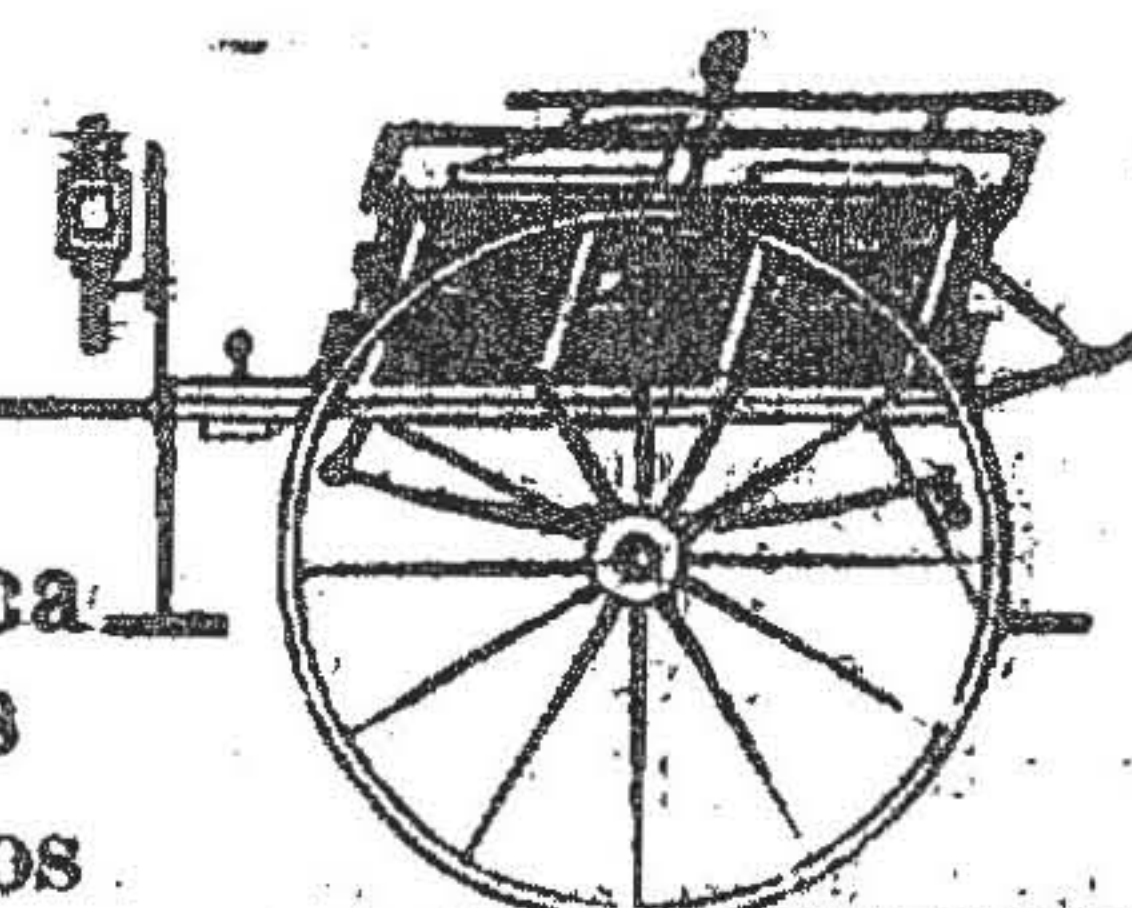
Louder shrieked the gale through the strained rigging, and more heavily beat the thundrous seas against the *Dido's* sides, as breathless, drenched and horrified, I staggered into the captain's state-room.

'I think I've got it now,' said he, smiling, and holding up a thing like a tin saucepan.

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AGENTS.

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RIVER PLATE SPORT AND PASTIME

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1900.

NOTES.

Although every attempt has been made to open the forthcoming cricket season, the elements have been all against so doing up to date. Two attempts have been made to hold the opening game at Palermo, while the interesting match, arranged for last Sunday, between Hurlingham and the Hurlingham Hunt, had also to be postponed. Let us hope that this kind of thing is not going to continue.

The meeting of club secretaries has been called for this evening for the purpose of arranging fixtures, etc. It is practically certain that at least five clubs will enter for this season's Championship, and it is probable that there will be six clubs competing, so we should have a good season. With the weather so unsettled we would advise the clubs not to make very early fixtures, otherwise they may only meet with disappointment.

For the next few Sundays and holidays friendly games, not necessarily inter-club matches, may easily be arranged, and the various captains will have a better opportunity of forming their teams for the Championship Competition. At Palermo we hear they are to be particularly busy, and three games have already been arranged for the members of the B.A.C.C. viz., Captain's XI. v. Secretary's XI., First XI. v. Next XVI., and Public Companies v. Private Firms.

We understand that the Southerners have at last awakened to the fact that there are plenty of good cricketers in our Southern camps, and so as to give them a full trial every effort is to be made to arrange for some fixtures for an eleven representing the Southern Camps. There are, of course, many difficulties in the way, but they are not insurmountable, and we shall hope to see the scheme carried through. As far as we can tell at this early date the North team this year will be stronger than ever, so the Southerners must set to work in grim earnest.

We hear of several new cricketers having arrived in our midst, and this always lends additional interest and "go" to the game here. The pitches at Hurlingham, Palermo, Flores, and Lomas are all looking well, and we understand that although the Quilmeros will have to be again satisfied with a matting wicket, yet numerous alte-

rations and improvements are being made to the ground, such as levelling, etc. Altogether everything points to a successful season, if only the weather clerk will be kind to us.

It is related, says "Cricket," that in one of the recent Somerset matches, when catches were being missed wholesale, there came a time when a fieldsman, who is usually safe enough, dropped a very easy one. Speculatively regarding Mr. Woods for a moment he ventured to say, "It seems to me, Sammy, that there is a regular epidemic about." To which the Somerset captain replied, with what calm he might, "At any rate, old chap, it isn't catching."

The Yorkshire cricket eleven of 1900 will surely be handed down to posterity as one of the finest sides that have ever competed in the County Championship, and it is hardly surprising that they have once more gained the proud distinction of being "Champion County." Their record for the season just over is a very fine one, and they have not met with a single reverse. Altogether they played twenty-eight matches, sixteen of which they won while the other twelve were drawn, a record which forms a noteworthy ending to nineteenth century cricket.

What makes the success of the Yorkshire County team the more popular, is that they rely solely on local talent. With the solitary exception of Lord Hawke—who was born in a neighbouring county, but who has lived all his life in Yorkshire—every member of the team is a born and bred Yorkshireman. How many of the other counties can say the same? Again, owing to the war, they had to take the field this season without three of their most brilliant amateurs, Messrs F. S. Jackson, F. Mitchell, and F. W. Milligan, and no higher praise to the all-round excellence of the team can be given than to state that the absence of these three players (one of whom is, perhaps, the finest all-round cricketer in England) was little felt.

Phillips, the old Middlesex bowler, and now perhaps one of the keenest judges of cricket living, has been again distinguishing himself by "no-balling" a well-known professional bowler. This time Tyler, the bowler who has done such good work for Somersetshire, was the victim of Phillips' hawk-like eye, and it is interesting to note that he was "called" by Phillips when the latter was standing at short leg. Naturally the incident caused considerable surprise, as Tyler has played so many years for Somerset and has always safely passed the inspection of innumerable umpires.

In another column may be found the programme of the Gymkhana Meeting, which is to be held at Hurlingham on Thursday, November 1st. There are ten events all of a very interesting character, and the meeting should be well patronised as lots of fun and excitement is promised. The last meeting of this kind was a great success in every way, but this one promises to be even more successful than last year's, so let us hope that the clerk of the weather will be kind.

A special prize is offered to the lady who supplies the best dummy for the Victoria Cross Race, and we shall expect to see several ladies competing for this prize. All events are open to members of the Hurlingham Club and for ponies of 58 inches or under, the property of members of the Club. Entries, accompanied by the entrance fee, \$2 each event, or \$10 general entry, should be sent in to the Secretary of the Club, Piedad 513, on or before Wednesday, October 24th,

If one thing can be said to be more provoking than the rest to racegoers, it is a morning like Sunday, when the clerk to the weather does not seem to be able to make up his mind whether to open the flood gates or not, and just when breaks in the clouds seem to give promise of improvement, the few drops that were falling give place to showers heavy enough to suspend the races. It is certainly very provoking and leads to language of energetic intonation, and leaves a great many people with absolutely nothing to do for the remainder of the day. At the time of writing the committee have decided to hold the meeting to-day, Tuesday, which will ensure a fine afternoon, but is too late for our report this week.

The Premio Palermo, 1600 metres, for all horses, is the classic down for next Sunday, and if Dictador, Royal, Graco, Le Sancy, Don Pepe and one or two others turn out, there ought to be a close and interesting race at even weights. The grey son of Neapolis, Le Sancy, should be about equal to the occasion if he keeps up his recent form, and has a good opportunity to take his revenge on his half brother, Dictador, for a defeat which we cannot believe will be repeated. The other grey, Graco, is more at home in a longer distance and has yet to prove his right to a place in the front rank as hitherto he has been one of the luckiest of horses.

The improvements which took so long to carry out on the Palermo course, have now been open to the public long enough to appreciate and there is no doubt that the verdict is extremely satisfactory to all those able to pay the seven dollars necessary for the enjoyment thereof. The grass plot in front of the stables does away with the dust which was so annoying at the other end and the whole place is more roomy and clean. At the same time the old paddock, which we hope to see turned into a garden, is now a refuge from the crowd round the boxes and allows more spectators to see something of the races on the straight course.

An ox race is held annually in many of the provincial districts of Germany. The entry fee for the race is very small, but each ox entered must be ridden by its owner. Furthermore the rider is not allowed to have either whip or spurs, and he must ride his animal bareback, and depend entirely upon his voice to guide the beast. It is here that the skill of the rider comes into play as everything depends on the training of the ox and the ability of the owner to direct its movements, despite the distracting noises of the other competitors and spectators. As the oxen do not race on a track, to direct them is no easy matter. The rider who can force his lumbering steed to go in a straight line is certain to win.

The weather this past season has been so unfavourable for our golfers, and there are so many of them who are either unable or unwilling to play any other game, that the news of the formation of another club, on the links of which play will be possible the whole year round, should be hailed with delight. The new club is to be known as the Devoto Golf Club, and has been organised by a few enthusiastic residents in that suburb, whose energy and foresight deserve the substantial support of all lovers of the Royal and Ancient game.

The links will be opened on October 7th, and are situated within a few squares of the railway station, while close to the links is a really first-class restaurant. The present subscription is within the reach of all, being only one dollar a month, payable quarterly, with an entrance fee

of five dollars. The Hon. Secretary is Mr C. O. Ryan, Calle 25 de Mayo 277, and the Hon. Treasurer is Mr C. L. Edwards, Avenida de Mayo 748. We wish the new club every success and congratulate the promoters on their enterprise.

We publish to-day the programme of the annual regatta, held under the auspices of the Union de Regatas, which will take place this year on Thursday, November 1st. The races will be rowed in the order they are given, although the committee reserve the right of changing the order if they deem it necessary. The crews are already getting together and will go into strict training in a few days time. We hear the Teutonia Club is going very strong and counts several new members. Entries close on Saturday, October 20th, and should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Mr P. H. Vargas, Piedad 402.

ROUND THE TOWN.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated in Mendoza on Wednesday, 12th inst., by the Rev. J. T. Stevenson, of Quilmes, of Mr. A. C. W. Lawrence and Miss Phoebe Hopwood, in the American Episcopal Church, which was most tastefully decorated for the occasion. The bridegroom was supported by Messrs. Dobson and Conran, while the bride, who was given away by her father, Mr. John Hopwood, of the G.O.A., was attended by her sisters as bridesmaids. A reception was held afterwards, where the numerous presents were much admired, followed by a most enjoyable dance in the evening. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Villalonga, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. McClelland, Mr. and Mrs. Tetley, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, Mr. and Mrs. Symmons, Mr. and Mrs. McDowell, Mr. and Mrs. Bridge, Mr. and Mrs. Brierly, Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Quinton, Mrs. and Miss Norton, and many others.

The 80th performance (third entertainment of the season) of the Buenos Aires Amateur Dramatic Club was a great success. The first part consisted of a concert, all the items of which were excellent, while the second part consisted of the representation of "A Pantomime Rehearsal." From one cause and another this piece had to be rather rushed through in its preparation, and those taking part were perhaps a little anxious before the curtain rose. They must, however, all have been perfectly satisfied with the reception the piece was given, for the large audience was kept in roars of laughter all through, and the members of the cast were rewarded for their efforts by the consoling thought that for over an hour, at least, they had enabled some seven hundred people to forget the cares and worries of this wicked world.

We have heard rumours of a contemplated repetition of this piece which, in our humble opinion, would be a mistake. The winter has been a decidedly gay one in the way of entertainments, etc., and there are more to follow, with the result that the pockets of our British community, on which the promoters of these performances have almost solely to depend, have been heavily taxed. Again we say, therefore, let well alone; the Dramatic Club has scored a distinct success, does not this suffice?

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. Robert F. Trillia, which sad event occurred on Friday evening last at his residence, Avenida Montes de Oca 193. Mr. Trillia had been very ill from blood-poisoning, but was thought to be on the high road to recovery, so that his death came as a great shock to his numerous friends. To his sorrowing widow and relations we beg to offer our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

The experiment which the Choral Union made of repeating the excellent Concert of a short time back, coupled with that most amusing operetta, "The Rose of Auvergne," proved a very wise and most successful one. The Hall was extremely well filled last Saturday night, when all the items in the first part were extremely well

received. The operetta, the characters in which were again taken by Mrs. H. M. Mills and Messrs. Lesslie Wilson and T. M. Greene, was excellent, and thoroughly enjoyed, for it was accompanied throughout with applause and laughter by the large audience present.

We understand that the Hon. W. A. C. Barrington leaves this week for a short holiday in the old country. All our readers will join us in wishing him a very pleasant voyage and a speedy return, for he can ill be spared from our midst.

In response to a very generally expressed wish, and in view of the great social and financial success the Promenade Concert, lately given in aid of the funds of the British and American Benevolent Society, was, the committee have decided to repeat it. The performance on this occasion will be in aid of the funds of the International Home, Woman's Exchange and the British and American Benevolent Society, and will be held on Saturday next the 29th inst. The admission to all parts, has been reduced to two paper dollars, so Prince George's Hall should be extremely well filled.

The Lomas Bachelors gave a most charming dance at the Hotel in Adrogué last Friday night, which was kept up with great animation to a late, or rather early hour. These dances are rapidly gaining a widespread reputation for their excellence, and the example thus set by the Lomas Bachelors might well be followed by the bachelors of other suburbs.

The lectures we are promised on the South African war, by Mr F. H. Chevallier Boutell, are been looked forward to with very great interest. We understand that Mr Boutell has received some superb photographs of the war, which, by the way, nobody has followed more closely than he has, so we may confidently predict a bumper house each time the lecture is given.

We sincerely regret to have to announce the death of our old friend and subscriber, Mr H. G. Wilding, who passed away yesterday morning at the British Hospital, after a long and severe illness.

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ESTANCIA AND COLONY.

So far this year there have been exported from this Republic 1,827,308 tons of wheat, 518,426 tons of maize, and 197,386 tons of linseed. Comparing these figures with those of the same period last year, that is from January 1st to September 22nd, we find that 485,823 more tons of wheat have been exported this year, but that both in maize and linseed there has been a decrease, of the former 86,097 tons and of the latter 8,004 tons.

The Rural Society of Las Flores have decided to hold their fourteenth rural fair on October 26, 27, and 28.

We have received a nicely got up catalogue from Messrs George Smith and Co., contractors for the British Government and manufacturers of saddlery and harness of every description. From the advertisement which appears elsewhere, it will be seen that this well known firm's sole agents in Buenos Aires are Messrs Quibbell Bros., to whom all orders and enquiries should be forwarded.

For the third time this year the country to the south and south-west of Buenos Aires has been almost completely inundated on account of the exceptionally heavy rain storms. The injury to crops and live stock of every description is incalculable.

The Minister of Agriculture has sent circulars to all the Argentine Consuls in England and France, advising them that the ports in this country are now closed to all live stock proceeding from those countries.

The Rural Society of Ayacucho have again had to postpone their annual fair owing to the camps all round being inundated. The show, which was to have been held last Sunday, has been indefinitely postponed.

On Friday last Messrs. Adolfo Bullrich and Co. sold 11 Rambouillet rams from the cabaña "Santa Ana," in Pergamino, the property of Sres. Francisco Rolla y Cia., at an average price of \$283.63 each, also 15 from the cabaña "Spalding" at prices ranging from \$170 to \$320. The total of the sales amounted altogether to \$6,590.

It is stated that foot-and-mouth disease has become very prevalent in France, its extension in recent months having been extremely rapid. Fairs and markets have had to be closed in the infected districts, and the movements of live stock have been restricted. The widespread character of the attack has stirred up the authorities to the exercise of vigorous measures, which have already had a good effect.

A recent number of the *Live Stock Journal* contains some very interesting remarks on the best methods of estimating a horse's disposition. We read that according to popular belief the most reliable method of estimating a horse's disposition from his appearance is by closely scrutinising his eyes. An animal which possesses a trick of showing plenty of the whites of these organs is generally condemned, and doubtless, in many cases, fully deserves the character the habit gains him for vice; whilst, as a rule, small pig eyes are disliked, as many people identify them with an evil, ungenerous disposition, though that good horse Blue Gown provided a practical illustration of the exceptions which prove the rule. A Roman nose is also pretty generally associated with stubbornness and lack of character; but, on the other hand, there can be many instances produced of horses possessing this decidedly ungraceful combination which have been most willing workers, even though the upper portions of their headpieces have been thick and heavy. Still, there are few people who do not dislike a coarse head, and plenty of racing men will remember Noyre Tauren, the Casarewitch disappointment of some thirty years ago, whose currish performance in that race was attributed to the possession of an enormous "coffin" head, upon which subject many gallons of ink were shed, the object of the writers being to prove that an animal with such a head-piece could never be a generous one.

There remains, however, another portion of the horse's anatomy which, though not usually so much studied as the eye, nose, and head, is probably quite as affective a medium as any of them, even if it is not actually the most important of all, for providing a correct index to the disposition of the animal. This is the ear, the carriage and movements of which are well worth studying by those who desire to arrive at a correct knowledge of the character of a horse. Of course, it is a generally accepted rule amongst all classes of the community that when a horse lays his ears back it is usually a sign that his temper is upset by something, and that he should be watched, though this attitude of the ears is very frequently associated with a playful spirit. Many horses, too, are perpetually moving their ears about, and that is an almost infallible sign of a nervous, restless disposition, which may possibly bring trouble upon an indifferent equestrian or inferior coachman when unfamiliar objects are encountered on the road. On the other hand, an animal which rarely moves his ears is usually of a dull, phlegmatic disposition, which may point to actual sluggishness, though probably he will be a safer worker than the horse of a more excitable temperament. Occasionally, too, the horse which never moves his ears will be found to be more or less deaf, though this affliction is a comparatively uncommon one in the equine race, as the sense of hearing is usually most acute amongst horses, which have often saved their masters from night attacks owing to the restlessness they have displayed at the proximity of strangers whose approach had not been heard by the men on the look out for enemies.

In the middle of the eighteenth century Lafosse, a great veterinary surgeon of Paris, succeeded in persuading his contemporaries that glanders was a spontaneous disease and could not be contagious. This theory, astonishing as it seems to us now, gained general acceptance among veterinary practitioners, and for a century the disease was treated as non-contagious, glandered horses being stabled with healthy animals without precautions. The inevitable happened, and Continental countries were overrun with glanders; cavalry stables in particular suffered. The horses were decimated, and thousands drafted in early stages of the disease were sold to farmers and others, and served to propagate the malady at the very sources of horse supply—the breeding grounds. By 1836 the condition of affairs had grown so intolerable that the French War Department, losing faith in the non-contagious doctrine, undertook to have the question settled by experimental investigation. From the fact that the commissioners appointed took over three years to fail in arriving at a decision after sacrificing 138 healthy horses we may conclude that they were ardent believers in the non-contagious theory to begin with.

While this commission was sitting an eminent French physician, Rayer, recognised in an hospital patient symptoms resembling those of glanders. Enquiry proved that the patient was a stableman, and he came from a yard where he had had glandered horses under his care. Rayer was ahead of his professional brethren in enterprise, and saw in this patient opportunity of obtaining important evidence on the question of contagiousness of glanders. He inoculated a healthy horse from the sick man, and glanders in a virulent form followed the experiment. Rayer was then invited to share the labours of that commission, and after it had declared the unprofitable result of its three year's work, made some experiments on his own account in 1840 and 1841, stabling glandered and healthy horses together with the inevitable result. Still the disciples of the Lafosse school clung to their faith, pleading that though glanders in its acute form was contagious, it was not so in its chronic stage. It was not until 1863, when Saint Cyr made his experiments, that the much-debated question was set at rest.

The Sydney, N. S. W., correspondent of the "Liverpool Journal of Commerce" says that a Mr. J. Mattick, pastoralist, of Hargreaves, near Mudgga, has tried dentistry for sheep with great success. He had a valuable American ram, which found great difficulty in masticating its food, owing to the loss of teeth. Artificial teeth were inserted, and the animal has since vigorously attacked his fodder. This is believed to be the first experiment of the kind in the colony.

The largest bullock in the world belongs to a breeder at Wetherby, Yorkshire. It is of Irish stock, and weighs now 25 cwt., although only three years old. In height it is 17 hands 1 inch at the shoulder, and measures 120 inches from nose to buttock. Its owner confidently expects it to scale 30 cwt., when at its prime.

Amateur Athletic Association del Rio de la Plata

Campeonatos Juegos Atléticos

Sábado, Diciembre 8 de 1900

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120 Yardas, con 10 vallas	"	2
1/2 Milla	campeonato y handicap	3
1 Milla	" "	3
Salto alto	" "	2
Salto largo	" "	2
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Tirar la Bala de 16 libras	" "	2
Tirar el Martillo de 16 libras	" "	2
120 Yardas	handicap	3
300 Yardas	"	3
100 Yardas	campeonato de colegios	2
220 Yardas	handicap para colegios	2
1 Milla, para bicicletas ..	handicap	3
3 Millas, para bicicletas ..	"	3
Consuelo		1

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 Las Carreras están abiertas para todo aficionado.
 Las inscripciones se recibirán en la Secretaría del A.A.A., Piedad 475, 2º piso, hasta el 15 de Noviembre.
 Precio de inscripción—\$2 cada carrera ó \$10 entrada general, indicando las carreras en que se desea tomar parte. Carreras de muchachos \$1 cada una.
 Para formas de inscripción y demás pormenores, dirigirse al Secretario del A.A.A., PIEDAD 475, 2º piso, Buenos Aires.

Hurlingham Club

GYMKHANA MEETING

November 1st, 1900

PROGRAMME

1. BENDING RACE.
2. VICTORIA CROSS RACE.
3. JUMPING COMPETITION, over hurdles.
4. TANDEM RACE, 2000 metres.
5. BAREBACK RACE, 500 metres.
6. POLO BALL RACE.
7. COSTUME RACE.
8. TENT PEGGING.
9. MENAGERIE RACE.
10. TUG-OF-WAR, on Horseback (Bareback).

A special prize will be given to the lady who makes the best dummy for the Victoria Cross Race.
 All events are for Members of the Club and for Ponies 58 inches or under the bona-fide property of Members of the Club.
 Entrance fee \$2 for each event, general entry fee including all the events \$10.
 Entries to be sent to the Secretary of the Club, Piedad 513, on or before Wednesday, 24th of October.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN CHINA.

The following letter has been kindly forwarded to us by a friend and subscriber, whose younger brother is—or has been—fighting in China, from whom it was received. It is always more interesting to receive news from the seat of war first hand, and for that reason we feel sure that this letter will prove of interest to our readers:—

British Naval Headquarters,
Tientsin, 29th June, 1900.

Dear—,

Before I start anything else I will say how extraordinary are the results of Mauser bullets. Wounded come in with the most dreadful wounds, and a day or two after they are quite chirpy. All the same the bullets travel about one inside in the most extraordinary manner. I started coming up here Saturday (16th) evening, and, after taking part in the bombardment of Taku, which lasted from 1 a.m. till about 7.30 a.m., came on up here. The forts are very big, and of great length, and were all heavily armed with most modern guns. The ships bombarded from a reach in the river, about two miles up from the forts. The Algerine, three Russians, one German, one French, and two destroyers, took part—these two latter captured four Chinese torpedo boats, brand new, and made in Germany. There was very heavy firing, and the Chinese fired fairly well, especially towards daylight, the ships—Russian especially—getting hit a great deal. The Algerine got hit least of all; afterwards we found out her firing had done enormous damage, so I expect the Chinese were rather shy of her. Capt. Craddock was in charge of the storming party, but the Chinese do not do much at close quarters.

On arrival up here I found the fun had only commenced the day before, when the Naval College was captured, and in the afternoon of the day I arrived I took part in a fight to secure the Military College, which we did. All the foreign concessions are on the left bank of the river, and the Chinese quarter on the right—or rather what remains of it, as we had to burn parts to do away with cover. The Railway Station, or what remains of it, is over there also, for the Chinese destroyed it by shell fire; also there has been some very heavy fighting down there.

It has been more or less touch and go up here, as we only came up prepared for a Boxer row. Now every one is convinced that the Boxer show was all a blind to get the Imperial troops under way, so much so that, before the war was declared, two Chinese generals were degraded for firing on them. Extraordinary how their society and disciples have spread through the whole country. They preach that if one of them is killed he will rise again after seven days; also they think themselves possessed with the spirits of some animals, so that one has preternatural sight, another something else, and so on, and intelligent Chinese, who have been educated in Europe, believe in all this, so you can imagine what the rest are like.

Up here we have all changed our ideas about the Russian soldiers. They have done a great deal to save this place by their numbers. They are very fine men, but seem rather casual in some respects, and they are expert looters, and burn, sink, and otherwise destroy anything they come across. They have also very few officers in comparison to the number of men. The Russian bluejackets are something worse than useless. Directly I got up I took on in a company instead of a "snottie" who got severely wounded, and then got pneumonia on top of it, but I believe he is out of danger now. To-day (29th) I have again to carry on with the tugs, as there is nobody doing it except one Lieutenant here, and there is a delay in the transport of provisions.

During the siege we had a very hot time, and the Chinese artillery did an awful amount of damage to the town, but curiously enough very few casualties. We had a pretty hard time of it, as we were undermanned, and we had to husband the ammunition, while the Chinese had their big arsenal, and another close to us, and had unlimited supplies; neither could we afford to waste men in capturing their guns, which they could easily replace.

The heat during the daytime was—and is—something awful, and at night it is very chilly, and during the siege we never had a night in barracks. The four awful things of this place during the season are flies, heat, dust, and

dogs, but the greatest of these are flies—a sort of second plague of Egypt. An allied relieving force of 2,000 relieved us on the 23rd. Capt. Craddock, in charge of our people, items:—one Terrible's twelve-pounder, Chinese Regiment, and some R.W.F. They could get within ten miles of the city by rail, and then they had to march, and with heat and dust storms, had an awful time. Since they have been here the Terribles say the Transvaal campaign was a joke to this one; they were not right up at the front, but at Chievely and Colenso. Among luxuries they were able to sleep in pyjamas every night, and have fresh provisions, neither of which we have been able to enjoy.

On the 24th, about 11 p.m., a relief force of 2,000 got under way to relieve the C. in C., who had had to retire, and after heavy fighting managed to take possession of a fort about eight miles farther up. We did not fetch up till about 10 next morning, and then we rushed off to repel an attack, and my company was out on outpost duty till 3 p.m., without a rest, in the fearful heat and dust, and only suspicious water to drink, but luckily nothing has happened from it. The C. in C.'s allied force was about 2,000, and they had run fearfully short of provisions, with boiled water to drink. They lost about 30 killed and 200 wounded. Fancy, if we had been unable to relieve them, they would have had to make a desperate sortie—having first killed their wounded, for the Chinese torture and mutilate horribly, from facts which have already happened; I mean the Imperial troops. We started back at 3 a.m. next morning, and got in at 10 a.m. The fort was full of Mausers, pom-poms, artillery, maxims, etc.; one item 14,000,000 cartridges, but everything had to be burnt and destroyed. A few foolish brought back rifles, but most of them were abandoned when the heat got up, and the Yankees had to abandon a gun.

The R.W.F. are a farce coming here, and coming back from there they were utterly done with footsore, etc., and several had sunstroke. Our men were all right, which shows that some regiments are in rather a bad way. The Chinese waste a sinful amount of ammunition, but till we destroyed their big arsenal yesterday they had tons of it.

I got a very superior paint box (W. and N.) from there, and have got several other things. C. in C. got shook up by a spent bullet yesterday, but it did not penetrate.

I got yours of the 18th. I don't know anything further of our movements except now the military are arriving, we shall be cleared out, having done all the work, which is the way they have for the Navy.

Yours, etc.

P.S.—Years before town recovers its trade.

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THE GREEN FOX.

Then it is 'No?' the young man said sorrowfully, leaving her hand drop and sitting up erect on the sofa. 'I'm afraid so, Mr. Lascelles.'

It was Lady Dorothy Hanborough who spoke. Her father, old Lord Hanborough, had been Master of the Handborough Hunt; but events, since his death, had gone badly for his wife and daughter. His estate, which was entailed, had passed to a distant cousin, a man who preferred Monte Carlo to the pleasure of British sport. The Dowager's jointure was but little; and Lady Dolly had not yet made a match. Of course she must make one. This is what her mother told her every day. Unfortunately for young Jack Lascelles, he was not a match; and to that fact he now ascribed his rejection.

'I'm afraid so, Mr. Lascelles.' Lady Dorothy rose from the sofa.

'Then, it's the Count!'

Lady Dorothy smiled.

Count de Foix had arrived mysteriously in Hanborough, in order to engage in an occupation which he spoke of euphemistically as 'le Sport.' As first set-off, he had narrowly escaped horse-whipping at the hands of Lady Dorothy's father by offering 'Monsieur l'Earl a subscription towards his 'fox-dogs.' After slaughtering several hounds, he had settled down into a steady rider across wheat. Cured of this, he took to heading foxes. But the fat little Frenchman was indefatigable. Times were bad, and he had money. He became a landowner, and paid generously for the cows he shot. Soon afterwards Lord Hanborough died; and the question was to find a Master. One M. F. H. and then another tried a season, and thereupon resigned. It was the same old tale, 'Couldn't possibly afford to keep it on.' 'Why not the Frenchman?' said somebody after Jack Lascelles had nearly ruined himself in order to hunt them as a subscription pack. He might have spared himself the annoyance. The Count, at the proudest moment of his life, became as he himself expressed it, De Master of de Dogs.

'I beg your pardon, Mr. Lascelles,' said Lady Dorothy. 'It is *not* the Count.'

'Not yet. But it will be. The young man spoke bitterly. 'I know the fellow hates me. He always did, ever since I prevented him being our Master that year, and nearly ruined myself in the process. It's he who tells your mother those tales about my—my—'

'Your wildness, Mr. Lascelles.'

'Yes; if you chose to call it so. I see you believe in it. I know your mother does. But, then, you see, she would like you to marry the Count, not a poor young squire like myself.'

'I've heard a good deal lately about the poor young squire that I—that I wish I hadn't heard.'

'For instance?'

'I would sooner not repeat it,' said Lady Dolly, looking serious. 'No Mr. Lascelles, I'm as good a sportsman myself as my father was a sportsman, but there are some things that I really cannot approve of. I think you know what they are.'

The young man knew very well. There were a few gay spirits, whose dealings and manners were not above reproach, with whom he had allowed himself to get familiar—a set of men, not unfrequently found in and about a country town, who imitate the vices of London, if on a less luxurious scale. Though Lascelles had decent expectations from a maiden aunt, association with men of this sort had considerably impaired his finances. His taking on of the hounds had nearly resulted in bankruptcy. It was not to be wondered at that the Dowager Countess of Hanborough was anxious for her daughter to marry Count le Foix, with his title and wealth, in preference to a young commoner with the reputation of a spendthrift.

The young man knew, however, that the best-looking and best-bred girl in the Hanborough Hunt had a decided penchant for him. So certain he was of it that he had plucked up heart and proposed. He was astonished when she said 'No.'

'I've half a mind to horse-whip the Count!'

'No, You haven't. Besides he has just been here, and—(Lady Dolly hesitated)—and has gone away very unhappy—*triste*, you know.'

Lascelles looked up. 'Good heavens! You don't mean to say—'

'Yes, I do,' the girl replied with a blush,

'And you refused him?'

'I told him what I don't mind telling you.'

What's that?'

'I told him I'd marry him when we killed a green fox and he gave me its brush—its *green* brush.'

'And you'll make the same agreement with me?'

'If you wish it.'

'Is that a bargain?'

'Oh, certainly. As you men say, "Done!"'

'Done! Good-bye, Lady Dorothy; I'm going to be married next month.'

'Married! Who to?'

'You. Good-bye.'

'Foxhounds.—The Hanborough Hounds: Shute Cross, 11-0.'

So ran the notice in the *Hanborough Gazette*; and plenty of people who read it made up their minds to be there. Count le Foix, of course, did, and so did Jack Lascelles. The Dowager Countess of Hanborough resolved to be driven there, while, as for Lady Dolly, the whole affair would have been nothing without her—the hardest rider in the hunt and everybody's favourite, as well as a source of hopeless passion to some score of young men.

The meet was a crowded one, so Lascelles saw to his disgust. He had peculiar reasons for wishing it not so, and ascribed the increasing concourse to 'his usual luck.' Ten days had elapsed since his parting with Lady Dolly, and this was his first appearance in the hunting field since that day. He received something very like a cut from the Dowager, but her daughter, on the other hand, was astonishingly gracious, almost cordial considering what had happened.

'You think we shall find, Lady Dorothy?'

'I'm sure I hope so, Mr. Lascelles. We had a miserable day last Thursday. Kept ringing the changes till quite late in the afternoon; and, when at last we *did* get close to the brush of a beaten fox, the Count whipped off for some unaccountable reason—some nonsense about running to heel—and came back here to Shute Wood. He seems to have had a mysterious affection for this place—has had for the last week or so. Wherever we meet, in a little while—"Where to now?"—"Shute Wood?" Nothing but Shute Wood. The man seems infatuated with the place. He ought to live there.'

'Dolly! Dolly!'

It was the Countess who called, from out of her carriage, drawn up at the side of the road.

'Dolly, here is somebody that wants to speak to you.'

Jack Lascelles and his companion looked round, to see the Master of the Hounds, in irreproachable hunting garb, twirling away at his moustaches, on the back of a showy hunter.

'Ah, Mademoiselle Leddy Dolly!' he exclaimed, with a sweep of his hunting cap. 'Ve do keel to-dai—a grande, vat vox. I harf arranged especialmently for you. I vil, with you promission, present you with ze tail. But ov vot colour? Vot you zay to gree-eene?'

'Vulgar brute!' thought the young Englishman, 'allude to it here.' Then he smiled.

Lady Dolly, on the other hand, lost her temper. She was the last person to stand a thing of this sort.

'I think, Count,' she observed, 'that, at the rate your hounds have been going on lately, they are more likely to kill a green fox than any other.'

'Ah, ve vill zeel!'

'We will,' said Jack Lascelles to himself.

Lady Dolly had been right about the Count. He appeared to have a wonderful predilection for Shute Wood. 'Shute Wood again!' said everybody. 'Hurrah!' said Jack Lascelles. 'Now they'll find it.'

Had anybody out that day been peculiarly observant, he might, after the hounds were first put into Shute Wood, have been aware of two things. The first was that Count le Foix wore a smile of peculiar cunning upon his chubby features; the second, that Mr. Jack Lascelles rode straight off to an outlying corner, apparently with the intention of holloaing a fox. The young man also was smiling, as he took up his position, close to a gap. Not that he expected to see a fox steal through it; on the contrary, he expected shortly afterwards, to ride through it himself, into the wood.

First the cries of the hunt servants were audible to him, far off on the other side of the cover; mingled with the sound of the horn and the occasional whimper of a hound. Then, as they drew nearer, he began to grow nervous, as a sudden thought flashed into his mind. Supposing they found in the middle of the wood. He had for-

got to calculate for that in arranging that they should find just close to him.

Nearer and nearer came the noise. He could see the pigeons rising from the tree-tops. Then note after note of a hound sounded closer and closer. He kept looking in one direction, at a spot just visible among the trees. In a moment some hound would give tongue, and he had only to dash into the cover, when—a noise, almost at his feet—and he nearly dropped from his saddle. For there, not three yards from him, went a bright green fox, that passed out over the meadow, with a curious limping gait.

Now, a green fox is, at all times, an unusual animal—a thing to make a cab-horse shy. But, when a man has, the day before, dyed a dead fox green, leaving it in a cover—to see that same fox trot out of that self-same cover is a sight to upset the most unsensitive of mortals. It is, to say the least of it, uncanny. Jack Lascelles was still trying to arrange his thoughts when the in that announces a find aroused him from his reverie. The hounds broke cover close beside him, and settled on the line. In a moment all was confusion; a medley of bright pink coats mixed up with black ones, of flying turf, and the sound of galloping horses.

Jack took a couple of stiff fences before he came to himself. Then, while racing across a large enclosure, he began to ponder.

How the dickens could it have happened? The afternoon before, he had put a fox, dyed green, into the cover, having bought the animal in London, going up there especially for the purpose. Had it been dead? Certainly! He had killed it with his own hand. Then, how the—?—A horrible thought struck him. What if the Count had been playing the same game! What if he had trapped a fox in this very wood, dyed it the requisite colour, and put it back again. He remembered the words of his rival at the meet, 'Vot you zay to greene?' What had Lady Dolly told him? Shute Wood. Always 'Shute Wood.' Last week there had been a meet there; in a flash Jack Lascelles saw it all. On the morning of that meet, the Count had sent some one to the wood, with his green fox in a bag. The man had let it go, as told, but the hounds had managed to lose it. That would fully explain his wish to keep on drawing this cover. The fox Jack had just now seen had a decided limp. The Count had had its leg hurt, and, of course, could be fairly certain that it would not travel far.

Cogitations such as these are not favourable to riding. Jack got a nasty tumble, and was thereby thrown behind. This showed him how desperate was the case, for now anybody might ride up first; and should the Master demand the brush—well, what was there to prevent him from giving it to Lady Dolly? Supposing she kept her word! Of course, in his own case, it was only a joke, he had intended to get the girl's hand by a trick. He had only hoped that, when he gave it her, she might have made their half-jesting bargain an excuse to follow her own inclinations. But if, by a mistaken sense of honour, she kept her promise to the Count—? Things were serious.

Lascelles rode hard and unsuccessfully, endeavouring to get near the hounds. He knew that, with an injured fox, they were bound to kill, and soon. Still the pace was pretty fair. There couldn't be much wrong with its leg. He wished it to hold out till he led and then collapse immediately. After jumping out of a coppice, he saw a sight that gave him a shock—the whole field standing still, about two fields off. Good heavens! had they killed!

No loud woo-whoop! however, greeted his ears as he galloped up to the concourse, and caught sight of the hounds. Old Charlie, the huntsman, was at the other end of the field, riding towards a gate, in order to make a cast. Jack looked about him quickly, but saw nothing of Lady Dolly. However, it was not she he was searching for, but the Count, who, to his great relief, was nowhere to be seen. Then he rode up to the huntsman, who had just trotted through the gate.

'Charlie,' he exclaimed. 'I want the hounds called off!'

'Sir!'

'Called at this line.'

The wizened old face beneath the hunting cap assumed a look of intense comicality. Charlie, it was very evident, imagined the young man was joking.

'Called off!' the latter said again. 'And I'll give you ten pounds to do it.'

Here Charlie's face became a study in astonishment.

'But, sir—I beg your pardon, Mr. Lascelles.' The man hesitated, for Jack had once been his master, and he

wished often that he were so again. 'I meant the Count, sir. It's his orders, sir, no doubt?'

'No, it isn't. Look here, Charlly, it's for the shake of Lady Dorothy. I mean—Hang it! I mean she——.' Poor Lascelles was at a loss for what to say. 'Dash it! if you don't call them off, I may never see her again.'

The old huntsman gave a knowing smile, for he knew a good deal more than Jack would ever have expected about the state of Lady Dorothy's affections.

'But where to, sir?' he asked, with an air of great perplexity.

'Shute Wood.' I want to draw Shute Wood again.

Charlie looked thoughtful for a while. Then he burst out impulsively, a broad smile all over his face. 'Look here, Mr. Lascelles, supposing you rode over that way, and holloed. See, sir. I could come to a holloa.'

And Jack was off.

He waylaid Charlie as the hounds were galloped back, and conducted him to that part of the cover where the dead fox was. Lascelles himself went through the gap, resolved to get down, directly they found it and gain possession of the brush. He waited and waited. Then the hounds passed from him into the wood. This was awkward. There was nothing for him to do but to go and find the animal, and declare the hounds had killed it.

A wood is a confusing place. So the young man found to his cost; for, hunt where he would, he could not come upon the exact piece of undergrowth where he had flung the dead animal. Meanwhile the Count might find his hounds, and take them back on to the old line.

Round and round he searched, getting more bewildered and more desperate as the minutes went by. The track of his horse made a labyrinth amid the trees, that he kept intersecting to his great astonishment, again. Then he sat still and listened, but could hear only the breathing of his horse. For, all he knew, they had gone straight back again, and were now on the line of the original green fox, whose brush was virtually in the Count's possession. He felt what an utter fool he had been not to confide everything to Charlie.

Hark! There went the horn, at the far side of the wood.

The best thing he could do was to get outside, and see what was happening.

When Jack Lascelles reached the gap, he saw a picture that, however pleasant it might have been to the eyes of a sportsman, made him use such forcible language that it was lucky he was alone. A line of riders were drawn up, as if watching the wood, but really all intent upon two figures in advance of them—the Count and Lady Dorothy. The latter held something in her hand that it seemed she had just been presented with by her companion; and, as Jack Lascelles came nearer, he saw what this was. He saw the smile on the face of the Count, and heard the girl's bright laugh. Lascelles went by without a word, for the thing on Lady Dolly's hand was the green brush.

'So you killed?' he said to a farmer.

'Yes, sir,' replied the man, who by the bye, had not been there, 'a green fox that some poaching beggar had got hold of and dyed. There's too much of that sort of thing.'

All that day Jack Lascelles rode sulkily, speaking to no one. Once or twice he thought of going up to Lady Dolly, but the foolishness of his situation made him shy. It was only when walking his horse slowly homeward that they at last met, in a deserted lane.

'Well, Mr. Lascelles,' she said, trotting up to him with a smile, 'strange things happen in our part of the country.'

'So I see.' And Jack looked down at her saddle.

'You know we killed?'

'So I see.'

Lady Dolly was silent for a little.

'You know,' she said demurely, 'that a few hounds got off on a line of their own before Charlie went back to that holloa. I was with them, and Father Nash's two sons. We killed him——'

'Then the Count didn't give you the brush?'

'Oh, no.' This a little nervously. Then she laughed.

'But I showed it to him; and he—well, looked foolish.'

The two rode on without speaking for a while. Lady Dolly seemed to be thinking very intently. Suddenly she said, with a jerk, 'Mr.—Mr. Lascelles, would you—perhaps you might like this brush?'

Jack Lascelles gazed at her intently. He put his hand upon her saddle.

'To give back to you again?' he asked, in a low voice.

Lady Dolly turned her face away from him. 'Well, yee-es, she said.

CYCLING IN ENGLAND

August 24th, 1900.

In regard to the all important brake question, it is satisfactory to note what great advantages have been made in recent years, not only in regard to the construction of brakes, but in regard to the number of cyclists using them. Whereas it used to be the exception to see a man riding a machine fitted with a brake, the opposite now obtains, and not only does the steady going tourist have his machine fitted, but the necessary accessory is often found on the machines of even the hardest road scorchers, the man who used to scorn the addition of any accessory to his machine which meant an increase in weight of but a few ounces. The road scorchers now realize that not only is he safer with a brake, but that in riding down steep hills on a machine not fitted with a brake, it is necessary to approach the declivity slowly, and to continue riding slowly, with a machine well in hand right to the bottom, whereas if a brake be fitted the man can ride at a good speed up to the brow of a hill, can just check the machine at any particularly steep slope or sharp curve and so run away on to level road again, having been quite safe and having travelled faster, and yet had the machine under perfect control, but at the same time having relieved himself of otherwise necessary hard back pedalling.

In the London district cases are daily reported in which riders are summoned for travelling at furious speed etc., but for the present at any rate, South Wales must bear away the palm, for during one recent week the fines inflicted and paid for alleged scorching and kindred offences amounted to no less than £14, 5s. and this without costs. Probably the South Welshmen must be of the fiery untamed order, and if a total of £14, 5s. in one week does not have the effect of a salutary check then "Tally" must be considered almost beyond hope.

It is satisfactory to note that the special cyclists' train which was recently started has been well supported. The train leaves London and arrives at Horsham at 11.15 a.m., doing the distance in 65 minutes. The up train leaves at 6.33 in the evening, and occupies a similar time in returning to London. Two hundred is the largest number of cyclists carried on any one Sunday, but although this is the outside number, it is notable that the average is distinctly good. On Sunday last nearly fifty cyclists used the train, and from the results which have been obtained it is not likely that the railway company will entertain any thoughts of discontinuing it for some little time. Of course when the winter comes on, the train is pretty well sure to be taken off, but the support looks like justifying extension well into the autumn.

London has a new central electric railway, which runs between Shepherd's Bush, on the outskirts of the city, and the Bank of England, and cyclists are availing themselves of the new system to a very considerably growing extent. Men who live out in the country beyond Shepherd's Bush now cycle to the station, leave their machines in the cloak room, and go by train up to the city, thus having a comfortable, easy, and quick ride over a stretch which was before fraught with considerable danger and discomfort. It is said that the average number of cycles left at Shepherd's Bush station totals no less than fifty, and no doubt when the scheme is more known the railway company will have to provide fuller accommodation. Indeed it will be distinctly to their interests to encourage the new departure.

In the long crank and high gear controversy which found many participants, there were several warnings uttered as to the necessity of a high crank bracket and a long wheel base being fitted to machines on which long cranks were to be used. The reason of this is perfectly obvious, for the necessity of ample clearance between the pedal at its most downward point and the ground, and between the pedal at its most forward point and the front wheel, is very necessary. A practical and sad illustra-

tion of the danger of neglecting the necessary precaution, is found in the death of a Lincolnshire rider who sustained a fall owing to striking the front mud-guard with his toe clip, there not being sufficient clearance to enable him to pedal his eight inch cranks without encroaching upon the front wheel. It is to be hoped that riders who intend experimenting with the combination in question will be careful to see that they are not running risks of serious and perhaps fatal accidents. If the wheel base is too short, it is quite easy in turning a corner as will be readily seen, for the front wheel to be checked in turning by the toe of the shoe, thus upsetting the steering and causing either a spill or a collision.

Following on the success of the one hundred miles race for the Carwardine Cup, which was won outright by F. D. Frost, the abandonment of the Dibble Shield race for twelve hours upon the track owing to lack of entries, comes as a surprise; because drawing a line from the support accorded the one hundred miles, one would have thought that a sufficient percentage of competitors in that race would have entered for the long distance competition. The Anerley Bicycle Club, under whose auspices the race was to have been held, used every endeavour to work up and to obtain sufficient entries to justify their running the race, but without success. They are certainly wise in abandoning the fixture. Only three entries were received; and it would be very laughable indeed if a twelve hours race, with all its attendant arrangements and expense, were carried through in order to enable men to compete for a trophy which a few years back was good enough to obtain the entries of all the best long-distance riders of the day.

One hears with regret that M. A. Holbein, the well-known long distance road cyclist, has finally decided to give up his projected attempt to swim the Channel, for this season at any rate. Holbein has done some excellent training swims, but in a recent long distance training swim in the Thames, he took into his system a great deal of impure water, the effect of which was to make him decidedly unwell, and to so put him back in his training that it was almost out of the question to consider the Channel attempt this season. That Holbein is able, and well able, to accomplish the onerous task is agreed by those who know his wonderful ability, powers of endurance and constitution. It will be a great thing for the sport of cycling if Holbein is successful when he does make his attempt, because although he has shone in cross-country running, walking, and other competitions, his name came into greater prominence over his cycling feats than over those accomplished in other branches of athletics.

The Surrey Bicycle Club, whose fame as a race promoting and racing body was built up on the famous Kennington Oval Cricket Ground, seem to have finally relinquished that site, either by force of circumstances or by choice (more probably the former) in favour of the Crystal Palace, and the autumn fixture is again down to be held on that track. When the Surrey Club held its meeting at the Oval, it had a "gate" peculiar to the ground, that is to say there were thousands of people who would flock to the Oval whatever happened to be on. The Oval was the playground of the people in its vicinity, and it did not matter whether it was a bicycle race, a cricket match or a football match, they would turn up in their thousands. Since the Surrey Club left the Oval for the Crystal Palace, their "gates" have been seriously depleted, and it is doubtful whether, so far from resulting in a substantial balance on the right side, their meetings now even clear expenses.

Having in mind the present dearth of cycle racing as a state of affairs which has been in existence for some time past, one might regard it as strange indeed that the cyclists of Lincolnshire are meditating the question of a track. But on the question of racing we are too prone to take London as a criterion of the whole country. This is entirely erroneous. Racing in London is a dead letter, but there are still many meetings in the country which retain their popularity, and still obtain "Gates" which bring good returns to the promoters. The reason is that in the country people are more bound together. They have fewer meetings and they look on them as definite fixtures and holidays. Presumably the cyclists of Lincolnshire know what they are about; and although there is chance of

success in the country, still for all that the undertaking is one which cannot be entertained in any light spirit. It is one which must receive the greatest consideration, and if the Lincolnshire men decide to put down a track, it is to be hoped that their enterprise will be rewarded. Up to the present the biggest meetings in Lincolnshire have always been held on grass tracks. And as these have always been successful there does not appear to be urgent need for an up-to-date path.

FIXTURES.

POLO.

Oct. 5, 6—Open Tournament, at Venado Tuerto.

ROWING.

Nov. 1—Union de Regatas, at Tigre.

Nov. 11—Buenos Aires Rowing Club Regatta, at Tigre.

ATHLETICS.

Dec. 8—Championship Athletic Meeting, ground of Flores Athletic Club, Caballito.

RACING.

Sept. 27—Hipódromo Nacional, Belgrano.

Sept. 30—Hipódromo Argentino, Palermo.

Oct. 4—Spring Race Meeting, at Venado Tuerto.

Nov. 1—Gymkhana Meeting, at Hurlingham.

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The killing of a supposed mad dog, says an English exchange, at Marlow regatta has led to much correspondence in the daily Press. The circumstances connected with this case are rather opposed to the popular view of the symptoms connected with true rabies. The dog was lying quietly on the grass when it suddenly jumped up and dashed about barking and howling in a most excited state, and finally jumped into the river, where it was killed by a waterman with a blow from an oar. Now, dogs do not suddenly go mad, but, during the incubation of the disease, which takes several days, they betray symptoms which any ordinary observer can detect. The Marlow dog was probably stung by a wasp or a hornet, and, in its agony and excitement, behaved in the eyes of an ignorant crowd, exactly as a mad dog ought to do. Unfortunately, no steps were taken to examine the body of the unfortunate animal, but we are confident, from the particulars given, that the dog was not mad. Numbers of dogs are killed under the belief that they have gone mad when they have simply been stung by wasps, ants, or hornets.

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