The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 487] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885. PRICE SIXPENCE

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

CONTAINS a complete summary of local and general news for the week.

Subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly or at an early hour of the morning would much oblige us by immediately forwarding their names to the office of this paper, Lawrence street, in order that such errors may be rectified. We are most desirous of securing for our subscribers a regular and early delivery, but it will be impossible for our measures to prove effectual, unless we are warned by them when neglect takes place.

Advertisements sent in without a written order as to the number of insertions, will in all cases be continued until countermanded, and no advertisement can be withdrawn without an order in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.

Advertisements for this paper cannot be received after 7 o'clock on the evening previous to publication.

ew subscribers are only charged from the time of ordering the paper.

Orders to discontinue subscriptions to the paper must be in writing, delivered at the office and for the current quarter.

Communications of a literary nature must be addressed to the Editor, and must bear the signature and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a pledge of good faith. An observance of this rule will be the means of preventing disappointment to contributors.

All advertisements coming under the heads of Wanted, Missing Friends, For Sale, Rewards, if not exceeding twenty-four words, will be inserted fo] o shillings and sixpence.

Notices of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, will be charged 2s. 6d. for each insertion.

Displayed advertisements, and advertisements above one inch, four shillings per inch, for the first two insertions, and two shillings per inch for all subsequent insertions.

Business and double column advertisements, if ordered or extended periods, will be charged on a reduced scale, in proportion to the number of insertions.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established in the Colonies 1862.

Capital, £1,500,000 fully subscribed.

The undersigned having been appointed Agent for Beaufort, is prepared to receive Proposals for all descriptions of Insurance at the LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

Risks accepted on Threshing Machines, Stacks, and Agricultural Produce.

Premiums for the year, £425,355 or £67,870 over 1879.

The additions to Reserve Funds now amount to £253,720 to meet fire losses only, in addition to the Capital.

Out of a surplus of £110,726, only £16,997 was paid to Shareholders in Dividends, the balance being added to Reserve Fund.

H. P. HENNINGSEN

WANTED KNOWN.

IT having come to my knowledge that Subscribers to Daily Papers are charged Nine Pence (9d.) a week, for the benefit of the public I wish to inform them that the "Ballarat Star," "Age," and "Daily Telegraph" can be had and will be delivered in the township of Beaufort at 6d. per week, or 6s. 6d. per quarter.

H. P. HENNINGSEN.

GRATEFUL.—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA,

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the "Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold in ½lb. packets by Grocers labelled thus:—

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

BOOKSELLER,

STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFORT.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

PERMANENT ENLARGEMENT
Of the
WEEKLY TIMES
TO TWENTY-FOUR PAGES,
Or
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY COLUMNS.

In compliance with the wish of several of the delegates to the Conference of the Farmers' Unions held in Melbourne, an important new feature has been added to The Weekly Times, namely,

"THE FARMERS' GAZETTE AND UNION RECORD."

The increased size of the Weekly Times will enable Parliamentary Proceedings, and all matters of interest

TO BE MORE FULLY REPORTED.

The Weekly Times is now the Cheapest and Most Complete Weekly Newspaper

PUBLISHED IN THE WORLD

At the Price.

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT

Of the Weekly Times will continue to be a Special Feature in the Paper.

In the Weekly Times will be found a Good Selection of Light Literature, comprising Original and Selected Tales, Sketches, Household Hints, and the Ladies' Column.

In addition to the above, The Weekly Times will contain the Latest and Fullest Cablegrams, Commercial, Shipping, and General News, thus supplying in a condensed form the

WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

ubscriptions per post 3s. 6d. per quarter, or 12s. per annum in advance.

OFFICE: 86 COLLINS ST EAST, MELBOURNE

NOTICE.

It having come to my knowledge that certain unprincipled vendors of sewing machines have frequently substituted in place of the

GENUINE "WERTHEIM"

Machines on a similar principle, but of a far inferior make, I beg to

INFORM the PUBLIC
That EVERY
GENUINE WERTHEIM SEWING
MACHINE BEARS the TRADE MARK
Of the
Wertheim Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company, a GNOME,

Representing the Dwarf of German Fable, in a sitting posture, with a mallet resting on his shoulder, and long flowing beard reaching to his feet.

Besides this Trade Mark the NAME "WERTHEIM" is PAINTED in gold on the PLATE of each Machine.

As a Further SECURITY
To GUARD AGAINST IMPOSITION every
GENUINE WERTHEIM SEWING
MACHINE
SHIPPED to AUSTRALIA
Has STAMPED on the SHUTTLE-SLIDE the NAME of the SOLE AGENT for Australasia, viz.:—

HUGO WERTHEIM,
MELBOURNE.

I herby inform Vendors of Sewing Machines in Victoria and the other Australian colonies that the WERTHEIM "GNOME" TRADE MARK, as well as the name "WERTHEIM," have been properly REGISTERED in Australia; and that any infringement upon the said registration will be at once proceeded against according to law.

Hugo Wertheim,
39 FLINDERS LANE EAST,
MELBOURNE,
Sole Representative and Agent in Australia for the Wertheim Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company.

PETRUS DE BAERE,
Agent for Beaufort and District.

Machines from £4 10s.

Easy Terms. Illustrated Catalogues.

THE GREATEST "SEWING MACHINE."

TRIUMPH OF THE AGE

We respectfully ask the public not to be misled by the puff of our "Rival of former years."

The number of Sewing Machines imported (like other goods) is no criterion of the number sold, the evidence of which lies in the fact that Melbourne is overstocked with the importations of 1874.

Reasons why the
"WHEELER AND WILSON"
Sewing Machine
Is far superior to the "Singer.'

The W. and W. will do more work, and do it better.
The W. and W. is much more durable. It will last a lifetime, and run for years without repair.
The W. and W. is easier to work than the Singer.
The W. and W. is not so liable to get out of order.
The W. and W. has no cog wheels to wear away and break, as a Singer.
The W. and W. has no heavy machinery to tire and weary the feet, as the Singer.
The W. and W. is more simple in action.
The W. and W. has less wear and tear.
The W. and W. is better finished.
The W. and W. has been awarded more prizes.

If any further proof is required of the superiority of the Wheeler and Wilson, it is found in the fact that Singer's agent has never accepted our challenge to have the machines publicly tested.

We warrant every genuine W. and W. machine to give entire satisfaction.

LONG & CO., Australian Agents for Wheeler and Wilson's Machines.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.
Instruction Given Gratis.

P. De BAERE,
WATCHMAKER,
Sole Agent for Beaufort.

All Sewing Machines delivered FREE of charge at Melbourne Prices. Discount allowed for Cash, or on easy terms.

Plain and Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE,

Lawrence-street, Beaufort,

And "TRIBUNE" OFFICE, East Charlton.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,

Prepared on the shortest notice

THE ARGUS may be had daily, on the arrival of the mid-day Train, at the shop of Mr. H. P. HENNINGSEN, Agent, Beaufort. Price, Twopence.

WARD & LIPMAN,

Commission Merchants,

PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

EXPORTERS OF AMERICAN GOODS.

Advances made on Consignments.

Contracts for Railways and Public Works Solicited.

WASHING LIQUID.

MRS. GILLOCH begs respectfully to inform the residents of Beaufort and district that she is manufacturing a "Washing Liquid," which will be found to materially lessen the labor of Washing Clothes, besides giving the clothes a good color. Warranted not to injure any article, of whatever description or texture; it will also take out paint, and improve colored articles.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—For every 3 gallons of cold water add one half-pint of the liquid, wet and soap the clothes, place in the boiler, and boil for half an hour, then rinse in plenty of water; blue and dry as usual. Soap and soak flannels in warm water, and place in boiler when fine white clothes are taken out, and allowed to remain 15 or 20 minutes then dry and rinse as usual.

Sold in large or small quantities. Single Bottle 3d.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Charlton, Waterloo, Eurambeen, Buangor, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Burrumbeet, Learmonth, Streatham, Skipton, and Carngham.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS,
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS,
POSTERS, DRAPER'S HANDBILLS
CATALOGUES, DELIVERY BOOKS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
MOURNING CARDS, &c., &c.,
PRINTED IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office: Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

(HAND AND TREADLE),
RECEIVED THE
ONLY FIRST PRIZE
AND
GOLD MEDAL
AWARDED AT THE
Sydney & Melbourne International Exhibitions, 1880-1
AND THE
Only First Prize,
Adelaide Exhibition, 1881.

IMPORTERS—
HENRY BISHOP & CO.,
79 BOURKE STREET EAST,
MELBOURNE.
(Next to the Theatre Royal).
Local Agents Wanted.

HOOD'S PHOSPHORUS PILLS

A Certain Remedy for Nervous Debility—either special or general. To avoid disappointment, ask for **Hood's Phosphorus Pills**, and insist upon having them only.
PRICE—2/6 and 5/-

HOOD & CO'S CORN SOLVENT

A Certain Cure for Hard or Soft Corns.
PRICE—2/6 a Bottle.

HOOD & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.
IMPORTERS OF
OILS, ANALINE COLORS AND DRYSALTERY,
147 ELIZABETH STREET.

FIRST PRIZE
Awarded Melbourne International Exhibition, 1880-81.

SANDER AND SONS'

EUCALYPTI EXTRACT.

UNDER the distinguished patronage of His Majesty the King of Italy, at Rome.

Dr. Cruikshank, Health officer for the City of Sandhurst, certifies to the extract being the most reliable remedy for external inflammation, bronchitis, diptheria, affections of the lungs, chest, all pains of rheumatic nature, neuralgia, etc., all swellings, bruises, sprains, wounds, disorders of the bowels, diarrhœa, etc.

PROFESSOR Dr. MOSLER, at the University of Greifswalde, Germany, reports astonishing cures of Diphtheria, Lung and Throat Diseases by inhaling the vapors of SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT.

Epitome of declaration made before M. Cohen, Esq., J.P., at Sandhurst, October, 1877:—The son of Mr. Raabe was hurt with an axe on the knee. After nine weeks' medical treatment it was declared necessary by Dr. Macgillivray to amputate the injured limb. At that juncture the extract was applied, and the wound speedily cured without amputation.

The daughter of Mr. Junghenn, suffering from disease of the bone, as pronounced by Drs. Atkinson and Boyd, was cured just as speedily. Cures of whooping cough, very severe colds, croup, bronchitis, diyhtheria, earache, pains in the head (neuralgia), inflammation of the eyes, and that of a severely injured foot; others of bad legs, wound on the arm with enormous swelling, of severe bruises and a sprained ankle, (H. Brown), in which case eight months' medical advice was of no avail, are reported by the "Donald Times," "Newcastle Morning Herald" "Cooktown Courier," "Yorke's Peninsula Advertiser," and others.

The extract regulates the action of the kidneys cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and is the surest curative agent and preventative of contagion in scarlet, typhoid, and intermittent fever. For particulars see testimonials accompanying each bottle.

Sold at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per vial.

CAUTION.

Do not confound SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT with the common Eucalypti Oil, a resinous fluid equal to turpentine, without the healing vapors of our Extract, and positively injurious in most cases for which our preparation is highly recommended; therefore ask for SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT and see that you get it. The genuine article is made up in vials bearing our trade mark and signature, and for greater safety each vial is secured by an outside green band with our signature and address—

Agent for WATERLOO: J. FRUSHER.
" MAIN LEAD: J. M'LEOD.
" CHARLTON: J. DOBIE.
" BEAUFORT: H. A. GLYDE.

Ballarat Wool Sales.

Everingham, Greenfield, & Co

WOOL, GRAIN, AND TIMBER BROKERS,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION AGENTS
AND
GENERAL AUCTIONEERS
(Established 1864.)
MELBOURNE AND BALLARAT.

WE beg most respectfully to inform our clients that we shall continue to hold regular Auction sales of WOOL, SHEEPSKINS, HIDES, TALLOW and PRODUCE, every alternate THURSDAY during the ensuing Wool Season, at BALLARAT.

Liberal advances made on Wool, Grain, and all kinds of Colonial Produce consigned to us for sale in Melbourne and Ballarat, or for shipment.

In connection with the above, we beg to notify our friends that we hold public sales of Grain and Produce every TUESDAY, at the

CORN EXCHANGE, MELBOURNE,

And daily (privately) both in Melbourne and Ballarat.

FOR SALE—Wool Packs, Corn Sacks, Bran Bags, Gunnies, and General Station Supplies, at Current Rates.

EVERINGHAM GREENFIELD & CO.,
Market Square, Ballarat, and Corn Exchange, Melbourne.

Wonderful, but True.

Furniture,

Pianos,

Carpets, etc.,

Forwarded to all parts of the Colony

Without Money or Security

ON

S. NATHAN'S

WONDERFUL

TIME PAYMENT

SYSTEM.

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

LATE OF

149 AND 151 BOURKE STREET EAST

MELBOURNE.

SUBSCRIBERS to the "Illustrated London News and "London Punch." H. P. HENNINGSEN, News Agent, Beaufort.

ONE BOX OF

CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS

IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, acquired or constitutional. Gravel, and Pains in the back. Sold in boxes, 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE,
APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND

EXPORT AGENTS.

Burgoyne, Burbidges and Co., Coleman-street, London
Newbery and Sons, 37 Newgate-street, London.
Barclay and Sons, 95 Farringdon-street, London.
Sanger and Sons, Oxford-street, London.
And all the London Wholesale Houses.

MELBOURNE AGENTS.

ROCKE, TOMPSITT, & CO., Melbourne.
HEMMONS & CO., Wholesale Druggists.
FITCH & FRENCH.

SYDNEY AGENTS.

ELLIOTT BROTHERS & CO., Wholesale Druggists.
ED. ROW & CO.

ADELAIDE AGENTS.

FAULDING & CO., Wholesale Druggists.

BRISBANE AGENTS.

BERKELEY & TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggists.
ELLIOTT BROTHERS & CO., Wholesale Druggists.

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS.

KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & CO., Wholesale Dru
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

MELBOURNE AGENTS
FOR THE
RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE
MESSRS. GORDON & GOTCH
85 COLLINS STREET WEST

GRAND DISCOUNT SALE.

17½ PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

TWO PENCE off every Shilling; THREE SHILLINGS and FOUR PENCE off every Pound; ONE POUND off every Six Pounds' worth of Goods purchased for CASH ONLY.

Commencing on

WEDNESDAY, 1st JULY,

and will continue until further notice.

A. CRAWFORD,

MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT,

Having been advised of extra large shipments, to arrive about middle or end of August, finds it necessary for want of space, to considerably reduce the present stock on hand. Instead of adopting the usual plan of reducing certain lines only, he has decided to make the benefit to the public more general by again carrying out the DISCOUNT PLAN, which he previously introduced, and which met with so much genuine and universal public satisfaction, viz:—

THREE SHILLINGS AND FOUR PENCE OFF EVERY POUND!

TWO PENCE OFF EVERY SHILLING!

One Pound off every Six Pounds' Worth of Goods Purchased for Cash Only during this great Discount Sale.

This extraordinary Discount will apply to every article in stock, with the following few exceptions, which will be sold at net prices, viz:—

BEST BRUSSELS CARPETS ONLY (all others subject to the discount);
BEST LINOLEUMS (Company's Goods);
ALL KID GLOVES;
SEWING AND KNITTING COTTONS.
PATON'S ALLOA, BALDWIN'S, AND BERLIN FINGERING YARNS.

Also,

TWEED SUITS, at 50s,

And

TROUSERS, 12s 6d, TO MEASURE.

All BOOTS will be subject to a DISCOUNT of One Penny per Shilling, or One Shilling and Eightpence off every Pound.

The public have had ample experience of the genuineness and value of A.C.'s Discount Sales on former occasions, and the immense advantages to buyers by the above sale are so clear and remarkable, that further comment is altogether unnecessary.

A. CRAWFORD,
MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,
STURT STREET,
BALLARAT,

To Let,

A COTTAGE, near the Court-house, Beaufort. Apply to H. P. HENNINGSEN.

FRIEND PAUSE.—If you want to keep out of the *Cemetery*, drink Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters.

GRIEFENDORFF'S Bohemian Bitters. These well-known *German Hop Bitters* are an excellent tonic, and are invaluable for Liver, Kidney, and Urinary Diseases, Constipation, Poorness of Blood, Mental Depression, Biliousness, Loss of Appetite, Stomachic Ailments, and for staving off the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to. Sold everywhere, Chemists, Storekeepers, Hotelkeepers, Merchants, etc.

BE SURE and say *Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters.* All imitations are worthless. Victorian Consignee—August Anton Ludwig *Setzer*, 68 Queen-st., Melbourne.

Important Notice.

Mr. W. HARTLEY,

DENTIST SURGEON, Sturt Street, BALLARAT

(Over Bardwell's, Photographer),

Dental Registration Certificate, No. 5445,

WISHES to intimate to the citizens of Beaufort and Waterloo and surrounding district that he has opened a permanent branch in the above places, where every operation in Dentistry may be treated.

Decayed Teeth stopped from further decay. Artificial Teeth inserted, without pain or inconvenience, cheaper than any other Dentist.

Persons having badly fitting artificial teeth or require more adding to the base can have them made perfect by applying at once.

Especial care and attention given to the regulation of Children's Teeth, which, if neglected, in after years ruin the mouth for mastication and appearance.

ADVICE FREE. Testimonials, both English and colonial.

ATTENDANCE EVERY FRIDAY at Mr. ANDREWS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Neill Street, Beaufort, from 1 to 5 p.m.,

And at Mr. E. MILLIGAN'S, Waterloo, from 9 to 12 a.m., where all necessary information can be given.

WATERLOO COACHES.

COACHES from WATERLOO to BEAUFORT and TRAWALLA start as under:—

From the Fifeshire Hotel at 7.30 a.m., 10.30 a.m., and 3 p.m., calling at intermediate places, and leaving the Waterloo Hotel at 8 a.m., 11 a.m., and 3.30 p.m.

From the Railway Hotel, Beaufort, to Waterloo at 9 a.m., 12 noon, and 5 p.m.

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.30 a.m.

Monday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 11.30 a.m.

Return fares to and from Beaufort, available for three days, One Shilling and Sixpence; single fares, One Shilling. From the finger post to Waterloo or Beaufort, Sixpence.

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

HOPPER'S
MILK PUNCH
GENUINE OLD ENGLISH ELIXIR
VITÆ

Can be obtained at Smith's Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, and the Manufactory, Snake Valley Carngham.

"Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions."—Act iii, Scene 1.

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME patients suffering from nervous affections are afraid from sheer bashfulness and modesty to PERSONALLY consult a medical man—other patients have not the self-possession and coolness when in the consulting room, to accurately describe their symptoms—their habits of life, and the nature of the disease they suffer from.

Let such persons (he or she) sit quietly down in the privacy of their own apartments, and with calm minds describe clearly each symptom of their case, a clear statement thus written, and laid before me, is far preferable in nervous diseases to a personal consultation. Where, however, a disease is of a peculiar and exceptional character, a personal consultation may become necessary; but my success in correspondence is so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated by letter during the last 32 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, not a case has ever been made public—in fact, the very simplicity of my system of correspondence prevents publicity.

At the same time medicines are sent to my patients in such a form as to defy detection.

How many thousands have I not brought joy to?

How many have been enabled to enter into the marriage state through consulting me?

How many after marriage have privately consulted me and been blessed, and their married lives made fruitful and happy.

How many wasted ruined youths of both sexes have also been restored to health, and thanked their manhood, for having consulted me by letter.

How many questions arise where the family physician is unable to unravel the case, and where often the patient lingers on, not daring to tell his family medical adviser the nature of his complaint, until consumption wasting, or mental diseases set in, and the sufferer gets beyond the curable stage, and is left a hopeless wreck.

A letter written in the privacy of the room and dropped in the post box reaches me quietly; the answer is returned as quietly and unostentatiously, and the patient, without stepping from his chamber, except to post his letter, is by return of post put in full possession of the nature of his case. His hopes are raised, his doubts removed, and he is comparatively a new man; in fact, in many cases, a new being altogether.

The only addition to the ordinary written letter is the age, occupation, habits and symptoms, nothing more The usual consultation fee of £1 (one pound) must be enclosed, otherwise no answer will be returned.

There are thousands of cases in daily life where a consultation with one at a distance, will remove by a single letter, a great fear, a great care, and it often solves what appears as an impenetrable mystery. Many a sad heart has been made joyful on receipt of an explanatory letter from me.

To those who are about to marry, I would say consult me before doing so, and prevent many after troubles and remove many unnecessary fears and prejudices; to those, more especially who have suffered in early years from disease, or who have yielded to their passions. To these I say, at once, consult with me, do not tarry, delays are dangerous, and as an expert, my time may not always be at your service, you can, by simply enclosing one pound, have the benefit of my experience, in the same manner as if I lived in your own town, and with the additional advantage of thorough privacy.—Yours, truly,

LOUIS L. SMITH.

Address
DR. L. L. SMITH,
182 COLLINS STREET EAST,
MELBOURNE.

Consultation Fee by Letter, £1.
Fee for personal Consultation, £1 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine,

Medicines forwarded, well-packed, to all the Colonies, India and Europe.

182 COLLINS-STREET EAST Melbourne.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

There was a fair market on Thursday. We quote as follows :—Barley—English, 4s 6d; Cape barley, 2s 9d ; wheat, 3s 6d to 3s 9d ; oats, 2s 6d to 2s 9d ; hay, sheaves, L3 to L3 10s ; do., manger, L3 to L3 15s ; potatoes, L1 to L1 17s 6d ; straw, oaten, L2 ; do., wheaten, L1 10s ; peas, 3s to 3s 6d ; bran, 1s ; pollard, 1s 1d ; bonedust, L6 10s. ; flour, L7 15s.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Business in the produce market has been fairly animated during the past week, and an improvement has taken place in the price of wheat. Small sales have been made at 3s 6d which is now being offered, and at the commencement of the week 3s 5½d was given for a thirty bag lot at Maroona. Flour is somewhat inactive at L7 7s 6d to £7 15s, the latter for locally milled. Very little business is being done at Horsham in wheat, where 3s 4d rules. We are informed that 3s 5d is being offered there for some lots. At Donald 3s 5d does not offer sufficient inducement to cause holders to decrease their stocks. At St. Arnaud the figure has advanced to 3s 4d, but at Landsborough 3s 2d is still offered, with flour at L7 15s. In this locality oats continue to meet a fair trade at last week's rates. We hear of one lot of 50 bags selling at 2s 9d, bags in, whilst 74 bags realised 2s 9½d, bags in, and 40 bags 2s 9d bags returned. Potatoes are not coming in very freely from Warrnambool owing to the bad state of the roads and the scarcity of loading. All forward are readily taken up at L3 per ton ; whilst Ballarat varieties command L2 15s. There is a good demand for hay at our quotations, as at the present time a quantity of chaff is being sent up-country. Fresh butter is still firming, and is scarce at 1s 6d whilst good potted readily brings 1s 2d, though inferior quality sells for less. Bacon is being well supplied at 8½d. A load of cheese was in on Saturday, and was cleared 6½d. Eggs are very scarce at 1s 6d per dozen. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 4d ex bags, 3s 6d bags in. oats, 2s 9d to 2s 10d ; pollard 1s 1d ; bran, 1s ; Cape barley 2s 6d ; English barley, 4s ; peas, 3s ; flour, L7 7s 6d to L7 15s per ton ; Warrnambool potatoes, L3 per ton ; Ballarat, potatoes, L2 15s per ton ; hay, (sheaves) 75s per ton ; hay (trussed) 80s ; straw, oaten, 30s per ton ; do., wheaten, 25s ; chaff, 4s per cwt ; carrots, 3s ; onions, 4s butter (fresh), 1s 6d per lb ; butter, (potted), 1s 16 to 1s 2d ; hams, 10d per lb ; bacon, 8½d per lb ; cheese, 6½d ; eggs, 1s 6d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

METROPOLITAN GOSSIP.

The Melbourne correspondent of the "Ararat Advertiser" supplies the following :—Some people have the oddest fancies. In a rural district, a short time back, a ball was actually given as a means of raising funds to fence in the local cemetery, and the deputation which boasted to the Minister of the manner in which they had given effect to their charitable intents, didn't seem to see that there was the slightest incogruity in this veritable dance of death. After this skittles among the tombstones may become a popular pastime.

A strange but shockingly sudden death has just occurred. A lady went to visit a friend, and on calling at the house had to raise her arm to work the knecker. The servant who answered the summons found the visitor lying dead on the doorstep. In elevating her arm to knock she had, it is believed, ruptured a vessel in her heart.

Just at present we are all agog to learn particulars respecting the alleged discovery of gold in New Guinea. The specimen brought down by Mr. Kerry has been carefully examined, and the opinion of experts is that it is undoubtedly reef gold, some going so far as to say that there is none like it in Australia. Doubt is felt at the correctness of Kerry's statement, but it seems hardly creditable that he would dare to invent such a story, entailing, as it is bound to do, such serious consequences, among which the peril to his own personal safety is not the least. It can, therefore, be easily understood, that information of the expedition to be fitted out will be anxiously awaited. The present dulness in mining has set free a number of experienced miners, young and strong, and ready to endure any hardship where there is the possibility of a remunerative return. About a trip to New Guinea there is also a spice of adventure. For the greater part it is a *terra incognita*, all that is known being that it is splendidly timbered and watered, and inhabited by fierce and warlike natives. Herein, then, will lie an additional charm to prospecting parties. In the event of gold really being found it will be but a short time before people are attracted from all parts of the world, and whilst English and German Ministers are engaged mapping the island out the white population will speedily settle for itself the occupation of the country.

By-the-bye, a correspondent writes me that people should be careful not to place too much reliance on the reports from the alleged recent discoveries at the Snowy River. He describes the place as something terrible to get at, particularly at this season of the year, and points out how utterly useless it is for anyone without a certain amount of capital proceeding thither.

One of our tradesmen contemplates entering on a novel mode of advertising. He announces that he will fill a large jar with peas and then place it in his front window in full view of the public. Then he will offer a prize of £20 to be won by the person who shall correctly name the number of peas contained in the jar. This style of thing was recently tried in Glasgow, when an elderly Scotch dame carried off the hundred guinea prize, but only after no less than fifty thousand other people had sent in answers.

The Stories About Sarah Bernhardt are mostly calumnies. It is the fate of true genius to be followed by slanderers. Jealousy often starts the pack, and then the whole bevy of hounds join in the chase. Those who know her are high in their laudations of her character, just as those who are familiar with the virtues of Wolfe's Schnapps. Be sure you obtain Wolfe's Schnapps.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Atkinson, W. D. ; Adamthwaite, T.
Campbell, Miss M.
Dawson, J.
Forbes, Mrs. J. B.
Green, Mrs. B.
Hore, E.
Kitchen, W. ; Karsnell, S.
Morgan, J. ; M'Lean, N. , M'Ilhatton, A.
Pimblett, W. Sen. ; Pears, T.
Russell, J. T.
Sides, Bros. ; Smith, J.
Taylor, Miss A. ; Tuddenham, D. ; Trainor, James.
Walsh, Mrs. ; Ward, F. W. ; Wilcox, H. ; Ward, James.

E. M. KILDAHL, Postmistress.

Beaufort, July 3rd, 1885.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1885.

THE recent Ministerial programme, as indicated by the vice-regal speech, provides, *inter alia*, for a measure of electoral reform, presumably with the object of remedying existing grievances in the shape of the unequal representation of constituenceis, which, at the time of the passing of the Act determining their respective boundaries and representation, though deemed adequate and just, has necessarily, by reason of the increase in population in the first instance, and by reason of the various causes which have induced the people to alter the condition existent at that period through the attractions held out to them to become permanant settlers in the then comparatively unpeopled districts of the colony, become so unequal in its incidence as to justify reform of a nature calculated to provide for the subdivision of some of the overgrown electorates, with a corresponding increase in the number of seats ; and of the constituencies desiring and deserving justly such amendments, those of Wimmera and Moira stand pre-eminent—the former with 8255 electors, each returning only two members, as compared with Castlemaine, Grant, Grenville, Maryborough, Talbot, Melbourne East, Rodney, and several others, all of which return also two members with a roll of from 3,000 to 5,000 electors ; but of this, more anon. So far we can agree with any reasonable scheme of alteration of electoral boundaries and increase of representation, but if the foreshadowing of the contemplated scheme as indicated by some of the metropolitan and country journals be accepted as expositive of the Government policy in this matter, it is high time to enter a protest against such daring innovation of the Constitutional rights of electors on a subject of so much importance to them, and involving such a radical change without ample time being allowed the country for due consideration, and we opine that the hint has been given more with a view of eliciting discussion and public opinion than for any other purpose ; and in the interests of large country constituencies, presumably to be divided, we submit a statement of the case on the lines already indicated. The proposition which we take, *quantum valeat*, is reducible as follows :—St. Kilda returns two members—Messrs. Davis and Harris, and it was proposed to number them A and B, each candidate being required to declare which seat he individually contests. Supposing that Davis and Harris nominate respectively for seats A and B, and the opposing candidates, Brown and Jones, declare themselves in the same order, Davis may poll 2,000 as against Brown's 1999, and beat him by one vote, whilst Harris might poll 1970 as against Jones's 1960, thus winning seat B. defeating Jones by 10 votes, and actually also being returned as against Brown, who is a defeated candidate. Davis, nevertheless, polls more than the successful candidate for seat B by 29 votes. Again, supposing only one candidate enters the field against the two sitting members and nominates for seat B, the sitting member who also nominates for this seat, has to contest it against the newcomer, while his colleague, there being no contest for A, has a walkover. We give the above as merely an illustration of what may happen in the event of the proposal being placed in the Statue-book, and further complications readily suggest themselves. Generally, the scheme appears to us to be much in favor of the sitting members, and with this assumption in view we need not wonder that Mr. Fincham said, while speaking to the Address-in-Reply, that three-fifths of the House were in favor of it ; but we give the Government more credit for ability than to attempt to introduce such a measure, and we warn, and shall mark for reprobation, any country members supporting such a scheme, if introduced, believing that it will be antagonistic to the interests of the country, and subversive of the principle of the Electoral Act, which has only been obtained after years of strife and tumult. Re-division of electorates and increased representation are urgently required, but by all means let it be within the lines of constitutional action and to the exclusion of chemerical novelties or charlatanic schemes with which we class the new-fangeld proposition referred to.

We are informed by Mr. Uren, M. P., that in response to a petition from a number of persons at Waterloo South, the Postmaster-General has directed that a loose bag shall be made up for delivery at Mr. Rutherford's, at the Royal Saxon corner.

Mr. Martin, Secretary for Agriculture, visited Beaufort on Saturday last for the purpose of inspecting the books of the Ripon Shire Council with reference to the outlay incurred in connection with the Beaufort Recreation Reserve. Although he did not express an opinion as to the improvements made at the reserve, yet he seemed pleased with the park generally, and we have it on the best authority that the Government will pass a sum of £200 as subsidy towards defraying the expense incurred in connection with the improvements made at the reserve.

We have received a copy of the first number of "Table Talk," a new weekly journal, published in Melbourne. The paper is well printed, and contains a number of ably written articles. The reading matter is varied and interesting. Mr. Henningsen is the local agent, from whom copies may be obtained.

The following letter, addressed to Councillor Smith, was read at the Ripon Shire Council meeting on Thursday :—" Waterloo, 27th June, 1885. Sir,—If you will be good enough to send your bill in to date you will oblige us. We have decided to deal off some other butcher, and I am about to tell you the reason. You might remember a petition being sent in to the council for a license for the Templars' Hall, and as you did not seem to consider the fact that that petition contained the names of a number of your customers was of any consequence, and we look on your action in the matter as a slur on us as Templars.—I remain, yours, &c., T. HEWITT." It this letter was written at the instigation of the Lifeboat Lodge of Good Templars, Waterloo, then the said Lodge should be struck off the roll of lodges in the colony, as it is a disgrace to the members of the Lodge. Because a member of a local governing body votes as his opinion dictates is he to be virtually boycotted by a section of the public without any notice being taken of it? Never in our experience have we heard of such a piece of cheek and impudence, backed up by ignorance, the latter being the motive power.

The total rainfall at Beaufort during the month of June was 3·17in.

The attention of station owners, farmers, etc. is directed to a notice which appears in another column, emanating from the well-known firm of wool brokers, Messrs. George Hague and Co., of Geelong.

The manager of the New Discovery Company reports as follows yesterday :—" Yield of gold for week, 54oz. 13dwt. 15gr. As it has been decided to work the main shaft by tribute tenders have been invited, and made returnable for Monday, 6th instant."

Tenders are invited by the Education Department for the erection of a brick and wooden school building at Shirley, returnable on the 16th instant.

Our Waterloo correspondent writes :—" On Tuesday evening the Rev. J. C. M'Cord gave the first of a series of lectures on "India its countries and peoples," in the Free Library Hall, in aid of the Waterloo Church funds. The Rev. A. Adam occupied the chair, and the lecture proved to be very interesting. Mrs. Milligan, Miss Trengove, and Miss Frusher sang some songs at intervals during the lecture. There were only about 70 persons present, the cold weather preventing many from attending. At a meeting of the Free Library Committee, held on Wednesday evening, it was resolved that tenders be called for lining the building right through with pine, and the first annual meeting of subscribers was fixed for Wednesday next, 8th instant. The ladies who are getting up a bazaar in aid of the building fund of the Mechanics' Hall are progressing very well, and expect to have everything in readiness by the time the hall is finished."

A meeting of the Woodnaggerak, Stockyard Hill, Shirley, and Beaufort Ploughing Match Committee was held in the Shire hall on Saturday last. There was a fair attendance and Mr. D. M'Donald occupied the chair. It was resolved that a ploughing match be held on Wednesday, 5th August, and a sub-committee was appointed to fix the site. Collectors were appointed to solicit donations in aid of the match. The only alteration in last year's programme was that Class E. was altered so as to be open to all who have never taken a prize in any match with a double-furrow plough, and a resident within a radius of fourteen miles from Beaufort. The meeting adjourned till the 11th instant.

A new lock-up is to be erected at the Beaufort Police Station. Although matters are quiet at present with the guardians of the peace, yet it frequently occurs that two cells are required, and hence the erection of an additional lock-up in the place of that removed to Waterloo is a matter of necessity.

Mr. William Baker, carpenter, etc., has made another addition to our town by erecting a neat and commodious shop next door to the post-office, in Lawrence street, where he intends keeping a stock of timber, windows, doors, sashes, picture frames, etc.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week :—New Victoria, 57oz. ; Waterloo, 40oz. ; South Victoria, 30oz. ; Royal Saxon, 30oz. ; Hobart Pasha, 10oz.

The first election under the Agricultural Colleges Act for members of the Council of Agricultural Education took place on Monday, and resulted in the election of Mr. Baird, of Learmonth, by a large majority for the south-western part. The following votes were recorded :—James Baird, 134 ; Charles Tyler Sutherland, 36 ; Thomas Gilbert Crerar, 21. Twenty-nine of the voting papers received were returned unsigned, and were consequently informal, and forty-six have not been sent to the Returning Officer.

A hard case was submitted to the Legislative Assembly on Thursday by Mr. Laurens. For the last six months a fourth-class officer in the General Post-office has "simply sat on a stool absolutely doing nothing," except signing for his pay at the end of the month. The name of this unfortunate civil servant is E. V. Browne. Mr. Berry informed the House that Mr. Lauren's story is only too true. Mr. Browne was employed in the dead-letter office until the work was re-arranged, and his duties handed over to a boy. A place was provided for Mr. Browne in the money order office, "at his own request, on the ground of incapacity." The Public Service Board is now deliberating whether Mr. Browne ought not to be removed from the service "on the ground of unfitness for duty,"—"Argus."

A Sydney telegram in Monday's "Argus" says :—Mr. Thomas Boyd, the first white man who crossed the Murray, and the last surviving member of Hume and Hovell's exploring party, died near Tumut on Friday night, at the age of 88 years. He was once a prosperous grazier, but through misfortunes lost everything. He received a gratuity of £50 from the New South Wales Government some time since, but was never paid the [illegible] promised by the Victorian Ministry at the Albury banquet on the occasion of the completion of the overland railway. Mr. Boyd died in a miserable bark hut, attended by a married daughter.

A peculiar prosecution in petty sessions took place on Monday last at Avoca (says the "Mail") before Mr. Carr, P.M. Edward Parrington, who has been appointed to collect the number of children between the school ages of three years and sixteen residing in the Shire of Avoca, called on a Mrs Dean for the purpose of ascertaining the number of children residing in her house, but was met with the answer that she had none between the ages above-named. The collector did not feel satisfied that Mrs. Dean had given him the correct information, and so made further inquiries, which resulted in his discovering that Mrs. Dean had misled him. He then summoned her under the section 7 of the Amended Education Act, for giving false information. As the penalty is very heavy, the maximum being five pounds, and in default imprisonment, and as the defendant denied having given the information alleged, the case was adjourned to give the defendant an opportunity of disproving the charge.

Holloway's Pills can be confidently recommended as a domestic remedy for the ailments of all classes and conditions of people. Young and old of both sexes may take this medicine with the certainty of deriving benefit from its use, when disorder or disease is making them miserable. Holloway's Pills are unrivalled for their purifying, aperient, and strengthening properties. They remove indigestion, palpitation, and headache, and are specially serviceable in complaints peculiar to females. Each box is wrapped with printed instructions for the guidance of invalids who will readily understand, from carefully studying them, the best way of recovering health. Holloway's Pills will work a thorough change on the constitutions of the weak and nervous.

A novel present to the Queen. Her Majesty has accepted from the Rev. John Thompson, minister of St. John's Established Church, Hawick, a handsome little plough, manufactured out of swords, dirks, and spears, and accompanied by an illuminated address. The plough was manufactured by a firm at Maybole, Ayrshire, and was exhibited at a meeting of the West Teviotdale Farmer's Club, where it excited much admiration. In these days of war, actual and threatened, such a reminder of a coming time, of undisturbed peace may be regarded as a specially suitable gift to a monarch whose well-known pacific desires seemed to be doomed to such bitter and prolonged disappointment.

An eagle has just died in Vienna which had been kept in confinement 114 years. It probably was a young bird when caught, so that its age must not have been far from 120 years. A record of the eagle's condition was made from year to year. There are swans on the River Thames that are known to be 150 years old. For five centuries the Vintners' Company there have kept a record of certain swans, and the ages of the specimens of this long-lived species of water-fowls are known to a day.

It has been decided (says the "Argus") that the next batch of Land Act maps shall comprise those of the counties of Dalhousie, Bourke, Grant, Talbot, Rodney, Bendigo, Grenville and Ripon. When these maps are completed there will be still 17 to finish, the work connected with which, however, is well advanced. In the county of Bourke there is 12,000 acres of agricultural and grazing land, and 40,000 acres of pastoral land ; in that of Bendigo the area of agricultural and grazing land is 47,000 acres, and that of auriferous reserves 78,000 acres, there being no pastoral country in that county in the hands of the Government ; in Dalhousie the agricultural and grazing lands cover an area of 194,000 acres, and the auriferous reserves compise 44,000 acres, but there is no pastoral land ; in Grant there is 44,000 acres of agricultural and grazing and 4,000 acres of auriferous land ; Grenville has 2,500 acres of agricultural and grazing land, and 79,000 acres of auriferous reserves ; Ripon, 31,000 acres of agricultural and grazing and 36,000 acres of pastoral land, and 34,000 acres of auriferous reserves ; Rodney, 79,000 acres of agricultural and grazing lands, 23,000 acres of pastoral land, and 28,000 acres of auriferous reserves ; and Talbot, 8,600 acres of agricultultural and grazing land, 163,000 acres of auriferous reserves ; and pastoral land.

A new feature of the next international contests at Wimbledon, England, will be a competition with revolvers, in which it is expected that large numbers of the police will take part.

In the time of Henry III. it was enacted by statute that beer might be sold in cities at the rate of two gallons for a penny, and in the country three or four gallons for the same price !

FATAL MINING ACCIDENT.

A fatal mining accident occurred at the New Discovery No. 3 Tribute claim between 8 and 9 o'clock last night. It appears that two men named Alexander Sutherland and Robert Bone were working in the face of a drive. Bone was picking in the face, and Sutherland was filling a truck, when two large pieces of cement fell from the roof of the drive, completely burying Sutherland, and knocking Bone up against the face of the drive. The lights were put out, and Bone struck a match, by the aid of which he made his way to the shaft, and gave the alarm. Willing hands were soon at work extricating Sutherland, but when he was reached it was found that he was dead. Dr. Johnston had been sent for in the meantime, and on his arrival he pronounced life extinct, and gave his opinion that deceased's neck was broken. The body was subsequently removed to the Golden Age Hotel, where it awaits an inquest. The deceased was about thirty years of age, and the sole support of his mother and father, who reside at Ballarat.

RIPONSHIRE COUNCIL.

THURSDAY, JULY 2ND, 1885.

Present : Crs. Oddie, M'Kenzie, Lewis, Cushing Murray, Wotherspoon, Smith, and Adams.

In the absence of the President (Cr. Thomas), Cr. Oddie was voted to the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The President took the chair after the minutes were read.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From thirteen ratepayers residing in the neighborhood of Lake Goldsmith, asking the Council to revert to the former method of allowing free pasturage on the Lake Goldsmith Reserve, as the present regulations do not work satisfactorily.—Cr. Oddie moved—That the standing orders be suspended in order to hear Messrs. Boyle and R. Ward. Cr. Cushing moved as an amendment and Cr. Adams seconded—That the memorial be referred to the West Riding members for report at next meeting. The motion was carried, and Mr. Ward stated that he wished to have the right to drive his sheep from one farm to another. If this request was not granted, he objected to the granting of the petition. Mr. Boyle stated that he was in favor of granting of the petition, but he wanted the farmers to appoint three managers to manage the Reserve, and that a disinterested person be appointed herdsman, to be appointed by the three managers appointed, who should be farmers. It was then resolved, on the motion of Cr. Murray, seconded by Cr. Smith—That the matter be referred to the West Riding members for report at the next meeting.

From David Madden, Skipton, asking for an order to enter the property of the Hon. P. Russall, Langi Willi, to obtain road material.—Request granted.

From Alexander Wilson, Mount Emu, with reference to Mr. Ward's application to have the roads opened leading to his property at Lillerie, stating that Mr. Ward is aware that no difficulty will be experienced by him in future, as the only roads leading to his allotments are free of all obstruction ; also that the offer made by Mr. Ward to drive his stock over the Trawalla estate, without notice has been withdrawn, as the owner of that estate holds a grazing license for all the crown lands abutting upon the Emu Creek, in the parish of Lillirie, from the Lillirie bridge downwards. A letter was also read from Mr. Norman Wilson, stating that the one chain road between allotments 52 and 53, also the 1½ chain road from Lillirie Bridge leading to his allotment, are open to the full width. These are the only roads leading to Mr. Ward's allotments, and he is aware that both are open.—Copies of these letters to be sent to Mr Ward.

From Mrs. Taylor, stating that she has had a deal of extra labor in cleaning up the hall during the past two years. Last week there was a ball and supper in the hall, which necessitated a deal of work in cleaning up the hall. She had applied to Mrs. Graham, who had held the ball and supper, for 10s as recompense for the extra labor, but Mrs. Graham referred her to the Council for payment. On the 1st July there was a dinner in the hall, after which she had to clean and scrub out the hall again. In conclusion she asked the Council to allow her a trifle more remuneration owing to the extra labor she is now called upon to perform.—Cr. Wotherspoon said the letter should be handed to Mrs. Graham. Cr. Oddie said he did not think it fair that the shire hall should be put into competition against public halls, which where available on payment. He objected to the hall being let to anybody except for a charitable purpose. The President said he thought that the Council should pass some motion as a guidance for the President. Cr. Wotherspoon said he thought that some discretion should be left with the President. Cr. Lewis said he thought the President could settle the matter amicably to all parties, and the matter was allowed to drop on the understanding that Mrs. Graham and the Rifle Club would remunerate Mrs. Taylor for her extra trouble.

From the Secretary of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, asking the Council to take steps to ensure the representation of the town and district at the Exhibition, to be held in London next year.—Received.

From James Madden, jun., Skipton, complaining that he has been rated too high for his property.—No action taken.

From John Yeoman, asking permission to use a sluicehead of water at Sawpit Gully, Main Lead, once a fortnight, for two hours only, and free of charge.—Referred to the water committee.

From E. C. Earles, Skipton, drawing attention to the bad state of the road opposite his store.—Referred to the East Riding members.

From the Department of Lands and Survey, Melbourne, stating that allotment 25, section 6, parish of Buangor, advertised for sale at Ararat on the 30th June, has been withdrawn from sale.—Received.

From the Secretary of the North-Eastern Grain Freights Conference, forwarding a list of resolutions carried by the conference on the 18th May.—Received.

From Samuel Walker, Snake Valley, asking the Council to remit the rates due by him. Request granted.

From Mrs. Gemmell, Beaufort, applying for a remission of the water and general rates due by her.—Request granted.

From the Secretary of the Executive Committee of Fancy Fair held on Boxing Day, forwarding cheque for £36 19s 6d, being a further and final donation in aid of the funds for the improvement of the Beaufort Recreation Reserve.—Received, and the thanks of Council to be forwarded to the committee.

From H. Stephens, with reference to the water which is allowed to stand on his allotment of land in Havelock street, and pointing out that the Council dammed the water back by the construction of an embankment forming the road, and he considered that the council should how devise some means of removing the water.—On the motion of Cr. Wotherspoon, seconded by Cr. Smith, it was resolved that Mr. Stephens be informed that nothing short of filling up the allotment will remedy the evil, as Mr. Manners intends to fill up his allotment adjoining.

From the Town Clerk Borough of Daylesford, asking this Council to co-operate in getting the forest regulations so amended as to permit of timber 12 inches in diameter being cut instead of 18 inches, as at present, as the regulations seriously hampered the mining industry.—No action taken as arrangements had already been made by the Council to suit local requirements.

From the Secretary for Agriculture, stating that the Marong Shire Council has made application to have native companions removed from the list of birds protected under the game act, as they are very destructive to farmers' crops, and asking for an opinion from this Council in the matter. It was resolved—That in the opinion of this Council the native companions are destructive, and should be removed from the list of birds protected under the Game Act.

From R. Hewitt, Waterloo, applying for a license for the Good Templars' Hall, Waterloo.—No action taken.

CLOSED ROADS.

A letter was read from Mr. Thomas Ward, asking the Council to open a number of roads running north and south and east and west in the parishes of Lillirie and Yangerabwill.

Cr. Oddie said he thought that Mr. Ward's application in the first instance had been acceeded to. He did not know anything about the roads applied for now by Mr. Ward, but as a member of the East Riding he could not see how the roads could be made.

Cr. Cushing moved—That no further action be taken in the matter pending further legislation.

The President said the motion was illegal.

Cr. Murray said that if Mr. Ward would include all the roads in the shire he would move that his request be forwarded to the Minister. It was a great wrong that the Council should be troubled so much by such deputations as these. If the roads were opened indiscriminately the stock would flood the country. Thirteen thousand sheep had passed along the roads in the district in which he lived during four days. It had been the boast of masters of flocks when entering New South Wales that their sheep had benefitted by the grass on the Victorian roads. He considered it would be a shame for the Council to open the roads indiscriminately, and make them a sheep-walk.

The standing orders were suspended, and Mr. Ward stated that the roads applied for by him had not been opened, as was stated by Mr. Wilson in his letter. This statement was corroborated by Mr. Boyle.

Cr. Lewis moved, and Cr. Smith seconded—That Mr. Rich be written to, asking him to open the road near his farm. This road leads on to those on Mr. Wilson's estate.

A general discussion then took place, in which the Councillors and Messrs. Ward and Boyle took part. Ultimately Cr. Oddie seconded the resolution moved by Cr. Cushing, which was carried.

REPORT.

The engineer reported as follows :—" I have the honor to report that the various contracts in the shire are being proceeded with in a satisfactory manner. The long continuance of wet weather has caused the roads to be greatly cut up, and it has consequently been necessary to employ more surface labor. I beg to recommend that tenders be called for supplying maintenance metal on several roads in the West Riding. There are nineteen contracts let in various parts of the shire, of the value of £600 downwards, but not yet completed."

The Rabbit Inspector reported as follows :—" I have the honor to report that the work of plugging up the rocks on Lake Goldsmith Reserve is proceeding satisfactorily. The men are now working on the north side of the lake, and will finish it this week. The Salt Lake will be done before commencing the island. On the 28th May served notices under the first and second schedule of the Rabbit Suppression Act, on Mr. G. Stevens, the present occupier of the portion of the Mount Cole State Forest within this shire. Visited the place several times since, and did not see any signs of anything having been done to comply with the notices. On the 16th and 26th ult. inspected Mount Monmer at the request of the manager of Langi Willi. Did not see a rabbit either day, nor is there any appearance of any being there. Particular attention is paid to the destruction of the pest all over the above estate. Therefore there is no danger of any portion of it being overrun with them."

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment on the recommendation of the Finance Committee :—

Engineer	£33	6	8
Secretary	20	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	10	0
Thomas Ward	12	10	0
Waterloo Free Library ...	5	0	0
J. Whitfield	0	9	0
J. M'Dougall	1	5	6
J. Whitla	1	0	0
R. Farley	0	16	0
R. U. Nicholls	9	19	0
E. Milligan	0	13	6
Trevatt and Williams ...	1	14	0
H. Stuart	1	10	6
Rabbit suppression	33	10	0
Jeremiah Smith	3	18	3
D. Cameron (East Riding) ...	2	11	9
J. Yates	8	7	4
Hawkes Bros.	7	19	2
G. Whitcomb	1	3	0

SURFACE LABOR.

J. Whitfield, L13 10s 10d ; Joseph Whitfield, L7 1s ; D. Murchison, L4 ; G. Wilson, L10 13s ; R. Gibson, L8 ; W. M'Farlane, L8 ; M. Muir, L8 ; M. Meehan, L7 6s 8d ; M. Kirkpatrick, L4 10s ; M. Carrigan, L14 ; J. Storey, L8 ; W. Calligoan, L7 4s ; A. M'Donald, L3 13s 4d ; J. F. Watkin, L3 3s 4d ; H. Kelly, L7 ; W. Frusher, L3 ; James Kenny, L3.

CONTRACT PAYMENTS.

P. Page, L20 ; J. F. Watkin, L140 ; Thomas Cheeseman, L25 ; A. R. Slater, L50 ; W. C. Pimblett, L15 ; R. Humphreys, jun., L15 ; D. Madden, L100.

RETURNING OFFICERS

The following returning officers were appointed for the ensuing year :—North Riding, Cr. Wotherspoon ; West Riding, Cr. Lewis ; East Riding, Cr. Oddie.

REVISION COURT.

It was resolved that the Court for the purpose of revising the voters' lists be held on Thursday, 16th July, at noon.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting was still further adjourned till the next ordinary meeting of the Council.

SUPPLEMENT TO

The Ripon Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

Not Too Early, Pretty Doves.

How is it, little lady mine,
That you in silence sit and pine?
Well in your teens, and have not heard
How worthless is a youngster's word!
Why, if he'd meant it, kept it true,
It had been worse for both of you.
Boyish vows are better broken,
Misses' secrets never spoken:
Sing well-a-day,
If lasses would say nay
The lads would stay away.

Aha, my stripling, sighing there,
And staring into empty air,
The rustle of a rustic gown
Will trap a fellow fresh from town!
Up, sir, for shame! let folly go,
And thank your stars she served you so.
Shallow brains are better parted,
Soon are cured such broken-hearted:
Sing well-a-day,
If lads would stay away
No lassie could say nay.

Coo not too early, pretty doves;
Pin-feather fancies, callow loves,
My little birdlings, they remain
No more than rainbows after rain.
A girl's a boy, a boy's a fool,
And life it proves a sorry school;
When the chickens fix the feather,
Know there will be change of weather:
Sing well-a-day—
Lo, yonder hies away
Gaius to Tabitha!

—John Vance Cheney.

Novelist.

HIS ONE MISTAKE.

By BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER XV.

A MOTHER'S STRATAGEM

Lucia, Countess of Waldrove, was a far-seeing, shrewd, keen, quick woman of the world; she understood men and women; in her graceful, indolent fashion she ruled them with an iron hand—it was an undoubted case of the iron hand under the velvet glove. She had studied her son's character, and was not at all surprised to find in it a considerable amount of that charming quality called "contradiction," a quality that seems like second nature to the noble sex of men; she was prepared for it, and resolved upon managing him accordingly.

She said to herself that if she mentioned the name of Lady Ethel Pierpont, and suggested that, as she was marvelously beautiful and wonderfully rich, it would be well for her son to marry her, he would at once rebel, and talk the usual nonsense about choosing for himself. Lady Waldrove understood him too well for that.

"He shall see Lady Ethel first," she said, "then we shall see what follows."

One morning, about the third of the duke's visit, Lord Carsdale went into his mother's room. She looked tired, and reclined on the couch of amber satin—Floss on a silken cushion at her feet. The countess looked very grand and picturesque in a black velvet dress and head-dress of Mechlin lace. She looked up with a smile as her son entered—she was always pleased to see him.

"Alone, mother?" he said. "I thought Linda was here.

"Linda is with the duke, my dear. He asked her to take him into the rose-garden; she went half an hour ago. Sit down here by me, Vivian; it is not often that I see you alone. We have but few *tete-a-tetes* now. Tell me what you think of the duke."

"I think he is very noble, frank, honest, honorable, but very proud."

"Proud, repeated the countess. "I have not noticed that. In what way is he proud, Vivian?" she asked, anxiously.

"I can hardly tell. He says so much about low marriages, and all that kind of thing."

Lady Waldrove looked wonderingly into her son's face.

"Is that all? Do you call that pride? I call it proper spirit, and I admire him the more for it. Is that the only fault you have to find with him, Vivian?"

"I know of no other, mother. I really like him very much, indeed—more than I can tell you. Has he said anything to Linda?"

"I fancy that is what he is saying to her now," was the well-plensed answer. "Vivian, give me that fan—the large one. I find the morning warm."

"You are warmly dressed, mother," said the young lord. I like to see you in black velvet better than anything you wear.

He rose and went to the table in search of the fan. How was he to know that it had been purposely laid side by side with a superb painting, the portrait of the loveliest girl in Europe, the Lady Ethel Pierpoint?

He stood gazing at it like one in a dream, forgetting his errand, his mother, his wife, and everything else, in the superb beauty of that fair young face. Lady Waldrove raised her head.

"What are you looking at, Vivian? What are you doing?"

He went over to the couch quietly, holding the picture in his hand.

"Mother," he said, in a low voice, "whose portrait is this?"

The countess looked at it with an expression of great annoyance, though her heart beat fast with delight at the success of her stratagem.

"You must not touch that, Vivian; indeed you should not have looked at it."

"Who is it, mother?" he repeated.

"That I would rather not tell you," she replied. "It is no one whom you have ever seen; it is the portrait of a friend of mine."

"A friend of yours, and I do not know her?" he said.

"Her mother is a friend of mine," said the countess; "it is she who sent me her daughter's portrait. I have seen her daughter several times. You do not know them."

"That is true. If I had seen the original of that picture, mother, I should have remembered her. It is your favorite style of beauty, too—Spanish and English mixed."

"Put it down, Vivian," said the countess, affecting annoyance.

Instead of obeying her, he carried it to the light, looking at it with eyes full of admiration.

"She has the mouth of a goddess," he said, "and the moulding of her face is perfect. What dark, bright eyes, proud and sweet!"

"Pray put that picture away, Vivian," said the countess, and this time she spoke in a firmer tone. She laughed to herself. "If I had asked him to admire it he would have refused," she thought; forbidding him to do it gives it a zest. Put it where you found it," she continued, "and bring me my fan."

He went up to her, the picture still in his hands.

"Mother," he said, "you are really cruel to me. Do tell me who this is."

"Why do you wish to know?" she asked.

"Because it is so beautiful, and there is something about it which seems—I cannot express myself; the eyes smile at me as though she and I had a secret between us."

"What nonsense!" said the delighted countess. "Obey me, Vivian; replace the picture where you found it, and forget it."

"Why?" he asked, briefly.

"I will tell you why," said the countess; "because her beauty is as fatal as was the beauty of Helen of Troy. To look long on it is to long for it, and such longing would all be in vain."

"Why?" he said, eagerly.

"I would really much prefer declining to answer your question," she said.

He bent down and kissed her face.

"When I was a boy and wanted anything, I used to kiss you for it, mother, he said.

"You are a boy now, and a big one," replied the proud mother; "I am not sure if a kiss will have the same effect."

She saw a determined expression come over his face, and then she knew all was right.

"Mother, do not tantalize me," he said; "tell me why you do not wish me to look at this picture."

"Because the beauty of it is great," she said, "and that beauty is not for you."

"How do you know that?" he asked, entirely forgetting, in his eagerness over the portrait, the unfortunate story of his marriage. "How do you know, mother, that I could not win it if I choose;" he said. "I could win almost anything that I choose to win."

He looked so kingly in his proud young beauty that his mother quite believed it.

"It is not for you, my dear boy," she said. "The original of that picture is the daughter and heiress of one of the most illustrious houses in England; her parents will expect almost a royal alliance for her. Do not think about her, Vivian; it would all be in vain."

"I am not so sure of that, mother," he said.

"But I am. Put the picture away, and forget it. Sleeping or waking, steel your heart against it—do not let its beauty gain on you; and it is very beautiful, is it not?"

"I can hardly imagine that any living woman is like that," he said.

The countess laughed.

"My dear Vivian," she said, "she is not a woman; she is only a girl—a slender, graceful girl. She reminds me of a beautiful lily, or rather rose; she will not be a woman of the world for some time yet."

"Mother," said Lord Carsdale, "having told me so much, tell me a little more. Who is she?—what is her name?"

"She is the Lady Ethel Pierpont, the only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Pierpont. His seat is Mount Pleasant; he has Falmouth Park also. But you know the family, although you have not seen the Lady Ethel."

"Ethel Pierpont," he said to himself; "it is a beautiful name, mother."

"Yes; but we will not talk any more about it, Vivian. Place the picture where you found it, and bring me my fan."

This time he obeyed, and his clever, diplomatic mother smiled when she heard him, half an hour afterward, humming the air of the old song:

"If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

The countess was pleased; her little plot was progressing favorably.

That same evening she called Lady Gertrude to her.

"Gertrude," she said, "I saw your brother talking to you very gravely after dinner; would you mind telling me what he was saying? Of course it was nothing confidential."

Lady Gertrude was accustomed to her mother's diplomacy—nothing ever surprised her. She answered, simply:

"I can have no possible objection to telling you every word, mamma. Vivian was asking me all about the Pierponts."

Lady Waldrove could have laughed aloud.

"How well I understand him," she thought. "How well I can manage him."

"What did you tell him, Gertrude?" she asked.

"Just the plain truth, mamma. Did I do right?"

"Certainly, my dear; truth is always right. You told him that we met the Pierponts this year in London, and that we were charmed with them—above all, with Lady Ethel?"

"I told that exactly, mamma. He asked me a hundred questions about Lady Ethel, her age, who admired her, whom she liked, what people said of her, and more questions than I could remember if I tried."

"Did he?" said my lady. "That is strange."

Lady Gertrude made no comment: it was not the custom to comment upon what the countess said.

She smiled again when that evening she saw her son come quietly from the morning-room. She knew quite well that he had been to take one more glance at the beautiful face of Lady Ethel Pierpont.

"The spell is working," thought the countess; "I shall have the wish of my heart after all: my daughters will marry well, and my son—my noble, handsome Vivian—will marry the heiress of the Pierponts; every mother in England will envy me."

She was quite right in her ideas; it was to visit the picture once more that he had gone into her room, for the face haunted him. He could not forget it—the fatal, bewitching beauty; the fair, fresh young loveliness; the proud, sweet, frank, fearless eyes; the lovely laughing lips and dimpled chin. He went again and again to look at it. Of course it was only a picture—he knew that; he only admired it as a work of art. This royal young beauty was not for him—they would want a royal wooer for her; and yet, looking in the fair, noble face, something in it drew his heart to her—there was a look in the eyes as though they held a secret in common, a look in the face as though they never could be strangers.

"I am sure I could win her," he said; "no matter what the countess thinks, I could win her. Proud, noble, frank, fearless, refined—I understand her, even from looking at her face."

Then he stopped abruptly. How foolish he was! What was he thinking about? How could he win her? He was married himself—married to a dancing-master's daughter—a beautiful, untaught girl, who could never be a wife to him—a girl whose name he dared not mention within the walls of his stately home. He found refuge in his old comfort—it was for honor's sake. He looked at the face again.

"She would understand," he thought; "she would understand anything done for honor's sake."

Then he found himself wishing that Lady Ethel Pierpont had been in Alice Derwent's place—wishing that some circumstances had compelled him to marry the young patrician whose face haunted him.

"What care I how fair she be,
If she be not fair for me?"

he whispered, but the words did not seem to give him much comfort. He almost wished that he had taken his mother's advice, and had not looked at the picture.

Of course it was only love for art; no one could imagine that he would be so foolish as to fall in love with a picture.

CHAPTER XVI.

A HUSBAND'S CAUTION.

"I have good news for you, Vivian," said the Countess Waldrove to her son; "I may say, really, that Providence has blessed my efforts. The duke has proposed for your sister. She is really very fortunate; I consider him the best match in England. Now, if Lord Rawdon would make Gertrude an offer all anxiety would be off my mind."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Lord Carsdale; "I think Linda likes him very much."

"My dear Vivian," said the countess, with her grand air, "it is not a case of 'liking.' Linda has been brought up too well to allow of any such puerile reason as 'liking' to influence her. The duke is a man who commands universal respect from his rank and position."

"Mother," said Lord Carsdale, "shall you be very angry if I ask you a question?"

"I do not think that you would ask me a question which could make me angry, she replied.

"Tell me, then, did you love my father when you married him?"

"I know what my position and station required from me. Your father was considered an excellent and most befitting match for me."

"But did you love him?" persisted the young lad. "Do tell me, mother."

"Perhaps not, as boys and girls understand the word love; but I love him now, Vivian; and I have come to this conclusion, that the love that comes after marriage is better than the love that comes before."

"Those are the words of wisdom," he said. "Does love come after marriage, mother?"

"Most certainly, the best kind. But why this long catechism, Vivian? You are not thinking of love?"

"No," he replied; and he wondered at the bitter pang in his own heart. "No; I was thinking of marriage."

The countess looked at him with those grand, serene eyes of hers.

"There is a sublime state of things," she said, "which few of us reach—that is where any one falls in love with the very person that one ought to love. And marriage and love are one; for instance, if Linda has fallen in love with the duke, so much the better. Any one falling in love with Lady Ethel Pierpont would be very happy, because every earthly advantage is combined with such a love."

"He turned abruptly away, wondering at the pain he felt. What caused it? What did it mean?

The countess continued:

"Your father and myself intend to have Linda's marriage celebrated in all state and ceremony. The first marriage in a family is always a great event. I used to fancy that yours would be the first, Vivian."

"So it was," he thought to himself, with a bitter sigh; "it was indeed the first marriage. Never mind, it was for honor's sake."

"I have been thinking," continued his lady mother, "that Linda must have beautiful brides-maids. I wish—I should like to invite the Pierponts."

There was a dead pause: neither mother nor son spoke for a few minutes. She was watching him; he was looking gloomily away.

"Why not ask them, mother?" he said, at last.

"Lady Pierpont is so particular; she never likes her young daughters to visit where there are marriageable men."

"Then how does she expect the Lady Ethel ever to get married?"

The countess smiled with calm disdain.

"My dear Vivian, I had not imagined you so ignorant of the world's ways. Lady Ethel will be married as royal princesses are married—to the most eligible man that offers. So far from being taken about to meet eligible men, she will be kept out of the way. It must be something more than a mere eligible man for Lady Ethel Pierpont."

There was no reply; but the gloomy look that deepened on her son's handsome face seemed to give the countess much pleasure. What keen, bitter anguish it would have caused had she known what brought it there!

"I think," said Lady Waldrove, "that I shall make the experiment. I can hardly imagine that Lady Pierpont would refuse me. Of course, if Linda were marrying a commoner, it could not be thought of; but marrying a duke is quite another thing. Lady Ethel and Gertrude could be first brides maids. How silent you are, Vivian."

"I am thinking, mother. I am listening to all you say, and thinking of it. I—I hope you will ask them, and they will come. I should like to see this beauty of yours, just for once, before I go."

"What a despondent tone!" laughed the countess. "Yes, I think that I shall ask her; it will be one of the events of the day—the duke's marriage."

"Do you expect that it will be soon?" he asked.

"Yes; the duke seems very impatient. This is September—he wants it to take place in October, if we can manage it. I think we can. It is a great thing for Linda. I shall feel that I have not lived in vain if I live long enough to see my children marry well. I shall begin to think for you next, Vivian."

Yet, as she spoke, she knew that she had arranged every detail of his marriage with the Lady Ethel. She merely spoke so to throw him off his guard. His face was pale with pain when he turned to her.

"Do not think about my marriage, mother," he said; "I shall not marry."

"You must!" she answered, with her cold, clear, pitiless voice. "Whether you wish to marry or not, you must do so. An estate like this demands sacrifices, and they must be made. You will marry quickly enough—you are young enough to enjoy freedom now."

"I shall never marry, mother," he repeated; but Lady Waldrove only laughed—she did not pay the least attention to his words.

"Have you been disappointed in love already, Vivian?" she asked.

He looked up with an air of relief.

"I have admired many girls," he said, "and I have been sorry for others; but I never imagined myself in love in all my life."

"There is some comfort in that," thought the countess to herself. "Many young men of his age have gone through half a dozen love affairs."

She little dreamed that the love affairs of other men had been baby-play when compared with the affair of "honor" of her son.

The countess sent her invitation, and it was accepted. She was delighted, but she said little. Her son's preoccupied manner made her slightly anxious. What if, after all, he should love this beautiful Lady Ethel with a mad, deep love, and she should refuse him. The countess thought it wiser to say very little, but the mischief was already done.

There was great preparations made for the wedding. Roseneath seemed given up to the hands of all kinds of people. Lady Waldrove had a beautiful suite of rooms entirely refurnished for the Lady Ethel, and Lord Carsdale took great interest in the designs.

"It was only natural," he said to himself, "that he should like to see her; it would be something like seeing the Venus of Milo come to life."

In the midst of all these preparations of the choosing of carriages and horses, jewels and luxuries of all kinds, there came to him one morning a little plaintive letter. It said:

"MY DEAR HUSBAND:—When shall you return, or when shall I hear from you? It seems so long since I saw you—I am quite sad with longing for even one line."

(To be continued.)

ROYAL LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

(In Longman's Magazine.)

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

GERMANS:

The Prince. The Princess. The Baroness.

FRENCH:

The Prima Donna.

ENGLISH:

The Diplomast. The Doctor.

CHAPTER I.

THE day before I left London, to occupy the post of second secretary of legation at a small German court, I took leave of my excellent French singing-master, Monsieur Bonnefoy, and of his young and pretty daughter named Jeanne.

Our farewell interview was saddened by family anxieties. Monsieur Bonnefoy's elder brother, known in the household as Uncle David, had been recently summoned to Paris by his republican associates. His relations in London (whether reasonably or not, I am unable to say) were in some fear of the political consequences that might follow.

At parting, I made Mademoiselle Jeanne a present in the shape of a plain gold brooch. For some time past, I had taken my lessons at Monsieur Bonnefoy's house; his daughter and I often sang together under his direction. Seeing much of Jeanne, under these circumstances, the little gift that I had offered to her was only the natural expression of a true interest in her welfare. Idle rumor asserted—quite falsely—that I was in love with her. I was sincerely the young lady's friend: no more no less.

Having alluded to my lessons in singing, it may not be out of place to mention the circumstances under which I became Monsieur Bonnefoy's pupil, and to allude to the change in my life that followed in due course of time.

Our family property—excepting the sum of five thousand pounds left to me by my mother—is landed property, strictly entailed. The estates were inherited by my only brother Lord Medhurst: the kindest, the best, and, I grieve to say it, the unhappiest of men. He lived separated from a bad wife; he had no children to console him; and he only enjoyed at rare intervals the blessing of good health. Having myself nothing to live on but the interest of my mother's little fortune, I had to make my own way in the world. Poor younger sons, not possessed of the commanding ability which achieves distinction, find the roads that lead to prosperity closed to them, with one exception. They can always apply themselves to the social arts which make a man agreeable in society. I had naturally a good voice, and I cultivated it. I was ready to sing, without being subject to the wretched vanity which makes objections and excuses—I pleased the ladies—the ladies spoke favorably of me to their husbands—and some of their husbands were persons of rank and influence. After no very long lapse of time, the result of this combination of circumstances declared itself. Monsieur Bonnefoy's lesson became the indirect means of starting me on a diplomatic career—and the diplomatic career made poor Ernest Medhurst, to his own unutterable astonishment, the hero of a love story!

The story being true, I must beg to be excused, if I abstain from mentioning names, places, and dates, when I enter on German ground. Let it be enough to say that I am writing of a bygone year in the present century, when no such thing as a German Empire existed, and when the revolutionary spirit of France was still an object of well-founded suspicion to rulers by right divine on the continent of Europe.

CHAPTER II.

On joining the legation, I was not particularly attracted by my chief, the Minister. His manners were oppressively polite; and his sense of his own importance was not sufficiently influenced by diplomatic reserve. I venture to describe him (mentally speaking) as an empty man, carefully trained to look full on public occasions.

My colleague, the first secretary, was a far more interesting person. Bright, unaffected, and agreeable, he at once interested me when we were introduced to each other. I pay myself a compliment, as I consider, when I add that he became my firm and true friend.

We took a walk together in the palace gardens on the evening of my arrival. Reaching a remote part of the grounds, we were passed by a lean sour-looking old man, drawn by a servant in a chair on wheels. My companion stopped, whispered to me, "Here is the Prince," and bowed bareheaded. I followed his example as a matter of course. The Prince feebly returned our salutation. "Is he ill?" I asked, when we had put our hats on again.

"Shakespeare," the secretary replied, "tells us that, 'one man in his time plays many parts.' Under what various aspects the Prince's character may have presented itself, in his younger days. I am not able to tell you. Since I have been here, he has played the part of a martyr to illness, misunderstood by his doctors."

"And his daughter, the Princess—what do you say of her?"

"Ah, she is not so easily described! I can only appeal to your memory of other women like her, whom you must often have seen—women who are tall and fair, and fragile and elegant; who have delicate aquiline noses and melting blue eyes—women who have often charmed you by their tender smiles and their supple graces of movement. As for the character of this popular young lady, I must not influence you either way; study it for yourself."

"Without a hint to guide me?"

"With a suggestion," he replied, "which may be worth considering. If you wish to please the Princess, begin by endeavouring to win the good graces of the Baroness."

"Who is the Baroness?"

"One of the ladies in waiting—bosom friend of her Highness, and chosen repository of all her secrets. Personally, not likely to attract you; short and fat, and ill-tempered and ugly. Just at this time, I happen myself to get on with her better than usual. We have discovered that we possess one sympathy in common—we are the only people at Court who don't believe in the Prince's new doctor."

"Is the new doctor a quack?"

The secretary looked round, before he answered, to see that nobody was near us.

"It strikes me," he said, "that the Doctor is a spy. Mind! I have no right to speak of him in that way; it is only my impression—and I ought to add that appearances are all in his favour. He is in the service of our nearest royal neighbour, the Grand Duke; and he has been sent here expressly to relieve the sufferings of the Duke's good friend and brother, our invalid Prince. This is an honourable mission no doubt. And the man himself is handsome well-bred, and (I don't quite know whether this is an additional recommendation—a countryman of ours. Nevertheless I doubt him, and the Baroness doubts him. You are an independent witness; I shall be anxious to hear if your opinion agrees with ours."

I was presented at Court, toward the end of the week; and, in the course of the next two or three days, I more than once saw the Doctor again. The impression that he produced on me surprised my colleague. It was my opinion that he and the Baroness had mistaken the character of a worthy and capable man.

The secretary obstinately adhered to his own view. "Wait a little," he answered, "and we shall see."

He was quite right. We did see.

CHAPTER III.

But the Princess—the gentle, gracious, beautiful Princess—what can I say of her Highness? I can only say that she enchanted me.

I had been a little discouraged by the reception that I met with from her father. Strictly confining himself within the limits of politeness, he bade me welcome to his Court in the fewest possible words, and then passed me by without further notice. He afterwards informed the English Minister that I had been so unfortunate as to try his temper: "Your new secretary irritates me, sir—he is a person in an offensively perfect state of health." The Prince's morning daughter was not of her father's way of thinking; it is impossible to say how graciously, how sweetly I was received. She honoured me by speaking to me in my own language, of which she showed herself to be a perfect mistress. I was not only permitted, but encouraged, to talk of my family, and to dwell on my own tastes, amusements, and pursuits. Even when her Highness's attention was claimed by other persons waiting to be presented, I was not forgotten. The Baroness was instructed to invite me for the next evening to the Princess's tea-table; and it was hinted that I should be especially welcome if I brought my music with me, and sang.

My friend the secretary, standing near us at the time, looked at me with a mysterious smile. He had suggested that I should make advances to the Baroness—and here was the Baroness (under royal instructions) making advances to Me!

"We know what *that* means," he whispered.

In justice to myself, I must declare that I failed to understand him.

On the occasion of my second reception by the Princess, at her little evening party, I detected the Baroness, more than once, in the act of watching her Highness and myself, with an appearance of disapproval that puzzled me. When I had taken my leave, she followed me out of the room.

"I have a word of advice for you," she said. "The best thing you can do, sir, is to make an excuse to your Minister, and to go back to England."

I declare again, that I failed to understand the Baroness.

CHAPTER IV.

Before the season came to an end, the Court removed to the Prince's country seat, in the interests of his Highness's health. Entertainments were given (at the Doctor's suggestion), with a view of raising the Prince's depressed spirits. The members of the English legation were among the guests invited. To me it was a delightful visit. I had again every reason to feel gratefully sensible of the Princess's condescending kindness. Meeting the secretary one day in the library, I said that I thought her a perfect creature. Was this an absurd remark to make? I could see nothing absurd in it—and yet my friend burst out laughing.

"My good fellow, nobody is a perfect creature," he said. "The Princess has her faults and failings, like the rest of us."

I denied it positively.

"Use your eyes," he went on; "and you will see, for example, that she is shallow and frivolous. Yesterday was a day of rain. We were all obliged to employ ourselves somehow, indoors. Didn't you notice that she had no resources in herself? She can't even read."

"There you are wrong at any rate," I declared. "I saw her reading the newspaper."

"You saw her with the newspaper in her hand. If you had not been deaf and blind to her defects, you would have noticed that she couldn't fix her attention on it. She was always ready to join in the chatter of the ladies about her. When even their stories of gossip were exhausted, she let the newspaper drop on her lap, and sat in idleness smiling at nothing.

I reminded him that she might have met with a dull number of the newspaper. He took no notice of this unanswerable reply.

"You were talking the other day of her warmth of feeling," he proceeded. "She has plenty of sentiment (German sentiment), I grant you, but no true feeling. What happened only this morning, when the Prince was in the breakfast room, and when the Princess and her ladies were dressed to go out riding? Even she noticed the wretchedly depressed state of her father's spirits. A man of that hypochondriacal temperament suffers acutely, though he may only fancy himself to be ill. The Princess overflowed with sympathy, but she never proposed to stay at home, and try to cheer the old man. Her filial duty was performed to her own entire satisfaction, when she had kissed her hand to the Prince. The moment after, she was out of the room—eager to enjoy her ride. We all heard her laughing gaily among the ladies in the hall."

I could have answered this also, if our discussion had not been interrupted at the moment. The Doctor came into the library in search of a book. When he had left us, my colleague's strong prejudice against him instantly declared itself.

"Be on your guard with that man," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Haven't you noticed," he replied, "that when the Princess is talking to you, the Doctor always happens to be in that part of the room?"

"What does it matter where the Doctor is?"

My friend looked at me with an oddly mingled expression of doubt and surprise. "Do you really not understand me?" he said.

"I don't indeed."

"My dear Ernest, you are a rare and admirable example to the rest of us—you are a truly modest man."

What did he mean?

CHAPTER V.

Events followed, on the next day, which (as will presently be seen) I have a personal interest in relating.

The Baroness left us suddenly, on leave of absence. The Prince wearied of his residence in the country; and the Court returned to the capital. The charming Princess was reported to be "indisposed," and retired to the seclusion of her own apartments.

A week later, I received a note from the Baroness, marked "private and confidential." It informed me that she had resumed her duties as lady in waiting, and that she wished to see me at my earliest convenience. I obeyed at once; and naturally asked if there were better accounts of her Highness's health.

The Baroness's reply a little surprised me. She said "The Princess is perfectly well."

"Recovered slowly?" I suggested.

"She has never been ill," the Baroness answered. "Her indisposition was a sham; forced on her by me, in her own interest. Her reputation is in peril; and you—you honest Englishman—are the cause of it."

Not feeling disposed to put up with such language as this, even when it was used by a lady, I requested that she would explain herself. She complied without hesitation. In another minute my eyes were opened to the truth. I knew—no; that is too positive—let me say I had reason to believe the Princess loved me!

I find it simply impossible to convey to the minds of others any idea of the emotions that overwhelmed me at that critical moment of my life. It was all confusion at the time; and, when my memory tries to realise it, it is all confusion now. The one thing I can do is to repeat what the Baroness said to me when I had in some degree recovered my composure.

"I suppose you are aware," she began, "of the disgrace to which the Princess's infatuation exposes her, if it is discovered? On my own responsibility I repeat what I said to you a short time since. Do you refuse to leave this place immediately?"

Does the man live, honoured as I was, who would have hesitated to refuse? *Find him if you can!*

"Very well," she resumed. "As the friend of the Princess, I have no choice now but to take things as they are, and to make the best of them. Let us realise your position to begin with. If you were (like your elder brother) a nobleman possessed of large estates, my royal mistress might be excused. As it is, whatever you may be in the future, you are nothing now but an obscure young man, without fortune or title. Do you see your duty to the Princess? or must I explain it to you?"

I saw my duty as plainly as she did. "Her Highness's secret is a sacred secret," I said. "I am bound to shrink from no sacrifice which may preserve it."

The Baroness smiled maliciously. "I may have occasion," she answered, "to remind you of what you have just said. In the meanwhile, the Princess's secret is in danger of discovery."

"By her father?"

"No. By the Doctor."

At first, I doubted whether she was in jest or in earnest. The next instant, I remembered that the secretary had expressly cautioned me against that man.

"It is evidently one of your virtues," the Baroness proceeded, "to be slow to suspect. Prepare yourself for a disagreeable surprise. The Doctor has been watching the Princess, on every occasion when she speaks to you, with some object of his own in view. During my absence, young sir, I have been engaged in discovering what that object is. My excellent mother lives at the Court of the Grand Duke, and enjoys the confidence of his Ministers. He is still a bachelor; and, in the interests to the succession to the throne, the time has arrived when he must marry. With my mother's assistance, I have found out the Doctor's medical errand is a pretence. Influenced by the Princess's beauty, the Grand Duke has thought of her first as his future Duchess. Whether he has heard slanderous stories, or whether he is only a cautious man, I can't tell you. But this I know: he has instructed his physician—if he had employed a professed diplomatist, his motive might have been suspected—to observe her Highness privately, and to communicate the result. The object of the report is to satisfy the Duke that the Princess's reputation is above the reach of scandal; that she is free from entanglements of a certain kind; and that she is in every respect a person to whom he can with propriety offer his hand in marriage. The Doctor, Mr. Ernest, is not disposed to allow you to prevent him from sending in a favorable report. He has drawn his conclusions from the Princess's extraordinary kindness to the second secretary of the English legation; and he is only waiting for a little plainer evidence to communicate his suspicions to the Prince. It rests with you to save the Princess."

"Only tell me how I am do it!" I said.

"There is but one way of doing it," she answered; "and that way has (comically enough) been suggested to me by the Doctor himself."

Her tone and manner tried my patience. "Come to the point!" I said.

She seemed to enjoy provoking me.

"No hurry, Mr. Ernest—no hurry; You shall be fully enlightened if you will only wait a little. The Prince, I must tell you, believes in his daughter's indisposition. When he visited her this morning, he was attended by his medical adviser. I was present at the interview. To do him justice, the Doctor is worthy of the trust reposed in him—he boldly attempted to verify his suspicions of the daughter, in the father's presence."

"How?"

"Oh, in the well-known way that has been tried over and over again, under similar circumstances! He merely invented a report that you were engaged in a love-affair with some charming person in the town. Don't be angry; there's no harm done."

"But there *is* harm done," I insisted. "What must the Princess think of me?"

"Do you suppose she is weak enough to believe the Doctor? Her Highness beat him at his own weapons; not the slightest sign of agitation on her part rewarded his ingenuity. All that you have to do is to help her to mislead this medical spy. It's as easy as lying, and easier. The Doctor's slander declares that you have a love affair in the town. Take the hint—and astonish the Doctor by proving that he has hit on the truth."

It was a hot day; the Baroness was beginning to get excited. She paused, and fanned herself. "Do I startle you?" she asked.

"You disgust me."

She laughed.

"What a thick-headed man this is!" she said pleasantly. "Must I put it more plainly still? Engage in what your English prudery calls a "flirtation," with some woman here—the lower in degree the better, or the Princess might be jealous—and let the affair be seen and known by everybody about the Court. Sly as he is, the Doctor is not prepared for that! At your age, and with your personal advantages, he will take appearances for granted; he will conclude that he has wronged you, and misinterpreted the motives of the Princess; and the secret of her Highness's weakness will be preserved—thanks to that sacrifice, Mr. Ernest, which you are so willing and so eager to make."

It was useless to remonstrate with such a woman as this. I simply stated my own objection to her artfully devised scheme.

"I don't wish to appear vain," I said; "but the woman to whom I am to pay these attentions may believe that I really admire her—and it is just possible that she may honestly return the feeling which I am only assuming."

"Well—and what then?"

"It's hard on the woman, surely?"

The Baroness was shocked, unaffectedly shocked.

"Good heavens; she exclaimed, "how can anything that you do for the Princess be hard on a woman of the lower orders? There must be an end of this nonsense, sir! You have heard what I propose; and you know what the circumstances are. My mistress is waiting for your answer. What am I to say?"

"Is my own Her Highness, and speak for myself," I said.

"Quite impossible to day, without running a great risk. Your reply must be made through me."

"There was to be a Court concert at the end of the week. On that occasion I should be able to [illegible] while I only [illegible] to consider."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Until to-morrow. If you object [illegible] On the contrary, I cordially agree. [illegible] base positive [illegible] loss to results which I have not [illegible] to anticipate."

"What do you mean?"

"Between this and to-morrow," the horrid woman replied, "the Princess may end in seeing you with my eyes. In that hope I wish you good-morning."

(To be continued.)

FAITHFUL UNTO [illegible]

By [illegible]

"You do m[illegible] [illegible] will give you [illegible] probably my venture host can in rags and patches, with frowsy hair, harrissed Sulp, my tired, tough Texan pony near the "castle."

"Yessum, a storm's a brewin', but there's shelter from its wrath in the castle. My princess'll serve ye, and sweet strains of music shall enchant you, fair lady."

Afraid to refuse, I thriftily took the arm proffered me to "stiddy me like," and was soon before the "princess," who sat upon a low box in one corner of the dark room of the sad house "on the skirts of Indian territory."

"A chance guest, my princess; the best our castle affords must be placed before this lone wayfarer," said my host in a patronizing sing-song manner.

The pale, untidy, discouraged woman raised her eyes to mine, curtly saying:

"There's nothing to git for her. When we sow not we reap not. Let her proceed upon her way."

"Princess! do you relish the weary rest, and food when famished? But I am lord of the manor here; a downy couch is at your disposal, and a repast will soon be served you, I myself will lull you to dreams, sweet dreams with dulcet strains," and taking up a battered violin he proceeded to assure the princess and myself with discords and creakings detestable.

The princess meekly went out to dig sweet potatoes; meekly building a fire near the door, she thrust the potatoes in ashes. A more scantily furnished room I never saw: the downy couch proved to be a bundle of prairie grass laid upon the bare earth. The lord of the manor was really subdued.

"In this castle you behold a pair of Lotus eaters dwelling in Arcady, a most fortunate pair are we. What to us are all the turmoils of the world; madam, are you not consumed with envy?" and the sallow, tall and angular man circled about the room three times, then darting out the front door, returned with the "Princess" in his arms; whirling, "Money Mask" he whirled the poor woman violently about, stopping long enough to shout, "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

"Oh, Abiram, he's taken bad again," said the woman, as she struggled to free herself from his clasp.

"You forget Abiram our wayfarer's repast, it's almost ready," she pleaded.

"Serve it now, my princess." He again took up the violin, while she raked the potatoes from the fire and placed them upon a pine box, with a little salt and water.

"Allow me to conduct you to the festal board, my bright-eyed guest," he pompously said, glaring upon me in a manner I did not like.

"Git, git, and quick, marm, when he looks like that, down inter the tall prairie grass, I'll distract his mind while ye run," whispered the princess.

Afraid to disobey I did "git," not stopping to rest until I lay down exhausted in the rank growth of grass.

Shrill screams alarmed me for the woman's safety. She undoubtedly was in the power of a lunatic. A weary two hours I spent alone, fearing to leave my refuge, when a soft footfall aroused me, and I saw the princess.

"Pore Biram! You've seed what he is, but you can't know what he was, when I married him, straight as a sycamore, and hansum an' smart in the head, edificated for a minister an' jest thro' college. One mornin' he woke up turned, touched; some said a mouse run erost his face in the night an' witched him. We sent him to a 'sylum an' doctored everywhere; I was raised nice an' delicate, but I washed an' scrubbed to get money to help him, but 'twas no use. His people was ashamed of him an' he had no friend; my folks wanted me to git a separation from him while I was young an' handsum, but no, marm, Biram needs me wuss than he used ter, when folks that he'd stoopid to marry old Peter's Elizabeth Jane.

"I could stand being separated if he was at himself, or rich an' happy, but pore an' crazy, he is on my mind allers, allers! I never get rid of him, an' I'll stay by Biram until he dies."

The dull red glowed in the yellow cheek, she looked every inch a princess to me now that I knew her sacrifice and devotion.

"Suppose it had been the other way, do you think he would have remained faithful?"

"I dunno, I dunno, but I will not ask that question marm; the heft of burden fell upon me, an' I'll shoulder it as best I may, but I've dosed him with opium, you'd best come now."

Following in her lead, I went into the house again; there upon the downy couch lay "Biram" helpless and opium drugged. About the cabin were scattered Latin and Greek words, and evidence that showed the "lord of the manor" was not always as he was now.

The wife's arms were bruised and bitten; there had been a struggle.

"He may kill you some time," said I.

"Yes, I look for nothin' else; he keeps strong an' I git weak, but who will keer for him if I don't. I've lived this way twenty years hopin' for a change, but none comes, an' hope is dead in me now. We had a nice home once, now you see me, this hair was like shinin' gold, now you seea its faded an' rough, but somethin'll come to me mebbe in the next life. Don't you think he'll know what I've done there?"

An eager look came into the dull, gray, expressionless eyes. I could but answer "he surely would," words of comfort I could think of none.

Often have I thought of that miserable home in the prairie, in a malaria infected place, of the brave, ignorant "princess" wondering if she yet wears her darkened life away caring as best she may in her extreme poverty for her incurable husband, though abandoned by friends and kindred. Truly rare jewels are found in the rough; what more can be said of any woman or wife "faithful even unto death."

The Farmer

Remarkable Success by Irrigation.

At the recent meeting of the ensilage congress, in New York, Mr. A. N. Cole, of Wellsville, in that state, told some remarkable stories of his success in farming. He ignores phosphoric acid, ammonia, potash, and other standard fertilizers, and regards pure water as a cure for every agricultural ill. Cole has constructed a lake on top of a hill, and the water is conducted from this by means of subterranean pipes to the roots of his plants. It is said that the world never saw such plants as this system of irrigation produces. Strawberries the size of peaches, and peas the size of frost grapes in pods six and seven inches long are among the results.

It is objected that vegetables produced by Mr. Cole's system will be lacking in substance, and of a coarse, watery flavor, caused by too much acid and too little sun, but there seems to be no doubt that great size can be attained by the products of this liberal irrigation. As big vegetables are in demand, and bring fine prices, it is likely that many farmers will follow Cole's methods.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

In the last issue of *Our Country Home* is the following advice: "We feel sure we are right when we advise farmers, in planting for next season's campaign, to arrange for a full amount of labour. Practice rigid economy at all possible points, but let it be economy of the economical sort. Remember that "There is that which withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." On the farm this may well be applied to the item of labour. All farm profit comes directly from work well done, and done at the right time."

A Nevada ranchman has a herd of hybrid cattle, a cross between the Buffalo and the domestic cow. They are very hardy and thrive where other cattle would starve. Their beef is said to be excellent, and yarn has been spun from their hair.

A practical farmer says: "Yet with long years of experience, observation, and experiment, I believe I have learnt some of the ways of success in agriculture. One is good seed; the other thorough cultivation."

Advantages of Green Manuring.

To manure our tillable lands seems the only alternative left for keeping up their fertility, while the crops they annually produce are being taken from them. Nature's own way of both keeping up and increasing this fertility is to give back to the field each year's product of its soil for the benefit of the one that is to follow. Where the crop is to be removed something like an equivalent must be returned, or nature will rebel, and barrenness will be the consequence.

There are three ways open to the farmer by which to supply his productive soils with these fertilizing ingredients. One I would call the scientific way, by applying such commercial fertilizers as the requirements of the soil and of the crop to be grown would seem to need. Another is the practical one of applying the barnyard manure, which is in fact only returning to the soil again merely the refuses of its crop product, while the former takes the cream of it for other purposes. The third way is by green manuring, which is nearest like nature's own way of renewing its fertility.

Of these three ways, while the first often proves to be very beneficial when the conditions and the season all are favorable, still it will never prove as reliable as the barnyard manure, which, compared with the former, is said to be always reliable; but occasionally, owing to unforeseen peculiarities of the season, or other conditions, it sometimes fails of benefiting the first crop after applying it, as in the case of using light, strawy manure, ploughed in rather late in the season on old stubble land, and not rolled down. If the crop of this land had to encounter a severe drought, it would affect it more than if this manure had not been there; although with a very wet season, the result would be just the reverse, and both the fertilizing and mechanical effects from it be good for the crop.

Now, in the practice of green manuring, it is always found to do well in any condition of season, or of soil, if it were needing any fertilizing agent. This will in all cases prove good for it, and in most cases will do more good, compared with the cost of applying it, than either of the others. Applying the whole crop is better than only returning a part of it, and using that in a live and green state, is better than to have it dead and dry before using. For some very dry seasons, and for some crops, the turning under of a heavy-growing crop in green manuring a field, will help the soil to retain moisture enough to carry its crop through such a season better than with any other conditions of manuring or tillage for such a year. A noted instance occurred a few years ago, when the potato crop was very much affected by severe drought; the best pieces and yields were grown where a heavy crop of rye had been ploughed under, just before planting.—*Country Gentleman.*

Science.

Death Not to be Feared.

Investigation of the Phenomena Attending the Closing of Life.

Dr. G. L. Beardsley, a medical expert, has been giving to the public the latest investigation by physicians respecting the phenomena attending the closing of life. It seems that while there is a natural dread of death on the part of all sane and wholesome people, there is no such repugnance among those whose end is near. The function of dying is negative; we fall to pieces like a flower. The organic, chemical changes are not only natural, but are accompanied by a sense of relief and even of pleasure. The criteria of death are being satisfied, and the process is consummated when this extinction of sensibility prevails at the ultimate filaments. During the progress of this dissolution of the nerve force, this creeping on of the numbness of death, the individual is rapidly passing into a condition of repose, and, instead of torture or pangs, a degree of self-satisfaction oft approaching to enthusiasm is realised.

The sensations peculiar to the therapeutical operation of opium, hashish, ether, etc., are not improbably akin to the mental activities of the dying. Barring the hallucinations experienced in the stupor as it gains on the subject, the moribund is familiar with naught that borders on suffering. This carbonic acid has poisoned or narcotized the several ganglia, and reflex productions are interdicted. A consummate analgesia prevails. In short, the notion of pain is forbidden the instant that any stimulus fails to excite a response. The condition to this irritability is that the nerve center and track are sound. If this vigor vanishes, reflex phenomena are at an end, and suffering, physiologically speaking, is impossible, because of the arrest of the function of the sympathetic.

Under these conditions there is no physical or mental recoil from death. Dr. William Hunter was sorry he was unable to write "how easy and delightful it is to die." Dr. Solander, the traveller, was so delighted with sensations of excess in cold that he was the first to lie down in the snow to realise the luxury of such a death. Dr. Barney tried hard to resist the efforts made to resuscitate him from drowning, so bewitched was he by his prolonged slumber. Infants die as serenely as they breathe, and though hanging is the most cruel form of death, save crucifixion, yet after the first agony from strangulation, hallucinations rapidly follow that are intensely pleasurable. Death means rest and relief from suffering. Its chief terror to the well is in what may follow in the long and lonely night which comes after dissolution.

—*Demorest's Monthly*

Nature.

A Sociable Spider.

Some years ago I was living in St. Louis. All day long I was busy, but in the evening I was my own master. Letting down my curtains and poking my fire to a steady blaze one evening, I drew my chair up to a table near the wall and began writing. Soon I was surprised to find that my room had another occupant, no other that an immense black spider, which advanced sociable toward me upon the table. I was quite surprised to find that he showed no fear, but sat looking at me with attention. I pulled a straw from the broom and drew it gently over his body and legs, to his great delight, for ten minutes, when he retired. The next evening he reappeared, to my surprise, and we went through the same antics with the broom straw, to his evident pleasure. This was kept up all that lonely Winter, and the solitude of my evenings was greatly relieved by my big spider friend, who came out regularly every night for a frolic with me and the broom straw.—*Letter in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Przevalsky's Wild Horse.

A Description Which Equestrians May Value.

Great interest is attached to the question of the origin of our domestic animals, and especially to that of the horse—which is generally supposed not now to exist in an aboriginally wild state. Every fact bearing upon this subject is of importance, and the discovery by the great Russian traveller, Przevalsky, of a new wild horse, more nearly allied to the domestic horse than any previously known species, is certainly well worthy of attention. This new animal was described in 1881 in a Russian journal by Mr. S. Poliatow, and dedicated to its discoverer as equus przevalskii. The recently issued German translation of Przevalsky's third journey enables us to give further particulars of this interesting discovery. Przevalsky's wild horse has warts on its hind legs as well as on its fore legs, and has broad hoofs like the true horse. But the long hairs of the tail, instead of commencing at the base, do not begin until about half way down the tail. In this respect equus przevalskii is intermediate between the true horse and the ass. It also differs from the typical equus in having a short, erect mane, and in having no forelock, that, is no bunch of hairs in front of the mane falling down over the forehead. Nor has Przevalsky's horse any dorsal stripe, which, although by no means universal, is often found in the typical horse, and it is almost always present in the ass. Its whole general color is of a whitish gray, paler and whiter beneath, and reddish on the head. The legs are reddish to the knees, and thence blackish down to the hoofs. It is of small stature, but the legs are very thick and strong, and the head is large and heavy. The ears are smaller than those of the ass. Przevalsky's wild horse inhabits the great Dsungarian Desert between the Altai and Tianschan Mountains, where it is called by the Tartars "Kertag," and by the Mongols "Statur." It is met with in troops of from five to fifteen individuals, led by an old stallion. Apparently the rest of these troops consist of mares, which all belong to the single stallion. They are lively animals, very shy, and with highly developed organs of sight, hearing and smelling. They keep to the wildest parts of the desert, and are very hard to approach. They seem especially to prefer the saline districts and to be able to do long without water. The pursuit of this wild horse can only be carried on in Winter, because the hunter must live in the waterless districts, and must depend upon a supply of water from melted snow. As may well be believed, such an expedition during the severest cold of Winter into the most remote part of the desert must take at least a month. During the whole time of his stay in the Dsungarian Desert Przevalsky met with only two herds of this wild horse. In vain he and his companions fired at these animals. With outstretched head and uplifted tail the stallion disappeared like lightning, with the rest of the herd after him. Przevalsky and his companions could not keep near them, and soon lost their tracks. On the second occasion they came upon them from one side, yet one of the herd discovered their presence, and they were all gone in an instant. The single specimen of Przevalsky's horse subsequently procured is now in the Museum of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, and is the only example of this species in Europe.—*Nature.*

Bismarck.

Bismarck is the greatest figure which has appeared in the statesmanship of Europe since Richelieu, and he carries with him all the outward signs of majesty and power in a greater degree than any personage of his time. He is taller than the late Czar Nicholas, has a head the size of Webster's and a breadth and massiveness of body equal to those of the late General Scott. When he enters the Reichstag it is like the entrance of Jupiter among the hierarchy of Olympus. His eyebrows are thick, white and overhanging; his moustache, likewise snow white, and, as a recent correspondent describes him, "his face is covered with folds and wrinkles, broad rings surround his eyes, and even his forehead is drawn into minute corrugations like the skin upon a withered apple. His head is naked of hair and shines like a dome of polished ivory. His eyes have a cold and somewhat cruel expression, and when he begins to speak the color of his face changes from pale to red, and gradually assumes a light bronze shade which gives his powerful skull the appearance of burnished metal." His voice is soft, almost weak, and when he has spoken for a while it grows somewhat hoarse. He speaks rapidly or with deliberation, according to his mood, but never in a loud voice; is courteous, though sometimes ironical in manner and gives token of his rising wrath, which is frequently excited by his opponents, rather by the swelling of the huge veins in his neck and by clutching at the collar of his uniform than by any furious rhetorical outburst. He makes the memoranda for his speeches on loose sheets of quarto paper with pencils more than a foot long and the words which he jots down with them and utters in so soft a tone have the weight of cannon balls. The old Chancellor draws now to the end of his career: his imperial master is slumbering away the remnant of his hours, and when he passes away, which may be at any time, the work of his mighty minister, the greatest who has ever served the house of Hohenzollern or wrought in the political concerns of the Fatherland, may be regarded as practically accomplished.

Embarrassing Generosity.

Not only the houses of the Mexicans, but whatever you admire is yours. If you express a sentiment of approbation for anything the owner at once says: "Senior, it is yours," but he simply intends to say something flattering, and you are therefore not expected to accept anything that is offered you. An amusing story is told of Sir Spencer St. John, the English ambassador, which illustrates how this national courtesy often provokes embarrassment. Sir Spencer, who is a gallant old bachelor, was promenading with some ladies in the park when he met a nurse girl with a bright-eyed baby. The ladies stopped to admire the little one, and Sir Spencer asked whose child it was. "Senor, it is your own," replied the nurse, with a curtesy. Sir Spencer has never inquired as to the parentage of pretty children since.

There is unusual movement among men in many parts of the world just now. Italy is moving toward Massowah, Russia is moving toward Herat, England is moving toward Khartoum, France is moving toward Formosa, Spain is being moved by an earthquake, Germany is moving in Africa and dynamiters are moving everywhere.—*Exchange.*

Ladies' Column.

The Rod in Training Children.

By Fanny Fireside.

Sparing the rod spoils the child. This comes from too good authority for us to dare question it. Since it was uttered by the wise man, thousands of instances have proved its correctness.

But the brief statement contained in this one short sentence was never intended to cover the whole subject of training children.

It does not mean that the rod is the only thing needed by parents in the work of securing discipline in the household. It does not mean that the sparing of this punishment is the only thing that spoils the child. Nor does it mean that the more the rod is applied, the better will the child become—in other words, that the goodness of the future man or woman is to be measured by the length of the rod, and the frequency of its application to the boy or girl.

It doesn't mean any of these, even though the actions of some parents might lead us to think it meant them all.

When the child has done wrong, and the parent clearly sees that it should be corrected, it becomes his duty to administer some kind of punishment; and the continual shirking of such duties would be very likely to spoil the child. But too much punishment, improperly and irregularly applied, may be equally as injurious. It might be well to remind some parents that the rod is not a food upon which a child will thrive and fatten in goodness. It is more properly a medicine of the bitter and disagreeable kind. And how often do physicians caution us against the too frequent and prolonged use of any kind of medical drug. In too large doses it becomes a poison. In prolonging its use the system becomes habituated to it, and it ceases to do good. Just so with the rod. Too large doses do only harm. When too frequently applied, the child's feeling becomes blunted, and it loses its power to do good.

Of course, we regard the term "rod" as meaning any kind of punishment. Sometimes it is the mother's tongue, and many a child well knows what the word scold means.

I know a mother who uses this rod vigorously on the slightest provocation. She has used it so much that its sting is gone, and her children care little or nothing for it. It means to them now but little more than so much noise.

I know another quiet little woman from whom a look and a word of reproof in her usual mild tones is all that is needed, ordinarily, in governing her little ones. She never scolds. The rod she uses seems to be one of love, and it goes directly to the heart.

It touches and works on the best feelings, without stirring up the the worst ones. It encourages the good within the child, without arousing the evil, and thus it accomplishes its mission.

Whatever the form of punishment used, it should be administered in love, not in anger. No one digs the weeds from his garden when the sky is dark with clouds overhead. To do so might check their growth, but they would spring up again more numerous than before. It is not the hoe, but the warm sunshine after it, that kills the weeds.

And the principle involved is much the same when our work to uproot the evil thoughts and habits forming in the hearts of our children. The fond mother may not find it a pleasant task to watch for evil in the hearts of those innocent ones around her. We do not like to look at the faults of our own children; hence there is is a tendency for us to shut our eyes and become blind to them.

But duty demands that we be on the lookout for the first appearance of evil that we may check it in its early growth. The child may develop traits of self-will, stubborness, defiance and disobedience. To check the growth of these, it is usually necessary to resort to some kind of punishment. But when done in the proper time and manner it will not often need repeating. Idle threats are worse than useless. All promises should be kept faithfully and punctually. Kindness and firmness should go hand in hand—also wisdom and love.

No one entering upon the work of training children should expect to find it an easy task. It is a position of responsibility and care. Careful, earnest thought and untiring patience are needed every day and yet the work is one of love, and is entered upon willingly and joyously by every mother worthy of the task imposed upon her. Truly, there is no loftier mission on earth than her's.

RECIPES.

Tea Cakes.—Three pints of flour, two pints of brown sugar, three eggs, two heaping tablespoonfuls lard, not quite a half-teacup of sour cream or milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a little nutmeg; roll thin and bake in a hot oven.

Peach Leaf Yeast.—One large Irish potato, three tablespoonfuls sugar, three tablespoonfuls salt, one and one-third or two dozen peach leaves, three pints boiling water; peel the raw potato, cut up fine in the water, add the peach leaves, boil down to a quart, have in a vessel the sugar and salt, pour the water in through a sifter, mash the potato through; set aside until about milkwarm, then stir in a cupful of yeast: set by the fire to rise. If made in the morning it will be ready to use at night.

Bread from Peach Leaf Yeast.—If in winter use from two to three tablespoonfuls of the yeast to one pint of flour, one tablespoonful of lard, one teaspoonful of salt. If in summer one tablespoonful of yeast to one pint of flour will be sufficient.

Paradise Pudding.—Six eggs, six apples, one and a half cups of bread crumbs, the grated peel of half a lemon, half a tea-spoonful of salt, a little, say half a teaspoonful, of grated nutmeg. Peel and chop the apples very fine, then mix the ingredients thoroughly with them; beat the eggs well before mixing. Boil or steam in a well buttered mould for two and a-half hours, or even three hours.

Lemon Pie.—Two lemons; grate off the outer peel; chop the rest very fine; put two tablespoonfuls of corn starch in one teacup of hot water, and boil; when cool add two teacups of white sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, then add the chopped peel and juice; stir well together; bake till the crust is done—only one crust; beat the whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth; add five tablespoonfuls of sugar, stirring in well; pour over the pie while hot; set in the oven to brown.

Apple Tart.—Peel and core some apples, cut them into slices, and stew it until tender in a very little water, with a small lump of butter added. Line some round tins with puff paste rolled very thin, then put into it a layer of the apples and then of the quince, with a layer of apples on the top; sprinkle sugar enough over each layer to sweeten it, put a band of puff paste around the edge and a thin cover over the top; wet this over with the white of an egg, and bake it in a moderate oven. Just before it is eaten it should have powdered sugar sprinkled over it.

The Largest Bridge in the World.

The largest bridge in the world crosses Lake Ponchartrain, at New Orleans, and is twenty-two miles in length. It is trestlework, on piles, and is made of cypress wood which was first saturated with creosote oil, which renders it impervious to moisture and proof against the attack of barnacles.

At an egg-eating match at Peterborough, Canada, a short time since, one man ate forty-one eggs and the other forty. The eggs were raw and take from a basket in a grocery store. The basket was emptied, and the winner said he could eat a dozen more.

Essayist.

WHO READS STORIES?

WHAT THE WORLD OF FICTION IS TO THE REAL WORLD.

The Streak of Sentiment that Softens all Humanity—Growing Young by Reading About Young People.

It is a mistake to suppose that the majority of men and women do not care to read stories. There is a streak of sentiment in almost every heart, and it feeds upon fiction. Often the fare is poor and meagre; but it is hungrily consumed, even if it does not satisfy. The cardiac requirements of human beings demand something that deals with the affections.

It is not only the young and romantic who turn to the three-column story in the daily or weekly newspapers for emotional pleasure. The most withered lawyer or cash-burdened banker, whose heart—his neighbors think—turned to parchment years ago, goes through the little romance, entitled "Jasper's Legacy" or "Margery's Vow," with a zest that would astonish his friends and his family if they only knew it.

But they don't know it. He takes it for granted that they think he ought to be through with such nonsense, and so reads the story on the sly, when he is alone—at night, perhaps, when everybody else is asleep, or on his little trips in the cars, or in his office when business languishes. And while he reads he maintains an expression of face indicative of thought on intricate questions of jurisprudence or finance. He wouldn't be caught smiling tenderly over the story for anything.

He is as sheepish about this little green and beautiful spot in his well scorched soul as a schoolboy caught writing his first love sonnet. It is the one sweet evidence of the God within him which Mammon has not vanquished; but he is ashamed of it, and deals with it as a weakness.

Still, he reads the story—reads it and enjoys it, though it be as commonplace in plot as a primer dog story. It has, of course, a hero and a heroine, a man and woman hopelessly wounded by Cupid's arrows—who find the course for their love obstructed by all sorts of troubles. Somehow the pent-up sentiment of the banker's nature expands itself in sympathy with their woes. To all the world he is self-contained, unemotional and severely practical. To the hero and heroine of the story he is as sympathetic as a school girl. He weeps with them and laughs with them; and when all their early sorrows are past, the villain vanquished, the cruel father's selfish plans thwarted, and the suffering lovers safe in the matrimonial harbor, he breathes a sigh of satisfaction, and over his finance-worn face flits an old, old smile which nothing else under the sun could call into life.

His business partner thinks the smile has its origin in some favorable fluctuation of the stock market. His wife, if she sees it, thinks he has found an exceptionally satirical paragraph about women—a style of literature for which he professes great admiration; and his enemy, if he could see him, would be certain that he had hit upon a new means of worrying *him*. We are all immeasurably less fiendish than we are supposed to be. Who would dream—oh, short-sighted, blundering souls—who would dream that that look of tenderness on the banking-house countenance was born of a love story?

Yet, mark you, if similar heroes and heroines would rise up in the flesh and defy the social proprieties or parental wrath for love's sake, the banker would condemn them without mercy. He would judge them solely from an exterior standpoint. He would be totally unmoved by any sentimental considerations, because he would not be made acquainted with their emotional sufferings as in the case of the lovers of the story. That is often why we are all so cold-hearted to real sufferers, and so sympathetic to the stage and book people.

The banker's wife also reads the story—reads it and sighs. She has a well-defined idea that the prospective happiness of the bride may prove somewhat ephemereal, and that thought calls out the sigh. Still her heart is a little younger and a little warmer because of the story. It has linked her for a brief moment with the vanished dreams of the past. Some of the happiness which might have been, ought to have been, and yet was not, colors her mind with the rose tint of youth, even while her eyes grow dim.

And the young people! No one doubts that they read stories—those that end well and those that leave their chief characters with a heartache as big as a barrel. If they were to speak frankly they would most likely say they liked the latter better. "Heartaches," "secret sorrows," "quenchless griefs," these are precious possessions to imaginative youth, lifting them head, shoulders, and body above "the common herd," in their own fond fancy.

Yes, the young people read the stories, read them and live them. Sometimes they resolutely shape their lives after their favorite characters, or try to so far as the heroic, lofty, and sometimes the gloomy, as they understand them, go. Gloom is a quality often very much overrated by the very young. In their lack of sophistication, they fancy it makes them attractive, when it really makes them ridiculous.

Sometimes the young and imaginative dwell with the people of Authorland almost to the point of being oblivious to the less interesting flesh and blood creatures around them. This, though considered extremely impractical and highly unremumerative, is after all evidence of a longing for something better. The book people who win their regard are real people, with their defects blotted out and their good qualities brought into plain sight by the author's subtle art. To love them and long for people like them is an aspiration. They are a little higher than mortals, though still considerably lower than the angels.

The boundless realm of fiction is the land to which we can all flee and find rest and pleasure when the world of reality grows unbearable. It is the land of the ideal, and its printed gates are always ajar. It is but a moment's journey from the wearying earth to the top of its highest mountain peak. On its broad and bountiful highways we breathe the air of our dreams. In its palaces we sup with kings; in its lowly homes we meet the gentle and the faithful; and everywhere within we can hold counsel with the great.

Who would put his friends of fiction out of his mind if he could? Who would weed these deathless poor and immortal great out of the garden of his memory, leaving there only his flesh-and-blood friends?

How cheerless the world would become if we shut the doors of Storyland and refused to open them.

Many a woman living in some crude, sparsely settled community, lonely and working like a slave, knowing no joys but the plainest and homeliest, gets her only glimpse of something beautiful through the stories that float to her in the newspapers. These and the scraps of poetry picked up from the same source keep her heart from withering. They reassure her that somewhere in the same world with herself, though she may never see them, are men and women who think and write about such sweet, lost things as love and beauty, tenderness and truth.

The people of Storyland that she learns to love are actuated by nobler impulses than most of the real people that surround her, and so they become the props which keep her from sinking in dull despair.

If she has friends that she can share these treasures with she does so, and so enhances her own enjoyment of them. Perhaps she knows other women as lonely and loveless as herself; and if they can understand what she has found so pleasant, she lends her stories and talks them over with the borrowers.

Women, unlike men, are not ashamed of sentiment after they are through the regulation love-making experiences, and are married and "settled." This process of "settling" is generally fatal to the "fine feelings" of unpolished men. They may have a little fondness for romance left within them, but they think it wise to affect to be without it.

The plainest, most practical countryman read stories, though he never speaks of them. But he thinks about them, and their people become his people. They have widened his world; they have given him new thought; they take him out of himself and into their own enchanted country, from which he returns with a sigh.

The old and the young, the sad and the merry, the hopeful and the despairing, the idle and the industrious, the rich and the poor all read stories, and all find solace in them and sympathy.

We are all really more creatures of imagination than reality. We live more in thought of the morrow than in thought of to-day. Even the most uncompromising realist has an imagination, narrowed, cramped and unlovely though it be, and thither he betakes himself a thousand times a day. Even the planning of the poorest, meanest of life's duties demands some of this divine quality. One can furnish one's imagination with interests sticking close to earth, or fill it with heroes and locate it on Fancy's grandest mountain.

I once knew a man 85 years old, who had been out of the active contest of life many years, lived secluded, seeing but few friends, yet was young and happy in spirit. His chief occupation was novel reading. His library table groaned with works of fiction, and many hours of the days and nights did he sit beside it reading, laughing, sometimes weeping, but always enjoying.

"I read stories because I like them," he said. "They keep me young. The more I read the younger I feel. Perhaps if I keep on I'll renew my youth, and never die," he added, playfully.

Yet he may have uttered a greater truth than he was aware of. The book atmosphere that he dwelt in was largely impregnated with the thoughts, the hopes, the loves and adventures of youth. When he entered it old age fell away from his mind, though it still clung to his body. His spirit was made young by absorbing the thoughts of the young, and being for the time one of them in sympathy.

Gertrude Garrison.

In the *Hawkeye.*

Humor.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.

By Mark Twain.

(Continued.)

It didn't take me long to make up my mind that these liars warn't no kings nor dukes, at all, but just low-down humbugs and frauds. But I never said nothing, never let on; kept it to myself; it's the best way; then you don't have no quarrels, and don't get into no trouble. If they wanted us to call them kings and dukes, I hadn't no objections, 'long as it would keep peace in the family; and it warn't no use to tell Jim, so I didn't tell him. If I never learnt nothing else out of pap I learnt that the best way to get along with his kind of people is to let them have their own way.

They asked us considerable many questions; wanted to know what we covered up the raft that way for, and laid by in the day-time instead of running—was Jim a runaway nigger? Says I—

"Goodness sakes, would a runaway nigger run *south?*"

No, they allowed he wouldn't. I had to account for things some way, so I says:

"My folks was living in Pike County, in Missouri, where I was born, and they all died off but me and pa and my brother Ike. Pa, he 'lowed he'd break up and go down and live with Uncle Ben, who's got a little one-horse place on the river, forty-four mile below Orleans. Pa was pretty poor, and had some debts; so when he'd squared up there warn't nothing left but sixteen dollars and our nigger, Jim. That warn't enough to take us fourteen hundred mile, deck passage nor no other way. Well, when the river rose, pa had a streak of luck one day; he ketched this piece of a raft; so we reckoned we'd go down to Orleans on it. Pa's luck didn't hold out; a steamboat run over the forrard corner of the raft, one night, and we all went overboard and dove under the wheel; Jim and me come up, all right, but pa was drunk, and Ike was only four years old, so they never come up no more. Well, for the next day or two we had considerable trouble, because people was always coming out in skiffs and trying to take Jim away from me, saying they believed he was a runaway nigger. We don't run day-times no more, now; nights they don't bother us."

The duke says—

"Leave me alone to cipher out a way so we can run in the day-time if we want to. I'll think the thing over—I'll invent a plan that'll fix it. Well, let it alone for to-day, because of course we don't want to go by that town yonder in daylight—it mightn't be healthy."

Towards night it begun to darken up and look like rain: the heat lightning was squirting round, low down in the sky, and the leaves was beginning to shiver—it was going to be pretty ugly, it was easy to see that. So the duke and the king went to overhauling our wigwam, to see what the beds were like. My bed was a straw tick—better than Jim's, which was a corn-shuck tick; there's always cobs around about in a shuck tick, and they poke into you and hurt; and when you roll over, the dry shucks sound like you was rolling over in a pile of dead leaves; it makes such a rustling that you wake up. Well, the duke allowed he would take my bed; but the king allowed he wouldn't. He says—

"I should a reckoned the difference in rank would a sejested to you that a corn-shuck bed warn't just fitten for me to sleep on. Your Grace'll take the shuck bed yourself."

Jim and me was in a sweat again, for a minute, being afraid there was going to be some more trouble amongst them; so we was pretty glad when the duke says—

"'Tis my fate to be always ground into the mire under the iron heel of oppression. Misfortune has broken my once haughty spirit; I yield, I submit; 'tis my fate. I am alone in the world—let me suffer; I can bear it."

We got away as soon as it was good and dark. The king told us to stand well out towards the middle of the river, and not show a light till we got a long ways below the town. We come in sight of the little bunch of lights by-and-by—that was the town, you know—and slid by, about a half a mile out, all right. When we was three-quarters of a mile below, we hoisted up our signal lantern; and about ten o'clock it come on to rain and blow and thunder and lighten everything; so the king told us to both stay on watch till the weather got better; then him and the duke crawled into the wigwam and turned in for the night. It was my watch below, till twelve, but I wouldn't a turned in, anyway, if I'd had a bed; because a body don't see such a storm as that every day in the week, not by a long sight. My souls, how the wind did scream along! And every second or two there'd come a glare that lit up the white-caps for half a mile around, and you'd see the islands looking dusty through the rain, and the trees thrashing around in the wind; then comes a *h-wack!*—bum! bum! bumble-umble-um-bum-bum-bum-bum—and the thunder would go rumbling and grumbling away, and quit—and then *rip* comes another flash and another sockdolager. The waves most washed me off the raft, sometimes, but I hadn't any clothes on, and didn't mind. We didn't have no trouble about snags; the lightning was glaring and flittering around so constant that we could see them plenty soon enough to throw her head this way or that and miss them.

I had the middle watch, you know, but I was pretty sleepy by that time, so Jim he said he would stand the first half of it for me; he was always mighty good that way, Jim was. I crawled into the wigwam, but the king and the duke had their legs sprawled around so there warn't no show for me; so I laid outside—I didn't mind the rain, because it was warm, and the waves warn't running so high, now. About two they come up again, though, and Jim was going to call me, but he changed his mind because he reckoned they warn't high enough yet to do any harm; but he was mistaken about that, for pretty soon all of a sudden along comes a regular ripper, and washed me overboard. It most killed Jim a-laughing. He was the easiest nigger to laugh that ever was, anyway.

I took the watch, and Jim he laid down and snored away; and by-and-bye the storm let up for good and all; and the first cabin-light that showed. I roused him out and we slid the raft into hiding-quarters for the day.

The king got out an old ratty deck of cards, after breakfast, and him and the duke played seven-up a while, five cents a game. Then they got tired of it, and allowed they would "lay out a campaign," as the called it. The duke went down into his carpet-bag and fetched up a lot of little printed bills, and read them out loud. One bill said "The celebrated Dr. Armand de Montalban, of Paris," would "lecture on the Science of Phrenology" at such and such a place, on the blank day of blank, at ten cents admission, and "furnish charts of character at twenty-five cents apiece." The duke said that was *him*. In another bill he was the "world renowned Shakesperean tragedian, Garrick the Younger, of Drury Lane, London." In other bills he had a lot of other names and done other wonderful things, like finding water and gold with a "divinining rod," "dissipating witch-spells," and so on. By-and-bye he says—

"But the histrionic muse is the darling. Have you ever trod the boards, Royalty?"

"No," says the king.

"You shall, then, before you're three days older, Fallen Grandeur," says the duke. "The first good town we come to, we'll hire a hall and do the sword-fight in Richard III. and the balcony scene in Romeo and Juliet. How does that strike you?"

"I'm in, up to the hub, for anything that will pay, Bilgewater, but you see I don't know nothing about play-actn', and hain't ever seen much of it. I was to small when pap used to have 'em at the palace. Do you reckon you can learn me?"

"Easy!"

"All right. I'm jist a-freezn' for something fresh, anyway. Lets commence, right away."

So the duke he told him all about who Romeo was, and who Juliet was, and said he was used to being Romeo, so the king could be Juliet.

"But if Juliet's such a young gal, duke, my peeled head and my white whiskers is goin' to look oncommon odd on her, maybe."

"No, don't you worry—these country jakes won't ever think of that. Besides, you know, you'll be in costume, and that makes all the difference in the world; Juliet's in a balcony, enjoying the moonlight before she goes to bed, and she's got on her night-gown and her ruffled night-cap. Here are the costumes for the parts."

He got out two or three curtain-calico suits, which he said was meedyevil armour for Richard III. and t'other chap, and a long white cotton night-shirt and a ruffled night-cap to match. The king was satisfied; so the duke got out his book and read the parts over in the most splendid spread-eagle way, prancing around and acting at the same time, to show how it had got to be done; the he give the book to the king and told him to get his part by heart.

There was a little one-horse town about three mile down the bend, and after dinner the duke said he had ciphered out his idea about how to run in daylight without it being dangersome for Jim; so he allowed he would go down to the town and fix that thing. The king allowed he would go too, and see if he couldn't strike something. We was out of coffee, so Jim said I better go along with them in the canoe and get some.

When we got there, there warn't nobody stirring; streets empty, and perfectly dead and still, like Sunday. We found a sick nigger sunning himself in a back yard, and he said everybody that warn't too young or too sick or too old was gone to camp-meeting, about two mile back in the woods. The king got the directions, and allowed he'd go and work that camp-meeting for all it was worth, and I might go, too.

The duke said what he was after was a printing office. We found it; a little bit of a concern, up over a carpenter shop—carpenters and printers all gone to the meeting, and no doors locked. It was a dirty, littered-up place, and had ink marks, and handbills with pictures of horses and runaway niggers on them, all over the walls. The duke shed his coat and said he was all right now. So me and the king lit out for the camp-meeting.

We got there in about a half an hour, fairly dripping, for it was a most awful hot day. There was as much as a thousand people there, from twenty mile round. The woods was full of teams and wagons, hitched everywhere, feeding out of the wagon troughs and stamping to keep off the flies. There was sheds made out of poles and roofed over with branches, where they had lemonade and gingerbread to sell, and piles of water-melons and green corn and such-like truck.

The preaching was going on under the same kinds of sheds, only they was bigger and held crowds of people. The benches was made out of outside slabs of logs, with holes bored in the round side to drive sticks into for legs. They didn't have no backs. The preachers had high platforms to stand on at one end of the sheds. The women had on sun-bonnets; and some had linsey-woolsey frocks, some gingham ones, and a few of the young ones had on calico. Some of the young men was bare-footed, and some of the children didn't have on any clothes but just a tow-linen shirt. Some of the old women was knitting, and some of the young folks was courting on the sly.

The first shed we come to, the preacher was lining out a hymn. He lined out two lines, everybody sung it, and it was kind of grand to hear it, there was so many of them and they done it in such a rousing way; then he lined out two more for them to sing—and so on. The people woke up more and more, and sung louder and louder; and towards the end some begun to groan, and some begun to shout. Then the preacher begun to preach; and begun in earnest, too; and went weaving first to one side of the platform and then the other, and then a leaning down over the front of it, with his arms and his body going all the time, and shouting his words out with all his might; and every now and then he would hold up his Bible and spread it open, and kind of pass it around this way and that, shouting, "It's the brazen serpent in the wilderness! Look upon it and live!" And people would shout out, "Glory!—A-a-*men!*" And so he went on, and the people groaning and crying and saying amen:

"Oh, come to the mourners' bench! come, black with sin! (*amen!*) come sick and sore! (*amen!*) come, lame and halt, and blind! (*amen!*) come, poor and needy, sunk in shame! (*a-a-men!*) come all that's worn, and soiled, and suffering!—come with a broken spirit! come with a contrite heart! come in your rags and sin and dirt! the waters that cleanse is free, the door of heaven stands open—oh, enter in and be at rest!" (*a-a-men! glory, glory hallelujah!*)

And so on. You couldn't make out what the preacher said, any more, on account of the shouting and crying. Folks got up, everywheres in the crowd, and worked their way, just by main strength, to the mourners' bench, with the tears running down their faces; and when all the mourners had got up there to the front benches in a crowd, they sung, and shouted, and flung themselves down on the straw, just crazy and wild.

Well, the first I knowed, the king got agoing; and you could hear him over everybody; and next he went a-charging up on to the platform and the preacher he begged him to speak to the people, and he done it. He told them he was a pirate—been a pirate for thirty years out in the Indian Ocean, and his crew was thinned out considerable, last spring, in a fight, and he was home now, to take out some fresh men, and thanks to goodness he'd been robbed last night, and put ashore off of a steamboat without a cent, and he was glad of it, it was the blessedest thing that ever happened to him, because he was a changed man now, and happy for the first time in his life; and poor as he was, he was going to start right off and work his way back to the Indian Ocean and put in the rest of his life trying to turn the pirates into the true path; for he could do it better than anybody else, being acquainted with all the pirate crews in that ocean; and though it would take him a long time to get there without money, he would get there anyway, and every time he convinced a pirate he would say to him, "Don't you thank me, don't you give me no credit, it all belongs to them dear people in Pokeville camp-meeting, natural brothers and benefactors of the race—and that dear preacher there, the truest friend a pirate ever had!"

And then he busted into tears, and so did everybody. Then somebody sings out, "Take up a collection for him, take up a collection!" Well, a half a dozen made a jump to do it, but somebody sings out, "Let *him* pass the hat round!" Then everybody said it, the preacher too.

So the king went all through the crowd with his hat, swabbing his eyes, and blessing the people and praising them and thanking them for being so good to the poor pirates away off there; and every little while the prettiest kinds of girls, with the tears running down their cheeks, would up and ask him would they let him kiss him, for to remember him by; and he always done it; and some of them he hugged and kissed as many as five or six times—and he was invited to stay a week; and everybody wanted him to live in their houses, and said they'd think it was a honour; but he said as this was the last day of the camp-meeting he couldn't do no good, and besides he was in a sweat to get to the Indian Ocean right off and go to work on the pirates.

When we got back to the raft and he come to count up, he found he had collected eighty-seven dollars and seventy-five cents. And then he had fetched away a three-gallon jug of whisky, too, that he found under a wagon when we was starting home through the woods. The king said, take it all round, it laid over any day he'd ever put in the missionarying line. He said it warn't no use talking, heathens don't amount to shucks, alongside of pirates, to work a camp-meeting with.

The duke was thinking *he'd* been doing pretty well, till the king come to show up, but after that he didn't think so much. He had set up and printed off two little jobs for farmers, in that printing office—horse bills—and took the money, four dollars. And he had got in ten dollars' worth of advertisements for the paper, which he said he would put in for four dollars if they would pay in advance—so they done it. The price of the paper was two dollars a year, but he took in three subscriptions for half a dollar apiece on condition of them paying him in advance; they were going to pay in cord-wood and onions, as usual, but he said he had just bought the concern and knocked down the price as low as he could afford it, and was going to run it for cash. He set up a little piece of poetry, which he made, himself, out of his own head—three verses—kind of sweet and saddish—the name of it was, "Yes, crush, cold world, this breaking heart"—and he left that all set up and ready to print in the paper and didn't charge nothing for it. Well, he took in nine dollars and a half, and said he done a pretty square day's work for it.

Then he showed us another little job he'd printed and hadn't charged for, because it was for us. It had a picture of a runaway nigger, with a bundle on a stick, over his shoulder, and "$200 reward under it. The reading was all about Jim, and just described him to a dot. It said he run away from St. Jacques' plantation, forty miles below New Orleans, last winter, and likely went north, and whoever would catch him and send him back, he could have the reward and expenses.

"Now," says the duke, "after to-night we can run in the daytime if we want to. Whenever we see anybody coming, we can tie Jim hand and foot with a rope, and lay him in the wig-wam and show this handbill and say we captured him up the river, and were too poor to travel on a steam-boat, so we got this little raft on credit from our friends and are going down to get the reward. Handcuffs and chains would look still better on Jim, but it wouldn't go with the story of us being so poor. Too much like jewelery. Ropes are the correct thing—we must preserve the unities, as we say on the boards."

We all said the duke was pretty smart, and there couldn't be no trouble about running daytimes. We judged we could make miles enough that night to get out of the reach of the pow-wow we reckoned the duke's work in the printing office was going to make in that little town—then we could boom right along, if we wanted to.

We laid low and kept still, and never shoved out till nearly ten o'clock; then we slid by, pretty wide away from the town, and didn't hoist our lantern till we were clear out of sight of it.

When Jim called me to take the watch at four in the morning, he says—

"Huck, does you reck'n we gwyne to run across any mo' kings on dis trip?"

"No," I says, "I reckon not."

"Well," says he, "dat's all right, den. I doan' mine one er two kings, but dat's enough. Dis one's powerful drunk, en de duke ain't much better."

I found Jim had been trying to get him to talk French, so he could hear what it was like; but he said he had been in this country so long, and had so much trouble, he'd forgot it.

(To be continued).

Fun.

"Very cold last night, Mr. Townsend," observed the reporter.

"Cold! I should say so. Went home; lit a candle; jumped into bed; tried to blow candle out; couldn't do it; blaze frozen; had to break it off," replied Mr Townsend.

An Augusta, Me., man, the other day leaned off the platform of the rear car of a train to kiss his wife good-bye, but the train started so suddenly and moved so fast that he only succeeded in kissing a tramp who had stepped aside at the switch a hundred yards further on.

'Twas Ever Thus.

"The Widow Wyse" is the title of a new novel. Ah, yes, that is correct. We read in the good book, my son, of five foolish virgins, but of a foolish widow—never! Her head is not hilly, neither is she ignorant concerning upon which surface of her staff of life is the oleomargarine distributed.

At hard pan: Two gentlemen met on State-street this morning. Said one to the other: "How is business?" "Poor," was the reply. "I met with a little accident. Night before last burglars broke into my store, but left without taking anything. Everything was marked so low they came around next morning and made purchases." *Albany Journal.*

NOTICE OF MOTION.

Cr. Cushing moved the following resolutions:—1. That this Council bring under the notice of the Government the desirability of passing a short bill enabling Shire Councils to charge a rental, and grant to station proprietors licenses for grazing over the unused roads of the colony. 2. That the rental to be charged for such licenses be based on the value of the Land Tax valuations; that is to say, for first-class land a rental of 5s per acre; for second-class land a rental of 4s per acre; for third-class land a rental of 3s per acre; and for fourth-class land a rental of 2s per acre. 3. That the period for which Shire Councils may be empowered to grant such annual grazing licenses shall be for a term not exceeding ten years, and that such licenses shall commence as from the 1st day of January and end on the 31st day of December in each and every year. 4. That out of the rental derived from such annual licenses the municipalties shall pay into the consolidated revenue a sum not less than £13,000 annually to defray the expense of drilling and disciplining 1000 militia recruits, payment to be on the same basis as the militia are now paid, a fresh batch of 1000 men to be drilled and disciplined every year.

Cr. Lewis seconded the propositions, which were carried.

Cr. Cushing then moved—That circulars be addressed to the various Shire Councils in the colony, asking their support to the propositions, and also that copies be sent to the Secretary of the Central Committee of the Municipal Association for insertion in the business paper for the group meetings to be held in September next.

Cr. Lewis seconded the motion, which was carried.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

Cr. M'Kenzie complained that money had been passed for paying for two horses and drays for carting metal for some distance to a road alongside of which there were already several heaps of metal, which could be moved on to the road with a wheelbarrow, and also asked the engineer if he was aware the tools in the East Riding, the property of the Council, were lent to any person not employed by the Council. The engineer said he knew nothing of the matters complained of by Cr. M'Kenzie, and on the motion of Cr. Lewis, seconded by Cr. M'Kenzie it was resolved that the engineer report on the matters referred to at the next meeting.

On the motion of Cr. Lewis, seconded by Cr. M'Kenzie it was resolved—That the Rabbit Inspector be authorised to pay a reward of £1 per head for foxes killed in the shire.

It was resolved, on the motion of Cr. Wotherspoon, seconded by Cr. Smith—That a sum of £10 be passed for the purpose of stocking the Beaufort Reservoir with fish.

Cr. Wotherspoon moved—That tenders be called for the supply of hardwood timber to floor the buildings in the Beaufort Recreation Reserve. Cr. Smith seconded the motion which was carried.

On the motion of Cr. Wotherspoon seconded by Cr. Smith, it was resolved—That steps be taken to frame a bye-law prohibiting shooting or persons carrying firearms in the Beaufort Reservoir Reserve, without the consent of the Council.

The Council then adjourned.

RIFLE MATCH.

On Wednesday last the second competition for the Union Cup, between seven members from the Ararat, Great Western and Beaufort Rifle Clubs was fired at the Beaufort Rifle butts. The match resulted in a win for Ararat, Great Western being second, and Beaufort third. During the morning the weather was not very suitable for rifle shooting, being hazy, but after mid-day the sun came out, and the light was much better. Unfortunately for Beaufort only six out of the seven men chosen to fire turned up, and the consequence was an emergency man had to be taken in. The highest scorer was an Ararat representative named Blease, who made the very neat score of 86 points. Messrs. Cornery and Nason were the highest scores for Great Western with 71 points each, while Mr. Lord was top scorer for Beaufort with 75 points. The total scores were as follows:—Ararat, 481; Great Western, 439; Beaufort 397, and the aggregate scores for the two matches are—Ararat, 917; Great Western, 824; Beaufort, 814. From this it will be seen that the Ararat team is now 93 points to the good, which will take a good deal of beating. The Ararat men left the cup behind them for a few days, and it is now on view in the window of Messrs. Wotherspoon Bros. and Co.'s establishment, Neill street. At the conclusion of the match the teams were entertained at dinner in the shire hall, where a number of toasts were duly honored, and the competitors returned to their homes by the evening train. The following are the scores:—

	300yds.	400yds.	500yds.	Total.
ARARAT.				
Mr Kilborn	25	21	[illegible]	71
Mr Block	16	30	20	66
Mr Chrisfield	11	29	23	63
Mr Smith	11	25	16	52
Mr Blease	25	33	28	86
Mr M'Keddie	26	29	19	74
Dr. Palmer	19	26	24	69
	133	193	155	481
GREAT WESTERN.				
Mr H. Best	22	25	20	67
Mr Williamson	18	30	10	58
Mr Bowtell	16	16	16	48
Mr Carse	21	22	20	63
Mr Harris	21	23	17	61
Mr Cornery	20	23	28	71
Mr Nason	20	28	23	71
	138	167	134	439
BEAUFORT.				
Mr Thomas	22	26	23	71
Mr Lord	24	32	19	75
Mr Eddy	16	23	23	62
Mr Chapman	16	23	20	59
Mr Harris	15	15	10	40
Mr M'Keich	15	9	12	36
Mr M'Rae	6	31	17	54
	114	151	124	397

The "Herald" says that a monstrosity, in the form of a "bulldog-calf," was given birth to by a cow, at Newmarket, last week. The animal is about the size of a large bulldog, and resembles one of those animals in nearly all parts. The skin is, however, of a [illegible]

THE HOSPITAL ENTERTAINMENT.

Pursuant to announcement on Monday evening last an entertainment was held in the Beaufort Societies' Hall, in aid of the funds of the Ballarat District Hospital, and it proved to be an unqualified success in every way. The hall was packed, not even standing room being obtainable. The members of the Beaufort Brass Band played some lively music in front of the hall before the entertainment commenced. Space will not allow of going into the details of the very long programme submitted. Miss A. Greenwood acted as accompanist to the singers with her usual skill, and the stage management was in the hands of Mr. J. B. Humphreys. Miss A. Wilkins, and Messrs. Burton (of Ballarat), H. Smith, H. Stuart, A. Wilkins, Sergeant M'Callum, Corporal Farr, Sergeant Algie, Private Manners, and other members of the Militia contributed songs and recitations. The Beaufort amateurs played "The Harvest Storm" and "Diamond Cut Diamond" in a very pleasing manner, eliciting warm applause from the audience the names, of those filling the characters being Miss A. Greenwood, Miss M. Sinclair, and Messrs. C. W. Tompkins, S. Male, R. Sinclair, H. Smith, J. B. Humphreys, R. Jackson, W. H. Elliott, and J. E. Elliott. A squad of the 3rd Battalion of the Militia, from Ballarat, gave a display of bayonet exercise, under the direction of Sergeant Ripper, which was very much enjoyed by the audience. The entertainment throughout was a thoroughly enjoyable one, and everybody appeared to be pleased. During an interval Mr. Bennett, who took the place of Mr. Burrowes, the Secretary of the hospital, thanked those present for their attendance, and especially eulogised Mr. D. G. Stewart, the secretary of the committee who had got up the entertainment. After all expenses are paid there will be a balance of over £40 to hand over to the Hospital.

Cable News.

(FROM THE ARGUS.)

LONDON, July 2.

It is rumoured that Lord Salisbury has arranged with Russia the terms of a settlement of the Afghan frontier difficulty.

No confirmation has been received of the reported rising of the chief Isa Khan in North-Eastern Afghanistan and of the seizure of the town of Khanabad and the treasure of the Ameer.

A syndicate is projected in London to purchase the interests of the New Hebrides Company.

Captain Dale, late of H.M.S. Diamond, on the Australian station, has been appointed to Her Majesty's iron turret ship Devastation.

Mr. Charles Warner, the eminent actor, leaves England in September, on a professional visit to Australia.

An Anglo-Australian offers to back Beach to row a sculling match against all-comers, for the championship of the world, and to match an Australian against a British crew, for £1,000.

Two Australian off-coast cargoes have been sold, one in an iron and the other in a wooden bottom, at 35s and 34s 10½d respectively, for wheat.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS).

LONDON, July 1.

Mr. Richard Everard Webster, Q.C., the Attorney-General, has been elected for Launceston by a majority of 43, *vice* Sir Hardinge Giffard, appointed Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett has been re-elected member for Eye by a majority of 137 votes.

The other Ministers are unopposed, except Lord Randolph Churchill, who is opposed at Woodstock.

July 2.

It is affirmed that the British Government have positively decided to hold the province of the Soudan extending from Dongola to Akash, south of the Second Cataract.

Mr. A. Crawford, of Ballarat, announces a discount sale in drapery, etc., particulars relating to which will be found in our first page.

Geelong Wool Sales.

GEORGE HAGUE & CO.

Will hold Sales of Wool every Tuesday during the ensuing Season.

To keep pace with the Extraordinary Progress our business has been making, we have been compelled to greatly extend our Warehouse accommodation, and with the latest additions our Warehouse is now one of the largest and most convenient in the Australian colonies.

OUR NEW SHOW ROOMS

Are admirably adapted for the exhibition of Clips to the best advantage. A steady south light, which is so necessary to the efficient display of the superior Western Wools, being a special feature; and last season all the English, Continental and American buyers declared our New Show Rooms to be the best lighted and most suitable for the proper display of wool of any in the colony.

EVERY LOT, no matter how small, is carefully examined prior to sale, and protected up to full market value.

CASH ADVANCES made on the ensuing clip.

FARMERS' LOTS receive the most careful attention, and no effort is spared to secure utmost value, even for the smallest lots.

20,344 BALES

Passed through our hands last year, and we think this enormous increase should be sufficient evidence that our mode of conducting business has met with the approval of our constituents.

PROMPT SETTLEMENTS.

Account Sales and Cheque for proceeds forwarded invariably three days after sale.

CHARGES

The lowest ruling in the colony, and growers will find they effect a Saving of Seven Shillings per bale by selling at Geelong instead of Melbourne.

WOOLPACKS and STATION STORES supplied at lowest market rates.

SHEEPSKINS, HIDES, TALLOW.

Sales every Wednesday throughout the year.

GEORGE HAGUE & CO.,
Wool Brokers.

Geelong, 1st July, 1885.

Impoundings

BEAUFORT.—Impounded at Beaufort.—Twenty-one Merino wethers, like KM on back; five Merino wethers, like N on back. If not claimed and expenses paid, to be sold on 18th July.
W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper,

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

Nelson Province, Ripon Division, and Electoral District of Ripon and Hampden, Raglan Division.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY LISTS of Persons claiming to be entitled to vote in the above Divisions are now printed, and copies may be inspected, free of charge, until the 18th July next, the day appointed for revision, at my office, or at the offices of my Deputies, as under:—

For the Province, at Waterloo, Beaufort, Snake Valley, Carngham, and at Skipton; and for the District, at Waterloo, Beaufort, and Buangor.

C. W. MINCHIN,
Registrar at Beaufort.

Department of Public Works,
Melbourne, 30th June, 1885.

TENDERS will be received, subject to the conditions of tendering, for alternative tenders for a BRICK and WOODEN BUILDING for State School No. 1405, Middle Creek (Shirley), until 12 o'clock on Thursday, the 16th July.

Particulars may be learnt at the State School No. 800, Ararat, and 1045, Middle Creek, and on application to the Superintending Inspector of School Buildings, Ballarat.

The amount of the preliminary deposit to accompany the tender is £5, and the amount of the deposit as cash security for the due performance of the contract is 5 per cent.

The Board of Land and Works will not necessarily accept the lowest or any tender.

ALFRED DEAKIN,
Commissioner of Public Works.

Schedule A.—[Rule 4.]

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A GOLD MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within six days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan an application for a Gold Mining Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of each applicant, with the full address of each, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on	Edmund Henry Lonthal Swifte, Lydiard street, Ballarat; South Victoria Gold Mining Company, No-Liability Waterloo.
Extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode	130 acres; below the surface.
Name of each person (if any) who is in occupation of the land	John Raycroft, Richard Raycroft, Elias Raycroft, F. Guyatt, J. Smith, W. Roberts, J. Graham, G. Smith, — M'Dermott.
Minimum number of men to be employed	For the first six months, nine men; subsequently, when in full work, thirty men.
Precise locality of the ground	Waterloo Flat, adjoining South Victoria Company.
Term required	Fifteen years.
Time of commencing operations...	On the granting of the lease.
Amount of money proposed to be invested, and in what manner the land is to be worked	£1500; by machinery and manual labor in connection with South Victoria Company.
Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public roads, or subject to any public rights	Portion of Beaufort and Waterloo main road.
General remarks	None.

E. H. L. SWIFTE.

Date and place—June 30th, 1885; Ballarat.

WARNING TO APPLICANTS.—If at any time after the execution of the lease granted on this application a less number of men be employed, or if the ground shall not be worked to the best advantage, then and in either case the lease will be forfeited.

Auctioneer's Preliminary Notice.

I am instructed by Mr. George Carver to SELL by AUCTION, on an early date, all the Furniture and Effects in the Commercial Hotel, Neill and Lawrence street, Beaufort.

Full particulars in future advertisements.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

THOMAS GEO. ARCHARD,

CIVIL ENGINEER,

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Beaufort and district that he is prepared to execute Plans and Specifications for any description of buildings, supply Contractors' quantities, and prepare estimates.

Address—Messrs. Hawkes Bros, Ironmongers, etc., Beaufort.

Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company

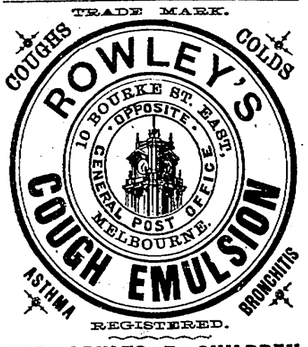
WILLIAM BUCHANAN

BEGS to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has commenced business as a GENERAL BLACKSMITH and SHOEING SMITH in the premises lately occupied by Mr. Lynn, Neill street, Beaufort, and hopes to be favored with a share of their patronage.

JOBBING NEATLY DONE.

Horses shod as they ought to be.

TRADE MARK.



REGISTERED.

FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER is often dreaded by those who suffer from the distressing affections of the Lungs, Winter Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., to which the uncertainty of the Australian climate renders them extremely liable. ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION being especially prepared for these diseases in this climate, gives relief at the first dose, and soon effects a permanent cure, even in the most serious cases. Ask for Rowley's Cough Emulsion, and take no other. Sole proprietor, W. M. Rowley, 10 Bourke-street East, Melbourne. Sold by

A. ANDREWS, Chemist, Beaufort,

and all chemists.

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer—W. M. ROWLEY. Dispensing and Family Chemist, Apothecaries Hall, 10 Bourke-street East, Melbourne.

W. BAKER,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

W.B. has ON SALE the following lines:—Fine Shelving, Flooring, and Lining Boards; Californian, Kauri, and Clear Pine, up to 36 inches; Cedar, all thicknesses and widths; Table Legs, Sashes, Doors, Architrave and other Mouldings, Window Glass, White Lead, Oils, Turps, and all other Building Requisites.

Sashes, Doors, and all kinds of Joiner's Work made to order at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Hardwood supplied at Timber Yard Prices.

Public Notice.

GEO. H. COUGLE

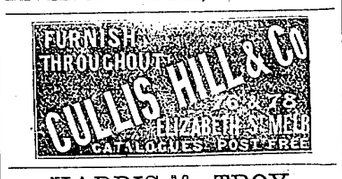
WISHES to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding districts for the very liberal support accorded him during the twelve months he has been in business for himself, and begs to announce that he is now showing a Splendid Assortment of NEW WINTER DRAPERY, BOOTS and SHOES, at prices that will defy competition.

NEW DRESS GOODS. NEW DRESS GOODS
BLANKETS. BLANKETS.
Quilts, Sheetings, Calicoes, Flannels, Tickings, Shirtings, Etc.
Men's and Boys' Tweed Suits, Trousers and Vests, Coats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, etc.

Boots Boots Boots

G. H. C.'s motto is Small Profits and Quick Returns. He only keeps the best of goods, and as he charges the lowest prices he finds it unnecessary to hold "Clearing Sales" or quote misleading prices.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:
Two Doors from Golden Age Hotel,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.



HARRIS & TROY,

PRODUCE DEALERS BEAUFORT

Agents for

Broadbent Bros. and Co.
Wm. M'Culloch and Co
Permewan, Wright and Co.,

FORWARDING, COMMISSION & RAILWAY AGENTS & LICENSED CARRIERS.

On Sale

AT

JEREMIAH SMITH'S

TIMBER YARD,

CORNER OF LIVINGSTONE & WILLOBY STREETS—

American shelving boards
Do lumber do
6 x 1 T and G Scotch flooring
6 x ¾ do do lining
6 x ¾ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
¼in., ⅜in., ½in., ¾in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.

NEXT TO POLICE STATION.

J. W. HARRIS,

MINING AGENT

AND

SHARE BROKER,

BEAUFORT,

Member of the Ballarat Stock Exchange

W. EDWARD NICKOLS

AUCTIONEER,

King street, Beaufort, and Queen street, Ararat.

Estate and Financial Agent, Arbitrator and Valuer
Wools Grain, and Money Broker.
Estate managed for Absentees and Others.
Correspondent and Valuer for the Ballarat Banking Company, Limited.
Agent for the Victoria Fire and Life Insurance Companies.
Agent for the Mutual Assurance Society of Victoria Limited,
Houses and Land bought or sold
Rents and Debts collected.
Trust and Agency Business of all kinds attended
Attend at Beaufort on Mondays and Saturdays, any other day by appointment.

Note the Address:

W. EDWARD NICKOLS,
AUCTIONEER BEAUFORT.

WOOL. WOOL. WOOL.

TO SHEEP FARMERS, SELECTORS, AND OTHERS.

E. J. STRICKLAND'S

Ballarat

WOOL, HIDE, SKIN AND TALLOW AUCTION ROOMS,

Lydiard-street north, near Railway Station. Established 1869.

ACTS AS SELLING BROKER ONLY.

E. J. S. in again thanking his numerous constituents, the Sheep Farmers and selectors (whose business he makes a specialty) for their liberal support during the past season, can confidently recommend this market as the best in the colony for the SALE of SMALL CLIPS, as past seasons' prices will show. I have therefore much pleasure of soliciting the favor of your support and interest, LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES MADE, whether for sale here, Melbourne or Geelong.

Prompt Accounts Sales.

Charges—Lowest in the colony.

SALE DAY THURSDAY.

One of the forwarding agents will receive consignments, pay all charges, and forward with expedition.

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.,

BEAUFORT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Grocers, Wine & Spirit Merchants, Drapers and Outfitters,

:o:

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Ironmongery, Furniture, and Earthenware.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

:o:

W. B. & CO are Importers of Drapery, Earthenware, Glassware, Bedsteads, &c., &c., and, being Large Cash Buyers, are enabled to sell all goods at Lowest Possible Prices.

Customers may rely upon getting as good value for their money as in any house in the colony.

:o:

Goods delivered within 14 miles FREE OF CHARGE.

:o:

N.B.—Our NEW SHOWROOM for FURNITURE, EARTHENWARE, &c., is now open.

HAWKES BROS.,

Next Bank of Victoria, Beaufort,

Wholesale and Retail Iron Merchants, Ironmongers, Furniture Brokers, Dealers in Glassware, Crockery, etc.

:o:

HAWKES BROS.,

Being Importers of Iron, Ironmongery, Bedsteads, Furniture, Oils, Colors, etc., are enabled to offer to the public their goods at PRICES WHICH CANNOT BE BEATEN.

:o:

HAWKES BROS.,

Are prepared to supply FURNITURE and all HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES upon the TIME-PAYMENT SYSTEM.

:o:

HAWKES BROS.

CHEAPEST HOUSE in the district for Ironmongery, Furniture, Crockery, Paperhangings, Canvas, House Lining, Oils, Colors, etc.

WINTER DRAPERY, 1885.

:o:

A Very Choice Selection of

NEW GOODS

Will be shown during the week at BEAUFORT HOUSE.

:o:

DRESSES in the Newest Styles, VELVET and SATIN HATS, JACKETS, CLOAKS, FANCY GOODS, FURS, RIBBONS and VELVETEENS in all Shades.

A Very Cheap Lot of LADIES' TRIMMED HATS.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING, and all sizes of the PATENT EYELETTED STAYS, which have given such general satisfaction, now to hand.

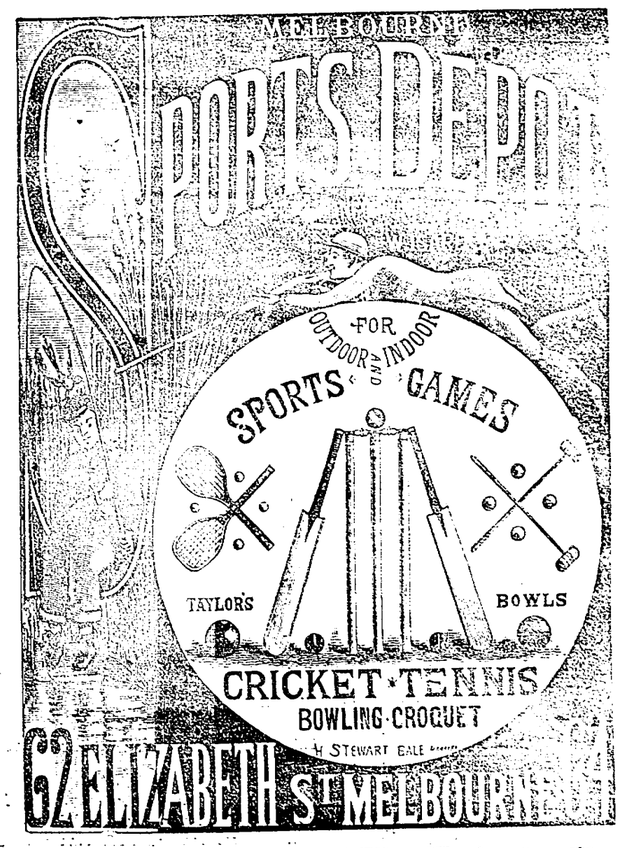
MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING. TAPESTRY, CARPETS, and FLOORCLOTHS Ver Cheap. BOOTS and SHOES, and, in fact, all Departments Well Assorted.

An Early Call and Inspection Invited.

:o:

H. GUNN,

GROCER, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT.



Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchmaker, etc.

Advances on Wool, Grain, etc.,

Stock, Stations, and Station Produce of all kinds.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY (Limited)

Capital, £3,500,000,
Reserve Fund, £250,000,

Make Liberal Cash Advances

ON

STATION SECURITIES,
ENSUING CLIPS OF WOOL, GRAIN, ETC.,
FOR SALE IN MELBOURNE
OR SHIPMENT to LONDON.

Auction Sales of Wool held every week through the season.

Auction Sales of Tallow, Hides, Sheepskins, Leather, etc., three times a week throughout the year.

Auction Sales of Grain, Flour, etc. held every Monday.

DAVID ELDER, Manager.
R. MACKINTOSH SANDS,
Wool and Produce Manager.

Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouse, Collins street west.

CHEMICALS AND DRUG

STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES,
Hair and Tooth Brushes,
TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, SOAPS,
SHOULDER BRACES, TRUSSES.
SPONGES,
AND ALL VARIETIES OF
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch.

A. ANDREWS

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Martin and Co.'s Homeopathic Medicines.

A. A. wishes to notify that he has been appointed Agent for the above preparations by Messrs. MARTIN and CO., Collins street, Melbourne.

GARDENING FOR JULY.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Plant largely of early potatoes; sow parsnips upon rich deep soil—the latter ought to have been trenched two feet or more. Sow Peas largely Bedman's dwarf, blue imperial, champion of England, climax, and alliance are among the best for general purposes. Sow largely of the various kinds of broad beans in rows thirty inches apart. Established plantations of rhubarb and sea-kale may be forced by covering the crowns over with pots or slates, and covering these again with fresh horse-manure. Plant globe artichokes in rich soil, in rows four feet six inches by three feet. Sow main crops of onions, also sow spinach, radish, and small salads.

FLOWER GARDEN.—If former directions have been carried out, there will not remain much to be done this month, with the exception of keeping all the walks, borders, and beds neat and clean.

FARM.—Continue ploughing and harrowing lands intended for spring cropping. Hoe drill crops. Continue sowing grasses, clover, lucerne, and peas; beans may still be sown in late localties. Oat and barley sowing should be completed this month if the weather has been at all favorable.

Steam pleasure yachts were in course of building in England in May to the value of £300,000, in addition to an immense number of sailing yachts.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES cure Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1½d. and 2s 9d each.

Consumers of Wolfe's Schnapps especially those taking it medicinally, should purchase it only by the bottle, and thus ensure the genuine article, as there is a fraudulent imitation in the market. Large and small bottles are obtainable at every respectable hotel and Wine and Spirit Merchant's in the colony. The name of M. Moss and Co. is on the top label of the yellow wrapper.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL AND STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES quickly correct all irregularities, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes 2s 9d., of all Chemists. Prepared only by E. T. Towle, Chemist, Nottingham, England. Agents for Melbourne—Rocke, Tompsitt & Co., Wholesale Druggists: Hemmons and Co., Wholesale Drug gists; William Ford & Co., 67, Swanston Street.

TICKLING SENSATION.—Persons affected with a tickling sensation in the throat, depriving them of rest night after night, will find certain relief by taking a dose of ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION at bedtime, and if the dose be repeated a cure will soon be effected. For coughs, colds, asthmas, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs; ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION is the best known remedy. Ask your chemist for it; do not be put off with any other. It may be obtained from A. ANDREWS, Chemist, Beaufort. Sold by all chemists. Wholesale agents—Felton, Grimwade and Co., and Rocke Tompsitt, Melbourne

FLORILINE!—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth as peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in part of honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Price 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road, London.

SUFFERERS FROM WIND ON THE STOMACH, Indigestion, Costiveness, Giddiness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Disturbed Sleep, Palpitation of the Heart, Colic, Ague, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Skin Eruptions, &c., should lose no time in availing themselves of that most excellent medicine—"PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS," which for 30 years has held the first place in the world as an effectual antidote to the above and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach, bowels, or liver. Tonic, invigorating and purifying, they form the best remedy extant. Sold by all Medicine Vendors in boxes at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each. Proprietor, Page D. Woodcock, Lincoln, England.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere at 3s. 6d. per bottle. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road London.

Beaufort Post Office.

TIME TABLE, 1885.

Post Town	Mails arrive at Beaufort	Mails close at Beaufort
Melbourne... ..	6 a.m 12.10 p.m 10 p.m	8.45 a.m 5 p.m.
Geelong ...	Ditto	Ditto
Ballarat ...	Ditto	Ditto
Trawalla ...	Ditto	Ditto
Raglan ...	4.15 p.m	9.15 a.m
Chute ...	Ditto	Ditto
Waterloo ...	Ditto	Ditto
Main Lead ...	Ditto	Ditto
Sailor's Gully ...	4.15 p.m	Ditto
Stockyard Hill ...	Ditto	Ditto
Ararat... ...	9.31 a.m 5.20 p.m	11.45 a.m 9.20 p.m
Buangor ...	Ditto	Ditto
Eurambeer ...	4 30 p.m	1 p.m
Shirley ...	Ditto	Dittto

The mails for Ararat, Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, Buangor, and Trawalla are despatched twice daily.

Mails for Waterloo are despatched daily.

Mails for Shirley, and Eurambeen are despatched three times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Mails for Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute are despatched three times a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Mails for Stockyard Hill and Sailor's Gully (a loose bag to Lake Goldsmith) are despatched three times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

OXYGEN IS LIFE.—Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne—Multitudes of people are hopelessly suffering from Debility, Nervous and Liver Compaints, Depression of Spirits, Hypochondria, Timidity, Indigestion, Failure of Hearing, Sight, and Memory, Lassitude, Want of Power, &c., whose cases admit of a permanent cure by the new remedy Phosphodyne (Ozonic Oxygen), which at once allays all irritation and excitement, imparts new energy and life to the enfeebled constitution, and rapidly cures every stage of these hitherto incurable and distressing maladies. Sold by all chemists and druggists throughout the globe. ☞ CAUTION.—Phosphorus is sometimes sold in the form of Pills and Lozenges; it should be generally known that every form where solid particles of Phosphorous are in combination is dangerous. It is therefore necessary that the public should be cautioned against the use of any form of Phosphrous not perfectly soluble in water.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is sold by medicine dealers everywere hat 1s. 1½d. per bottle.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness, immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by John I. Brown & Sons, Boston, U.S. European depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London

Victorian Railways.

TIME TABLE.

FROM MELBOURNE TO STAWELL

LEAVE—Melbourne 6.30 a.m, 11.10 a.m, 4.10 p.m. 7 p.m
ARRIVE at Geelong 8.13 a.m 12.57 a.m 6.15 p.m 8.22 p.m
LEAVE—Geelong 8.25 a.m, 1.12 a.m, 6.35 p.m, 8.37 p.m
ARRIVE at Ballarat 10.30 am 3.20 a.m 9 p.m 10 20 p.m
LEAVE—Ballarat 6 a.m 10.50 a.m 3.45 p.m 10.35 p.m.
Burrumbeet 6.40 a.m 11.21 a.m, 4.25 p.m
Beaufort 7.30 a.m 12.4 a.m 5.22 p.m 12.0 a.m.
Buangor, 8.25 a.m, 12.40 a.m, 6.7 pm
ARRIVE at Ararat 9.10 am 1.16 pm, 6.50 p.m. 1.25 p.m.
LEAVE—Ararat, 9.20 a.m, 1.31 a.m, 7.1 a.m
ARRIVE at Stawell 10.20 a.m, 2.26 p.m, 7.55 a.m

FROM STAWELL TO MELBOURNE

LEAVE—Stawell 6 45 a.m, 10.45 p.m, 3.5 p.m 9.30 p.m
ARRIVE At Ararat 7.39 a.m 11.45 p.m 3.50 p.m
LEAVE—Ararat, 7.49 a.m, 11.55 p.m, 4.9 p.m
Buangor 8.25 am 12.45 p.m 4.45 pm
Beaufort 9.2 a.m 1.30 p.m 5.25 p m
Burrumbeet 9.43 a.m 2.16 p.m, 6.7 p.m.
ARRIVE At Ballarat 10.21 am, 3.10 pm, 6.45 p.m 1.30am
LEAVE—Ballarat 6.40 a.m, 11.30 a.m, 3.25 p.m, 7.10 p m
ARRIVE at Geelong 8.30 a.m 1.39 p.m 6.5 p.m 9.5 p.m.
LEAVE—Geelong, 8.40 a.m, 1.54 pm, 6.30 pm, 9.15 p.m
ARRIVE At Melbourne, 10.15 a m, 3.41 pm, 8.35 p.m. 10.46 p.m.

FROM ARARAT to HAMILTON and PORTLAND

ARRIVE At Ararat, 1.16 p.m.
LEAVE Ararat, 1.50 p.m.
Wickliffe Road, 2.51 p.m.
Glen Thompson, 3.25 p.m.
LEAVE Glen Thompson, 3.30 p.m.
ARRIVE At Dunkeld, 4 p.m.
Hamilton, 4.50 p.m.
LEAVE Hamilton, 5.5 p.m.
ARRIVE At Portland, 7.20 p.m.

FROM PORTLAND and HAMILTON to ARARAT and MELBOURNE.

LEAVE Portland, 10.15 a.m.
ARRIVE at Hamilton, 12.32 a.m.
LEAVE Hamilton, 12.47 a.m.
ARRIVE At Ararat, 3.51 p.m.
LEAVE Ararat, 4.9 p.m.
ARRIVE At Melbourne, 11.15 p.m.

FARES.

Beaufort to	First-class	Second-class
Trawalla	1s 0d	0s 9d
Burrumbeet	2s 6d	1s 9d
Windermere	3s 6d	2s 0s
Ballarat	5s 0d	3s 0d
Geelong	14s 0d	9s 0d
Melbourne	21s 0d	13s 0d
Beaufort to	**First-class**	**Second-class.**
Buangor	2s 6d	2s 0d
Ararat	5s 0d	3s 6d
Armstrongs	6s 0d	4s 0d
Great Western	6s 6d	4s 6d
Stawell	8s 0d	5s 6d

ADVERTISEMENTS received for insertion in this Paper, in England, by CLARKE SON and PLATT, 85 Gracechurch street, London.

The Name of M. MOSS & Co.

THE CELEBRATED WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS THE PUREST STIMULANT IN THE WORLD

Is on every Genuine Bottle.

INFINITELY SUPERIOR to Brandy or Whisky, and is now the

Most Popular Drink throughout the Colonies.

Certified by the Medical Profession as "THE PUREST STIMULANT PROCURABLE."

As a Tonic and Stimulant cannot be surpassed, giving tone and life to the system.

The Purest Spirit in the World.

UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS has been a quarter of a century before the public, and its sale is steadily increasing, while hundreds of imitations have appeared and disappeared. leading only ruin and disgrace to all connected with them. The public should no longer be duped by injurious, cheap, fiery compounds, imitations of the genuine WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

The public are strongly advised to purchase original unopened bottles, as the Custom Authorities have found it necessary to prosecute a large number of Publicans under the Trade Marks Act, and they have fined up to £10, and £10 10s. costs, for selling inferior spirits over the bar, representing it to be the GENUINE WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

M. MOSS & CO.,
MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY,
SOLE AGENTS
WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

A CLEAR SAVING OF 20%
(OR FOUR SHILLINGS IN THE POUND) BY PURCHASING YOUTHS' AND GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,
DIRECT FROM
GEORGE & GEORGE
UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS, COLLINS ST. EAST.

Observe our Prices and compare.

TROUSERS, TO ORDER	17/6 ALL WOOL.
WATERPROOF COATS	21/ TO 45/
RIDING HABITS	In Serge or Tweed
FEDERAL	10/6 ALL SIZE
FOOTBALL OUTFITS	8/6 ALL SIZES
WINTER HOSIERY	at TRADE PRICES
Nett Cash Prices.	
MERINO HALF HOSE	PER ½-DOZ 5/ 6/ 7/6
LAMBSWOOL HALF HOSE	PER ½-DOZ 5/ 7/6 9/
MERINO VESTS	2/6 3/6 4/6
CARDIGAN JACKETS	7/6 10/6
WHITE DRESS TIES	All Widths 6d.
WHITE KID GLOVES	1/11 2/6
DANCING PUMPS	Per Pair 14/6
TAN KID GLOVES	2 Buttons 2/11
Nett Cash Prices.	
MADE UP SCARFS	8½d. 1/ 1/6
ARGOSY BRACES	2/11

LATEST FASHIONS.

"FEDERAL" SAC SUIT. 32/6 to 45/-, or, TO ORDER, From 63/-

MORNING COAT & VEST. 45/- to 55/-, or, TO ORDER, From 79/6.

D.B. FROCK COAT. 47/6 to 57/6, or, TO ORDER, From 79/6.

FEDERAL OVERCOAT. 30/- to 47/-, or, TO ORDER. 42/- to 75/-.

FEDERAL ULSTER. 35/- to 42/-, or, TO ORDER. 55/- to 75/-.

FEDERAL DRESS SUIT. From 6½ Guineas.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL GARMENTS ARE CUT AND FITTED BY THE BEST CUTTERS IN MELBOURNE, AND SOLD SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING CONDITION: ANY ARTICLE NOT FITTING WILL BE EXCHANGED, OR THE COST REFUNDED.

PATTERNS AND FORMS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT BY RETURN OF POST.

GEORGE & GEORGE'S

REGATTA SHIRTS	3/3 4/6 6/6
FINE LINEN HDKFS	Per Doz 7/6 12/6
RICH SILK HDKFS	1/11, 2/11, 3/6
MASHER COLLARS	Per Doz 5/6
POLO COLLARS	Per Doz 5/6
BRIEF BAGS	All Prices from 4/6
BASIL PORTMANTEAUS	12/6
Nett Cash Prices.	
CIGAR CASES	From 5/ each
REVOLVERS Half Price	7/6 10/6 12/6
HAT, HAIR, & CLOTHES BRUSHES	
WALKING STICKS	All kinds 1/6 to 10/6
WEST'S SOLITAIRES	Full Suite plated 6d.
TRAVELLING BAGS	Fitted from 105/
DRESSING CASES	Fitted from 10/6
Nett Cash Prices.	

YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

THE CHEAPEST & BEST IN THE COLONY.

BOYS' JERSEY SUITS, 7/6 to 25/-

BOYS' KNICKER SUITS, 6/11 to 27/6

YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS, 22/- to 35/-

YOUTHS' OVERCOATS, 12/6 to 25/6

ACCORDING TO SIZE.

BOOTS & SHOES

STRONG ENGLISH WALKING BOOT. 15/6, 18/6, 22/6.

BOYS' & YOUTHS' EXTRA STRONG LACE BOOTS. 8/6 to 12/6.

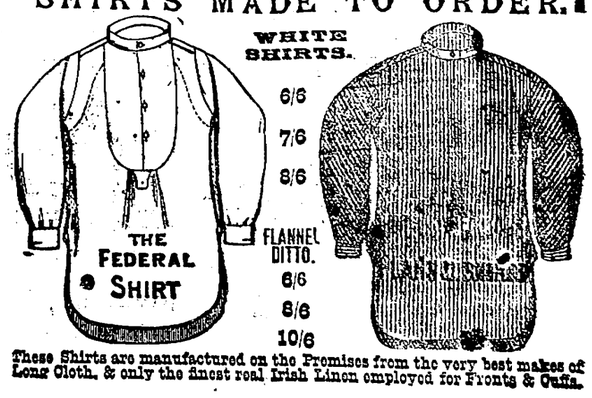
MEN'S & BOYS' HATS.

HARD FELT HATS. 7/6 to 11/6.

SOFT FELT HATS. 7/6 to 10/6.

BEST SILK HATS. 19/6.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.



WHITE SHIRTS. 6/6 7/6 8/6

FLANNEL DITTO. 6/6 8/6 10/6

These Shirts are manufactured on the Premises from the very best makes of Long Cloth, & only the finest real Irish Linen employed for Fronts & Cuffs.

£1 FREE GIFTS!—The proprietors of WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS, to induce the destruction and prevent the improper use of their wrappers and labels, and thus further protect the Public against fraud and deception, have inclosed in the wrappers or under the label on the quart bottles, since 1st October, 1878, and continue to inclose in EVERY DAY'S PACKING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, THREE £1 ORDERS, which are drawn upon the undersigned, and which will be cashed by them on presentation. To secure these Gifts, the Public must be careful to ask for, and accept nothing but the GENUINE UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS, with our name upon the top label M. Moss & Co., Wynyard Lane, Sydney.

JOHN HUMPHREYS,

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT, ACCOUNTANT, ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS AND DEBTS COLLECTED.

Secretary and Manager of the Kingfisher G.M.C., Beaufort.

Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to,

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

KAY'S COMPOUND OF LINSEED, Aniseed, Benzoin, Squill, Tolu, &c., with Chlorodyne.

KAY'S COMPOUND, a demulcent expectorant, for Coughs and Colds.

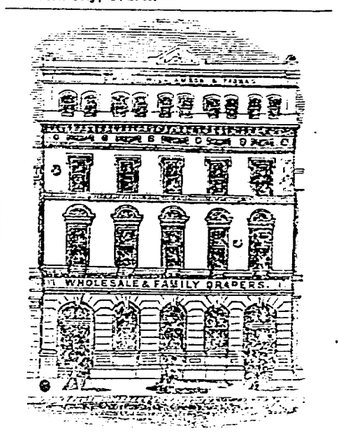
KAY'S COMPOUND for Cough's and Colds, is equally serviceable for Horses and Cattle,

KAY'S TIC PILLS, a specific in Neuralgia, Face-ache, &c.

COAGULINE.—Cement for Broken Articles. Sold everywhere.

Imported by all Merchants, and sold by all Chemists &c.
Sole Makers—Kay BROS., Stockport, England.

REMEDY FREE!—A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Esq., 43 Chatham Street, New York City, U. S. A.



IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO HEADS OF FAMILIES AND OTHERS.

Drapery, Woollens and Clothing, Carpets Floorcloths and Linoleums, Bedsteads and Bedding, direct from the Importers, at actual Wholesale Prices.

CRAIG, WILLIAMSON, AND THOMAS

SUPPLY the Public with Drapery, Woollens, Clothing, Carpets, Floorcloths, Linoleums, Bedsteads and Bedding at Importers' Rates.

The Terms being strictly Net Cash, purchasers at C. W. and T.'s warehouses have not to pay for losses occasioned by bad debts and they save the retail profit, fully 30 per cent

Extensive shipments from England and the Continent are received weekly by the several steamers, thereby ensuring a continuous supply of the newest goods.

Persons residing in the country, including the adjacent colonies, can rely on their orders having careful attention. The principle of having only one price (no matter how large or how small the parcel) is a guarantee that families ordering by letter are placed on the same footing as if they selected the goods personally.

The Tailoring and Outfitting Departments having assumed such large proportions are now located at the warehouse, No. 6 Elizabeth street, close to the drapery warehouse. Cards for self measurement and patterns forwarded on application.

The Stock in all departments is now fully assorted for winter requirements, and the firm have pleasure in inviting an inspection of their

DRAPERY WAREHOUSE
AT 14 and 16 ELIZABETH STREET,
And their
CARPET AND CLOTHING WAREHOUSE,
6 ELIZABETH STREET

CRAIG, WILLIAMSON, & THOMAS,
IMPORTERS AND WAREHOUSEMEN,
MELBOURNE.

Holloway's Ointment.

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Wounds, and Ulcerations of all kinds.

THERE is no medicinal preparation which may be so thoroughly relied upon in the treatment of the above ailments as Holloway's Ointment. Nothing can be more salutary than its action on the body both locally and constitutionally. The Ointment rubbed around the part affected enters the pores as salt permeates meat. It quickly penetrates to the source of the evil, and drives it from the system.

Bronchitis Diphtheria Colds Coughs Sore Throat and Shortness of Breath.

Relaxed and congested throats elongated uvula ulcerated or turgid tonsils whooping cough, croup wheezing from accumulated mucous, and other difficulties of respiration also palpitation stitches and shortness of breath may with certainty be cured by rubbing this healing Ointment over the chest and back for at least half an hour twice a day assisted by appropriate doses of Holloway's Pills.

For Glandular Swellings, Stiff Joints and Disease of the Skin.

This invaluable unguent has greater power over gout and rheumatism than any other preparation. None need remain in pain if its removal be set about it in good earnest, by using this infallible remedy according to printed instructions affixed to each pot. All settled aches and pains are remediable in the same manner.

Gout and Rheumatism.

There is no preparation for salutary effects comparable to this remedy. It should be well rubbed over the affected parts after their due fomentation with warm water. It acts by stimulating the absorbents to increased activity, by preventing congestion and promoting a free and copious circulation in the parts affected, thence speedily and effectually it ensures a cure.

Piles Fistulas, and Exhorriations

The cures which this Ointment effects in healing piles and fistulas of long standing, after they have resisted all other applications, have been so numerous and notorious throughout the world that any effort to give an adequate detailed statement of their number or character would be in vain. It is sufficient to know that the Ointment has never proved inefficacious.

In Disorders of the Kidneys, Stone, and Gravel.

The Ointment is a sovereign remedy if it be well rubbed twice a day into the small of the back, over the region of the kidneys, into which it will gradually penetrate, and in almost every case give immediate relief. Wherever the Ointment has been once used it has established its own worth, and has again been eagerly sought for as the easiest and safest remedy in all disorders of the kidneys.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following complaints:—

Bad Legs	Fistulas	Sore Throats
Bad Breasts	Gout	Skin Diseases
Burns	Glandular Swellings	Scurvy
Bunions	Lumbago	Sore Heads
Chilblains	Piles	Tumours
Chapped Hands	Rheumatism	Ulcers
Corns (Soft)	Sore Nipples	Wounds
Contracted and Stiff Joints	Scalds	

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; also by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the Civilised World, in boxes and Pots. The smallest box of Pills contains four dozen; and the smallest Pots Ointment one ounce.

Full printed directions are affixed to each Box and Pot, and can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

"For the Blood is the Life."

CLARKE'S! WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities cannot be too highly recommended.

For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Sores of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent cure.

It Cures Old Sores
Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs
Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face
Cures Survy Sores
Cures Cancerous Ulcers
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases
Cures Glandular Swellings
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter,
From whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1883.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

"Gentlemen,—Some ten years ago my wife became lame with ulcerated legs. I tried every recommendation for a cure, and also a large number of doctors (some of these very clever men with diseases of kind), but to no effect. After being in this state for between twelve and six years I determined to try your Blood Mixture, as a last resource, as she at that time appeared to be at death's door and had to be put to bed, having no use in her legs; and, I am thankful to say, after taking 13 of your small bottles she experienced a perfect cure. This is now four years ago since the cure was effected, and there is no sign of the complaint returning. I may add that it had cost us scores of pounds trying one remedy after another previous to taking your valuable medicine, for which I return my sincere thanks.—I am Gentlemen, yours gratefully "C. S."

"P.S.—You may make what use of the above you think fit, but in the event of advertising it kindly keep back my name. You can, however, refer any one making private inquiries to my address as follows.—C. S., Midland Station, Carlton, near Nottingham."

Sold in Bottles 2s 9d. each, and in Cases, containing six times the quantity, 11s. each—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases, by all CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world.

Proprietors,
THE LONDON AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.
TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

NO family should be without these Pills. Their long tried efficacy in correcting disorders of the liver and stomach, stimulating the bowels, and purifying the blood, has secured for them an imperishable name throughout the world. A few doses produce comfort, a short continuance effects a complete cure. Invalids may look forward towards this rectifying and revivifying medicine with the certainty of obtaining relief.

How to Enjoy Life.

Is only known when the blood is pure, its circulation perfect, and the nerves in good order. The only safe and certain method of expelling all impurities is to take Holloway's Pills, which have the power of cleansing the blood from all noxious matters, expelling all humors which taint or impoverish it, and thereby purify and invigorate and give general tone to the system. Young and old, robust or delicate, may alike experience their beneficient effects. Myriads affirm that these Pills possess a marvellous power in securing these great secrets of health by purifying and regulating the fluids, and strengthening the solids.

Our Mothers and Daughters.

The functional irregularities peculiar to the weaker sex are invariably corrected without pain or inconvenience by the use of Holloway's Pills. They are the safest and purest medicine for all diseases incidental to females of all ages, and most precious at the turn of life, or when entering into womanhood.

Debilitated Constitutions—Bad Coughs.

In general debility, mental depression, and nervous depression, there is no medicine which operates so like a charm as these famous Pills. They soothe and strengthen the nerves and system generally, give tone to the stomach, elevate the spirits, and in fact render the patient sensible of a total and most delightful revolution in his whole system. Thousands of persons have testified that, by their use alone, they have been restored to health after all other means have proved unsuccessful.

Indigestion and its Cure.

Indigestion with torpidity of the liver is the bane of thousands, who pass each day with accumulated sufferings, all of which may be avoided by taking these Pills according to the accompany directions. They strengthen and invigorate every organ subservient to digestion, and effect a cure without debilitating or exhausting the system; on the contrary they support and conserve the vital principle by a complete purification of the blood.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following diseases:—

Ague	Piles
Asthma	Rheumatism
Bilious Complaint	Retention of Urine
Blotches on the Skin	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptoms
Female Irregularities	Tic-Doloureux
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Venereal Affections
Headache	Worms of all kinds
Indigestion	Weakness from whatever cause, &c., &c.
Liver Complaints	
Lumbago	

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; also by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the civilised world in boxes and pots. The smallest box of Pills contains four dozen, and the smallest pot of Ointment one ounce.

Full printed directions are affixed to each box and pot and can be had in any language, even in Turkish Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

Printed and published by H. P. HENNINGSEN for the proprietors, at the Office, Lawrence street, Beaufort, Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 488] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 885 PRICE SIXPENCE

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

CONTAINS a complete summary of local and general news for the week.

Subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly or at an early hour of the morning would much oblige us by immediately forwarding their names to the office of this paper, Lawrence street, in order that such errors may be rectified. We are most desirous of securing for our subscribers a regular and early delivery, but it will be impossible for our measures to prove effectual, unless we are warned by them when neglect takes place.

Advertisements sent in without a written order as to the number of insertions, will in all cases be continued until countermanded, and no advertisement can be withdrawn without an order in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.

Advertisements for this paper cannot be received after 7 o'clock on the evening previous to publication.

New subscribers are only charged from the time of ordering the paper.

Orders to discontinue subscriptions to the paper must be in writing, delivered at the office and for the current quarter.

Communications of a literary nature must be addressed to the Editor, and must bear the signature and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a pledge of good faith. An observance of this rule will be the means of preventing disappointment to contributors.

All advertisements coming under the heads of Wanted, Missing Friends, For Sale, Rewards, if not exceeding twenty-four words, will be inserted for two shillings and sixpence.

Notices of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, will be charged 2s. 6d. for each insertion.

Displayed advertisements, and advertisements above one inch, four shillings per inch, for the first two insertions, and two shillings per inch for all subsequent insertions.

Business and double column advertisements, if ordered for extended periods, will be charged on a reduced scale, in proportion to the number of insertions.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established in the Colonies 1862.

Capital, £1,500,000 fully subscribed.

The undersigned having been appointed Agent for Beaufort, is prepared to receive Proposals for all descriptions of Insurance at the LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

Risks accepted on Threshing Machines, Stacks, and Agricultural Produce.

Premiums for the year, £425,355 or £67,870 over 1879.

The additions to Reserve Funds now amount to £253,729 to meet fire losses only, in addition to the Capital.

Out of a surplus of £130,726, only £16,997 was paid to Shareholders in Dividends, the balance being added to Reserve Fund.

H. P. HENNINGSEN

WANTED KNOWN.

IT having come to my knowledge that Subscribers to Daily Papers are charged Nine Pence (9d.) a week, for the benefit of the public I wish to inform them that the "Ballarat Star," "Age," and "Daily Telegraph" can be had and will be delivered in the township of Beaufort at 6d. per week, or 6s. 6d. per quarter.

H. P. HENNINGSEN.

GRATEFUL.—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA,

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the "Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold in ½lb. packets by Grocers labelled thus:—

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

BOOKSELLER,

STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFORT.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

PERMANENT ENLARGEMENT
Of the
WEEKLY TIMES
TO TWENTY-FOUR PAGES,
Or
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY COLUMNS.

In compliance with the wish of several of the delegates to the Conference of the Farmers' Unions held in Melbourne, an important new feature has been added to The Weekly Times, namely,

"THE FARMERS' GAZETTE AND UNION RECORD."

The increased size of the Weekly Times will enable Parliamentary Proceedings, and all matters of interest

TO BE MORE FULLY REPORTED.

The Weekly Times is now the Cheapest and Most Complete Weekly Newspaper

PUBLISHED IN THE WORLD

At the Price.

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT

Of the Weekly Times will continue to be a Special Feature in the Paper.

In the Weekly Times will be found a Good Selection of Light Literature, comprising Original and Selected Tales, Sketches, Household Hints, and the Ladies' Column.

In addition to the above, The Weekly Times will contain the Latest and Fullest Cablegrams, Commercial, Shipping, and General News, thus supplying in a condensed form the

WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

Subscriptions per post 3s. 6d. per quarter, or 12s. per annum in advance.

OFFICE: 86 COLLINS STREET EAST, MELBOURNE.

NOTICE.

It having come to my knowledge that certain unprincipled vendors of sewing machines have frequently substituted in place of the

GENUINE "WERTHEIM"

Machines on a similar principle, but of a far inferior make, I beg to

INFORM the PUBLIC
That EVERY
GENUINE WERTHEIM SEWING
MACHINE BEARS the TRADE MARK
Of the
Wertheim Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company, a GNOME,

Representing the Dwarf of German Fable, in a sitting posture, with a mallet resting on his shoulder, and long flowing beard reaching to his feet.

Besides this Trade Mark the NAME "WERTHEIM" is PAINTED in gold on the PLATE of each Machine.

As a Further SECURITY
To GUARD AGAINST IMPOSITION every
GENUINE WERTHEIM SEWING
MACHINE
SHIPPED to AUSTRALIA
Has STAMPED on the SHUTTLE-SLIDE the NAME of the SOLE AGENT for Australasia, viz.:—

HUGO WERTHEIM,
MELBOURNE.

I herby inform Vendors of Sewing Machines in Victoria and the other Australian colonies that the WERTHEIM "GNOME" TRADE MARK, as well as the name "WERTHEIM," have been properly REGISTERED in Australia; and that any infringement upon the said registration will be at once proceeded against according to law.

Hugo Wertheim,
39 FLINDERS LANE EAST,
MELBOURNE,

Sole Representative and Agent in Australia for the Wertheim Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company.

PETRUS DE BAERE,
Agent for Beaufort and District.

Machines from £4 10s.

Easy Terms. Illustrated Catalogues.

THE GREATEST "SEWING MACHINE."

TRIUMPH OF THE AGE

We respectfully ask the public not to be misled by the puff of our "Rival of former years."

The number of Sewing Machines imported (like other goods) is no criterion of the number sold, the evidence of which lies in the fact that Melbourne is overstocked with the importations of 1874.

Reasons why the
"WHEELER AND WILSON"
Sewing Machine
Is far superior to the "Singer."

The W. and W. will do more work, and do it better.
The W. and W. is much more durable. It will last a lifetime, and run for years without repair.
The W. and W. is easier to work than the Singer.
The W. and W. is not so liable to get out of order.
The W. and W. has no cog wheels to wear away and break, as a Singer.
The W. and W. has no heavy machinery to tire and weary the feet, as the Singer.
The W. and W. is more simple in action.
The W. and W. has less wear and tear.
The W. and W. is better finished.
The W. and W. has been awarded more prizes.

If any further proof is required of the superiority of the Wheeler and Wilson, it is found in the fact that Singer's agent has never accepted our challenge to have the machines publicly tested.

We warrant every genuine W. and W. machine to give entire satisfaction.

LONG & CO., Australian Agents for Wheeler and Wilson's Machines.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.
Instruction Given Gratis.

P. De BAERE,
WATCHMAKER,
Sole Agent for Beaufort.

All Sewing Machines delivered FREE of charge at Melbourne Prices. Discount allowed for Cash, or on easy terms.

Plain and Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE,

Lawrence-street, Beaufort,

And "TRIBUNE" OFFICE, East Charlton.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,

Prepared on the shortest notice

THE ARGUS may be had daily, on the arrival of the mid-day Train, at the shop of Mr. H. P. HENNINGSEN, Agent, Beaufort. Price, Twopence.

WARD & LIPMAN,

Commission Merchants,

PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

EXPORTERS OF AMERICAN GOODS.

Advances made on Consignments.

Contracts for Railways and Public Works Solicited.

WASHING LIQUID.

MRS. GILLOCH begs respectfully to inform the residents of Beaufort and district that she is manufacturing a "Washing Liquid," which will be found to materially lessen the labor of Washing Clothes, besides giving the clothes a good color. Warranted not to injure any article, of whatever description or texture; it will also take out paint, and improve colored articles.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—For every 3 gallons of cold water add one half-pint of the liquid, wet and soap the clothes, place in the boiler, and boil for half an hour, then rinse in plenty of water; blue and dry as usual. Soap and soak flannels in warm water, and place in boiler when fine white clothes are taken out, and allowed to remain 15 or 20 minutes then dry and rinse as usual.

Sold in large or small quantities. Single Bottle 3d.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

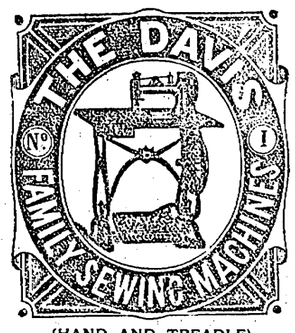
CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailors Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Charlton, Waterloo, Encombeen, Buangor, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Burrumbeet, Learmonth, Streatham, Skipton, and Cardigan.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS,
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS,
POSTERS, DRAPER'S HANDBILLS
CATALOGUES, DELIVERY BOOKS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
MOURNING CARDS, &c., &c.,
PRINTED IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office: Lawrence Street, Beaufort.



(HAND AND TREADLE),
RECEIVED THE
ONLY FIRST PRIZE
AND
GOLD MEDAL
AWARDED AT THE
Sydney & Melbourne International Exhibitions, 1880-1
AND THE
Only First Prize,
Adelaide Exhibition, 1881.

IMPORTERS—
HENRY BISHOP & CO.,
79 BOURKE STREET EAST,
MELBOURNE.
(Next to the Theatre Royal).
Local Agents Wanted.

HOOD'S PHOSPHORUS PILLS

A Certain Remedy for Nervous Debility—either special or general. To avoid disappointment, ask for **Hood's Phosphorus Pills**, and insist upon having them only.

PRICE—2/6 and 5/-

HOOD & CO.'S CORN SOLVENT

A Certain Cure for Hard or Soft Corns.

PRICE—2/6 a Bottle.

HOOD & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.
IMPORTERS OF
OILS, ANALINE COLORS AND DRYSALTERY,
147 ELIZABETH STREET.

FIRST PRIZE
Awarded Melbourne International Exhibition, 1880-81.

SANDER AND SONS'

EUCALYPTI EXTRACT.

UNDER the distinguished patronage of His Majesty the King of Italy, at Rome.

Dr. Cruikshank, Health officer for the City of Sandhurst, certifies to the extract being the most reliable remedy for external inflammation, bronchitis, diptheria, affections of the lungs, chest, all pains of rheumatic nature, neuralgia, etc., all swellings, bruises, sprains, wounds, disorders of the bowels, diarrhœa, etc.

PROFESSOR Dr. MOSLER, at the University of Greifswalde, Germany, reports astonishing cures of Diphtheria, Lung and Throat Diseases by inhaling the vapors of SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT.

Epitome of declaration made before M. Cohen, Esq., J.P., at Sandhurst, October, 1877:—The son of Mr. Raabe was hurt with an axe on the knee. After nine weeks' medical treatment it was declared necessary by Dr. Macgillivray to amputate the injured limb. At that juncture the extract was applied, and the wound speedily cured without amputation.

The daughter of Mr. Jungbeun, suffering from disease of the bone, as pronounced by Drs. Atkinson and Boyd, was cured just as speedily. Cures of whooping cough, very severe colds, croup, bronchitis, diphtheria, earache, pains in the head (neuralgia), inflammation of the eyes, and that of a severely injured foot; others of bad legs, wound on the arm with enormous swelling, of severe bruises and a sprained ankle, (H. Brown), in which case eight months' medical advice was of no avail, are reported by the "Donald Times," "Newcastle Morning Herald" "Cooktown Courier," "Yorke's Peninsula Advertiser," and others.

The extract regulates the action of the kidneys cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and is the surest curative agent and preventative of contagion in scarlet, typhoid, and intermittent fever. For particulars see testimonials accompanying each bottle.

Sold at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per vial.

CAUTION.

Do not confound SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT with the common Eucalypti Oil, a resinous fluid equal to turpentine, without the healing vapors of our Extract, and positively injurious in most cases for which our preparation is highly recommended; therefore ask for SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT and see that you get it. The genuine article is made up in vials bearing our trade mark and signature, and for greater safety each vial is secured by an outside green band with our signature and address—

Agent for WATERLOO: J. FRUSHER.
" MAIN LEAD: J. M'LEOD.
" CHARLTON: J. DOBIE.
" BEAUFORT: H. A. GLYDE.

Ballarat Wool Sales.

Everingham, Greenfield, & Co

WOOL, GRAIN, AND TIMBER BROKERS,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION AGENTS
AND
GENERAL AUCTIONEERS
(Established 1864.)
MELBOURNE AND BALLARAT.

WE beg most respectfully to inform our clients that we shall continue to hold regular Auction sales of WOOL, SHEEPSKINS, HIDES, TALLOW and PRODUCE, every alternate THURSDAY during the ensuing Wool Season, at BALLARAT.

Liberal advances made on Wool, Grain, and all kinds of Colonial Produce consigned to us for sale in Melbourne and Ballarat, or for shipment.

In connection with the above, we beg to notify our friends that we hold public sales of Grain and Produce every TUESDAY, at the

CORN EXCHANGE, MELBOURNE,

And daily (privately) both in Melbourne and Ballarat

FOR SALE—Wool Packs, Corn Sacks, Bran Bags, Gunnies, and General Station Supplies, at Current Rates.

EVERINGHAM GREENFIELD & CO.,
Market Square, Ballarat, and Corn Exchange, Melbourne.

Wonderful, but True.

Furniture,

Pianos,

Carpets, etc.,

Forwarded to all parts of the Colony

Without Money or Security

ON

S. NATHAN'S

WONDERFUL

TIME PAYMENT SYSTEM.

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

LATE OF

149 AND 151 BOURKE STREET EAST

MELBOURNE.

SUBSCRIBERS to the "Illustrated London News" and "London Punch." H. P. HENNINGSEN, News Agent, Beaufort.

ONE BOX OF

CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS

IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, acquired or constitutional. Gravel, and Pains in the back. Sold in boxes, 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE,
APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND

EXPORT AGENTS.

Burroyne, Burbidges and Co., Coleman-street, London
Newbery and Sons, 37 Newgate-street, London.
Barclay and Sons, 95 Farringdon-street, London.
Sanger and Sons, Oxford-street, London.
And all the London Wholesale Houses.

MELBOURNE AGENTS.

ROCKE, TOMPSITT, & Co., Melbourne.
HEMMONS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
FITCH & FRENCH.

SYDNEY AGENTS.

ELLIOTT BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
ED. ROW & Co.

ADELAIDE AGENTS.

FAULDING & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

BRISBANE AGENTS.

BEWLEY & TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggists.
ELLIOTT BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS.

KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & Co., Wholesale Dru
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

MELBOURNE AGENTS
FOR THE
RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE
MESSRS. GORDON & GOTCH
85 COLLINS STREET, WEST

GRAND DISCOUNT SALE.

17½ PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

TWO PENCE off every Shilling; THREE SHILLINGS and FOUR PENCE off every Pound; ONE POUND off every Six Pounds worth of Goods purchased for CASH ONLY.

Commencing on

WEDNESDAY, 15th JULY,

and will continue until further notice.

A. CRAWFORD

MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT,

Having been advised of early large shipments to arrive about middle or end of August, and it necessary for want of space, to considerably reduce the present stock on hand. Instead of adopting the usual plan of reducing certain lines only, he has decided to make the benefit to the public more general by again carrying out the DISCOUNT PLAN, which he previously introduced, and which met with so much genuine and universal public satisfaction, viz.:—

THREE SHILLINGS AND FOUR PENCE OFF EVERY POUND!

TWO PENCE OFF EVERY SHILLING!

One Pound, off every Six Pounds' Worth of Goods Purchased for Cash Only during this great Discount Sale.

This extraordinary Discount will apply to every article in stock, with the following few exceptions, which will be sold at net prices, viz:—

BEST BRUSSELS CARPETS ONLY (all others subject to the discount);
BEST LINOLEUMS (Company's Goods);
ALL KID GLOVES;
SEWING AND KNITTING COTTONS.
PATON'S ALLOA, BALDWYN'S, AND BERLIN FINGERING YARNS.

Also,

TWEED SUITS, at 50s,

And

TROUSERS, 12s 6d, TO MEASURE.

All BOOTS will be subject to a DISCOUNT of One Penny per Shilling, or One Shilling and Eightpence on every Pound.

The public have had ample experience of the genuineness and value of A.C.'s Discount Sales on former occasions, and the immense advantages to buyers by the above sale are so clear and remarkable, that further comment is altogether unnecessary.

A. CRAWFORD,
MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,
STURT STREET,
BALLARAT,

To Let,

A COTTAGE, near the Court-house, Beaufort. Apply to H. P. HENNINGSEN.

FRIEND PAUSE.—If you want to keep out of the *Cemetery*, drink Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters.

GRIEFENDORFF'S Bohemian Bitters. These well-known *German Hop Bitters* are an excellent tonic, and are invaluable for Liver, Kidney, and Urinary Diseases, Constipation, Poorness of Blood, Mental Depression, Biliousness, Loss of Appetite, Stomachic Ailments, and for staving off the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to. Sold everywhere, Chemists, Storekeepers, Hotelkeepers, Merchants, etc.

BE SURE and say *Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters*. All imitations are worthless. Victorian Consignee—August Ludwig *Setzer*, 68 Queen-st., Melbourne.

Important Notice.

Mr. W. HARTLEY,

DENTIST SURGEON, Sturt Street, BALLARAT

(Over Bardwell's, Photographer),

Dental Registration Certificate, No. 5445,

WISHES to intimate to the citizens of Beaufort and Waterloo and surrounding district that he has opened a branch office in the above places, where every operation in Dentistry may be received.

Decayed Teeth stopped from further decay. Artificial Teeth inserted, without pain or inconvenience, cheaper than any other Dentist.

Persons having in their mouths artificial teeth or require more adapting to the gums can have them made perfect by applying as above.

Especial care and attention given to the regulation of Children's Teeth, which, if neglected, in after years ruin the mouth for mastication and appearance.

ADVICE FREE. Testimonials, both English and colonial.

ATTENDANCE EVERY FRIDAY at Mr. ANDREWS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Neill Street, Beaufort, from 1 to 5 p.m.,

And at Mr. E. MILLIGAN'S, Waterloo, from 9 to 12 a.m., where all necessary information can be given.

WATERLOO COACHES.

COACHES from WATERLOO to BEAUFORT and TRAWALLA start as under:—

From the Fitzroy Hotel at 7.30 a.m., 10.30 a.m., and 3 p.m., calling at intermediate places, and leaving the Waterloo Hotel at 8 a.m., 11 a.m., and 3.30 p.m.

From the Railway Hotel, Beaufort, to Waterloo at 9 a.m., 12 noon, 4.5 p.m.

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.30 a.m.

Monday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 11.30 a.m.

Return fares to and from Beaufort, available for three days, One Shilling and Sixpence; single fares, One Shilling. From the finger post to Waterloo or Beaufort, Sixpence.

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

HOPPER'S
MILK PUNCH

GENUINE OLD ENGLISH ELIXIR VITÆ

Can be obtained at Smith's Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, and the Mineralogy, Snake Valley Creek.

"Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions."—Act iii, Scene 1.

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME patients suffering from nervous affections are afraid from sheer bashfulness and modesty to PERSONALLY consult a medical man—other patients have not the self-possession and coolness when in the consulting room, to accurately describe their symptoms—their habits of life, and the nature of the disease they suffer from.

Let such persons (be or she) sit quietly down in the privacy of their own apartments, and with calm minds describe clearly each symptom of their case, a clear statement this will do, and laid before me, is far preferable in nervous diseases to a personal consultation. Where, however, a disease is of a peculiar and exceptional character, a personal consultation may become necessary; but my success in correspondence is so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated by letter during the last 32 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, not a case has ever been made public—in fact, the very simplicity of my system of correspondence prevents publicity.

At the same time medicines are sent to my patients in such a form as to defy detection.

How many thousands have I not brought joy to?

How many have been enabled to enter into the marriage state through consulting me?

How many after marriage have privately consulted me and been blessed, and their married lives made fruitful and happy.

How many wasted ruined youths of both sexes have also been restored to health, and thanked their manhood, for having consulted me by letter.

How many questions arise where the family physician is unable to unravel the case, and where often the medical fingers on, not daring to tell his family medical adviser the nature of his complaint, until consumption wasting, or mental diseases set in, and the sufferer gets beyond the curable stage, and is left a hopeless wreck.

A letter written in the privacy of the room and dropped in the post box reaches me quietly; the answer is returned as quietly and unostentatiously, and the patient, without stepping from his chamber, except to post his letter, is by return of post put in full possession of the nature of his case. His hopes are raised, his doubts removed, and he is comparatively a new man; in fact, in many cases, a new being altogether.

The only addition to the ordinary written letter is the age, occupation, habits and symptoms, nothing more. The usual consultation fee of £1 (one pound) must be enclosed, otherwise no answer will be returned.

There are thousands of cases in daily life where a consultation with one at a distance, will remove by a single letter, a great fear, a great care, and it often solves what appears as an impenetrable mystery. Many a sad heart has been made joyful on receipt of an explanatory letter from me.

To those who are about to marry, I would say consult me before doing so, and prevent many after troubles and remove many unnecessary fears and prejudices; to those, more especially who have suffered in early years from disease, or who have yielded to their passions. To these I say, at once, consult with me, do not tarry, delays are dangerous, and as an expert, my time may not always be at your service, you can, by simply enclosing one pound, have the benefit of my experience, in the same manner as if I lived in your own town, and with the additional advantage of thorough privacy.—Yours, truly,

LOUIS L. SMITH.

Address
DR. L. L. SMITH,
182 COLLINS STREET EAST,
MELBOURNE.

Consultation Fee by Letter, £1.
Fee for personal Consultation, £1 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine.

Medicines forwarded, well-packed, to all the Colonies, India and Europe.

182 COLLINS-STREET EAST Melbourne.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

There was a fair market on Thursday. We quote as follows:—Barley—English, 4s 6d; Cape barley, 2s 9d.; wheat, 3s 6d to 3s 9d; oats, 2s 6d to 2s 9d; hay, sheaves, L3 to L3 10s; do., manger, L3 to L3 15s; potatoes, L1 to L1 17s 6d; straw, oaten, L2; do., wheaten, L1 10s; peas, 3s to 3s 6d; bran, 11s; pollard, 1s 1d; bonedust, L6 10s; flour, L7 15s.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Business in the produce market has been limited to transactions of minor importance, the inclement weather having the effect of delaying the deliveries. No sales of wheat have come to our knowledge, but 3s 6d is given as a fair quotation. One lot of fifty tons of flour changed hands during the week, but the price has not transpired. Small sales have been made at our figures. At Horsham the wheat market is firm at 3s 4d to 3s 4½d. Wheat at Donald has advanced to 3s 6d, and the figure at St. Arnaud has risen to 3s 5d. At Landsborough 3s 2d still rules, and flour is quoted at L7 5s. In this district oats are worth 2s 10d per bushel bags in; one lot of sixty bags realised 2s 9d ex bags. Warrnambool potatoes are a little firmer, owing no doubt to the bad state of the roads. All forward have been taken up at L3 5s per ton. Hay is fairly well supplied at late rates, and all coming in is readily taken up. There is a brisk sale for chaff. Fresh butter is very scarce at 1s 6d per pound and potted readily brings 1s 2d. Eggs are very scarce, and readily bring 1s 6d. We quote:—

Wheat, 3s 4d ex bags, 3s 6d bags in; oats, 2s 9d to 2s 10d; pollard 1s 2d; bran, 1s; Cape barley 2s 6d; English barley, 4s 6d; peas, 3s; flour, L7 7s 6d to L7 15s per ton; Warrnambool potatoes L3 5s per ton; Ballarat, potatoes, L2 15s per ton; hay, (sheaves) 75s per ton; hay (trussed), 80s; straw, oaten, 30s per ton; do., wheaten, 25s; chaff, 4s per cwt; carrots, 3s; onions, 6s butter (fresh), 1s 6d per lb; butter, (potted), 1s 2d; hams, 10d per lb; bacon, 8½d per lb; cheese, 6½d; eggs, 1s 6d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS BY SOLDIERS.

The correspondents of the Indian press with the Afghan Boundary Commission furnish pitiful accounts of the suffering endured by Sir Peter Lumsden's little force during the retreat from Gulran (remarks the "St James's Gazette.") Here is an extract from one of their letters:—"Starting from Gulran at half-past 7, the cavalry reached Chasma-i-Sabz early in the afternoon. Arrived there, they and all the officers, the native *attaches*, and others with them found themselves without servants, without food, without tents, and nothing to drink but muddy water. Captain Heath and Lieutenant Wright started back with some sowars and ponies to bring in helpless stragglers. They went back three or four miles, and having then picked up as many men, utterly powerless and some dying, as the ponies could carry, they returned to camp. Such servants and syces as had come in were prostrate and numbed—in fact 'crumpled up' with cold, or, as it was graphically expressed, shivering and chattering idiots. After some search it was found that a few mules with tents had struggled in. Two or three of them were given to the sowars and Persian mule-drivers and farashes, and in two small mountain-battery tents a dozen officers huddled. For food they had half a dozen biscuits, quarter loaf of bread, and a small piece of tinned beef. That is all the food they tasted from 8 a.m. one day to 2 p.m the next. Any small quantity of wine and spirits that was available was reserved exclusively for the use of the exhausted and benumbed natives. The cold was intense, the floors of the tents were puddles, and the violent wind repeatedly drew the pegs. It is needless to say sleep was out of the question. Almost every dog in camp died. Nine, it is said, took refuge in one of the officers' tents, thereby preserving their own lives and keeping their owners warm. As for those poor fellows who had no tents, they lay down anywhere in a *postin* blanket or a *numdah* or in their ordinary clothing, and passed the night as best they could. The animals stood starving and shivering, saddled as they came in and without jhool; some wandering away in the night in search of food and getting lost. Those that were securely picketed turned their tails to the snow and biting blast. Next morning their tails were a bunch of icicles. In the morning those poor fellows who had to pass the night in the open air, were found covered with snow. General Lumsden was out at 5 a.m. on the 5th to see what could be done both to aid and rescue stragglers, and to succour those who had lain out all night in the cold. As one of the officers said, when they first went round in the early morning among the figures lying motionless on the ground, some silent, some moaning, they shuddered to think that half of them might be dead."

Holloway's Pills.—No Mystery.—Whenever the blood is impure or the general health is impaired the human body is predisposed to attacks of any prevailing epidemic. The first indications of faulty action, the first sensations of deranged or diminished power, should be rectified by these purifying Pills, which will cleanse all corrupt and reduce all erring functions to order. These Pills counteract the subtle poisons in decaying animal or vegetable matter, and remove all tendency to bowel complaints, billiousness, and a host of annoying symptoms arising from foul stomachs. The fruit season is especially prone to produce irritation of the bowels and disorders of the digestive organs; both of which dangerous conditions can be completely removed by Holloway's corrective medicines.

Forewarned is forearmed.—Lest the unwary should be caught in the toils of certain tricksters, who are among the most unscrupulous in existence, notice is hereby given that importations of bogus nostrums are being made, and counterfeit tonics offered for sale which are falsely alleged to equal or possess similar properties to Wolfe's Schnapps. May this caution proved serviceable. Be sure you obtain Wolfe's Schnapps.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Black, T.
Davis, H.; Dunn, J.
Cameron, D.
Etherton, J.
Glover, Miss S.
Hore, E.; Harat, Mrs. S.
Iredale, W.
Johnson, W. H.
Karmell, Mrs S.; Kitchen, W.
Liddle, N.
M'Lean, Norman; Morgan, John; Miller, Mrs.; M'Millan, Ewen; Manners, T.
Pears, T.
Smith, J.; Stewart, W.
Trainer, J.; Tuddenham, D.
Wilcox, H.; Walsh, Mrs.; Whitfield, J.; Westbrook, R.

E. M. KILDAHL, Postmistress.

Beaufort, July 10th, 1885.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1885.

THE hearts of a people, of warm and generous impulse, like that of Victoria are apt to well, over with gratitude at the decease of a distinguished public man who has served his country more materially than he has studied his own private interests. But as the colony grows in importance, as the history broadens, and its years increase, it is not difficult to foresee that personal pecuniary endowments by the State are likely to attain such huge proportions as to become extremely burdensome to the general taxpayer. Not the least among the inducements to migrate to the Australian Colonies has been the consideration that the settler would not be stifled, hurried, and worried to death by the apparition, book in hand, of the inexorable ghost of the tax-gatherer. Taxes for this, for that, and for every conceivable object, either for use, convenience, or luxury confront the British taxpayer at every turn until, sighing for relief in some distant but friendly haven, he makes up his mind to migrate to these shores, comforted and consoled by the conviction that, at length, he has escaped from the land of pensions and taxes and taxes and pensions *ad infinitum*. But some sort of taxation, whether the imposition take the form of *ad valorem* duties on our imports or direct taxation, is absolutely necessary to the maintenance of law and order as well as the advancement of the general community in the higher grades of civilisation. Victoria already boasts of a land tax, and year by year our colonial Chancellor of the Exchequer finds it necessary to gradually increase our responsibilities in this direction. But there are some taxes more obnoxious than others, and we shall have learned a useful lesson by our colonisation if we hesitate to go to the extreme lengths which have made old-world existence a struggle for dear life—an encounter in which the weakest hopelessly go the wall, never, in nine cases out of ten, to rise again under the load heaped upon them. The line of demarcation has, however, to be drawn somewhere. Payment of members was resorted to partly on the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire; partly because there was no sufficiently numerous middle-class from which suitable men could be drawn to represent the community in Parliament for the honor and glory of the position; but we fear that the impartial historian of the future will not describe the payment system as being the perfection its advocates predicted it would be. Personally, in a rich and prosperous colony like Victoria, we should have been glad to see sufficient unselfishness manifested to do away even with the allocation of the modest *honorarium* voted to hon. members as a recoup for their expenses out of pocket, but as the spirit of democracy is considered too precious to be strangled on the plea of false economy, the system has been experimented upon, not, however, it must be confessed, with the happiest results. It was to be the sovereign panacea for the political ills and drawbacks we suffered; a preventative of place-hunting; a specific for faction fights and party scheming, and the death-blow to "proper representations" and backstairs influence. We say it has not achieved all this; but it may, perhaps, be credited with paving the way to one or two wholesome reforms such as the Public Service Statute. On Wednesday Parliament voted a sum of £4000 to the widow and family of the late J. M. Grant, and is to be asked to set aside about half that sum on account of the late Mr. M'Coll. The State will probably hardly grudge the former deceased legislator this token of post-mortem affection and appreciation; but unhappily there is a serious principle involved in the making of these bequests. They establish dangerous precedents and hamper the free progress of a community. Mr. Duffy's pension was granted under a peculiar set of circumstances not likely to arise again, having been a Minister of the Crown for two years, and some who had not even completed that period of service applied for and obtained a pension; but that system was happily abolished. It is not to be forgotton that Mr. Grant for many years received a liberal salary as Minister of the Crown, and the duty was as incumbent upon him as upon any private member of the community to make provision out of that allowance for the subsequent needs of himself and family. But his name has been identical with land liberalization and agricultural prosperity, which his early efforts in the Legislature tended largely to foster. On that account, and for some other considerations which we need not enumerate, we do not grudge his family the State bounty it is proposed to bestow upon them but these precedents creep up and are dangerous to the public weal. In the case of the late Hugh M'Coll we doubt that any real solid plea for post-obitual relief could be sustained if the argument were pushed to its legitimate lengths. He had no business in the House if he could not sustain the position under the circumstances and could have earned more money outside it; and the work was not compulsory. The late hon. gentleman has, however, in spite of uphill work, done something towards educating the colony on the subject of the benefits of canalisation and irrigation and in this regard, without paying any attention to the allegations of his opponents that his great scheme was chemerical and impracticable as tending to make water run uphill, it may be argued that his family are entitled to some consideration. On the whole, we would not under the circumstances seriously object to either of these allowances, though we are opposed to all such votes of money on principle. We hope public opinion, if it should see fit to acquiesce in the proposed grants, will discourage the practice of recognising any future claims of a similar character, as we regard the principle involved as being dangerous to the best interests of the community.

The following letter was received yesterday by Mr D. G. Stewart, secretary of the recent entertainment held at Beaufort in aid of the Ballarat Hospital, from Mr. C. Burrows, secretary of the Hospital:—"I have the great gratification of conveying to you, and the gentlemen with whom you have been associated, the sincere thanks of our committee for the very substantial, and most welcome monetary assistance afforded. Coming, as it did, the spontaneous unsolicited effort of the Beaufort residents, in recognition of the usefulness of this institution, it is doubly acceptable. By imparting these sentiments to those with whom you have been connected in providing the entertainment, you will confer another favor."

On Friday next Mr. C. L. Andrews, the young Australian lecturer, will deliver his lecture on General Gordon, in the Beaufort Societies' Hall. Mr. Andrews is spoken of as a brilliant speaker, with a wonderful memory, and we would recommend everybody to come and hear him. The lecture will be under the immediate patronage of the Beaufort Mutual Improvement Association, and Mr. W. C. Thomas will preside.

The total rainfall at Beaufort from the 5th to the 9th inst was 1.02 in.

The English mail closes at Beaufort as follows:—To-day (Saturday), at noon, for money orders. On Monday, at 4.45 p.m., for registered letters, and at 5 p.m. for ordinary letters and newspapers.

The manager of the New Discovery reports that the No. 2 shaft has been let to Messrs. Henderson and M'Intosh to work on tribute; yield of gold for the week, 50oz. 6dwt. 16gr.

On Thursday evening last the Beaufort Fire Brigade held their annual social gathering, in the Beaufort Societies' Hall. There was about fifty couples present, and a really enjoyable few hours were spent. There were representatives from Ararat and Ballarat present, besides several of the militia in uniform. The music was provided by the Jackson family, and was first-class, while the catering for the inner man was in the hands of Mr. S. Whiting, who provided a very inviting spread, which was done justice to by those present. Captain Stuart afficiated as M.C. in his usual capable manner, and the whole affair passed off as "merry as a marriage bell."

"Honor to whom honor is due" is a time-honored motto. In our report of the Hospital concert last week we omitted to mention that Mr. G. Lewis pleased the audience greatly by his performances on the cornet, which were quite a feature in the evening's entertainment.

The annual meeting of the Beaufort Fire Brigade was held on Monday evening last, a full report of which we are compelled to hold over till our next issue.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—New Victoria, 70oz; Waterloo, 40oz.; Hobart Pasha, 25oz.; Royal Saxon, 20oz.; South Victoria, 16oz.

We are requested to state that the subjects for consideration at St. John's Church, Beaufort, to-morrow will be as follows:—Morning, "The Communion of Saints;" evening, "The doctrine of Universalism viewed in the light of nature, reason, and inspiration."

It is announced in another column that a special service will be conducted by the Rev. J. C. M'Cord, in the Societies' Hall, to-morrow (Sunday) in connection with the Beaufort Orange Lodge. On Thursday next the Lodge will hold a ball and supper.

A new list of justices of the peace has recently been compiled under the direction of the Solicitor-General. The old list has been subjected to a thorough revision, and a large number of names appearing on the old list have been omitted from the new roll, owing to the death or removal of the justices, or to circumstances which have rendered it undesirable to retain them. The names of the Premiers and Attorneys-General of this and all the other colonies have been added to the commission. The old list contained about 2,000 names, but the new roll, which will be published in the next issue of the "Government Gazette," will only include 1,700 names.

Mr. W. E. Nicdols will hold a sale of furniture at the Commercial Hotel on Saturday next.

During the week Mr. Andrew Chirnside, in conjunction with Mr. S. J. Staughton, M.L.A., has cablegramed to London (says the "Mortlake Despatch") for ten miles of rabbit proof wire.

Whilst at Warracknabeal with the Railway Commissioners, Mr. Robb, the contractor for the line from Murtoa, intimated that the residents would be able to take a trip to Melbourne by rail next Christmas.

The Black Watch Creek rush has proved a complete failure. The "Argus" characterises it as one of the greatest mining shams that has taken place in Gippsland. Only two ounces have been got in prospecting over three miles of country. Ten days ago about 100 men were on the field, but now the number there is reduced to thirty-five, and next week only five will remain. Food and tools are to be found lying in heaps covered with bark, and with a notice attached, stating that whoever likes can have them. Reports sent from the hotels *en route* are largely responsible for the statements as to large quantities of gold having been found.

The Melbourne correspondent of the "Ararat Advertiser" writes:—Publicans have a good deal to put up with in the prosecution of their business, and their expenses are heavy. Among these latter are the stealing of glasses from off their counters. One landlord tells me that he frequently loses a dozen a week, and judging from the evidence produced in the City Court, a day or two ago, this is a moderate average. It was there shown that a man arrested had a coat specially made with a number of pockets into which a tumbler would just fit, and when "collared" he had five in his possession. Another ingenious dodge was the following:—One of these gentry would come in and, taking up the "Argus," would spread it over the till the while pretending to read; directly the barman's attention was distracted the till gently drawn out, still under cover of the paper, the contents abstracted, and the till as quietly put back. In this case, however, a severe kicking was summarily administered.

Hanlan says that, notwithstanding his defeat in the colonies, he made £6000 as his share of the gate-money. He says Beach is the most wonderful oarsman he ever met. Hanlan has accepted Teemer's challenge.

The vote of £4,000 to the widow and family of the late J. M. Grant was agreed to by the Legislative Assembly on Wednesday night. It was proposed by Mr. Bent, who reminded the House of the deceased gentleman's voluntary request that the M'Culloch Government of 1870 should not persist with a vote of £7,000 on his behalf. Mr. Wrixon was the seconder, and he urged that Mr. Grant had rendered services eminently valuable to the colony, because he secured the settlement of the people on the land. The question was an open one with the Government. Mr. Service spoke under evident restraint when he intimated his deep regret that the motion could not receive his support, because of the precedent it would establish. Mr. Berry, on the other hand, was free and fervent in commending the proposal. Mr. Gillies was another strong supporter, and so was Mr. Patterson. The only objectors were Mr. Walker and Mr Zox, Mr. Laurens and Mr. Officer, who endorsed Mr. Service's view. After Mr. Berry spoke, there was a clamour for a decision, and when the Speaker declared "The ayes have it," no one called for a division.

Early on Wednesday morning, May 13, a keel named the William and Edward was capsized on Whitton Sand, in the Humber, and it was supposed that the master, Mr. Snowden, and his wife and three children, were drowned. The steam-tug Hecla was towing down from Keadby, when one of the Whitton lightship crew asked her to stop and assist with a keel which was bottom upwards as he believed that some one was still alive in the cabin. The master of the Hecla immediately set to work, and occasionally they heard a woman's voice exclaiming, "Oh! be quick." The keel was towed ashore about 6 p.m., and a hole was made in her quarter, and about half-past 7 p.m. the woman was rescued. The water rose as high as her mouth. It appears that her three children had been hanging on to her hair. Two of them had evidently hung on until they became exhausted, and then had let go and perished. After the hole had been cut into the quarter, a man got into the cabin and handed Mrs. Snowden out and a living child. Two dead children were found in the cabin, and the body of her husband entangled in the rigging. Mrs. Snowden had been confined in her horrible situation for 17 hours and a half.

The Legislative Council held a short sitting on Tuesday. Leave of absence for the remainder of the session was granted to Dr. Beaney, Mr. Ormond, Mr. Belcher, and Mr. Fitzgerald. A bill for consolidating and amending the law with respect to the importation and manufacture of gunpowder and other explosive substances, a bill to alter and amend the Transfer of Land Statute, and a bill to consolidate and amend the law relating to justices of the peace and Courts of General and Petty Sessions, were introduced and read a first time. The second reading of the two first-named measures was made an order of the day for Tuesday next, and of the last-named for the following Tuesday. The Electric Lighting Bill, which was down for second reading, was discharged from the notice paper. It was brought forward on the day Parliament was opened merely to assert the privileges of the House. At 5 o'clock the House adjourned to the following Tuesday.

A Fitzroy tradesman has been fined £20 for selling butter made of fat washed in milk.

Cable News.

(FROM THE ARGUS.)

LONDON, July 8.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Gladstone spoke in support of the Afghan policy which Lord Salisbury announced in the House of Lords on Monday would be pursued by the Ministry.

A motion expressive of want of confidence in the new Ministry was brought forward in the House of Commons yesterday by Sir Wilfred Lawson, but it was a complete failure.

General Courcy has arrested the Regent of Anam on a charge of being concerned in the recent attack by a large Anamese force upon the citadel of Hue, which was occupied by the French.

Votes of thanks will shortly be proposed in both Houses of Parliament to the officers and men who took part in the late campaign in the Soudan. The rewards and promotions in connection with the campaign will also be announced shortly.

The House of Commons yesterday voted a sum of £30,000 to Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice on the occasion of her marriage with Prince Henry of Battenberg.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not identify ourselves with the opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

To the Editor of the Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—Having noticed in your issue of the 4th inst. a few remarks from your pen, reflecting on the contents of my letter to Mr. Smith, I trust that in common fairness to me, you will grant a short space to reply. In the first place, I wish to clear the Lifeboat Lodge I.O.G.T. of the "stigma" of having "instigated" the letter, and thus settle all doubts on that point. You ask, "If a member of a local governing body is to be virtually boycotted by a section of the public without any notice being taken of it." All very fine, Mr. Editor, but I don't deal much in sentiment myself; perhaps you think that I should try moral suasion with Mr. Smith. Now, I cannot see how this question affects the public at all, as the letter was not written to a "member of a local governing body," but to Mr. Smith, butcher, etc. Surely, Mr. Editor, you would not try to stamp out the right of private judgement in a private matter. If I choose to feel agrieved at the action of Mr. Smith in this matter, perhaps you will be good enough to inform me how it can possibly be of public interest. I feel myself, perfectly justified in the course of action which I have taken, and leave it to any reasonable man to say, if he would support a man, who, by his actions, has virtually said "these people are not sufficiently respectable to have such a paltry thing as a dancing license granted to them." But it is easy to see where the shoe pinches; wheels within wheels, Mr. Editor. If the remarks, re "cheek" and "ignorance" were made by a lesser personage than yourself, I should not notice them; but, I would like you to recognise the fact that your comments were made on a private epistle to a private person, for the time being. The letter was not addressed to the Council, or to Councillor Smith, but was strictly private, and for any third person to interfere, and talk about cheek, impudence, and ignorance, is to say the least, certainly not the height of good breeding, and does not sound well, from a person who is caught in the act, so to speak. So trusting you will dilute your remarks with a little of the milk of human kindness, I remain, yours etc.,

THOMAS HEWITT.

Waterloo, July 8th, 1885.

THE BEAUFORT DISTRICT RIFLE CLUB.

Twelve months ago, when rifle clubs were being formed in all the centres of, population the Beaufort District Rifle Club, with a roll of some thirty members, was organized by Mr. G. A. Eddy. The club has largely increased, and now numbers nearly one hundred riflemen. Thanks to the diligence of the Officers and Committee, among whom may be mentioned the successive Presidents, Messrs. H. H. Jackson and W. C. Thomas, and the painstaking Secretary, Mr. A. Andrews, the Club has progressed in a very favorable manner. The members have practised with more or less diligence, matches have been fired regularly, and the patriotic spirit encouraged largely by this Club has recently been shown in the unexpected readiness of our young townsmen to take their part in the work of national defence. A few weeks since, when war was considered imminent, and men were required to fill the ranks of our colonial army, the patriotism of Beaufort fairly roused the wonder of the colony. When the propriety of raising a company here was suggested by Captain Eddy, the Rifle Club took up the matter with a will only equalled by the energy of the townsfolk generally, and in less than a week 250 men had volunteered to join the Militia, a rapid piece of recruiting, far surpassing the achievements of any town of five times the size. But as only 100 of these men could be accepted, the balance require to adopt some other mode of showing their patriotism and preparing for local defence. An opportunity is now afforded them by the Rifle Club, aided by the action of the Minister of Defence. It is proposed that rifle clubs consisting of over 20 members shall be affiliated to the militia. The idea seems to be to encourage men to form a reserve force or second line of defence with a little knowledge of drill, easy discipline, and great proficiency with the rifle. In time of war the riflemen could be drafted into the militia, to which they would be a valuable addition, or formed into a formidable guerilla force. Riflemen will receive no pay, but will have great concessions made in the purchase of rifles and ammunition, in addition to drill, musketry instruction, and free travelling on railways. The system of government is similar to that obtaining in the militia force, all management is vested in officers appointed by the Governor in accordance with the wishes of the members. A meeting of the Beaufort Club is to be held on Wednesday next, when members will decide on the question of affiliation, and choose their officers. A full meeting is expected by the committee, and it is to be hoped that for the sake of the club, members will exercise the greatest care in the choice of officers looking solely to the benefit of the club, and choosing officers who can be trusted to guide the club with creditand honour.

MAGISTERIAL INQUIRY.

On Saturday last Mr. W. C. Thomas, J.P., conducted an inquiry, at the Golden Age Hotel, into the circumstances of an accident which occurred at the New Discovery No. 3 Tribute claim on Friday evening, whereby a young man named Alexander Sutherland was killed. The following evidence was taken:—

Robert Bone deposed: I am a miner residing at Beaufort, and am working in No. 3 Tribute Company, New Discovery mine, Beaufort, as a wages man. I, in company with the deceased, Alexander Sutherland, went to work at 5 o'clock on the evening of the 3rd instant. I have known the deceased for the last two months. We went down the shaft, and relieved the two men who were working named William Allen and Ebenezer M'Dougall. We commenced to work, picking and trucking alternately until nine o'clock. I was picking in the face of the drive. Deceased was about 5 feet behind me in the act of loading a truck. I was startled by being stauck on the arm and hand by a fall of earth from behind. The lights were blown out. I struck a light and lit a candle. I sang out for my mate. Receiving no reply I went in search of him, and found him laying face downwards with about a ton of earth on his head and shoulders. I called out to him several times, and put my hand on the body and finding it was fast I immediately went up the shaft to procure assistance. I returned in about a quarter of an hour in company with James Brown, Thomas Pryor, and James Suggit. Henry Trompf arrived shortly after. In company we made a start to extricate the body. In about twenty minutes we succeeded in releasing the body. The deceased appeared to be quite dead. We removed the body to the surface, and thence to the deceased's hut, where Dr. Johnston was in attendance. He (the doctor) then examined the body, and pronounced life to be extinct. Both I and deceased sounded the ground, and thought it was quite safe. The ground was hard cementy ground. Proper precautions were taken to timber the ground in order to make it safe. It was timbered in the usual manner. If the ground was timbered right up the ground could not be worked. From the nature of the ground we did not think it required timbering. To Mr. Stewart: When I and the deceased went on to work at 5 o'clock we relieved Allen and M'Dougall below. They (Allen and M'Dougall) said that he and deceased had better put in a set of timber during the shift. The ground worked in the mine is generally the same as that where the accident occurred. Have had the same amount of ground without timber on previous occasions in the mine, but never had a fall of earth before. Have only worked with deceased as his mate for a week, but have known him in the mine for a longer period. The deceased had never expressed an opinion that the ground was not properly timbered. The deceased and myself intended to put in a set of timber after crib (9 o'clock). I have been mining about twelve years, and have worked in similar ground before, and in a similar manner. To the Magistrate: There was no restriction as to the quantity of timber or when to use it.

James Suggit deposed that he assisted in extricating the body of deceased, and corroborated Bone's evidence as to the position in which it was found.

John Bending, manager of the tribute party, deposed: I visited Bone and deceased before they commenced to work in the drive. I sounded the drive, and found it in a sound state. I told Bone and the deceased to put in a set of timber, as it was necessary to do so in order to ensure the safety of the drive. About 5ft. of the drive was not timbered. Have left the ground untimbered on other occasions, the same as was done in this case. The ground is very hard, and has to be shot down. To Mr. Black: The reason why seventeen feet of the crosscut drive approaching the place where the accident occurred was not timbered was because it was considered to be safe. To Mr. Stewart: It was not because there was any immediate danger that I told Bone and the deceased to put in a set of timber. Mr. Fisher, the manager of the company, has cautioned us to keep the ground secure. If there was any danger the men should have put in the set of timber at once. The deceased was a very steady young man, and a practical miner.

Charles Stewart, Inspector of Mines, Ballarat, deposed: I visited the mine at about noon to-day in company with several of the tributors, and Mr. Black, brother-in-law of the deceased. The place where deceased was killed was pointed out to me by the men working in the mine. The ground is of a hard cementy nature, as described by the previous witnesses, and seems to be laying in floors. The spot where the accident occurred is at the junction of four drives, and the spot where deceased was killed was not timbered for 17 feet long by 9 feet wide, whilst the ground to the north and south was timbered. The ground was of a treacherous nature, and too much of the ground was untimbered. The ground may appear all right one minute, but one stroke of the pick may bring it down. The ground was too good, and in ground of this nature the miners run great risks in not timbering it securely. To Mr. Black: If the men had put in the set of timber as instructed by the tribute manager the accident might have been averted.

This concluded the evidence, and the magistrate then delivered the following finding:—"I am of opinion that the deceased, Alexander Sutherland, came by his death at the No. 3 Tribute Claim, New Discovery, Beaufort, on the 3rd day of July, 1885, from a quantity of earth falling upon him, and that there was negligence shown in the timbering of the drive, though not of a criminal character, rather from an error in judgement."

STRAY LEAVES, FROM AN "OLD GUM TREE."

Having reached a good old age, and feeling very solitary in the middle of Mount Cole forest, I conceived a brilliant idea of sending to Beaufort occasionally to get news of some kind to cheer me up; so this week I started and sent off my obedient agents with the following result.

Leaf No. 1 wants to know who is the worthy genius whose magnificent intellect planted two street lamps on the top of one place about 6 feet apart, instead of placing one of them in a prominent part of the township, where it could do some good. But, I suppose there are so many unseen beauties lying loose around that vacant spot that one lamp would not be sufficient to uncover their nakedness.

Leaf No. 2 went to the Primitive Methodist Church last Sunday evening, and was quite delighted with the singing and the minister, who, by-the-bye, doesn't preach at all, but takes the congregation into his confidence, and talks to them. But my poor agent was quite disappointed that the organist did not play something while the collection was being taken up. You see I only allowed him threepence, and you know what a nasty habit this coin has of falling over, and running up against other coins, besides dodging all over the box, till it attracts the eye of the honest collector. Now the music of the organ drowns all this, and so saves the good name of all these threepennybitites. If you know the organist, please speak to him.

Leaf No. 3 was meandering round with no fixed object, when he came upon some people talking about the mea[illegible] Several stories were to[illegible] lot by relating how a cert[illegible]

SUPPLEMENT TO

The Ripponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

Love's Harvest.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

What do I possess?
Little that is mine;
Yet that little is a seed
Bearing fruit divine.
Riches may take wings,
Aye, and fly away;
Earthly fame is but a light
Borrowed for a day.

Love, my harvest, is
Given me to keep;!
Love that outlives earthly gain,
That I daily reap.
Love to lighten care,
Love to soften woe,
Love to scatter here and there
In men's paths below.

"What do I possess?"
Bloody journeying here,
I have true and loving friends,
Wife and children dear.
"But they may depart,"
Say you, oh, my friend;
"Go the way of all the earth,
And your comfort end."

Should they go before,
They are still my own;
Though long time my riches may
To the winds have flown.
These my jewels bright—
These my treasures rare!
For the love that joined us here
Cannot part us *there*.

What do I possess?
Little, yet so much;
Earthly labor sanctified
By an angel's touch.
Harvests great and grand,
Meant my soul to bless,
Love's overflowing plenitude,
That do I possess.

Novelist.

HIS ONE MISTAKE.

By BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER XVI.—*(Continued.)*

The letter stung him with pain sharper than a serpent's bite. Dear Heaven, he had forgotten her; he had forgotten this strange tie—this half absurd, half Quixotic marriage; he had forgotten this young wife, who was never to be more than a good comrade to him. He sat quite still and motionless, with the letter in his hands.

"Who has been writing to you, Vivian?" asked Lady Gertrude, who had entered the library unnoticed by him. "How agonized you look over your letter. Is it a bill for cigars? What is the matter, Vivian?"

"Nothing," he answered, sharply.

"Why do you look so distressed? I am sure that you have bad news in that letter."

"On the contrary, I have no news at all; it is simply a reminder of some promise I made some short time ago."

"Who is the letter from?" persisted his sister, really alarmed by the pained expression of his face.

"No one whom you know," Gertie, he replied. "There is nothing the matter really believe me."

But when his sister had quitted the room, he sat down at the library table, and wrote:

"DEAR AILIE:—For the future address me as 'Dear Vivian,' not as 'My Dear Husband.' I might leave the letters about, and then it would be dangerous. We are very busy preparing for my sister's wedding—it is quite impossible for me to say when I shall see you I hope you are well and happy. Be sure to let me know if you want anything. Your affectionately, V.C."

He sealed that letter and took it to the post; he was quite determined that no servants' gossip should cause suspicion.

How many long, sad hours had Ailie spent in waiting for that letter; she had longed for it until she was sick at heart. Hettie brought it to her in her own room; she hid it beneath her apron.

"Now, Miss Ailie, as that fine husband of yours calls you, guess what I have for you here?"

Alice sprang up from her seat, pale and trembling.

"Oh, Hettie, Hettie!" is it a letter?" she cried.

"Yes; it is a letter. Your fine gentleman husband has written it at last; but I shall not stay to hear what he says. The very idea," she added to herself, "of loving any man like that!"

Alice never heard her. She was in a mad fever of impatience to read this letter. She had waited for it, prayed for it, longed for it; and now it was here. She kissed the white envelope with passionate tears; she cried out that his hands had touched it, therefore it must be precious. Then she opened it.

Ah, well, it was only the old, old story—the wasted love of woman and the indifference of man. The words struck her with mortal pain, yet how carelessly he had written them. "Do not call me husband!" They were like a death-warrant to her; to him they meant nothing save caution. Alice laid her head on the long-expected letter, and wept some of the bitterest tears that she ever shed.

"Never call him husband:—he has forgotten me!" she cried. "Even the little liking he had for me is gone. It would be better if I were dead and out of his way."

She was roused from her sorrow when Hettie returned; that plump, sensible young person looked with contempt on all tears.

"Are you crying for joy or for sorrow this time?" she asked. "Oh, Alice, you had better have remained single; you have done nothing but cry since you were married."

She was speaking half in jest, half in earnest.

"I shall call your husband Blue Beard Alice," she said. "I am quite sure that all Blue Beard's wives put together have not cried as much as you have done. You are different to me, Alice; I would not shed one tear for any man living."

"That is a proud boast, Hettie."

"And a true one. You are foolish, Alice. Here you have plenty of money, plenty of fine dresses, and everything that your heart can desire, yet you spend the greater part of your time shut up here crying. When is Blue Beard coming back?"

"I shall not answer you when you speak in that tone, Hettie," said her sister.

"Well, I will do better. When is Mr. Nelson coming back?"

"I do not know, Hettie—he does not say; he has some business on hand, and will come when it is over."

What would Alice have thought if she could have known that at that very moment her husband was planning to leave England without returning to Rudeswell? He did not care to go through the ceremony of bidding his young wife farewell.

CHAPTER XVII.

"GIVE ME LOVE, OR HATE."

Time had seemed very long to Alice. She had been educated so far above her station that home, although she loved it very dearly, was almost unendurable to her; her father's brusqueness and irritability, her mother's gentle, constant complaint, were easier to bear than Hettie's loudness and vulgarity. Rose was seldom at home; she was teaching in a family, who liked her so well that she received constant invitations from their house, so that, to all intent and purposes, she was alone. The loneliness would not have been so bad to bear but she had yielded her whole heart and soul to the passionate love that filled it. If she had not worshipped her husband so entirely, she might have been a very happy girl; she had money to do what she would with—no one questioned her as to her outlay, no one interfered with her; she could pursue her favorite studies, she could practice her favorite accomplishments; she had full and perfect liberty, yet she was most unhappy. Like every other daughter of Eve, she longed for what she had not; she was not content with what she had. She wanted her husband's love, and it seemed to her that she might more reasonably long for the moon. He was very kind to her, very indulgent, in his careless, indifferent fashion; he would give her anything and everything; he was liberal in all his providing for her; he had always admired her, admired her beautiful face, her grace, her abilities; but love—she knew, and the knowledge almost killed her, that he had no more idea of loving her than he had of killing her. It had never entered her thoughts, and the girl wore her heart away with passionate longing and wild prayers. Shut up in that gloomy house in Cecil street, while the others were all busy, she spent whole hours in long, deep, silent thought; she longed for beauty such as women never had, for talent that had never been surpassed, for grace such as men worshipped in olden times; surely, if she had all these things he must love her. Then she would go to her glass, and, looking at it, wonder at the great beauty of the face mirrored there.

"It it strange that he does not love me," she thought, "for I am passing fair."

She knew, she was quick enough to understand, that love such as she felt had never even entered his mind or heart. She was very unhappy; it seemed to her that this marriage, which had at first appeared so grand and wonderful, had in reality spoiled her life, marred it completely. Against her will those words of Shakespeare returned to her: "A young man married is a man that's marred." If that was true, what could be said of a young woman married, yet never seeing or hearing from her husband: Shakespeare might have been puzzled to find words for such a case. There were times when she was tempted to wish that the marriage had never taken place—that he had left her to bear the consequence of that one happy day; it would have been easier to bear than this being married and forgotten. She thought, and pondered, and puzzled over it. How would it end? He had been very kind; he had settled a hundred per annum on her poor, hard-working father; he had settled a most liberal and handsome income on herself. Then he had gone away to his own friends, and, as it appeared, had forgotten her. How would it end? He was going abroad soon. Would he leave her here? Would summer suns rise and set—would flowers bloom and fade—while she lived here, wearing out her heart with sighing for him? She wrote to him, but her letters were stiff and constrained; she did not dare to express what she felt; her whole being was absorbed in her love for him—of that love she dare not speak, so that her letters did not give her any great amount of comfort. He seldom answered them; when he did so, he wrote kindly, carelessly, indifferently, never speaking of himself, but always of what she wanted.

"I could not bear it always," she thought; "it would drive me mad."

While the beautiful young wife wore her heart and her life away, Lord Carsdale was busily occupied—the weeks had flown, as it seemed to him. He had received his commission, he had been appointed captain of the Queen's Own Royal Rangers, and the Royal Rangers were ordered to Gibraltar in October.

"You will see your sister married before you go?" said Lady Waldrove. "I am much pleased, Vivian."

For himself he was delighted; he had longed to spend a few years at least in the army, and Gibraltar was one of the most pleasant of military stations, so that he was altogether well pleased. His wife—well, of course, she would be happy enough; he would leave her to take her chance. She could either remain with the family at Rudeswell or have a nice little house of her own. He had quite given up all idea of ever telling his parents the story of his marriage. Since he had been at home he had seen and understood so thoroughly the difference between Ailie's friends and his own that he realized how useless it would be to attempt to bring about any common understanding between them. While his parents or either of them lived, his marriage must be kept a dead secret; when they lived no longer, and the knowledge of it could not pain them, he might perhaps publish it to the whole world. It never occurred to him that in thus acting he was doing his wife the least wrong; he had given her the shelter of a home; he had placed her in easy circumstances; he had provided for her friends; he had surrounded her with comfort; and he did not realize that a living, passionate, beating human heart wanted more than that.

"Give me love, or hate!" his young wife would cry, in her wild dreams—"love that burns, hate that kills—anything rather than this cruel, kind indifference."

Lord Carsdale did not think very much about her; the glow of heroism had a little faded, now he had realized what he had done; he had kept the whole affair as much out of his thoughts as possible; and then came the wedding, with all its pomp, its ceremony, and grandeur.

The Countess of Waldrove had said that her daughter's wedding should be a ceremony not easily forgotten in the county, and she was quite right. It never was forgotten; all England seemed to be looking on. The number of presents exhibited in the great hall was something marvellous; the fashionable papers were filled with descriptions of the bridal costumes, the bridal gifts, the resetting of the Claverdon diamonds—in fact, the sensation was as great as though the wedding were a royal one; there was nothing else talked about. The leading journals sent down special reporters, and the heart of Lucia, Countess of Waldrove, beat high with grateful pride.

The guests invited were to arrive one day before the eve of the wedding-day, so that all should be rested and look their best.

Lady Waldrove said nothing to her son, but she knew by instinct with what impatience he was awaiting the arrival of the Pierponts.

At the last moment the earl himself was disappointed—some important government business prevented him from attending. Lady Pierpont and Lady Ethel came alone. Lord Carsdale was in the billiard-room when they arrived; he heard the sweep of the carriage round the grand drive; he heard the commotion of the arrival.

"Who is it?" he asked of Lady Linda.

"I should fancy it is the Pierponts," she replied.

His face grew pale with some kind of emotion, he hardly knew what—whether it was fear, wonder, awe—he did not understand himself. He was to see her at last; her, this marvellous beauty, whom his mother thought so highly of—he was to see her. He rose hurriedly.

"We had better go and help my mother to receive them," he said.

Lady Linda laughed.

No; that will not do, Vivian; great beauties like Lady Ethel do not care to be seen in travelling costume—that is understood. You will see her for the first time in some marvellous combination of silk and lace that will astonish you. "Wait until you receive a state summons."

He did wait, but it was in a fever of impatience. He could not play. The Duke of Claverden laid down his cue.

"A man requires his wits about him for billiards, Vivian," he said; "your's are gone."

Lady Linda looked up with a quiet smile into her brother's face.

"I understand," she said, quietly; "it is of no use, Vivian."

He gave up all attempts at playing, and went out into the grounds, wondering what had come over him.

"I shall make a grand soldier," he said to himself. "I may have to face a regiment with drawn swords, and I am afraid to face a young girl whose only weapons are her beautiful eyes."

He waited patiently enough, but the expected summons did not come; then his heart sank again, so little did he understand the manœuvring of women of the world. He thought to himself "evidently Lady Pierpont does not include me in her list of eligible men, or she would be in a greater hurry to introduce me to her daughter."

The dinner-bell rang, and as yet there was no summons for him. There was to be a grand dinner-party that evening at Roseneath; the bride-maids and visitors all assembled in full force; most of the influential country people were invited, and dinner was prepared in the grand banqueting-hall. The costly family plate was all laid out—there had not for many long years been anything seen like it in Roseneath. As Lord Carsdale was crossing the hall he met the countess, who looked highly pleased and delighted.

"Our visitors are all here, Vivian," she said. "Have you seen Lady Pierpont yet?"

"No; nor her daughter," he replied.

"True; I am forgetting. Lady Pierpont seemed tired with her journey, and went at once to her room. Lady Ethel went with her. I will introduce you in the drawing-room before dinner; there is the second bell—I am late."

Lord Carsdale was almost first in the drawing-room; he saw many visitors, and had to greet many old friends, but the one face he longed to see had not appeared. Suddenly the drawing-room door opened, and by the sudden stillness that came over the groups scattered in that vast saloon he knew that she had entered.

It must have been a sense of foreboding that alarmed him. She was there, and yet, much as he had longed to see her, he turned away and crossed the room to greet an old friend whom he saw there.

"What a coward I am," he said. "I despise myself."

So he did, yet he did not find the courage to look at her. He felt, rather than knew, that his mother was seeking him; he purposely evaded her; then wondered at himself and what he was doing—wondered at his own weakness.

"Vivian," he heard Lady Waldrove say, "I am pursuing you like a will-o'-the-wisp; one moment you are here, the next you are gone. I want you—I want to introduce you to Lady Ethel Pierpont. My dear boy, how very pale you look; are you ill?"

His pale face frightened her. He laughed carelessly.

"Ill, mother? No. What a strange idea. I am perfectly well."

"You look pale and strange," said the countess.

"Your fancy, mother." And then they crossed the room together, the mother leading the son to his fate.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SPELL WORKS.

In one moment a star has fallen from heaven; in one moment a nation has been almost destroyed by earthquake; in one moment burning floods of lava have buried a beautiful city; in one moment a great tidal wave has swept over the land, leaving it desolate; in one moment Lord Carsdale fell from the heights of indifference, where he had lived so long, into the depths of love, where life was a torment. He looked up into her face when the countess introduced him, and that one look was fatal; he loved her in that one instant with a love that was his doom. He did not know it; he would never have owned to it; he would have been the first to deny it most bitterly, and he would have believed in his own denial; but all the same, it was most perfectly true that one glance had undone him; and indeed few men looked into that brilliant, laughing face with impunity. It was simply peerlessly perfect. Perfect beauty is often cold and without expression; Lady Ethel's was not. Who shall paint her or tell what she looked like, as she raised her dark eyes with a smile and glanced with fearless pride at the young lord? He wondered afterwards that he had not knelt at her feet, and cried to her that her beauty had conquered him. He loved her; he wondered how he had refrained from some expression of that great love. As it was, his lips quivered, and it was with difficulty that he commanded his voice.

"I am delighted, Lady Ethel," he said, "to have the honor."

Then the words seemed to him cold and unmeaning; it was more than an honor—an honor was nothing; this was the crowning event of his life, the crowning glory of his existence.

The dark eyes flashed one look into his. Lady Ethel said something to him in the sweetest voice that he had ever heard; he could not tell what she said; the whole world seemed whirling round him; he saw the loveliest smile that woman's lips ever wore. If he could have done so, he would have run away from it, but that could not be.

"I will leave you to entertain Lady Ethel, Vivian," said the countess, moving away; and the sweet, silvery voice said, laughingly:

"I do not think you will find that very difficult; I find amusement everywhere and in everything. I suppose I am happy because I am young."

"Young people are not always happy," he replied. "I should say that you are happy because everyone loves you."

The brilliant young beauty sighed.

"Pray, Lord Carsdale," she said, "use any word in the world except 'love' to me."

"Do you dislike it?" he asked.

"Yes, more than any word in the language," she replied, at the same time thinking to herself that if ever she did allow any one to talk to her of love, it should be this handsome young lord of Roseneath.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL LOVE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

(In Longman's Magazine.)

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

GERMANS:

The Prince. The Princess. The Baroness.

FRENCH:

The Prima Donna.

ENGLISH:

The Diplomatist. The Doctor.

(CONTINUED)

CHAPTER VI.

My enemies say that I am a weak man, unduly influenced by persons of rank—because of their rank. If this were true, I should have found little difficulty in consenting to adopt the Baroness's suggestion. As it was, the longer I reflected on the scheme the less I liked it. I tried to think of some alternative that might be acceptably proposed. The time passed, and nothing occurred to me. In this embarrassing position my mind became seriously disturbed; I felt the necessity of obtaining some relief, which might turn my thoughts for a while into a new channel. The secretary called on me, while I was still in doubt what to do. He reminded me that a new prima-donna was advertised to appear on that night; and he suggested that we should go to the opera. Feeling as I did at the time, I readily agreed.

We found the theatre already filled before the performance began. Two French gentlemen were seated in the row of stalls behind us. They were talking of the new singer.

"She is advertised as "Mademoiselle Coraly," one of them said. "That sounds like an assumed name."

"It *is* an assumed name," the other replied. "She is the daughter of a French singing-master, named Bonnefoy."

To my friend's astonishment I started to my feet, and left him without a word of apology. In another minute I was at the stage-door, and had sent in my card to "Mademoiselle Coraly." While I was waiting, I had time to think. Was it possible that Jeanne had gone on the stage? Or were there two singing-masters in existence named Bonnefoy?

My doubts were soon decided. The French woman-servant whom I remembered when I was Monsieur Bonnefoy's pupil, made her appearance, and conducted me to her young mistress's dressing-room. Dear good Jeanne, how glad she was to see me!

I found her standing before the glass, having just completed her preparations for appearing on the stage. Dressed in her picturesque costume, she was so charming that I expressed my admiration heartily as became her old friend. "Do you really like me?" she said, with the innocent familiarity which I recollected so well. "See how I look in the glass—that is the great test." It was not easy to apply the test. Instead of looking at her image in the glass, it was far more agreeable to look at herself. We were interrupted—too soon interrupted—by the call-boy. He knocked at the door, and announced that the overture had begun.

"I have a thousand things to ask you," I told her. "What has made this wonderful change in your life? How is it that I don't see your father——"

Her face instantly saddened; her hand trembled as she laid it on my arm to silence me.

"Don't speak of him now," she said, "or you will unnerve me! Come to me to-morrow when the stage will not be waiting; Annette will give you my address." Will you think me very unreasonable if I ask you not to make one of my audience to-night? You have reminded me of the dear old days that can never come again. If I feel that I am singing to *you*——" She left me to understand the rest, and turned away again to the door. As I followed her out, to say good-bye, she drew from her bosom the little brooch which had been my parting gift, and held it out to me. "On the stage, or off," she said, "I always wear it. Good-night, Ernest."

I was prepared to hear sad news, when we met the next morning.

My good old friend and master had died suddenly. To add to the bitterness of that affliction, he had died in debt to a dear and intimate friend. For his daughter's sake he had endeavoured to add to his little savings by speculating with borrowed money on the Stock Exchange. He had failed, and the loan advanced had not been repaid, when a fit of apoplexy struck him down. Offered the opportunity of trying her fortune on the operatic stage, Jeanne made the attempt, and was now nobly employed in earning the money to pay her father's debt.

"It was the only way in which I could do justice to his memory," she said simply. "I hope you don't object to my going on the stage?"

I took her hand, poor child—and let that simple action answer for me. I was too deeply affected to be able to speak.

"It is not in me to be a great actress," she resumed; "but you know what an admirable musician my father was. He has taught me to sing, so that I can satisfy the critics, as well as please the public. There was what they call a great success last night. It has earned me an engagement for another year to come, and an increase of salary. I have already sent some money to our good old friend at home, and I shall soon send more. It is my one consolation—I feel almost happy again when I am paying my poor father's debt. No more now of my sad story! I want to hear all that you can tell me of yourself." She moved to the window, and looked out. "Oh, the beautiful blue sky! We used sometimes to take a walk, when we were in London, on fine days like this. Is there a park here?"

I took her to the palace gardens, famous for their beauty in that part of Germany.

Arm in arm we loitered along the pleasant walks. The lovely flowers, the bright sun, all helped her to recover her spirits. She began to be like the happy Jeanne of my past experience, as easily pleased as a child. When we sat down to rest, the lap of her dress was full of daisies. "Do you remember," she said, "when you first taught me to make a daisy chain? Are you too great a man to help me again, now?"

We were still engaged with our chain, seated close together, when the smell of tobacco smoke was wafted to us on the air.

I looked up and saw the Doctor passing us, enjoying his cigar. He bowed; eyed my pretty companion with a malicious smile; and passed on. "Who is that man?" she asked. "The Prince's physician," I replied. "I don't like him," she said; "why did he smile when he looked at me?" "Perhaps," I suggested, "he thought we were lovers." She blushed. "Don't let him think that! tell him we are only old friends."

We were not destined to finish our flower chain on that day.

Another person interrupted us, whom I recognised as the elder brother of Monsieur Bonnefoy—already mentioned in these pages, under the name of Uncle David. Having left France for political reasons, the old republican had taken care of his niece after her father's death, and had accepted the position of Jeanne's business manager in her relations with the stage. Uncle David's project, when he joined us in the garden, was to remind her that she was wanted at rehearsal, and must at once return with him to the theatre.

parted, having arranged that I was to see the performance on that night.

again.

"Let me apologise for having misunderstood you yesterday," she said; "and let me offer you my best congratulations. You have done wonders already in the way of misleading the Doctor. There is only one objection to that girl at the theatre—I hear she is so pretty that she may possibly displease the Princess. In other respects, she is just in the public position which will make your attentions to her look like the beginning of a serious intrigue. Brave, Mr. Ernest—bravo!"

I was too indignant to place any restraint on the language in which I answered her.

"Understand, if you please," I said, "that I am renewing an old friendship with Mademoiselle Jeanne—begun under the sanction of her father. Respect that young lady, madam, as I respect her."

The detestable Baroness clapped her hands, as if she had been at the theatre.

"If you only say that to the Princess," she remarked, "as well as you have said it to me, there will be no danger of arousing her Highness's jealousy. I have a message for you. At the concert, on Saturday, you are to retire to the conservatory, and you may hope for an interview when the singers begin the second part of the programme. Don't let me detain you any longer. Go back to your young lady, Mr. Ernest—pray go back!"

CHAPTER VII.

On the second night of the opera the applications for places were too numerous to be received. Among the crowded audience, I recognised many of my friends. They persisted in believing an absurd report (first circulated, as I imagine, by the Doctor), which asserted that my interest in the new singer was something more than the interest of an old friend. When I went behind the scenes to congratulate Jeanne on her success, I was annoyed another way—and by the Doctor again. He followed me to Jeanne's room, to offer *his* congratulations; and he begged that I would introduce him to the charming prima-donna. Having expressed his admiration, he looked at me with his insolently suggestive smile, and said he could not think of prolonging his intrusion. On leaving the room, he noticed Uncle David, waiting as usual to take care of Jeanne on her return from the theatre—looked at him attentively—bowed, and went out.

The next morning, I received a note from the Baroness, expressed in these terms:—

"More news! My rooms look out on the wing of the palace in which the Doctor is lodged. Half an hour since, I discovered him at his window, giving a letter to a person who is a stranger to me. The man left the palace immediately afterwards. My maid followed him, by my directions. Instead of putting the letter in the post, he took a ticket at the railway station—for what place the servant was unable to discover. Here, you will observe, is a letter important enough to be despatched by special messenger, and written at a time when we have succeeded in freeing ourselves from the Doctor's suspicions. It is at least possible that he has decided on sending a favourable report of the Princess to the Grand Duke. If this is the case, please consider whether you will not act wisely (in her Highness's interests) by keeping away from the concert."

Viewing this suggestion as another act of impertinence on the part of the Baroness, I persisted in my intention of going to the concert. It was for the Princess to decide what course of conduct I was bound to follow. What did I care for the Doctor's report to the Duke! Shall I own my folly? I do really believe I was jealous of the Duke.

CHAPTER VIII.

Entering the Concert Room, I found the Princess alone on the dais, receiving the company. "Nervous prostration" had made it impossible for the Prince to be present. He was confined to his bed-chamber; and the Doctor was in attendance on him.

I bowed to the Baroness, but she was too seriously offended with me for declining to take her advice to notice my salutation. Passing into the conservatory, it occured to me that I might be seen, and possibly suspected, in the interval between the first and second parts of the programme, when the music no longer absorbed the attention of the audience. I went on, and waited outside on the steps that led to the garden; keeping the glass door open, so as to hear when the music of the second part of the concert began.

After an interval which seemed to be endless, I saw the Princess approaching me.

She had made the heat in the Concert Room an excuse for retiring for a while; and she had the Baroness in attendance on her to save appearances. Instead of leaving us to ourselves, the malicious creature persisted in paying the most respectful attention to her mistress. It was impossible to make her understand that she was not wanted any longer until the Princess said sharply, "Go back to the music!" Even then, the detestable woman made a low curtsey, and answered, "I will return, Madam, in five minutes."

I ventured to present myself in the conservatory.

The Princess was dressed with exquisite simplicity, entirely in white. Her only ornaments were white roses in her hair and in her bosom. To say that she looked lovely is to say nothing. She seemed to be the ethereal creature of some higher sphere; too exquisitely delicate and pure to be approached by a mere mortal man like myself. I was awed; I was silent. Her Highness's sweet smile encouraged me to venture a little nearer. She pointed to a footstool which the Baroness had placed for her. "Are you afraid of me, Ernest?" she asked softly.

Her divinely beautiful eyes rested on me with a look of encouragement. I dropped on my knees at her feet. She had asked if I was afraid of her. This, if I may use such an expression, roused my manhood. My own boldness astonished me. I answered, "Madam, I adore you."

She laid her hand on my head, and looked at me thoughtfully. "Forget my rank," she whispered—"have I not set you the example? Suppose that I am nothing but an English Miss. What would you say to Miss——"

"I should say, I love you."

"Say it to Me."

My lips said it on her hand. She bent forward. My heart beats fast at the bare remembrance of it. Oh, Heavens, Her Highness kissed me!

"There is your reward," she answered, "for all that you have sacrificed for my sake. What an effort it must have been to offer the pretence of love to an obscure stranger! The Baroness tells me this actress—this singer—what is she?—is pretty. Is it true?"

The Baroness was quite mischievous enough to have also mentioned the false impression, prevalent about the Court, that I was in love with Jeanne. I attempted to explain. The gracious Princess refused to hear me.

"Do you think I doubt you?" she said. "Distinguished by me, could you waste a look on a person in *that* rank of life?" She laughed softly, as if the mere idea of such a thing amused her. It was only for a moment. her thoughts took a new direction—they contemplated the uncertain future. "How is this to end?" she asked. "Dear Ernest, we are not in Paradise; we are in a hard cruel world which insists on distinctions in rank. To what unhappy destiny does the fascination which you exercise over me condemn us both?"

She paused—took one of the white roses out of her bosom—touched it with her lips—and gave it to me.

"I wonder whether you feel the burden of life as I feel it?" she resumed. "It is immaterial to me, whether we are united in this world or in the next. Accept my rose, Ernest, as an assurance that I speak with perfect sincerity. I see but two alternatives before us. One of them (beset with dangers) is elopement. And the other," she added, with truly majestic composure is "suicide."

Would Englishmen in general have rightly understood such fearless confidence in them as this language implied? I am afraid they might have attributed it to, what my friend the secretary called, "German sentiment." Perhaps they might even have suspected the Princess of quoting from some old-fashioned German play. Under the irresistible influence of that glorious creature, I contemplated with such equal serenity the perils of elopement and the martyrdom of love, that I was for the the moment at a loss how to reply. In that moment, the evil genius of my life appeared in the conservatory. With haste in her steps, with alarm in her face, the Baroness rushed up to her royal mistress, and said, "For God's sake, Madam, come away! The Prince desires to speak with you instantly."

Her Highness rose, calmly superior to the vulgar excitement of her lady in waiting. "Think of it to-night," she said to me, "and let me hear from you to-morrow."

She pressed my hand; she gave me a farewell look. I sank into the chair that she had just left. Did I think of elopement? Did I think of suicide? The elevating influence of the Princess no longer sustained me: my nature became degraded. Horrid doubts rose in my mind. Did her father suspect us?

CHAPTER IX.

Need I say that I passed a sleepless night?

The morning found me with my pen in my hand, confronting the serious responsibility of writing to the Princess, and not knowing what to say. I had already torn up two letters, when Uncle David presented himself with a message from his niece. Jeanne was in trouble, and wanted to ask my advice.

My state of mind, on hearing this, became simply inexplicable. Here was an interruption which ought to have annoyed me. It did nothing of the kind—it inspired me with a feeling of relief!

I naturally expected that the old Frenchman would return with me to his niece, and tell me what had happened. To my surprise, he begged that I would excuse him, and left me without a word of explanation. I found Jeannie walking up and down her little sitting-room, flushed and angry. Fragments of torn paper and heaps of flowers littered the floor, and the empty envelope appeared to have been thrown into the empty fireplace. She caught me excitedly by the hand the moment I entered the room.

"You are my true friend," she said; "you were present the other night when I sang. Was there anything in my behaviour on the stage, which could justify men who call themselves gentlemen in insulting me?"

"My dear, now can you ask the question?"

"I must ask it. Some of them send flowers, and some of them send jewels; and every one of them write letters—infamous abominable letters—saying they are in love with me, and asking for appointments as if I was——!"

She could say no more. Poor dear Jeanne—her head dropped on my shoulder: she burst out crying. Who could see her so cruelly humiliated—the faithful loving daughter, whose one motive for appearing on the stage had been to preserve her father's good name—and not feel for her as I did? I forgot all considerations of prudence; I thought of nothing but consoling her; I took her in my arms; I dried her tears; I kissed her; I said, "Tell me the name of any one of the wretches who has written to you, and I will make him an example to the rest!" She shook her head, and pointed to the morsels of paper on the floor. "Oh, Ernest, do you think I asked you to come here for any such purpose as that? Those jewels, those hateful jewels, tell me how I can send them back! spare me the sight of them!"

So far, it was easy to console her. I sent the jewels at once to the manager of the theatre—with a written notice to be posted at the stage door, stating that they were waiting to be returned to the persons who could describe them.

"Try, my dear, to forget what has happened," I said. "Try to find consolation and encouragement in your art."

"I have lost all interest in my success on the stage," she answered, "now I know the penalty I must pay for it. When my father's memory is clear of reproach, I shall leave the theatre never to return to it again."

"Take time to consider, Jeannie."

"I will do anything you ask of me."

For a while we were silent. Without any influence to lead to it that I could trace, I found myself recalling the language that the Princess had used in alluding to Jeanne. When I thought of them now, the words and the tone in which they had been spoken jarred on me. There is surely something mean in an assertion of superiority which depends on nothing better than the accident of birth. I don't know why I took Jeanne's hand; I don't know why I said, "What a good girl you are! how glad I am to have been of some little use to you!" Is my friend the secretary right, when he reproaches me with acting on impulse like a woman? I don't like to think so; and yet, this I must own—it was well for me that I was obliged to leave her, before I had perhaps said other words which might have been alike unworthy of Jeanne, of the Princess, and of myself. I was called away to speak to my servant. He brought with him the secretary's card, having a line written on it—"I am waiting at your rooms, on business which permits of no delay."

As we shook hands, Jeanne asked me if I knew where her uncle was. I could only tell her that he had left me at my own door. She made no remark; but she seemed to be uneasy on receiving that reply.

CHAPTER X.

When I arrived at my rooms, my colleague hurried to meet me the moment I opened the door.

"I am going to surprise you," he said; "and there is no time to prepare you for it. Our chief, the Minister, has seen the Prince this morning, and has been officially informed of an event of importance in the life of the Princess. She is engaged to be married to the Grand Duke."

Engaged to the Duke—and not a word from her to warn me of it! Engaged—after what she had said to me no longer ago than the past night! Had I been made a plaything to amuse a great lady? Oh, what degradation! I was furious; I snatched up my hat to go to the palace—to force my way to her—to overwhelm her with reproaches. My friend stopped me. He put an official document into my hand.

"There is your leave of absence from the legation," he said; "beginning from to-day. I have informed the Minister, in strict confidence, of the critical position in which you are placed. He agrees with me that the Princess's inexcusable folly is alone to blame. Leave us, Ernest, by the next train. There is some intrigue going on, and I fear you may be involved in it. You know that the rulers of the little German States can exercise despotic authority, when they choose?"

"Yes! yes!"

"Whether the Prince has acted of his own free will—or whether he has been influenced by some person about him—I am not able to tell you. He has issued an order to arrest an old Frenchman, known to be a republican, and suspected of associating with one of the secret societies in this part of Germany. The conspirator has taken to flight; having friends, as we suppose, who warned him in time. But this, Ernest, is not the worst of it. That charming singer, that modest pretty girl——"

"You don't mean Jeanne?"

"I am sorry to say I do. Advantage has been taken of her relationship to the old man, to include that innocent creature in political suspicions which it is simply absurd to suppose that she has deserved. She is ordered to leave the Prince's dominions immediately.—Are you going to her?"

"Instantly!" I replied.

Could I feel a moment' hesitation, after the infamous manner in which the Princess had sacrificed me to the Grand Duke? Could I think of the poor girl, friendless, helpless—with nobody near her but a stupid woman-servant, unable to speak the language of the country—and fail to devote myself to the protection of Jeanne? Thank God, I reached her lodgings in time to tell her what had happened, and to take it on myself to receive the police.

CHAPTER XI.

In three days more Jeanne was safe in London; having travelled under my escort. I was fortunate enough to find a home for her, in the house of a lady who had been my mother's oldest and dearest friend.

We are separated, a few days afterwards, by the distressing news which reached me of the state of my brother's health. I went at once to his house in the country. His medical attendants had lost all hope of saving him: they told me plainly that his release from a life of suffering was near at hand.

While I was still in attendance at his bedside, I heard from the secretary. He enclosed a letter, directed to me in a strange handwriting. I opened the envelope, and looked for the signature. My friend had been entrapped into sending me an anonymous letter.

Besides addressing me in French (a language never used in my experience at the legation), the writer disguised the identity of the persons mentioned by the use of classical names. In spite of these precautions, I felt no difficulty in arriving at a conclusion. My correspondent's special knowledge of Court secrets, and his concealed animosity, betrayed the Baroness.

I translate the letter; restoring to the persons who figure in it the names under which they are already known. The writer begins in these satirically familiar terms:

"When you left the Prince's dominions, my dear sir, you no doubt believed yourself to be a free agent. Quite a mistake! You were a mere puppet; and the strings that moved you were pulled by the Doctor.

"Let me tell you how.

"On a certain night, which you will remember, the Princess was unexpectedly summoned to the presence of her father. His physician's skill had succeeded in relieving the illustrious Prince, prostrate under nervous miseries. He was able to attend to a state affair of importance, revealed to him by the Doctor—who then, for the first time, acknowledged that he had presented himself at Court in a diplomatic, as well as in a medical capacity.

"This state affair related to a proposal for the hand of the Princess, received from the Grand Duke through the authorized medium of the Doctor. Her Highness, being consulted, refused to consider the proposal. The Prince asked for her reason. She answered, "I have no wish to be married." Naturally irritated by such a ridiculous excuse, her father declared positively that the marriage should take place.

"The impression produced on the Grand Duke's favorite and emissary was of a different kind.

"Certain suspicions of the Princess and yourself, which you had successfully contrived to dissipate, revived in the Doctor's mind when he heard the lady's reason for refusing to marry his royal master. It was now too late to regret that he had suffered himself to be misled by cleverly managed appearances. He could not recall the favorable report which he had addressed to the Duke—or withdraw the proposal of marriage which he had been commanded to make.

"In this emergency, the one safe course to him was to get rid of You—and, at the same time, so to handle circumstances as to excite against you the pride and anger of the Princess. In the pursuit of this latter object he was assisted by one of the ladies in waiting, sincerely interested in the welfare of her gracious mistress, and therefore ardently desirous of seeing her Highness married to the Duke.

"A wretched old French conspirator was made the convenient pivot on which the intrigue turned.

"An order for the arrest of this foreign republican having been first obtained, the Prince was prevailed on to extend his distrust of the Frenchman to the Frenchman's niece. You know this already; but you don't know why it was done. Having believed from the first that you were really in love with the young lady, the Doctor reckoned confidently on your devoting yourself to the protection of a friendless girl, cruelly exiled at an hour's notice.

"The one chance against us was that tender considerations, associated with her Highness, might induce you to hesitate. The lady in waiting easily moved this obstacle out of the way. She obtained from delivering a letter addressed to you, entrusted to her by the Princess. When the great lady asked why she had not received your reply, she was informed (quite truly) that you and the charming opera singer had taken your departure together. You may imagine what her Highness thought of you, and said of you, when I mention in conclusion that she married, the same day, to marry the Duke.

"So, Mr. Ernest, these clever people tricked you into serving their interests, blindfold. In relating how it was done, I hope I may have assisted you in forming a correct estimate of the state of your own intelligence. You have made a serious mistake in adopting your present profession. Give up diplomacy—and go a farmer to employ your time keeping his sheep."

CHAPTER XII.

Do I sometimes think regretfully of the process?

Permit me to mention a circumstance—and to leave my answer to be inferred.

Lady Medhurst.

THE END.

SUPPLEMENT.

The Farmer.

Ensilage and Dairy Cattle.

In a letter to the *Scotsman*, Mr. E. T. Blunt of Blaby Hill, Leicester, writes—"I have several times been asked the question whether I considered ensilage a substitute for hay or roots. Will you allow me to give you the following figures? which, I think, conclusively prove that it is not only a substitute, but superior as a food for dairy cows to either one or the other, or even to both combined.

Five acres of clover, producing ten tons of hay, will produce forty tons of ensilage. The cost of making it into hay, stacking, and thatching will be fifteen shillings per acre; therefore, if the value of the hay is £4 per ton, the value of the crop for that purpose is £36 5s. I find the cost of making ensilage to be 4s. 6d. per ton, including a fair charge for use and depreciation of silo and press; therefore, add £9 to the £36 5s. and you have £45 5s. as the value of the forty tons of ensilage, comparing it with hay at £4 per ton. For several weeks I have fed five cows entirely upon ensilage, and find they consume three hundred and forty pounds per day, or 1 ton 1 cwt. 1 qr. per week, equal to 39 tons 6 cwt. 1 qr.—say 40 tons—for thirty-seven weeks; the cost of which, ascertained as above, is £45 5s. Thus, each cow will cost rather less than 5s. per week. The same number of cows, fed upon hay and roots, will consume four hundred pounds of roots and eighty pounds of hay per day; or for thirty-seven weeks, 46 tons 5 cwt. of roots and 9 tons 5 cwt. of hay. The roots, at fifteen shillings per ton, will amount to £34 13s. 9d.; and the hay at £4 per ton, to £37—a total cost of £71 13s. 9d., or 7s. 9d. per cow per week. For five cows for thirty-seven weeks we have, therefore, a balance in favor of ensilage of £25 8s. 9d., or 2s. 9d. per cow per week. Each system produces about the same quantity of milk; but the ensilage-fed cows are decidedly in the best condition; whilst their milk yields four or five per cent. more cream, and is as sweet and good as that from cows fed on grass in summer.

With such facts as these before me, I was rather surprised to see the notice issued by the manager of the Anglo-Swiss Condensed Milk Company that he would not use milk from ensilage-fed cows. I at once requested Dr. Emmerson, the public analyst for the counties of Leicester, Northampton, and Rutland, to analyse the milk from those cows which I had fed entirely upon ensilage for several weeks. The following is his report—"The sample is of specific gravity 1034, and consists of the following percentages—Total solids, 13·120; fat, 3·360; solids not fat, 9.820; ash, ·83; water, 86·880. These results represent a milk of first-rate quality; and prove that the food was nutritious, and that the cows had been in good health, so as to enable the mammary glands to secrete milk so rich in albumen, fat, &c. The microscopic examination showed the usual abundant small oil globules, and absence of pus cells or any foreign matter."

In a letter accompanying his report, Dr. Emmerson says—"The only possible objection to silos can be when they are imperfectly constructed, so as to allow more air to reach the inclosed vegetable matter than admits of oxygenation beyond a certain amount, and decomposition begins; then, of course, the food would be unwholesome."

With reference to this, permit me to say that attention to two simple rules will ensure good ensilage. The crop should be quite green and full of moisture when placed in the silo; then, after ten days or a fortnight, it should be subjected to a continuous pressure of not less than 150 pounds to the square foot. I obtain this pressure by means of levers, which are easily adjusted and require little attention, and can be managed by an ordinary farm-laborer. The cost of the silo, hitherto a difficulty, need deter no one. I find that wooden silos make the best ensilage, and cost little.

With such facts as these before us, and also when we take into consideration that two crops for ensilage may be obtained in one year, that in making it we are quite independent of the weather, and that many crops may be grown on land now growing corn at a ruinous loss, which will give a much greater return per acre for ensilage than clover, I think we may look for still better results than the above, and may confidently rely upon our arable land thus becoming a source of profit, instead of loss, to us.

Literature of the Face.

Observe how, while the shrewd palmist is reading the lines of a hand, he scans the face with almost equal interest. These learned people know how the soul dwells in the eye; and the ability to understand its language is inborn with most folks without having to study it, though extremely sensitive persons have told me that more power of discrimination rested in their hands than they could read from every feature of the face, the fingers being so full of vision that they could feel a color without seeing it; so full of nerves that an impression was instantaneous and could be relied upon; so full of life that when their possessor was in love they tingled with an affectionate intoxication. It is said that very quiet eyes that impress and embarrass one with their repose signify self command, but also much complacency and some conceit. Restless eyes that cannot look one steadily in the face denote a deceitful, designing mind. Eyes in which the white has a yellowish tinge and is streaked with reddish veins prove much of strong passions and hasty tempers. Very blue eyes bespeak a mind inclined to coquetry; gray eyes bespeak dignity, intelligence and excellent reasoning faculties; greenish eyes, falsehood and a fondness for scandal. A malicious mind is often indicated by greenish eyes. Black eyes show a passionate, lively temperament, and oftentimes a most deceitful disposition; brown eyes are generally tender and true, indicating a kind and happy disposition. Of the nose. A Roman nose denotes an enterprising, business like character; a long nose is a sign of good sense; a perfectly straight nose indicates a pure and noble soul, unless the eye contradicts it; a *nez retrousse* signifies a spirit of mischief, wit and dash; a large nose generally indicates a large mind and good heart; a very small nose, good nature, but lack of energy. Thick lips generally mean either great genius or great stupidity; very thin lips, cruelty, avariciousness, and if the lips are habitually compressed, falsehood. Dimples on the cheek are known as the abodes of roguery, and on the chin of Cupid and his pranks. A lean face speaks more of intelligence than a fat face, generally speaking, and they do say, beware of a full, round and greasy face—it means treachery. Irascibility is accompanied by an erect posture, open nostrils, moist temples, displaying superficial veins which stand out and throb under the least excitement, large, unequal, ill ranged eyes and equal use of both hands. A genius may be expected from medium stature, blue gray or brown eyes, prominent and large forehead, with temples a little hollow, under lip slightly retiring, a fixed, attentive look and habitual inclination of the head, either backward or forward.—*Forney's Progress.*

Violin Industry at Mittenwald.

For two centuries the entire industry of Mittenwald, a town in Bavaria, shut in by snow-clad mountains and dense forests, has been violin making, for which the surrounding forests furnish the best of material. Every yard is crossed by a labyrinth of ropes and poles, on which hundreds of violins are hung to dry. Every kind of a stringed instrument, from the finest violin to the cheapest banjo, is manufactured and shipped in large quantities to all parts of the civilized world.

A new dictionary of the Chinese language comprises forty volumes. When a Chinese editor gets stuck on the spelling of a word he has to delay publication for a week or two in order to consult the lexicon.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Science.

Brain Surgery.

Remarkable Case that is Likely to Agitate the Anti-Vivisectionists.

While the Bishop of Oxford and Professor Ruskin were on somewhat intangible grounds denouncing vivisection at Oxford last Tuesday afternoon, there sat at one of the windows of the hospital for epilepsy and paralysis, in Regent's Park, in an invalid chair, propped up with pillows, pale and careworn, but with a hopeful smile on his face, a man who could have spoken a really pertinent word upon the subject, and told the right reverend prelate and great art critic that he owed his life and his wife and children their rescue from bereavement and penury to some of these experiments of living animals which they so roundly condemned. The case of this man has been watched with intense interest by the medical profession, for it is of a unique description, and inaugurates a new era in cerebral surgery; and now that it has been brought to a successful issue, it seems desirable that a brief outline of it should be placed before the general public, because it illustrates vividly the benefits that physiological explorations may confer on mankind, shows how speedily useful fruit may be gathered from researches undertaken in the pursuit of knowledge, and with no immediate practical aim, and reveals impressively the precision and veracity of modern medical sciences.

This case, then—this impressive and illustrative case—is that of a man who, when admitted to the hospital for epilepsy and paralysis, presented a group of symptoms that pointed to tumour of the brain—a distressing and hitherto fatal malady, for the diagnosis or recognition of which we are indebted to bedside experience and post mortem examination. But, while clinical and pathological observations have supplied us with knowledge which enables us to detect the existence of tumours of the brain, they have not afforded us any clue to the situation of these morbid growths in the brain mass, and it was not until Professor Ferrier had, by his experiments on animals, demonstrated the localization of sensory and motor functions in the cerebral hemispheres, that the position of any diseased process by which they might be invaded could be definitely determined. By the light of these experiments it is now possible in many instances to map out the seat of certain pathological changes in these hemispheres with as much nicety and certainty as if the skull and its coverings and its linings had become transparent, so that the surface of the brain was exposed to direct inspection. And thus, in the case to which I am referring, Dr. Hughes Bennett, under whose care the patient was, guided by Ferrier's experiments, skillfully interpreted the palsies and convulsive movements which the man exhibited, and deduced from them that a small tumor was lodged at one particular point in his "dome of thought," and was silently and relentlessly eating its way into surrounding textures. Not more surely do the fidgetings of the electric needle intimate their origin and convey a meaning to the telegraph clerk than did the twitchings of this man's muscles announce to Dr. Hughes Bennett that a tumour of limited dimensions was ensconced at a particular point of a particular fold or convolution of the brain—the ascending frontal convolution on the right side.

Very brilliant diagnosis this, it may be remarked, and nothing more. A conclusion has been arrived at which, should it prove correct, will gratify professional pride; but as it cannot be confirmed or refuted until the poor patient is no longer interested in the matter, and cannot be made the bias of any active interference, no great advantage has been made after all, and vivisection has yielded only some barren knowledge. Until quite recently criticism of this kind would have been justifiable in a sense, but now it is happily no longer possible, for another series of experiments on living animals, undertaken by Professors Ferrier and Yeo, have proved that through our power of localizing brain lesions we may open a gateway for their removal or relief. The old notion that the brain is an inviolable organ with *noli me tangere* for its motto, a mysterious and secluded oracle of God that simply falls down and dies when its fane is desecrated by intrusion—has been dissipated by these experiments, and we now know that under punctilious antiseptic precautions the brain, in the lower animals at any rate, may be submitted to various operative procedures without risk to life or fear of permanent injury. Emboldened by this knowledge, Dr. Hughes Bennett devised a way of helping his patient, whose disease he had diagnosed with such remarkable exactitude, and gave him one chance, if he had the courage to embrace it, of saving his health and recovering his health.

The patient had the position in which he stood faithfully explained to him. He was told that he labored under a malady which medicines were powerless to touch, and that if left unassisted, he must die in a few months at latest, after prolonged sufferings similar to those which had already brought him to the verge of exhaustion, and which could be only partially alleviated by drugs, but that one outlet of escape, narrow and dangerous, but still an outlet, was open to him in an operation of a formidable nature, and never before performed on a human being, under which he might, perhaps, sink and die, but from which he might, perhaps, obtain complete relief. The man, who had faith in his doctor, and no fine spun scruples about availing himself of the results of vivisectional discoveries, eagerly chose the operation. On the 25th ultimo, accordingly, Dr. Godlee, surgeon to University College Hospital, in the midst of an earnest and anxious band of medical men, made an opening in the scalp, skull, and brain membranes of this man at the point where Dr. Hughes Bennett had placed his divining finger, the point corresponding with the convolution where he declared the peccant body to be, and where sure enough it was discovered. In the substance of the brain, exactly where Dr. Hughes Bennett had predicted, a tumor the size of a walnut was found—a tumor which Mr. Godlee removed without difficulty. The man is now convalescent, having never had a bad symptom, and full of gratitude for the relief afforded him. He has been snatched from the grave and from much suffering, and there is a good prospect that he will be restored to a life of comfort and usefulness. In that case he will be a living monument of the value of vivisection. The medical profession will declare with one voice that he owes his life to Ferrier's experiments, without which it would have been impossible to localize his malady or attempt its removal, and that his case opens up new and far reaching vistas of hopefulness in brain surgery. Many men and women will henceforth, there is reason to anticipate, be saved from prolonged torture and death by a kind of treatment that has been made practicable by the sacrifice, under anesthetics, of a few rabbits and monkeys.—*London Times.*

Farms and Cemeteries

A good deal of novelty was imported into the discussion of the best means of disposing of the dead by Mr. Wynter Blyth's paper at the Health Conference. He is convinced that if we continue to bury our dead at all we ought to adopt an entirely new plan. Starting from the principle of the rotation of crops, Mr. Blyth suggests that every piece of agricultural land in the country should take its turn in being used as a cemetery. As soon as any plot was filled five years should be allowed to elapse, and then it should be restored to cultivation. "Beneath the waving corn or the stately pines the remains of the dead would be free from desecration;" and perhaps, on the principle of the Persian poet, who thought that "never blows so red the rose as where some buried Cæsar lies," the dead would "live again" in plants or trees or corn "made better by their presence." Mr. Blyth calculates that the agricultural land in these islands would give room for 19,340,000,000 interments, and that at the rate of 600,000 deaths a year it would take 30,000 years before any old graves need be again utilized. If this be really the only safe mode of burial the chances of cremation ought to improve.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Nature.

A Monkey College.

"The latest thing in educational news," said a naturalist to an *Enquirer* writer, "is the college of monkeys in London. Half a dozen evolutionists and naturalists of the very advanced school are attempting to teach monkeys to talk or express their wants. The method is at first by letter blocks. A block alphabet, in which the letters are all distinctly colored, is arranged before the monkey student, which is first taught to select some simple word, as pie, and when he picks out the letters and forms the word he is given a piece of pie, so there is a constant incentive to learn, the prizes all being bread and butter, so to speak." "And what are the results?" asked the visitor. "They have not been divulged yet," was the reply; "but one of the authors of the scheme states that there is soon to be a public exhibition, when the monkeys can be heard for themselves. If a pig can be taught so many wonderful things, I see no reason why a monkey should not. It is acknowledged that ants have a language and talk to one another, and that the light of some insects is used as a means of communication between them, so why not other and higher animals?"—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

While Mr. Alexander Shaw, at Kinetra, was in the fields the other day, he heard cries of a bird apparently in distress. Looking up he saw a lark hotly pursued by a hawk, which, by a series of fierce dashes, tried to secure his prey, but the lark was successful in evading the attacks. The hawk, however, was gaining the mastery, and the lark, terror struck, seeing the man below, came down like an arrow and fluttered actually into his hand, where it cowered trembling. The pursuer followed until within six yards, but, seeing what had occurred, he flew off in disgust. After a time the lark was liberated, when it soared upward, singing, doubtless, a song of gratitude to its deliverer. The circumstance is remarkable as showing how the greater terror conquered the less—the instinct of preservation in the bird triumphing over its natural timidity.—*Elgin* (Scotland) *Courier.*

When Will Mammy Come?

A Poem for Recitation.

By Gilhooley.

Twas just at evening at the office, that they came to me, and said,
With kindly words, the news to soften, that my darling wife was dead!
She I'd left that very morning, with the love-light in her eye,
Who'd kissed me o'er the garden gate, and waved her hand, to say, "Good-bye!"
Within that lately happy home now cold and silent rested there!
Oh, God! It seemed a horrid dream! A dream too cruel, too hard to bear!
I staggered when the news was brought, and felt as struck by poison'd dart;
A desert drear my life appeared; a piece of stone my broken heart.
And then I thought upon our child, and choked despair for his dear sake;
And went up to my dreary home, *while* swelled my heart as if 'twould break.
Along the pathway from the house two little feet came toddling down;
And little Willie cried "Oh, Daddy! I's so glad 'ou's come from town.
For I cannot find my Mammy!" I kissed the child, but stood, as dumb;
Whilst the tiny lad persisted, "Daddy, when will Mammy come?"
It sear'd my soul to hear him question, and my heart's wound freshly bled;
I cradled baby close to me, kissed his face, and falt'ring said,
"When will Mammy come? my boy; she cannot come: poor Mammy's dead!"
"Dead!" cried Willy; "Mammy dead!" My *heart* was dead; I could not speak;
While sobbing loud, "I want my *Mammy!*" little baby fell asleep.
Into the house I gently bore him; into the room where the body lay;
And stood beside the still white figure, whose soul that morn had flown away.
And as I gazed upon the features, lately filled with joy and life,
Gazed upon this fearsome thing!—That morning mother, friend and wife!
God! I felt I should go crazy with my overpow'ring doom;
If I any longer tarried in *that horror*-haunted room!
On the morrow, little Willie sought his mother high and low,
And outside the door of death the little boy was seen to go;
Striving hard to turn the handle; crying out amid the din,
"Mammy! Mammy! I is Willie! *Won't* 'ou come an' let me in?"
And when the funeral was over, oft' within our silent home,
Nestling in my arms, he'd ask me, "Daddy, when will Mammy come?"
And when a few short months were over baby lay with fever ill,
And his merry feet and prattle—All the world to me!—were still.
And one evening in the Autumn, when the sun was sinking fast,
The doctor called me from my study, and said, "this night is baby's last!"
I hastened to the little chamber; there he lay upon his bed,
His little hands so thin and wasted, while the curls from his dear head
Straggled o'er a pale wee face, where the hectic flush was plain;
And his breath was hot and laboured, while throbb'd fast the fever'd brain.
God! To think of that sad picture; mark the minutes quickly go,
Taking from you the last sunshine, filling up your cup of woe,—
This to feel! Oh! none but fathers—none but mothers e'er can know!
"Daddy," said the little fellow, as if he saw a vision fair,
"Mammy's coming, I can see her; and I's going back with her;
And from my neck his hands were loosed, as his lips grew cold and numb;
"Good-bye Daddy, I is going,—going, Daddy: Mammy's come!"
This is all my little story,—tale of long and far away;
But these words are even with me, even at this distant day.
Again I see the blue eyes beaming, and the hair like golden foam;
And my soul cries out, with prayer unceasing, "When to *me*, will Mammy come."

Mariana.

"'He Cometh Not!' She Said."

He never came whose step and loving call
I waited long to hear,
But thou hast come, last Messenger of all,
A friend well nigh as dear!

Peace if not joy!—yet peace itself were gain,
That must supremely bless
The soul sore travailed that in vain, in vain
Hungered for happiness!

Draw closer, oh, thou voiceless Guest and pale,
Whose drooping torch burns low:
Thy face is hid, but through the sombre veil
Thine eyes' dark light I know!

Nay, closer still!—I yearn on brow and heart
Thy cool, strong hand to feel;
Fevered with wounds, and throbbing with a smart
Thy touch alone can heal.

I go with joy! Lead me to him at last—
How dim the path and lone—
Him, whose far footsteps, echoing through the past,
Have never met mine own.

—*Stuart Sterne.*

Ladies' Column.

The Seven Ages of Woman.

A dyspeptic writer, with whom we are proud to differ, thus gives the seven ages of woman: At twelve she wants to wear long dresses, with a train; at sixteen she wants to be "a great actress"; at eighteen she wants a sweetheart; at twenty-one she wants a husband; at twenty-five she wants him to stay home in the evenings; at twenty-eight she wants her own way; at thirty she wants a divorce.

How to be attractive.

The *Vie Parisienne* thus advises a woman how to be attractive: "Look confident and indifferent; express yourself simply, and with a voice as sweet as possible; be keenly alive to everything that passes, yet appear absent-minded; know as much as possible, yet please by asking questions. Having read everything quote nothing; seen everything, appear ignorant; heard all, always express surprise; desiring everything, ask for nothing. Be light-hearted, to preserve your beauty; be indulgent, to attract sympathy."

Perfect beauty.

It was a very old Spanish writer who said that "a woman is quite perfect and absolute in beauty if she has thirty good points." Here they are: Three things white—the skin, the teeth, the hands. Three black—the eyes, the eyebrows, the eyelashes. Three red—the lips, the cheeks, the nails. Three long—the body, the hair, the hands. Three short—the teeth, the ears, the feet. Three broad—the chest, the brow, the space between the eyebrows. Three narrow—the mouth, the waist, the instep. Three large—the arms, the hips, the legs. Three fine—the fingers, the hair, the lips. Three small—the bust, the nose, the head.

It is the truth.

A charming woman has no age. History is filled with the adventures of women whose age, if not their conduct, was respectable. Helen of Troy was over forty when that famous elopement took place. Ten years after, when the fortunes of war restored her to Menelaus, he received her with love and gratitude. Cleopatra was past thirty when she made the conquest of Antony; and Diane de Poitiers at thirty-six, and for many years after, was considered the most beautiful woman at the court of Henry II. of France. Mme. de Maintenon was forty-three when she married Louis XIV., and Ninon de l'Enclos received a declaration of love on her eightieth birthday. The names of many other ancient society ladies might be added to the list.

Fashion's Follies.

Light green sealing-wax is now used by the *elegantes*. The large envelopes which allow the paper to go without being folded are now considered elegant for notes, invitations, and responses. Amber is a favorite again with fashionable brunettes. A wonderfully long amber necklet was recently worn at an assembly in Boston, where every bead was as large as a robin's egg. A Detroit swell drives in a white coupé. Cameo scarf-pins for gentlemen are returning into fashion. Silk handkerchiefs in bright colors continue to have prominence given then, and, in addition to their use on chapeaux, are made to form pretty aprons, such as are specially liked for afternoon teas. Electric lighting will have an immense influence in the future upon the use of colors, as it favors blue, which in some shades are made green, and in others black by gaslight.—The Archduchess Valerie of Austria issued her recent invitations to the Hungarian nobility ball in a visiting card case made of crocodile skin, with the monogram of the Archduchess in silver let into the front.—All flourishing crests, monograms, &c., are obsolete with fastidious leaders of society, who only use plain white note paper. But all notes must be sealed with wax and the single initial of the sender.—A New York woman has outshone all her diamonded sisters by buttoning the bodice of her olive green satin ball-dress with perfectly matched solitaires of the first water.—The lady's maid of the period is expected to wear a black or dark blue cashmere dress of extreme nattiness and severity, a white lawn apron, tucked across the bottom and edged with embroidery, and a large bow on top of her head matching the color of the dress.—Full beards will soon be out of fashion, unless they are of an old-gold shade, and costly gardenias are the most approved *boutonnières*.—Orchids and yellow jasmine make the fashionable hand bunch of flowers in New York at present. They are expensive enough to make one the object of envy, which is part of a bouquet's excuse for being. And they are pretty also.—Satin shoes and slippers are very much worn, and it is a pretty fabric for the manufacture of foot covering, for its brilliant lustre has not only the effect of showing the pretty shape of the foot, but of making it look smaller. Satin, the color of the dress, is most used, although black is much in favor, and what can be prettier than a pretty foot daintily shod in black satin?—The latest fashionable affectation is to call one's million-dollar house a "hut," and invite one's friends to the "attic," meaning a *bijou* of residence, with nothing suggestive of privation but the Attic salt, which flavors the entire abode.—Hussar jackets with red vests braided in gilt and silver galloons are to be fashionable this spring, and although rather audacious and startling are quite becoming to young girls. Dark green is the favorite color for these jackets, but dark blue and brown are to be worn, according to the color of the costume accompanying it. The fit of these jackets should be very accurate, as this is their chief beauty.

The necklace which Ristori wears as Elizabeth was really worn in the court of the Virgin Queen.

RECIPES.

Velvet Cream.—Dissolve half a box of gelatine in a coffee cup of milk over the fire; add the juice and grated peel of one lemon. When the gelatine has dissolved put in a coffee cup of white sugar. Let it cool slowly; strain it and add one and one-half pints of rich milk. Stir until cold, then pour into a mould previously wetted.

Charlotte Russe Pudding.—Heat one and one-half pints of milk to near boiling, stir into it the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-half a tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk, one-half cup of white sugar; flavor with vanilla; let it thicken like custard; lay slices of sponge cake in a deep pudding dish and pour over them the custard; when cool beat the four white of eggs, sweeten with one-half a cup of powdered sugar and spread over the pudding, and set in the oven to brown.

Muffins.—One coffee cup of sweet milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of white sugar, one of butter, two cups of sifted flour, two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder; salt; bake quickly.

Soft Gingerbread.—Four and one-half cups of flour, one of sugar, two of molasses, one of butter, two of sour milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one tablespoonful of ginger, two of cinnamon, and one of cloves. This makes two large loaves. It is very nice to add a large cup of seeded raisins.

Scotch Cake.—The yolks of six eggs, two cups of sugar, one of butter, three and one-half of flour, one and one third of sweet milk; two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one half cup of citron sliced fine and thin. Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly; beat the eggs well, and use the whites for frosting.

Veal Stew.—Cut four pounds of veal into strips three inches long and one inch thick, peel twelve large potatoes and cut into slices one inch thick, spread layer of veal on bottom of pot, sprinkle in a little salt and pepper, then layer of potatoes, then layer of veal seasoned as before. Use up veal thus: Over last layer of veal put layer of slices of salt pork, and over the whole a layer of potatoes. Pour on water till it rises an inch over the whole. Cover close, heat fifteen minutes and simmer an hour.

Cocoanut Candy.—One cocoanut, one and one-half pounds granulated sugar. Put sugar and milk of cocoanut together, heat slowly until sugar is melted, then boil five minutes; add cocoanut (finely grated), boil ten minutes longer, stir constantly to keep from burning. Pour on buttered plates, cut in squares. Will take about two days to harden. Use prepared cocoanut when other cannot be had.

Tall Yarns.

Æsthetic Fowls.

A gentleman owned some ducks which used to stand for hours about some very brilliant china-asters in his borders, as if admiring their color. They did not peck at them as if drawn there by insects, but stood quite still and looked and looked, as if fascinated by the brilliant hues. By-and-bye some rich purple flowers of another sort bloomed out brightly, and this spot, too, became a magnet for the ducks. They showed their taste also in another way. A young lady was playing one day on the piano for company, and when she ceased two ducks, which had by some means stolen in, waddled out from under the sofa and quacked loudly "Encore." All were surprised and tried the charms of music again upon them. Instantly they crouched down and listened as attentively as before. After this they were often noticed to leave the field and travel toward the house whenever they heard the piano. Maybe the old fable of Orpheus had some foundation in fact after all.—*Farm and Garden.*

Living Without a Head.

A Barton County man has a living chicken without a head. Attempting to cut off the chicken's head, the axe passed through the head of the chicken immediately in front of the ears, thus leaving a small portion of the brain attached to the neck. The chicken did not take this as an execution of his death warrant and got up and stood on his feet, to the astonishment of his would-be executioner, who then contrived a plan to feed him by dropping food and drink into the hole of the thorax, which so far has proved a success. The chicken is now doing well.—*Wilson* (Kan.) *Echo.*

EARLY RISING.

By John G. Saxe.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right.

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artifical cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray, just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

"The time for honest folks to be abed"
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks.

Thomson, who sang about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
At ten o'clock A.M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice,

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angel's sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin.

So, let us sleep, and give the maker praise,—
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right! it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

The Congo River.

Stanley says the length of the Congo River is 2,100 miles, and that the Mississippi and the Nile together would scarcely equal its tribute of water to the ocean. From the mouth of the river a steamer drawing 15 feet can steam up 110 miles, at which point a land journey of 52 miles is taken on account of the rapids. Then another steaming or rowing voyage of 88 miles occur, which is succeeded by a land journey of 95 miles. After that it is possible to steam up another 1,060 miles. Along this route thirteen stations have been constructed among peaceful tribes. The banks and people on them are now well known. The river marges show wide belts of forests, in the shade of which clusters of villages lie nestled; while close at hand are gardens and fields with a profuse abundance on their surface, and stores of mineral wealth, it is believed, within their bosoms. There are spacious lakes also; in fact, a known area of lake waters, in addition to Lake Tanganika, of 30,000 square miles in extent, which will probably be increased to upward of 40,000 after more definite exploration.—*Boston Journal.*

A Novel Charity.

A kind of charitable work that is at present going on in Paris with marked success is thus described in a French newspaper: "L'oeuvre de la bouchee de pain," due to the initiative of a charitable Parisian, M. Bourrief is installed in a sort of shed, furnished simply with two long benches and a kind of counter. Anyone who likes may go in, and on taking a seat is immediately waited upon by a tidily clad woman, who passes round a basket containing slices of bread. His slice of bread finished, the newcomer goes to the counter, where he is handed a glass of water flavored with a few drops of vinegar, which having drunk he goes his way without a question being asked as to who he is, whence he came, or whither he goes. It would be easy to establish similar systems of relief in the poorer districts of other cities. None but the really destitute would be tempted by such fare, and a slice of bread and a cup of cold water thus promptly supplied might often save some poor helpless one from despair.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Humor.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.

By Mark Twain.

(Continued.)

Finn's distinguished friends now decide to give a show at the first riverside township and map out a programme in which the French King is cast for the part of Juliet.

After dinner, the duke says:

"Well, Capet, we'll want to make this a first-class show, you know, so I guess we'll add a little more to it. We want a little something to answer encores with, anyway."

"What's onkores, Bilgewater?"

The duke told him, and then says:

"I'll answer by doing the Highland fling or the sailor's hornpipe; and you—well, let me see—oh, I've got it—you can do Hamlet's soliloquy."

"Hamlet's which!"

"Hamlet's soliloquy, you know; the most celebrated thing in Shakespeare. Ah, it's sublime, sublime! Always fetches the house. I haven't got it in the book—I've only got one volume—but I reckon I can piece it out from memory. I'll just walk up and down a minute, and see if I can call it back from recollection's vaults."

So he went to marching up and down, thinking, and frowning horribly every now and then; then he would hoist up his eyebrows; next he would squeeze his hand on his forehead and stagger back and kind of moan; next he would sigh, and next he'd let on to drop a tear. It was beautiful to see him. By-and-by he got it. He told us to give attention. Then he strikes a most noble attitude, with one leg shoved forwards, and his arms stretched away up, and his head tilted back, looking up at the sky; and then he begins to rip and rave and grit his teeth: and after that, all through his speech he howled, and spread around, and swelled up his chest, and just knocked the spots out of any acting ever *I* see before. This is the speech—I learned it, easy enough, while he was learning it to the king:

To be, or not to be; that is the bare bodkin
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would fardels bear, till Birnam Wood do come to Dunsinane,
But that the fear of something after death
Murders the innocent sleep,
Great nature's second course,
And makes us rather sling the arrows of outrageous fortune
Than fly to others that we know not of.
There's the respect must give us pause:
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The law's delay, and the quietus which his pangs might take,
In the dead waste and middle of the night, when churchyards yawn
In customary suits of solemn black,
But that the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns,
Breathes forth contagion on the world,
And thus the native hue of resolution. like the poor cat i' the adage,
Is sicklied o'er with care,
And all the clouds that lowered o'er our housetops,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.
'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.
But soft you, the fair Ophelia:
Ope not thy ponderous and marble jaws,
But get thee to a nunnery—go!

Well, the old man he liked that speech, and he mighty soon got it so he could do it first-rate. It seemed like he was just born for it; and when he had his hand in and was excited, it was perfectly lovely the way he would rip and tear and rair up behind when he was getting it off.

The first chance we got, the duke he had some show bills printed; and after that, for two or three days as we floated along, the raft was a most uncommon lively place, for there warn't nothing but sword-fighting and rehearsing—as the duke called it—going on all the time. One morning, when we was pretty well down the State of Arkansaw, we come in sight of a little one-horse town in a big bend; so we tied up about three-quarters of a mile above it, in the mouth of a crick which was shut in like a tunnel by the cypress trees, and all of us but Jim took the canoe, and went down there to see if there was any chance in that place for our show.

We struck it mighty lucky; there was going to be a circus there that afternoon, and the country people was already beginning to come in, in all kinds of old shackly wagons, and on horses. The circus would leave before night, so our show would have a pretty good chance. The duke he hired the court house, and we went around and stuck up our bills. They read like this:

Shaksperean Revival!!!
Wonderful Attraction!
For One Night Only!
The world renowned tragedians,
David Garrick the younger, of Drury Lane Theatre, London, and Edmund Kean the elder, of the Royal Haymarket Theatre, Whitechapel, Pudding Lane, Piccadilly, London, and the Royal Continental Theatres, in their sublime Shakespearean Spectacle entitled
The Balcony Scene
in
Romeo and Juliet!!!
Romeo .... Mr. Garrick
Juliet .... Mr. Kean
Assisted by the whole strength of the company!
New costumes, new scenery, new appointments!
Also:
The thrilling, masterly, and blood-curdling
Broad-sword conflict
In Richard III.!!!
Richard III .... Mr. Garrick
Richmond .... Mr. Kean.
Also:
(by special request)
Hamlet's Immortal Soliloquy!!
By the Illustrious Kean!
Done by him 300 consecutive nights in Paris!
For One Night Only,
On account of imperative European engagements!
Admission 25 cents, children and servants, 10 cents.

We had *our* show; but there warn't only about twelve people there; just enough to pay expenses. And they laughed all the time, and that made the duke mad; and everybody left, anyway, before the show was over, but one boy which was asleep. So the duke said these Arkansaw lunkheads couldn't come up to Shakspeare; what they wanted was low comedy—and maybe something rather worse than low comedy, he reckoned. He said he could size their style. So next morning he got some big sheets of wrapping-paper and some black paint, and drawed off some handbills and stuck them up all over the village. The bills said:

AT THE COURT HOUSE!
FOR 3 NIGHTS ONLY.
The World-renowned Tragedians
DAVID GARRICK THE YOUNGER!
AND
EDMUND KEANE THE ELDER!
Of the London and Continental Theatres.
In their thrilling Tragedy of
THE KING'S CAMELOPARD
OR
THE ROYAL NONESUCH!!!
Admission 50 cents.

Then at the bottom was the biggest line of all—which said:

LADIES & CHILDREN NOT ADMITTED.

"There," says he, "if that line don't fetch them, I don't know Arkansaw!"

Well, all day him and the king was hard at it, rigging up a stage, and a curtain, and a row of candles for foot-lights; and that night the house was jam full of men in no time. When the place couldn't hold no more, the duke he quit tending door and went around the back way and come on to the stage and stood up before the curtain, and made a little speech, and praised up this tragedy, and said it was the most thrillingest one that ever was; and so he went on a-bragging about the tragedy, and about Edmund Kean the Elder, which was to play the main principal part in it; and at last when he'd got everybody's expectations up high enough, he rolled up the curtain, and the next minute the king come a-prancing out on all fours, naked; and he was painted all over, ring-streaked-and-striped, all sorts of colours, as splendid as a rainbow. And—but never mind the rest of his outfit, it was just wild, but it was awful funny. The people most killed themselves laughing; and when the king got done capering, and capered off behind the scenes, they roared and clapped and stormed and haw-hawed till he come back and done it over again; and after that, they made him do it another time. Well, it would a made a cow laugh to see the shines that old idiot cut.

Then the duke he lets the curtain down, and bows to the people, and says the great tragedy will be performed only two nights more, on account of pressing London engagements, where the seats is all sold already for it in the Drury Lane; and then he makes them another bow, and says if he has succeeded in pleasing them and instructing them, he will be deeply obleeged if they will mention it to their friends and get them to come and see it.

Twenty people sings out:

"What, is it over? Is that *all?*"

The duke says "yes." Then there was a fine time. Everybody sings out "sold," and rose up mad, and was a-going for that stage and them tragedians. But a big, fine-looking man jumps up on a bench, and shouts:

"Hold on! Just a word, gentlemen." They stopped to listen. "We are sold—mighty badly sold. But we don't want to be the laughing-stock of this whole town, I reckon, and never hear the last of this thing as long as we live. *No.* What we want is to go out of here quiet, and talk this show up, and sell the *rest* of the town! Then we'll all be in the same boat. Ain't that sensible?" ("You bet it is!—the jedge is right!" everybody sings out.) "All right, then—not a word about any sell. Go along home, and advise everybody to come and see the tragedy."

Next day you couldn't hear nothing around that town but how splendid that show was. House was jammed again, that night, and we sold this crowd the same way. When me and the king and the duke got home to the raft, we all had a supper; and by-and-by, about midnight, they made Jim and me back her out and float her down the middle of the river and fetch her in and hide her about two mile below town.

The third night the house was crammed again—and they wern't new comers, this time, but people that was at the show the other two nights. I stood by the duke at the door, and I see that every man that went in had his pockets bulging, or something muffled up under his coat—and I see it warn't no perfumery neither, not by a long sight. I smelt sickly eggs by the barrel, and rotten cabbages, and such things; and if I know the signs of a dead cat being around, and I bet I do, there was sixty-four of them went in. I shoved in there for a minute, but it was too various for me, I couldn't stand it. Well, when the place couldn't hold no more people, the duke he give a fellow a quarter and told him to tend door for him a minute, and then he started around for the stage door, I after him; but the minute we turned the corner and was in the dark, he says:

"Walk fast, now, till you get away from the houses, and then shin for the raft like the dickens was after you!"

I done it, and he done the same. We struck the raft at the same time, and in less than two seconds we was gliding down stream, all dark and still, and edging towards the middle of the river, nobody saying a word. I reckoned the poor king was in for a gaudy time of it with the audience; but nothing of the sort; pretty soon he crawls out from under the wigwam, and says:

"Well, how'd the old thing pan out this time, Duke?"

He hadn't been up town at all.

We never showed a light till we was about ten mile below that village. Then we lit up and had a supper, and the king and the duke fairly laughed their bones loose over the way they'd served them people. The duke says:

"Greenhorns, flatheads! *I* knew the first house would be mum and let the rest of the town get roped in; and I knew they'd lay for us the third night, and consider it was *their* turn now. Well, it *is* their turn, and I'd give something to know how much they take for it. I *would* just like to know how they're putting in their opportunity. They can turn it into a picnic if they want to—they brought plenty provisions."

Them rapscallions took in four hundred and sixty-five dollars in that three nights. I never see money hauled in by the wagon-load like that, before.

By-and-by, when they was asleep and snoring, Jim says:

"Don't it 'sprise you, de way dem kings carries on, Huck?"

"No," I says, "it dont."

"Why don't it, Huck?"

"Well, it don't, because it's in the breed. I reckon they're all alike."

"But, Huck, dese kings o' ourn is regular rapscallions; dat's jist what dey is; dey's reglar rapscallions."

"Well, that's what I'm a-saying; all kings is mostly rapscallions, as fur as I can make out."

"Is dat so?"

"You read about them once—you'll see. Look at Henry the Eight; this'n 's a Sunday-School Superintendent to *him*. And look at Charles Second, and Louis Fourteen, and Louis Fifteen, and James Second, and Edward Second, and Richard Third, and forty more; besides all them Saxon heptarchies that used to rip around so in old times and raise Cain. My, you ought to seen old Henry the Eight when he was in bloom. He *was* a blossom. He used to marry a new wife every day, and chop off her head next morning. And he would do it just as indifferent as if he was ordering up eggs. 'Fetch up Nell Gwynn,' he says. They fetch her up. Next morning, 'Chop off her head!' And they chop it off. 'Fetch up Jane Shore,' he says; and up she comes. Next morning 'Chop off her head'—and they chop it off. 'Ring up Fair Rosamun.' Fair Rosamun answers the bell. Next morning, 'Chop off her head.' And he made every one of them tell him a tale every night; and he kept that up till he had hogged a thousand and one tales that way, and then he put them all in a book, and called it Domesday Book—which was a good name and stated the case. You don't know kings, Jim, but I know them; and this old rip of ourn is one of the cleanest I've struck in history. Well, Henry he takes a notion he wants to get up some trouble with this country. How does he go at it—give notice?—give the country a show? No. All of a sudden he heaves all the tea in Boston Harbour overboard, and whacks out a declaration of independence, and dares them to come on. That was *his* style—he never give anybody a chance. He had suspicions of his father, the Duke of Wellington. Well, what did he do?—ask him to show up? No—drownded him in a butt of mamsey, like a cat. S'pose people left money laying around where he was—what did he do? He collared it. S'pose he contracted to do a thing; and you paid him, and didn't set down there and see that he done it—what did he do? He always done the other thing. S'pose he opened his mouth—what then? If he didn't shut it up powerful quick, he'd lose a lie, every time. That's the kind of a bug Henry was; and if we'd a had him along 'stead of our kings, he'd a fooled that town a heap worse than ourn done. I don't say that ourn is lambs, because they ain't, when you come right down to the cold facts; but they ain't nothing to *that* old ram, anyway. All I say is, kings is kings, and you got to make allowances. Take them all around, they're a mighty ornery lot. It's the way they're raised."

"But dis one do *smell* so like de nation, Huck."

"Well, they all do, Jim. *We* can't help the way a king smells; history don't tell no way."

"Now de duke, he's a tolerble likely man, in some ways."

"Yes, a duke's different. But not very different. This one's a middling hard lot for a duke. When he's drunk, there ain't no near-sighted man could tell him from a king."

"Well, anyways, I doan' hanker for no mo' un um, Huck. Dese is all I kin stan'."

"It's the way I feel, too, Jim. But we've got them on our hands, and we got to remember what they are, and make allowances. Sometimes I wish we could hear of a country that's out of kings."

What was the use to tell Jim these warn't real kings and dukes? It wouldn't a done no good; and besides, it was just as I said; you couldn't tell them from the real kind.

(*To be Continued.*)

away, had a lot of tickets sent to him, the object being a concert for the Ballarat Hospital, and he sent the tickets all back again without purchasing a solitary one. Can such a thing really be? Well, never mind, it's to be hoped he will never require the services of the hospital, and, anyhow, I see by last week's paper, which my agent stole from somebody, that the concert was a very big success without this very generous squatter's assistance.

Leaf No. 4 reports that he heard a very amusing story how some temperance folks dismissing their butcher because he voted against a dancing license being issued to their meeting hall. These teetotal fellows had better consider the matter again, because they can certainly live without dancing, but how can they get on without their mutton and roast beef?

Now, Mr. Editor, I will say "adoo" for the present, and should Mr. "Splitter" not come along and make post and rails of me, I will continue to send you a few chips from time to time.

BEAUFORT POLICE COURT.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9TH, 1885.

(Before Messrs. J. Wotherspoon and W. C. Thomas, J.'sP.)

William May and David Hill were charged on remand, with having stolen 21 yards of serge, a trunk containing 12 pairs of boots, and a spade, the whole valued at about £9, from the store of Mr. Michael Flynn, Waterloo, between the 12th and 22nd of June last. The prisoner May pleaded guilty to having stolen the serge, but Hill said he knew nothing about it. From the evidence it appeared that on the 12th of June Mr. Flynn missed 21 yards yards of blue serge, from his shop, and on the evening of the 22nd June the shopman missed a trunk of boots and a spade from under the verandah of Mr. Flynn's shop. The prisoners had been in the shop that evening, and they were suspected. Constable Martin was sent for, and he, in company with Mr. Flynn and his shopman (Cousins) proceeded to a hut occupied by the prisoners. On the bed they found the serge, which was cut up into lengths of about 3 yards, and portion of it was converted into an ulster coat, and worn by Mrs. Hill. On a further search being made the trunk of boots was found buried some distance from the hut, as also the spade, and a bag of clothing which had been missed by a man named Moss. The evidence having been concluded, the Bench committed both prisoners for trial at the Ballarat Assizes to be held on the 20th instant.

A harmless looking being named E. Woolt was charged with being illegally on the premises of Messrs. W. Baker and D. Calwell on the night of the 8th inst. Mr. Baker stated that the prisoner was found lying down in his shop in Neill street at about ten clock on Wednesday night. He must have effected an entrance by the back door. When requested to do so, he got up, and went away. He (Mr. Baker) did not think the man had any felonious intentions. Constable Hede stated that he had been sent for by Mr. Baker, and on making a search for the prisoner found him in Mr. Calwell's hay and corn store in Willoughby street. On being questioned he stated that he merely wanted a shakedown for the night. He was sentenced to twenty-four hours' imprisonment.

The Court then adjourned.

BEAUFORT UNITED COMMON.

A meeting of the managers was held yesterday afternoon, when Messrs. Browne, Nicoll and Wotherspoon were present.

The Secretary reported as follows:—Balance in bank to Cr., £59 13s 3d; cash in hand, £4 14s 8d; making a total of £64 7s 11d. Fees collected to date for current half-year, £85 1s 1d; arrears on the books, £1 8s 8d; percentage due to the herdsman, £23 5s. Wrote on the 16th ult. to Mr. M'Donald of Clunes, requesting payment of the £1 owing for trespass, for which he gave the herdsman an I.O.U. Have had no reply as yet.

The herdsman reported that since the last meeting there had passed through the common 6900 head of sheep and 354 cattle. In accordance with instructions took the black bull out to Chute, but he came back the following day. Had since sold him to Mr. Wilkinson, of Trawalla. As there is no bull at Chute would suggest that one be procured for that part of the common. Have to report that the branding yard at Geelong Flat has been cut up by some person. Mr. Woolley has fenced in 20 acres applied for by him, but no gate has been erected as yet. The brothers Woods have erected a brush fence across the bank of the dam near their land. Would suggest that the dam near Mr. Cochrane's be repaired, as it is handy in the summer time. All the other dams are in good order.

From the Secretary for Lands, acknowledging receipt of communication *re* fencing in land on the common, and also acknowledging draft regulations for the management of the common, and inquiring by whom the common is managed.

From C. Loft, Chute, offering a bull for £5.—The herdsman was instructed to see Mr. Loft in the matter.

From the Ballarat Benevolent Asylum and Eye and Ear Hospital, soliciting a donation.—Received.

Mr. D. Cameron was reappointed herdsman during the pleasure of the managers at a remuneration of 65 per cent. of the fees collected.

It was resolved that Mr. Woolley be written to, requesting him to open two or three panels on each side of his fence for the passage of cattle until he has obtained a license to occupy the land, or proceedings will be taken against him for illegally fencing in the land.

The herdsman was empowered to have the dam near Mr. Cochrane's repaired at a small cost.

It was resolved that the chairman (Mr. Browne) be authorised to go to Melbourne for the purpose of interviewing the Minister of Lands on matters connected with the common and at the same time to urge a speedy gazettal of the amended regulations for the management of the common.

The following accounts were passed for [illegible], £8; Secretary's salary, £4; petty cash, 10s.; Beaufort Relief Fund, £3; Ballarat Hospital, £2; Ballarat Benevolent Asylum, £2; Eye and Ear Hospital, £1; Beaufort Fire Brigade, £1.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE FISH CREEK SELECTIONS.

The Richardson-Carnegie aspect of the Fish Creek selections was the subject of the first lively debate of the session in the Legislative Assembly on Tuesday. Mr. Richardson had a serious bearing when he rose about 5 o'clock to explain his conduct. He had been charged with sending in an application for a selection signed "John Carnegie," his son-in law, dated the 2nd August last, and attested before himself in his capacity of justice of the peace, whereas it is alleged that in August last Carnegie was out of the colony, and could not have appeared before Mr. Richardson to make the declaration in question. There was a further statement that while Carnegie left the colony in May, the peegging-out of the land in regard to which he was supposed to declare took place in July. In his explanation, Mr. Richardson said that Carnegie, desiring to select at Fish Creek, signed and left with him a blank application. The pegging out in July was done by one Nicholl, and Mr. Richardson then filled in the particulars. The document was, however, injured, and Mr. Richardson made out a copy, and sent this to the lands office, altering the date by accident, and forgetting to endorse the paper as a copy. He did, however, tell Mr. Wimble, a member of the land board, that the document was a copy, and he read a letter from Mr. Wimble corroborating this statement. In conclusion, Mr. Richardson admitted that he [illegible] deceived, but said that no one was deceived by his action, and he certainly had no intention to deceive. There was a dead silence when the member for Creswick finished, and it appeared as if the House would have to pass on to other business, when at last Mr. M'Intyre opened a discussion. The member for Maldon insisted that the Government ought to express an opinion on the subject, for it is no light thing, he says, that a justice of the peace should accept a declaration in blank, should fill the blanks up afterwards, and should alter the dates in order to obtain land for his son-in-law. Mr. Harper argued that if an offence had been committed it was a magisterial offence, and that it was for the Solicitor-General, and not the Parliament, to take notice of it. Mr. Wrixon was of the same mind, whereas Mr. Nimmo submitted that a board ought to be appointed to inquire into the facts. The discussion proceeded in a desultory strain until Mr. Patterson stated the case against Mr. Richardson with incisive force, and was supported by Mr. Zox in a demand for an investigation. Mr. Kerferd then rose, and stated that the matter could not rest where it was, and pressed Mr. Richardson to ask for a select committee. In reply to general calls, Mr. Richardson stated that he would accept a committee, and would leave the matter in the hands of the Government. It seemed as if the affair was over, but afterwards Mr. Richardson's friends rallied in force—Mr. Gaunson, Mr. James, Mr. Russell, and M. H. Davies all pleading on his behalf, and finally Mr. Service, in a speech generally favorable to the member for Creswick, said that the Government must have time to consider the matter and to obtain evidence and explanations. The adjournment of the House, which had been moved, was negatived, and the matter dropped *pro tem.*—"Argus."

BEAUFORT.

WEDNESDAY, 22ND JULY.

At the Golden Age Hall. At 12 o'Clock.

Furniture, Drapery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

T. A. FREEMAN will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, as above, a Superior Assortment of Furniture, consisting of Couches, Chairs, Tables, Single and Double Iron Bedsteads, Washstands and Ware, Looking-Glasses, Pictures, Ornaments, Glassware, Crockery, etc.

Also a lot of Clothing, Drapery, Ulsters, Umbrellas, and Sundries too numerous to particularise.

Terms Cash. Absolute Sale.

T. A. FREEMAN, Auctioneer, Armstrong Street, Ballarat.

BEAUFORT.

SATURDAY, 18TH JULY, 1885.

Sale by Public Auction.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS has received instructions from Mr. Carver to sell the Furniture and Effects now in the Commercial Hotel, Beaufort.

Full particulars in future advertisements and bills.

Sale to commence at One o'clock precisely.

In consequence of Mr. Carver leaving the Commercial Hotel the whole must be sold to the highest bidder, and without reserve.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

No. 88, Loyal Orange Lodge.

A SERVICE will be held in connection with the above Lodge, in the Societies' Hall, on Sunday, the 12th of July, at 3 p.m.

The service will be that of the Church of England. A special address will be delivered by Mr. M'Cord upon the rise and progress of the Protestant religion, with special reference to William the III., Prince of Orange, and an examination of the general qualifications of an Orangeman. A full Choir is expected on the occasion.

Wanted

SLEEPER-HEWERS. Twelve months' work. Good timber. Apply on the works, Dimboola and S.A. Border Railway. C. and E. MILLAR, Contractors, Dimboola.

SHIRE OF RIPON

REVISION COURT.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Revision Court for the purpose of revising the Voters' lists of the several Ridings of this Shire, will be held at noon on Thursday, the 16th day of July instant, at the Riponshire Offices, Beaufort.

W. C. THOMAS, President.

Beaufort, 8th July, 1885.

BEAUFORT SOCIETIES' HALL.

July 17th, Friday, 8 p.m.

Under Auspices of the Ballarat Y.M.C.A., and the Beaufort M.I.A.

MR. C. L. ANDREWS, B.A.,

The Young Australian Lecturer, will deliver his Brilliant Lecture on

GENERAL GORDON.

The Hero of Heroes, as given in the Melbourne Town Hall before a crowded and enthusiastic audience, the Governor presiding.

Let no one miss this opportunity of enjoying a rare treat.

W. C. Thomas, Esq., Shire President, will preside.

Tickets, 2s. and 1s. Reserved seats, 3s. To be had at business places. See bills

W. HERBERT JONES, General Secretary.

Impoundings

BEAUFORT.—Impounded at Beaufort.—Twenty-one Merino wethers, like KM on back; five Merino wethers, like N on back. If not claimed and expenses paid, to be sold on 18th July.

W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper,

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

Department of Public Works,
Melbourne, 30th June, 1885.

TENDERS will be received, subject to the conditions of tendering, for alternative tenders for a BRICK and WOODEN BUILDING for State School No. 1405, Middle Creek (Shirley), until 12 o'clock on Thursday, the 16th July.

Particulars may be learnt at the State School No. 800, Ararat, and 1045, Middle Creek, and on application to the Superintending Inspector of School Buildings, Ballarat.

The amount of the preliminary deposit to accompany the tender is £5, and the amount of the deposit as cash security for the due performance of the contract is 5 per cent.

The Board of Land and Works will not necessarily accept the lowest or any tender.

ALFRED DEAKIN,
Commissioner of Public Works.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

Victoria Coursing Club's Waterloo Meeting, commencing on Wednesday, 15th July, and Victoria Racing Club's Winter Steeplechase Meeting, on Saturday, 18th July.

Return Tickets at Holiday Excursion Fares will be issued at all stations, Suburban lines excepted, to Melbourne by all through trains on 13th and 14th, and by the last through trains on 17th July, also by the first up train on 18th July, from Kyneton, Sandhurst, Lancefield, Daylesford, Melton, Queenscliff, Camperdown, Ballarat, Lilydale, Frankston, Warragul, Seymour, and all intermediate stations, Suburban lines excepted. Tickets available for return until 20th July inclusive. Trains will only stop as per published time table,

By order of the Commissioners.

P. P. LABERTOUCHE,
Secretary for Railways.

THOMAS GEO. ARCHARD,

CIVIL ENGINEER,

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Beaufort and district that he is prepared to execute Plans and Specifications for any description of buildings, supply Contractors' quantities, and prepare estimates.

Address—Messrs. Hawkes Bros, Ironmongers, etc., Beaufort.

Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company

Geelong Wool Sales.

GEORGE HAGUE & CO.

Will hold Sales of Wool every Tuesday during the ensuing Season.

To keep pace with the Extraordinary Progress our business has been making, we have been compelled to greatly extend our Warehouse accommodation, and with the latest additions our Warehouse is now one of the largest and most convenient in the Australian colonies.

OUR NEW SHOW ROOMS

Are admirably adapted for the exhibition of Clips to the best advantage. A steady south light, which is so necessary to the efficient display of the superior Western Wools, being a special feature; and last season all the English, Continental and American buyers declared our New Show Rooms to be the best lighted and most suitable for the proper display of wool of any in the colony.

EVERY LOT, no matter how small, is carefully examined prior to sale, and protected up to full market value.

CASH ADVANCES made on the ensuing clip.

FARMERS' LOTS receive the most careful attention, and no effort is spared to secure utmost value, even for the smallest lots.

20,344 BALES

Passed through our hands last year, and we think this enormous increase should be sufficient evidence that our mode of conducting business has met with the approval of our constituents.

PROMPT SETTLEMENTS.

Account Sales and Cheque for proceeds forwarded invariably three days after sale.

CHARGES

The lowest ruling in the colony, and growers will find they effect a Saving of Seven Shillings per bale by selling at Geelong instead of Melbourne.

WOOLPACKS and STATION STORES supplied at lowest market rates.

SHEEPSKINS, HIDES, TALLOW.

Sales every Wednesday throughout the year.

GEORGE HAGUE & CO.,
Wool Brokers.

Geelong, 1st July, 1885.

WILLIAM BUCHANAN

BEGS to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has commenced business as a GENERAL BLACKSMITH and SHOEING SMITH in the premises lately occupied by Mr. Lynn, Neill street, Beaufort, and hopes to be favored with a share of their patronage.

JOBBING NEATLY DONE.

Horses shod as they ought to be.

TRADE MARK.

ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION

COUGHS COLDS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

10 BOURKE ST. EAST. OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE MELBOURNE.

REGISTERED.

FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER is often dreaded by those who suffer from the distressing affections of the Lungs, Winter Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., to which the uncertainty of the Australian climate renders them extremely liable. ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION being especially prepared for these diseases in this climate, gives relief at the first dose, and soon effects a permanent cure, even in the most serious cases. Ask for Rowley's Cough Emulsion, and take no other. Sole proprietor, W. M. Rowley, 10 Bourke-street East, Melbourne. Sold by

A. ANDREWS, Chemist, Beaufort,

and all chemists.

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer—W. M. ROWLEY. Dispensing and Family Chemist, Apothecaries Hall, 10 Bourke-street East Melbourne.

W. BAKER,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

W.B. has ON SALE the following lines:—Pine Shelving, Flooring, and Lining Boards; Californian, Kauri, and Clear Pine, up to 36 inches; Cedar, all thicknesses and widths; Table Legs, Sashes, Doors, Architrave and other Mouldings, Window Glass, White Lead, Oils, Turps, and all other Building Requisites.

Sashes, Doors, and all kinds of Joiner's Work made to order at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Hardwood supplied at Timber Yard Prices.

Public Notice.

GEO. H. COUGLE

WISHES to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding districts for the very liberal support accorded him during the twelve months he has been in business for himself, and begs to announce that he is now showing a Splendid Assortment of NEW WINTER DRAPERY, BOOTS and SHOES, at prices that will defy competition.

NEW DRESS GOODS. NEW DRESS GOODS
BLANKETS. BLANKETS.

Quilts, Sheetings, Calicoes, Flannels, Tickings, Shirtings, Etc.

Men's and Boys' Tweed Suits, Trousers and Vests, Coats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, etc.

Boots Boots Boots

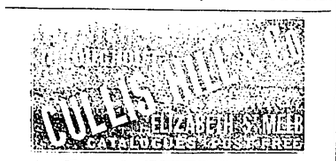
GOOD and CHEAP.

G. H. C.'s motto is Small Profits and Quick Returns. He only keeps the best of goods, and as he charges the lowest prices he finds it unnecessary to hold "Clearing Sales" or quote misleading prices.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

Two Doors from Golden Age Hotel,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.



HARRIS & TROY,

PRODUCE DEALERS BEAUFORT

Agents for

Broadbent Bros. and Co.

Wm. M'Culloch and Co

Permewan, Wright and Co.,

FORWARDING, COMMISSION & RAILWAY AGENTS & LICENSED CARRIERS.

On Sale

AT

JEREMIAH SMITH

TIMBER YARD,

CORNER OF LIVINGSTONE & WILLOBY STREETS—

American shelving boards
Do lumber do
6 x 1 T and G Scotch flooring
6 x ½ do do lining
6 x ¾ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 cut pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
Lin., Fire, Hin., Ash, cedar, white and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.

NEXT TO POLICE STATION

J. W. HARRIS

MINING AGENT

AND

SHARE BROKER,

BEAUFORT.

Member of the Ballarat Stock Exchange

W. EDWARD NICKOLS

AUCTIONEER,

King street, Beaufort, and Queen street, Ararat.

Estate and Financial Agent, Arbitrator and Valuer
Wools Grain, and Money Broker.
Estate managed for Absentees and others.
Correspondent and Valuer for the Ballarat Banking Company, Limited.
Agent for the Victoria Fire and Life Insurance Companies.
Agent for the Mutual Assurance Society of Victoria Limited.
Houses and Land bought or sold
Rents and Debts collected.
Trust and Agency Business of all kinds attended
Attend at Beaufort on Mondays and Saturdays, any other day by appointment.

Note the Address:

W. EDWARD NICKOLS,
AUCTIONEER &c.,

WOOL. WOOL. WOOL.

TO SHEEP FARMERS, SELECTORS, AND OTHERS.

E. J. STRICKLAND'S

Ballarat

WOOL, HIDE, SKIN AND TALLOW AUCTION ROOMS,

Lydiard-street north, near Railway Station. Established 1869.

ACTS AS SELLING BROKER ONLY.

E. J. S. in again thanking his numerous constituents, the Sheep Farmers and selectors (whose business he makes a specialty) for their liberal support during the past season, can confidently recommend this market as the best in the colony for the SALE of SMALL CLIPS, as past seasons' prices will show. I have therefore much pleasure of soliciting the favor of your support and interest.

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES MADE, whether for sale here, Melbourne or Geelong.

Prompt Account Sales.

Charges—Lowest in the colony.

SALE DAY—THURSDAYS.

Any of the forwarding agents will receive consignments, pay all charges, and forward with despatch.

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.,

BEAUFORT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Grocers, Wine & Spirit Merchants, Drapers and Outfitters,

:o:

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Ironmongery, Furniture, and Earthenware.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

:o:

W. B. & CO are Importers of Drapery, Earthenware, Glassware, Bedsteads, &c., &c., and, being Large Cash Buyers, are enabled to sell all goods at Lowest Possible Prices.

Customers may rely upon getting as good value for their money as in any house in the colony.

:o:

Goods delivered within 14 miles FREE OF CHARGE.

:o:

N.B.—Our NEW SHOWROOM for FURNITURE, EARTHENWARE, &c., is now open.

HAWKES BROS.,

Next Bank of Victoria, Beaufort,

Wholesale and Retail Iron Merchants, Ironmongers, Furniture Brokers, Dealers in Glassware, Crockery, etc.

:o:

HAWKES BROS.,

Being Importers of Iron, Ironmongery, Bedsteads, Furniture, Oils, Colors, etc., are enabled to offer to the public their goods at PRICES WHICH CANNOT BE BEATEN.

:o:

HAWKES BROS.,

Are prepared to supply FURNITURE and all HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES upon the TIME-PAYMENT SYSTEM.

:o:

HAWKES BROS.

CHEAPEST HOUSE in the district for Ironmongery, Furniture, Crockery, Paperhanging, Canvas, House Lining, Oils, Colors, etc.

WINTER DRAPERY, 1885.

:o:

A Very Choice Selection of

NEW GOODS

Will be shown during the week at BEAUFORT HOUSE

:o:

DRESSES in the Newest Styles, VELVET and SATIN HATS, JACKETS, CLOAKS, FANCY GOODS, FURS, RIBBONS and VELVETEENS in all Shades.

A Very Cheap Lot of LADIES' TRIMMED HATS.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING, and all sizes of the PATENT EYELETTED STAYS, which have given such general satisfaction, now to hand.

MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING. TAPESTRY, CARPETS, and FLOORCLOTHS Very Cheap. BOOTS and SHOES, and, in fact, all Departments Well Assorted.

An Early Call and Inspection Invited.

:o:

H. GUNN,

GROCER, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT.

Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchmaker, etc.

Advances on Wool, Grain, etc.,

Stock, Stations, and Station Produce of all kinds.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY (Limited)

Capital, £3,500,000.

Reserve Fund, £250,000.

Make Liberal Cash Advances

ON

STATION SECURITIES,

ENSUING CLIPS OF WOOL, GRAIN, Etc.,

FOR SALE IN MELBOURNE

Or SHIPMENT to LONDON.

Auction Sales of Wool held every week through the season.

Auction Sales of Tallow, Hides, Sheepskins, Leather, etc., three times a week throughout the year.

Auction Sales of Grain, Flour, etc. held every Wednesday.

DAVID ELDER, Manager.
I. YOUNGHUSBAND,
Wool and Produce Manager.

Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins street west

CHEMICALS AND DR

STANDARD PATENT MEDICI

Hair and Tooth Brushes,

TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, S

SHOULDER BRACES, TRUSSES.

SPONGES,

AND ALL VARIETIES OF

DRUGGISTS' SUNDR

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully com and orders answered with care and

A. ANDREW

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMI

NEILL STREET, BEAU

Martin and Co.'s Home Medicines.

A. A. wishes to notify that he ha pointed Agent for the above prepa Messrs. MARTIN and CO., Collins Melbourne.

GARDENING FOR JULY.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Plant largely of early potatoes; sow parsnips upon rich deep soil—the latter ought to have been trenched two feet or more. Sow Peas largely Bedman's Scarf, blue imperial, champion of England, Climax, and alliance are among the best for general purposes. Sow largely of the various kinds of broad beans in rows thirty inches apart. Established plantations of rhubarb and sea-kale may be forced by covering the crowns over with pots or slates, and covering these again with fresh horse-manure. Plant globe artichokes in rich soil, in rows four feet six inches by three feet. Sow main crops of onions, also sow spinach, radish, and small salads.

FLOWER GARDEN.—If former directions have been carried out, there will not remain much to be done this month, with the exception of keeping all the walks, borders, and beds neat and clean.

FARM.—Continue ploughing and harrowing land is intended for spring cropping. Hoe drill crops. Continue sowing grasses, clover, lucerne, and peas; beans may still be sown in late localties. Oat and barley sowing should be completed this month if the weather has been at all favorable.

Steam pleasure yachts were in course of building in England in May to the value of £300,000, in addition to an immense number of sailing yachts.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES cure Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1½d. and 2s 9d each.

Consumers of Wolfe's Schnapps especially those taking it medicinally, should purchase it only by the bottle, and thus ensure the genuine article, as there is a fraudulent imitation in the market. Large and small bottles are obtainable at every respectable hotel and Wine and Spirit Merchant's in the colony. The name of M. Moss and Co. is on the top label of the yellow wrapper.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL AND STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES quickly correct all irregularities, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes 2s 9d., of all Chemists. Prepared only by E. T. Towle, Chemist, Nottingham, England. Agents for Melbourne—Rocke, Tompsitt & Co., Wholesale Druggists: Hemmons and Co., Wholesale Drug gists; William Ford & Co., 67, Swanston Street.

TICKLING SENSATION.—Persons affected with a tickling sensation in the throat, depriving them of rest night after night, will find certain relief by taking a dose of ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION at bedtime, and if the dose be repeated a cure will soon be effected. For coughs, colds, asthmas, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs; ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION is the best known remedy. Ask your chemist for it; do not be put off with any other. It may be obtained from A. ANDREWS, Chemist, Beaufort. Sold by all chemists. Wholesale agents—Felton, Grimwade and Co., and Rocke Tompsitt, Melbourne

FLORILINE!—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth as peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in part of honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Price 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road, London.

SUFFERERS FROM WIND ON THE STOMACH, Indigestion, Costiveness, Giddiness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Disturbed Sleep, Palpitation of the Heart, Colic, Ague, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Skin Eruptions, &c., should lose no time in availing themselves of that most excellent medicine—"PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS," which for 30 years has held the first place in the world as an effectual antidote to the above and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach, bowels, or liver. Tonic, invigorating and purifying, they form the best remedy extant. Sold by all Medicine Vendors in boxes at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each. Proprietor, Page D. Woodcock, Lincoln, England.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere at 3s. 6d. per bottle. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road London.

Beaufort Post Office.

TIME TABLE, 1885.

Post Town	Mails arrive at Beaufort	Mails close at Beaufort
Melbourne... ..	6 a.m 12.10 p.m 10 p.m	8.45 a.m 5 p.m.
Geelong ...	Ditto	Ditto
Ballarat ...	Ditto	Ditto
Trawalla ...	Ditto	Ditto
Raglan ...	4.15 p.m	9.15 a.m
Chute ...	Ditto	Ditto
Waterloo ...	Ditto	Ditto
Main Lead ...	Ditto	Ditto
Sailor's Gully ...	4.15 p.m	Ditto
Stockyard Hill ...	Ditto	Ditto
Ararat... ...	9.31 a.m 5.20 p.m	11.45 a.m 9.20 p.m
Buangor ...	Ditto	Ditto
Eurambeen ...	4 30 p.m	1 p.m
Shirley ...	Ditto	Dittto

The mails for Ararat, Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, Buangor, and Trawalla are despatched twice daily.

Mails for Waterloo are despatched daily.

Mails for Shirley, and Eurambeen are despatched three times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Mails for Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute are despatched three times a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Mails for Stockyard Hill and Sailor's Gully (a loose bag to Lake Goldsmith) are despatched three times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

OXYGEN IS LIFE.—Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne—Multitudes of people are hopelessly suffering from Debility, Nervous and Liver Complaints, Depression of Spirits, Hypochondria, Timidity, Indigestion, Failure of Hearing, Sight, and Memory, Lassitude, Want of Power, &c., whose cases admit of a permanent cure by the new remedy Phosphodyne (Ozonic Oxygen), which at once allays all irritation and excitement, imparts new energy and life to the enfeebled constitution, and rapidly cures every stage of these hitherto incurable and distressing maladies. Sold by all chemists and druggists throughout the globe. ☞ CAUTION.—Phosphorus is sometimes sold in the form of Pills and Lozenges; it should be generally known that every form where solid particles of Phosphorous are in combination is dangerous. It is therefore necessary that the public should be cautioned against the use of any form of Phosphrous not perfectly soluble in water.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain or cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is sold by medicine dealers everywere hat 1s. 1½d. per bottle.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by John I. Brown & Sons, Boston, U.S. European depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London

Victorian Railways.

TIME TABLE.

FROM MELBOURNE TO STAWELL

LEAVE—Melbourne 6.30 a.m, 11.10 a.m, 4.10 p.m. 7 p.m
ARRIVE at Geelong 8.13 a.m 12.57 a.m 6.15 p.m 8.22 p.m
LEAVE—Geelong 8.25 a.m, 1.12 a.m, 6.35 p.m, 8.37 p.m
ARRIVE at Ballarat 10.30 am 3.20 a.m 9 p.m 10 20 p.m
LEAVE—Ballarat 6 a.m 10.50 a.m 3.45 p.m 10.35 p.m.
Burrumbeet 6.40 a.m 11.21 a.m, 4.25 p.m
Beaufort 7.30 a.m 12.4 a.m 5.22 p.m 12.0 a.m.
Buangor, 8.25 a.m, 12.40 a.m, 6.7 pm
ARRIVE at Ararat 9.10 am 1.16 pm, 6.50 p.m. 1.25 p.m.
LEAVE—Ararat, 9.20 a.m, 1.31 a.m, 7.1 a.m
ARRIVE at Stawell 10.20 a.m, 2.26 p.m, 7.55 a.m

FROM STAWELL TO MELBOURNE

LEAVE—Stawell 6 45 a.m, 10.45 p.m, 3.5 p.m 9.30 p.m
ARRIVE At Ararat 7.39 a.m 11.45 p.m 3.59 p.m
LEAVE—Ararat, 7.49 a.m, 11.55 p.m. 4.9 p.m
Buangor 8.25 am 12.45 p.m 4.45 pm
Beaufort 9.2 a.m 1.30 p.m 5.25 p m
Burrumbeet 9.43 a.m 2.16 p.m, 6.7 p.m.
ARRIVE At Ballarat 10.21 am, 3.10 pm, 6.45 p.m 1.30am
LEAVE—Ballarat 6.40 a.m, 11.30 a.m, 3.25 p.m, 7.10 p m
ARRIVE at Geelong 8.30 a.m 1.39 p.m 5.5 p.m 9.5 p.m.
LEAVE—Geelong, 8.40 a.m, 1.51 pm, 6.30 pm, 9.15 p.m
ARRIVE At Melbourne, 10.15 a m, 3.41 pm, 8.35 p.m. 10.46 p.m.

FROM ARARAT to HAMILTON and PORTLAND

ARRIVE At Ararat, 1.16 p.m.
LEAVE Ararat, 1.50 p.m.
Wickliffe Road, 2.51 p.m.
Glen Thompson, 3.25 p.m.
LEAVE Glen Thompson, 3.30 p.m.
ARRIVE At Dunkeld, 4 p.m.
Hamilton, 4.50 p.m.
LEAVE Hamilton, 5.5 p.m.
ARRIVE At Portland, 7.20 p.m.

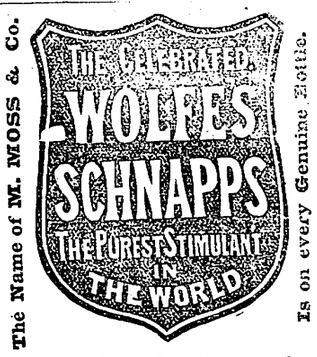
FROM PORTLAND and HAMILTON to ARARAT and MELBOURNE.

LEAVE Portland, 10.15 a.m.
ARRIVE at Hamilton, 12.32 a.m.
LEAVE Hamilton, 12.47 a.m.
ARRIVE At Ararat, 3.51 p.m.
LEAVE Ararat, 4.9 p.m.
ARRIVE At Melbourne, 11.15 p.m.

FARES.

Beaufort to	First-class	Second-class
Trawalla	1s 0d	0s 9d
Burrumbeet	2s 6d	1s 9d
Windermere	3s 6d	2s 0s
Ballarat	5s 0d	3s 0d
Geelong	14s 0d	9s 0d
Melbourne	21s 0d	15s 0d
Beaufort to	First-class	Second-class.
Buangor	2s 6d	2s 0d
Ararat	5s 0d	3s 6d
Armstrongs	6s 0d	4s 0d
Great Western	6s 6d	4s 6d
Stawell	8s 0d	5s 6d

ADVERTISEMENTS received for insertion in this Paper, in England, by CLARKE SON and PLATT, 85 Gracechurch street, London.



The Name of M. MOSS & Co. Is on every Genuine Bottle.

UNFINITELY SUPERIOR to Brandy or Whisky, and is now the

Most Popular Drink throughout the Colonies.

Certified by the Medical Profession as "THE PUREST STIMULANT PROCURABLE."

As a Tonic and Stimulant cannot be surpassed, giving tone and life to the system.

The Purest Spirit in the World.

UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS has been a quarter of a century before the public, and its sale is steadily increasing, while hundreds of imitations have appeared and disappeared. leading only ruin and disgrace to all connected with them. The public should no longer be duped by injurious, cheap, fiery compounds, imitations of the genuine WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

The public are strongly advised to purchase original unopened bottles, as the Custom Authorities have found it necessary to prosecute a large number of Publicans under the Trade Marks Act, and they have fined up to £10, and £10 10s. costs, for selling inferior spirits over the bar, representing it to be the GENUINE WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

M. MOSS & CO.,
MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY,
SOLE AGENTS
WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

A CLEAR SAVING OF 20%

(OR FOUR SHILLINGS IN THE POUND) BY

PURCHASING YOUTHS' AND

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,

DIRECT FROM

GEORGE & GEORGE

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

COLLINS ST. EAST.

Observe our Prices and compare.

TROUSERS, TO ORDER	17/6	ALL WOOL.
WATERPROOF COATS	21/ to 45/	
RIDING HABITS	In Serge or Tweed	
FEDERAL UMBRELLAS	10/6	ALL SILK
FOOTBALL OUTFITS	8/6	ALL SIZES
WINTER HOSIERY at TRADE PRICES		

Nett Cash Prices.

MERINO HALF HOSE	PER ½-DOZ 5/ 6/ 7/6	
LAMBSWOOL HALF HOSE	PER ½-DOZ 5/ 7/6 9/	
MERINO VESTS	2/6 3/6 4/6	
CARDIGAN JACKETS	7/6 10/6	
WHITE DRESS TIES	All Widths 6d.	
WHITE K'D GLOVES	1/11 2/6	
DANCING PUMPS	Per Pair 14/6	
TAN KID GLOVES	2 Buttons 2/11	

Nett Cash Prices.

MADE UP SCARFS	8½d. 1/ 1/6	
ARGOSY BRACES	2/11	

LATEST FASHIONS.

"FEDERAL" SAC SUIT, 32s to 45/-, or, TO ORDER, From 83/-

MORNING COAT & VEST, 45/- to 55/-, or, TO ORDER, From 73/6

D.B. FROCK COAT, 47/6 to 57/6, or, TO ORDER, From 73/-

FEDERAL OVERCOAT, 30/- to 47/-, or, TO ORDER, 42/- to 75/-.

FEDERAL ULSTER, 35/- to 42/-, or, TO ORDER, 55/- to 75/-.

FEDERAL DRESS SUIT, From 6½ Guineas.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL GARMENTS ARE CUT AND FITTED BY THE BEST CUTTERS IN MELBOURNE, AND SOLD SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING CONDITION: ANY ARTICLE NOT FITTING WILL BE EXCHANGED, OR THE COST REFUNDED. PATTERNS AND FORMS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT BY RETURN OF POST.

GEORGE & GEORGE'S

YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

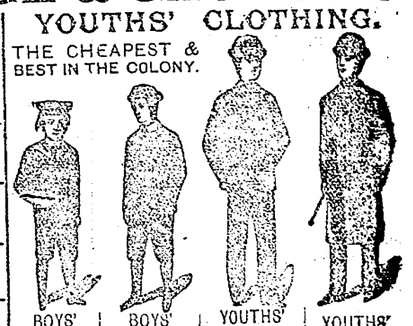
THE CHEAPEST & BEST IN THE COLONY.

REGATTA SHIRTS	3/3 4/6 6/6	
FINE LINEN HDKFS	Per Doz 7/6 12/6	
RICH SILK HDKFS	11/ 12/ 13/6	
MASHER COLLARS	Per Doz 5/6	
POLO COLLARS	Per Doz 5/6	
BRIEF BAGS	All Prices from 4/6	
BASIL PORTMANTEAUS	12/6	

Nett Cash Prices.

CIGAR CASES	From 5/ each	
REVOLVERS	7/6 10/6	
Half Price	12/6	
HAT, HAIR, & CLOTHES BRUSHES		
WALKING STICKS	All kinds 1/6 to 10/6	
WEST'S SOLITAIRES	Full Suite plated 6d.	
TRAVELLING BAGS	Fitted from 105/	
DRESSING CASES	Fitted from 10/6	

Nett Cash Prices.



BOYS' JERSEY SUITS, 7/6 to 25/-

BOYS' KNICKER SUITS, 6/11 to 27/6

YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS, 22/- to 35/-

YOUTHS' OVERCOATS, 12/6 to 25/6

ACCORDING TO SIZE.

BOOTS & SHOES

STRONG ENGLISH WALKING BOOT. 15/6, 18/6, 22/6.

BOYS' & YOUTHS' EXTRA STRONG LACE BOOTS. 8/6 to 12/6.

MEN'S & BOYS' HATS.

HARD FELT HATS. 7/6 to 11/6.

SOFT FELT HATS. 7/6 to 10/6.

BEST SILK HATS. 10/6.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

WHITE SHIRTS. 6/6 7/6 8/6

FLANNEL DITTO. 6/6 8/6 10/6

Those Shirts are manufactured on the Premises from the very best makes of Long Cloth, & only the finest real Irish Linen employed for Fronts & Cuffs.

£1 FREE GIFTS!—The proprietors of WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS, to induce the destruction and prevent the improper use of their wrappers and labels, and thus further protect the Public against fraud and deception, have inclosed in the wrappers or under the label on the quart bottles, since 1st October, 1878, and continue to inclose in EVERY DAY'S PACKING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, THREE £1 ORDERS, which are drawn upon the undersigned, and which will be cashed by them on presentation. To secure these Gifts, the Public must be careful to ask for, and accept nothing but the GENUINE UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS, with our name upon the top label M. Moss & Co., Wynyard Lane, Sydney.

JOHN HUMPHREYS,

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT, ACCOUNTANT, ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS AND DEBTS COLLECTED.

Secretary and Manager of the Kingfisher G.M.C., Beaufort.

Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to,

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

KAY'S COMPOUND OF LINSEED, Aniseed, Senega, Squill, Tolu, &c., with Chlorodyne.

KAY'S COMPOUND, a demulcent expectorant, for Coughs and Colds.

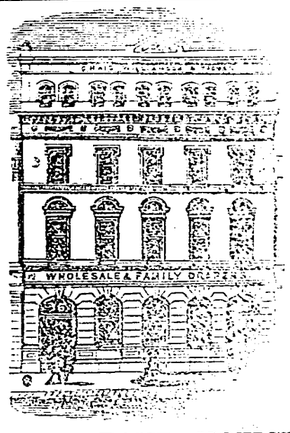
KAY'S COMPOUND, for Cough's and Colds, is equally serviceable for Horses and Cattle,

---

KAY'S TIC PILLS, a specific in Neuralgia, Face-ache, &c.

COAGULINE.—Cement for Broken Articles. Sold everywhere.
Imported by all Merchants, and sold by all Chemists &c.
Sole Makers—Kay BROS., Stockport, England.

REMEDY FREE!—A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Esq., 43 Chatham Street, New York City, U. S. A.



IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO HEADS OF FAMILIES AND OTHERS.

Drapery, Woollens and Clothing, Carpets Floorcloths and Linoleums, Bedsteads and Bedding, direct from the Importers, at actua Wholesale Prices.

CRAIG, WILLIAMSON, AND THOMAS

SUPPLY the Public with Drapery, Woollens, Clothing, Carpets, Floorcloths, Linoleums, Bedsteads and Bedding at Importers' Rates.

The Terms being strictly Net Cash, purchasers at C. W. and T.'s warehouses have not to pay for losses occasioned by bad debts and they save the retail profit, fully 30 per cent

Extensive shipments from England and the Continent are received weekly by the several steamers, thereby ensuring a continuous supply of the newest goods.

Persons residing in the country, including the adjacent colonies, can rely on their orders having careful attention. The principle of having only one price (no matter how large or how small the parcel) is a guarantee that families ordering by letter are placed on the same footing as if they selected the goods personally.

The Tailoring and Outfitting Departments having assumed such large proportions are now located at the warehouse, No. 6 Elizabeth street, close to the drapery warehouse. Cards for self measurement and patterns forwarded on application.

The Stock in all departments s now fully assorted for winter requirements, and the firm have pleasure in inviting an inspection of their

DRAPERY WAREHOUSE
AT 14 and 16 ELIZABETH STREET,
And their
CARPET AND CLOTHING WAREHOUSE,
6 ELIZABETH STREET

CRAIG, WILLIAMSON, & THOMAS,
IMPORTERS AND WAREHOUSEMEN,
MELBOURNE.

Holloway's Ointment.

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Wounds, and Ulcerations of all kinds.

THERE is no medicinal preparation which may be so thoroughly relied upon in the treatment of the above ailments as Holloway's Ointment. Nothing can be more salutary than its action on the body both locally and constitutionally. The Ointment rubbed around the part affected enters the pores as salt permeates meat. It quickly penetrates to the source of the evil, and drives it from the system.

Bronchitis Diphtheria Colds Coughs Sore Throat and Shortness of Breath.

Relaxed and congested throats elongated uvula ulcerated or turgid tonsils whooping cough, croup wheezing from accumulated mucous, and other difficulties of respiration also palpitation stitches and shortness of breath may with certainty be cured by rubbing this healing Ointment over the chest and back for at least half an hour twice a day assisted by appropriate doses of Holloway's Pills.

For Glandular Swellings, Stiff Joints and Disease of the Skin.

This invaluable unguent has greater power over gout and rheumatism than any other preparation. None need remain in pain if its removal be set about it in good earnest, by using this infallible remedy according to printed instructions affixed to each pot. All settled aches and pains are remediable in the same manner.

Gout and Rheumatism.

There is no preparation for salutary effects comparable to this remedy. It should be well rubbed over the affected parts after their due fomentation with warm water. It acts by stimulating the absorbents to increased activity, by preventing congestion and promoting a free and copious circulation in the parts affected, thence speedily and effectually it ensures a cure.

Piles Fistulas, and Ulcerations.

The cures which this Ointment effects in Piles and fistulas of long standing, after all other applications, have been in vain, are numerous and notorious throughout the world that any cases may be quoted for which an adequate detailed statement of their number of character could be in vain. It is sufficient to know that the Ointment has never proved ineffectual.

In Disorders of the Kidneys, Stone, and Gravel.

The Ointment is a sovereign remedy if it be well rubbed twice a day into the small of the back over the region of the kidneys, into which it will gradually penetrate, and almost every case given immediate relief. When the Ointment has been once used it has established its worth, and has again been eagerly sought for as the easiest and safest remedy, in all of these complaints.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following complaints:—

Bad Legs	Fistulas	Sore Throats
Bad breasts	Gout	Skin Diseases
Burns	Glandular Swellings	Scurvy
Bunions	Lumbago	Sore Heads
Chilblains	Piles	Tumours
Chapped Hands	Rheumatism	Ulcers
Corns (soft)	Sore Nipples	Wounds
Contracted and Stiff Joints	Scalds	

The Pill and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; and by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the Civilised World, in boxes and Pots. The smallest box of Pills contains four dozen; and the smallest pot of Ointment one ounce.

Full printed directions are affixed to each Box and Pot, and can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

"For the Blood is the Life."

CLARKE'S
WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities cannot be too highly recommended.

For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Sores of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent cure.

It Cures Old Sores
Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs
Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face
Cures Survy Sores
Cures Cancerous Ulcers
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases
Cures Glandular Swellings
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter,
From whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1885.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

"Gentlemen,—Some ten years ago my wife became lame with ulcerated legs. I tried every recommendation for a cure, and also a large number of doctors (some of these very clever men with diplomas of kind), but to no effect. After being in this state for between twixt five and six years I determined to try your Blood Mixture, as a last resource, in short that time appeared to be at death's door and had to be put to bed. Was of no use in her legs; and, I am thankful to say, after taking 13 of your small bottles she experienced a perfect cure. This is now four years ago since the cure was effected, and there is no sign of the complaint returning. I may add that it had cost us scores of pounds trying one remedy after another previous to taking your valuable medicine, for which I return my sincere thanks.—I am Gentlemen, yours greatly, "C. S."

"P.S.—You may make what use of the above you think fit, but in the event of advertising it kindly keep back my name. You can, however, refer any one making private inquiries to my address as follows.—C. S., Midland Station, Carlton, near Nottingham."

Sold in Bottles 2s 9d. each, and in Cases, containing six times the quantity, 11s. each—either of which in many cases a permanent cure in the great majority of chronic cases, by all CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world.

Proprietors,
THE LONDON AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.
TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

NO family should be without these Pills. Their virtues tried efficacy in correcting disorders of the liver and stomach, stimulating the bowels, and purifying the blood, has secured for them an high reputation throughout the world. A few doses produce a short continuance effects a complete cure. Thus may look forward towards this pretty medicine as a medicine with the certainty of obtaining relief.

How to Enjoy Life.

Is only known when the blood is pure, its circulation perfect, and the nerves in good order. The easy and certain method of expelling all impurities is found in Holloway's Pills, which have the power of purifying the blood from all noxious matters, expelling all impurities which taint or impoverish it, and thereby purify, invigorate and give general tone to the system. Young and old, robust or delicate, may alike experience the beneficient effects. Myriads affirm that these Pills possess a marvellous power in securing those great secrets of health by purifying and regulating the bowels, and strengthening the solids.

Our Mothers and Daughters.

The functional irregularities peculiar to the weaker sex are invariably corrected without pain or inconvenience by the use of Holloway's Pills. They are the safest and purest medicine for all diseases incidental to females of all ages, and most precious at the turn of life, or when entering into womanhood.

Debilitated Constitutions—Bad Coughs.

In general debility, mental depression, and nervous depression, there is no medicine which operates so like a charm as these famous Pills. They soothe and strengthen the nerves and system generally, give tone to the stomach, elevate the spirits, and in fact restore the patient sensible of a total and most delightful revolution in his whole system. Thousands of persons have testified that, by their use alone, they have been restored to health after all other means have proved unsuccessful.

Indigestion and its Cure.

Indigestion with torpidity of the liver is the bane of thousands, who pass each day with accumulated sufferings, all of which may be avoided by taking these Pills according to the accompany directions. They strengthen and invigorate every organ subservient to digestion, and effect a cure without debilitating or exhausting the system; on the contrary they support and conserve the vital principle by a complete purification of the blood.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following diseases:—

Ague	Piles
Asthma	Rheumatism
Bilious Complaint	Retention of Urine
Blotches on the Skin	Scrofula or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptom
Female Irregularities	Tic-Doloureux
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Venereal Affections
Headache	Worms of all kinds
Indigestion	Weakness from whatever cause, &c., &c.
Liver Complaints	
Lumbago	

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; and by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the civilised world in boxes and pots. The smallest box of Pills contains four dozen, and the smallest pot of Ointment one ounce.

Full printed directions are affixed to each box and pot and can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

Printed and published by H. [illegible] the proprietors, at the Office [illegible] Beaufort, Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No 489] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 885. PRICE SIXPENCE

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

CONTAINS a complete summary of local and general news for the week.

Subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly or at an early hour of the morning [illegible] d much oblige us by immediately forwarding their [illegible] to the office of this paper, Lawrence street, in order t [illegible] h errors may be rectified. We are most desirous [illegible] ring for our subscribers a regular and early deliv [illegible] ur it will be impossible for our measures to pro [illegible] ctual, unless we are warned by them when neglect [illegible] s place.

Advertisements sent in without a v [illegible] ten order as to the number of insertions, will in all c [illegible] es be continued until countermanded, and no adve [illegible] isement can be withdrawn without an order in writi [illegible] g, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.

Advertisements for this paper cannot be received after 7 o'clock on the evening previous to publication.

[illegible] ew subscribers are only charged from the time of ordering the paper.

Orders to discontinue subscriptions to the paper must be in writing, delivered at the office and for the current quarter.

Communications of a literary nature must be addressed to the Editor, and must bear the signature and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a pledge of good faith. An observance of this rule will be the means of preventing disappointment to contributors.

All advertisements coming under the heads of Wanted, Missing Friends, For Sale, Rewards, if not exceeding twenty-four words, will be inserted fo] o shillings and sixpence.

Notices of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, will be charged 2s. 6d. for each insertion.

Displayed advertisements, and advertisements above one inch, four shillings per inch, for the first two insertions, and two shillings per inch for all subsequent insertions.

Business and double column advertisements, if ordered for extended periods, will be charged on a reduced scale, in proportion to the number of insertions.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established in the Colonies 1862.

Capital, £1,500,000 fully subscribed.

The undersigned having been appinted Agent for Beaufort, is prepared to receive Proposals for all descriptions of Insurance at the LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

Risks accepted on Threshing Machines, Stacks, and Agricultural Produce.

Premiums for the year, £425,355 or £67,870 over 1879.

The additions to Reserve Funds now amount to £253,729 to meet fire losses only, in addition to the Capital.

Out of a surplus of £110,726, only £16,997 was paid to Shareholders in Dividends, the balance being added to Reserve Fund.

H. P. HENNINGSEN

WANTED KNOWN.

IT having come to my knowledge that Subscribers to Daily Papers are charged Nine Pence (9d.) a week, for the benefit of the public I wish to inform them that the "Ballarat Star," "Age," and "Daily Telegraph" can be had and will be delivered in the township of Beaufort at 6d. per week, or 6s. 6d. per quarter.

H. P. HENNINGSEN.

GRATEFUL.—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA,

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." -See article in the "Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold in ½lb. packets by Grocers labelled thus:—

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

BOOKSELLER,

STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFORT.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

PERMANENT ENLARGEMENT
Of the
WEEKLY TIMES
TO TWENTY-FOUR PAGES,
Or
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY COLUMNS.

In compliance with the wish of several of the delegates to the Conference of the Farmers' Unions held in Melbourne, an important new feature has been added to The Weekly Times, namely,

'THE FARMERS' GAZETTE AND UNION RECORD."

The increased size of the Weekly Times will enable Parliamentary Proceedings, and all matters of interest

TO BE MORE FULLY REPORTED.

The Weekly Times is now the Cheapest and Most Complete Weekly Newspaper

PUBLISHED IN THE WORLD

At the Price.

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT

Of the Weekly Times will continue to be a Special Feature in the Paper.

In the Weekly Times will be found a Good Selection of Light Literature, comprising Original and Selected Tales, Sketches, Household Hints, and the Ladies' Column.

In addition to the above, The Weekly Times will contain the Latest and Fullest Telegrams, Commercial, Shipping, and General News, thus supplying in a condensed form the

WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

Subscriptions per post 3s. 6d. per quarter, or 12s. per annum in advance.

OFFICE: 86 COLLINS STREET WEST, MELBOURNE.

NOTICE.

It having come to my knowledge that certain unprincipled vendors of sewing machines have frequently substituted in place of the

GENUINE "WERTHEIM"

Machines on a similar principle, but of a far inferior make, I beg to

INFORM the PUBLIC
That EVERY
GENUINE WERTHEIM SEWING
MACHINE BEARS the TRADE MARK
Of the
Wertheim Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company, a GNOME,

Representing the Dwarf of German Fable, in a sitting posture, with a mallet resting on his shoulder, and long flowing beard reaching to his feet;

Besides this Trade Mark, the NAME "WERTHEIM" is PAINTED in gold on the PLATE of each Machine.

As a Further SECURITY
To GUARD AGAINST IMPOSITION every
GENUINE WERTHEIM SEWING
MACHINE
SHIPPED to AUSTRALIA
Has STAMPED on the SHUTTLE-SLIDE the NAME of the SOLE AGENT for Australasia, viz.:—

HUGO WERTHEIM,
MELBOURNE.

I herby inform Vendors of Sewing Machines in Victoria and the other Australian colonies that the WERTHEIM "GNOME" TRADE MARK, as well as the name "WERTHEIM," have been properly REGISTERED in Australia; and that any infringement upon the said registration will be at once proceeded against according to law.

Hugo Wertheim,
39 FLINDERS LANE EAST,
MELBOURNE,

Sole Representative and Agent in Australia for the Wertheim Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company.

PETRUS DE BAERE,
Agent for Beaufort and District.

Machines from £4 10s.

Easy Terms. Illustrated Catalogues.

THE GREATEST "SEWING MACHINE."

TRIUMPH OF THE AGE

We respectfully ask the public not to be misled by the puff of our "Rival of former years."

The number of Sewing Machines imported (like other goods) is no criterion of the number sold, the evidence of which lies in the fact that Melbourne is overstocked with the importations of 1874.

Reasons why the
"WHEELER AND WILSON"
Sewing Machine
Is far superior to the "Singer."

The W. and W. will do more work, and do it better.
The W. and W. is much more durable. It will last a lifetime, and run for years without repair.
The W. and W. is easier to work than the Singer.
The W. and W. is not so liable to get out of order.
The W. and W. has no cog wheels to wear away and break, as a Singer.
The W. and W. has no heavy machinery to tire and weary the feet, as the Singer.
The W. and W. is more simple in action.
The W. and W. has less wear and tear.
The W. and W. is better finished.
The W. and W. has been awarded more prizes.

If any further proof is required of the superiority of the Wheeler and Wilson, it is found in the fact that Singer's agent has never accepted our challenge to have the machines publicly tested.

We warrant every genuine W. and W. machine to give entire satisfaction.

LONG & CO., Australian Agents for Wheeler and Wilson's Machines.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

Instruction Given Gratis.

P. De BAERE,
WATCHMAKER,
Sole Agent for Beaufort.

All Sewing Machines delivered FREE of charge at Melbourne Prices. Discount allowed for Cash, or on easy terms.

Plain and Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE,

Lawrence-street, Beaufort,

And "TRIBUNE" OFFICE, East Charlton.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,

Prepared on the shortest notice

THE ARGUS may be had daily, on the arrival of the mid-day Train, at the shop of Mr. H. P. HENNINGSEN, Agent, Beaufort. Price, Twopence.

WARD & LIPMAN,

Commission Merchants,

PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

EXPORTERS OF AMERICAN GOODS.

Advances made on Consignments.

Contracts for Railways and Public Works Solicited.

WASHING LIQUID.

MRS. GILLOCH begs respectfully to inform the residents of Beaufort and district that she is manufacturing a "Washing Liquid," which will be found to materially lessen the labor of Washing Clothes, besides giving the clothes a good color. Warranted not to injure any article, of whatever description or texture; it will also take out paint, and improve colored articles.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—For every 3 gallons of cold water add one half-pint of the liquid, wet and soap the clothes, place in the boiler, and boil for half an hour. Then rinse in plenty of water; blue and dry as usual. Soap and soak flannels in warm water, and place in boiler when fine white clothes are taken out, and allowed to remain 15 or 20 minutes. Then dry and rinse as usual.

Sold in large or small quantities. Single Bottle 3d.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Charlton, Waterloo, Burrumbeen, Buninyong, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Burrumbeet, Learmonth, Streatham, Skipton, and Carngham.

JOB PRINTING

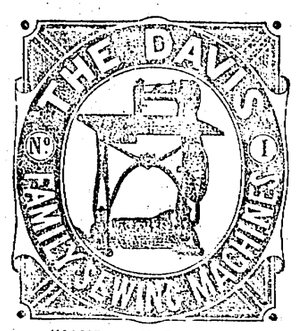
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS,
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS,
POSTERS, DRAPER'S HANDBILLS
CATALOGUES, DELIVERY BOOKS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
MOURNING CARDS, &c., &c.

PRINTED IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office: Lawrence Street, Beaufort.



(HAND AND TREADLE),
RECEIVED THE
ONLY FIRST PRIZE
AND
GOLD MEDAL
AWARDED AT THE
Sydney & Melbourne International Exhibitions, 1880-1
AND THE
Only First Prize,
Adelaide Exhibition, 1881.

IMPORTERS—
HENRY BISHOP & CO.,
79 BOURKE STREET EAST,
MELBOURNE.
(Next to the Theatre Royal).

Local Agents Wanted.

HOOD'S PHOSPHORUS PILLS

A Certain Remedy for Nervous Debility—either special or general. To avoid disappointment, ask for Hood's Phosphorus Pills, and insist upon having them only.

PRICE—2/6 and 5/-

HOOD'S CORN EXTERMINATOR

A Certain Cure for Hard or Soft Corns.

PRICE—2/6 a Bottle.

HOOD & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.
IMPORTERS OF
OILS, ANALINE COLORS AND DRYSALTERY,
147 ELIZABETH STREET.

FIRST PRIZE
Awarded Melbourne International Exhibition, 1880-81.

SANDER AND SONS'
EUCALYPTI EXTRACT.

UNDER the distinguished patronage of His Majesty the King of Italy, at Rome.

Dr. Cruikshank, Health officer for the City of Sandhurst, certifies to the extract being the most reliable remedy for external inflammation, bronchitis, diptheria, affections of the lungs, chest, all pains of rheumatic nature, neuralgia, etc., all swellings, bruises, sprains, wounds, disorders of the bowels, diarrhœa, etc.

PROFESSOR Dr. MOSLER, at the University of Greifswalde, Germany, reports astonishing cures of Diphtheria, Lung and Throat Diseases by inhaling the vapors of SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT.

Epitome of declaration made before M. Cohen, Esq., J.P., at Sandhurst, October, 1877:—The son of Mr. Raabe was hurt with an axe on the knee. After nine weeks' medical treatment it was declared necessary by Dr. Macgillivray to amputate the injured limb. At that juncture the extract was applied, and the wound speedily cured without amputation.

The daughter of Mr. Junghenn, suffering from disease of the bone, as pronounced by Drs. Atkinson and Boyd, was cured just as speedily. Cures of whooping cough, very severe colds, croup, bronchitis, diphtheria, earache, pains in the head (neuralgia), inflammation of the eyes, and that of a severely injured foot; others, of bad legs, wound on the arm with enormous swelling, of severe bruises and a sprained ankle, (H. Brown), in which case eight months' medical advice was of no avail, are reported by the "Donald Times," "Newcastle Morning Herald" "Cooktown Courier," "Yorke's Peninsula Advertiser," and others.

The extract regulates the action of the kidneys cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and is the surest curative agent and preventative of contagion in scarlet, typhoid, and intermittent fever. For particulars see testimonials accompanying each bottle.

Sold at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per vial.

CAUTION.

Do not confound SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT with the common Eucalypti Oil, a resinous fluid equal to turpentine, without the healing vapors of our Extract, and positively injurious in most cases for which our preparation is highly recommended; therefore ask for SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT and see that you get it. The genuine article is made up in vials bearing our trade mark and signature, and for greater safety each vial is secured by an outside green band with our signature and address—

Agent for WATERLOO: J. FRUSHER.
" MAIN LEAD: J. M'LEOD.
" CHARLTON: J. DOBIE.
" BEAUFORT: H. A. GLYDE.

Ballarat Wool Sales.

Everingham, Greenfield, & Co

WOOL, GRAIN, AND TIMBER BROKERS,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION AGENTS
AND
GENERAL AUCTIONEERS
(Established 1864.)
MELBOURNE AND BALLARAT.

WE beg most respectfully to inform our clients that we shall continue to hold regular Auction sales of WOOL, SHEEPSKINS, HIDES, TALLOW and PRODUCE, every alternate THURSDAY during the ensuing Wool Season, at BALLARAT.

Liberal advances made on Wool, Grain, and all kinds of Colonial Produce consigned to us for sale in Melbourne and Ballarat, or for shipment.

In connection with the above, we beg to notify our friends that we hold public sales of Grain and Produce every TUESDAY, at the

CORN EXCHANGE, MELBOURNE,

And daily (privately) both in Melbourne and Ballarat

FOR SALE—Wool Packs, Corn Sacks, Bran Bags, Gunnies, and General Station Supplies, at Current Rates.

EVERINGHAM GREENFIELD & CO.,
Market Square, Ballarat, and Corn Exchange, Melbourne.

Wonderful, but True.

Furniture,

Pianos,

Carpets, etc.,

Forwarded to all parts of the Colony

Without Money or Security

ON

S. NATHAN'S

WONDERFUL

TIME PAYMENT

SYSTEM.

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

LATE OF

149 AND 151 BOURKE STREET EAST

MELBOURNE.

SUBSCRIBERS to the "Illustrated London News and "London Punch." H. P. HENNINGSEN, News Agent, Beaufort.

ONE BOX OF

CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS

IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, acquired or constitutional. Gravel, and Pains in the back. Sold in boxes, 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE,
APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND

EXPORT AGENTS.

Burgoyne, Burbidges and Co., Coleman-street, London
Newbery and Sons, 37 Newgate-street, London.
Barclay and Sons, 95 Farringdon-street, London.
Sanger and Sons, Oxford-street, London.
And all the London Wholesale Houses.

MELBOURNE AGENTS.

ROCKE, TOMPSITT, & Co., Melbourne.
HEMMONS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
FITCH & FRENCH.

SYDNEY AGENTS.

ELLIOTT BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
ED. ROW & Co.

ADELAIDE AGENTS.

FAULDING & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

BRISBANE AGENTS.

BEPPLEY & TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggists.
ELLIOTT BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS.

KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & Co., Wholesale Dru
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

MELBOURNE AGENTS
FOR THE
RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE
MESSRS. GORDON & GOTCH
85 COLLINS STREET WEST

GRAND DISCOUNT SALE.

17½ PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

TWO PENCE off every Shilling; THREE SHILLINGS and FOUR PENCE off every Pound; ONE POUND off every Six Pounds' worth of Goods purchased for CASH ONLY.

Commencing on

WEDNESDAY, 1st JULY,

and will continue until further notice.

A. CRAWFORD

MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT,

Having been advised of extra large shipments, to arrive about middle or end of August, finds it necessary for want of space, to considerably reduce the present stock on hand. Instead of adopting the usual plan of reducing certain lines only, he has decided to make the benefit to the public more general by again carrying out the DISCOUNT PLAN, which he previously introduced, and which met with so much genuine and universal public satisfaction, viz:—

THREE SHILLINGS AND FOUR PENCE OFF EVERY POUND!

TWO PENCE OFF EVERY SHILLING!

One Pound off every Six Pounds' Worth of Goods Purchased for Cash Only during this great Discount Sale.

This extraordinary Discount will apply to every article in stock, with the following few exceptions, which will be sold at net prices, viz:—

BEST BRUSSELS CARPETS ONLY (all others subject to the discount);
BEST LINOLEUMS (Company's Goods);
ALL KID GLOVES;
SEWING AND KNITTING COTTONS.
PATON'S ALLOA, BALDWIN'S, AND BERLIN FINGERING YARNS.

Also,

TWEED SUITS, at 50s,

And

TROUSERS, 12s 6d, TO MEASURE.

All BOOTS will be subject to a DISCOUNT of One Penny per Shilling, or One Shilling and Eightpence off every Pound.

The public have had ample experience of the genuineness and value of A.C.'s Discount Sales on former occasions, and the immense advantages to buyers by the above sale are so clear and remarkable, that further comment is altogether unnecessary.

A. CRAWFORD,
MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,
STURT STREET,
BALLARAT,

To Let,

A COTTAGE, near the Court-house, Beaufort. Apply to H. P. HENNINGSEN.

FRIEND PAUSE.—If you want to keep out of the *Cemetery*, drink Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters.

GRIEFENDORFF'S Bohemian Bitters. These well-known *German Hop Bitters* are an excellent tonic, and are invaluable for Liver, Kidney, and Urinary Diseases, Constipation, Poorness of Blood, Mental Depression, Biliousness, Loss of Appetite, Stomachic Ailments, and for staving off the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to. Sold everywhere, Chemists, Storekeepers, Hotelkeepers, Merchants, etc.

BE SURE and say *Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters.* All imitations are worthless. Victorian Consignee—August Anton Ludwig *Seltzer*, 68 Queen-st., Melbourne.

Important Notice.

Mr. W. HARTLEY,

DENTIST SURGEON, Sturt Street, BALLARAT
(Over Bardwell's, Photographer),
Dental Registration Certificate, No. 5445,

WISHES to intimate to the citizens of Beaufort and Waterloo and surrounding district that he has opened a permanent branch in the above places, where every operation in Dentistry may be treated.

Decayed Teeth stopped from further decay. Artificial Teeth inserted, without pain or inconvenience, cheaper than any other Dentist.

Persons having badly fitting artificial teeth or require more adding to the base can have them made perfect by applying at once.

Especial care and attention given to the regulation of Children's Teeth, which, if neglected, in after years ruin the mouth for mastication and appearance.

ADVICE FREE. Testimonials, both English and colonial.

ATTENDANCE EVERY FRIDAY at
Mr. ANDREWS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Neill Street, Beaufort, from 1 to 5 p.m.,

And at Mr. E. MILLIGAN'S, Waterloo, from 9 to 12 a.m., where all necessary information can be given.

WATERLOO COACHES.

COACHES from WATERLOO to BEAUFORT and TRAWALLA start as under:—

From the Fifeshire Hotel at 7.30 a.m., 10.30 a.m., and 3 p.m., calling at intermediate places, and leaving the Waterloo Hotel at 8 a.m., 11 a.m., and 3.30 p.m.

From the Railway Hotel, Beaufort, to Waterloo at 9 a.m., 12 noon, 4.5 p.m.

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.30 a.m.

Monday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 11.30 a.m.

Return fares to and from Beaufort, available for three days, One Shilling and Sixpence; single fares, One Shilling. From the finger post to Waterloo or Beaufort, Sixpence.

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

HOPPER'S
MILK PUNCH

GENUINE OLD ENGLISH ELIXIR VITÆ

Can be obtained at Smith's Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, and the Manufactory, Snake Valley Carngham.

"Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions."—Act iii, Scene 1.

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME patients suffering from nervous affections are afraid from sheer bashfulness and modesty to PERSONALLY consult a medical man—other patients have not the self-possession and coolness when in the consulting room, to accurately describe their symptoms—their habits of life, and the nature of the disease they suffer from.

Let such persons (he or she) sit quietly down in the privacy of their own apartments, and with calm minds describe clearly each symptom of their case, a clear statement thus written, and laid before me, is far preferable in nervous diseases to a personal consultation. Where, however, a disease is of a peculiar and exceptional character, a personal consultation may become necessary; but my success in correspondence is so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated by letter during the last 32 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, not a case has ever been made public—in fact, the very simplicity of my system of correspondence prevents publicity.

At the same time medicines are sent to my patients in such a form as to defy detection.

How many thousands have I not brought joy to?

How many have been enabled to enter into the marriage state through consulting me?

How many after marriage have privately consulted me and been blessed, and their married lives made fruitful and happy.

How many wasted ruined youths of both sexes have also been restored to health, and thanked their manhood, for having consulted me by letter.

How many questions arise where the family physician is unable to unravel the case, and where often the patient lingers on, not daring to tell his family medical adviser the nature of his complaint, until consumption wasting, or mental diseases set in, and the sufferer gets beyond the curable stage, and is left a hopeless wreck.

A letter written in the privacy of the room and dropped in the post box reaches me quietly; the answer is returned as quietly and unostentatiously, and the patient, without stepping from his chamber, except to post his letter, is by return of post put in full possession of the nature of his case. His hopes are raised, his doubts removed, and he is comparatively a new man; in fact, in many cases, a new being altogether.

The only addition to the ordinary written letter is the age, occupation, habits and symptoms, nothing more The usual consultation fee of £1 (one pound) must be enclosed, otherwise no answer will be returned.

There are thousands of cases in daily life where a consultation with one at a distance, will remove by a single letter, a great fear, a great care, and it often solves what appears as an impenetrable mystery. Many a sad heart has been made joyful on receipt of an explanatory letter from me

To those who are about to marry, I would say consult me before doing so, and prevent many after troubles and remove many unnecessary fears and prejudices; to those, more especially who have suffered in early years from disease, or who have yielded to their passions. To these I say, at once, consult with me, do not tarry, delays are dangerous, and as an expert, my time may not always be at your service, you can, by simply enclosing one pound, have the benefit of my experience, in the same manner as if I lived in your own town, and with the additional advantage of thorough privacy.—Yours, truly,

LOUIS L. SMITH.

Address
DR. L. L. SMITH,
182 COLLINS STREET EAST,
MELBOURNE.

Consultation Fee by Letter, £1.
Fee for personal Consultation, £1 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine.

Medicines forwarded, well-packed, to all the Colonies, India and Europe.

182 COLLINS-STREET EAST Melbourne.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

There was a fair market on Thursday. We quote as follows :—Barley—English, 4s 6d; Cape barley, 2s 9d; wheat, 3s 6d to 3s 9d; oats, 2s 6d to 2s 9d; hay, sheaves, L3 to L3 10s; do., manger, L3 to L3 15s; potatoes, L1 to L1 17s 6d; straw, oaten, L2; do., wheaten, L1 10s; peas, 3s to 3s 6d; bran, 1s; pollard, 1s 1d; bonedust, L6 10s.; flour, L7 15s.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

An unusual dulness has prevailed in the produce market during the past week, the inclement weather to some extent, no doubt, being responsible for the quietness everywhere observable. There is, however, an improvement to note in the quotations of the staple products—wheat, flour, and oats. In wheat business has been restricted, but to-day 300 bags changed hands at 3s 6½d ex bags; whilst an offer of L7 15s for a large line in flour was refused, the local figure being L7 17s 6d. At Horsham the tone of the wheat market is a little firmer, and 3s 5d to 3s 6d rules. At Donald wheat has risen to 3s 7d, and at St. Arnaud 3s 6d rules; the Landsborough quotation being 3s 5d to 3s 6d for wheat and L8 for flour. In this district, in consequence, no doubt, of the improvement observable in the metropolitan market, oats are slightly firmer here, one lot of 50 bags of superior quality changed hands at 3s, bags in. Our quotation for ordinary feed samples is from 2s 10d to 2s 11d per bushel. Warrnambool potatoes are worth L3 5s per ton; one load in this morning readily realising that figure, whilst Ballarat varieties are being landed at L2 15s and L2 12s 6d. Hay is well supplied. The demand for chaff for up-country, which set in a few weeks back, has now somewhat abated, and consequently there is not now such a good output for hay. The quotation of L3 10s to L4 (the latter being for trussed) is a firm one. Fresh butter is still very scarce, and good potted is difficult to obtain at 1s 2d and 1s 3d per lb. Eggs are also scarce and meet a ready sale at 1s 6d per dozen. We quote:—

Wheat, 3s 6d to 3s 7d bags in; oats, 2s 10d to 2s 11d; pollard 1s 2d; bran, 1s; Cape barley 2s 6d; English barley, 4s 6d; peas, 3s; flour, L7 7s 6d to L7 17s 6d per ton; Warrnambool potatoes L3 5s per ton; Ballarat, potatoes, L2 12 6d to L2 15s; hay, (sheaves) 75s per ton; hay (trussed) 80s; straw, oaten, 30s per ton; do., wheaten, 25s; chaff, 4s per cwt; carrots, 3s; onions, 7s butter (fresh), 1s 6d per lb; butter, (potted), 1s 2d to 1s 3d; hams, 10d per lb; bacon, 8½d per lb; cheese, 6½d; eggs, 1s 6d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

THE EXECUTION OF JOHNS.

Frank Johns was executed in Darlinghurst Gaol on Tuesday morning. The condemned man was visited by the Revs. George Brown, and J. W. Brown, Wesleyan Ministers, who remained with him until 11 o'clock. He expressed to them his opinion that the sentence was unjust, but his conduct was constrained and within control. He occupied the greater portion of the night in writing letters to friends. He lay down for a short while, but was restless. At 5 o'clock this morning, the ministers returned to his cell, and remained with him until his execution. The Rev. A. A. Maclaren, Anglican minister, at the request of Johns and his friends, was also present. Johns took no breakfast, and became feverish and excited as the execution drew near. He had told his mother that he had prepared three speeches, one of which he would deliver on the scaffold. A crowd assembled outside the gaol, and the sounds of cheers and occasional laughter reached those at the gallows. When Johns came out he gazed at the beam and pendant rope with an expression and manner which were a curious blending of daze and curiosity. At the conclusion of the service of the dead, he spoke in a loud voice, commencing "Gentlemen of the press," and he asked them to represent truly what he said. He affirmed what he had stated in connection with the lady visitor to the gaol, and stated he felt that the Executive had not acted justly, and that he was about to be murdered. He forgave every one who had done him any harm, said that he was not himself when he committed the crime, and appealed to them to write to his mother, and if they could to see and speak to her, and tell her that he died loving her to the end, her name being the last on his lips. The last words he utered were, "My poor mother!" as the bolt was drawn. He died quickly.—"Argus."

The Geelong "Evening Star" says that a well-known resident having purchased a large barracouta in town, took it home, and when the fish was being cleaned an octopus about a foot in length, with the arms and suckers perfect in every respect, was found in its stomach, as if the octopus had been swallowed without coming into contact with the teeth.

A young man in Maryborough had rather a singular experience one day last week. It appears that on the premises at which he is employed is a small revolving brush, driven by steam at the rate of 600 revolutions per minute. It occurred to the enquiring mind of this enterprising youth that this brush could do excellent service on the hair, and accordingly he gently thrust his head against it as an experiment. He was not disappointed in his expectations, as was proved by the yell that sounded through the premises, and a patch of hair and scalp, the the size of half-a-crown, came away and was lost for ever. That young man does not now take off his hat when he bows to the ladies, and he is making inquiries respecting hair renewers.—"Advertiser.

Jerusalem has lately been the prey to a severe water famine. In consequence of the great heat, which has set in this year earlier than usual, and in a more acute form than has been known for a long period, the cisterns within the city were exhausted and even the springs in the environs yielded but little water. A correspondent (says the "Jewish World") describes the heartrending scenes witnessed day after day as the water dealers troughs their precious cargoes into the city at a price beyond the means of the thirsting poor. The demands of the dealers rose daily, and it became a common thing to see the poor battering necessary articles of clothing for a drink of water.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Allan, A. M.
Black, T.; Bygraves, J.; Baird, Mrs.
Cameron, D.
Dunn, J.; Davis, H.
Ellis, T.
Flowers, Mr.
Glover, S.
Hore, E.; Hardy, S.
Johnston, W. H.
Kitchen, W.
Liddle, W.
M'Intosh, Mr.; M'Millan, Ewan; Morgan, J.; M'Lean, N.; Munro, George, Miller, Mrs.
Pears, T.
Stewart, E. A. Mrs.; Smith, J.; Standfield, Mr.
Topper, G.; Trainor, J.
Woods, Miss; Westbrook, R. Mrs.; Ward, Fred.

E. M. KILDAHL, Postmistress.

Beaufort, July 17th, 1885.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885.

OUR contemporary, the "Maryborough and Dunolly Advertiser," has a timely article in a recent issue devoted to the withdrawal of certain Press privileges that were unreservedly accorded by successive Governments to the Fourth Estate, in acknowledgement of the material services it renders to the public. It will be remembered that, in a spasmodic fit of false economy, a former Government, at the instance of one or two members of the Bent and the Gaunson type, with whom the newspapers could not see eye to eye, curtailed the free railway pass system, and substituted that of half fares as at present in vogue. In view of the peculiar functions of the Press as a public instructor in the sense that it is a literary broadcast seed sower, to which the public acknowledge their indebtedness, thinking out perplexing social problems for the general good, and frequently receiving more kicks than "ha'pence" for its pains, it goes without saying that newspaper enterprise does not fall within the strict limits and lines of any ordinary business speculation. It is a singular fact that it is the greatest of living Statesmen, and the most large-hearted of public philanthropists who are the first to proclaim and acknowledge their indebtedness to the public Press for the benefactions which, while working when others sleep, it confers, as a rule with unswerving fidelity, on the multitude at large. Many a successful farmer in this colony has had no other schoolmaster than that supplied by the ordinary newspaper. We have heard many such men freely confess that their whole stock of literary, political, and general knowledge has been derived by diligently perusing the columns of the daily and weekly Press, while the records of wool sales, land auctions, of impoundings, exports, and the operation of the corn factor have to them been more precious than the high-class productions of the most gifted and brilliant novelists. As a public instructor, conveying from mind to mind the indispensable knowledge of business life—requisite to the correct understanding of the conditions of human existence—it is manifestly suicidal policy to hamper the press with trammels that mar, clog, and cripple its progress. "Knowledge" disseminated through the Press is as great a "power" as when circulated through any other conceivable medium, human or material. Its importance is paramount, and the people as represented by the Crown and the Parliament recognise the omnipotence of knowledge by giving, without money and without price, free education to the masses. It will, we think, be conceded that in the ratio of commercial undertakings, that of the Press is wonderfully cheap, considering the troublesome and laborious character of its operations. It is in fact a people's joint stock company, in which the million are the share-holders working with and receiving mutual benefits from it. The researches which the large journals of different British countries have occasionally performed at their own expense amount to great public benefactions, such as Stanley's expedition after the great African explorer, and in our own colony the field of exploration has been enriched and the State benefitted by the liberality and enterprise of newspaper proprietors. So that the charge of meanness and parsimony does not lie against journalists in their representative capacity. Press priveleges are, therefore, priveleges for the people, whom they represent more accurately than the majority of members of Parliament who are carried about at Government expense whether on business or pleasure. The Press only asks that its *bona fide* representatives may have the privilege of travelling free on the State railways when on public business, and surely this in consideration of the valuable State services performed, is a very small favor to ask. Parliament itself not only travels free, but puts the country to a large expense to maintain a special "Hansard" staff of reporters for the individual benefit of members themselves, for it will not be contended for a moment that one person in ten thousand reads the debates as published by the Government. The newspaper is the only real reflex of the proceedings in Parliament which the people know and appreciate, and for the work thus performed the State pays nothing. As the "Advertiser" puts it, if Mr. Berry is about to address his constituents at Geelong, or any of the other Ministers are about to speak elsewhere, a special carriage is placed at the disposal of the metropolitan Press gratuitously, while if a country journal despatched a representative to the same meeting the usual payment would be exacted. And if any of the other Ministers is to deliver an address elsewhere, the same rule obtains. It is the country Press which has to pay. This is making fish of one and flesh of another, and it is a piece of unfairness of which country journals, who are at least able to pay, may fairly complain. We can, therefore, heartily support the contention of the "Advertiser" that these inequalities should be brought under the notice of the Government by a deputation representing the entire Press of the colony. There are many other important matters which might be dealt with by a general Press Conference who, while advocating the interests of every other class in the community, have, it may be remarked, conspicuously neglected their own. The "Maryborough Advertiser" deserves our thanks as the pioneer journal in these and kindred matters, for it was at its instigation years ago that the first Press Conference held in this colony took place, and resulted in the adjustment of many difficulties which had up to that time been the source of much expense and unnecessary annoyance, as well as injurious friction inimical to the best interests of the community.

A Court for the purpose of revising the voters' lists for the Shire of Ripon was held at the Shire Hall on Thursday. The lists, as prepared by the Secretary, were confirmed, signed, and adopted, there being no claims or objections.

The amount of £219 7s 6d has been allotted by the Government as subsidy in aid of the Beaufort Park and Recreation Reserve. Mr. Stewart, Shire Secretary, received notice to this effect on Wednesday last.

There appear to be some petty thieves about Beaufort. On Monday last a pair of boots, valued at about £1 1s, were stolen from the goods sheds at the Beaufort Railway Station. The boots were in a parcel addressed to Mr. T. Beggs, Eurambeen, and sent from Melbourne per Mr. J. W. Harris, forwarding agent.

The first Orange Demonstration ever held at Beaufort in celebration of the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne was commenced on Sunday last, when the Rev. J. C. M'Cord gave an eloquent discourse to a large congregation in the Societies' Hall. An efficient choir was also present, and the Church of England service was rendered in a very impressive manner. On Thursday evening a tea was partaken of by a very large number of people, and was followed by some excellent speeches suitable to the occasion. There were a number of visitors present from Ballarat and Ararat, and the following toasts were duly honored:—"The Queen," "The Prince and Princess of Wales," "The Governor," "Orangemen all over the world," "The apprentice boys of Derry," "The Heroes of the Boyne," "Success to the Education Act," "Parliament," "The Visitors," and "The Ladies." A vote of thanks was accorded the chairman with "twenty-one guns," when dancing was commenced to the music of the Beaufort Brass Band, which was of first-class quality, and was kept up till an early hour yesterday morning.

The new roll of magistrates was published in last Friday's "Government Gazette," and Messrs. A. Andrews and C. J. Leadbeater are the two additions for the Southern Bailiwick which concern this district.

From Mr. H. P. Henningsen, the local agent, we have received a copy of "Socialties," which is a reprint from "Melbourne Punch" during the past year, and is brim full of humorous reading and funny pictures. The published price is 1s per copy.

Mr. Theodore Beggs, of Eurambeen, notifies in another column that he is a candidate against all comers for the seat in the Council for the representation of North Riding of the Shire of Ripon about to be vacated by Mr. William Smith, owing to the effluxion of his term of office.

The fox pest appears to be spreading. Some short time since a fine specimen was shot at Waterloo, and yesterday we were informed by Mr. C. Loft that he saw a fox on the previous day near Chute. If once they get located in the Mount Cole ranges they will be hard to destroy, owing to the shelter afforded them. It is notified in another column that the Shire Council of Ripon will pay a reward of £1 for every fox killed within the shire.

Mr. J. C. Thomson presided at the Beaufort Police Court on Thursday, and granted a transfer of the license for the Commercial Hotel, Beaufort, from George Carver to Mary King. A temporary license was granted to Matthew Kelly for a booth at the Woodnaggerak ploughing match, to be held at Eurambeen on the 5th August.

A match will be fired to-day by the members of the Beaufort Rifle Club between the native members and a similar number of all nations. The President (Mr. W. C. Thomas) will lead the "imported" team, and Captain Eddy will perform a like office for the natives. The teams are requested to be at the butts at 10 a.m. sharp.

A meeting of the committee of the Woodnaggerak, etc., ploughing match was held on Saturday last, when a prize-list for the match to be held on the 5th August, at Eurambeen, was drawn up, and will be advertised in our next issue.

Yesterday Mr. A. Andrews was presented with a petition requesting him to offer himself as a candidate at the ensuing election for the North Riding of Ripon Shire. The requisition contained 61 names, amongst whom were several influential residents of the district. The requisition and Mr. Andrews' reply thereto will be found in another column.

Mr. T. A. Freeman of Ballarat, will hold a sale of furniture, etc., at the Golden Age Hotel, on Wednesday next, particulars relating to which will be found in another column.

The manager of the New Discovery reports the yield of gold for the past week to be 46oz. 16dwt. 20gr.

It is announced in another column that the anniversary of the Loyal Beaufort Lodge of Oddfellows will be celebrated on the 4th August by a social gathering.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—New Victoria, 81oz.; Royal Saxon, 38oz.; Waterloo, 37oz.; South Victoria, 31oz.; Hobart Pasha, 12oz.

Pursuant to announcement Mr. C. L. Andrews delivered his lecture on General Gordon, at the Societies' Hall last evening. Mr. W. C. Thomas presided, and there was a fairly good audience. The lecture was delivered in a masterly manner, and was listened to intently by the audience, who were loud in their applause. No notes were used by the lecturer, and he displayed a wonderful memory.

The public are reminded that Mr. W. E. Nickols, auctioneer, will offer for sale by auction to-day, the furniture and effects recently in the Commercial Hotel, and removed to the Societies' Hall for the convenience of sale.

From a notice which appears in another column it will be seen that Mr. William Smith, the retiring member for the North Riding of Ripon shire, intends offering himself for re-election.

The Anxieties and Cares of Business tend to prematurely decay the physical and mental energies. The use of a pure invigorative stimulant counteracts the depletion of vital power, superinduced by constant mental strain and sedentary habits. Among tonics with an alcoholic basis Wolfe's Schnapps hold the foremost place, and is, besides, an excellent specific for indigestion, urinary troubles, rheumatism, and gout. Be sure you obtain Wolfe's Schnapps.

Dr. J. E. Taylor, the eminent scientist, has been visiting the Camperdown district during the week, and he is so impressed (says the "Age") with its importance from a geologist's point of view that he has promised to return after his Sydney trip in order to prosecute his researches. He states that Mount Leura is the most recent extinct volcano known in the world, and that it was in full work at a comparatively recent period. The craters, which now form the two lakes, Bullen Merri and Gnotuk, were, he considers, the original seats of volcanic action in this part of Australia. He characterised Mount Leura as the most striking phenomenon he had witnessed.

The Agricultural Department received by the last mail from England a consignment of seeds of eight of the most approved varieties of the sugar beet, which is now so extensively grown in France and Germany for use in the manufacture of sugar. Farmers and others throughout the colony who are desirous of experimenting in the cultivation of the sugar beet are invited to apply to the secretary for agriculture for small parcels of seed.

An exchange says that there has been great excitement in Bavaria lately through the public prosecution of a large number of brewers by the Government for having illegally used chemical preparations, chiefly tannin and salicyl, in the manufacture of beer, with the object of improving its keeping qualities. The brewers have been fined, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment from one to 10 weeks, while the suppliers of the chemicals were punished still more severely.

According to the "Maryborough Advertiser," the Duke Consols mine has been let on tribute to a large party of Chinamen, the terms being that they shall share portion of the expenses with the company, but in the event of each man not earning 12s 6d per week the company will advance sufficient to make up that amount, which will be repayable by them to the company when they make more than full wages.

A Sydney telegram says:—A remarkable case of reformation, through the exertions of the Salvation Army, occurred at Newcastle. A notorious woman, named Poll Cott, who had been drinking in the district for forty-eight years, and has been convicted 250 times, addressed a large meeting last night at the Salvation Army Barracks, describing her past career, and exhorting others to repent. She has now been reclaimed nine weeks.

A petition has just been presented to the French Chamber of Deputies, to which, it is safe to say, observes the "Pall Mall Gazette," no parallel is to be found in the parliamentary records of any country. The petitioner asks the Chamber to provide him with a new face to replace the one has lost. The request is odd enough as it stands; but its oddity is, if possible still further enhanced by the fact that the face which he has lost was not his own. Ex-artilleryman Moreau, the petitioner in question, is undoubtedly one of the most afflicted of the many victims of the Franco-Prussian war. A shell burst immediately in front of him at the battle of Bapaume, carrying away the entire surface of his face. Casualities of the sort are doubtless common in war; the peculiarity in Moreau's case is that he survived the terrible mutilation. A grateful country provided with an artificial face or mask, which partly hid the deformity. But his troubles were not over. He was attacked with brain fever the other day, and sent to a military hospital. In one of his struggles with the attendants his artificial face and teeth got so badly damaged that they have been useless to him ever since. The Chamber certainly owes the best face that is to be had for money to this gallant defender of his country.

Mr. Odlum, a professional swimmer, encouraged by Captain Paul Boynton, leaped from the Brooklyn bridge into the East River, a distance of 135 feet. For about 100 feet he shot down straight, but when within 30 feet of the water his body turned, struck the water with a great splash, and sank. When Odlum rose to the surface blood and froth were oozing from his mouth. He was seized by the bystanders and dragged on board a tug, where a number of sportsmen were assembled watching the feat. After considerable rubbing he came to for a few seconds, but died very shortly afterwards. On the examination of the body it was found that five of his ribs were broken and the heart injured. The authorities are making arrests in connection with the affair.

The uniforms to be worn by the members of the mounted rifle force now in course of organisation have been definitely fixed upon, and tenders for the supply of a large number will be called for in a few days (says the "Argus.") The colour of the uniform is light brown, similar to that of the Khakee uniform, but the material used is Bedford cord for the trousers and cloth for the jacket. The trouser material is made at Geelong, and the cloth for the jackets will be supplied from Ballarat. The hat adopted is the wideawake, with the brim caught up on one side with a loop and ornamental hook. The leggings and belts and gauntlets are of brown leather.

Some boys who were out with their shanghais for the purpose of killing birds on Sunday, heard the sound of a human voice proceeding from a neighboring shaft, a little distance off the Carisbrook road, near Maryborough, and discovered that a man had fallen down it. They procured a rope, hauled him up, and found him to be a young man named Coulter, who is rather weak in intellect. The shaft is over 100 feet deep, and he fell in last evening, remaining for nearly 24 hours standing up to his middle in sludge. Coulter was taken to Mr. Pascoe's and provided with food, and afterwards to the Maryborough hospital.

The removal of the Burke and Wills monument, in Collins Street, is to be carried out by the Tramway Trust if the Government and the City Council will consent to this being done. The Trust is willing to pay the cost of the removal, which will save much inconvenience in running the tramcars round the monument, and at the meeting of the commissioners on Friday it was resolved to seek the required permission without delay.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills combine both sanitive and sanative powers in a high degree; by the former term is understood their ability to preserve health, by the latter their capability to restore health. With these remedies at hand, no invalid need be at fault to guide himself or herself safely though the many trials to which every one is subjected during our long and oft-times inclement winters. Coughs, colds, ulcerated throats, quinsey, whooping cough, can be successfully treated by well rubbing this Ointment upon the chest, and by taking the Pills. During damp, foggy weather asthmatical sufferers will experience the utmost possible relief from the inunction of the Ointment, and all tender-chested persons will save endless misery by adopting this treatment.

BEAUFORT POLICE COURT.

MONDAY, JULY 13TH, 1885.

(Before Messrs. J. Wotherspoon, J. Prentice, and W. C. Thomas, J.'s P.)

H. Richmillar was charged with deserting his wife Sarah at Waterloo on the 5th November, 1884. The wife stated that the parties concerned had become reconciled to each other, and in reply to a question the husband stated that he was willing to go to live with his wife again. The Bench then dismissed the case.

Robert Fraser v. James Miles.—Goods sold and delivered, £5 15s 2½d. The defendant disputed the amount, and an order was made for £5 10s 2½d, with 5s costs.

(Mr. Wotherspoon here left the Bench).

Helen O'Shea sought to obtain an order prohibiting publicans from supplying her husband, John O'Shea, with intoxicating liquor for a period of twelve months. The order was granted.

The Court then adjourned.

BEAUFORT FIRE BRIGADE.

The annual meeting of the above brigade was held on the 6th instant, at the brigade station. Captain Stuart occupied the chair, and there were twenty-two members present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed, and delegates were appointed to represent this brigade at Ararat on the 16th instant.

The Secretary reported as follows:—"I have the honor to submit the eleventh annual report of the Beaufort Fire Brigade. The number of calls to fires during the past year have been five town calls and two country fires, one of them being the largest fire that has occurred since the brigade has been established. The fire I allude to was Miechel's Family Hotel, which occurred about 4 o'clock in the morning, and it was 9 o'clock before the firemen could leave the ground, and I may state that about £5 worth of the best hose was destroyed. I was instructed to apply to the two Fire Insurance Companies interested, the London and Lancashire and the Norwich Union, for a donation. No reply was received from the London and Lancashire, and the Norwich Union replied to the effect that they were reluctantly compelled to file our letter with a number of others of a similar character. Considering the amount of business done in the town by the various insurance companies the donations are very limited. There has been 400 feet of new hose and two sets of unions added to the plant during the year, and everything is in good working order. I beg to express our thanks to the public for assistance given us at the country fires. In conclusion I trust that success will attend your efforts during the ensuing year." The report was received and adopted.

The balance sheet showed that the brigade have a small balance to their credit in the bank, and the auditors reported everything correct.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Captain, H. Stuart (re-elected); Lieutenant, W. Humphries; Hose Officer, Joseph Driver; Apparatus, Officer, T. Tudgeo; Treasurer, W. G. Stevens (re-elected.); Secretary, W. Driver; Assistant Secretary, T. Hosking; Committee, Messrs. S. Baker, J. Lilley, and P. Broadoent; Auditors, Messrs. C. W. Tompkins and R. Jackson.

A vote of thanks was accorded the auditors, and a special vote of thanks was given to Messrs. W. G. Stevens and T. Hosking for the successful manner in which they carried out their part on behalf of the brigade in connection with the fancy fair held on Boxing Day.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chair.

BEAUFORT DISTRICT RIFLE CLUB.

The half-yearly general meeting of the members of the above club was held on Wednesday evening last, at the Shire Hall. Mr. W. C. Thomas presided, and there was a good attendance of members.

The Captain read his report, which reflected on the actions of the committee, and after several members of the committee had resented the statements contained in the report, it was resolved to pass on to the next business.

The Secretary's report dealt with the removal of the target to its present site, which had proved a very bad one. Six matches had been fired during the half-year, but the committee had been compelled to latterly reduce the value of the prizes owing to the want of funds. The club were, however, now in possession of several valuable trophies, and it was hoped that these trophies being offered as prizes would have the effect of causing members to practice more. The report then went on to detail the results of the Union matches, and referred to the purchase of a small target. The report concluded by stating that the committee had recommended the removal of the targets to the site at the Beaufort mullock heaps.

The audited balance sheet showed that the club had a credit balance in the Bank of £8 5s 2d, and the auditors' report complimented the Hon. Secretary on the capable manner in which he had carried out his duties.

The reports and balance sheet were received and adopted.

The affiliation of the club with the militia was next discussed, and it was resolved—That the Secretary take the necessary steps to affiliate the club.

After some discussion as to the cost of the work it was resolved—That the targets be removed to the Beaufort claim site.

A silver cup, valued at L7 10s, presented to the club by Mr. Norman Wilson, of Trawalla, was exhibited on the table, and it was resolved—That a hearty vote of thanks be accorded to Mr. Wilson for his handsome gift.

A vote of thanks to the chair concluded the meeting, which was adjourned till 15th August.

Baron Adolphe Rothschild recently purchased, at an almost fabulous price, the famous jewel-box which was presented in 1540 by the goldsmiths of Nuremburg to the Duke Albrecht of Bavaria, on his marriage with the Princess Anna of Bavaria. It is of enamelled gold and richly ornamented, and one of the most perfect gems of mediæval art in Europe.

PARLIAMENTARY ITEMS.

(FROM THE ARGUS.)

An abstract of the Licensing Bill was read a first time in the Assembly on Tuesday night. The provisions as to compensation for the withdrawal of a licence by the operation of the local option system vary from those foreshadowed by the Chief Secretary in his preliminary speech on the measure. He then said:—"With regard to the compensation to the owner of a house that may be closed, it is not to exceed the ascertained difference in the rent of the house as a public-house and the rent which could be obtained for it for other purposes, on the basis of five years." According to the bill the owner is to receive compensation not only on account of the annual value of his premises being taken away, but also for the annulment of the lease. Such compensation is not to be computed upon a basis of a term extending over a period longer than five years. As to the compensation to be paid to the tenant, Mr. Berry said it would be "limited to his net profits for two years." The bill provides that compensation shall be payable "for any loss he may sustain upon any payment made for the goodwill of his business, or in consequence of the depreciation in the value of his furniture and stock-in-trade caused by the compulsory sale thereof, and any prospective loss he may be likely to sustain for the remainder of his term by reason of the taking away of his licence." The bill, however, still limits the compensation to "two years' net income."

Cross purposes prevailed for the hour and three-quarters that the Legislative Assembly sat on Tuesday, and there was a sense of relief when the Government decided to adjourn at a quarter-past 6. Mr. Kerferd had difficulty in inducing members to understand the position of affairs regarding the appointment of new justices. Mr. Berry was not able to bring forward the Licensing Bill as quickly as he would have liked, and the Speaker and Mr. Bent were not as happy as usual. It was in a degree fortunate that the adjournment was agreed to when proposed. The light in the House had begun to wane, and a few minutes afterwards the Chamber was in darkness. The belt of the electric lighting machinery slipped off the driving wheel, and the generating apparatus stopped. The lights of course were extinguished, and the few members remaining in the Chamber had to wait until candles were obtained to enable them to find their hats and papers. Mr. Service was one of those who were belated, and the clerk, Mr. G. H. Jenkins, promised him to have the matter looked into.

The act which was passed by both Houses of Parliament on Tuesday evening to obviate the necessity of reswearing old justices of the peace, who were included in the recently issued commission, received the assent of His Excellency the Governor on Wednesday. It has been directed by the Government that all justices who were appointed before the 7th inst., and who have since their reappointment been reworn, shall have the fees which they have paid refunded to them, as the reswearing has become unnecessary. Copies of the new act are being sent to every court of petty sessions throughout the colony, with instructions to the clerks of petty sessions to bring its provisions under the notice of the justices. A large number of fees paid by justices for being reworn have already been returned by the Law department.

The Attorney-General has drafted a bill to give legal status to volunteer fire-brigades, but he is unable to proceed with it at present. The views of the brigade, and of local municipal bodies and insurance companies require to be thoroughly ventilated. The hon. gentleman accordingly intimated on Wednesday, in the Legislative Assembly, that on Tuesday he will propose that the bill be sent to a select committee. There are several members, he says, willing to enquire into the whole question of the position of the brigades. Although the volunteers do good work and should be recognised, they are the trespassers in the eye of the law when they go upon premises to extinguish fires.

The board to inquire into the conduct of Mr. Richardson, M.L.A., in connection with John Carnegie's application for a selection at Fish Creek, was appointed on Wednesday by the Governor in Council. Mr. A. P. Akehurst, President of the Central Board of Health, is to be chairman; and Mr. Howitt, P.M., and Mr. Hutchinson, P.M., are to be his colleagues. They are "to inquire into and report upon the whole circumstances in connexion with the application of John Carnegie for an allotment of land at Fish Creek, together with the making of a statutory declaration in connexion therewith, and the action of the magistrate in taking such declaration."

NEW GOODS TARIFF.

A re-classification and general revision of the rates for the conveyance of rates on the Victorian Railways has been made by the Railway Commissioners, and it was confirmed by the Governor in Council on Monday. The new charges will come into operation on the 25th instant. Hitherto, the goods rates have been based on equal mileage charges, but in the new classification not only have the charges for many kinds of goods, including agricultural implements and produce, building materials, mining machinery, etc., been reduced, but the tapering system, followed in revising the grain rates, has likewise been adopted, so that as the distance for which goods have to be carried increases, the mileage rate is diminished. In the first four of the classes into which goods are divided the charges are 4d., 5d., 6d., and 7d. per ton per mile, but there will be a reduction of 1d. per ton per mile beyond 150 miles, and a further reduction of 1d. per mile beyond 250 miles. This applies also to the miscellaneous class. Goods carried under special class B, the rate for which is 2d. per ton per mile, will be carried 1½d. per ton per mile on distances over 100 miles, and at 1d. per ton per mile beyond 200 miles. The charge for special class A, 1½d. per ton per mile is reduced to 1d. per ton per mile for distances exceeding 100 miles, and to ¾d per ton per mile beyond 200 miles. Hay and straw are carried as at present, up to 75 miles, at the rate of 5d per mile, but beyond that distance the charge will be 4d per truck per mile.

SUPPLEMENT TO

The Riponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

[illegible]try.

The Baby's Ride.

BY MRS M. L. RAYNE.

Down the street went the baby's carriage,
With mamma and papa an escort gay;
And aunts and cousins and friends by dozens,
Who stopped as it passed the public way
To look at our lovely babe that day.

Down the street goes the baby's carriage,
Drawn by two snow-white steeds to day;
And all make room for the nodding plume
That with so much glory and display
Heralds the quiet baby's way.

Down the street I shall surely follow
In the stately ride of death some day;
God grant to me that ride shall be
As full of peace, for which I pray,
As thine in thy pretty coach to-day.

Novelist.

HIS ONE MISTAKE.

By BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

He talked to her for a few minutes, and then his reeling senses seemed to steady themselves —the beating, throbbing pulse to grow still. Then he looked more calmly at the witching loveliness of that most fair face—the face that drove men mad with its beauty. He saw that she was fair as a lily, with the most delicate, dainty coloring, something like a richly hued peach—a color that seemed to vary with every thought, with every word, that was never for two minutes alike, and that was faint among the hues of heaven. She had dark eyes, proud and sweet, with a golden glow in their splendid depths—eyes that haunted one, perfect in color, in shape and expression; the only fault that even the most severe of critics could find was that the beautiful mouth was a trifle too proud; there was something—a thought too haughty in the curves of the lips; but when she smiled, and the pearly teeth gleamed through the scarlet lips, that mouth was almost divine in its beauty. He saw then that the dark, rippling hair had also a golden light in it. In her evening dress of white silk and scarlet flowers she looked more lovely than he had thought it was given to any human being to look. He had lost himself completely; he had forgotten the whole world in the charm of that most beautiful woman's smile.

He took her down to dinner; but it was a farce. Plate after plate was taken away from before him untouched; he could neither eat nor drink—he could do nothing but think of her, look at her, listen to her. The countess, among all her engagements, found time to notice that.

"The spell has worked," she said; "my boy has lost his heart."

It was well for her that she did not know how completely that spell was in vain. The most merciful part of our lives is in the fact that so much is hidden from us.

"How happy your sister looks," said Lady Ethel to Lord Carsdale. "If every bride looked as happy and as smiling, I should say it spoke well for marriage."

"She is happy, Lady Ethel; and why should she not be?"

The dark, beautiful eyes, with their proud light, rested half sadly for one moment on his face; then, smiling at him, she answered:

"I have not seen very much of the gay world, yet I am longing for it—I love it with all my heart; but I have seen four weddings, and at three of them the brides looked most miserable, and everybody said what excellent matches they were. At the fourth the bride looked very happy, and all her friends very sad; they said she was throwing herself away. She was marrying a handsome, noble, generous young colonel, who seemed to worship the very ground she trod upon. So that you see my ideas of marriage are slightly unsettled."

"I am glad that you think my sister looks happy," she said.

"She could not help it; she is marrying a duke, and a very nice duke he seems to be."

"He is," said Lord Carsdale, "quite as nice as he looks."

She glanced at his grace of Claverdon with keen attention.

"His face is a trifle too square," she said, "and I do not like the color of his hair."

"You are difficult to please, Lady Ethel," he said.

"Not in a friend," she replied; "a husband is quite a different matter—to have the same face always before one, it should be a handsome one."

"You like handsome men, Lady Ethel?" he said, feeling secretly pleased, for he would not have been human not to have felt some pleasure in his own splendid physique just then.

"I have my own idea of what is handsome," she replied, "and it seldom agrees with the ideas of others."

"A duke must always be handsome, because he is a duke, I suppose," he said.

"That does not follow. The handsomest man I have ever seen was a private soldier in the Royal Dragoons—a tall, fair Saxon."

There was a gleam of malice in the emphasis she placed on the word "fair." He glanced at her quickly.

"You admire fair people," he said. "My mother has a firm conviction that fair complexions and weak minds go together."

"I have seen some little weakness even in dark people," said Lady Ethel. "Tell me, Lord Carsdale, who is the gentleman talking to your other sister, Lady Gertrude?"

"That is Lord Rawdon. Do you admire him?" he added, quickly.

Lady Ethel gave him an amused glance. She had quickly fathomed his jealously, and delighted in it.

"Lord Rawdon seems to admire your sister, which is more to the purpose," she answered, lightly.

Lady Ethel was much inclined to like Lord Carsdale; he was handsome, bright, and intelligent; besides which there was something in his face that piqued her—that made her think about him. She could not tell exactly what it was—a reserve—it was the face of one, she fancied, who had a secret to keep. Then what nonsense it was to think of such a thing. What secret could he have? He was young—not more than twenty-one, she had heard Lady Linda say. Altogether, Lady Ethel liked the young lord very much better than she had ever liked any one yet, and that was saying a great deal, for her lovers had been legion.

After dinner Lord Carsdale found it almost impossible to talk to her. She was surrounded with admirers; she held quite a little court, and she was queen. He looked with longing eyes at every one who went near her; he could do nothing but watch her; she was so imperially fair, so haughty even in her grace, so graceful even in her pride, he could look at no one else.

It was long before he could find an opportunity of speaking to her; then he said:

"Lady Ethel, I have been longing to speak to you; you are so surrounded with adorers I have no chance."

"I do not imagine that every one adores me who speaks to me," she said, laughingly; "and, Lord Carsdale, do you know the way to secure a place when you want one?"

"No," he replied.

"Take it, whether any one else has it or not," said the beauty, as she turned away. And Lord Carsdale stood thinking of her words.

"I will take it another time," he said, "no matter who has to make way for me."

And he kept his word.

The day of the wedding was a fine one—so fine that Lady Waldrove thought in her own mind it had been on purpose for her. The wedding itself was a perfect success; the sun shone with all the brightness and warmth of summer; the sky was clear and blue; the birds sang; the whole country had been searched for flowers; the whole country seemed in a state of commotion. Lady Linda made a beautiful bride; the bride-maids were exquisitely dressed, but none equalled the fair, peerless Lady Ethel.

The ceremony was a perfect success—there was not one single drawback. Lady Waldrove looked down the long line of noble guests with a heart full of satisfied pride and ambition. If Lord Rawdon would only propose to Lady Gertrude, and Vivian marry Lady Ethel, she would be, she thought, the proudest, happiest woman in the world.

The *déjeuner* was a scene to be remembered. It was doubly delightful to Lord Carsdale, because he sat next to Lady Ethel; it was not the place appointed for him—Lady Waldrove was far too diplomatic for such straightforward hints. The seat was intended for Sir Henry Fullic, and the brilliant belle looked up with a smile as Lord Carsdale took it.

"That is Sir Harry's place, Lord Carsdale," she said.

"Is it, Lady Ethel? You see, I have followed your advice; I have taken the place I wanted, no matter who else has claim to it."

It was a fatal thing for him. Long before that breakfast was over he said to himself that he was hopelessly in love with this beautiful young queen; that out of all the world she was the one woman for him; that he loved her with the deepest, maddest passion man ever had for woman yet, and that he must leave her—leave her before harm came of his mad love.

Then he saw what he had done; he had bound himself for life; he had married a beautiful, untaught girl, who could never be a wife for him; he had married, and ruined, and blighted his whole life, and there was nothing left for him. He saw it all now. But for this rash, foolish marriage, he might have wooed and perhaps have won the peerless young beauty, who seemed disposed, in her proud fashion, to smile on him.

He tried to comfort himself with the old formula—it was for honor's sake; but the words fell without meaning this time, and he began to think he had not known what honor was.

CHAPTER XIX.

A DREAM BY THE SEA.

The wedding was over; the Duke and Duchess of Claverdon had taken their departure for Hever Court, where the honeymoon was to be spent, and many of the guests were preparing for departure. Lady Pierpont, after much pressing, had consented to stay until the Friday following; she had made a great favor of it.

"We ought to be at Steele Castle," she said; "but since you are so very kind, Lady Waldrove, and dear Ethel is enjoying herself so much, I think we will remain; but we must positively go on Friday."

They had been so happy together—the man who had married so imprudently, and the beautiful belle for whom marriage was expected to do so much. It had been a summer idyl, a summer poem; they had lingered together in the sweet, fragrant gloaming, together they had listened to the chanting of the star-lit sea; they had ridden through green-shaded lanes, and, sending the horses home, they lingered on the mossy banks and in the green meadows; they had walked through the cool, shaded depths of the green woods, listening to the bird's song, happy with a deep, silent happiness neither of them quite understood. Lady Ethel raised her beautiful face to his one morning as she said:

"I cannot imagine why it is, but this summer seems to me the fairest I have seen yet. I never remember the sunshine so bright, or the flowers so sweet."

He drank in the beauty and witchery of those lovely eyes before he answered.

"I can say just the same thing," he replied; "I never remember a summer half so fair."

Together they lingered in the beautiful conservatories, in the flower-gardens, in the long picture-galleries, and the magnificent saloons; together they sang and danced—had talked until they knew each other's thoughts and ideas better than though they had lived for years together.

He had begun to realize what he was doing —to know that the sweet witchery, the glamour falling over him, was all love,—to realize that he lived only in her presence, and that without her life was all one great, terrible blank—to realize that he loved her with the one great love, the one great passion of his life, before which all others paled and grew dim. Not at first; at first her beauty struck him as the beauty of woman had never done before—he thought her the loveliest and fairest, he admired her as he would have done the Venus of Milo, or the portrait of Beatrice Cenci; she was a new revelation of beauty to him. He fell, without knowing it, from that state of blind worship into the deepest pit passion ever digs for man. He understood it at last when a feeling of despair came over him, and he said to himself that he would give his very life to kiss her once, even should he then die. It was when that thought came over him that he realized for the first time how he loved her—how madly, how blindly, how deeply he loved her. He had never trembled at a woman's soft touch before; now, if his hand touched hers, if her dress touched him in passing, if, as he bent over her to read or to sing, the perfume from her hair or her dress reached him, he trembled like a strong tree swaying in a storm.

Then he knew what he had done, and how his life was ruined and blighted by that one false notion of honor. He did not say to himself this time that it was for honor's sake; that idea had quite ceased to comfort him.

He loved her, and the next thing was to fly far from her—to go where the witchery of her face would never set his heart on fire again; to go where her voice would never reach him. It would be better, he thought, to die than to linger here.

He had no fear for her—she laughed, talked, danced, jested, and sang; her beautiful face was always bright; the delicate, haughty lips uttered repartees and witticisms that amused all who heard them; the dark, luminous eyes were filled with the poetry of deep thought. She was so worshipped, so sought after, so beloved—there was no fear for her. He remembered how his mother had warned him not to look on her beauty with longing eyes, for it could never be his. He was doing her no injury; she, who had made so many brilliant conquests, she would never care about him.

As for himself—well, they allowed a condemned criminal even to linger for a few days; they allowed a man who was to die on the morrow to look at the sun while he could; they allowed a dying man to take a last look at the faces he loved. So why should he not linger by her side until the Friday came on which she was to leave? It would not hurt her, and it was his last gleam of happiness; then he would go away to Gibraltar, perhaps die there. What would it matter? Life was no longer sweet for him since it did not hold Lady Ethel.

He drank his cup of poison slowly, surely, knowing it was poison—knowing that it would destroy him, yet unable to put down the fatal cup, which, when once tasted, clings to the lips. He counted the hours until the noon of Friday, as men count the hours before execution. He was so absorbed in his love, so completely possessed by the idea that, even had he been free, her beauty was not for him, that he never dreamed of danger for her. They had walked down to the shore one beautiful evening, when the wind was still, and the stars shining on the sea. They stood together on the sands while the waves came rolling in, and broke into a thousand star-lit ripples at their feet. He stooped and raised some of the salt water in his hand.

"I wonder," he said, "if you will think of me when you watch the sea?"

"Certainly I shall," she replied. "You do not suppose that I forget my friends so easily, do you?"

"Am I your friend, Lady Ethel? Ah! you have so many friends. The moon shines on many brooks; the brooks see but one moon. You are the moon, and I am only one of the brooks."

She laughed the gay, rippling laugh that stirred his pulses like sweet wine.

"I think," she replied, "that you are a very favored brook. It seems to me that I shine, as you express it, a great deal upon you."

"Yes; but the light will soon be withdrawn," he said, sadly.

She looked up at him, her eyes filled with love and laughter. She liked him exceedingly.

"Do you not know what to do if you want the light?" she asked. "You must follow it."

"But its rays are shifting, Lady Ethel; they never fall long in the same place."

"You cannot tell that, Lord Carsdale," she replied; and she thought to herself how strange it was—she had never shown so much kindness to any man before, and yet he did not seem to understand it.

"I have shown him so many marks of favor," she thought to herself, "and yet he does not seem to know it."

"I shall never see the sea, either in sunlight or in moonlight," he continued, "without thinking of you; and when the stars shine on it, as they are shining now, I shall see your face with that same smile on it, the same light in your eyes, the wave of your hair —I shall see you, and call you in my thoughts 'My dream by the sea.'"

"Shall I always be a dream, then?" she asked. "You speak, Lord Carsdale, as though you were going to bid me an eternal farewell."

"So I am," he thought to himself; to her he said simply, "I am going to Gibraltar, as you know, Lady Ethel."

"You are going because you choose to go," she said; "you can do just as you like. If you prefer to remain in England, you can remain. Besides, Gibraltar is not very distant, and you can come home when you like."

There were a few minutes of dead silence, while the tide rippled in slowly and the stars gleamed in the water. In that moment, had he been free, he would have asked her to marry him, and she would have consented; but the waves rippled on, the stars shone, the wind whispered, and still he spoke no word. That silence became painful at last; then he tried to break the spell—only Heaven knew what the effort cost him.

"I shall come back in the course of years, I suppose," he said, trying to speak lightly; "but the years bring great changes. You, for instance, Lady Ethel, now you are free from all ties, then you will be the wife of some grand earl or duke, one of the first ladies in the land; and you will have forgotten that we ever stood together to watch the stars shining on the sea."

"Do you wish me to remember it, Lord Carsdale?" she asked.

He bit his lips and clenched his hands to hold down the hot, passionate words that seemed to spring from his heart to his lips; he did not know what answer to make her; he was at a standstill, so remained silent.

"Do you not think," she continued, "that you are begging the question?"

"Perhaps I am," he said, gravely.

You have no more right to suppose that I shall have married a duke or an earl than I have to think that you will have married a duchess or a countess."

"I am quite sure I shall not have done that," he replied.

"Then why do you say I shall have done it?"

Then he heard plainly the annoyance in her voice, and looking into her beautiful face, he saw by the light of the stars that it was pale and shadowed with something like pain. She spoke as though he had vexed her.

"I mean nothing more than this, Lady Ethel, that you are so courted, so beautiful, so beloved, you are sure to marry while I am away; it is not likely that you will remain single all that time."

"Oh, that is what you mean, Lord Carsdale. May I ask if you suppose that I am in any great hurry to marry?"

She spoke so coldly, so proudly, that he looked at her in wonder.

"Lady Ethel," he said, "I am offending you, I am displeasing you, though I cannot for the world tell why. I am so sorry—forgive me. I have unintentionally done wrong. You know that I would rather die than displease you."

"I know nothing of the kind," said the petulant young beauty; "I only know what is quite true, that men are the most stupid creatures in creation. I am sorry to say anything rude, but it is really true."

He looked so astounded at this sudden attack, that Lady Ethel laughed in spite of herself; and looking up at the lovely face, he saw that the dark eyes were filled with tears.

"Lady Ethel," he cried, "you are an enigma to me!"

"Am I? It is not worth while trying to solve me, then."

He took her hand in his; it was the only time, and the touch of that white, soft hand remained with him for years.

"Lady Ethel," he said, "I feel that in your presence I am but as a slave before a queen. I look up to the heights on which you stand, and my eyes are dazzled; you are as far above me as the stars are. I am at a loss what to say to you, but I can see that I have most unfortunately offended you, and I grieve for it. Forgive me. It is the last time we shall ever watch the stars shining on the sea together; do not let us quarrel."

When he first began to speak her face had flushed, then had grown quite pale; now it grew paler still.

"We are not likely to quarrel, Lord Carsdale; you have said nothing to offend me."

"Then why do you call men stupid?" he asked.

"Oh, because they are so," she replied. "And now, Lord Carsdale, the last gleam of light has died on the waters; we must go home."

CHAPTER XX.

LOVE AND REGRET.

"GOOD-BYE, Lady Ethel," said the young lord, as he held out his hand to her in farewell. "We will say good-by here; before others I could not say it."

His face paled, his lips quivered, his voice was full of pain; he saw the expression of wonder in her face—an expression that asked: "If you feel leaving me so acutely, why go?" Her eyes asked the question as plainly as eyes could speak, and he read it there.

"It cannot matter much where we say good-bye," she said; "it means about the same thing in every case."

How he longed to stand still just where they were, on the shore of that star-lit sea, and tell her the story of his life—tell her of the rash, hot-headed impulse that had led him to marriage—the impulse that he had believed so firmly to be honor. How he longed to tell her that this wife of his was beautiful and good, yet that while he lived he could not do more than like her; but for her, the woman he loved but could never marry, he had a wild, passionate worship that would end only with his life. He longed to tell her how even the picture of her face had taken possession of him as nothing else ever had done—how he had loved it before even he knew who it was, and how since then he had loved her more and more. He longed to say it, but he knew that not one word of it must pass his lips, and he stood before her mute and dumb—mute, when he would have given his life to have spoken—dumb, because honor sealed his lips. He did not love his wife—he never had loved her—he never dreamed of so doing; but he was too honorable to think even of making love to another woman. Lady Ethel walked on proudly; if he would not understand, he would not, and there was an end of it. She had said quite enough—she had given him more encouragement in that one quarter of an hour than she had given to all other admirers, and it had been given in vain. No one wondered that Lady Ethel Pierpont, the proudest girl in England, turned haughtily away. She knew men who would have given their lives for such smiles and such words as she had lavished on this young lord.

"Good-bye to the beautiful sea," he said; "I shall never hear the ripple of sea in other lands without thinking of this."

She deigned to give him no answer, but turned away without one word. They walked across the firm, golden sands until the last glimmer of sea was lost in the distance. Lady Ethel drew her lace shawl more closely around her shoulders.

"You are cold," said Lord Carsdale, quickly.

"I am not cold, or warm, or anything else, except anxious to be at home. You must not tempt me to take any more star-lit walks. What will my mother say if she finds it out?"

"She would say that you had done a very wise thing to leave those warm rooms for the freshest sea breeze that ever blew. There is no fear that I shall tempt you again. Lady Ethel, you forget how soon we shall be parted."

"If I forget it is my own fault—you never weary of reminding me, Lord Carsdale."

For that ramble down to the star-lit sea had been Lord Carsdale's own suggestion. Roseneath was full of visitors; they had been dancing, and every one was engaged; he had sought Lady Ethel for a dance, and then, as they went through the long corridor, he said to her:

"It is such a lovely night, I have a great longing to see the stars shining on the sea."

Believing that he was merely seeking an opportunity of saying that which she was quite willing to hear, Lady Ethel replied:

"So have I."

"Do you think," he asked, "that you dare venture? We have only to cross the lawn and go through the coppice; we should be on the shore in five minutes. Will you go?"

He spoke so eagerly, his handsome face all on fire, his eyes flashing with the eager, impetuous desire to have her all to himself, if only for a few minutes. She looked at him quickly.

"There is nothing much to fear," she replied. "If we both have a fancy for seeing the stars shining on the water, who is to contradict us? Yet, all the same, Lord Carsdale, I would rather that no one knew."

He found a shawl, and wrapping it round her beautiful white arms and shoulders, wondering as he did so at their perfection of shape and color, they had gone off to the sea together. The result was annoyance to Lady Ethel and increased pain to Lord Carsdale. They were back again now on the lawn, and Lady Ethel saw there was no further cause for fear; others were there under the starlight, some standing round the fountains, others sitting where the lime blossoms fell in the bright summer weather. She stopped when she saw that.

"There are others as imprudent as ourselves," she said.

And Lord Carsdale added:

"Without the same excuse."

She turned to him impatiently.

"What excuse do you mean? What excuse had we?"

He was humble as a child to her.

"We wanted to say farewell, and they have no such word to say."

(To be continued.)

Prof. Vehr's Electrical Experiment.

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE, IN THE "ARGONAUT."

"THE magic of the nineteenth century!" I exclaimed. "The term is so variously employed that it becomes necessary for me to know how to apply it before we can comprehend each other exactly."

"Well," responded Ashley, "I take it to mean the production of phenomena by natural means, which nevertheless seem supernatural, or beyond the present scope of applied science."

"As, for instance?" I inquired.

"Well, as for instance, the faculty of intercommunication between persons separated by immense distances without the medium, say, of a tangible, physical telegraphic wire."

"But, in that case," I remarked, "and granting, for the sake of argument, that the intercommunication you describe might be carried on without the medium of a wire, how would you explain it?"

"By supposing," returned Ashley, "the existence of a real and actual medium whereby communications can be transmitted, though such medium is imperceptible to our ordinary senses, and cannot be weighed or measured by ordinary scientific instruments."

"But what reason have you," I objected, "for presuming the existence of any such medium at all."

"The very best reason," he answered, "the actual experience of the past."

"You do not mean that you, personally, have communicated with—in short, transmitted messages to, and received messages from—distant persons without the use of ordinary telegraphic wires?" I asked.

"There is nothing so extraordinary in that. You must surely have witnessed the application of that law in the case of clairvoyants and trance mediums."

"Ah!" returned I. "But we were not talking of clairvoyants and trance mediums. Phenomena like these can be referred to a purely mental source. We were talking, I [illegible] which could be proved to be such."

"Certainly; proved by results. Inferentially that is to say, though the laws of its working still remain secret," replied my friend.

"I should like to witness such results myself," I said.

"You can do so by coming with me this evening," replied Ashley.

So it was agreed upon between the young physician, in whose room I then was, and myself, that we should meet again that evening at a certain spot, and afterward proceed to investigate the phenomena we had been talking about.

"And the fair Julia?" I remarked, inquiringly, changing the subject.

A shade passed over my friend's countenance as I made this remark. The lady I had referred to was betrothed, and it required no great amount of observation on my part to perceive that in mentioning her name I had touched a tender cord, and so forebore to prosecute the subject, though entitled by intimacy with both an interest in their mutual relations.

"It is this very matter which troubles me just now," replied my friend, uneasily. "Her letters have latterly been growing less frequent, and I fancy I can detect also a change of style. Her phrases seem less endearing than formerly. It would seem as though a shadow had sprung up between us. You know how I love her, and I am racked with apprehension when I think she is so far away, and exposed to I know not what estranging influences."

"Where are the family now?" I asked, as since the Radcliffes had left San Francisco, some six months before, they had, as I knew, been travelling in Europe, though I was unacquainted with their present location.

"That is what I do not know," replied Ashley, in tremulous tones. "They were in New York two weeks ago, and since then I have had no letter from Julia, though hitherto she has never missed a week without writing."

Julia Radcliffe, the affianced bride of Gerald Ashley, was a charming, sympathetic, and impressionable girl of nineteen summers, the only daughter of one of San Francisco's representative business men, who had been travelling with his family, and was now on his return home. Knowing the extent of my friend's affection for the lad, I felt sincere sympathy for him in his present condition.

Presently an idea struck me. Why should not my friend make use of the mode of communication he had just been explaining to me, and thus obtain the information he stood so sadly in need of? If it really possessed the virtue he expressed such confidence in, surely the present was the time to prove it, and I immediately made the suggestion.

"The very thing I had in my mind," he returned, in answer to my observation, "when I asked you to accompany me this evening. Professor Vehr is no ordinary scientist, I assure you. Some of the phenomena he produces are of the most extraordinary and startling character."

"Professor Vehr!" I exclaimed, in surprise. "Do you mean Professor Vehr of the Palace Hotel? I have already witnessed some of his remarkable experiments," recalling an episode in which a magic mirror had figured, some few months before. "I will willingly accompany you."

Two hours later found us in the professor's apartments in the Palace Hotel, where we were cordially welcomed.

"You have repeated your visit," he said, "with a view to further investigate the occult. Good. I shall be happy to oblige you—the more so as I have myself been pursuing the investigations, and have arrived at even more subtile elucidations of the energies conserved in the fluid we call electricity than those which you witnessed in the case of the mirror. There this phenomenon was confined to the reproduction of optical effects, with a certain reaction on the substantial forms of which the figures on the mirror were the *simulacra*. Now I am able to exert an actual physical control over the voices as well as the minds of distant persons themselves, so as, if necessary, to even transport them from place to place."

I was struck with the last observation of the professor, and with the resemblance of its claim to that of the adepts of the Oriental Theosophy, and so intimated.

"It is quite true," he said, that this formulation of the energy I have just hinted at is, in effect, the same as that controlled by the Theosophists. It may be, also, that, in one sense, they have arrived at that more complete mastery over nature where the mere effort of mind and will is able to produce effects which I can only obtain in natural corollaries of law which the world at large possesses. Still, even granting that such is the case, my mode of procedure for obtaining my results does not entail those penalties for their abuse to which explorers into the realms of the occult under purely physical conditions are exposed. There are, however, penalties equally terrible for a failure to observe the substantial conditions of scientific law—penalties which threaten absolute annihilation of individual identity, so far as the material person or *ego* can be annihilated"—and so saying, the professor turned towards the alcove which had been the scene of the experiment with the mirror.

It can readily be conceived that, while impressed with the deliberate enunciation and careful phraseology of the professor, I was somewhat at a loss to trace their application to a phenomenon which I had not yet witnessed, strongly tinctured as they were with that transcendental flavor which, while it whets the curiosity, tends rather to obscure than elucidate the subject on which it treats. I was not, therefore, sorry when I saw that our host was busying himself with the arrangement of some apparatus in the alcove, to which Ashley and myself now directed our attention, and waited.

The object which particularly arrested our attention was an immense glass bell, of something the shape and size of a diving-bell, which occupied the centre of the alcove. This bell rested, in an inverted position, upon a solid slab of plate-glass, touching its edges upon every side. It reminded one, shall I say, of the receiver of a gigantic air-pump more than anything else. The capacity of this immense bell was, evidently, many hundred gallons, being, as nearly as I can judge, some five feet high by as many in diameter. Another peculiarity which I noted was that it was coated, to a height of about two feet from its base, with some shining opaque metallic substance; and as a metal rod depended from its apex about the same distance into its interior, while its upper end projected about a foot above the bell, I had no difficulty in connecting the apparatus before me with some branch of electricity, as the whole bore a marked resemblance to the known characteristics of a Leyden jar—that reservoir of static electricity whose scientific qualities are too well known to require further description. One other feature was deserving of notice—namely, that through one side of the bell projected the ends of what looked like ordinary telegraphic wires, terminating in those metal handles with which all who have experimented with the induction coil shock battery are familiar.

The professor walked leisurely round the bell, inspecting the metallic coating minutely, as likewise the wires which projected through the sides. Having apparently satisfied himself of the fitness of the apparatus before him, he turned to Ashley and said:

"I received your letters regarding the lady, and shall be happy to assist you, as far as I can, in your search for information, if it becomes necessary, and if you have courage enough to undertake it. The first step, however, will be to ascertain the lady's present position and surroundings."

So saying the professor led the way to the glass bell, which he proceeded to raise from the floor, by means of a rope passing round a drum and through a pulley overhead. After raising it about four feet, he kept it in position by adjusting a ratchet on the drum, and, placing a chair upon the glass slab, requested Ashley to seat himself thereon. Ashley did so, and the professor then put into each of his hands one of the handles terminating the wires which ran through the side of the bell. These wires I now saw ran to the outer wall of the apartment, where they disappeared.

"They are," explained the professor, "merely private connections with our ordinary public telegraph wires. They are, however, under certain conditions, rendered peculiarly sensitive to currents which would be powerless to affect ordinary telegraphic instruments in any manner whatever." Thus saying he loosened the ratchet on the drum, and proceeded to let the glass bell descend till it completely covered Ashley, enclosing him as if in a vase, its edges resting on the glass slab on which his chair was set.

"There is, as you see," explained the professor, in answer, as it were, to an unspoken idea, "no danger of asphyxiation, as the holes through which the side wires and the top rod pass, are by no means tight, this condition not being essential to the success of the experiment."

He then proceeded to take cautiously from a glass jar at one side of the alcove, the end of a piece of thick rubber tubing, a wire at the end of which he attached to a hook on the metallic coating of a bell; and then, from a second glass jar in another corner, a similar piece of tubing, the end of which, by standing on a chair he connected with the end of the rod which projected upward from the apex of the bell. I noticed that these latter india-rubber-coated wires ran out into the street like the simple telegraph wires first mentioned. I noticed, too, that they looked peculiarly similar to the rubber-coated wires used for conveying the fluid which feeds the electric lights in streets and public buildings.

"It is now," said the professor, descending from his chair, after attaching the second wire to the rod at the top of the bell, "that the nicety of our experiment comes in. I have had these insulated wires, from the works of the Electric Lighting Company, brought into my apartments in order to save time and trouble in charging my bell, an operation tedious to accomplish by generating electricity by a plate apparatus in the ordinary manner. Still, the great speed and force with which the fluid is generated and transmitted through these wires necessitates extreme care in manipulation. A degree too much in tension might be productive of the most serious consequences to anyone confined inside. Still, there is no fear in the first stage of the experiment, and none, if strict care is taken, in the second." So saying, the professor approached the bell with an electrometer, and presently, after disconnecting the rubber-coated wires therefrom, returning them carefully to their respective insulators.

It was now apparent that while we were conversing Ashley had closed his eyes, and was now reclining back in his chair, seemingly in deep sleep, his hands still clasping the handles of the telegraph-wires that ran into the interior of the bell.

"That is the first effect of a moderately strong charge of static electricity in the human frame," explained the professor. "It induces a highly wrought condition of the nerves, which in their turn act upon the ganglion of the brain; that, in its turn, reacting again, through the duplex series of nerves, upon the wire held in the left hand, which brings the holder into communication with whatever object enthrals his attention at the time of trance. The experiment is, in effect, clairvoyance reduced to an art, the mesmeric trance accomplished by scientific means and conditioned by the recognised and accepted laws of electrical science. Your friend is now, as I verily believe, in direct spiritual communication with her who is dearest to his heart—the last object that held possession of his soul before the mesmeric-electric trance overtook him. I will put myself in communication with him and ascertain."

The professor then walked around to the side of the bell where the wires entered the glass, and applied the forefinger of either hand to the orifices. As he did so, Ashley gave a visible start. His eyes, however, still remained closed.

"Have you seen her? asked the professor, in deliberate tones, bending his spectacled eyes upon Ashley. "Where is she? What do you see?"

"I see a vast building—a collection of vast buildings. I see throngs of people, gayly dressed, walking in and out of them, and parading the beautiful grounds which surround them. It reminds me of the Centennial Exposition of '76."

"He is evidently in New Orleans," observed the professor to me. "I have no question that Miss Radcliffe is there. Do you see the lady?" he continued, addressing my friend.

"Ha! There!" responded Ashley, with animation. "There is Julia with her father and mother, and stay!—there is another there—a tall, handsome man, who has just approached the party. He takes off his hat and bows. He steps to Julia's side. She shrinks a little as he approaches. Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe smile as he proffers his arm. They walk on. He is bending over Julia and conversing in low, passionate tones. He is telling her that he loves her. She listens to him as in a dream. He presses his suit more vehemently. They have left or lost her father and mother in the crowd. They are now alone in a little Moorish kiosk. He bends down and kisses her, and though she shudders she does not move away. Merciful heavens!" and with a start Gerald Ashley awoke.

The professor eyed him calmly.

"Are you satisfied?" he said.

Great beads of perspiration were standing on Ashley's brow. He looked the picture of agony and apprehension.

"You have been there in spirit," said the professor. "You know and appreciate the position your love is in. Would you regain her? Would you save her to yourself? Do you dare to appear beside her in bodily form, and bring her back with you here, wresting her from the new lover who has gained dominion over her, and whom, if you hesitate now, you will be in a very short time powerless to rival? Do you trust to my art? Believe me, I sympathize with you, and will help you if I can," and the professor looked calmly and steadily into the eyes of the man inside the bell.

"I am willing to encounter any risk," responded Ashley, "to regain the love of my betrothed. What must I do?"

"Simply retain your clasp upon the handles," said the professor, calmly. "Keep your attention fixed, as heretofore, and you will presently be in the kiosk of the New Orleans Exposition, not in spirit as you were a minute ago, but in actual, physical body. When you find yourself there, I leave it to yourself to regain the affections of your betrothed. Leave it to me to bring you both here. Be careful, though, not to loosen your clasp on her hand when the wire sounds the call to return. Go, and fortune attend you."

Ashley again clasped the handles of the wires with a set determination in his face which betokened that he realized and appreciated every detail of the professor's advice. The latter walked with somewhat quicker step than was his wont to the insulators where the wires of the Electric Lighting Company lay, and proceeded to adjust them to their respective places on the bell as before. Presently Ashley's head fell back upon the chair as before, and his eyes closed. The professor took out his watch, looked at it somewhat nervously, approached the bell at intervals with his electrometer, and paced the floor.

"My instrument is based," he explained to me, "on a centigrade scale of my own. It will take some time for a bell of the size you see before you to become fully charged with the fluid, even with my wires, which I have had conveyed almost straight from headquarters; and until the bell is fully charged the experiment cannot be consummated.

We waited patiently for some minutes more, Ashley murmuring meanwhile; "New Orleans; kiosk; I can see her, but I cannot approach her; her father and mother are searching anxiously for her through other portions of the grounds."

Presently my friend became silent. The professor again, for the fifth or sixth time, approached the bell and applied his instrument.

"Hush!" said he. "The tension in the bell is now augmenting rapidly. A short time more and we shall witness the successful accomplishment of our experiment."

As he spoke, I noticed a change taking place in Ashley. Seated there, as he was, his head leaning on the back of his chair, his hands grasping the electrodes, I distinctly saw his form become thin, filmy, and transparent. Moment by moment more thin, filmy, and transparent it grew till the attenuation was such that even the outline was scarcely visible. The hands alone, of all portions of the body, retained something of their pristine substantiality.

"He has gone," whispered the professor, with subdued excitement. "We must now gauge the time till we can reasonably presume that he has accomplished his purpose, regaining his betrothed, and take measures for their return—the return of both, for if he be without her little would be gained. She would again, doubtless, as soon as her lover has left her, become amenable to him who gained a dominion over her in the absence of her original lover, and whose supremacy would be restored."

"But how—how"—I stammered—"how is this to be accounted for? What has become of my friend who was seated there but a moment ago?"

"The simplest thing in the world, my dear sir," replied the professor, earnestly. "You desire to know why your friend's body has disappeared. Would you ask the same question had that body been exposed to intense heat? You answer, no; because you say that it is a recognised law of chemistry that the most refractory substances—rock or metal—are first melted and then volatilized by heat. Heat, in effect, expands and disintegrates the mass, and decollocates the atoms of every known substance. The static electricity, with which that glass bell is charged, is, in one sense, a correlative of heat, and, in another, a correlative of the physical energy which we call spirit. Is it wonderful, therefore, that the intense heat with which that bell is laden should suffice to produce the effects which you now witness? There is nothing wonderful, my dear sir, in any chemical process, no matter how apparently incomprehensible and inexplicable it may be. You have seen a solid block of ice made instantaneously in and projected from a red-hot crucible. Is what is now being done any more incomprehensible than that?"

"Say that the human body you lately saw before you has been volatilized, resolved into its primary elements, and then, through the agency of the psychic power resident within it, has been transmitted to the spot which that psychic power had most in view, along the ordinary telegraph wires which connect us with that spot. Sound waves can be transmitted in this manner by the telephone; light waves are amenable to the same law—why, then, should not this law apply to matter which has been etherealized to the same degree as light and sound? It is but carrying the subject to its legitimate conclusion. But stay! Hush! Here they come!"

As the professor spoke, I became aware of a dim and shadowy form shaping itself within the bell. As it gained shape I discerned, with what feelings of awe can be imagined, that there was not *one* form but *two*. Slowly but gradually the dim form assumed a more bodily and distinct aspect. I came in a very few seconds to realise that the forms which stood before me in the bell were those of Gerald Ashley and his affianced bride, Julia Radcliffe. There could be no doubt about the matter. There they stood in distinct bodily form, but still with a bewildered, dreamy look upon them, as though scarcely awakened from sleep.

"We have triumphed!" said the professor, in low tones, as he mounted on a chair to disconnect the insulated leading-wire from the rod at the top of the bell, at the same time motioning me to do the same for the other wire. I proceeded to do so as fast as I could, when suddenly a blinding flash passed before my eyes, and a report sounded in my ears like that of a cannon. The last thing I remember seeing was the great glass bell with Gerald Ashley and Julia Radcliffe inside, and Professor Vehr standing on a chair beside it, the whole picture illuminated by the brilliant light of an electric flash, and the *façade* of Market Street distinctly visible through the windows of the apartment.

A week afterward, when I recovered sensibility, I ascertained several things. First, that Professor Vehr had left the city, the lessee of the Palace Hotel vowing that he would never receive another scientist, or permit another private wire from the Electric Lighting Company to enter the building. Secondly, that Doctor Gerald Ashley had not been seen since the eventful night the strange experiences of which I have just recorded. Thirdly, that on that very day Miss Julia Radcliffe had disappeared from New Orleans, the last time that she had been seen being in a certain kiosk in the Exposition grounds with a Mr. Arthur Livingstone, though that gentleman avers that he saw her approached by some stranger, who claimed an acquaintanceship with her, and with whom she disappeared in the crowd a short time afterward. When Mr. Livingstone was pressed for a description of the gentleman in question, Mr. and Mrs. Radcliffe were at once convinced that it could be no one else but Dr. Gerald Ashley; and while sadly recriminating him for such a hasty and unadvised step as eloping with their daughter, have no doubt that the pair will turn up when it becomes expedient to do so.

As for me, I have taken pains to verify the date of the disappearance of Miss Julia Radcliffe at New Orleans, and find it to be the same day and hour as Dr. Gerald Ashley's and my own visit to Professor Vehr's apartments, on the night of the grand explosion at the Palace Hotel. I have arrived at a certain conclusion on the facts, and consider that the most judicious as well as the most sympathetic course I can pursue, under the circumstances, is to place the foregoing facts before the public just as they are; thereby, perhaps, affording that poor solace to the afflicted which consists in the removal of an ill-grounded hope of ever seeing their lost and loved ones again.

The Farmer.

Improvement of Live Stock.

Journal of Agriculture.

To those who make farming a business—farming in its best sense—the subject of greatest interest is live stock, for without live stock there can be no permanent success in agriculture. Mixed husbandry is the best of all husbandry; and mixed husbandry without farm animals would be an absurdity, something that only a lunatic would persist in. Generally all this is readily allowed; it is seldom, however, that it is properly and in the right spirit acted upon. In this inaction is implied incapacity, which is the most melancholy feature of the situation. The chief hope of the future, as to all this, is the fact that there is a growing belief that the highest order of mind and business ability can find ample scope for the exercise of its great powers in the study of agriculture. In all the more highly civilized countries of Europe can be seen the practical demonstration of these ideas, and the necessities of competition will force the farmer to adopt the same principles or to throw up the sponge. Machinery is doing all the drudgery of the farm, consequently more time can be given to the farm stock. The first step towards this end is to employ only thoroughbred males. It is not enough that the male be a good looking grade. A grade may look just as well as the very best of his kind, but it has been demonstrated that his excellencies are not transmittable, while the qualities of the thoroughbred are fixed and hardly ever fail to be transmitted. It is not infrequent that grades are disposed of to the unwary for thoroughbreds, hence great care should be used in buying, and none but reliable dealers be trusted, for if the start is wrong, time and money are thrown away.

Humanity in Shoeing Horses.

From Mr. G. W. Gregory's interesting *brochure* on "The principles and practice of shoeing," we make the following extract:—

It is with much regret I feel it necessary to call attention to the frequent needless cruelty and inhumanity practised in the shoeing forge, although there are a number of exceptions in which the forge is conducted with kindness, and whose proprietors are totally exempt from this charge; yet harshness is exceedingly prevalent where men display hastiness and irritability of temper by whooping, hitting, twitching nose, and even the ear, dropping the leg suddenly, especially a stiff-legged horse, either of which simply makes the horse more nervous or more vicious. To shoe a colt, a nervous or a vicious horse, a man should stand quietly in front, or same side the head as the farrier is working, hold the bridle (without blinkers) loosely, allow the horse to see what is being done, without any or but little patting or talking. On no account allow any person to stand on opposite side; but the horse may stand by a wall. The farrier should then quietly smooth down the shoulder and fore-leg; but if the horse be nervous, quietly withdraw, and in a few minutes repeat this, and pick up the leg, look at and put it down again. Do the same with hind leg, and if done with quiet firmness, you will soon gain the confidence of the colt or horse, and feel surprised how easy he will allow you to shoe him. A little time spent in this way will be more than saved by the quickness in the execution of the work.

If the horse be intractable, vicious, but young, put on knee-caps and strap up one fore leg to the arm, smooth him over but not pat; the former he is accustomed to among other horses, but patting is entirely new and unintelligible to him; after doing this leave him for five or ten minutes with one leg strapped up and with the man still mutely holding the rein, then handle him all over the body and legs; continue this treatment until he will allow you to handle him all over quietly, when the leg may be liberated, and you will generally be able to shoe him as quietly as any other horse.

If the horse be old, vicious, and kick out sly or suddenly, there is danger of injury to the farrier, who should then protect himself by using a side-line; that is, by securing a stout list or rope with a noose around the heel of hind-leg, and pass the other end through an ordinary collar on the neck, on the same side as hind-leg secured, draw the leg forward until the toe can just touch the ground, then give the slack end a twist around the taut rope, which may be held in place by the man at horse's head. A fixed loop in the rope the size to fit neck may be used instead of collar, and a hobble around hind-pastern instead of bare rope would be less likely to injure. Never use a twitch unless it be absolutely necessary, and then first have everything in readiness, so as to keep it on the nose as short time as possible, but on no account put a twitch on the ear; whilst using a twitch do not jerk, shake, or push the head about with it, as horses are liable to be goaded on to reckless wildness.

The principle and safest means of overcoming a nervous, irritable horse, is quiet kindness with cool firmness, and to this end one, or at most two, can invariably do more than a number of persons; and when finished quietly smooth the horse over, so as to make friends before parting.

Milk Without a Calf.

One of the most remarkable incidents that ever came under our observation, has occurred in our herd of Holsteins, at the Sinclairville stock farm. Bennetta 5102, H.H.B., was imported by us from North Holland in the spring of 1883. She was then one year old, never proved to be with calf, but about six weeks ago we discovered milk oozing from her teats. She showed no udder developments, and consequently had no power of retaining the milk. We immediately commenced milking her, and though at first she gave but very little milk, she steadily increased the quantity, and consequent growth of udder, until at present writing she is giving 25 pounds per day, and shows a fine udder. She is not a twin, and is a straight, beautiful heifer, and we considered it a great misfortune that she proved barren. She is a mystery to all.—*Country Gentleman.*

B. B. Lord & Son.

A Yankee Yarn.

Ex-Governor Stanford, of California, has a Holstein cow on his Vina ranch that in thirty-seven days gave one thousand six hundred and seventy-three pounds of milk, several pounds more than the weight of the cow.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Dr. V. Poulain writes to the *British Medical Journal* that he has always found a tablespoonful of fine bran in bread and milk, night and morning, to be the best method of combating constipation in children, and it is very useful in conveying to the child silica and phosphates. The bran may be allowed to soak in the milk, and then, when warmed up to a little below boiling point, it should be poured on the bread.

Replacing Teeth.

A correspondent writes, describing a sled accident, by which a ten year old girl had two front upper teeth knocked out.

She was taken to a dentist, who replaced the teeth and strapped up her jaw. For two days she could scarcely speak, no solid food was allowed, but the operation was successful, and the teeth are as firmly set as ever. They are a little chipped, but later on, when it is safe to work on them, they can be patched with gold and be about as good as ever.

A young man blackened his moustache with a lead comb and then took his girl out for a moonlight stroll. When the fair one appeared in the bright light of the family circle, a couple of hours later, her face looked like a railroad map.—*Lowell Courier.*

Science.

Turtle Oil.

Turtle oil is suggested as a substitute for cod liver oil. The oil is of a yellowish color, and at the ordinary temperatures in this country forms a thick, finely granular fluid, in consistence something like olive oil partly congealed. A gentle heat renders this oil clear and transparent. It possesses little odour or taste, and does not quickly turn rancid. Taken in warm milk it is not so objectionable as cod liver oil. Mr. E. M. Holmes, in the *Pharmaceutical Journal.*

"Mr. J. H. Brooks informs me that the oil is obtained from the fat of the reptile by boiling, and not from the eggs. Concerning its use in medicine, Mr. Brooks adds, "I have for some twenty years employed turtle oil with the most beneficial results in all cases where cod liver oil was indicated, in persons in whom the nutritive process was defective, in children of strumous disposition, in the *sequelæ* of scarlet fever, in measles, and other acute specific diseases. It has proved of the greatest service in scrofulous affections of the eyes, nose, and other parts; and has been most beneficial in chronic bronchitis, gout, rheumatism, and syphilitic affections: but I have found it more particularly useful in phthisis pulmonalis, in all its stages. Turtle oil is borne well by the stomach, causing neither nausea, eructations, dyspepsia, nor diarrhœa. It should be administered in the same doses as cod liver oil, commencing with a small dose three times a day, in any vehicle that the patient may fancy. It is also largely used in the Mauritius and Reunion, where pulmonary diseases prevail, and is much preferred to cod liver oil."

This animal oil, which keeps well, and is comparatively free from smell, should prove, with its color and non-drying properties, of great service in the manufacture of pomades, etc.

Rhigolene.—A Local Anæsthetic.

The use of cocaine as a local anæsthetic has directed attention to the value of petroleum naphtha for similar purposes. The name rhigolene was given by Dr. H. J. Bigelow, of Boston, to a light inflammable liquid obtained by the repeated distillation of petroleum. It is probable that it is not a definite chemical compound, but it is said to be one of the most volatile bodies in existence. By using it in the form of a spray with a common atomizer, it produces a degree of cold sufficient to freeze any tissue with which it may come in contact. Dr. W. Chapman Jarvis, of New York, finds that its action is more decided than that of cocaine, although of shorter duration. Skin and mucous membranes may be divided deeply and freely without fear of pain or hæmorrhage. Its effects pass off quickly, so that the operator has to act with promptness. It is a good plan to employ it in conjunction with cocaine. When not in use, it should be kept on ice or in a cool room, tightly corked. In a warm place it would probably burst the bottle or blow out the cork. It has been accused of possessing explosive properties, but probably it is safe if not brought in contact with an open flame. It should not be used for cases which require artificial light. Very little is known about it as yet, although its properties were cursorily investigated some years ago.

Formation of a New Elbow Joint.

In a letter to the editor of the Scientific American a writer says I herewith transmit to you a record of one of the most brilliant operations in modern surgery, to which my attention was called upon its occurrence, and which I have watched with deep interest to its successful termination. On the 17th day of August last, John Danielson, a Swede, in the employ of Palmer & Nichols, lumbermen, a short distance from this city, while engaged in sawing a log was struck by a falling tree and the log, producing both dislocation and fracture at the same instant.

The bones composing the joint were broken into small fragments. Upon receiving the blow the man probably fainted, as this was the last he remembered for several moments. This particular kind of injury has always been considered very grave, on account of the intense inflammation and swelling succeeding. As a rule, amputation is resorted to at once, and in aggravated forms is the only alternative. Mr Danlieson was at once admitted to Mercy Hospital in this city, under the care of the hospital surgeons, Drs. Groner and Burkart. The day following the accident, the patient being under the influence of anæsthetics, Dr. F. J. Groner performed the operation, assisted by his colleague, Dr. Burkart. The articulating surfaces of the humerus, together with about two inches of the shaft of the bone, the head and neck of the radius, and the upper end of the ulna—all more or less crushed and splintered—were removed; the quantity of bone filling a sixteen ounce bottle. The wound was now dressed, by placing the arm in an obtuse angled splint having a hinged joint corresponding with that of the elbow, so that at the proper time the forearm could be flexed or extended, and the position changed as required.

A large douche filled with ice water was suspended above the patient, and a very small stream was allowed to drop on the coverings of the wound constantly for ten days, in order to prevent supervening inflammation. The patient was placed upon a non-stimulating diet, and no unfavorable systems followed. In five weeks the wound was closed; and in five months the patient began to work. At the present time Mr. Danielson has a very satisfactory elbow joint, which time will render still more perfect, slightly enlarged, but exceedingly useful, and he is again in the lumber woods, and fully capable of performing all kinds of labor.

Not Lost.

BY MRS. M. S. OFFUTT.

All is not lost when our ships go down
That we've freighted with hope and launched with care,
And watched with pride as they sailed away
When the sea was smooth and the wind was fair,
And looked for long when they came not again,
But were wrecked far out on the billowy main.

All is not lost; we may send out more
That will weather the gales till the storms be past,
And with colors flying and with sails unfurled
Will gallantly steer into port at last;
And their coming at length will surely repay
The anxious watching and weary delay.

All is not lost when our best laid schemes
Suddenly crumble and turn to decay;
When we build our plans on the shifting sands
And the tides come in and wash them away.
If our plans are unwise and we see them collapse,
We will build with more prudence next time, perhaps.

All is not lost when we bear out our dead,
Under the sod in their coffins to lie,
Then sadly return to our desolate homes
To weep and to mourn as the days go by—
And we miss the sound of their coming feet
And listen no more for their voices sweet.

All is not lost, for to us they yet live;
We know that earth's farewells, though bitter, are brief;
In God's good time we shall clasp them again
In a land unshadowed by care and grief;
For earthward they look, and stand and wait
To welcome us in through the Heavenly gate.

Say not then in despair that all is lost
When the fairest hopes of life fade away:
Think not the bright visions that dawn on us here
Are but mocking mirages to lure us astray.
There are songs in the night, and a golden ray
To light up the gloom of the darkest day.

HO-HO OF THE GOLDEN

By John G. Saxe.

One of the "Nine Stories

A beautiful maiden was little
Eldest daughter of wise Wang-Ke;
Her skin had the colour of saffron-tea,
And her nose was flat as flat could be;
And never was seen such beautiful eyes,
Two almond-kernals in shape and size,
Set in a couple of slanting gashes,
And not in the least disfigured by lashes;
And then such feet!
You'd scarcely meet
In the longest walk through the grandest street
(And you might go seeking
From Nanking to Peking)
A pair so remarkably small and neat.

Two little stumps,
Mere pedal lumps,
That toddle along with the funniest thumps
In China, you know, are reckon'd trumps.
It seems a trifle, to make such a boast of it;
But how they *will* dress it:
And bandage and press it,
By making the least, to make the most of it
As you may suppose,
She had plenty of beaux
Bowing around her beautiful toes,
Praising her feet, and eyes, and nose
In rapturous verse and elegant prose!
She had lots of lovers, old and young;
There was lofty Long, and babbling Lung.
Opulent Tin, and eloquent Tung,
Musical Sing and, the rest among,
Great Hang-Yu and Yu-be-Hung.

But though they smiled, and smirk'd, and bow'd,
None could please her of all the crowd;
Lung and Tung she thought too loud;
Opulent Tin was much too proud;
Lofty Long was quite too tall;
Musical Sing sung very small;
And, most remarkable freak of all,
Of great Hang-Yu the lady made game,
And Yu-be-Hung she mock'd the same,
By echoing back his ugly name!

But the hardest heart is doom'd to melt;
Love is a passion that *will* be felt;
And just when scandal was making free
To hint "What a pretty old maid she'd be,"—
Little Min-Ne,
Who but she
Married Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!
A man, I must own, of bad reputation,
And low in purse, though high in station,—
A sort of Imperial poor relation,
Who rank'd as the Emperor's second cousin
Multiplied by a hundred dozen;
And, to mark the love the Emperor felt,
Had a pension clear
Of three pounds a year,
And the honour of wearing a Golden Belt!
And gallant Ho-Ho
Could really show
A handsome face, as faces go
In this Flowery Land, where, you must know,

The finest flowers of beauty grow.
He'd the very widest kind of jaws,
And his nails were like an eagle's claws,
And—though it may seem a wondrous tale—
(Truth is mighty and will prevail!)
He'd a *queue* as long as the deepest cause
Under the Emperor's chancery laws!

Yet how he managed to win Min-Ne
The men declared they couldn't see;
But all the ladies, over their tea,
In this one point were known to agree:
Four gifts were sent to aid his plea:
A smoking-pipe with a golden clog,
A box of tea and a poodle dog,
And a painted heart that was all a-flame,
And bore, in blood, the lover's name,
Ah! how could presents pretty as these
A delicate lady fail to please?
She smoked the pipe with the golden clog,
And drank the tea, and ate the dog,
And kept the heart,—and that's the way
The match was made, the gossips say.

I can't describe the wedding-day,
Which fell in the lovely month of May;
Nor stop to tell of the Honey-moon,
And how it vanish'd all too soon;
Alas! that I the truth must speak,
And say that in the fourteenth week,
Soon as the wedding guests were gone
And their wedding suits began to doff,
Min-Ne was weeping and "taking on,"
For *he* had been trying to "take her off".
Six wives before he had sent to heaven,
And being partial to number "seven"
He wish'd to add his latest pet,
Just, perhaps, to make up the set!
Mayhap the rascal found a cause
Of discontent in a certain clause
In the Emperor's very liberal laws,
Which gives, when a Golden Belt is wed,
Six hundred pounds to furnish the bed;
And if in turn he marry a score,
With every wife six hundred more.
First he tried to murder Min-Ne
With a special cup of poison'd tea,
But the lady smelling a mortal foe,
Cried, "Ho-Ho!
I'm very fond of mild Souchong,
But you, my love, you make it too strong."
A last Ho-Ho, the treacherous man,
Contrived the most infernal plan
Invented since the world began;
He went and got him a savage dog,
Who'd eat a woman as soon as a frog;
Kept him a day without any prog,
Then shut him up in an iron bin,
Slipp'd the bolt and locked him in;
Then giving the key
To poor Min-Ne,
Said, "Love, there's something you *mustn't* see
In the chest beneath the orange tree."

* * * * * *

Poor mangled Min-Ne! with her latest breath
She told her father the cause of her death;
And so it reach'd the Emperor's ear,
And His ighness said, "It is very clear
Ho-Ho has committed a murder here!'
And he doom'd Ho-Ho to end his life
By the terrible dog that kill'd his wife;
But in mercy (let his praise be sung!)
His thirteen brothers were merely hung,
And his slaves bamboo'd in the mildest way,
For a calender month, three times a day.
And that's the way that Justice dealt
With wicked Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt!

Furniture Polish.

The subjoined simple preparation is said to be desirable for cleaning and polishing old furniture. Over a moderate fire put a perfectly clean vessel. Into this drop two ounces of white or yellow wax. When melted add four ounces of pure turpentine, then stir until cool, when it is ready for use. The mixture brings out the original color of the wood, adding a lustre equal to that of varnish.

A paste formed of whiting and benzine will cleanse marble from grease, and one made of whiting and chloride of soda, spread and left to dry, in the sun if possible, on the marble, will remove stains.

My Lad.

A suitor fine with gold and land,
Paused at the garden gate;
His words of love were warm and grand,
But, ah, he came too late.
I thanked him for his courtesy;
No heart to give I had,
For I had given it long ago
Unto my farmer lad.

There was anger in my father's eye,
His voice was harsh and stern;
My gentle mother with a sigh,
Away from me did turn.
My brother jeered, my sister cried,
And said I had gone mad;
But the more they frown, the more they scold,
The more I love my lad.

My lad is dressed in "hodden gray,"
His toil-worn hands are bare,
But his heart is mine, and each sweet smile
Is an armour against care.
And so with him I'll venture fate,
For I know I shall be glad,
And never pine for home or friends
As long as I have my lad.

The Girl's Column.

How Dame Margery Twist saw more than was good for her.

By Howard Pyle, in *Harper's Young People.*

Dame Margery Twist, of Tavistock town, was a good, gossiping, chattering old soul, whose hen never hatched a chick but all of the neighbors knew of it, as the saying goes. The poor old creature had only one eye, how she lost the other you shall presently hear, and also how her wonderful tulip garden became like anybody else's tulip garden. Dame Margery Twist lived all alone with a great tabby cat. She dwelt in a little cottage that stood back from the road, and just across the way from the butcher's shop. All within was as neat and as bright as a new pin, so that it was a delight just to look upon the row of blue dishes upon the dresser, the pewter pipkins as bright as silver, or the sanded floor as clean as your mother's table. Over the cottage twined sweet woodbines, so that the air was laden with their fragrance in the summer-time, when the busy yellow-legged bees droned amidst the blossoms from the two hives that stood against the wall. But the wonder of the garden was the tulip bed, for there were no tulips in all England like them, and folks came from far and near only to look upon them and smell their fragrance.

Now this was the secret of the dame's fine tulip bed: the fairies dwelt amongst the flowers, and she often told her gossips how that she could hear the fairy mothers singing their babies to sleep at night when the moon was full and the evening was warm. She had never seen the little folks herself, for few mortals are allowed to look upon them, and Dame Margery's eyes were not of that nature. Nevertheless she heard them, and that, in my opinion, is the next best thing to seeing them.

Dame Margery Twist was the best nurse in all of Tavistock town. She was always ready to bring a sick body into good health again, and was always paid well for the nursing.

One evening the dame was drinking her tea by herself with great comfort. There came a knock at the door. "Who is it?" said Dame Margery.

"It's Tommy Lamb, please, ma'am, said a little voice.

"What is it you want, Tommy?" said the dame.

"If you please, ma'am, there's a little gentleman outside, no taller than I be; he gave me this box, and told me to tell you to rub your eyes with the salve, and then to come out to him."

The dame looked out of the window, but never a body stood there that she could see. "Where is the dearie?" said she.

"Yonder he is, with a great white horse standing beside him," said Tommy Lamb; and he pointed with his finger as he spoke.

The dame rubbed her eyes and looked again, but never a thing did she see but the green gate, the lilac-bushes, and the butcher's shop opposite.

"Well," said Dame Margery to herself, "this is strange, for sure! I see no little old gentleman in green." Then she opened the box that she held, and looked into it, and saw that it was filled with a green salve. "I'll rub some of it on my eyes, at any rate," said she; whereupon she did so. Then she looked again, and, lo and behold! there stood a little old man no taller than Tommy Lamb. His face was as brown and as withered and as wrinkled as a winter's crab-apple left on the bare tree when the frost is about. He was dressed all in green from top to toe, and on his head was a tall, green cap with a bell at the peak, which tinkled at every movement of his head. By his side stood a great, tall, milk-white horse, with a long tail and mane tied with party-colored ribbons.

Dame Margery went out to the little old gentleman in green, and asked him what he would have with her. He told the dame that his wife was sorely sick, and that he wanted her to come and nurse her for the night. At this Dame Margery hemmed and hawed and shook her head, for she did not like the thought of going out at night, she knew not where, and with such a strange little body. At last he persuaded her to go, promising her a good reward if she would nurse his wife back into her health again. So the dame went back into the cottage to make ready for her journey. After this she came out again, and climbed up behind the little man in green, and so settled herself upon the pillion-saddle for her ride. Then the little man whistled to his horse, and away they went.

They seemed to fly rather than ride upon the hard ground, for the hedges and cottages and orchards flew past as though in a dream. But fast as they went, the old dame saw many things which she had never dreamed of before. She saw all of the hedge-rows, the by-ways, the woods and fields, alive with fairy folk. Each little body was busy upon his or her own business—laughing, chatting, talking, and running here and there like folks on a market-day.

So they came at last to a place which the dame knew was the Three-tree Hill; but it was not the Three-tree Hill which she had seen in all of her life before, for a great gateway seemed to open into it, and it was into this gateway that the little man in green urged the great white horse.

After they had entered the hill, Dame Margery climbed down from the pillion and stood looking about her. Then she saw that she was in a great hall, the walls of which were glistening with gold and silver, while bright stones gleamed like so many stars all over the roof of the place. In the corner of the room was a bed all of pure gold, and over the bed were spread coverlets of gold and silver cloth, and in the bed lay a beautiful little lady, very white and ill.

The dame nursed the fairy lady all that night, and by cock-crow in the morning the little woman had ease from her pain.

Then the little man spoke for the first time since Dame Margery had left home. "Look'ee, Dame Margery," said he, "I promised to pay you well, and I will keep my word. Come hither." So the dame went to him as he had bidden her to do, and the little man filled her reticule with black coals from the hearth. After this she climbed up on the great horse again, and behind the little man, and they rode out of the place, and home, where they were, safe and sound, ere the day had fairly broke. But before the little man had left her, he drew out another little box, just like the one that Tommy Lamb had brought her the evening before, only this time the box was filled with red ointment. "Rub your eyes with this, Dame Margery," said he.

Now Dame Margery Twist knew butter from cheese, as the saying is. She knew that the green salve was of a kind which very few people have had rubbed over their eyes in this world; that it was of a kind which poets would give their ears to possess, even were it a lump no larger than a pea. So when she took the box of red ointment she only rubbed one eye with it—her left eye. Her right eye she pretended to rub, but in truth she never touched it at all.

Then the little man got upon his horse again, and rode away to his home on the hill.

After he had gone away, Dame Margery thought that she would empty her reticule of the dirty black coals. So she turned it topsy-turvy, and shook it over the hearth, and out tumbled—black coals? No; great lumps of pure gold that shone bright yellow like fire in the light of the candle. The good dame could scarcely believe her eyes, for here was wealth enough to keep her in comfort for all the rest of her days.

The next night was full moon, and Dame Margery came and looked out over the fine bed of tulips, of which she was very proud. "Heyday!" she cried, and rubbed her eyes, in doubt as to whether she was asleep or awake, for the whole place was alive with little folks.

But she was awake, and it was certain that she saw them. So the dame leaned out of the window, watching them with great delight, for it is always a delight to watch the little folks at their sports.

After a while she saw where one hid himself under a leaf, whilst the others, who were to seek him, looked up and down and high and low, but could find him nowhere. Then the old dame called out, in a loud voice, "Look under the leaf, Black-cap."

The words were no sooner out of her mouth than, whisk! whirr! off they scampered, out of the garden and away—fathers, mothers, children, babies, all—crying, in their shrill voices, "She sees us! she sees us?" For fairies are very timid folk, and dread nothing more than to have mortals see them in their own shapes.

So they never came back again to the dame's garden, and from that day to this her tulips have been like everybody else's tulips.

Now, about twelve months after the time that the dame had nursed the fairy lady, the great fair was held at Tavistock. All the world and his wife were there, so, of course, Dame Margery went also. In the great tent the country people had spread out their goods—butter, cheese, eggs, honey, and the like, making as goodly a show as you would want to see. Dame Margery was in her glory, for she had people to gossip with everywhere: so she went hither and thither, and at last into the great tent where these things of which I have spoken were all spread out for show.

Then, lo and behold! whom should she see, gliding here and there amongst the crowd, but the little man in green whom she had seen a year ago? She opened her eyes mightily wide, for she saw that he was doing a strange thing. By his side hung a little earthenware pot, and in his hand he held a little wooden scraper, which he passed over the rolls of butter, afterwards putting that which he scraped from the rolls into the pot that hung beside him. Dame Margery peeped into the pot, and saw that it was half full; then she could contain herself no longer.

"Heyday, neighbor," cried she, "here be pretty doings, truly! Out upon thee, to go scraping good luck and full measure off of other folk's butter!"

When the little man in green heard the dame speak to him, he was so amazed that he nearly dropped his wooden scraper. "Why, Dame Margery, can you see me, then?"

"Aye, marry can I, and what you are about doing also. Out upon you, say I."

"Which eye do you see me with?" said he.

"With this eye, gossip, and very clearly, I would have you know;" and she pointed to her right eye.

Then the little man swelled out his cheeks until they were like two little brown dumplings. Puff! he blew a breath into the good dame's eye. Puff! he blew, and if the dame's eye had been a candle, the light of it could not have gone out sooner.

The dame felt no smart, but she might wink, and wink, and wink again, but she would never wink sight into the eye upon which the little man had blown his breath.

Dame Margery Twist never greatly missed the sight of that eye, but, all the same, I would give both of mine for it.

All of these things are told at Tavistock town even to this day, and if you go thither you may hear them for yourself.

Ladies' Column.

The Fashion in Shoes.

The Molière shoe worn last season is now the pattern most fashionable for making fancy evening shoes. It is becoming to very few feet, and on women with long, slender feet it has a most barbarous effect. The Louis XV. heel is now scarcely seen on the finest shoes or slippers, the half-French heel being considered more elegant. Large bows and sometimes two buckles are used on those shoes and slippers which come up high on the instep. White satin slippers are adorned by bows with a buckle of pearl beads or Rhine stones.

Ghost-hunting Party.

An hilarious kind of amusement lately introduced in Philadelphia is what is known as a ghost-hunting party. The invitations are printed on coffin-shaped paper and adorned with cross-bones, dungeon chains, and other cheerful devices. The party repair to some house popularly supposed to be haunted, and the entertainment consists in trying to scare everybody into hysterics. Blue lights, mysterious footsteps, clanking chains, and other adjuncts to every well-bred ghost are provided by the hostess, and the guests amuse themselves by firing pistols at imaginary apparitions and in unearthing hypothetical spooks.

London Fashions.

London ladies are wearing very bright colors for walking, the number of costumes of various shades of red being remarkable. In the house scarlet shoes and open-worked silk stockings are much worn. Red is certainly a capital color under the gray skies of an English winter, but red sun-shades in summer make one feel scalding hot. Various shades of yellow, too, are now in fashion, ranging from lemon to deep, ruddy orange. Dark navy blue is also in vogue for bonnets as well as for cravats for both sexes. Chinchilla fur is again coming into fashion, on account, probably, of its making such beautiful trimming for red or crimson mantles. For the moment it seems likely to oust gray Persian lambskin from its pride of place.

A Fair Widow.

Gladys, Lady Lonsdale, the fairest widow in all England, and very nearly the poorest for her rank, looked "superbly beautiful in her dark dress and short seal-skin dolman trimmed with sable tails, and a small brown hat," at the Grosvenor exhibition. And still another beauty was the observed of all observers, Lady Archibald Campbell, the Rosalind in the open-air performances of "As You Like It," at Coombe Lodge, last summer. She, too, wore a becoming toilet, consisting of a long coat of velvety mouse-color edged with wide bands of fur, and having a deep and high collar of the same, which nearly cut off her shell pink ears. On her head, with its short curled hair—happy the woman able to wear her hair short and curly, cries Fashion—was a head-gear resembling a kind of bag of dark silk, something like the old-fashioned night-caps seen in pictures, with a sort of jelly point hanging down on her left shoulder.

Feat of the Divining Rod.

The question as to the magical or the scientific value of the "divining rod" has just been reopened by the success which has attended its use at the Fletton Waggon Work, of the Midland Railway Company, England, with reference to the discovery of a permanent supply of water. According to *The Sanitary World* (London), the company requires to use about 500 or 600 gallons of water every day, and the well on their premises yielded only one-half of that quantity. It was necessary, therefore, to supplement the supply by the sinking of other wells or by the construction of an expensive system of piping. The former plan was preferred, and two new wells were sunk to no purpose. The services of a gentleman of the district, who bore the reputation of being skilled in the art of discovering water by means of the "divining rod," were then called in. This wizard or expert employed for his purpose a forked hazel twig, holding one prong of the fork in each hand, the points of the fork being directed to the sky. After walking about the premises for some time, the point of the fork suddenly began to bend down, purely, as the best evidence goes, of its own accord, and to point to the earth. The wielder of the wand declared that here would be found a plentiful supply of water. The same indications were repeated at another spot, where the twig snapped from the violence of its spontaneous and sympathetic motion, and the same confident assertions were made with reference to the occurrence of water—assertions which the results obtained by actually sinking wells amply justified, the quantity of water to be obtained being apparently inexhaustible. Other persons essayed to use the wand, but it rebelled against the usurption of its owner's functions, and remained contumacious and irresponsive.

"Out of the Depths."

(Poem for Recitation.)

Lighting, and thunder, and tempest!
And high, over hill and dale,
The gulls are blown about, like chaff,
All in the whitening gale!

The gulls are blown about like chaff:
The blown foam surges free:
Christ save the sailors, one and all,
That sail to-night on the sea!

A league or more from the rock-bound shore,
Where the billows foam and leap,
Lonely and still, the lighthouse stands,
Like the figure of God on the deep.

Like the figure of God on the raging sea,
Serene, in the shadow and light;
A pillar of cloud by day it stands,
And a pillar of fire by night!

The high seas sweep; the house stands still;
It braves the tempest's power;
God guide the hand that trims the lamp
In the lonely lighthouse tower!

God guide the hand of the girl that trims,
For her father is well-nigh blind;
And he hardly hears, with his dying ears,
The roaring of the wind.

"Stay with me, child?" the old man cried,
"And kneel beside my bed;
For faint am I, and like to die:
Stay with me, child!" he said.

And the maiden clasped her hands in prayer
And fervently prayed she
For her father, a-low on his dying bed,
And her lover, a-far on the sea!

O pity the sailor upon the deep,
For never a star have they!
And the lamp gleams dim through the blinding foam
And the clouds of the flying spray!

"Stay with me, child!" the old man cried,
"And kneel beside my bed:
For faint am I, and like to die:
Stay with me, child!" he said.

But soft! what light is this he sees?
What sound is this he hears?
Well known the light to the mariner's eyes,
And the sound to the seaman's ears!

A light of distress—the minute gun!
Up on his couch he sat:
"What light was that, my child?" he cried:
"My child, what sound was that?"

"A ship in distress—a ship on the reef,
And the tempest is raging wild!"
"Below the lifeboat lies," he cried,
"Haste! haste! and go! my child."

"Nay, father, nay: tho' he I love
Out of the depths should cry,
Beside thy bed thy child will stand,
To tend thee, till thou die!"

He kissed her with his death cold-lips:
"The lifeboat lies below:
The God of might make strong thine hand!
My child, I *bid* thee go!"

Again he saw the flashing light,
And heard the booming gun:
She looked into his dying eyes:
"Father, thy will be done."

Out—thro' the raging storm she passed:
Out—thro' the blinding night:
No more he heard the booming gun,
Or saw the flashing light.

The hurricane howled: the breakers roared:
Into the yawning main,
Where down to death a hundred sank,
One only rose again!

On seas, without a sail to save—
To skies, without a star—
One only rose, with bleeding hands
To clutch a broken spar!

Far-off, the lonely lighthouse shone:
Upon its ghostly gleam—
As in a trance—his eyes were fixed—
As in a drowning dream!

"No, no," he moaned, "I shall not die,
For Christ is still with me!
See—see—His shining Spirit comes,
To save me, on the Sea!

"He comes: He stands beside: He bends
His loving arms to save!
He drags my drowning body up
Out of its dreary grave!

"He lifts me from my dreary grave,
And takes me to His rest!
I feel His arms about my neck,
My head upon His breast!

"He stoops: He saves: I shall not die!"
One upward glance he threw:
He gazed into his saviour's eyes—
"Kate, darling! Is it you?"

She dragged him from the drowning deep
With Love's almighty power:
She rowed him thro' the foaming seas,
Back to her lonely tower.

She wrapt him in her father's cloak:
She breathed a fitful prayer:
She bore him, with the strength of Love,
Up the steep tower-stair!

Then softly to her father's side:
But lo! from overhead
The lamplight streamed upon his face,
Happy, and calm, and dead.

Happy, like one asleep, he lay;
Like one in a sleep who smiled;
And clasped were his hands as when,
Dying, he blessed his child!

The lightning ceased: the thunder died:
No more the tempest raved:
Beside his bed the lovers knelt—
The saviour and the saved.

And all night long, in the lighthouse tower,
When the clouds were blown abroad,
The stars shone down on the quick and the dead—
The lighthouse lamps of God!

Samuel K. Cowan, M.A. *In the Theatre.*

Humor.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.

By Mark Twain.

(Continued.)

Next day, towards night, we laid up under a little willow tow-head out in the middle, where there was a village on each side of the river, and the duke and king begun to lay out a plan for working them towns. Jim he spoke to the duke, and said he hoped it wouldn't take but a few hours, because it got mighty heavy and tiresome to him when he had to lay all day in the wigwam tied with the rope. You see, when we left him all alone we had to tie him, because if anybody happened on him all by himself and not tied, it wouldn't look much like he was a runaway nigger, you know. So the duke said it *was* kind of hard to have to lay roped all day, and he'd cipher out some way to get around it.

He was uncommon bright, the duke was, and he soon struck it. He dressed Jim up in King Lear's outfit—it was a long curtain-calico gown, and a white horse-hair wig and whiskers; and then he took his theatre-paint and painted Jim's face and hands and ears and neck all over a dead solid blue, like a man that's been drownded nine days. Blamed if he warn't the horriblest looking outrage I ever see. Then the duke took and wrote out a sign on a shingle so—

Sick Arab—but harmless when not out of his head.

And he nailed that shingle to a lath, and stood the lath up four or five foot in front of the wigwam. Jim was satisfied. He said it was a sight better than laying tied a couple of years every day and trembling all over every time there was a sound. The duke told him to make himself free and easy, and if anybody ever come meddling around, he must hop out of the wigwam, and carry on a little, and fetch a howl or two like a wild beast, and he reckoned they would light out and leave him alone. Which was sound enough judgment; but you take the average man, and he wouldn't wait for him to howl. Why, he didn't only look like he was dead, he looked considerable more than that.

These rapscallions wanted to try the Nonesuch again, because there was so much money in it, but they judged it wouldn't be safe, because maybe the news might a worked along down by this time. They couldn't hit no project that suited, exactly; so at last the duke said he reckoned he'd lay off and work his brains an hour or two and see if he couldn't put up something on the Arkansaw village; and the king he allowed he would drop over to t'other village, without any plan, but just trust in Providence to lead him the profitable way—meaning the devil, I reckon. We had all bought store clothes where we stopped last; and now the king put his'n on, and he told me to put mine on. I done it, of course. The king's duds was all black, and he did look real swell and starchy. I never knowed how clothes could change a body before. Why, before, he looked like the orneriest old rip that ever was; but now, when he'd take off his new white beaver and make a bow and do a smile, he looked that grand and good and pious that you'd say he had walked right out of the ark, and maybe was old Leviticus himself. Jim cleaned up the canoe, and I got my paddle ready. There was a big steamboat laying at the shore away up under the point, about three miles above town—been there a couple of hours, taking on freight. Says the king:

"Seein' how I'm dressed, I reckon maybe I better arrive down from St. Louis or Cincinnati, or some other big place. Go for the steamboat, Huckleberry; we'll come down to the village on her."

I didn't have to be ordered twice, to go and take a steamboat ride. I fetched the shore a half a mile above the village, and then went scooting along the bluff bank in the easy water. Pretty soon we come to a nice innocent-looking young country jake setting on a log swabbing the sweat off of his face, for it was powerful warm weather; and he had a couple of big carpet-bags by him.

"Run her nose in shore," says the king. I done it. "Wher' you bound for, young man?"

"For the steamboat; going to Orleans."

"Git aboard," says the king. "Hold on a minute, my servant 'll help you with them bags. Jump out and help the gentleman, Adolphus"—meaning me, I see.

I done so, and then we all three started on again. The young chap was mighty thankful; said it was tough work toting his baggage such weather. He asked the king where he was going, and the king told him he'd come down the river and landed at the other village this morning, and now he was going up a few mile to see an old friend on a farm up there. The young fellow says:

"When I first see you, I says to myself, 'It's Mr. Wilks, sure, and he come mighty near getting here in time.' But then I says again, 'No, I reckon it ain't him, or else he wouldn't be paddling up the river.' You *ain't* him, are you?"

"No, my name's Blodgett—*Reverend* Elexander Blodgett, I s'pose I must say, as I'm one o' the Lord's poor servants. But still I'm just as able to be sorry for Mr. Wilks for not arriving in time, all the same, if he's missed anything by it—which I hope he hasn't."

"Well, he don't miss any property by it, because he'll get that all right; but he missed seeing his brother Peter die—which he mayn't mind, nobody can tell us to that—but his brother would a give anything in this world to see *him* before he died; never talked about nothing else all these three weeks; hadn't seen him since they was boys together—and hadn't ever seen his brother William at all—that's the deaf and dumb one—William ain't more than thirty or thirty-five. Peter and George was the only ones that come out here; George was the married brother; him and his wife both died last year. Harvey and William's the only ones that's left now; and, as I was saying, they haven't got here in time."

"Did anybody send 'em word?"

"Oh, yes, a month or two ago, when Peter was first took; because Peter said then that he felt like he warn't going to get well this time. You see, he was pretty old, and George's g'yirls was too young to be much company for him, except Mary Jane, the red-headed one; and so he was kinder lonesome after George and his wife died, and didn't seem to care much to live. He most desperately wanted to see Harvey—and William, too, for that matter—because he was one of them kind that can't bear to make a will. He left a letter behind for Harvey, and said he'd told in it where his money was hid, and how he wanted the rest of the property divided up so George's g'yirls would be all right, for George didn't leave nothing. And that letter was all they could get him to put a pen to."

"Why do you reckon Harvey don't come? Wher' does he live?"

"Oh, he lives in England—Sheffield—preaches there—hasn't ever been in this country. He hasn't had any too much time—and besides he mightn't a got the letter at all, you know."

"Too bad, too bad he couldn't a lived to see his brothers, poor soul. You going to Orleans, you say?"

"Yes, but that ain't only a part of it. I'm going in a ship next Wednesday for Ryo Janeero, where my uncle lives."

"It's a pretty long journey. But it'll be lovely; I wisht I was agoing. Is Mary Jane the eldest? How old is the others?"

"Mary Jane's nineteen, Susan's fifteen, and Joanna's about fourteen—that's the one that gives herself to good works and has a hare-lip."

"Poor things! to be left in the cold world so."

"Well, they could be worse off. Old Peter had friends, and they ain't going to let them come to no harm. There's Hobson, the Babtis' preacher; and Deacon Lot Hovey, and Ben Rucker, and Abner Shackleford, and Levi Bell, the lawyer; and Dr. Robinson, and their wives, and the widow Bartley, and—well, there's a lot of them; but these are the ones that Peter was thickest with, and used to write about sometimes, when he wrote home, so Harvey 'll know where to look for friends when he get's there."

Well, the old man he went on asking questions till he just fairly emptied that young fellow. Blamed if he didn't inquire about everybody and everything in that blessed town, and all about all the Wilkses; and about Peter's business—which was a tanner; and about George's—which was a carpenter; and about Harvey's—which was a dissentering minister; an so on, and so on. Then he says:

"What did you want to walk all the way up to the steamboat for?"

"Because she's a big Orleans boat, and I was afeard she mightn't stop there. When they're deep they won't stop for a hail. A Cincinnati boat will, but this is a St. Louis one."

"Was Peter Wilks well off?"

"Oh, yes, pretty well off. He had houses and land, and it's reckoned he left three or four thousand in cash hid up som'ers."

"When did you say he died?"

"I didn't say, but it was last night."

"Funeral to-morrow, likely?"

"Yes, 'bout the middle of the day."

"Well, it's all terrible sad; but we've all got to go, one time or another. So what we want to do is to be prepared; then we're all right."

"Yes, sir, it's the best way. Ma used to always say that."

When we struck the boat, she was about done loading, and pretty soon she got off. The king never said nothing about going aboard, so I lost my ride, after all. When the boat was gone, the king made me paddle up another mile to a lonesome place, then he got ashore, and says:

"Now hustle back, right off, and fetch the duke up here, and the new carpet-bags. And if he's gone over to t'other side, go over there and git him. And tell him to git himself up regardless. Shove along, now."

(To be Continued.)

Cable News.

(FROM THE ARGUS.)

LONDON, July 15.

Despatches have been received by the Russian Government from General Komaroff, in which he accuses the Afghans of advancing beyond the prescribed limits. The Government has ordered him to remain strictly on the defensive.

Colonel Ridgway, who succeeded Sir Peter Lumsden as head of the Boundary Commission, is proceeding to Herat.

The announcement of the New South Wales three and a half per cent. loan of £5,500,000 is delayed, pending the fixing of the minimum.

The "Times" this morning expresses an opinion that New South Wales will have no difficulty in borrowing the amount required, despite the hostile action of the syndicates.

It is reported that Her Majesty's gunboat Beacon, four guns, will be presented by the British Government to one of the Australian colonies.

July, 16.

The European Powers, with the exception of Russia, have assented to a proposal by the British Government to issue an Egyptian loan.

This is generally regarded as a triumph for Lord Salisbury.

Sir Wm. M'Arthur, M.P., is advocating the admission of colonial wines at a reduction on the present duty.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

The attitude of Prince Bismarck towards Great Britain (says the London correspondent of the "Argus") is a matter of interesting speculation here. Those who are able to speak on the subject with some confidence tell us that the German Chancellor has a score to settle alike with the Queen, who who takes no pains to conceal that she dislikes him, and with the Crown Princess of Germany, who only tolerates him. Again, his antipathy to Mr. Gladstone is such as to carry him far. The British Premier, with all his faults, is the one statesman of Europe who has refused to bow the knee to the autocrat of Berlin. When he was in opposition, Mr. Gladstone went further, and it is said that since his accession to office in 1880 he has not hesitated to thwart the designs of Prince Bismarck in more than one important project. If report is true, Prince Bismarck took occasion after the death of the late Prince of Orange to sound the British Government as to the ultimate annexation and absorption by Germany of Holland. It is declared that the Chancellor found his ideas unceremoniously rejected. Further, there is the notion, which is said to be very vividly impressed upon Prince Bismarck, that some day—possibly at no great distance—he will have to confront the possibility of war with Russia. To embroil us with that power would merely put off the evil hour, since Russsia would not care with in a short period to again put on her armor in opposition to a leading power. Meanwhile the great man thinks it wise to conciliate France, so that, if a Russian war becomes inevitable, he may not be in danger of being taken on both flanks at once. These and such considerations are said to haunt the brain of Prince Bismarck, and it is the force of such considerations which leads him to oppose Great Britain whenever and wherever he may find her. The lessons ought to be taken to heart by English politicians. The Prussian Government (writes the same correspondent) has submitted to the Bundesrath a proposal to declare that the Duchy of Brunswick is no longer in the right of the Duke of Cumberland. This is another of the indirect assaults by which Prince Bismarck revenges himself for the marked aversion exhibited towards him alike by Queen Victoria and her daughter, the Crown Princess of Germany. Of course it will succeed. The Duke of Cumberland finds small support or sympathy among those whom he is prepared to claim as his own people, and he is so thoroughly obstinate in all matters that connect him with Berlin, that hope of an arrangement is impossible.

THE AFGHAN DIFFICULTY.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS).

LONDON, July 15.

In the House of Commons to-day, Lord Randolph Churchill, Secretary of State for India, announced the receipt of a telegraphic despatch from Colonel Ridgeway, the British commissioner on the Afghan frontier, reporting that Russian troops are in the vicinity of Zulfikar, and that their numbers have recently been increased.

Captains Yate and Peacock have (he said) gone to Herat, to which place the British Commission is now moving.

The latest news from Afghanistan reports that the Boundary Commission under Colonel Ridgeway has moved to Herat, in consequence of the Afghans having formally requested the British officers to direct the measures now being taken for the defence of that town.

(FROM THE ARGUS)

LONDON July 16.

The Russian Government has put forward a claim to have the practical command of the Zulfikar pass.

Three thousand Russian troops are in the vicinity of Zulfikar.

The Emperor of Russia has made an offer to the British Government to refer the settlement of the Afghan frontier to a new commission.

Lord Salisbury has declined the proposal.

In consequence of the threatening state of affairs on the Afghan frontier, Consols have declined and Russian stocks have also fallen.

A MUCH-MARRIED CLAIMANT.

One of the most remarkable of the many Tichbourne claimants in the United States is at present in a position of some difficulty. He was arrested the other day at Toledo, Ohio, on a charge of bigamy. It appears that he has been married no fewer than eight times, and there is reason to fear that each of his six wives imagines herself entitled to rank as "Lady Tichbourne." The following are some of the ladies with whom he is known to have contracted marriage:—At Kensington, Ontaria, he married Miss Jerusha Wood; at Collingwood, Miss Julia Durnford; and at Cambleford, Miss Adelaide Nicholas. Here his matrimonial career was interrupted by a romantic incident. Being arrested for some offence, the wife of the gaoler became enamored of and fled with him to Morriscown, New Jersey, where, however, repenting his sinful conduct he parted and recommenced matrimony. At Schnectady he was married to Miss Anna Henry; at Newark, to Miss Selina Rowe; and Patterson, to Miss Harriet Show. The meeting of the several Ladsy Tichbournes when their husband was arraigned in court at Toledo on the 25th November, formed, it is stated, a "pathetic scene." The claimant alone preserved his self possession. He still persists that he is the original "Sir Peter," and asserts that "he was brought over to America by the Peterborough family." He is evidently, with all his faults, a fascinating person, and a formidable rival to our own valued Claimant.

An attempt was made on Sunday last to steal the chalice, which is composed of pure gold, and very valuable, from the Roman Catholic church at Maryborough. The sanctuary was burglariously entered, and a thorough search seemed to have been made; the sacristy and other doors were broken open, and everything was in a disturbed state, when the affair was discovered. Nothing, however, was taken; but the police are endeavoring to bring the culprit to justice.

There have been ladies who were wedded and widowed and re-wedded again in a year, but it is very seldom we read of a baronetcy which has changed hands three times in six weeks. Some six weeks ago Sir Justin Aylmer was (writes a London paper) killed from a fall from his bicycle at Cambridge, and the title went to Sir Arthur Aylmer, who died next week at Cork. The grandson, who succeeds to the title, is quite a boy, but he possesses the good old family name of Gerald Aylmer.

The Melbourne correspondent of the "Ararat Advertiser" writes:—The "Argus" has fallen a victim to a serious hoax, perpetrated, too, in a manner that made it very difficult of detection. On Wednesday morning your Melbourne contemporary published a balance sheet of the affairs of the Victoria Amateur Turf Club. This set out in detail the receipts and expenditures, the gifts to the Club, and wound up with the news that the club owed something like £2800. Now the fact is that the club at this present moment not only not in debt, but has something like £300 to its credit, after, too, having spent £1400 in improvements. The explanation is that someone procured a balance sheet for the financial year 1884, ending in August, and forwarded it in an envelope addressed to the editor. The outside public will naturally think that there has been negligence somewhere; but they will come to this conclusion in utter ignorance of the ease with which similar "contretemps" occur in the conducting of a newspaper.

An "Argus" telegram from Stawell on Thursday says:—At a special meeting of the Ararat Mining Board, held in the town-hall to-day, Mr. Browne moved that the Minister of Mines be informed that this board regrets to find that condition 10, included in the conditions of lease under the 49th section of the Land Act, has been omitted from the conditions of lease under section 65 of the Land Act, and would earnestly request that he would use his influence, on behalf of the mining interest, to have such condition inserted in all licenses to be issued under the section referred to, otherwise this board will feel compelled to oppose the occupation of all auriferous lands. The motion was seconded by Mr. Nicholls, and carried. Leave was granted to a member to introduce a new bye-law to regulate alluvial mining in the Raglan divison of the district. The bye-law was read a first time, and the second reading made an order of the day for the next meeting of the board.

Impoundings

BEAUFORT.—Impounded at Beaufort.—Twenty-one Merino wethers, like KM on back; five Merino wethers, like N on back. If not claimed and expenses paid, to be sold on 18th July.

W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper,

Loyal Beaufort Lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F.

THE ANNIVERSARY of the above Lodge will be celebrated by a SOCIAL GATHERING, to be held in the Societies' Hall on TUESDAY, 4th August, 1885. First-class String Band will be in attendance. Twenty-four dances. Double Ticket, Five Shillings.

JOHN B. HUMPHREYS,
Pt. Secretary.

Shire of Ripon.

NORTH RIDING ELECTION.

[REQUISITION.]

July 8th, 1885.

To Mr. ALBERT ANDREWS, Beaufort.

SIR,—We, the undersigned ratepayers of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon, respectfully request that you will allow yourself to be nominated as a Candidate for a seat in the Council at the ensuing election, to be held on the 13th August, 1885, and we promise to use our best exertions to secure your return.

We are, Sir,
Your obedient Servants,
George Topper
George Davis
Walter Johnston,
And fifty-eight other ratepayers.

[REPLY.]

To Messrs. G. Topper, G. Davis, W. Johnston, and other Ratepayers signing the requisition.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in complying with your request to become a candidate at the ensuing shire election, and desires to thank you for the honor which you wish to confer on me.

I remain,
Your Obedient Servant,
A. ANDREWS.

To the Ratepayers of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon.

I, WILLIAM SMITH, the retiring member, wish to intimate that I have been requested to stand for re-election. I have always done my duty to the ratepayers according to my own opinion, and, if elected, I will do so again.

I have the honor to be,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Yours respectfully
WILLIAM SMITH.

Beaufort, July 17th, 1885.

Roman Catholic Church, Beaufort.

THE DRAWING of the Art-union in connection with the above Church has been postponed till TUESDAY, 25th August, 1885,

P. M. O'CONNELL, Hon. Sec.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

A REWARD of £1 per head will be paid for all Foxes caught and killed within this shire, The head, tail, and paws must be produced. Apply to

J. M'RAE,
Rabbit Inspector, Shire Office, Beaufort.

Shire of Ripon.

NORTH RIDING ELECTION.

To the Ratepayers of the North Riding.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor to intimate that I intend to nominate as a candidate at the above election, and also that I have decided to go to the poll no matter how many candidates may oppose me.

Trusting that I shall receive from you a generous support,

I am, yours obediently,
THEODORE BEGGS.

BEAUFORT.

WEDNESDAY, 22ND JULY.

At the Golden Age Hall. At 12 o'Clock.

Furniture, Drapery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

T. A. FREEMAN will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, as above, a Superior Assortment of Furniture, consisting of Couches, Chairs, Tables, Single and Double Iron Bedsteads, Washstands and Ware, Looking-Glasses, Pictures, Ornaments, Glassware, Crockery, etc.

Also a lot of Clothing, Drapery, Ulsters, Umbrellas, and Sundries too numerous to particularise.

Terms Cash. Absolute Sale.

T. A. FREEMAN, Auctioneer, Armstrong Street, Ballarat.

BEAUFORT.

SATURDAY, 18TH JULY, 1885.

Sale by Public Auction.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS has received instructions from Mr. Carver to sell the Furniture and Effects now in the Commercial Hotel, Beaufort.

Sale to commence at One o'clock precisely.

In consequence of Mr. Carver leaving the Commercial Hotel the whole must be sold to the highest bidder, and without reserve.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

Wanted

SLEEPER-HEWERS. Twelve months' work. Good timber. Apply on the works, Dimboola and S.A. Border Railway. C. and R. MILLAR, Contractors, Dimboola.

THOMAS GEO. ARCHARD,

CIVIL ENGINEER,

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Beaufort and district that he is prepared to execute Plans and Specifications for any description of buildings, supply Contractors' quantities, and prepare estimates.

Address—Messrs. Hawkes Bros., Ironmongers, etc., Beaufort.

Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company

Geelong Wool Sales.

GEORGE HAGUE & CO.

Will hold Sales of Wool every Tuesday during the ensuing Season.

To keep pace with the Extraordinary Progress our business has been making, we have been compelled to greatly extend our Warehouse accommodation, and with the latest additions our Warehouse is now one of the largest and most convenient in the Australian colonies.

OUR NEW SHOW ROOMS

Are admirably adapted for the exhibition of Clips to the best advantage. A steady south light, which is so necessary to the efficient display of the superior Western Wools, being a special feature; and last season all the English, Continental and American buyers declared our New Show Rooms to be the best lighted and most suitable for the proper display of wool of any in the colony.

EVERY LOT, no matter how small, is carefully examined prior to sale, and protected up to full market value.

CASH ADVANCES made on the ensuing clip.

FARMERS' LOTS receive the most careful attention, and no effort is spared to secure utmost value, even for the smallest lots.

20,344 BALES

Passed through our hands last year, and we think this enormous increase should be sufficient evidence that our mode of conducting business has met with the approval of our constituents.

PROMPT SETTLEMENTS.

Account Sales and Cheque for proceeds forwarded invariably three days after sale.

CHARGES

The lowest ruling in the colony, and growers will find they effect a Saving of Seven Shillings per bale by selling at Geelong instead of Melbourne.

WOOLPACKS and STATION STORES supplied at lowest market rates.

SHEEPSKINS, HIDES, TALLOW.

Sales every Wednesday throughout the year.

GEORGE HAGUE & CO.,
Wool Brokers.

Geelong, 1st July, 1885.

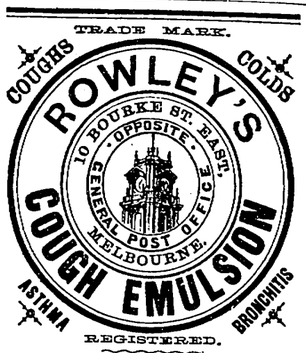
WILLIAM BUCHANAN

BEGS to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has commenced business as a GENERAL BLACKSMITH and SHOEING SMITH in the premises lately occupied by Mr. Lynn, Neill street, Beaufort, and hopes to be favored with a share of their patronage.

JOBBING NEATLY DONE.

Horses shod as they ought to be.

TRADE MARK.



REGISTERED.

FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER is often dreaded by those who suffer from the distressing affections of the Lungs, Winter Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc., to which the uncertainty of the Australian climate renders them extremely liable. ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION being especially prepared for these diseases in this climate, gives relief at the first dose, and soon effects a permanent cure, even in the most serious cases. Ask for Rowley's Cough Emulsion, and take no other. Sole proprietor, W. M. Rowley, 10 Bourke-street East, Melbourne. Sold by

A. ANDREWS, Chemist, Beaufort,

and all chemists.

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer—W. M. ROWLEY. Dispensing and Family Chemist, Apothecaries Hall, 10 Bourke-street East Melbourne.

W. BAKER,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

W.B. has ON SALE the following lines:—Pine Shelving, Flooring, and Lining Boards; Californian, Kauri, and Clear Pine, up to 36 inches; Cedar, all thicknesses and widths; Table Legs, Sashes, Doors, Architrave and other Mouldings, Window Glass, White Lead, Oils, Turps, and all other Building Requisites.

Sashes, Doors, and all kinds of Joiner's Work made to order at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Hardwood supplied at Timber Yard Prices.

Public Notice.

GEO. H. COUGLE

WISHES to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding districts for the very liberal support accorded him during the twelve months he has been in business for himself, and begs to announce that he is now showing a Splendid Assortment of NEW WINTER DRAPERY, BOOTS and SHOES, at prices that will defy competition.

NEW DRESS GOODS. NEW DRESS GOODS
BLANKETS. BLANKETS.

Quilts, Sheetings, Calicoes, Flannels, Tickings, Shirtings, Etc.

Men's and Boys' Tweed Suits, Trousers and Vests, Coats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Ietc.

Boots Boots Boots

GOOD and CHEAP.

G. H. C.'s motto is Small Profits and Quick Returns. He only keeps the best of goods, and as he charges the lowest prices he finds it unnecessary to hold "Clearing Sales" or quote misleading prices.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

Two Doors from Golden Age Hotel,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

HARRIS & TROY,

PRODUCE DEALERS BEAUFORT

Agents for

Broadbent Bros. and Co.
Wm. M'Culloch and Co
Permewan, Wright and Co.,

FORWARDING, COMMISSION & RAILWAY AGENTS & LICENSED CARRIERS.

On Sale

AT

JEREMIAH SMITH'S

TIMBER YARD,

CORNER OF LIVINGSTONE & WILLOBY STREETS—

American shelving boards
Do lumber do
6 x 1 T and G Scotch flooring
6 x ½ do do lining
6 x ½ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
½in., ¾in., 1in., 1¼in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.

NEXT TO POLICE STATION

J. W. HARRIS,

MINING AGENT

AND

SHARE BROKER,

BEAUFORT.

Member of the Ballarat Stock Exchange

W. EDWARD NICKOLS

AUCTIONEER,

King street, Beaufort, and Queen street, Arara

Estate and Financial Agent, Arbitrator and Valuer
Wools Grain, and Money Broker.
Estate managed for Absentees and Others.
Correspondent and Valuer for the Ballarat Banking Company, Limited.
Agent for the Victoria Fire and Life Insurance Companies.
Agent for the Mutual Assurance Society of Victoria Limited,
Houses and Land bought or sold
Rents and Debts collected.
Trust and Agency Business of all kinds attended
Attend at Beaufort on Mondays and Saturdays, any other day by appointment.

Note the Address:

W. EDWARD NICKOLS,

AUCTIONEER BEAUFORT.

WOOL. WOOL. WOOL.

TO SHEEP FARMERS, SELECTORS, AND OTHERS.

E. J. STRICKLAND'S

Ballarat

WOOL, HIDE, SKIN AND TALLOW AUCTION ROOMS,

Lydiard-street north, near Railway Station. Established 1869.

ACTS AS SELLING BROKER ONLY.

E. J. S. in again thanking his numerous constituents, the Sheep Farmers and selectors (whose business he makes a specialty) for their liberal support during the past season, can confidently recommend this market as the best in the colony for the SALE of SMALL CLIPS, as past seasons' prices will show. I have therefore much pleasure of soliciting the favor of your support and interest.

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES MADE, whether for sale here, Melbourne or Geelong.

Prompt Account Sales.
Charges—Lowest in the colony.

SALE DAY—THURSDAYS.

Any of the forwarding agents will receive consignments, pay all charges, and forward with despatch.

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.,

BEAUFORT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Grocers, Wine & Spirit Merchants, Drapers and Outfitters,

:o:

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Ironmongery, Furniture, and Earthenware.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

:o:

W. B. & CO are Importers of Drapery, Earthenware, Glassware, Bedsteads, &c., &c., and, being Large Cash Buyers, are enabled to sell all goods at Lowest Possible Prices.

Customers may rely upon getting as good value for their money as in any house in the colony.

:o:

Goods delivered within 34 miles FREE OF CHARGE.

:o:

N.B.—Our NEW SHOWROOM for FURNITURE, EARTHENWARE, &c., is now open.

HAWKES BROS.,

Next Bank of Victoria, Beaufort,

Wholesale and Retail Iron Merchants, Ironmongers, Furniture Brokers, Dealers in Glassware, Crockery, etc.

:o:

HAWKES BROS.,

Being Importers of Iron, Ironmongery, Bedsteads, Furniture, Oils, Colors, etc., are enabled to offer to the public their goods at PRICES WHICH CANNOT BE BEATEN.

:o:

HAWKES BROS.,

Are prepared to supply FURNITURE and all HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES upon the TIME-PAYMENT SYSTEM.

:o:

HAWKES BROS.

CHEAPEST HOUSE in the district for Ironmongery, Furniture, Crockery, Paperhangings, Canvas, House Lining, Oils, Colors, etc.

WINTER DRAPERY, 1885.

:o:

A Very Choice Selection of

NEW GOODS

Will be shown during the week at BEAUFORT HOUSE.

:o:

DRESSES in the Newest Styles, VELVET and SATIN HATS, JACKETS, CLOAKS, FANCY GOODS, FURS, RIBBONS and VELVETEENS in all Shades.

A Very Cheap Lot of LADIES' TRIMMED HATS.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING, and all sizes of the PATENT EYELETTED STAYS, which have given such general satisfaction, now to hand.

MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING. TAPESTRY, CARPETS, and FLOORCLOTHS Ver Cheap. BOOTS and SHOES, and, in fact, all Departments Well Assorted.

☞ An Early Call and Inspection Invited.

:o:

H. GUNN,

GROCER, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT.

Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchmaker, etc.

Advances on Wool, Grain, etc.,

Stock, Stations, and Station Produce of all kinds.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY (Limited)

Capital, £3,500,000,
Reserve Fund, £250,000,

Make Liberal Cash Advances

ON

STATION SECURITIES,
ENSUING CLIPS OF WOOL, GRAIN, ETC.,
FOR SALE IN MELBOURNE
Or SHIPMENT to LONDON.

Auction Sales of Wool held every week through the season.

Auction Sales of Tallow, Hides, Sheepskins, Leather, etc., three times a week throughout the year.

Auction Sales of Grain, Flour, etc. held every Wednesday.

DAVID ELDER, Manager.
I. YOUNGHUSBAND,
Wool and Produce Manager.

Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins street west

CHEMICALS AND DRUGS

STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES,
Hair and Tooth Brushes,
TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, SOAPS,
SHOULDER BRACES, TRUSSES.
SPONGES,
AND ALL VARIETIES OF
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch.

A. ANDREWS

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Martin and Co.'s Homeopathic Medicines.

A. A. wishes to notify that he has been appointed Agent for the above preparations by Messrs. MARTIN and CO., Collins street, Melbourne.

GARDENING FOR JULY.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Plant largely of early potatoes; sow parsnips upon rich deep soil—the latter ought to have been one foot two feet or more. Sow Peas—Lynch Bedman's dwarf, blue imperial, champion of England, climax, and alliance are among the best for general purposes. Sow largely of the various kinds of broad beans in rows thirty inches apart. Established plantations of rhubarb and sea-kale may be forced by covering the crowns over with pots or slates, and covering these again with fresh horse-manure. Plant globe artichokes in rich soil, in rows four feet six inches by three feet. Sow main crops of onions, also sow spinach, radish, and small salads.

FLOWER GARDEN.—If former directions have been carried out, there will not remain much to be done this month, with the exception of keeping all the walks, borders, and beds neat and clean.

FARM.—Continue ploughing and harrowing lands intended for spring cropping. Hoe drill crops. Continue sowing grasses, clover, lucerne, and peas; beans may still be sown in late localties. Oat and barley sowing should be completed this month if the weather has been at all favorable.

Steam pleasure yachts were in course of building in England in May to the value of £300,000, in addition to an immense number of sailing yachts.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES cure Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1½d., and 2s 9d each.

Consumers of Wolfe's Schnapps especially those taking it medicinally, should purchase it only by the bottle, and thus ensure the genuine article, as there is a fraudulent imitation in the market. Large and small bottles are obtainable at every respectable hotel and Wine and Spirit Merchant's in the colony. The name of M. Moss and Co. is on the top label of the yellow wrapper.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL AND STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES quickly correct all irregularities, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes 2s 9d., of all Chemists. Prepared only by E T. Towle, Chemist, Nottingham, England. Agents for Melbourne—Rocke, Tompsitt & Co., Wholesale Druggists: Hemmons and Co., Wholesale Druggists; William Ford & Co., 67, Swanston Street.

TICKLING SENSATION.—Persons affected with a tickling sensation in the throat, depriving them of rest night after night, will find certain relief by taking a dose of ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION at bedtime and if the dose be repeated a cure will soon be effected. For coughs, colds, asthmas, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs; ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION is the best known remedy. Ask your chemist for it; do not be put off with any other. It may be obtained from A. ANDREWS, Chemist, Beaufort. Sold by all chemists. Wholesale agents—Felton, Grimwade and Co., and Rocke Tompsitt, Melbourne

FLORILINE!—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth as peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in part of honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Price 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road, London.

SUFFERERS FROM WIND ON THE STOMACH, Indigestion, Costiveness, Giddiness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Disturbed Sleep, Palpitation of the Heart, Colic, Ague, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Skin Eruptions, &c., should lose no time in availing themselves of that most excellent medicine—"PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS," which for 30 years has held the first place in the world as an effectual antidote to the above and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach, bowels, or liver. Tonic, invigorating and purifying, they form the best remedy extant. Sold by all Medicine Vendors in boxes at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each. Proprietor, Page D. Woodcock, Lincoln, England.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere at 3s. 6d. per bottle. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road London.

Beaufort Post Office.

TIME TABLE, 1885.

Post Town	Mails arrive at Beaufort	Mails close at Beaufort
Melbourne... ...	6 a.m 12.10 p.m 10 p.m	8.45 a.m 5 p.m.
Geelong ...	Ditto	Ditto
Ballarat ...	Ditto	Ditto
Trawalla ...	Ditto	Ditto
Raglan ...	4.15 p.m	9.15 a.m
Chute ...	Ditto	Ditto
Waterloo ...	Ditto	Ditto
Main Lead ...	Ditto	Ditto
Sailor's Gully ...	4.15 p.m	Ditto
Stockyard Hill ...	Ditto	Ditto
Ararat... ...	9.31 a.m 5.20 p.m	11.45 a.m 9.20 p.m
Buangor ...	Ditto	Ditto
Eurambeer ...	4 30 p.m	1 p.m
Shirley ...	Ditto	Dittto

The mails for Ararat, Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, Buangor, and Trawalla are despatched twice daily.

Mails for Waterloo are despatched daily.

Mails for Shirley, and Eurambeen are despatched three times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Mails for Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute are despatched three times a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Mails for Stockyard Hill and Sailor's Gully (a loose bag to Lake Goldsmith) are despatched three times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

OXYGEN IS LIFE.—Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne—Multitudes of people are hopelessly suffering from Debility, Nervous and Liver Complaints, Depression of Spirits, Hypochondria, Timidity, Indigestion, Failure of Hearing, Sight, and Memory, Lassitude, Want of Power, &c., whose cases admit of a permanent cure by the new remedy Phosphodyne (Ozonic Oxygen) which at once allays all irritation and excitement, imparts new energy and life to the enfeebled constitution, and rapidly cures every stage of these hitherto incurable and distressing maladies. Sold by all chemists and druggists throughout the globe. ☞ CAUTION.—Phosphorus is sometimes sold in the form of Pills and Lozenges; it should be generally known that every form where solid particles of Phosphorus are in combination is dangerous. It is therefore necessary that the public should be cautioned against the use of any form of Phosphorus not perfectly soluble in water.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain or cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is sold by medicine dealers everywere hat 1s. 1½d. per bottle.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by John I. Brown & Sons, Boston, U.S. European depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London

Victorian Railways.

TIME TABLE.

FROM MELBOURNE TO STAWELL

LEAVE—Melbourne 6.30 a.m, 11.10 a.m, 4.10 p.m. 7 p.m
ARRIVE at Geelong 8.13 a.m 12.57 a.m 6.15 p m 8 22 p.m
LEAVE—Geelong 8.25 a.m, 1.12 a.m, 6.35 p m, 8.37 p.m
ARRIVE at Ballarat 10.30 am 3.20 a.m 9 p.m 10 20 p.m
LEAVE—Ballarat 6 a.m 10.50 a.m 3.35 p.m 10 35 p.m,
Burrumbeet 6.40 a.m 11.21 a.m, 4 25 p.m
Beaufort 7.30 a.m 12.4 a.m 5.22 p.m 12.0 a.m.
Buangor, 8.25 a.m, 12.50 a.m, 6.7 pm
ARRIVE at Ararat 9.10 am 1.10 pm 6 50 p.m. 1 25 p.m.
LEAVE—Ararat, 9 20 a.m, 1.31 a.m, 7.1 a.m
ARRIVE at Stawell 10.20 a.m, 2.26 p.m, 7.55 a.m

FROM STAWELL TO MELBOURNE

LEAVE—Stawell 6 45 a m, 10.45 p.m, 3.5 p.m 9.30 p.m
ARRIVE At Ararat 7 39 a.m 11.45 p.m 3.59 p.m
LEAVE—Ararat, 7.49 a.m, 11.55 p.m, 4.9 p.m
Buangor 8.25 a.m 12.45 p.m 4.45 pm
Beaufort 9.2 a.m 1.30 p.m 5.25 p m
Burrumbeet 9.43 a.m 2.16 p.m, 6.7 p.m.
ARRIVE At Ballarat 10.21 am, 3.10 pm, 6.55 p.m 1.30am
LEAVE—Ballarat 6.40 a.m, 11.30 a.m, 3.25 p.m, 7.10 p m
ARRIVE at Geelong 8.30 a m 1.39 p.m 5.5 p.m 9.5 p.m.
LEAVE—Geelong, 8 40 a.m, 1.51 pm, 6.30 pm, 9.15 p m
ARRIVE At Melbourne, 10.15 a m, 3.41 pm, 8.35 p.m
10.46 p.m.

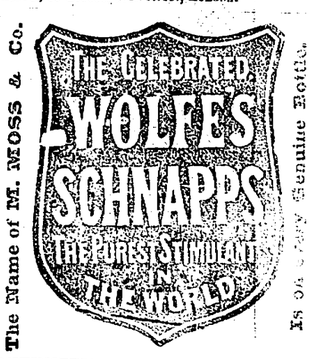
FROM ARARAT to HAMILTON and PORTLAND
ARRIVE At Ararat, 1.16 p.m.
LEAVE Ararat, 1.50 p.m.
Wickliffe Road, 2.51 p.m.
Glen Thompson, 3.25 p.m.
LEAVE Glen Thompson, 3.30 p.m.
ARRIVE At Dunkeld, 4 p.m.
Hamilton, 4.50 p.m.
LEAVE Hamilton, 5.5 p.m.
ARRIVE At Portland, 7.20 p.m.

FROM PORTLAND and HAMILTON to ARARAT and MELBOURNE.
LEAVE Portland, 10.15 a.m.
ARRIVE at Hamilton, 12.32 a.m.
LEAVE Hamilton, 12.47 a.m.
ARRIVE At Ararat, 3 51 p.m.
LEAVE Ararat, 4.9 p.m.
ARRIVE At Melbourne, 11.15 p.m.

FARES.

Beaufort to	First-class	Second-class
Trawalla	1s 0d	0s 9d
Burrumbeet	2s 6d	1s 9d
Windermere	3s 6d	2s 9s
Ballarat	5s 0d	3s 0d
Geelong	14s 0d	9s 0d
Melbourne	21s 0d	13s 6d
Beaufort to	First-class	Second-class
Buangor	2s 6d	2s 0d
Ararat	5s 0d	3s 6d
Armstrong	6s 0d	4s 0d
Great Western	6s 6d	4s 6d
Stawell	8s 0d	5s 6d

ADVERTISEMENTS received for insertion in this Paper, in England, by CLARKE SON and PLATT, 85 Gracechurch street, London.



INFINITELY SUPERIOR to Brandy or Whisky, and is now the

Most Popular Drink throughout the Colonies.

Certified by the Medical Profession as "THE PUREST STIMULANT PROCURABLE."

As a Tonic and Stimulant cannot be surpassed, giving tone and life to the system.

The Purest Spirit in the World.

UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS has been a quarter of a century before the public, and its sale is steadily increasing, while hundreds of imitations have appeared and disappeared, leading only ruin and disgrace to all connected with them. The public should no longer be duped by injurious, cheap, fiery compounds, imitations of the genuine WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

The public are strongly advised to purchase original unopened bottles, as the Custom Authorities have found it necessary to prosecute a large number of Publicans under the Trade Marks Act, and they have had up to £10, and £10 10s. costs, for selling inferior spirits over the bar, representing it to be the GENUINE WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

M. MOSS & CO.,
MELBOURNE AND SYDNEY,
SOLE AGENTS
WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

A CLEAR SAVING OF 20%

(OR FOUR SHILLINGS IN THE POUND) BY PURCHASING YOUTHS' AND GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,

DIRECT FROM

GEORGE & GEORGE

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

COLLINS ST. EAST.

Observe our Prices and compare.

TROUSERS, TO ORDER	17/6 ALL WOOL.
WATERPROOF COATS	21/ TO 45/
RIDING HABITS	In Serge or Tweed
FEDERAL UMBRELLAS	10/6 ALL SILK
FOOTBALL OUTFITS	8/6 ALL SIZES
WINTER HOSIERY at TRADE PRICES	

Nett Cash Prices.

MERINO HALF HOSE	PER ½-DOZ 5/ 6/ 7/6
LAMBSWOOL HALF HOSE	PER ½-DOZ 5/ 7/6 9/
MERINO VESTS	2/6 3/6 4/6
CARDIGAN JACKETS	7/6 10/6
WHITE DRESS TIES	All Widths 6d.
WHITE K'D GLOVES	1/11 2/6
DANCING PUMPS	Per Pair 14/6
TAN KID GLOVES	2 Buttons 2/11

Nett Cash Prices.

MADE UP SCARFS	8½d. 1/ 1/6
ARGOSY BRACES	2/11

LATEST FASHIONS.

"FEDERAL" SAC SUIT. 32/6 to 45/-, or, TO ORDER, From 63/-

MORNING COAT & VEST, 45/- to 65/-, or, TO ORDER, From 79/6.

D.B. FROCK COAT, 47/6 to 57/6, or, TO ORDER, From 79/6.

FEDERAL OVERCOAT. 30/- to 47/-, or, TO ORDER, 42/- to 75/-.

FEDERAL ULSTER, 35/- to 42/-, or, TO ORDER, 55/- to 75/-.

FEDERAL DRESS SUIT. From 6½ Guineas.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL GARMENTS ARE CUT AND FITTED BY THE BEST CUTTERS IN MELBOURNE, AND SOLD SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING CONDITION: ANY ARTICLE NOT FITTING WILL BE EXCHANGED, OR THE COST REFUNDED.

PATTERNS AND FORMS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT BY RETURN OF POST.

GEORGE & GEORGE'S

REGATTA SHIRTS	3/3 4/6 6/6
FINE LINEN HDKFS	Per Doz 7/6 12/6
RICH SILK HDKFS	1/11, 2/11, 3/6
MASHER COLLARS	Per Doz 5/6
POLO COLLARS	Per Doz 5/6
BRIEF BAGS	All Prices from 4/6
BASIL PORTMANTEAUS	12/6

Nett Cash Prices.

CIGAR CASES	From 5/ each
REVOLVERS Half Price	7/6 10/6 12/6
HAT, HAIR, & CLOTHES BRUSHES	
WALKING STICKS	All kinds 1/6 to 10/6
WEST'S SOLITAIRES	Full Suite plated 6d.
TRAVELLING BAGS	Fitted from 105/
DRESSING CASES	Fitted from 10/6

Nett Cash Prices.

YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

THE CHEAPEST & BEST IN THE COLONY.

BOYS' JERSEY SUITS, 7/6 to 25/-

BOYS' KNICKER SUITS, 6/11 to 27/6

YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS, 22/- to 35/-

YOUTHS' OVERCOATS, 12/6 to 25/6

ACCORDING TO SIZE.

BOOTS & SHOES

STRONG ENGLISH WALKING BOOT. 15/6, 18/6, 22/6.

BOYS' & YOUTHS' EXTRA STRONG LACE BOOTS. 8/6 to 12/6.

MEN'S & BOYS' HATS.

HARD FELT HATS. 7/6 to 11/6.

SOFT FELT HATS. 7/6 to 10/6.

BEST SILK HATS. 19/6.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

WHITE SHIRTS. 6/6 7/6 8/6

FLANNEL DITTO. 6/6 8/6 10/6

These Shirts are manufactured on the Premises from the very best makes of Linen Cloth, & only the finest real Irish Linen employed for Fronts & Cuffs.

£1 FREE GIFTS!—The proprietors of WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS, to induce the destruction and prevent the improper use of their wrappers and labels, and thus further protect the Public against fraud and deception, have inclosed in the wrappers or under the label on the quart bottles, since 1st October, 1878, and continue to inclose in EVERY DAY'S PACKING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, THREE £1 ORDERS, which are drawn upon the undersigned, and which will be cashed by them on presentation. To secure these Gifts, the Public must be careful to ask for, and accept nothing but the GENUINE UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS, with our name upon the top label M. Moss & Co., Wynyard Lane, Sydney.

JOHN HUMPHREYS,

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT, ACCOUNTANT, ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS AND DEBTS COLLECTED.

Secretary and Manager of the Kingfisher G.M.C., Beaufort.

Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to,

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

KAY'S COMPOUND OF LINSEED, Aniseed, Senega, Squill, Tolu, &c., with Chlorodyne.

KAY'S COMPOUND, a demulcent expectorant, for Coughs and Colds.

KAY'S COMPOUND for Cough's and Colds, is equally serviceable for Horses and Cattle,

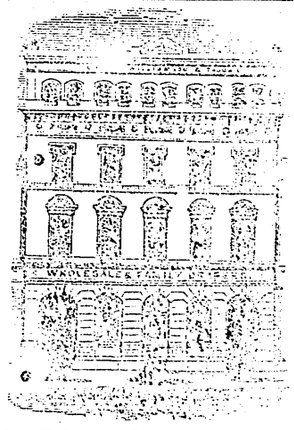
KAY'S TIC PILLS, a specific in Neuralgia, Face-ache, &c.

COAGULINE.—Cement for Broken Articles. Sold everywhere.

Imported by all Merchants, and sold by all Chemists &c.

Sole Makers—Kay BROS., Stockport, England.

REMEDY FREE!—A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Esq., 45 Chatham Street, New York City, U. S. A.



IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO HEADS OF FAMILIES AND OTHERS.

Drapery, Woollens and Clothing, Carpets Floorcloths and Linoleums, Bedsteads and Bedding, direct from the Importers, at active Wholesale Prices.

CRAIG, WILLIAMSON, AND THOMAS

SUPPLY the Public with Drapery, Woollens, Clothing, Carpets, Floorcloths, Linoleums, Bedsteads and Bedding at Importers' Rates.

The Terms being strictly Net Cash, purchasers at C. W. and T.'s warehouses have not to pay for losses occasioned by bad debts and they save the retail profit, fully 30 per cent

Extensive shipments from England and the Continent are received weekly by the several steamers, thereby ensuring a continuous supply of the newest goods.

Persons residing in the country, including the adjacent colonies, can rely on their orders having careful attention. The principle of having only one price (no matter how large or how small the parcel) is a guarantee that families ordering by letter are placed on the same footing as if they selected the goods personally.

The Tailoring and Outfitting Departments having assumed such large proportions are now located at the warehouse, No. 6 Elizabeth street, close to the drapery warehouse. Cards for self measurement and patterns forwarded on application.

The Stock in all departments s now fully assorted for winter requirements, and the firm have pleasure in inviting an inspection of their

DRAPERY WAREHOUSE

AT 14 and 16 ELIZABETH STREET,

And their

CARPET AND CLOTHING WAREHOUSE,

6 ELIZABETH STREET

CRAIG, WILLIAMSON, & THOMAS,

IMPORTERS AND WAREHOUSEMEN,

MELBOURNE.

Holloway's Ointment.

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Wounds, and Ulcerations of all kinds.

THERE is no medicinal preparation which may be so thoroughly relied upon in the treatment of the above ailments as Holloway's Ointment. Nothing can be more salutary than its action on the body both locally and constitutionally. The Ointment rubbed around the part affected enters the pores as salt penetrates meat. It quickly penetrates to the source of the evil, and drives it from the system.

Bronchitis Diphtheria Colds Cough Sore Throat and Shortness of Breath.

Relaxed and congested throats elongated uvula ulcerated or turgid tonsils whooping cough, croup, wheezing from accumulated mucous, and other difficulties of respiration also palpitation stitches and shortness of breath may with certainty be cured by rubbing this healing Ointment over the chest and back for at least half an hour twice a day assisted by appropriate doses of Holloway's Pills.

For Glandular Swellings, Stiff Joints and Disease of the Skin.

This invaluable unguent has greater power over gout and rheumatism than any other preparation. None need remain in pain if its removal be set about it in good earnest, by using this infallible remedy according to printed instructions affixed to each pot. All settled aches and pains are remediable in the same manner.

Gout and Rheumatism.

There is no preparation for salutary effects comparable to this remedy. It should be well rubbed over the affected parts after their due fomentation with warm water. It acts by stimulating the absorbents to increased activity, by preventing congestion and promoting a free and copious circulation in the parts affected, thereby speedily and effectually insures a cure.

Piles Fistulas, and Exhortations.

The cures which this Ointment effects in the long standing and fistulas of long standing, after they have resisted all other applications, have been so numerous and so thoroughout the world that any effort to give an adequate detailed statement of their number or character would be in vain. It is sufficient to know that the Ointment has never proved ineffectuous.

In Disorders of the Kidneys, Stone, and Gravel.

The ointment is a sovereign remedy if it be well rubbed twice a day into the small of the back, over the region of the kidneys, into which it will gradually penetrate, and in almost every case give immediate relief. Wherever the Ointment has been once used it has established itself in worth, and has again been eagerly sought for as the easiest and safest remedy in all disorders of the kidneys.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following complaints:—

Bad Legs	Fistulas	Sore Throats
Bad breasts	Gout	Skin Diseases
Burns	Glandular Swellings	Scurvy
Bunions	Lumbago	Sore Heads
Chilblains	Piles	Tumours
Chapped Hands	Rheumatism	Ulcers
Corns (Soft)	Sore Nipples	Wounds
Contracted and Stiff Joints	Scalds	

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; also by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the Civilised World, in boxes and Pots. The smallest box of Pills contains four dozen; and the smallest Pots Ointment one ounce.

Full printed directions are affixed to each Box and Pot, and can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

"For the Blood is the Life."

GREAT WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities cannot be too highly recommended.

For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Sores of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent cure.

It Cures Old Sores
Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs
Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face
Cures Survy Sores
Cures Cancerous Ulcers
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases
Cures Glandular Swellings
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter.
From whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1880.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

"Gentlemen,—Some ten years ago my wife became lame with ulcerated legs. I tried every recommendation for a cure, and also a large number of doctors (some of these very clever men with diseases of kind), but to no effect. After being in this state for between twelve and six years I determined to try your Blood Mixture, as a last resource, as she at that time appeared to be at death's door and had to be put to bed, having no use in her legs; and, I am thankful to say, after taking 13 of your small bottles she experienced a perfect cure. This is now four years ago since the cure was effected, and there is no sign of the complaint returning. I may add that it had cost us scores of pounds trying one remedy after another previous to taking your valuable medicine, for which I return my sincere thanks.—I am Gentlemen, yours gratefully "C S."

"P.S.—You may make what use of the above you think fit, but in the event of advertising it kindly keep back my name. You can, however, refer any one making private inquiries to my address as follows,—C. S., Midland Station, Carlton, near Nottingham."

Sold in Bottles 2s 9d. each, and in Cases, containing six times the quantity, 11s. each—sufficient for a permanent cure in the great majority of chronic cases, by all CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world.

Proprietors,

THE LONDON AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.

TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

NO family should be without these Pills. Their long tried efficacy in correcting disorders of the liver and stomach, stimulating the bowels, and purifying the blood, has secured for them an imperishable fame throughout the world. A few doses produce comfort, a short continuance effects a complete cure. In cases may look forward towards this rectifying and revivifying medicine with the certainty of obtaining relief.

How to Enjoy Life

Is only known when the blood is pure, its circulation perfect, and the nerves in good order. The only safe and certain method of expelling all impurities is to take Holloway's Pills, which have the power of cleansing the blood from all noxious matters, expelling all humours which tend to impoverish it, and thereby purify and invigorate and give general tone to the system. Young and old, robust or delicate, may alike experience their beneficient effects. Myriads affirm that these Pills possess a marvellous power in securing these great secrets of health by purifying and regulating the fluids and strengthening the solids.

Our Mothers and Daughters.

The functional irregularities peculiar to the weaker sex are invariably corrected without pain or inconvenience by the use of Holloway's Pills. They are the safest and purest medicine for all diseases incidental to females of all ages, and most precious at the turn of life, or when entering into womanhood.

Debilitated Constitutions—Bad Cases.

In general debility, mental depression, and loss of spirits, there is no medicine which operates so charmingly as these famous Pills. They speedily strengthen the nerves and system generally, give tone to the stomach, elevate the spirits, and in short render the patient sensible of a total and most delightful revolution in his whole system. Thousands of persons have testified that, by their use alone, they have been restored to health after all other means have proved unsuccessful.

Indigestion and its Cure.

Indigestion with torpidity of the liver is the cause of thousands, who pass each day with accumulations of ills, all of which may be avoided by taking these Pills according to the accompany directions. They strengthen and invigorate every organ subservient to digestion, and induce a cure without debilitating or exhausting the system; on the contrary they supply and conserve the vital principle by a complete purification of the blood.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known to the world for the following diseases:—

Ague	Piles
Asthma	Rheumatism
Bilious Complaint	Retention of Urine
Blotches on the Skin	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptom
Female Irregularities	Tic-Dolo Ulcers
Fevers of all Kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Venereal Affections
Headache	Worms of all kinds
Indigestion	Weakness from whatever cause, &c., &c.
Liver Complaints	
Lumbago	

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; also by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the civilised world in boxes and pots. The smallest box of Pills contains four dozen, and the smallest pot of Ointment one ounce.

Full printed directions are affixed to each box and pot and can be had in any language, even in Turkish Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

Printed and published by H. P. HENDERSON for the proprietor, at the Office, Lawrence street, Beaufort, Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 490] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 885. PRICE SIXPENCE

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

CONTAINS a complete summary of local and general news for the week.

Subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly or at an early hour of the morning would much oblige us by immediately forwarding their names to the office of this paper, Lawrence street, in order that such errors may be rectified. We are most desirous of securing for our subscribers a regular and early delivery, but it will be impossible for our measures to prove effectual, unless we are warned by them when neglect takes place.

Advertisements sent in without a written order as to the number of insertions, will in all cases be continued until countermanded, and no advertisement can be withdrawn without an order in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.

Advertisements for this paper cannot be received after 7 o'clock on the evening previous to publication.

ew subscribers are only charged from the time of ordering the paper.

Orders to discontinue subscriptions to the paper must be in writing, delivered at the office and for the current quarter.

Communications of a literary nature must be addressed to the Editor, and must bear the signature and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a pledge of good faith. An observance of this rule will be the means of preventing disappointment to contributors.

All advertisements coming under the heads of Wanted, Missing Friends, For Sale, Rewards, if not exceeding twenty-four words, will be inserted fo] o shillings and sixpence.

Notices of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, will be charged 2s. 6d. for each insertion.

Displayed advertisements, and advertisements above one inch, four shillings per inch, for the first two insertions, and two shillings per inch for all subsequent insertions.

Business and double column advertisements, if ordered or extended periods, will be charged on a reduced scale, in proportion to the number of insertions.

LONDON and LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established in the Colonies 1862.

Capital, £1,500,000 fully subscribed.

The undersigned having been appinted Agent for Beaufort, is prepared to receive Proposals for all descriptions of Insurance at the LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

Risks accepted on Threshing Machines, Stacks, and Agricultural Produce.

Premiums for the year, £425,355 or £67,870 over 1879.

The additions to Reserve Funds now amount to £253,729 to meet fire losses only, in addition to the Capital.

Out of a surplus of £110,726, only £16,997 was paid to Shareholders in Dividends, the balance being added to Reserve Fund.

H. P. HENNINGSEN

WANTED KNOWN.

IT having come to my knowledge that Subscribers to Daily Papers are charged Nine Pence (9d.) a week, for the benefit of the public I wish to inform them that the "Ballarat Star," "Age," and "Daily Telegraph" can be had and will be delivered in the township of Beaufort at 6d. per week, or 6s. 6d. per quarter.

H. P. HENNINGSEN.

GRATEFUL.—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA,

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the "Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold in ½lb. packets by Grocers labelled thus:—

JAMES EPPS & CO.,
HOMŒOPATHIC CHEMISTS,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

BOOKSELLER,

STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFORT.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

PERMANENT ENLARGEMENT
Of the
WEEKLY TIMES
TO TWENTY-FOUR PAGES,
Or
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY COLUMNS.

In compliance with the wish of several of the delegates to the Conference of the Farmers' Unions held in Melbourne, an important new feature has been added to The Weekly Times, namely,

"THE FARMERS' GAZETTE AND UNION RECORD."

The increased size of the Weekly Times will enable Parliamentary Proceedings, and all matters of interest

TO BE MORE FULLY REPORTED.

The Weekly Times is now the Cheapest and Most Complete Weekly Newspaper

PUBLISHED IN THE WORLD

At the Price.

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT

Of the Weekly Times will continue to be a Special Feature in the Paper.

In the Weekly Times will be found a Good Selection of Light Literature, comprising Original and Selected Tales, Sketches, Household Hints, and the Ladies' Column.

In addition to the above, The Weekly Times will contain the Latest and Fullest Cablegrams, Commercial, Shipping, and General News, thus supplying in a condensed form the

WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

ubscriptions per post 3s. 6d. per quarter, or 12s. per annum in advance.

OFFICE; 86 COLLINS ST. WEST, MELBOURNE

NOTICE.

It having come to my knowledge that certain unprincipled vendors of sewing machines have frequently substituted in place of the

GENUINE "WERTHEIM"

Machines on a similar principle, but of a far inferior make, I beg to

INFORM the PUBLIC

That EVERY
GENUINE WERTHEIM SEWING
MACHINE BEARS the TRADE MARK
Of the
Wertheim Sewing Machine Manufactuing Company, a GNOME,

Representing the Dwarf of German Fable, in a sitting posture, with a mallet resting on his shoulder, and long flowing beard reaching to his feet.

Besides this Trade Mark the NAME "WERTHEIM" is PAINTED in gold on the PLATE of each Machine.

As a Further SECURITY
To GUARD AGAINST IMPOSITION every GENUINE WERTHEIM SEWING MACHINE
SHIPPED to AUSTRALIA
Has STAMPED on the SHUTTLE-SLIDE the NAME of the SOLE AGENT for Australasia, viz.:—

HUGO WERTHEIM,
MELBOURNE.

I herby inform Vendors of Sewing Machines in Victoria and the other Australian colonies that the WERTHEIM "GNOME" TRADE MARK, as well as the name "WERTHEIM," have been properly REGISTERED in Australia; and that any infringement upon the said registration will be at once proceeded against according to law.

Hugo Wertheim,
39 FLINDERS LANE EAST,
MELBOURNE,

Sole Representative and Agent in Australia for the Wertheim Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company.

PETRUS DE BAERE,
Agent for Beaufort and District.

Machines from £4 10s.

Easy Terms. Illustrated Catalogues.

THE GREATEST "SEWING MACHINE."

TRIUMPH OF THE AGE

We respectfully ask the public not to be misled by the puff of our "Rival of former years."

The number of Sewing Machines imported (like other goods) is no criterion of the number sold, the evidence of which lies in the fact that Melbourne is overstocked with the importations of 1874.

Reasons why the
"WHEELER AND WILSON"
Sewing Machine
Is far superior to the "Singer.'

The W. and W. will do more work, and do it better.
The W. and W. is much more durable. It will last a lifetime, and run for years without repair.
The W. and W. is easier to work than the Singer.
The W. and W. is not so liable to get out of order.
The W. and W. has no cog wheels to wear away and break, as a Singer.
The W. and W. has no heavy machinery to tire and weary the feet, as the Singer.
The W. and W. is more simple in action.
The W. and W. has less wear and tear.
The W. and W. is better finished.
The W. and W. has been awarded more prizes.

If any further proof is required of the superiority of the Wheeler and Wilson, it is found in the fact that Singer's agent has never accepted our challenge to have the machines publicly tested.

We warrant every genuine W. and W. machine to give entire satisfaction.

LONG & CO., Australian Agents for Wheeler and Wilson's Machines.

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.
Instruction Given Gratis.

P. De BAERE,
WATCHMAKER,
Sole Agent for Beaufort.

All Sewing Machines delivered FREE of charge at Melbourne Prices. Discount allowed for Cash, or on easy terms.

Plain and Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE,

Lawrence-street, Beaufort,

And "TRIBUNE" OFFICE, East Charlton.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,

Prepared on the shortest notice

THE ARGUS may be had daily, on the arrival of the mid-day Train, at the shop of Mr. H. P. HENNINGSEN, Agent, Beaufort. Price, Twopence.

WARD & LIPMAN,

Commission Merchants,

PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

EXPORTERS OF AMERICAN GOODS.

Advances made on Consignments.

Contracts for Railways and Public Works Solicited.

WASHING LIQUID.

MRS. GILLOCH begs respectfully to inform the residents of Beaufort and district that she is manufacturing a "Washing Liquid," which will be found to materially lessen the labor of Washing Clothes, besides giving the clothes a good color. Warranted not to injure any article, of whatever description or texture; it will also take out paint, and improve colored articles.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.—For every 3 gallons of cold water add one half-pint of the liquid, wet and soap the clothes, place in the boiler, and boil for half an hour, then rinse in plenty of water; blue and dry as usual. Soap and soak flannels in warm water, and place in boiler when fine white clothes are taken out, and allowed to remain 15 or 20 minutes then dry and rinse as usual.

Sold in large or small quantities. Single Bottle 3d.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Charlton, Waterloo, Burrumbeen, Buangor, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Burrumbeet, Learmonth, Streatham, Skipton, and Carngham.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS,
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS,
POSTERS, DRAPER'S HANDBILLS
CATALOGUES, DELIVERY BOOKS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
MOURNING CARDS, &c., &c.,
PRINTED IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office: Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

(HAND AND TREADLE),
RECEIVED THE
ONLY FIRST PRIZE
AND
GOLD MEDAL
AWARDED AT THE
Sydney & Melbourne International Exhibitions, 1880-1
AND THE
Only First Prize,
Adelaide Exhibition, 1881.

IMPORTERS—
HENRY BISHOP & CO.,
79 BOURKE STREET EAST,
MELBOURNE.
(Next to the Theatre Royal).

Local Agents Wanted.

HOOD'S PHOSPHORUS PILLS

A Certain Remedy for Nervous Debility—either special or general. To avoid disappointment, ask for **Hood's Phosphorus Pills**, and insist upon having them only.
PRICE—2/6 and 5/-

HOOD & CO'S CORN SOLVENT

A Certain Cure for Hard or Soft Corns.
PRICE—2/6 a Bottle.

HOOD & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.
IMPORTERS OF
OILS, ANALINE COLORS AND DRYSALTERY,
147 ELIZABETH STREET.

FIRST PRIZE
Awarded Melbourne International Exhibition, 1880-81.

SANDER AND SONS'
EUCALYPTI EXTRACT.

UNDER the distinguished patronage of His Majesty the King of Italy, at Rome.

Dr. Cruikshank, Health officer for the City of Sandhurst, certifies to the extract being the most reliable remedy for external inflammation, bronchitis, diptheria, affections of the lungs, chest, all pains of rheumatic nature, neuralgia, etc., all swellings, bruises, sprains, wounds, disorders of the bowels, diarrhœa, etc.

PROFESSOR Dr. MOSLER, at the University of Greifswalde, Germany, reports astonishing cures of Diphtheria, Lung and Throat Diseases by inhaling the vapors of SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT.

Epitome of declaration made before M. Cohen, Esq., J.P., at Sandhurst, October, 1877:—The son of Mr. Raabe was hurt with an axe on the knee. After nine weeks' medical treatment it was declared necessary by Dr. Macgillivray to amputate the injured limb. At that juncture the extract was applied, and the wound speedily cured without amputation.

The daughter of Mr. Junghenn, suffering from disease of the bone, as pronounced by Drs. Atkinson and Boyd, was cured just as speedily. Cures of whooping cough, very severe colds, croup, bronchitis, diyhtheria, earache, pains in the head (neuralgia), inflammation of the eyes, and that of a severely injured foot; others of bad legs, wound on the arm with enormous swelling, of severe bruises and a sprained ankle, (H. Brown), in which case eight months' medical advice was of no avail, are reported by the "Donald Times," "Newcastle Morning Herald" "Cooktown Courier," "Yorke's Peninsula Advertiser," and others.

The extract regulates the action of the kidneys cures dysentery and diarrhœa, and is the surest curative agent and preventative of contagious in scarlet, typhoid, and intermittent fever. For particulars see testimonials accompanying each bottle.

Sold at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per vial.

CAUTION.

Do not confound SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT with the common Eucalypti Oil, a resinous fluid equal to turpentine, without the healing vapors of our Extract, and positively injurious in most cases for which our preparation is highly recommended; therefore ask for SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT and see that you get it. The genuine article is made up in vials bearing our trade mark and signature, and for greater safety each vial is secured by an outside green band with our signature and address—

Agent for WATERLOO: J. FRUSHER.
" MAIN LEAD: J. M'LEOD.
" CHARLTON: J. DOBIE.
" BEAUFORT: H. A. GLYDE,

Ballarat Wool Sales.

Everingham, Greenfield, & Co

WOOL, GRAIN, AND TIMBER BROKERS,
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION AGENTS
AND
GENERAL AUCTIONEERS
(Established 1864.)
MELBOURNE AND BALLARAT.

WE beg most respectfully to inform our clients that we shall continue to hold regular Auction sales of WOOL, SHEEPSKINS, HIDES, TALLOW and PRODUCE, every alternate THURSDAY during the ensuing Wool Season, at BALLARAT.

Liberal advances made on Wool, Grain, and all kinds of Colonial Produce consigned to us for sale in Melbourne and Ballarat, or for shipment.

In connection with the above, we beg to notify our friends that we hold public sales of Grain and Produce every TUESDAY, at the

CORN EXCHANGE, MELBOURNE,

And daily (privately) both in Melbourne and Ballarat.

FOR SALE—Wool Packs, Corn Sacks, Bran Bags, Gunnies, and General Station Supplies, at Current Rates.

EVERINGHAM GREENFIELD & CO.,
Market Square, Ballarat, and Corn Exchange, Melbourne.

Wonderful, but True.

Furniture,

Pianos,

Carpets, etc.,

Forwarded to all parts of the Colony

Without Money or Security

ON

S. NATHAN'S

WONDERFUL

TIME PAYMENT SYSTEM.

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

LATE OF

149 AND 151 BOURKE STREET EAST

MELBOURNE.

SUBSCRIBERS to the "Illustrated London News and "London Punch." H. P. HENNINGSEN, News Agent, Beaufort.

ONE BOX OF

CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS

IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, acquired or constitutional. Gravel, and Pains in the back. Sold in boxes, 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE,
APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND

EXPORT AGENTS.

Burgoyne, Burbidges and Co., Coleman-street, London
Nowbery and Sons, 37 Newgate-street, London.
Barclay and Sons, 95 Farringdon-street, London.
Sanger and Sons, Oxford-street, London.
And all the London Wholesale Houses.

MELBOURNE AGENTS.

ROCKE, TOMPSITT, & Co., Melbourne.
HAMMONS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
PITCH & FRENCH.

SYDNEY AGENTS.

ELLIOTT BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
ED. ROW & Co.

ADELAIDE AGENTS.

FAULDING & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

BRISBANE AGENTS.

BERKELEY & TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggists.
ELLIOTT BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS.

KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & Co., Wholesale Dru
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

MELBOURNE AGENTS
FOR THE
RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE
MESSRS. GORDON & GOTCH
85 COLLINS STREET WEST

GRAND DISCOUNT SALE.

17½ PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

TWO PENCE off every Shilling; THREE SHILLINGS and FOUR PENCE off every Pound; ONE POUND off every Six Pounds' worth of Goods purchased for CASH ONLY.

Commencing on

WEDNESDAY, 1st JULY,

and will continue until further notice.

A. CRAWFORD

MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT,

Having been advised of extra large shipments, to arrive about middle or end of August, finds it necessary for want of space, to considerably reduce the present stock on hand. Instead of adopting the usual plan of reducing certain lines only, he has decided to make the benefit to the public more general by again carrying out the DISCOUNT PLAN, which he previously introduced, and which met with so much genuine and universal public satisfaction, viz:—

THREE SHILLINGS AND FOUR PENCE OFF EVERY POUND!

TWO PENCE OFF EVERY SHILLING!

One Pound off every Six Pounds' Worth of Goods Purchased for Cash Only during this great Discount Sale.

This extraordinary Discount will apply to every article in stock, with the following few exceptions, which will be sold at net prices, viz:—

BEST BRUSSELS CARPETS ONLY (all others subject to the discount);
BEST LINOLEUMS (Company's Goods);
ALL KID GLOVES;
SEWING AND KNITTING COTTONS.
PATON'S ALLOA, BALDWIN'S, AND BERLIN FINGERING YARNS.

Also,

TWEED SUITS, at 50s,

And

TROUSERS, 12s 6d, TO MEASURE.

All BOOTS will be subject to a DISCOUNT of One Penny per Shilling, or One Shilling and Eightpence off every Pound.

The public have had ample experience of the genuineness and value of A.C.'s Discount Sales on former occasions, and the immense advantages to buyers by the above sale are so clear and remarkable, that further comment is altogether unnecessary.

A. CRAWFORD,
MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS.
STURT STREET,
BALLARAT,

To Let,

A COTTAGE, near the Court-house, Beaufort. Apply to H. P. HENNINGSEN.

FRIEND PAUSE.—If you want to keep out of the *Cemetery*, drink Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters.

GRIEFENDORFF'S Bohemian Bitters. These well-known *German Hop Bitters* are an excellent tonic, and are invaluable for Liver, Kidney, and Urinary Diseases, Constipation, Poorness of Blood, Mental Depression, Biliousness, Loss of Appetite, Stomachic Ailments, and for staving off the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to. Sold everywhere, Chemists, Storekeepers, Hotelkeepers, Merchants, etc.

BE SURE and say *Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters.* All imitations are worthless. Victorian Consignee—August Anton Ludwig *Setzer*, 68 Queen-st., Melbourne.

Important Notice.

Mr. W. HARTLEY,

DENTIST SURGEON, Sturt Street, BALLARAT
(Over Bardwell's, Photographer),
Dental Registration Certificate, No. 5445,

WISHES to intimate to the citizens of Beaufort and Waterloo and surrounding district that he has opened a permanent branch in the above places, where every operation in Dentistry may be treated.

Decayed Teeth stopped from further decay. Artificial Teeth inserted, without pain or inconvenience, cheaper than any other Dentist.

Persons having badly fitting artificial teeth or require more adding to the base can have them made perfect by applying at once.

Especial care and attention given to the regulation of Children's Teeth, which, if neglected, in after years ruin the mouth for mastication and appearance.

ADVICE FREE. Testimonials, both English and colonial.

ATTENDANCE EVERY FRIDAY at
Mr. ANDREWS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Neill Street, Beaufort, from 1 to 5 p.m.,

And at Mr. E. MILLIGAN'S, Waterloo, from 9 to 12 a.m., where all necessary information can be given.

WATERLOO COACHES.

COACHES from WATERLOO to BEAUFORT and TRAWALLA start as under:—

From the Fifeshire Hotel at 7.30 a.m., 10.30 a.m., and 3 p.m., calling at intermediate places, and leaving the Waterloo Hotel at 8 a.m., 11 a.m., and 3.30 p.m.

From the Railway Hotel, Beaufort, to Waterloo at 9 a.m., 12 noon, and 5 p.m.

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.30 a.m.

Monday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 11.30 a.m.

Return fares to and from Beaufort, available for three days, One Shilling and Sixpence; single fares, One Shilling. From the finger post to Waterloo or Beaufort, Sixpence.

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

HOPPER'S
MILK PUNCH

GENUINE OLD ENGLISH ELIXIR VITÆ

Can be obtained at Smith's Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort, and the Manufactory, Snake Valley Carngham.

"Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth in strange eruptions."—Act iii, Scene 1.

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME patients suffering from nervous affections are afraid from sheer bashfulness and modesty to PERSONALLY consult a medical man—other patients have not the self-possession and coolness when in the consulting room, to accurately describe their symptoms—their habits of life, and the nature of the disease they suffer from.

Let such persons (he or she) sit quietly down in the privacy of their own apartments, and with calm minds describe clearly each symptom of their case, a clear statement thus written, and laid before me, is far preferable in nervous diseases to a personal consultation. Where, however, a disease is of a peculiar and exceptional character, a personal consultation may become necessary; but my success in correspondence is so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated by letter during the last 32 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, not a case has ever been made public—in fact, the very simplicity of my system of correspondence prevents publicity.

At the same time medicines are sent to my patients in such a form as to defy detection.

How many thousands have I not brought joy to?

How many have been enabled to enter into the marriage state through consulting me?

How many after marriage have privately consulted me and been blessed, and their married lives made fruitful and happy.

How many wasted ruined youths of both sexes have also been restored to health, and thanked their manhood, for having consulted me by letter.

How many questions arise where the family physician is unable to unravel the case, and where often the patient lingers on, not daring to tell his family medical adviser the nature of his complaint, until consumption wasting, or mental diseases set in, and the sufferer gets beyond the curable stage, and is left a hopeless wreck.

A letter written in the privacy of the room and dropped in the post box reaches me quietly; the answer is returned as quietly and unostentatiously, and the patient, without stepping from his chamber, except to post his letter, is by return of post put in full possession of the nature of his case. His hopes are raised, his doubts removed, and he is comparatively a new man; in fact, in many cases, a new being altogether.

The only addition to the ordinary written letter is the age, occupation, habits and symptoms, nothing more. The usual consultation fee of £1 (one pound) must be enclosed, otherwise no answer will be returned.

There are thousands of cases in daily life where a consultation with one at a distance, will remove by a single letter, a great fear, a great care, and it often solves what appears as an impenetrable mystery. Many a sad heart has been made joyful on receipt of an explanatory letter from me.

To those who are about to marry, I would say consult me before doing so, and prevent many after troubles and remove many unnecessary fears and prejudices; to those, more especially who have suffered in early years from disease, or who have yielded to their passions. To these I say, at once, consult with me, do not tarry, delays are dangerous, and as an expert, my time may not always be at your service, you can, by simply enclosing one pound, have the benefit of my experience, in the same manner as if I lived in your own town, and with the additional advantage of thorough privacy.—Yours, truly,

LOUIS L. SMITH.

Address
DR. L. L. SMITH,
182 COLLINS STREET EAST,
MELBOURNE.

Consultation Fee by Letter, £1.
Fee for personal Consultation, £1 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine.

Medicines forwarded, well-packed, to all the Colonies, India and Europe.

182 COLLINS-STREET EAST Melbourne.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

There was a fair market on Thursday. We quote as follows :—Barley—English, 4s 6d; Cape barley, 2s 9d ; wheat, 3s 6d to 3s 9d ; oats, 2s 6d to 2s 9d ; hay, sheaves, L3 to L3 10s ; do., manger, L3 to L3 15s ; potatoes, L1 to L1 17s 6d ; straw, oaten, L2 ; do., wheaten, L1 10s ; peas, 3s to 3s 6d ; bran, 1s ; pollard, 1s 1d ; bonedust, L6 10s ; flour, L7 15s.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Business in the produce market has been fairly animated during the past week. Wheat again shows a slight improvement, sales being made up to 3s 8d per bushel, bags in. On Tuesday 200 bags were taken up at 3s 6½d, bags in, and on Thursday a lot of 60 bags changed hands at 3s 7d. Flour is also a little firmer, but there has not been a great quantity moving off at the increased rate, L7 10s to L8 per ton. At Horsham the market is firm at 3s 6d, but at Donald and St. Arnaud no change is reported, the quotations being 3s 6d and 3s 7d respectively. At Landsborough wheat is quoted at 3s to 3s 3d per bushel, with flour at L8 per ton. In this district oats are if anything a trifle easier, some small sales having been made at 2s 9d. Very few Warrnambool potatoes have come in, and those forward readily bring L3 5s, whilst Ballarat varieties are inquired for at L2 17s 6d. Both fresh and prime potted butter are very scarce, and eggs are readily sold at 1s 6d per dozen. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 7d to 3s 8d bags in; oats, 2s 10d bags in ; pollard 1s 2d ; bran, 1s ; Cape barley 2s 6d ; English barley, 4s per bushel ; peas, 3s ; flour, L7 10s to L8 per ton ; Warrnambool potatoes L3 5s per ton ; Ballarat, potatoes, L2 17 6d ; hay, (sheaves) 75s per ton ; hay (trussed) 80s ; straw, oaten, 30s per ton ; do., wheaten, 25s ; chaff, 4s per cwt ; carrots, 3s ; onions, 7s ; butter (fresh), 1s 6d per lb ; butter, (potted), 1s 2d to 1s 3d ; hams, 10d per lb ; bacon, 8½d per lb ; cheese, 6½d ; eggs, 1s 6d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

THE RICHARDSON CASE.

The report of the board appointed to inquire into the conduct of Mr. Richardson, M.L.A., in connexion with the selection of John Carnegie, at Fish Creek, was presented to the Government on Tuesday. Copies, however, did not reach the Premier until too late for presentation to Parliament. The report as a whole is severely condemnatory of Mr. Richardson. The board state that, "having given the case as it concerns Mr. Richardson our most serious and anxious consideration, we feel obliged to record our opinion that the first step taken was utterly wrong." Carnegie acted in contravention of the law. In leaving behind him a declaration to serve for "any land that turned up," he was guilty of an impropriety of which he could not have been guilty but for the friendly connivance of the justice who took his declaration. Mr. Richardson became Carnegie's agent, and in the board's view, a justice of the peace who becomes agent for another has no more right to use his magisterial powers for the benefit of his principal, than he would have to use them for himself, were he the party directly interested. As to Mr. Richardson having at the last moment announced that the document he had sent in to the Lands Office as an original was not an original, but worthless and unattested copy the board says :—"It may be that Mr. Richardson merely desired to repair the 'mistake' he had made. On the other hand, the suggestion is obvious that, noticing Nicholl's hostile turn, Mr. Richardson may have thought it prudent himself to be the first to speak." With regard to the change in the date of the application made in the alleged copy, the board point out the explanation that Mr. Richardson wrote his son's application and the Carnegie copy at the same time fell through. "This theory was abandoned, and we are bound to say that Mr. Richardson has failed to satisfy us that anything happened which would have led a man of his lengthened experience and knowledge of official business, inadvertently, into so serious a mistake. It is obvious that the second of August covers the alleged pegging on the 12th of July, which the original date of May would not have done." As to the destruction of the alleged original on the eve of the enquiry, the board report :—"We are obliged to say that Mr. Richardson's action in doing away with the original paper, knowing, as he did, that the substituted document had been called in question, appears to us remarkable, and unfortunate for himself. Most men, under the circumstances, if prepared to court investigation, would have carefully kept the original, damaged though it might have been." The conclusion is :—"We have carefully considered the whole circumstances and all that Mr. Cuthbert urged, and we regret to be obliged to report our opinion for your Excellency's information that Mr. Richardson's conduct in the course of acting for John Carnegie, and in connexion specially with the declaration referred to in our appointment, was highly irregular, and, in our judgement, such conduct is calculated to destroy confidence in the honour and integrity of any one acting as a justice of the peace."—"Argus."

The Railway Commissioners have issued a revised tariff for the carriage of animals on the various lines in the colony, which is published in Friday's issue of the "Government Gazette." For sheep and cattle trucks, from one to 101 miles, the charge is 9d per truck per mile ; over 101 miles and up to 150 miles, 3d per truck per mile added to the 101 mile rate ; and for over 150 miles, 7d per truck per mile for the whole journey. For goods trucks the charge from one to 101 miles is 6d per truck per mile ; over 101 miles and up to 150 miles, the same as for sheep trucks ; and for over 150 miles 5d per truck per mile for the whole journey. For each mare, gelding, filly, or entire under two years, 6d per mile ; minimum, 20s each. For each entire horse, two years and over, 1s per mile ; minimum 20s each. Racehorses kept solely for racing, and not used for any other purpose, 6d each per mile, with a minimum of 20s to any race meetings ; but they will be returned free to the despatching station. Dogs will be charged for at the rate of 1d per mile, minimum charge for each dog, 6d.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Allan, A. ; Adams, Jas.
Black, T.
Davis, H. ; Dunn, Jas.
Glover, Miss S.
Hardt, Susanna.
Johnson, W. H.
Manners, T. ; Mitchell, Corker and Wright ; Mishecker, M. ; Morgan, J. B. ; Munro, G. ; M'Lean, N.
Pears, T.
Standfield, Mr. ; Sutherland, W.
Traynor, Jas.
Westbrook, R.

E. M. KILDAHL, Postmistress.

Beaufort, July 25th, 1885.

Death.

JOHNSTON.—On or about the 17th instant, at Raglan, John Johnston, aged seventy-one years.

THE

Ripon shire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1885

THAT war between England and Russia was only deferred, and not "finessed" by the art of diplomacy beyond the limits of reasonable expectation, is now tolerably certain, for the magnetic wire again furnishes us with premonitions of impending strife between the two countries. The wound has evidently not been healed, but is still a festering sore. Is it that the popular view is the correct one that nothing short of absolute war, crowned by victory, will suffice to teach the wily and covetous Muscovite that there is a line of demarcation beyond which he may not go without immediate peril? Or is it that our troublesome enemy, with a deep-seated conviction in the depth and profundity of the sentiment which secures peace at Home regardless of national degradation, is going to extremes, and bearding the lion in his den? Whichever view may be the more accurate, the bald fact, pregnant with future trouble near at hand, stares us in the face, that matters on the Afghan frontier still wear a most serious aspect. It was a day or two ago merely that word came of a rather rough outrage on the clerk of the English Consul at Resht. Now we are warned that Russian troops are in the vicinity of Zulficar, and that they are receiving fresh accessions of strength. There was a time when no British subject, however humble, could be roughly handled by any Foreign Power without a peremptory demand for the why and the wherefore. But, unhappily, these "incidents" have become so frequent of late that they appear to be quite correct and proper and in full accordance with the altered condition of our prestige abroad. It remains, however, to be seen, without much loss of time, whether the British Government, of which Lord Salisbury and Lord Churchill are the more important members, will tamely submit to be outwitted, bullied, and bounced in a manner too familiar to us under the Gladstone *regime*. The maltreatment of a British subject, without atonement, ample and speedy, has invariably been deemed a sufficient *casus belli*, but latterly such extraordinary incidents have occured in which British rights and international laws have been ignored or trampled upon altogether, that we have almost been brought to believe that, in these degenerate days, any degrading possibility might happen to humiliate the nation with a mere apology as the result, and hardly that. The incident connected with the outrage at Pesth may be satisfactorily explained away. We hope so ; but what are we to say about the alleged massing of Russian troops in forbidden directions, or, at any rate, in such close proximity on neutral ground like Zulificar which, it was understood, it was agreed to by both parties should remain in the undisputed possession of the Ameer of Afghanistan? This agreement was not completely ratified, but it was understood to have advanced so near to completion that it might be deemed as settled. But whichever way we may view the menacing attitude and restless conduct of Russia, the conviction is unhappily forced upon us that the Muscovite is still bent upon forcing his armies to within dangerous proximity to India itself. It is stated that the present head of the British Cabinet has adopted the course of holding Russia to the frontier line already agreed upon, and pending replies, to fortify the approaches to India as strongly as possible. Herat is now supposed to be the point, the occupation of which Russia is aiming at as affording a better chance to secure the key to India, after overcoming obstacle after obstacle. If Zulificar should be handed over to the Russians, then Herat is more likely to fall into the same absorbing grasp, and then comes the deluge in the shape of a dash at India if needs be. But with the information before us it seems somewhat inexplicable on the part of Russia to attempt the seizure of India at all, for it is one thing to seize and another to hold it, which Russia, without extraordinary assistance, would never be able to do. But whether Russia succeeded in pursuing her insane course to such a length as these or not, the result to England, through the trouble it would occasion in India, would be most mischievous, irreparable. We may rest assured that the fight for the prize would be a formidable one, and that it would go hard with Russia if she did not succeed. In any case the climax would be a serious one taxing the might of all the Russias to retain the fruits after winning the victory. Warlike preparations have been on foot in England and India for a considerable time past now, and nothing but a succession of crushing blows and the most favorable attendant circumstances, such as a native rebellion, could result in the conquest of India by Russia. But the best authorities seem to point to the fact that war with Russia is inevitable at an early date. It will require all the firmness of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues to avert it. Gladstone gave up the task in despair, glad, we believe, to his successors. The die is cast, and remonstrance seems useless for past experience has shown that negotiations have only resulted in promises to abstain from further encroachments, which promises have been broken immediately afterwards, or as soon as the exigencies of a fresh advance rendered resourse to perfidy again expedient.

Another very old resident of Beaufort has passed away in the person of Mr. John Johnston of the Auld Reekie store. The deceased owned a selection of ground at Mount Cole, and recently he has nearly spent the whole of his time there. On Tuesday, 14th inst, he went up there, and as he did not come to Beaufort as he usually did on the following Saturday, Mr. Walter Johnston, Raglan, son of the deceased, went up to the land on Sunday, when he found the deceased lying dead in his bed. Information was brought to Beaufort, and Mr. J. Prentice, J.P., Dr. Croker, and Sergeant Woods proceeded to Mount Cole, and conducted an inquiry, which revealed the fact that death had resulted from natural causes. The deceased was last seen alive on the previous Thursday to the date on which he was found. The deceased had been a resident of Beaufort for twenty-five years, and had reached the mature age of seventy-one.

The usual monthly match of the Beaufort District Rifle Club will be fired to-day on the new range, at the Beaufort claim site, the targets being erected against the heaps of mullock of the abandoned claim. The first prize is a shot gun, the gift of Mr. J. W. Harris, the second 200 rounds of ammunition, and the third 100 rounds. The ranges are 300 and 400 yards, seven shots at each. Firing will commence at 10 o'clock.

A correspondent writing from Raglan wants to know who is the licensee of the Raglan Hotel, as there is no name over the door of the building.

The English mail closes at Beaufort to-day, at noon, for money orders, and on Monday, at 5 p.m., for ordinary letters and newspapers.

By a notice which appears in another column it will be seen that shooting or even the carrying of firearms within the Beaufort Reservoir Reserve is prohibited, and any person so offending without first obtaining the consent of the Ripon-shire Council will be prosecuted as the law directs.

A few weeks since a mat of sugar was missed from the goods-sheds at the Beaufort Railway Station, and inquiries made failed to discover its whereabouts. Yesterday, however, the lost sugar was accidently discovered. A lad had chased a rabbit in under the floor of the shed, and he crawled in on his hands and knees after the rabbit, when he found the mat of sugar. It had evidently been placed there by the thief, and a hole had been cut in the top of it, so that the sugar could be removed in small quantities.

During this week there has been exhibited in the shop window of Mr. G. Greenwood, saddler, Havelock street, an oil painting from the brush of that clever young lady, Miss Adeline Greenwood. The title of the picture is "Hide and Seek." The picture is a work of art, and the artist is to be complimented on her success. Miss Greenwood is a pupil of Mr. T. Price, Ballarat, artist to H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and the work of his pupil reflects great credit on that gentleman. We understand that the picture has been sold to a gentleman who is a connoisseur of oil paintings for ten guineas, and that Miss Greenwood has received an extensive order for some landscapes of Victorian scenery, and we feel sure that were her talents more widely known they would be much more extensively availed of.

We have received a copy of the current number of the "Sketcher." The illustrations are up to the usual standard of excellence. A number of sketches are given in connection with the colonial defences, and a number of excellent views of colonial scenery. Portraits are given of Mr. G. Anderson, the Master of the Melbourne Mint, and of Mr. J. S. Kruse, the young violinist. Mr. H. P. Honningsen is the local agent, from whom copies may be obtained.

The North Riding members of the Riponshire Council met on Thursday last, when the following business was transacted. The Secretary was instructed to write to Dr. Whitcomb, Ballarat, asking for advice as to stocking the Beaufort Reservoir with fish, and notifying that the Council is willing to subscribe £2 2s. to the Fish Acclimatisation Society. The following works were ordered :—Culvert in lane west of Drew's, Raglan, to be repaired ; footpath at Carver's and Archard's to be gravelled ; road to Peter Grant's, past B. Panther's, to be improved ; drain at Ward's to be cleared by surface labor, and the back road to Kelly's and the crossing between Aldrich's and Troy's to be repaired by surface labor ; the crossing near P. Wilkinson's, Raglan, to be filled up.

On Wednesday evening last the election of officers for the ensuing quarter in connection with the Hope of Beaufort Lodge, I.O.G.T., took place, and resulted as follows :—P.W.C.T., Sr. J. Audas ; W.C.T., Bro. W. C. Trompf ; W.V.T., Bro. W. H. Elliott ; W.S., Bro. James Elliott ; W.C., Sr. Edwards ; W.M., Bro. S. Taylor ; W.F.S., Bro. T. Archard ; W.T., Sr. Urwin ; W.I.G., Bro. E. Day ; W.O.G., Bro. G. Taylor ; W.D.M., Sr. Ingram ; W.A.S., Bro. T. Wilson ; W.R.H.S., Sr. M'Leod ; W.L.H.S., Sr. Henderson.

On Tuesday evening last the Hope of Beaufort Lodge, I.O.G.T., held a very successful social gathering, in the Societies' Hall, which was very largely attended. The amusements consisted of singing, recitations, music, and dancing. Several members of the Waterloo Lodge put in an appearance, and contributed their share to the programme. About 150 persons sat down to supper, which was provided by Mr. S. Whiting. During the evening Bro. T. Wilson was presented with a handsomely framed certificate in appreciation of his efforts in enrolling new members. Mr. Ingram's string band discoursed some excellent dance music, under the supervision of Mr. C. W. Tompkins, who officiated as M.C. Altogether the "Social" was a pronounced success, and should encourage the Templars to hold them more frequently.

The yield from the New Discovery claim for the past week is 40oz.

We are informed on reliable authority that Mr. Robert Ward intends opposing Mr. Cushing for the West Riding of the Shire of Ripon, at the ensuing election.

The Good Templars from Waterloo signalised their departure from Beaufort on Wednesday morning last by making night hideous with yells which woke all the people who had the misfortune to reside near the road leading from Beaufort to Waterloo. We are informed that their conduct at the Lawrence street railway gates was simply shameful, and worthy of the lowest metropolitan larrikins.

From a notice which appears in another column it will be seen that Mr. D. Calwell intends contesting the seat in the Riponshire Council, for the North Riding, rendered vacant by the effluxion of Cr. Smith's term of office.

The annual Missionary Services will be held to-morrow, at the Primitive Methodist Church, Beaufort. Sermons will be preached by the Rev. T. Nichols, of Stawell, and on Monday evening the Missionary meeting will be held, over which Mr. W. C. Thomas will preside, and addresses delivered by the Revs. T. Nichols, who attends as deputation, H. Heathershaw, Mr. Needham, and other gentlemen. The excellent choir will, as usual, intersperse the speaking with some choice selections of music. Meetings at Raglan, Chute, and Waterloo will be held during the week.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week :—New Victoria, 87oz. ; Royal Saxon, 50oz. ; Waterloo, 33oz. ; South Victoria, 27oz. ; Hobart Pasha, 14oz.

We are requested to state that the subjects for consideration at St John's Church to-morrow (Sunday) will be as follows :—Morning, "The resurrection of the body and the life everlasting ;" evening, "The doctrine of Purgatorial suffering, its rise and progress as a doctrine. Has it any foundation in fact?" The Rev. J. C. M'Cord will preach the sermons.

Henrietta Passfield, a young woman, committed suicide at the Mount Gambier Hospital on Thursday night, by cutting her throat with a pair of scissors. A short time back she was heartlessly treated by a young man, which preyed on her mind, and she became partially insane. Much indignation (says the "Herald") is expressed at the conduct of the girl's sweetheart.

A London paper received by the latest mail says :—Bankers, pawnbrokers, and others are becoming alarmed at the great quantity of what is called "mystery gold" which is now in the market. It is made of plantinum, copper, and tin, and it is proof against the usual tests for gold. Spurious sovereigns are made of this metal and readily pass, while large quantities of worthless jewellery have been manufactured and sold for the genuine articles.

One of the most curious impositions ever practised is reported in the last number of the "Times." A man named William Mellor, of Fash, near Buxton, is wanted by the police. Having been ill and attended by a doctor, he upon recovery, shaved off his whiskers and beard, and otherwise so altered his appearance, as to induce the same doctor to believe that he was William Mellor's brother, and that the sick man was dead. Having obtained a certificate, he registered his own death, and drew the burial money from a Foresters' Lodge. Upon a discovery of the fraud he decamped.

The Anxieties and Cares of Business tend to prematurely decay the physical and mental energies. The use of a pure invigorative stimulant counteracts the depletion of vital power, superinduced by constant mental strain and sedentary habits. Among tonics with an alcoholic basis Wolfe's Schnapps hold the foremost place, and is, besides, an excellent specific for indigestion, urinary troubles, rheumatism, and gout. Be sure you obtain Wolfe's Schnapps.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills combine both sanitive and sanative powers in a high degree ; by the former term is understood their ability to preserve health, by the latter their capability to restore health. With these remedies at hand, no invalid need be at fault to guide himself or herself safely though the many trials to which every one is subjected during our long and oft-times inclement winters. Coughs, colds, ulcerated throats, quinsey, whooping cough, can be successfully treated by well rubbing this Ointment upon the chest, and by taking the Pills. During damp, foggy weather asthmatical sufferers will experience the utmost possible relief from the inunction of the Ointment, and all tender-chested persons will save endless misery by adopting this treatment.

At the Bairnsdale butts, on Wednesday, the marker, Henry Florance, omitted to hoist the danger flag whilst effacing a mark, and Mr. Gregson, the land officer, fired without noticing the marker, who was hit in the back, and now lies in a critical state. Dr. Duncan, who was present with other members of the club, attended the unfortunate boy, and hopes are entertained of his recovery.

A fearful machinery accident occurred at Uther's timber yard, Hawthorn, on Saturday. A young man, son of the proprietor, named Alfred Uther, was putting on a belt to a grindstone when he was caught in the machinery and whirled round with fearful rapidity the machinery travelling at the rate of 200 revolutions per minute. The bolt of the governor balls coming off this speed was doubled before the young fellow was released. One arm was dragged out of its socket, both legs broken and both feet crushed. Uther died on Sunday.

Scene—Guardians' Meeting.—Workhouse boy, who had been apprenticed to a small farmer, brought up, as he had run away. Guardian : "Did they beat you?" Boy : "No, sir." Guardian :—"Then why did you run away?" Boy : "Please, sir, soon after I got there a pig died ; they salted it, and we had fur to eat it ; then a calf died, and they salted it, and we had for to eat that ; then master's grandmother died, and I seed 'um taking some salt upstairs, so I run'd away!"

An extraordinary instance of boycotting has occurred at Listowel, Ireland. A pupil, named Browne, attending the St. Michael's College there, entered the schoolroom on several occasions, and immediately all the other boys rose and left. The college had to be closed, owing to the students leaving ; and Browne was informed by the principal that it would be detrimental to the interests of the institution to allow him to attend in future. A notice was placed on the college gate calling upon the students not to enter the college precincts unless Browne was sent about his business. The offence of this unfortunate student was that he was the son of a farmer who had taken an evicted farm.

The Tasmanian Government, like the Administration of this colony (says the "Age") are taking measures to abate the evils of drunkenness. An Inebriate Bill is about to be introduced to the Tasmanian Parliament giving power for the establishment of inebriate retreats, and authorising the committal of incorrigible drunkards to such retreats, for 12 months. It explained that the term "incorrigible drunkard" will be taken to mean any person who shall be convicted of drunkenness three times within six months.

The packet post system recently introduced, which enables parcels up to three pounds weight to be sent through the post at the rate of 8d. per pound, is in force in New Zealand, and packets to that colony may be sent from Victoria at the lower rate. The Post-master-General intends to open negotiations with the other colonies with a view to induce them to join in the arrangement.

The two clauses in the Sales by Auction Statute 1864, which Mr. Shackell proposes to have amended by the bill he has introduced into the Legislative Assembly, refer to sales of cattle. They are clauses 22 and 23. Clause 22 imposes a penalty not exceeding £20 upon any auctioneer who sells cattle without first having a certificate from some known and respectable person that the owner or possessor of the beast is of good repute. If among other offences an auctioneer is twice convicted in this respect his license may be cancelled. Clause 23 is a corollary to that next preceding, and must be struck out if the other is repealed.

THE CLOSED ROADS.

The following is a copy of the circular ordered to be forwarded to all municipal bodies throughout the colony by the Riponshire Council, on the motion of Cr. Cushing :—"Riponshire Offices, Beaufort, 16th July, 1885. Referring to the question of the closed roads of the colony, I have the honor by direction of this Shire, to forward for your Council's consideration, the following proposition ; and in the event of its being approved that you will be pleased to recommend its adoption to your parliamentary representatives. I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant, D. G. Stewart, Shire Secretary.

"Resolved 1.—That this Council bring under the notice of the Government the desirability of passing a short Bill enabling shire councils to charge a rental, and grant to occupiers of land annual licenses to graze over the unused roads of the colony,

"Resolved 2.—That the rental to be charged for such license be based on the land tax valuation, viz.—For first-class land, 5s per acre ; second-class, 4s ; third-class, 3s ; fourth-class, 2s per acre.

"Resolved 3.—That the period for which shire councils may be empowered to grant such annual licenses, shall be for a term not exceeding ten years ; the licenses to commence on the first day of January, and end on the 31st day of December in each and every year.

"Resolved 4.—That out of the rental derived from such annual licenses, the Municipalities shall pay, pro rata into the consolidated revenue, a sum not less than £13,000 per annum, to defray the expenses of drilling and disciplining 1000 Militia recruits, payment to be on the basis as the Militia are now paid, a fresh batch of 1000 men to be drilled and disciplined every year.

By some such law being passed, the rental derived from the so called closed roads of the colony, would be the means of passing through the hands of the drill instructor 10,000 men at the end of 10 years, so that in the case of emergency (such as invasion), those 10,000 men would be ready to fall into line for the defence of the colony, thereby rendering Victoria practically invincible. It is computed that there are 13,000 miles of closed roads in the colony, which taken as one chain in width, would give 104,000 acres, that at an average rental of 3s. per acre, gives a total of £15,000—1000 men at £12 per year, £12,000 ; Expenses of Drill Instructors; £1,000 ; making a total of £13,000.

The remaining £2000 to recoup the shire councils for expense of collection. The Government to furnish rifles, uniforms, etc. It is not proposed that those annual licenses shall confer any rights as against legitimate traffic, but that all roads shall be accessible to the public by unlocked swing gates, and that the surplus money, (if any), derived from such licenses after paying the £13,000 into the consolidated revenue, shall merge into the municipal fund of the several shire Councils within whose territories such rental shall have been collected."

RIFLE MATCH.

On Saturday last a match was fired by the members of the Beaufort District Rifle Club between two teams representing all nations and natives. The match proved a very close and exciting one, resulting in a victory for the "imported" men by five points. Taken altogether the shooting was fairly good. The distances were 300 and 400 yards, seven shots at each range. The following are the scores :—

ALL NATIONS.

	300yds.	400yds.	Total
W. Drew ...	10	14	24
P. DeBaere ...	21	18	39
J. W. Harris ...	13	30	43
J. Jackson ...	23	10	33
W. Johnston ...	16	21	37
J. M'Rae ...	23	33	56
J. M'Kinnon ...	18	19	37
W. Smith ...	10	20	30
W. C. Thomas ...	17	23	40
C. Trompf ...	16	19	35
			374

NATIVES.

J. Chapman ...	16	14	30
P. Cushing ...	13	21	34
G. A. Eddy ...	22	27	49
J. B. Humphreys ...	12	13	25
J. A. Lord ...	16	21	37
J. Lynch ...	12	23	35
M. Kirkpatrick ...	30	26	56
P. Rogers ...	15	10	25
G. Thomas ...	22	20	42
W. Thomas, jun. ...	20	16	36
			369

THE COMING ELECTION.

By "SPLITTER."

Mr. Editor, I just wish to say a few words with refetence to the ensuing Council election for the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon. I have no wish to offend anybody, so I hope the candidates will take my remarks in a kindly spirit. To proceed with the business, we first have

The Butcher, who has stretched his legs under the public mahogony table for a term. What has he done? Nothing bad certainly, and as certain nothing good. A thoroughly honest man, but with not sufficient self opinion for a shire Councillor. Not enough of go, and trusts too much to others' opinions. Listens too much to the tales of ratepayers who have bubble grievances. With a little more firmness of mind and action would make a good man.

Next comes the Chemist. Young and inexperienced, but means well, and intends fighting for the "bubble reputation"—Cr. and J.P. Possesses good education, and should fill good position in town to be vacated in course of time through the man with the scythe coming amongst the old ones.

Then we have Wool. Young man as to age, but old in other qualities. Possesses large hands, but I cannot say as much for his heart. Ambitious, and has means to back his ambition up, and very likely to adhere to those means. Would make good member of Wool Growers' Association.

Grocer comes next, and is to me a perfect stranger, and no doubt is to the majority of ratepayers in the Riding. Can't say anything about his qualifications, as he is as yet untried, but should say that he is rather a new chum in the district to solicit the votes of ratepayers for shire honors.

Last, but not least, we have Timber Merchant, a perfect Goliath, but, like the last-named candidate, a stranger. Talking powers he has, but his doing powers have yet to be proved. An ex-councillor of a high-flown shire, with a foreign name. A great reformer (in words), but the new chum business will also apply in this case, as there are plenty of better men in the Riding who have resided here as many years as Timber Merchant and Grocer have months.

A Reuter's telegram states that messengers have arrived at Assouan from Galera, bringing confirmation of the Mahdi's death. They report that he died of small-pox on the 29th June.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL ON THE NEW LICENSING BILL.

At a meeting in Ballarat on Saturday evening the Hon. James Campbell made the following remarks on the above subject :—"The vital interest you take in all moral questions is the best excuse, if one were needed, for my referring to one of the most important measures which has yet come before the country. I need hardly say that in any Licensing Bill politics and morality are inseparately married together and cannot be divorced. You, therefore, have the directest interest in this Bill, and, as I see there is some probability of a vigorous agitation being got up in Ballarat, it is well that you should be able to bear your part in the contest which seems inevitable. Ballarat has ever been to the front in political matters, and I hope that on this question it will act as worthily becomes its own good name. I see by the reports in the papers, that the licensed victuallers of Ballarat have commenced the battle. It is but just to them to say they have addressed themselves in a far better spirit than their Melbourne confreres, and therefore their utterances are the more worthy of attention. It is a marvellous thing to me to see men in a leading position in the trade, whom we all respect, speaking in tones of the utmost alarm regarding a Bill which, whatever other demerits it may have in their eyes, certainly keeps them safe. Are their hotels likely to be closed under this Bill? Is the Bill aimed at the high-class hotels of the colony? What is the aim of this bill? I think that I can speak with some authority as to what is in the minds of its authors when I say that its provisions are directed against the low, the disreputable, and ill-favored houses which unfortunately abound throughout this colony. I say that I myself would strongly oppose prohibition, and would vote with both hands against the closing of first-class hotels such as I have indicated, or, indeed, the general run of first-class hotels throughout the colony. I observe with some degree of amusement that some of the leading licensed victuallers are endeavoring to enlist the sympathies of the building trades by stating that on account of this Bill they have stopped some very important additions they proposed making to their hotels, and that in one case a gentleman has abandoned his idea of building a large hotel which he would otherwise have gone on with. I hate shams, and I dislike to see people endeavoring to gain sympathy by putting forward false issues. As a matter of fact I believe I am correct in saying that this gentleman had resolved before the Licensing Bill appeared not to accept any of the tenders sent in, and it is probable that a better acquaintance with the Bill will show him how groundless are his fears as far as a first-class hotel is concerned. As regards the others, in what way does the Licensing Bill affect them? They did not propose to build an additional number of bars, but an additional number of rooms, which the Licensing Bill encourages instead of discourages. And at that point you put your finger upon the cardinal principle of the Bill. The Bill is not aimed at preventing the accommodation of travellers, at limiting hotels in the higher sense of the term, but at the wretched grog-shops, at the miserable shanties, at the flaunting gin palaces, at the tippling taprooms, and all the paraphernalia of alluring vice and of wretched drinking habits, which are the curse of the country, and a deep cancerous evil, the extent of which it is impossible to measure. Will respectable hotelkeepers tell us that they exist for the sake of their bars, and will the proprietors of well-kept hostelries throughout Victoria say that they are ruined if nobblers are diminished whilst the other part of their business is left untouched? Is there anything in this business that blinds men's perceptive faculties? One would have thought that a Bill which practically gives a monopoly to the very best of the licensed victuallers would be a Bill which upon business, not to speak upon moral grounds, would be supported by those who are undoubtedly respectable. The Bill is simply 'the survival of the fittest' in its best application. It means that those who are worthiest to exist shall exist, whilst the evil done by those who are a disgrace to the trade will be swiftly visited upon their heads, and these wrong doers swept out of existence. It means the cleansing out of the foul places, whilst leaving the best untouched. But, apparently, there is a cry of 'the craft in danger,' and thus is to be seen the extraordinary spectacle of men, who are honorable men and worthy citizens, rushing to support men who are the vampires of society, whose houses are a disgrace to the trade, and who live by sucking the blood of all classes of the community. There are three leading classes of teetotalers. There are the fanatical teetotalers, but my impression is that, after all, this class is a very limited one. There are the moderate teetotalers, who are such because they see the evils of drinking, and there are other teetotalers, who are such simply for the sake of example. The two latter classes comprise, I believe, the bulk of the teetotal public. These men have no desire to do any injustice to the licensed victuallers as a body, but they wish to see facilities for drinking diminished, temptations kept out of the way of the weak, and they certainly desire to smite with a heavy hand the taprooms, the drinking saloons, the grog-shops, and the lambing down establishments of the colony which are a festering sore in the body social. I see it has pleased a number of people, including even some teetotalers, to sneer at Mr. Service and Mr. Berry, to impugn their motives, and to get off some feeble wit at their so called conversion. Let me tell you, who I know appreciate sincerity as much as any, that if there is one gratifying feature regarding this Bill more than another, it is the whole-hearted sincerity of the members of the Government in endeavoring to frame an equitable, moderate, and fair-minded solution of this vexed question, and Messrs. Service and Berry have shown themselves to be thoroughly in touch with the desire of the best men of the country for a settlement of this question, not only in a way that will be just to all the interests concerned, but also to promote the morality and well-being of the people. However, they and the other members of the Ministry can quite afford to submit to some misrepresentation if at the end a measure is passed which, I venture to say, is all on the lines of progressive legislation, is framed in the justest spirit, and which, much more, will tend to promote the sobriety of the people and therefore their prosperity, will help in some degree to diminish a wasteful squandering of hard earned money, and to check the vice-promoting habits of so large a section of our young nation, which hitherto have been our direst bane, and the prolific source of unspeakable miseries to thousands of households throughout the length and breadth of our land."

An extensive fire occurred at Charlton on Tuesday morning. A block of wooden buildings occupied by Mr. Stubbs, draper ; Messrs. Show and Secombe, grocers ; and Mr. Dillon, draper, were entirely consumed, and the premises of Messrs. Croker, ironmonger, and Zehringer, watchmaker, extensively damaged.

It is calculated that during the past year's rabbit destroying operations on the Ercildoune estate, no fewer than over 5000 hares have been killed. Hares are now comparitively scarce on the estate.

In consequence of representations made to the Railway Commissioners they have decided to alter the dates for the Wimmera farmers' excursion to Melbourne. The excursion will commence on the 1st September. Tickets must be obtained on or before Thursday, 27th August, and will be available up to the 30th September.

SUPPLEMENT TO

The Riponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

Song.—After Love-Lace.

Air —"Stone walls do not a prison make."—
COL. R. LOVELACE, 1642.

Grey hairs do not a prophet make,
Nor wrinkled brow a sage;
Though innocence as such may take
These signs upon life's stage.
Some think they are in "wrinkles" wise,
And some a *profit* find
In hair—but then it is in dyes,
And braids to pin behind!
Though flowing locks will drop away,
The flowing cups remain.
The drops they hold will go, but they
Can still be filled again.
And 'tis a "wrinkle" age has taught,
That clay must ne'er be dry,
Lest into crumbling dust 'tis brought.
So, fill the tankard high!

C. H. WARING, in *Hoods' Annual.*

Novelist.

HIS ONE MISTAKE.

By BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER XX.—(CONTINUED.)

The next moment she had taken her little white hand from his arm, and had entered the house, leaving him alone.

"I am always offending her," he thought "Now what have I done?"

He could not understand it, because he always remembered what his mother had said—that her beauty was not for him; and of all things, the last that he imagined was that this proud patrician was in love with him. He followed her into the ball-room; he saw her resplendent in her loveliness, her graceful figure draped in white silk and costly lace, diamonds gleaming in her dark hair and on her white breast; he watched the play of those lovely features, the light in her dark eyes, and he went mad with love and regret. Then he spoke to her, and she affected not to hear or understand him; she declined to dance with him. Then she dropped a beautiful spray of stephonetis, and he picked it up; he took it to her.

"This has fallen from your bouquet, Lady Ethel," he said aloud; then, losing all his self-control, as her beautiful eyes were raised with their soft reproach to his, he added: "If you are not kinder to me, and if you refuse to speak to me, I will shoot myself."

Then in one moment he knew that he had done wrong.

"Forgive me, Lady Ethel; when I look at you I lose my reason—I go mad."

"He does love me," she thought, with some self-approach. I need not have been so unkind to him; he loves me, and is afraid to say so."

When the young people were tired of dancing, Lady Waldron proposed music. Miss Lyndale, a brunette of great pretensions, sang; Lady Leicester played a march of her own composition; then the countess requested Lady Ethel to sing. She had a marvelous voice, beautiful as herself—soft, low, dreamy, rich, and full of sweetest music.

"I do not know that I can think of any song which pleases me just at this moment," she replied.

"Sing my favorite," cried Miss Lyndale. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Lady Ethel's face flushed with delight—it was the very thing.

She sat down to the piano and sang with greater spirit and energy than she had ever sung before. She saw Lord Caradale come up to the piano, and, though she never looked once in his direction, she felt that his eyes lingered on her face. She maliciously added a few words to her song.

The Earl of Waldrove came up her.

"Lady Ethel, what is your song about, tell me?"

Knowing still that those eyes were fixed on her, yet never even glancing in his direction, she replied:

"I will tell you the story, Lord Waldrove; it is very instructive: A poor knight—rich, you understand, in everything but money—falls in love with a beautiful heiress; of course he does not tell his love, though she gives him every opportunity; she shows him plainly enough that she loves him, but he cannot see it. She stoops from her high estate to woo him, but he thinks the whole world lies between them, and never dreams that the sweet lady loves him."

"Well," said the earl, "I am greatly interested, Lady Ethel. How does it go on?"

She looked up at him with a laughing face.

"I cannot tell you the end of it," she replied. "To tell the truth, Lord Waldrove, I have not decided how it shall end. The song is my own."

"The song is very beautiful—it must end beautifully," said the earl.

"I will think about it. Perhaps the Faint Heart will ride away without daring to raise his eyes to the star of his love; then she must die broken-hearted, and he will be killed in the wars."

"No," said the earl; let us have a happier ending than that. Let the fair Lady go to him and tell him frankly that his wooing will not be in vain, then finish with the chime of marriage bells."

"But that would not be proper, Lord Waldrove," she replied, laughingly. "None of the matrons in Mayfair would allow their daughters to sing such a song; besides which, I am not quite sure he deserves it. If he was so blind and devoid of intelligence as not to find out that the lady loved him, he did not deserve her."

"Well, you are the best judge," said the earl, rising. I must leave it to you. For my own part, I like happy endings to all love affairs."

The next moment, pale as death, with a strange quiver on his lips and a strange trembling in his strong frame, Lord Caradale stood before her. When she saw him her eyes dropped; not once did she raise them to his; she toyed with the jewelled handle of her fan.

"Lady Ethel," he said, in a low voice, "tell me, what does that song mean?"

"I cannot undertake to explain my songs to every one," she replied, demurely. "Of course to Lord Waldrove one refuses nothing."

"Tell me," he repeated, vehemently, "what does it mean?"

She rose from her seat and made him a most bewitching courtesy.

"You will have plenty of time to think it over on the Rock of Gibraltar," she said, with a low laugh.

"Lady Ethel, do not be cruel, do not be hard. You know—"

Then he stopped abruptly. In honor, what could he say? Nothing of love, that was certain.

"I know what?" she asked. "Make haste, Lord Caradale—mamma is waiting for me; she has been looking at me ever so long with a look that means it is time for me to be gone. Make haste—what do I know?"

"I forget. I know nothing myself, except that I believe I am going mad."

"Yes," said Lady Ethel; you are quite right—I really believe that you are."

"Tell me what that song means," he repeated.

She raised her brilliant face to his, bright to the very last, and she would not let him see her pain.

"If you want to know, you will have to follow me to Paris—I have no time to tell you here. Good-night and good-by, Lord Caradale."

"Good-night and good-by, Lady Ethel," he repeated, mechanically.

She was gone before he could say another word, leaving him with something that was not a prayer on his lips.

"Faint heart!" he repeated to himself. "Does she think I am faint of heart? I wish she knew one-tenth of my strength."

And so the night on which the stars had shone so brightly set in darkness for him.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.

"ETHEL," said Lady Pierpont that evening, "send away your maid—I want to talk to you."

Lady Ethel sighed; the one dread of her life was the "little talks" that Lady Pierpont often extended into hours of lecture.

When the jewels were taken from her shining hair, and the rich dress of silk was thrown aside, the maid brought out a beautiful wrapper of rose-colored cashmere, richly embroidered, a tiny pair of rose satin slippers for the little feet, and Lady Ethel lay back with a sigh of relief.

"You may go," she said to her maid; and, as the girl left the room, Lady Pierpont entered it.

"I am very tired, mamma," said the girl. "I know quite well that you have a lecture for me. You will be as quick as you can, will you not?"

Lady Pierpont looked at that most lovely face. The delicate rose-bloom was in some slight degree lessened; the fine eyes had a tired, weary expression. Lady Pierpont was on the alert in a moment; her daughter's beauty was the one great pride of her life—nothing must touch that.

"You do look tired, my dear; you must be careful of yourself. I have only come to ask you a question, and to give you a little advice."

"I am *so* tired of advice, mamma dear. I have had nothing but advice since I was ten years old," said the beauty, resignedly.

"Well, my dear, you have profited by it, I am sure," said Lady Pierpont. "I want to ask you, Ethel, is there anything between you and Lord Caradale?"

The beautiful, proud face flushed, then grew pale as death.

"No, mamma, there is not," she replied, haughtily.

"Tell me, Ethel, has Lord Carsdale said anything to you—has he made an offer?"

"No, mamma, he has not."

"What were you talking about all this evening? I knew of your ramble on the shore."

"We talked about riddles—and Gibraltar," she replied.

"Riddles!" repeated Lady Pierpont; "that was a strange theme. Then he has not what is commonly called made love to you, Ethel?"

"No, he has not, indeed," she replied, earnestly.

"That seems strange, too, for Lady Waldrove was talking to me this evening, and she said that she had never seen one creature so desperately in love with another as Lord Carsdale is with you."

The beauty laughed; but if Lady Pierpont had been keener, she would have known that laugh was full of bitterness and pain.

"He takes very good care not to show it, mamma," she replied; and Lady Pierpont looked, as she felt, surprised.

"There I cannot agree with you, Ethel; indeed, it is of that I have come to speak to you. Lord Carsdale seems to be very much in love with you; he follows you everywhere; he is like your shadow; indeed, he almost seems to lose his reason when you are near; but that is very natural, you are so beautiful, my dear. I am sure that Lord Carsdale loves you; but you, perhaps, have not given him any encouragement."

Her face burned as she remembered all the encouragement she had given him.

"He has not presented himself to me in the character of a lover, mamma," she said, evasively.

"You may rely upon it he will do so, my dear; and now we come to what I wanted to say. Of course you might do better. With your beauty you might be Duchess of Mount Severne, as I am sure the Duke worships you; you might be Grand Duchess of Hollenstein; but both your papa and myself will fully consent to your being Lord Carsdale's wife. You will be Countess of Waldrove in the course of time, and it is one of the finest estates and oldest titles in England; besides which I really like Lord Carsdale; he is very handsome, he is good form, he is a gentleman in every sense of the word."

"There is one thing, mamma—I cannot be Lady Carsdale unless I am asked."

"Certainly not, my dear; but you are sure to be asked—one look from you seems sufficient. I tell you that Lord Carsdale is desperately in love with you; his mother ought to know, and she says the same thing."

"We will talk about it, mamma, when the offer is made; and now, thank you for your advice; I am so tired, dear."

"I should like to know, Ethel, what you yourself think of Lord Carsdale?" asked Lady Pierpont, anxiously.

Her daughter smiled satirically, as she answered:

"I have been too carefully brought up, mamma, even to think of liking any one who has not declared something more than a liking for me."

Lady Pierpont kissed her, and told her she was a comfort.

"You really are a comfort to me, Ethel," she said. "When I hear other mothers talking about their children, deploring their obstinacy, I am thankful that I have a sweet, docile daughter."

And with those pleasant words, Lady Pierpont went away slightly puzzled. Certainly Lord Carsdale appeared to love her daughter; his mother had said it. It seemed strange that he should not have been in a greater hurry to make that brilliant prize his own.

Lady Ethel rose from her seat with a great sigh. She stretched out those fair, white arms; then they fell listlessly by her side.

"I cannot understand it," she said to herself. "I thought he loved me. If ever love shone in a man's face, or spoke in his voice, it does in his; if ever a man looked as though his whole soul had left him and lay at my feet, Lord Carsdale looks so. I could swear that he loves me; he trembles like a child before me, and yet says nothing. My heart beats and my face burns when I remember what encouragement I have given him. I have almost told him that I care for him, yet he either does not or will not understand. I was ashamed of myself when I sang that song; why, even a baby would have understood me."

Her beautiful eyes filled with tears.

"So many people have loved me," she thought. "I have never cared for any one except him. I—I love him," she added; "I love him, and I will remain unmarried all my life; I will marry no one but him. The Duke of Mount Severne is as nothing compared to him. Others may think as they will, I maintain that Lord Caradale is the handsomest man in England. I wonder why he does not love me, or, if he does, why cannot he say so?"

They went the following morning; and as Lady Waldrove stood at the window kissing her hand to the occupants of the carriage, she said:

"There goes the loveliest and the nicest girl in England."

Lady Gertrude, who stood by her mother's side, said:

"Thank you, mamma."

The countess turned to her quickly.

"I mean no disparagement to you, my dear, but she is a most beautiful girl. I am sorry to lose her."

"So am I," said Lady Gertrude; "and, mamma, I am quite sure that Vivian is most desperately in love with her. I saw tears in his eyes last night."

"Has she refused him?" asked Lady Waldrove, quickly.

"I do not know; he looks very miserable."

"She must have refused him, then," thought Lady Waldrove, "and all my beautifully arranged scheme is at an end."

She could not rest until she had seen her son; then she went to him.

"Vivian, you are looking very unhappy this morning; tell me, has Lady Ethel refused you?"

"Refuse me what, mother?" he said, quickly.

"Refused to be your wife, dear," said the countess, meekly.

"No; she could not refuse me, for the simple reason that I have never asked her," he answered, abruptly.

And his lady mother smiled. All, then, was going on well.

"I should like to give you a hint, Vivian," she said, "if you will not be offended."

"You cannot offend me, mother," he replied, gently. "Hint, or speak straightforwardly, as you like."

"I think, then, my dear Vivian," she said—at least, I am sure, that Lady Ethel likes you."

His face grew pale as death, with great drops of anguish on his brow.

"Likes me, mother?—that beautiful, innocent girl! What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say," replied the countess, slowly. "Lady Ethel likes you so well that if you ask her to be your wife she will not refuse."

"You told me, mother, that her beauty was not for me," he said, in a voice of bitter anguish.

"And I believed so; Lady Pierpont could with justice look much higher; but I repeat that she likes you, Vivian, well enough to be your wife if you ask her."

She might well wonder. He turned abruptly away, with a deep groan. He walked rapidly across the corridor out of sight, his mother watching him, as she said to herself:

"Poor boy! he has the love fever, and no mistake."

Lord Carsdale went out of the house, longing to be somewhere alone, where he could give free vent to the anger, the annoyance, the vexation, the regret, and the love that was consuming him. He walked quickly until he reached the sea-shore—the worst place he could have chosen, for it seemed to him that she stood there still, the lovely face so tender in the starlight.

Could it be true that she cared for him?—she, the proud, peerless, Lady Ethel, on whose smile princes waited—she, who might wed with the noblest in the land—she to care for him! Was it true? He lay down on the sand and thought over all the incidents of their friendship. Suddenly her annoyance that he could not understand her song, that he did not know the meaning of it, came before him—"Faint heart never won fair lady." She had thought him faint-hearted, then, because he had not dared to woo her. She had, in her graceful fashion, been willing to encourage him, and she must have thought him a laggard in love, indeed.

Now he understood why she would not tell the earl, his father, how the song ended.

"Perhaps the 'faint heart' rode away without telling his love," she had said. He must have been more than blind, he must have been stupid, not to have understood it. That very word recalled the last scene on the shore most forcibly to him. "Men are so stupid," Lady Ethel had said.

Well might she say so. Here was the loveliest, proudest girl in England trying to let him see that she liked him, and he had not understood. "She will hate me; she will think me the greatest boor in existence. So I am. But, oh! Lady Ethel, what matters your love or your hate? My peerless Queen, you are not for me. I have tied my own hands; I cannot stretch them out for you."

He pictured to himself what it would have been had he not offered himself on this altar of honor. He would have gone after Lady Ethel, and he would not have left her until she promised to be his wife. What happiness! He dare not think of it. How proud he should have been to have shown such a wife to the world—to have taken her to his proud mother, and have said, "See what a wife I have won!—a daughter after your own heart!" How glad his father would have been!

He lifted up a stone and flung it into the depths of the sea.

"What nonsense?" he said. "Why should I waste my time in dreaming? I might as well try to find that stone again as try to see any chance, any hope of escape from what I have done. I have riveted my own fetters, and if they are heavy, I have no one to blame but myself."

He went back to Roseneath, and the first intelligence which greeted him was that marching orders had arrived; he had but ten days more in England, and then he was to go with his regiment to Gibraltar.

"You will remain with us to the last, Vivian?" said the countess, who loved her son. "I shall not like losing you—you will remain with us?"

And then it occurred to him that before going to Gibraltar he must return to Rudeswell and make some arrangement with his wife.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MEETING.

Alice had grown tired of longing; she had waited, watched, hoped, and prayed; then a sudden sense of despair came over her. Of what use was it all? He had been gone all these weeks, and she could count on her fingers the number of letters he had written. None of them had been particularly affectionate, but the two last had been worse than any other—they had been written in such haste, and they said so little. On this morning three lines, written in pencil, came by post, merely asking her to think over what arrangements she would like to make during his absence, as he was going abroad.

It would have seemed more natural that she should have preferred to remain at home, but home was not the happiest place possible for her. Her father was always occupied, and when he had a little leisure he preferred his pipe and glass to any other kind of enjoyment; then her mother made every one miserable by her complaining; then Hettie and Frank carried on such a perpetual warfare that it occupied half her time in trying to make peace between them; and Alice had plans of her own. She had decided what it was wisest and best to do. She must, while her husband was away, make herself a lady in every sense of the word—she must do her best to acquire all the habits, the refinements, the graces of the society to which he belonged. She had had education enough of one kind, now she wanted that which only comes from mixing in good society, for it was only in meeting him as his equal that she could ever hope to win his love. She understood it all so perfectly, his kindly toleration, his kindly indifference, his kindly intentions—how he meant always to be good and kind to her, but how far he was from loving her.

"And I am ambitious, my darling husband," she said; "I shall not rest satisfied with your liking, I must have your love. Even should it take years to win it, I will win it at last, because I love you so dearly and so well."

She has decided that while he was away she would devote the whole of her time to studying how to make the best of herself; but, first and foremost, she must decidedly get into good society, where she could learn those things in which she was most deficient.

"I see it plainly now," she said. "It is of no use to be able to quote Dante and Goethe in the original unless I have a pleasant manner, an easy, graceful address, and something like self-possession. I must acquire those first."

She had thought it well over, and she had come to this conclusion, that the wisest thing she could do was to go to some first-class school. She would ask her young husband's advice, and if he consented, the matter was settled.

Not for worlds would she have allowed Hettie to suspect this intention. Hettie's sarcasms would have been terrible—she would have made many bitter gibes and jests. To be married, to go to school! How absurd! But then fortunately Hettie was no mistress of her destiny—there was no need for her to know anything about it.

Poor Alice! She dressed herself on the day that he was coming in her best dress, a new blue silk, very tastefully trimmed with white lace, and she wore red roses in her golden hair and on her white breast. She had given up hope, she had long felt nothing but despair, yet because he was coming all the sweetness of life returned to her—her eyes shone like two lustrous stars, her sweet face had a dainty flush on it. Any man, save one blinded by another's love, must have read love on that most fair face and in those beautiful eyes.

"Dear me," said Hettie, when Alice went down into the little parlor, flushed with the knowledge of her own happiness and her own beauty—"dear me, this is a certain sign that Mr. Nelson is expected home. Frank, see your sister dressed to receive her husband—wonder and admire."

"Do not be inclined to rile to-day, Hettie," said a sweet, soft voice. "I am very happy because my husband is coming home."

Hettie gave her a kiss, the very sound of which made Alice shudder.

"No one shall tease you, Alice. Let Frank look to himself if he speaks. But, oh, Alice, how foolish you are, my dear, to take all that trouble for a man."

With which expression of her feelings, Miss Hettie was kind enough to go away and take Frank with her.

"They will have plenty to talk about, Frank," she said; "they will not want us."

So the young wife sat alone, watching and waiting for the carriage that was to bring her husband. The sweet face was flushed with agitation, the eyes bright with the fever of impatience. When he did come she grew pale as death, and from the white lips opened to greet him there came no sound. She might have turned blue or any other color, for all the notice that Lord Carsdale took; his eyes rested once for half a moment on the white, sweet face, then he said, carelessly:

"How are you, Ailie? How are they all at home?"

The thought that passed through his mind was:

"This is the girl who will part me forever from my love."

He was not unkind to her, but he was so indifferent, so careless, the girl's heart turned in that moment to stone. He looked up when she did not answer.

"Are they all well, Ailie?"

"Yes," she replied; and the sound of her voice was unlike anything human.

He did not notice it; he took out his watch and looked at it.

"I have but little time to stay, Ailie," he said. "We had better begin to think of business at once."

"I am ready," she replied.

He did not notice the pretty silk dress that had been made expressly to receive him, nor the red roses in the golden hair.

"I may be some years abroad," he said, in a most melancholy voice; "I have nothing to return home for; but, Ailie, I desire that you shall every comfort and all that is needful while I am away."

"You are very good," she replied, in a voice as dreary as his own.

"Have you thought of any arrangement," he asked, "which will add to your comfort while I am gone?"

The tone was so indifferently kind, so business-like, so much like that which one stranger would use in speaking to another, that for a moment Ailie felt inclined to cry out against it—to cry out that she could not bear it; then her own common sense came to her aid.

"I have said to myself that I will be patient; only patience can win," she thought, and patient she was.

"I have thought of a plan," she said, "if you approve it. I have been thinking what I could do to remedy my deficiencies, and the best plan will be to go to school."

He looked up with a sudden gleam of amusement.

"Go where?" he asked.

"To school," she repeated.

He looked more attentively at her.

"To school!" he said. "Why, what has made you think of such a thing? Why to school, Ailie?"

"Because I have so much yet to learn, and it would teach me that which I cannot learn at home, for instance—all those little niceties of manner that every lady should learn. I thought if I could acquire this it would make me a better companion for you—I should not shock you as I do now. I—oh, Vivian, you are not listening to me!"

For in his eyes had come a dreamy expression, as though his thoughts were far away.

"Yes, indeed, Ailie, I am listening; you thought of going to school. Why? I did not quite understand."

"So that I might be more like you and less distasteful to you," she replied, still with the same feeling of quiet despair.

Then he roused himself. She was thinking that in the years to come they would be companions; he was thinking that, as in all human probability they would never live together, it would be useless for her to make herself more unfit than she was already for home.

"I have a dream," she said, in a low, sweet voice, "of making myself a lady—a lady like those who live in your grand world; then—but I must not tell you what comes after then."

"If that gives you pleasure, Ailie, you must do it," he said.

"But," cried the girl, with a quick, petulant movement, "what do you say about it? Are you pleased? Do you mistrust? Have you no interest in it? If you are not interested, I do not care."

The tone of her voice roused him.

(*To be continued.*)

TAPPING VESUVIUS.

By THEODORUS OPTIME, in *Diprose's Annual.*

OF course I am aware that this is the nineteenth century; that there is a London School Board; that an extension of the franchise has been a subject of discussion; that a re-distribution of Parliamentary seats is an arrangement not so far off, probably, as the millennium.

Nevertheless, he knocked at my door two days before I was taken with a bad time of it in bed, and asked for me in a very civil key.

"Mr. Optime?" he said.

"That's him then," said my housekeeper, who comes from an island equally celebrated for the greenness of its grass, and the everlasting willaloooing of its active inhabitants.

"Will you let him have that card?"

"Yis," said my housekeeper, in a tone which I knew to be hers when she put on her war paint, and buried the calumet of peace.

At that moment it did not occur to me that she found my caller disfavoured. I assumed she was angered by the absence of Anna Jane the housemaid, who had run round to see after her mother, and suggest names for the new arrival.

Mrs. O'Blisther has been my housekeeper for a great number of years. I do not say that I have been instrumental in bringing about this length of service. Indeed were I taken before a commission for the administration of oaths, and were I then compelled to make an affidavit, I am afraid I should be trespassing over the bounds of truth, if I swore that there have never been times when I have wished Mrs. O'Blisther a great deal farther than probably the good woman ever wanted to go.

O'Blisther has good qualities. I would not deny that proposition. But you never know when they are to be put down and when riot is to reign supreme. When Mrs. O'B. goes off, which she does as frequently as metropolitan trains, there is no knowing what may happen. I am not aware which is most disconcerting, Maria Dolores (for those are her baptismals) in her tantrums, or this good woman down in a fit of momentary penitence; in the lump, wholesale; under the second condition, she merely droops upon your neck, bursts into some very scalding tears, and forgives the sufferer.

My butcher says Mrs. O'B. is "a 'ot un' as 'ot as they make 'em." The milkman, a mild creature, observes of her, "really yer see which there never was don't yer know;" while the grocer's boy puts it, that she is a "fair scorcher." She herself has indignantly retailed all this small-beer scandal, and asked me why my hair don't stand on end? An answer to the effect that I am mostly bald has never made any mollifying impression upon Maria Dolores—so far as I have yet discovered.

However, she will allow nobody else to annoy me beyond herself. But really I rather think I should prefer the other arrangement, upon condition that Mrs. O'B. were struck dumb, and remained so. We could provide her with a slate and a bit of chalk. She knows enough English for that. It is the language she speaks when not letting off her Celtic, which is, I am of the opinion, of a deleterious character.

Maria is a good cook. We all have some better qualities. Let me admit that I like good cooking; but O'Blisther is very dreadful over it. She always asks for cooking advices through a keyhole, plunging *in medias res* with awful promptitude. For instance:

"Will ye 'ave 'um spatchcocked or grilled?"

This is a very alarming enquiry coming in mysterious whiffs through a keyhole. It requires great presence of mind to discover at a blow, that it has no reference to murder, but is simply a kitchen inquiry, as to how a two-pound eel, forwarded as a present, is to be served up.

I have given Maria forty-six solid separate formal notices to go. But she remains. The things she has done with those notices! The ignominious uses to which she has applied them!

Once I threatened to send for a policeman. She flew at once to the ponderous kitchen poker, and I was besieged in my own library for three hours. Then there came an entreaty through the key-hole.

"Masther, honey—when are yo comin' to lunch? Sure the beautifullest kidney and steak puddin's jist askin' to be eaten."

And when I came out—*douche*, Maria Dolores was more than ever repentant, and my shirt collar was damped down below en durance.

Such is Maria Dolores O'Blisther.

But what of myself? Let me at once say that I am a person of property, and that I have devoted my life to the writing, printing, and publishing of books which once I hoped posterity would admire, if only for a change. My genius has not allowed me to quail, or the world would have had little of my help. Only the small critics have noticed my works, and they have jumped upon me. I doubt if the big critics are aware of my existence. Nevertheless, my work on "The Advisability of Annihilation" might have lived, while my four volumes "Is there an is, or is there not?" were never equalled.

But I diverge. The visitor was shown in. He had a decided limp—the left foot. I may add that in reference to this halting gait, he observed that he had been thrown out of a phaeton—"in fact" said he—"I had a fall in life."

I must say that his grin as he said this was most alarming. He quite altered a very distinguished set of highly intellectual, if startling, features.

He was dressed in a suit of that speckled cloth, known as pepper and salt, while his neck-tie was of thunder and lightning shot silk—very effective, like a topaz that had been dipped in ink. He carried an elegant crook-handled stick, with which I noticed he grabbed at the furniture, after the manner of a shepherd. His nose was decidedly hooked, and perhaps his eyes were too near each other for the general taste. His teeth—bless me what fangs they were. But his most remarkable individuality was a hump in the small of his back. I never remember to have remarked this sort of dorsal distinction so low down. Its shapes were peculiar, for the well-made coat seemed in that region to fit over a neat coil of rope.

But his breeding was perfect.

After the first salutations he observed "Mr. Optime—genius has its trials, and therefore you have yours! Doubtless you marvel why I call; it is your genius which compels me to this visit. I have always been misunderstood, and my intentions found disagreeable, but I flatter myself that in you, at last, I find a congenial personage. Let me at once say that your essay, 'The Seductiveness of Suicide' has quite taken me, while your thesis, 'On the Right of Every Man to do as he Likes' strikes me, from my point of view, as the finest effort of unusual grasp."

I replied that he did me more honour than perhaps I deserved, but that as a matter of fact my works were not popular.

"Your work 'On the Necessity of an Everlasting Pit,'" he added "is more than perfection—and so Deep!"

I smiled and said that I thought that especial work of mine *was* profound.

"I feel," said my visitor, "that we shall be everlasting friends."

"I beg your pardon," I observed at this point, "but will you allow me to open a window?"

"I don't like draughts," replied my visitor, "but I can bear one lattice open."

"What is more," said I—"there is a very searching smell in the room. I am afraid somebody has been treading successfully upon a box of very common lucifers!"

"Matches my dear sir—matches. Pray don't use the word lucifer so lightly."

"Thank you," I said, and conscious that I was not quite so serene as usual. "Yet may I ask the object of this visit."

"My dear sir—I am *not* a rich man, and—"

"My dear sir," I replied—"if you want a subscription you are wasting your breath. I only benefit mankind by way of my printed contributions."

He looked at me with remarkable grimness.

"*Not* rich," he repeated, "but I have always sought to be the cause of riches in others. I think *you* would see truth just after my own heart, and I have the means of doing you a good turn!"

"Surely you are not the promoter of a new public company?"

"No—no—no," said he, shaking his head, "I am not so bad as that; indeed, I have never been so sombre as I have ever been painted. What do you think of this?"

He dropped a lump of metal on my table—and there is the dent to this hour.

"What should I think?"

"My dear sir," said my visitor, rising and making me a low bow, "I look upon you as my most charming pupil at present obliging the earth—and I always put my pupils in for good things. That lump of metal is an amalgam of gold, silver, platinum, and seven other of the rarer and more highly prized metals."

"Indeed," said I—"but why have you mixed 'em?"

"I didn't—it is nature's own amalgam—in your interests I HAVE BEEN TAPPING VESUVIUS!"

After he was gone, and before I took to my bed, I translated that lump of metal down to a friend of mine—an assayer, and he at once scraped and tested for gold, silver, and three other metals, all of which he found. The proportion of gold in the mixture was 49.05.

Of course at the moment I assumed that my visitor was an escapee from Dr. Toke's asylum round the corner—but now, with the assayist's notes before me, I cannot doubt.

He seemed to tower above me as he said—"My emulsive friend, what do you know of the centre of the earth? I suppose you will admit that there *must be something* there? Why not that?" pointing to the lump. My analytical mind, so much like your own, led me to conclude that Vesuvius was an outlet to an excitable telluric condition of things. I *have* tapped Vesuvius—in the proper place, and I have run off several barrels of that vintage. All is yours upon one condition.

"Name it," said I.

"That you print your works in millions and distribute them gratis, unceasingly.

"But suppose I drove the world mad?"

"That's the world's look-out," said he, grinning until he showed every tooth he had in his remarkable head,

"I'll do it," I said.

At that moment, my housekeeper, whose footsteps I had just previously heard in the passage, spoke.

"Have 'um divilled!"

Such was the remarkable recommendation which came through the keyhole.

"Bless me," said my caller. "What *is* this visitation? Where are we now?"

"I believe," said I, "that *it is* my housekeeper making some enquiry as to lunch! It is her manner."

"And very bad manners too," said the visitor, with remarkable tendency towards irritation; "why do you not squirt at her?"

"You do not know Mrs. O'Blisther," said I, with a deprecatory smile.

"I cannot say that I deplore that indisputable fact. She would discompose the nerves of a hippopotamus."

"Or what would ye be sayin' to a toad in the hole now?"

"Tell her to go," said her visitor, with increasing agitation.

"Yes," said I, "very much so, Mrs. O'Blisther. But clear away, I'm busy now."

"Not till ye tell me if ye'll have the cod barbecued or minced will I stir a step from yer old door."

"Half minced" said I, "and half the other."

"Ye fool," says Maria, "how can that be—doesn't barbecued mean from head to tail?"

Here the visitor took out his handkerchief, flame colored, with a spiky border, and appeared to shake out perfume.

"Bedad," says the departing voice of Maria Dolores, "there's a chimney o' fire somewhere, anyhow, and a mighty bad smell in the neighborhood to be sure."

"An awful creature, and most disreputable, evidently. Why do you not get rid of her?"

"You are a little too severe," said I. "A most delightful cook; will you stop to lunch and let her toss up a little something for you?"

"Thank you, no. I like my viands hot and fiery."

"Her curries are tremendous; and let me assure you that she has the personal advantage of being the possessor of a considerable portion of a spoke from the original St. Catherine's Wheel!"

"Ha! I thought she was nasty. Why don't you burn it? However," with a sigh of relief, "she appears to be off. So much the better. You accept my terms?"

"I do," I said.

"One volume at least a quarter. Have you any on the anvil?"

I smiled and said:

"Practically, I have seventy-five volumes in a solid state of preparation."

My remarkable visitor shut his eyes up with evident ecstasy, placed the tips of his fingers delicately together, smiled serenely and asked "May I dare hope to hear the titles of one or two of them?"

I bowed and observed:

"What do you say to "On the Knowableness of the Unknowableness.'"

"Ker-perfect," said my visitor.

"Or," I continued, "'On the Necessity of Nothingness.' What do you say to that?"

"I pity the wretch who would not read it twice, and sit up all night to do it, with pleasure."

I give you his exact words. I was moved. I shall never see him again—at least, I hope not. I think I may look upon mine as a fortunate escape. I believe Maria Dolores saved me from a tremendous inconvenience. Nevertheless, I am touched as I remember my remarkable visitor's emotion, when he heard the title of that remarkable book.

"Pray let it be bound in calf," he added.

"Delighted," said I, "but may I have the great pleasure of personally dedicating that great work to you?"

He shut his eyes. "I am not worthy," said he, "but my admiration for you commands. Dedicate it to me in letters of gold. You have my card—Mr. Caycholker."

"Mr. Ole Caycholker," I said, reading the card. A foreign gentleman, I presume, though your accent is perfect."

"Thank you, no, I am not settled in England—where my family have never been popular. If I had a son he should be called Milton Caycholker."

"Caycholker itself," said I, "is a very exceptional name."

"It is Indo-Chaldean, and means recommendation to a hot place, in the dati case. Pray do not open another window."

"But do you not perceive that the room is getting unpleasantly—shall we say, Caycholkery, if you will allow me to coin the expression?"

"You have done it, without waiting for my permission. A man of *your* literary standing, my dear Sir Theodorus—I beg your pardon. No, you have not received a baronetcy yet. Let me temporarily say my dear Mr. Theodorus Optime—a man of your literary taste ought to be above word-juggling. Let us leave each other's name alone. For instance, I could willingly take objection to Theodorus, but I don't. I should prefer Jonah, as being less of a take in. But where are we now?"

I observed that "We were where we were," said my visitor, "Then let us continue," said my visitor, with a smile. "Do you like old fashions?"

"Some," I observed, with learned guardedness.

"Well—do you object to the sweet old fashion of signing your name to important documents in human gore?"

Mad of course—that was my immediate conclusion. But a madman may tap Vesuvius, and there was the metal before me.

"Ah! I see," said I, bearing with him, "I understand. I am to sign a document in my own gore, giving you all my ethereal composition when it, or I, or something or other, has done with my corporeal demonstration!"

"Ha!" said my visitor, "I see you have been up."

"Up where?"

"To one of the 'Varsities."

"Camford," said I.

"I am glad to hear it. I have personally always had more business at that shop than the other. Oxbridge is too canonical for me."

"It *is* said to be that way," I conceded, "but I ignore Oxbridge."

"How it must suffer," replied Caycholker. "But I should like to know, Optime, when this signature is to be put on. I have the document here. Shall I produce it?"

"At your leesure," I said, with cautious dignity.

"Leesure," he replied. "Very neat. An admirer of the late Earl Russell's English? We were never great friends, but by Pluto what chums Pam and I were, to be sure. They called him Cupid when I first knew him—and down to the last we were near partners. Ha! no man before his time ever did set the world by the ears like Pam Flush. I gave him the name at D'Orsay's—D'Orsay and Blessington were also great pals of mine. Ha! people lived in those days. Here is the document. You will pardon its six-and-eight air, will you not? You see our Themyssus has been such a tyrant ever since she dropped in amongst us. Poor Themyssus—but she does get calls even from chancellors, since poor Eastbury went down with a cessarara. Where's the gore?"

"I have not any about," said I.

"Fiddle-dee-dee," says Caycholker, "you're pale enough, but you must, at least, have a penful in your veins."

"Don't be personal," said I, "and that I beg, signor."

"A flick of the nose, now," said he, "might do it."

I started back, and in some alarm, so that I bit off an appreciable atom of the tip of my tongue.

"There's the point of it," said he, "put your pen in your mouth, and call it a red ink-stand. Write your name plain, for what with bad handwritings, and worse clerking, we are as much tormented with official documents as your own precious pottering governments."

"Precious pots, indeed," said I. "Why the head of every department has sent me back presentation copies of my books! Do you want my remarkable signature in full?"

"As full as you like. I have always said in my department—the more the merrier."

I had just planted my prepared pen upon the paper, and as I noticed that my visitor began mopping himself over the forehead (as though suffering from deep mental agitation), when that preparatory sniff came through the key-hole which I have known for numberless years to be the premonitory symptom of a cavernous remark from Maria Dolores, Mrs. O Blisther.

"Howly St. Pathrick," such was her adjuration—"hwhat a divill of a smell o' brimstone!"

Such was the simple utterance of that remarkable woman!

There was an all-round crash!

When I recovered enough to feel about for myself, I was on my back, amazed, staring, looking about, examining, speechless—and alone.

Was it dynamite? I think not, because the house was there. But then—dynamite is such an up-and-down arrangement, and so very eccentric.

But my visitor was gone—all but a very searching perfume.

"Hwhat are ye on the floor for, sor?" says my housekeeper—an hwhat have ye done with the strange gentleman?"

"He appears to have retired," said I.

"Rest his soul if he's havin' one."

"And I think I'm coming too, Maria—you'll find it behind my great work on 'Atoms in the Middle of Next Week.' I'll take it neat."

"Bedad—no wonder I couldn't find it. Anyhow, it's a curious day we're havin'. Hwhat's your eyebrows singed off for?"

"Are they so!" said I—and indeed when I looked in the glass I appeared to be an Arabian Nights' calender—though I am free to admit that I never knew what a calender was. But I remember distinctly that he never wore eyebrows."

Mine have grown again, but they have come up awfully scrumbled.

Was it dynamite? His total vanishment points that way. For instance, Myrson K. Paige, oil-operator, Pennsylvania says, "The mysterious nature of dynamite has completely puzzled scientific observation and study, and I do not believe to-day (1881) that any satisfactory explanation can be given of it. This singular feature is the almost complete annihilation of matter, especially of the human body. When a man lets fall a can of nitro-glycerine, there is not enough left of him to cover the bottom of a snuff box."

But as to Caycholker—if it was dynamite, or nitro-glycerine, why did not the house go? To be sure, the window was open, and it might have all taken that direction. But then the neighbors never complained of any racket! Perhapt he was town traveller for a dynamite house, and perchance his samples *did* go off?

I wasn't well for a long time. I kept fancying myself somebody else. I have been thinking lately a good deal. I am half-inclined to burn all my books, and write a "History of St. Patrick"—to whom I certainly feel myself beholden.

Anyhow I shall never visit Naples. It is too near Vesuvius for *me!*

LEMON PIE.—Two lemons; grate off the outer peel; chop the rest very fine; put two tablespoonfuls of corn starch in one teacup of hot water, and boil; when cool add two teacups of white sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, then add the chopped peel and juice; stir well together; bake till the crust is done—only one crust; beat the whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth add five tablespoonfuls of sugar, stirring in well; pour over the pie while hot; set in the oven to brown.

SUPPLEMENT

The Farmer.

Plant Life on the Farm.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LIVE STOCK JOURNAL."

SIR,—While for years past the agricultural interest has been busy improving live stock, it has often struck me as strange that the plant life of the farm has received little or no share of this attention.

The farmer—at least, the intelligent farmer—is most scrupulous in his choice of a bull for breeding purposes, but the same farmers never lets a thought enter his head as to either the pedigree or any other mark of quality of the seed he sows. Mr. Faunce de Laune, with much credit to himself, has done something to stimulate the apathy in the matter of permanent grass-seeds. For many years past I have taken much interest in turnips, especially swedes, and have amused myself by selecting the best roots I can get, and growing seed from them.

Two years ago, in 1883, I procured 23 lots of swedes from various seedsmen of Great Britain and Ireland, and had about one acre of each lot sown, and I repeated the same experiment this year.

When the crops were ready I got three of my neighbors—leading agriculturists in this county—to walk over them, and place the lots in order of merit, the basis of the awards [illegible] quality, apparent weight per acre, and symmetry, [illegible] and habit.

Taking the numbers [illegible] stood in my books, the results were:—

	1883	1884
No. 23 lot ..	1st ..	1st
No. 1 ,, ..	2nd ..	not placed
No. 2 ,, ..	3rd ..	,,
No. 7 ,, ..	not placed ..	2nd
No. 20 ,, ..	,, ..	3rd

It is worthy of notice that No. 23, the first-prize lot on both trials, is the only lot which appears on both occasions in the prize-list, and it may be of some satisfaction to Irish farmers to know that I procured the seed from Messrs. Hogg and Robertson, 22, Mary-street, Dublin.

This season before the judges went over the roots, I had the leaves removed from two drills of each lot, so that the "bulkiness" of the respective sorts could be easily seen.

After the judges made their awards this season, I carefully weighed equally measured portions of each lot, and, to economise your space, I only give you the results of what I term the prize-list:—

No. 23 = 28 tons 10 cwt. per statute acre.
No. 7 = 27 ,, 16 ,, ,, ,,
No. 20 = 26 ,, 7 ,, ,, ,,

Lot. No. 18 turned out to weigh 28 tons 10 cwt. (the same exactly as the first prize, No. 23), but it had already been excluded from the prize list on account of coarseness in habit. The lightest crop, No. 22, was 21 tons 14 cwt. 2 qrs., and several of the other lots were but very little better than this weight.

Now, given even that lots No. 22 and No. 23 be of equal feeding quality, there is a loss of about seven tons per acre against No 22, which to me, had I sown all my land with No. 22, would mean about 1260 tons short of feeding stuff, as I had about 180 acres of swedes as well as 280 acres of white and yellow turnips.

I have shown by trial that one stock of turnip seed is better than another, and I think it behoves our great agricultural societies to take this matter up, and give every encouragement to farmers and seedsmen to improve stocks of turnips; and I maintain that the very best stocks we have are capable of improvement. It is a well-known fact that the French of to-day grow nearly 50 per cent. more food off beetroot than they did 25 years ago, simply through the life labors of one man (M. Vilmorin) in improving the strain of seed. Why cannot we do the same with our root seeds of all sorts?

With your permission, I may again trouble you on this subject.—*Geo. Rutherford, in the "Live Stock Journal."*

Scraps From the "Live Stock Journal."

THE BEGINNING OF HIGH PRICES.

IT is commonly said that improved breeding in Great Britain began with Bakewell, and there can be no doubt that he was the man whose practice obtained general attention. But he had predecessors. Boswell, who, in his "Life of Johnson," has preserved so many curious facts, includes this one—that a Rev. Mr. Taylor, "Rector of Ashbourne and Squire of Bosworth," had cows, 1770 A.D., for which he was offered £120 apiece, and bulls which were "gigantic." Possibly Bakewell's contribution (like C. Colling's) may have been that he avoided "gigantic" bulls. There is abundant evidence to show that very big animals were not infrequent in the beginning of the century. Some old Herefordshire papers speak of a bull which had a live weight of 35 cwt., breed not stated. Our American contemporaries—like some English statisticians, who recently would not believe in the existence of a centenarian—have expressed the opinion that no "bovine" ever reached a live weight of 4,000lbs. Possibly this may be true, but it is certain that weights exceeding this have been *claimed* for several animals. There used to be a legend in Yorkshire of a bull which weighed alive two tons. Yet, to borrow a phrase of Cardinal Newman's "perhaps it was a brag."

FATTED JERSEYS.

Among noteworthy facts of recent displays of fatted beasts must be mentioned what is called a "running calf," which formed part of the Christmas meat shown by a large butcher in Norwich. A running calf means the offspring of a cow or heifer which is reared on the dam, both being fed with a view to early slaughter. If the dam gives a fair quantity of rich milk, very wonderful young beasts are produced in this way. Of course, when the dam's milk is poor, or where the other food is injudiciously selected, failure will result. In the instance referred to, the running calf was the produce of a Jersey dam; and the breed of the sire was not stated. The young animal was only 11 months old; and had a carcase weight of no more than 29 stones of 14lbs. To this there was actually 10 stones of suet. Such a proportion is enormous: could only have been produced by sucking a dam whose milk contained a very unusual proportion of butter-fat; the cow being fed throughout as to stimulate to the utmost a natural inclination to secrete butter-fat. Supposing this suet to be converted into butterine, to what extent would it differ from the ordinary produce of the churn?

Modern Miracles.

PEOPLE who suffer will fly to anything for remedy—even to patent pills, spiritualism, and pilgrimages. Referring to the methods resorted to for curing the cripple and sick, *The Graphic* (London) says that at Fecamp 150,000 quart bottles from a so-called holy spring are sold yearly; at Lourdes the retail business in water is twice as large, and the grotto is hung with the crutches of hundreds of people who are said to have come lame and to have gone away jumping. In some cases these cures have been quite genuine, for a strong nervous excitement will unquestionably do wonders. Not long ago, a man who was suddenly seized with delirium in one of the London hospitals leaped up, and began slashing at the patients in the beds all around him with a knife. One patient, who had been lying helpless for days under a stroke of paralysis, as it was believed, got so frightened that he recovered the use of his legs, and bounded down stairs with most gratifying agility. A man endowed with strong will power may exercise ascendancy over weak willed folk, and cause them very rapidly to shake off a nervous disorder.

COLONEL INGERSOLL says that when a man loves a woman she never grows old to him, but through the wrinkles of age and the mask of time he will see the sweet maiden face that he wooed and won.

Science.

Sixty Million Years Hence.

PROF. RICHARD A. PROCTOR says the moon is the most interesting of all the heavenly bodies. It has been particularly serviceable in the proof it affords of the law of gravitation. It proves, too, what the world has been in remote ages of the past and what it will be in remote ages to come. Its most significant service to man has been as a measurement of time. The only perceptible effect which the earth has upon the moon's course is that of attraction, by which its route in space is slightly deviated. From the moon's present condition we may inform ourselves of the course of all planetary life. There is every reason to suppose that our present condition was at one time hers; that she possessed an atmosphere, water, animal and vegetable life. That has now passed away. Her surface is a sterile, rocky mass. The atmosphere has gone or nearly so, and the seas are dried up. This same process is going on with our earth, and a similar result will eventually ensue, but by reason of the greater bulk of our planet, effects produced in ten millions of years in the moon will require sixty millions with us.—*New York Tribune.*

The Topography of the Brain.

ABUNDANT proof has been adduced of the fact that the brain may be handled, irritated, or partially destroyed without necessary danger to life. One of the latest developments of this method of investigation has been the discovery of those centres in the cortex which preside over voluntary motion, which have been, more especially by Prof. Ferrier, differentiated and localized with great precision. This important knowledge has been arrived at by an extended series of experiments conducted on living animals, in which, by observing the several effects or destroying limited areas of their brains, the different functions of these special localities have been determined. A topography of the cerebrum has thus been constructed, in which the various faculties have been mapped out.—*Nature.*

Medical Notes.

Oxide of Zinc in the Treatment of Wounds.—Socin (*Deutsche Med. Zeitung*) speaks highly of this substance as an antiseptic in surgical practice. For the irrigation of deep wounds he uses a one per cent. mixture with water; superficial open wounds should be washed with a ten per cent. mixture. Large raw surfaces, burns, contusions, etc., are dusted with the powder. As a permanent dressing, the writer recommends a paste composed of fifty parts, each, of water and oxide of zinc, and five parts of chloride of zinc. It forms a dry coating, beneath which healing takes place with unusual rapidity. Stress is laid on the fact that zinc is of little service in the case of a wound that is already septic.

Jaborandi in Erysipelas.—Dr. Sydney Thompson (*Therap. Gazette*; Edinburgh *Med. Jour.*) suggests the following formula: Fluid extract of jaborandi, 24 parts; laudanum and glycerine, each, 4 parts. This mixture is to be painted over the affected surfaces every four hours.

Oil of Peppermint in Burns.—Brame (cited in the *Lancet*) recommends this drug as an external application in cases of burns. The burned surface is moistened with water, and then painted over with the oil, the effect being to relieve the pain very quickly.

Valoid of Cocoa is mentioned by the *Lancet* as a "new and reliable preparation," and is specially recommended for nervousness and sleeplessness from mental causes.

Cold in the Treatment of Sciatica.—Debove (*Prog. Med.*) recommends the direct application of cold along the course of the sciatica nerve, and especially over the painful points, by means of a spray of chloride of methyl. He reports several successful cases. The atomization is continued until the patient complains of a burning pain over the seat of the application.—*N.Y. Med. Jour.*

Nature.

Migration of Blowing Vipers.

BY C. FEW SEISS.

A FEW seasons ago, a narrow sandy island on the coast of New Jersey was overrun with countless numbers of the common toad (*Bufo lentiginosus Americanus*). The toad is generally of crepuscular habits, except during cloudy and rainy weather, but here they were met with, out in search of food, at all hours of the day, even beneath the hot glare of the noon-day sun. It may be that, had they all waited until the cool of the evening to hunt for their insect prey, many of the weaker and less active toads would have been supperless. So, by hunting both by day and night, they were able to secure both diurnal and nocturnal insects. Over two hundred toads were counted in a short stroll between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of a July day. At this period there were no snakes of any kind to be met with on the island. That a few did exist I do not doubt, but they were not observed.

Now, this narrow island is separated from the mainland by a small bay or thoroughfare, which is perhaps over a quarter of a mile wide at its narrowest portion. The vegetation on the island consisted of little else than rank grass, stunted cedars, and pines.

In the season following the one above noted the toads were again innumerable, but, what was startling, "blowing vipers" (*Heterodon platyrhinus*) were numerous also. They were observed in nearly every part of the island, and were seen pursuing, capturing, and swallowing the toads, as though bent on their extermination. Sometimes a toad would endeavour to escape by quickly burrowing into the sand, but the snake, having marked the spot where the toad disappeared, would force its head, with shovel-like snout, into the sand, seize the unfortunate toad, drag it from its hiding place, and swallow it.

What was the cause of this sudden appearance and number of snakes? They made their appearance in early summer, when the young *Heterodons* were not yet out of the egg, and it requires several months of growth before they are capable of mastering an averaged sized toad. Did they come from the mainland by swimming across the bay, which at its narrowest part is a quarter of a mile wide? This would seem like a great undertaking for a non-aquatic species, but, nevertheless, it is the only way in which they could have come. A migration of snakes has never before come under my notice, and yet I must consider this sudden appearance of "blowing vipers" as such. It is highly probable that food became scarce in their old haunts, and they migrated to the island in hopes of finding food more plentiful. It is not probable that their sense of smell is so highly developed as to have scented the toads from such a distance, and that they were quitting their old home with the certain knowledge that food in abundance awaited them on this sandy island.

In the summer following this migration, toads were not numerous, and only a few snakes were observed; and such, I learn, has been the case for the two or three intervening years since then. Of course, great numbers of the snakes were killed by man; not because they were thought to be poisonous, for this species is here generally and correctly understood to be perfectly harmless, nor always for mere wontonness, but from the belief that in destroying the snakes they were preserving the lives of many toads, which were beneficial to man, inasmuch as they fed upon mosquitoes. Now, the tormenting misquito (*Culex damnosus*) is by far too small a species of game for the toad. I have examined the contents of the stomachs of several maritime toads' but failed to find mosquitoes. Very young toads, which have just left the water and the tadpole stage, do feed upon minute insects, such as gnats, ants, aphides, &c., but I refer only to the mature animals.

Boys' Column.

Hans Hecklemann's Luck.

HANS HECKLEMANN had no luck at all.

Now and then we hear folks say that they have no luck at all, but they only mean that their luck is bad, and that they are ashamed of it. Everybody but Hans Hecklemann had luck of some kind, either good or bad, and, what is more, everybody carries their luck about with them. Some carry it in their pocket-books, some carry it in their hats, some carry it on their finger-tips, and some carry it under their tongues—these are lawyers. Mine is at this moment sitting astride of my pen, though I can no more see it than though it was thin air. Whether it is good or bad depends entirely on how *you* look upon it.

But Hans had no luck at all. How he lost it nobody knows, but it was clean gone from him. He was as poor as charity, and yet his luck was not bad, for, poor as he was, he always had enough for his wife and his family and himself to eat. They all of them worked from dawn to night-fall, and yet his luck was not good, for he never laid one penny on top of the other, as the saying is. He had food enough to eat and clothes enough to wear, so his luck was indifferent. Now, as it was neither good, bad, nor indifferent, you see that it could have been no luck at all.

Hans Hecklemann's wife was named Catherine. One evenining when Hans came into the cottage with just enough money to buy them all bread, and not a cracked farthing to spare, Catherine spoke to him of this matter.

"Hans," said she, "you have no luck at all."

"No," said Hans, "I have not" (which was the truth, as I have already told you).

"What are you going to do about it?" said Catherine.

"Nothing at all," said Hans.

"Doing nothing puts no cabbage into the pot," said Catherine.

"It takes none out," said Hans.

"See, Hans," said Katherine, "go to the wise woman in the wood and talk to her about it. Who knows but that she can tell you how and where you lost your luck?"

"If I should find my luck, it might be bad and not good," said Hans.

"It is worth having a look at," said Catherine. "You can leave it where you find it if it does not please you."

"No," said Hans. "When a man finds his luck he has to take it, whether he likes it or no."

So Hans talked, but he had made up his mind to do as Catherine said—to go and see the old wise woman in the wood. He argued with her, but he only argued with her to let her know how little was her knowledge and how great was his. After he had clearly showed her how poor her advice was, he took it. Many other men are like Hans Hecklemann.

So, early the next morning, Hans jogged along to the old wise woman's cottage while the day was sweet and fresh. The hedgerows were covered all over with white blossoms, as though it was with so much snow, the sky was full of little white clouds that looked like many lambkins turned topsy-turvy, the cuckoo was singing among the budding branches, and the little flowers were looking up everywhere with their bright faces. "Surely," said Hans to himself, "if I find my luck on this day, it must be good and not ill."

So he came to the little red cottage at the edge of the wood wherein lived the wise woman who knew many things and one. Hans scraped his feet on the stones until they were clean, and then he knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the old wise woman.

She was as strange an old woman as one could hope to see in a lifetime. Her nose bent down to meet her chin, and her chin bent up to reach her nose; her face was gray with great age, and her hair was white as snow. She wore a long red cloak over her shoulders, and a great black cat sat on the back of her chair.

"What do you want, son Hans?" said she.

"I want to find my luck, mother," said Hans.

"Where did you lose it, son Hans?" said she.

"That I do not know, mother?" said Hans.

Then the old wise woman said, "Hum-m-m!" in a thoughtful voice, and Hans said nothing at all.

After a while she spoke again, "Have you enough to eat?" said she.

"Oh yes," said Hans.

"Have you enough to drink?" said she.

"Plenty water, enough milk, but no beer," said Hans.

"Have you enough clothes to cover you?" said she.

"Oh yes," said Hans.

"Are you warm enough in winter?" said she.

"Oh yes," said Hans.

"Then you had better leave well enough alone," said she, "for luck can give you nothing more."

"But it might put money into my pocket," said Hans.

"And it might take away the good things you already have," said she.

"All the same, I should like to find it again," said Hans. "If I could only lay my hands on it I might make good out of it, even if it is bad."

"I doubt that," said the old wise woman. Nevertheless, she saw that Hans was set in his own way, and that he only talked stiffness into his stubbornness. So she arose from her chair, and limping to a closet in the wall, she brought a book from thence. Then she ran her finger down one page and up another until she had found that which she sought. When she had found it she spoke:

"Son Hans, you lost your luck three years ago, when you were coming from the fair at Kneitlingen. You sat down on the overturned cross that lies where three roads meet, and it fell out of your pocket along with a silver shilling. Now, Hans, your luck was evil; therefore it stuck to the good sign, as all evil things of that kind must, like a fly to butter. Also, I tell you this: when an evil manikin such as this touches the sign of the good cross he becomes visible to the eyes of everybody who chooses to look upon him. Therefore, go to the stone cross, and you will find your luck running this way and that, but never able to get away from it." So saying, the old woman shut her book again. Then she arose from her chair and went once more to the closet in the wall. This time she took from it a little sack woven of black goats' hair. "When you have found your luck again put it into this little bag," said she; "once in it, no evil imp will be able to get out so long as you keep the strings tied. And now good-by!"

Then Hans set out for the overturned stone cross where the three roads meet. When he had come to the place he looked here and there, and this way and that, but for a long time he could see nothing at all. At last, after much looking, he beheld a little black beetle running hither and thither on the stone.

"I wonder," said Hans, "if this can be my luck?"

So saying, he caught the little beetle betwixt his finger and thumb, but very carefully, for he could not tell whether or no it might bite him. The beetle stuck to the stone as though it had been glued there, but at last Hans pulled it away. Then, lo! it was not a beetle that he held in his hand, but a little manikin about as long as your thumb and as black as ink. Hans Hecklemann was so frightened that he nearly dropped it, for it kicked and screeched and rolled its red eyes in a very ugly way as he held it. However, he popped it into the little sack, and there it was, safe and sound.

This is what Hans Heckleman's luck was like.

So Hans, having his luck secure in the little sack, began to bargain with it. "What will you do for me if I let you out?" said he.

"Nothing at all," snarled his luck.

"Very well," said Hans, "we will see about that."

So he carried it home with him, and threw sack and all into a nasty pot where Catherine cast the scrapings of the dishes—the fat and what not that she boiled down into soap now and then. There he left his luck to stay until the next day, and then he went to it again.

"What will you do for me if I will let you out now?" said he.

"Nothing at all," snarled his luck.

"Very well," said Hans, "we will see about that."

So he let him stay where he was for another day. And so the fiddle played: every day Hans Hecklemann went to his luck and asked it what it what it would give him if he would let it out, and every day his luck said, "Nothing."

And so a week or more passed.

At last Hans's luck gave in.

"See, Hans," it said one morning, "if you will let me out of this nasty pickle, I will give you a thousand thalers."

"Ah, no," said Hans. "'Thalers are only thalers,' as my good father used to say. They melt away like snow, and then nothing is left of them. I will trust no such luck as that."

"I will give you two thousand thalers," said his luck.

"Ah, no," said Hans; "two thousand thalers are only twice one thousand thalers. No; I will trust no such luck as that either."

"Then what will you take to let me out, Hans?" said his luck.

"Look," said Hans; "yonder stands my old plough. Now if you will give me to find a golden noble at the end of every furrow that I strike with it, I will let you out. If not, why, then, into the soap you go."

"Done!" said Hans's luck.

"Done!" said Hans.

Then he opened the mouth of the sack, and, puff! went his luck, like wind out of a bag, and, pop! it slipped into his breeches pocket.

He never saw it again with his mortal eyes, but it staid near to him, I can tell you.

"Ha! ha! ha!" it laughed in his pocket; "you have made an ill bargain, Hans, I can tell you."

"Never mind," said Hans; "I am contented."

Hans Hecklemann did not tarry long in trying the new luck of his old plough, as you may easily guess. Off he went like the wind, and borrowed Fritz Friedleburg's old gray horse. Then he fastened the horse to the plough, and struck the first furrow. When he had come to the end of it, pop! up shot a golden noble as though some one had spun it up from the ground with his finger and thumb. Hans picked it up and looked at it as though he would swallow it with his eyes. Then he seized the handle of the plough and struck another furrow. Pop! up went another golden noble, and Hans gathered it as he had done the other one. So he went on all that day, striking furrows and gathering golden nobles, until all his pockets were as full as they could hold. When it was too dark to see to plough any more, he took Fritz Fridleburg's horse back home again, and then he went home himself.

All of his neighbors thought that he was crazy, for it was nothing but plough, plough, plough, morning and noon and night, spring and summer and autumn. Frost and darkness alone kept him from his labor. His stable was full of fine horses, and he worked them until they dropped in the furrows that he was always ploughing.

"Yes, Hans is crazy," they all said. But when Hans heard them talk in this way he only winked to himself, and went on with his ploughing, for he felt that he knew this from that.

But ill-luck danced in his pocket with the golden nobles, and from the day he closed his bargain with it he was an unhappy man. He had no comfort of living, for it was nothing but work, work, work. He was up and away at the first dawn of day, and he never came home until night had fallen; so, though he ploughed golden nobles, he did not turn up happiness in the furrows along with them. After he had eaten his supper he would sit silently behind the stove, warming his fingers, and thinking of some quicker way of doing his ploughing. For it seemed to him that the gold pieces came in very slowly, and he blamed himself that he had not asked his luck to let him turn up three at a time instead of only one at the end of each furrow; so he had no comfort in his gathering wealth.

As day followed day he grew thin and haggard and worn, but seven boxes of bright new gold pieces lay hidden in the cellar, of which nobody knew but himself. He told no one how rich he was growing, and all of his neighbors wondered why he did not starve to death.

So, you see, the ill-luck in his breeches pocket had the best of the bargain, after all.

After Hans had gone the way of all men his heirs found the chests full of gold in the cellar, and therewith they bought fat lands and became noblemen and gentlemen, but that made *Hans's* luck none the better.

From all this I gather that few folks can turn ill-luck into good luck; that the best thing for one to do is to let well enough alone; that one cannot get happiness, as one does cabbages, with money; that happiness is the only good luck, after all.—HOWARD PYLE, in *Harper's Young People.*

Original Poetry.

IL PENSEROSO.

BRIGHT shines the sun through cloud bars,
and the deep rich green of the avenue
With blue hills afar, form together an exquisite picture
Reminding the gazer of similar scenes in the fatherland,
Between him and which are not only the oceans of distance,
But all the long city-pent years since Arcadian youth intervening!
Boyhood—ah! happiest epoch to many it seems retrospectively,
Yet has it its sorrows as real as those of maturer age,
And up the years, adolescent, we still are "*to be* blest but are not."
For fast though we follow, the vision ideal flies faster;
And though we may study, admiring, the heavens above us,
They only in dreams are attained till the soul, disencumbered,
Shoots beyond songsters and stars to seraphic Society!

L'ALLEGRO.

Yet why for the Then only hope—for the Now but scant praise, and that grudgingly?
This trivial and common-place Now—is't not part of the heaving Time-ocean
On which in the grand Past historic or Future ineffable
Hath been, or shall yet be such splendor of storm and of sunrise?
O! wisdom is yet *with* the wise as of old it was found to be—
'Tis the eyes of the fool which are looking to earth's far extremities!
Hath health and success been vouchsafed thee? art hearty and happy?
What doth the Gift-giver ask but right use of thy faculties?
Art thou unhappy?—what saith He—accept thou the punishment—
Vicarious it may be, transmitted from erring progenitors,
Self-incurred, too, perchance, or permitted by infinite wisdom.
Yet bow! and that Justice in which thou with pain acquiescest
Shall yet for thy writhings and wrongs bring a recompense glorious!

CARLTONUS.

Ladies' Column.

Treatment of Plants.

"HOW often shall I water my plants?" asks the purchaser of a small bill at the nursery. In window gardening the water question is also one of the anxious ones—and even in the regular operations of gardening, under the treatment of quite practiced hands, the relations of water to plant life is not as it might be.

We shall understand better how to water if we correct first some impressions derived from old works on physiology. It is said that plants want water. This is not strictly true. Water is found in plants, but it enters rather in the shape of vapor.

A soil that is wet will grow only water plants; and it is a remarkable fact that these water plants seem to have very little water in them. A reed or bulrush grown in water has far less water in its structure than a nearly allied spieces grown on dry land. The deserts of Africa abound in euphorbias; while on the plains of Mexico the only moisture wild cattle can often get is from the large spiny globe cactuses, which they manage to cleave open with their hoofs.

A wet soil is totally unfit for plant growing. A plant standing twenty-four hours in water is often irreparably injured. A hyacinth, to be sure, will live one season in water; but all the matter which goes to make up the flower is prepared the year before, and after flowering the bulb is exhausted and almost worthless.

A good soil for plant growing, therefore, is not one which will hold water; but one in which water will rapidly pass away.

The soil itself is composed of minute particles, through which air spaces abound. The water must be just enough to keep these particles moist, and the air in the spaces is thus kept in the condition of moist air. The roots traverse these air spaces, and it is therefore moist air which roots want, and not water.

If it were water simply which plants wanted, we should cork up the bottom of the hole in the flower pot and prevent the water getting away. Instead of this we try to hasten the passing of the water through as much as possible, by not only keeping the hole as clear as possible, but often by putting pieces of broken material over the hole.

A plant will generally be the healthiest, therefore, which wants water the oftenest. This will show that there are plenty of air spaces, and that the roots are making good use of them. If it does not often want water it is in a bad way and more water will make it worse.

How often to water them will be according to how easy the water passes away. If when you pour water on earth it disappears almost instantaneously, it would be safe to water such plants every day.

Feathers and Flowers.

THE quantity of feathers and flowers worn in the hair in French ball-rooms comes very near the extravagance of the last century. And some women even wear powder, and one darling little creature decorated her artificially whitened looks with black feathers the other evening, and with the aid of a pink satin gown trimmed with pink blonde was perfectly irrestible.

Miscellaneous.

HER days have been numbered for Queen Victoria, by an alleged oracle, who sets the date of her death September 10, 1889; she is, this seer says, to die by or in consequence of a fire. The Russian czar has till 1900 to settle his earthly affairs; Bismarck till May 30, 1890, and the German emperor the July following.

THE SHARPENING OF TOOLS.—Instead of oil, which thickens and smears the stone, a mixture of glycerine and spirit is recommended. The proportions of the composition vary according to the class of tool to be sharpened. One with a relatively large surface is best sharpened with a clear fluid, three parts of glycerine being mixed with one part of spirit. A graver having a small cutting surface only requires a small pressure on the stone, and in such cases the glycerine should be mixed with only two or three drops of spirit.

Thought and Labor.

RUSKIN says: It is a no less fatal error to despise labor, when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother, and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made happy; and the professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment and more in excellence of achievement.

Humor.

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.

BY MARK TWAIN.

(CONTINUED)

I see what *he* was up to; but I never said nothing, of course. When I got back with the duke, we hid the canoe and then they set down on a log, and the king told him everything, just like the young fellow had said it—every last word of it. And all the time he was a doing it, he tried to talk like an Englishman; and he done it pretty well too, for a slouch. I can't imitate him, and so I ain't agoing to try to; but he really done it pretty good. Then he says:

"How are you on the deaf and dumb, Bilgewater?"

The duke said, leave him alone for that; said he had played a deaf and dumb person on the histrionic boards. So then they waited for a steamboat.

About the middle of the afternoon a couple of little boats came along, but they didn't come from high enough up the river; but at last there was a big one, and they hailed her. She sent out her yawl, and we went aboard, and she was from Cincinnati; and when they found we only wanted to go four or five mile, they was booming mad, and giving us a cussing, and said they wouldn't land us. But the king was calm. He says:

"If gentlemen can afford to pay a dollar a mile apiece, to be took on and put off in a yawl, a steamboat kin afford to carry 'em, can't it?"

So they softened down and said it was all right; and when we got to the village, they yawled us ashore. About two dozen men flocked down, when they see the yawl a coming; and when he says—

"Kin any of you gentlemen tell me wher' Mr. Peter Wilks lives?" they give a glance at one another, and nodded their heads, as much as to say, "What d' I tell you?" Then one of them says, kind of soft and gentle:

"I'm sorry, sir, but the best we can do is to tell you where he *did* live yesterday evening."

Sudden as winking, the orney old cretur went all to smash, and fell up against the man, and put his chin on his shoulder and cried down his back, and says:

"Alas, alas! our poor brother—gone, and we never got to see him; oh, it's too, *too* hard!"

Then he turns around, blubbering, and makes a lot of idiotic signs to the duke on his hands, and blamed if *he* didn't drop a carpet-bag and bust out a-crying. If they warn't the beatenest lot, them two frauds, that ever I struck.

Well, the men gathered around, and sympathised with them, and said all sorts of kind things to them, and carried their carpet-bags up the hill for them, and let them lean on them and cry, and told the king all about his brother's last moments, and the king he told it all over again on his hands to the duke, and both of them took on about that dead tanner like they'd lost the twelve disciples. Well, if ever I struck anything like it I'm a nigger. It was enough to make a body ashamed of the human race.

THE news was all over the town in two minutes, and you could see the people tearing down on the run from every which way, some of them putting on their coats as they come. Pretty soon we was in the middle of a crowd, and the noise of the tramping was like a soldier-march. The windows and door-yards was full; and every minute somebody would say, over a fence:

"Is it *them?*"

And somebody trotting along with the gang would answer back and say:

"You bet it is."

When we got to the house, the street in front of it was packed, and the three girls was standing in the door. Mary Jane *was* red-headed, but that don't make no difference, she was most awful beautiful, and her face and her eyes was lit up like glory, she was so glad her uncles was come. The king he spread his arms, and Mary Jane she jumped for them, and the hair-lip jumped for the duke, and there they *had* it! Everybody most, leastways women, cried for joy to see them meet again at last and have such good times.

Then the king he hunched the duke, private—I see him do it—and then he looked around and see the coffin, over in the corner on two chairs; so then, him and the duke, with a hand across each other's shoulder, and t'other hand to their eyes, walked slow and solemn over there, everybody dropping back to give them room, and all the talk and noise stopping, people saying "Sh!" and all the men taking their hats off and drooping their heads so you could hear a pin fall. And when they got there, they bent over and looked in the coffin, and took one sight, and then they burst out a crying so you could a heard them to Orleans, most; and then they put their arms around each other's necks, and hung their chins over each other's shoulders; and then for three minutes, or maybe four, I never saw two men leak the way they done. And mind you, everybody was doing the same; and the place was that damp I never see the like of it. Then one of them got on one side of the coffin, and t'other on t'other side, and they kneeled down and rested their foreheads on the coffin, and let on to pray all to theirselves. Well, when it come to that, it worked the crowd like you never see anything like it, and so everybody broke down and went to sobbing right out loud—the poor girls, too; and every woman, nearly, went up to the girls, without saying a word, and kissed them, solemn, on the forehead, and then put their hand on their head, and looked up towards the sky, with the tears running down, and then busted out and went off sobbing and swabbing, and give the next woman a show. I never see anything so disgusting.

Well, by-and-bye the king he gets up and comes forward a little, and works himself up and slobbers out a speech, all full of tears and flapdoodle about its being a sore trial for him and his poor brother to lose the deceased, and to miss seeing deceased alive, after the long journey of four thousand mile, but it's a trial that's sweetened and sanctified to us by this dear sympathy and these holy tears, and so he thanks them out of his heart and out of his brother's heart, because out of their mouths they can't, words being too weak and cold, and all that kind of rot and slush, till it was just sickening; and then he blubbers out a pious goody-goody Amen, and turns himself loose and goes to crying fit to bust.

And the minute the words was out of his mouth somebody over in the crowd struck up the doxolojer, and everybody joined in with all their might, and it just warmed you up and made you feel as good as church letting out. Music *is* a good thing; and after all that soul-butter and hogwash, I never see it freshen up things so, and sound so honest and bully.

Then the king begins to work his jaw again, and says how him and his nieces would be glad if a few of the main principal friends of the family would take supper here with them this evening, and help set up with the ashes of the deceased; and says if his poor brother laying yonder could speak, he knows who he would name, for they was names that was very dear to him, and mentioned often in his letters; and so he will name the same, to wit, as follows, viz.:—Rev. Mr. Hobson, and Deacon Lot Hovey, and Mr. Ben Rucker, and Abner Shackleford, and Levi Bell, and Dr. Robinson, and their wives, and the widow Bartley.

Rev. Hobson and Dr. Robinson was down to the end of the town, a-hunting together; that is, I mean the doctor was shipping a sick man to t'other world, and the preacher was pinting him right. Lawyer Bell was away up to Louisville on some business. But the rest was on hand, and so they all come and shook hands with the king and thanked him and talked to him; and then they shook hands with the duke, and didn't say nothing but just kept a-smiling and bobbing their heads like a passel of sapheads whilst he made all sorts of signs with his hands and said—"Goo-goo—goo-goo-goo," all the time, like a baby that can't talk.

So the king he blatted along, and managed to inquire pretty much about everybody and dog in town, by his name, and mentioned all sorts of little things that happened one time or another in the town, or to George's family, or to Peter; and he always let on that Peter wrote him the things, but that was a lie, he got every blessed one of them out of that young flathead that we canoed up to the steamboat.

Then Mary Jane she fetched the letter her father left behind, and the king he read it out loud and cried over it. It give the dwelling-house and three thousand dollars, gold, to the girls; and it give the tanyard (which was doing a good business), along with some other houses and land (worth about seven thousand), and three thousand dollars in gold to Harvey and William, and told where the six thousand cash was hid, down cellar. So these two frauds said they'd go and fetch it up, and have everything square and above-board; and told me to come with a candle. We shut the cellar door behind us, and when they found the bag they spilt it out on the floor, and it was a lovely sight, all them yaller-boys. My, the way the king's eyes did shine. He slaps the duke on the shoulder, and says:

"Oh, *this* ain't bully, nor noth'n! Oh, no, I reckon not! Why, Biljy, it beats the Nonesuch, *don't* it?"

The duke allowed it did! They pawed the yaller-boys, and sifted them through their fingers and let them jingle down on the floor; and the king says:

"It ain't no use talkin'; bein' brothers to a rich dead man, and representatives of furrin heirs that's got left, is the line for you and me, Bilge. Thish-yer comes of trust'n to Providence. It's the best way, in the long run. I've tried 'em all, and ther' ain't no better way."

Most everybody would a been satisfied with the pile, and took it on trust; but no, they must count it. So they counts it, and it comes out four hundred and fifteen dollars short. Says the king:

"Dern him, I wonder what he done with that four hundred and fifteen dollars?"

They worried over that a while, and ransacked all around for it. Then the duke says:

"Well, he was a pretty sick man, and likely he made mistake—I reckon that's the way of it. The best ways to let it go, and keep still about it. We can spare it."

"Oh, shucks, we can *spare* it. I don't k'yer noth'n 'bout that—it's the *count* I'm thinkin' about. We want to be awful square and open and above-board, here, you know. We want to lug this h-yer money upstairs and count it before everybody—then ther' ain't noth'n suspicious. But when the dead man says ther's six thous'n dollars, you know, we don't want to——"

"Hold on," says the duke. "Less make up the deffisit"—and he begun to haul out yaller-boys out of his pocket.

"It's a most amaz'n' good idea, duke—you *have* got a rattlin' clever head on you," says the king. "Blest if the old Nonesuch ain't a heppin' us out agin"—and *he* begun to haul out yaller-jackets and stack them up.

It most busted them, but they made up the six thousand clean and clear.

"Say," says the duke, "I got another idea. Le's go upstairs and count this money, and then take and *give it to the girls.*"

"Good land, duke, lemme hug you! It's the most dazzling idea 'at ever a man struck. You have cert'nly got the most astonishin' head I ever see. Oh, this is the boss dodge, ther' ain't no mistake 'bout it. Let 'em fetch along their suspicions now, if they want to—this'll lay 'em out."

When we got up stairs, everybody gathered around the table, and the king he counted it and stacked it up, three hundred dollars in a pile—twenty elegant little piles. Everybody looked hungry at it, and licked their chops. Then they raked it into a bag again, and I see the king begin to swell himself up for another speech. He says:

"Friends all, my poor brother that lays yonder has done generous by them that's left behind in the vale of sorrers. He has done generous by these-yer poor little lambs that he loved and sheltered, and that's left fatherless and motherless. Yes, and we that knowed him, knows that he would a done *more* generous by 'em if he hadn't ben afeard o' woundin' his dear William and me. Now, *wouldn't* he? Ther' ain't no question 'bout it, in *my* mind. Well, then—what kind o' brothers would it be, that'd stand in his way at sech a time? And what kind o' uncles would it be that'd rob—yes, *rob*—sech poor sweet lambs as these 'at he loved so, at sech a time? If I know William—and I *think* I do—he—well, I'll jest ask him." He turns around and begins to make a lot of signs to the duke with his hands; and the duke he looks at him stupid and leather-headed a while, then all of a sudden he seems to catch his meaning, and jumps for the king, goo-gooing with all his might for joy, and hugs him about fifteen times before he lets up. Then the king says, "I knowed it; I reckon *that* 'll convince anybody the way *he* feels about it. Here, Mary Jane, Susan, Joanner, take the money—take it *all*. It's the gift of him that lays yonder, cold but joyful."

Mary Jane she went for him, Susan and the hare-lip went for the duke, and then such another hugging and kissing I never see yet. And everybody crowded up with the tears in their eyes, and most shook the hands off of them frauds, saying all the time:

"You *dear*, good souls!—how *lovely*!—how *could* you!"

Well, then, pretty soon all hands got to talking about the diseased again, and how good he was, and what a loss he was, and all that; and before long a big iron jawed man worked himself in there from outside, and stood a listening and looking, and not saying anything; and nobody saying anything to him either, because the king was talking and they was all busy listening. The king was saying—in the middle of something he'd started in on—

"—they bein' partickler friends o' the diseased. That's why they're invited here this evenin'; but to-morrow we want *all* to come—everybody; for he respected everybody, he liked everybody, and so it's fitten that his funeral orgies sh'd be public."

And so he went a-mooning on and on, liking to hear himself talk, and every little while he fetched in his funeral orgies again, till the duke he couldn't stand it no more; so he writes on a little scrap of paper, "*obsequies*, you old fool," and folds it up and goes to goo-gooing and reaching it over people's heads to him. The king he reads it, and puts it in his pocket, and says:

"Poor William, afflicted as he is, his *heart's* aluz right. Asks me to invite everybody to come to the funeral—wants me to make 'em all welcome. But he needn't a worried—it was just what I was at."

Then he weaves along again, perfectly calm, and goes to dropping in his funeral orgies again every now and then, just like he done before. And when he done it the third time, he says:

"I say orgies, not because it's the common term, because it ain't—obsequies bein' the common term—but because orgies is the right term. Obsequies ain't used in England no more, now, it's gone out. We say orgies now in England. Orgies is better, because it means the thing you're after, more exact. It's a word that's made up out'n the Greek *orgo*, outside, open, abroad; and the Hebrew *jeesum*, to plant, cover up; hence *inter*. So, you see, funeral orgies is an open er public funeral."

He was the *worst* I ever struck. Well, the iron-jawed man he laughed right in his face. Everybody was shocked. Everybody says, "Why *doctor*!" and Abner Shackleford says:

"Why, Robinson, hain't you heard the news? This is Harvey Wilks."

The king he smiled eager, and shoved out his flapper, and says:

"*Is* it my poor brother's dear good friend and physician? I——"

"Keep your hands off of me!" says the doctor. "*You* talk like an Englishman—*don't* you? It's the worse imitation I ever heard. *You* Peter Wilks' brother. You're a fraud, that's what you are!"

Well, how they all took on! They crowded around the doctor, and tried to quiet him down, and tried to explain to him, and tell him how Harvey'd showed in forty ways that he *was* Harvey, and knowed everybody by name, and the names of the very dogs, and begged and *begged* him not to hurt Harvey's feelings and the poor girls' feelings, and all that; but it warn't no use, he stormed right along, and said any man that pretended to be an Englishman and couldn't imitate the lingo no better than what he did, was a fraud and a liar. The poor girls was hanging to the king and crying; and all of a sudden the doctor ups and turns on *them*. He says:

"I was your father's friend, and I'm your friend; and I warn you *as* a friend, and an honest one, that wants to protect you and keep you out of harm and trouble, to turn your backs on that scoundrel, and have nothing to do with him, the ignorant tramp, with his idiotic Greek and Hebrew as he calls it. He is the thinnest kind of an impostor—has come here with a lot of empty names and facts which he has picked up somewheres, and you take them for *proofs*, and are helped to fool yourselves by these foolish friends here, who ought to know better. Mary Jane Wilks, you know me for your friend, and for your unselfish friend, too. Now listen to me; turn this pitiful rascal out—I *beg* you to do it. Will you?"

Mary Jane straightened herself up, and my, but she was handsome! She says:

"*Here* is my answer." She hove up the bag of money and put it in the king's hands, and says, "Take this six thousand dollars, and invest for me and my sisters any way you want to and don't give us no receipt for it."

Then she put her arm around the king on one side, and Susan and the harelip done the same on the other. Everybody clapped their hands and stomped on the floor like a perfect storm, while the king held up his head and smiled proud. The doctor says:

"All right, I wash *my* hands of the matter. But I warn you all that a time's coming when you're going to feel sick whenever you think of this day"—and away he went.

"All right, doctor," says the king, kinder mocking him, "we'll try and get 'em to send for you"—which made them all laugh, and they said it was a prime good bit.

(*To be continued.*)

Why He Admired It.

"I TAKE pleasure in your butter, ma'am," remarked the smart and classical young student to his landlady.

"Why?" asked the latter.

"It brings to mind ancient grease, ma'am," and he settled his board bill that night.

PARLIAMENTARY ITEMS.

(FROM THE ARGUS.)

Mr. Richardson, M.L.A., surprised the Legislative Assembly on Wednesday afternoon by announcing his intention to resign his position as a member of the Executive Council, by virtue of which distinction he is also a justice of the peace. He said that the board which inquired into his conduct in connexion with John Carnegie's application referred to his action in terms of absolute harshness," to which conclusion he was sure hon. members would come when they read the evidence. In view of the surrounding circumstances, and in consciousness that he had fallen into a very grave error, he had determined to resign his position as an Executive councillor. All gentlemen who have been members of a Government remain on the roll of members of the Executive Council. Mr. Richardson was sworn in on August 3, 1880, when he took office as Minister of Lands in Mr. Berry's Government in that year.

Mr. Service rose in the Legislative Assembly at 25 minutes to 4 on Wednesday to deliver his budget speech for the year, and he spoke for two hours. He gave the key-note of the address in the first sentence. On several occasions he has had to explain the condition of the finances, but never with so much satisfaction as this year. Every circumstance was gratifying; the revenue had exceeded his estimate of last July, the expenditure had been kept within the prescribed limits, the last loan was a success, the Government will be able to reduce the grain freights, the ensuing harvest promises well, and new taxation is not to be thought of. "Providence again!" said Mr. Mirams. Providence, according to the Premier, cleared away the war clouds to let in a gleam of peaceful sunshine when the Victorian and Queensland loans were placed on the London market "Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure." We have, said Mr. Service, "as far as the Treasurer is concerned, £100,000 less revenue per annum, yet are able to remit railway charges which affect the farmers to the amount of £40,000." When the budget statement was concluded a supply bill for £1,624,000 was passed through all its stages, and the House, at a quarter to 6, adjourned until next day.

The total estimated revenue for the year 1884-5 was £6,495,871, but the amount actually received was £6,604,727. The balance from 1883-4 was £314,074, or £61,966 more than was estimated. The estimated expenditure for 1884-5 was £6,402,931, which was exceeded by £4,636. The balance forward to 1885-6 was £392,210, instead of £92,947, as estimated last year. Under every principal heading there was an excess of revenue over the estimate, and the expenditure was kept within the estimate of ways and means. "That," said Mr. Service, "is the secret of what is called safe financing."

The golden sword which the Emperor of Russia presented to General Komaroff, and which has been completed by M. Kiellor, a St. Petersburg jeweller, is described as being a very magnificent weapon indeed. Its shape is that of an old French sword; the blade is made of Damascene steel; the scabbard as well as the hilt is of gold; between the chased ornaments on both sides of the scabbard there are rows of jewels, and at the upper end of the sword there are clusters of six or seven large diamonds. At the lower part of the scabbard are engraved the words "For valor," also surrounded by precious stones. Further ornaments in the shape of roses formed of jewels are set in different places. The cost of the sword is estimated at £150.

A sensational murder trial will open in Cork (says a Dublin paper of 30th May) on Monday next, when William Sheehan and his brother-in-law, David Browne, will be arraigned on the charge of having murdered Sheehan's mother, brother, and sister in Castletownroche several years ago. The three skeletons of the persons who, it is alleged, were murdered were discovered at the bottom of a disused well last September. Sheehan had been living for some time in New Zealand, and he was arrested in that colony. He arrived in Cork in custody on Monday evening.

The next batch of Land Acts maps, which is to be issued in a fortnight (says the "Argus") will comprise the maps of the counties of Ripon, Dalhousie, Grenville, Bendigo, Talbot, Grant, and Bourke. The proofs of the maps for the counties of Gunbower and Lowan have been sent to the local land officers for revision, and will soon be ready for the printer. There has been so great a demand for copies of the maps of Dundas and Heytesbury that the Lands department has been called on to issue a second edition. The issue of a third batch of maps has been delayed by the extra work involved in the printing of the second editions, while the lithographic printing branch has been somewhat hampered for want of a sufficiently large supply of stones for their work

A panic has been caused in Ireland by the stoppage of the Munster Bank limited. The bank is one of the nine joint-stock banks carrying on business in Ireland, having its head office at Cork, and 42 branches throughout the country. An "Argus" telegram states that the Government has been asked to assist the bank, but declined.

The Rev. J. W. Inglis, of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Ballarat, has been called to face a charge of plagiarism. The Ballarat correspondent of the "Argus" furnishes the following particulars respecting the case:—It appears that Mr. Inglis has been delivering sermons on "The Four Gospels," and on Monday a *precis* of one of these (signed by himself) appeared in the local papers. A member of his congregation thought he had read something similar, and looked up the *Sermons of the Dean of Westminster*. A fortnight ago this member of the congregation mentioned his suspicions to a friend. A copy of the work referred to was obtained, and on the following Sunday special notice was taken of Mr. Inglis's sermon. The allegation was then made that the plagiarism was a most flagrant one, and it is stated that Mr. Inglis was then requested to meet the elders of the church, and the manuscript was secured, that he was openly charged with plagiarism, and denied it, and that the decision was ultimately arrived at to allow him three months to find another church. The Presbytery of Ballarat will meet next month, when the whole subject is likely to be dealt with.

There was a whirlwind in Warrnambool on Tuesday afternoon, which played a high jinks for a time. The "Standard" says:—"Pieces of paper were carried up out of sight. A small boy was nearly knocked over by the force of the gust, and a stout old lady, who unfortunately happened to get in its course, cut a very comical figure, as she unavailingly attempted to prevent her dress and her umbrella from obeying the impulse of the wind, several branches having been broken off, but no damage of a serious nature resulted."

The Japanese of the higher classes have adopted very generally European dress in place of their own graceful garments. The higher class of officials, having for the most part become accustomed to foreign dress in Europe, have retained it on their return home. Hitherto, however, the wearer could select what dress he pleased, except in certain Court ceremonials, when European clothing was *de rigueur*; but now, it appears, the option is no longer to be given. Officials of all classes must give up their native dress and adopt the European when engaged in their official work, and as the latter is beyond the means of those who get only small salaries, a suit of European clothing is to be furnished to each of them at the cost of the state.

The following subscriptions on behalf of the parents of the late Alexander Sutherland, who was killed by an accident in the New Discovery No. 3 Tribute, are thankfully acknowledged:—No. 3 Tribute party, L25; John Wotherspoon, L2 2s; Hawkes Bros., L2 2s; "Cash," L1; J. Watson, 10s; Wm. Smith, 10s 6d; James Johnston, 10s; Thomas Bath, L2 2s; G. Jacensch, 10s; W. Greenwood, 5s; H. Jacensch, 5s; P. Jacensch, 5s; G. Thompson, 5s; G. M'Cracken, 5s; R. Farley, 2s 6d; J. Abbott, 2s 6d; J. M'Duff, 2s 6d; W. A. Allen, 3s; R. Bone, 2s 6d; T. Day, 2s 6d; W. Grant, 2s 6d; W. Day, 2s 6d; A. Goode, 2s 6d; H. Trompf, 2s 6d; J. White, 2s; W. Elliott, 2s 6d; G. Trompf, 2s 6d; C. Trompf, 2s 6d; J. Smith, 5s; W. Loft, 5s; J. Robertson, 2s 6d; J. Crawford, 2s 6d; "A. Friend," 2s; Mrs. Provis, 5s; W. H. Fisher, 5s; "A Lady Friend," 5s; J. Murray, 2s; T. Pryor, 2s 6d; R. Stevens, 5s; A. M'Farlane, 2s 6d; total, L39 15s 6d.—C. W. MACKINTOSH, Collector.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

Beaufort Leasehold Reservoir Reserve.

It is hereby notified that shooting in, on, or across this reserve, or the carrying of firearms therein, without permission being obtained from the Shire Council of Ripon, is prohibited.

Any person offending against this order will be prosecuted as the law directs.

By order.
D. G. STEWART, Shire Secretary.
Riponshire Offices, Beaufort, 23rd July, 1885.

CHAFF and OATS.—Wanted a Large Supply, delivered at any station Railway Works Dimboola to South Australian Border. Apply C. and E. MILLAR, Contractors, Dimboola.

RIPON SHIRE ELECTION—NORTH RIDING.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,—I assume the honor of offering myself as a Candidate for your votes at the coming election, and after nomination day will fully explain my views on the management, or rather mismanagement, of our shire business, more particularly that of the North Riding.

I am, Ladies and Gentlemen,
Most respectfully, etc.,
DAVIS CALWELL.

Beaufort, 22nd July.

Loyal Beaufort Lodge, M.U.I.O.O.F.

THE ANNIVERSARY of the above Lodge will be celebrated by a SOCIAL GATHERING, to be held in the Societies' Hall on TUESDAY, 4th August, 1885. First-class String Band will be in attendance. Twenty-four dances. Double Ticket, Five Shillings.

JOHN B. HUMPHREYS,
Pt. Secretary.

Shire of Ripon.

NORTH RIDING ELECTION.

To the Ratepayers of the North Riding.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor to intimate that I intend to nominate as a candidate at the above election, and also that I have decided to go to the poll no matter how many candidates may oppose me.

Trusting that I shall receive from you a generous support,

I am, yours obediently,
THEODORE BEGGS.

Woodinagorak, Stockyard Hill, and Beaufort Ploughing Match.

Under the Auspices of the Beaufort Agricultural Society.

THE above Match will be held on Mr. Matthew Kelly's land, Eurambeen, on
WEDNESDAY, 5TH AUGUST, 1885.

PRIZE LIST.

SINGLE FURROW PLOUGHS.

Class A.—Open to all comers. First prize, £5; second £3; third, £1. Entrance, 10s.

Class B.—Open to all who have not taken a prize in Class A, or a first prize in Class B, and residents in the Shires of Ararat or Ripon. First prize, £5; second, £3 10s; third, winkers, hames, and traces (the gift of Mr. T. G. Archard), valued at £2 2s. Entrance, 10s.

Class C.—For boys under 18 years old, resident for three months prior to this match within a radius of 14 miles from Beaufort. First prize, £5; second, £3; third, £2; fourth, £1. Entrance, 7s 6d.

DOUBLE FURROW PLOUGHS.

Class D.—Open to all comers. First prize, £6; second, £4; third, £2; fourth, £1. Entrance, 10s.

Class E.—Open to all who have never taken a prize in any match with double furrow ploughs, and resident within a radius of 14 miles from Beaufort. First prize, £4, second, £3; third, £2; fourth, £1. Entrance, 8s.

EXTRAS.

Class C.—Best finish, fancy teapot (gift of Mr. P. M. O'Connell).

Class D.—Best finish, set of swingle trees (gift of Mr. J. Owen).

Class E.—Best finish, 6 bottles of balsam (gift of Mr. Chapman).

Best looking ploughman (ladies to be the judges), a pair of boots made to order (gift of Mr. T. Trudgen).

RULES.

1. Competitors to draw tickets at half-past 9 a.m., commence at 10 o'clock, and finish at 3 p.m.

2. Single furrow ploughs to plough one-third of an acre in two lands, with an equal number of furrows on each side of the ridge of each land. Mould furrow not to count. To begin at the right hand first. Depth, 5 inches; width not restricted. No assistance or smoothing irons allowed.

3. Double furrow ploughs to plough half an acre, gathered into two lands of equal width. To open and finish with double furrow ploughs. Each land to have an equal number of furrows on each side of ridge. No assistance or smoothing irons allowed.

4. Two feet between each competitor.

5. All subscribers to the funds of the society to the amount of 10s to enter teams free.

6. Ploughman infringing any rule to be disqualified.

7. The decision of the judges to be final.

JOHN HUMPHREYS, Secretary.

Beaufort, 17th July, 1885.

Note.—Entries received up to 9 o'clock on the morning of the match.

Shire of Ripon.

NORTH RIDING ELECTION.

[REQUISITION.]

July 8th, 1885.

To Mr. ALBERT ANDREWS, Beaufort.

SIR,—We, the undersigned ratepayers of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon, respectfully request that you will allow yourself to be nominated as a Candidate for a seat in the Council at the ensuing election, to be held on the 13th August, 1885, and we promise to use our best exertions to secure your return.

We are, Sir,
Your obedient Servants,
George Topper
George Davis
Walter Johnston,
And fifty-eight other ratepayers.

[REPLY.]

To Messrs. G. Topper, G. Davis, W. Johnston, and other Ratepayers signing the requisition.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in complying with your request to become a candidate at the ensuing shire election, and desires to thank you for the honor which you wish to confer on me.

I remain,
Your Obedient Servant,
A. ANDREWS.

To the Ratepayers of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon.

I, WILLIAM SMITH, the retiring member, wish to intimate that I have been requested to stand for re-election. I have always done my duty to the ratepayers according to my own opinion, and, if elected, I will do so again.

I have the honor to be,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Yours respectfully
WILLIAM SMITH.

Beaufort, July 17th, 1885.

Wanted

LEEPER-HEWERS. Twelve months' work. Good timber. Apply on the works, Dimboola and S.A. Border Railway. C. and E. MILLAR, Contractors, Dimboola.

THOMAS GEO. ARCHARD,

CIVIL ENGINEER,

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Beaufort and district that he is prepared to execute Plans and Specifications for any description of buildings, supply Contractors' quantities, and prepare estimates.

Address—Messrs. Hawkes Bros., Ironmongers, etc., Beaufort.

Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company

Geelong Wool Sales.

GEORGE HAGUE & CO.

Will hold Sales of Wool every Tuesday during the ensuing Season.

To keep pace with the Extraordinary Progress our business has been making, we have been compelled to greatly extend our Warehouse accommodation, and with the latest additions our Warehouse is now one of the largest and most convenient in the Australian colonies.

OUR NEW SHOW ROOMS

Are admirably adapted for the exhibition of Clips to the best advantage. A steady south light, which is so necessary to the efficient display of the superior Western Wools, being a special feature; and last season all the English, Continental and American buyers declared our New Show Rooms to be the best lighted and most suitable for the proper display of wool of any in the colony.

EVERY LOT, no matter how small, is carefully examined prior to sale, and protected up to full market value.

CASH ADVANCES made on the ensuing clip.

FARMERS' LOTS receive the most careful attention, and no effort is spared to secure utmost value, even for the smallest lots.

20,344 BALES

Passed through our hands last year, and we think this enormous increase should be sufficient evidence that our mode of conducting business has met with the approval of our constituents.

PROMPT SETTLEMENTS.

Account Sales and Cheque for proceeds forwarded invariably three days after sale.

CHARGES

The lowest ruling in the colony, and growers will find they effect a Saving of Seven Shillings per bale by selling at Geelong instead of Melbourne.

WOOLPACKS and STATION STORES supplied at lowest market rates.

SHEEPSKINS, HIDES, TALLOW.

Sales every Wednesday throughout the year.

GEORGE HAGUE & CO.,
Wool Brokers.

Geelong, 1st July, 1885.

WILLIAM BUCHANAN

BEGS to inform the public of Beaufort and district that he has commenced business as a GENERAL BLACKSMITH and SHOEING SMITH in the premises lately occupied by Mr. Lynn, Neill street, Beaufort, and hopes to be favored with a share of their patronage.

JOBBING NEATLY DONE.

Horses shod as they ought to be.

TRADE MARK.

COUGHS — COLDS — ASTHMA — BRONCHITIS

ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION

10 BOURKE ST. EAST. OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE MELBOURNE.

REGISTERED.

FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER is often dreaded by those who suffer from the distressing affections of the Lungs, Winter Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., to which the uncertainty of the Australian climate renders them extremely liable. ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION being especially prepared for these diseases in this climate, gives relief at the first dose, and soon effects a permanent cure, even in the most serious cases. Ask for Rowley's Cough Emulsion, and take no other. Sole proprietor, W. M. Rowley, 10 Bourke-street East, Melbourne. Sold by

A. ANDREWS, Chemist, Beaufort,

and all chemists.

Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer—W. M. ROWLEY. Dispensing and Family Chemist, Apothecaries Hall, 10 Bourke-street East Melbourne.

W. BAKER,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

W.B. has ON SALE the following lines:—Pine Shelving, Flooring, and Lining Boards; Californian, Kauri, and Clear Pine, up to 36 inches; Cedar, all thicknesses and widths; Table Legs, Sashes, Doors, Architrave and other Mouldings, Window Glass, White Lead, Oils, Turps, and all other Building Requisites. Sashes, Doors, and all kinds of Joiner's Work made to order at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Hardwood supplied at Timber Yard Prices.

Public Notice.

GEO. H. COUGLE

WISHES to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding districts for the very liberal support accorded him during the twelve months he has been in business for himself, and begs to announce that he is now showing a Splendid Assortment of NEW WINTER DRAPERY, BOOTS and SHOES, at prices that will defy competition.

NEW DRESS GOODS. NEW DRESS GOODS
BLANKETS. BLANKETS.

Quilts, Sheetings, Calicoes, Flannels, Tickings, Shirtings, Etc.

Men's and Boys' Tweed Suits, Trousers and Vests, Coats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, etc.

Boots Boots Boots
GOOD and CHEAP.

G. H. C.'s motto is Small Profits and Quick Returns. He only keeps the best of goods, and as he charges the lowest prices he finds it unnecessary to hold "Clearing Sales" or quote misleading prices.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:
Two Doors from Golden Age Hotel,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

HARRIS & TROY,

PRODUCE DEALERS BEAUFORT

Agents for

Broadbent Bros. and Co.
Wm. M'Culloch and Co
Permewan, Wright and Co.,

FORWARDING, COMMISSION & RAILWAY AGENTS & LICENSED CARRIERS.

On Sale
AT
JEREMIAH SMITH'S
TIMBER YARD,

CORNER OF LIVINGSTONE & WILLOBY STREETS—

American shelving boards
Do lumber do
6 x 1 T and G Scotch flooring
6 x 1 do do lining
6 x 4 do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 cut pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
4in., 3in., 1in., 14in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.

NEXT TO POLICE STATION

J. W. HARRIS
MINING AGENT
AND
SHARE BROKER,
BEAUFORT.

Member of the Ballarat Stock Exchange

W. EDWARD NICKOLS

AUCTIONEER,

Camp street, Beaufort, and Queen street, Ararat.

Estate and Financial Agent, Arbitrator and Valuer
Wools Grain, and Money Broker.
Estate manager for Companies and Others.
Correspondent and Valuer for the Ballarat Banking Company, Limited.
Agent for the Victoria Fire and Life Insurance Companies.
Agent for the Mutual Assurance Society of Victoria Limited.
Houses and Land bought or sold
Rents and Debts collected.
Trust and Agency Business of all kinds attended
Attend at Beaufort on Mondays and Saturdays, any other day by appointment.

Note the Address:
W. EDWARD NICKOLS,
AUCTIONEER, BEAUFORT.

WOOL WOOL WOOL

TO SHEEP FARMERS, SELECTORS, AND OTHERS.

E. J. STRICKLAND'S
Ballarat
WOOL, HIDE, SKIN AND TALLOW AUCTION ROOMS,

Lydiard street north, near Railway Station.
Established 1869.

ACTS AS SELLING BROKER ONLY.

E. J. S. in again thanking his numerous constituents, the Sheep Farmers and selectors (whose business he makes a specialty) for their liberal support during the past season, can confidently recommend this market as the best in the colony for the SALE of SMALL CLIPS, as past seasons' prices will show. I have therefore much pleasure of soliciting the favor of your support and interest.

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES MADE, whether for sale here, Melbourne or Geelong.
Prompt Account Sales.
Charges—Lowest in the colony.

SALE DAY—THURSDAYS.

Any of the forwarding agents will receive consignments, pay all charges, and forward with despatch.

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.,
BEAUFORT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Grocers, Wine & Spirit Merchants, Drapers and Outfitters,

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Ironmongery, Furniture, and Earthenware.
MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING.

W. B. & CO are Importers of Drapery, Earthenware, Glassware, Bedsteads, &c., &c., and, being Large Cash Buyers, are enabled to sell all goods at Lowest Possible Prices.

Customers may rely upon getting as good value for their money as in any house in the colony.

Goods delivered within 14 miles FREE OF CHARGE.

N.B.—Our NEW SHOWROOM for FURNITURE, EARTHENWARE, &c., is now open.

HAWKES BROS.,
Next Bank of Victoria, Beaufort,
Wholesale and Retail Iron Merchants, Ironmongers, Furniture Brokers, Dealers in Glassware Crockery, etc.

HAWKES BROS.,
Being Importers of Iron, Ironmongery, Bedsteads, Furniture, Oils, Colors, etc., are enabled to offer to the public their goods at PRICES WHICH CANNOT BE BEATEN.

HAWKES BROS.,
Are prepared to supply FURNITURE and all HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES upon the TIME-PAYMENT SYSTEM.

HAWKES BROS.
CHEAPEST HOUSE in the district for Ironmongery, Furniture, Crockery, Paperhangings, Canvas, House Lining, Oils, Colors, etc.

WINTER DRAPERY, 1885.

A Very Choice Selection of
NEW GOODS
Will be shown during the week at BEAUFORT HOUSE.

DRESSES in the Newest Styles, VELVET and SATIN HATS, JACKETS, CLOAKS, FANCY GOODS, FURS, RIBBONS and VELVETEENS in all Shades.

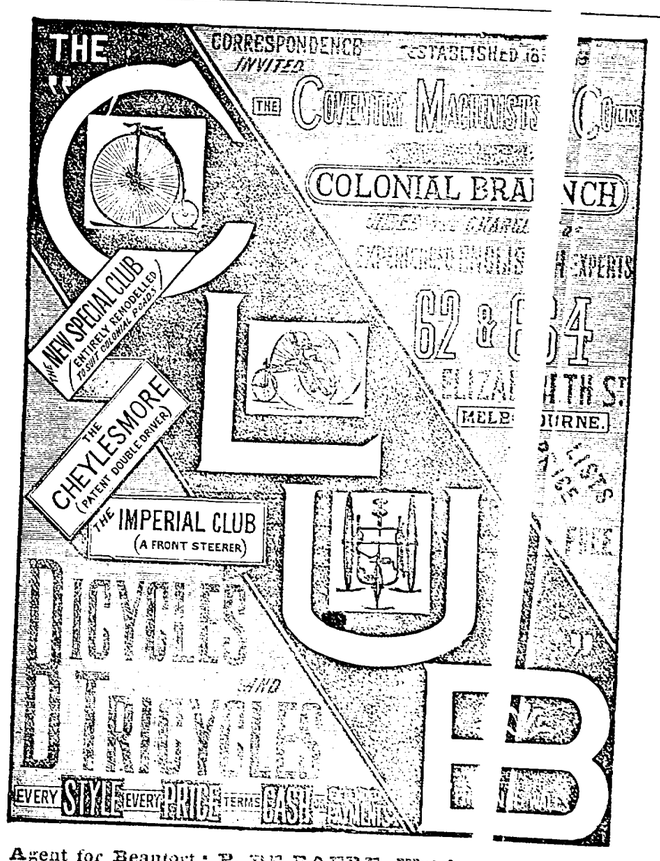
A Very Cheap Lot of LADIES' TRIMMED HATS.

LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING, and all sizes of the PATENT EYELETTED STAYS, which have given such general satisfaction, now to hand.

MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING. TAPESTRY, CARPETS, and FLOORCLOTHS Very Cheap. BOOTS and SHOES, and, in fact, all Departments Well Assorted.

An Early Call and Inspection Invited.

H. GUNN,
GROCER, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT.



Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchmaker, etc.

Advances on Wool, Grain, etc.,
Stock, Stations, and Station Produce of all kinds.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY (Limited)
Capital, £3,500,000,
Reserve Fund, £250,000,

Make Liberal Cash Advances
ON
STATION SECURITIES,
ENSUING CLIPS OF WOOL, GRAIN, Etc.,
FOR SALE IN MELBOURNE
Or SHIPMENT to LONDON.

Auction Sales of Wool held every week through the season.

Auction Sales of Tallow, Hides, Sheepskins, Leather, etc., three times a week throughout the year.

Auction Sales of Grain, Flour, etc. held every Wednesday.

DAVID ELDER, Manager.
I. YOUNGHUSBAND,
Wool and Produce Manager.
Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins street west

CHEMICALS AND DRUGS

STANDARD PATENT MEDICINES,
Hair and Tooth Brushes,
TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, SOAPS,
SHOULDER BRACES, TRUSSES.
SPONGES,
AND ALL VARIETIES OF
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and despatch.

A. ANDREWS
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Martin and Co.'s Homeopathic Medicines.

A. A. wishes to notify that he has been appointed Agent for the above preparations by Messrs. MARTIN and CO., Collins street, Melbourne.

GARDENING FOR JULY.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Plant largely of early potatoes; sow parsnips upon rich deep soil—the latter ought to have been trenched two feet or more. Sow Peas largely Beatman's dwarf, blue imperial, champion of England, climax, and alliance are among the best for general purposes. Sow largely of the various kinds of broad beans in rows thirty inches apart. Established plantations of rhubarb and sea-kale may be forced by covering the crowns over with pots or slates, and covering these again with fresh horse-manure. Plant globe artichokes in rich soil, in rows four feet six inches by three feet. Sow main crops of onions, also sow spinach, radish, and small salads.

FLOWER GARDEN.—If former directions have been carried out, there will not remain much to be done this month, with the exception of keeping all the walks, borders, and beds neat and clean.

FARM.—Continue ploughing and harrowing lands intended for spring cropping. Hoe drill crops. Continue sowing grasses, clover, lucerne, and peas; beans may still be sown in late localties. Oat and barley sowing should be completed this month if the weather has been at all favorable.

Steam pleasure yachts were in course of building in England in May to the value of £300,000, in addition to an immense number of sailing yachts.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES cure Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bed time ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s. 1½d. and 2s 9d each.

Consumers of Wolfe's Schnapps especially those taking it medicinally, should purchase it only by the bottle, and thus ensure the genuine article, as there is a fraudulent imitation in the market. Large and small bottles are obtainable at every respectable hotel and Wine and Spirit Merchant's in the colony. The name of M. Moss and Co. is on the top label of the yellow wrapper.

TOWLE'S PENNYROYAL AND STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES quickly correct all irregularities, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes 2s 9d., of all Chemists. Prepared only by E T. Towle, Chemist, Nottingham, England. Agents for Melbourne—Rocke, Tompsitt & Co., Wholesale Druggists: Hemmons and Co., Wholesale Druggists; William Ford & Co., 67, Swanston Street.

TICKLING SENSATION.—Persons affected with a tickling sensation in the throat, depriving them of rest night after night, will find certain relief by taking a dose of ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION at bedtime, and if the dose be repeated a cure will soon be effected. For coughs, colds, asthmas, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs; ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION is the best known remedy. Ask your chemist for it; do not be put off with any other. It may be obtained from A. ANDREWS, Chemist, Beaufort. Sold by all chemists. Wholesale agents—Felton, Grimwade and Co., and Rocke Tompsitt, Melbourne

FLORILINE!—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth as peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Floriline," being composed in part of honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Price 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road, London.

SUFFERERS FROM WIND ON THE STOMACH, Indigestion, Costiveness, Giddiness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Disturbed Sleep, Palpitation of the Heart, Colic, Sour Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Skin Eruptions, &c., should delay no time in availing themselves of that most excellent medicine, "PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS," which for 30 years has held the first place in the world as an effectual antidote to the above and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach, bowels, or liver. Tonic, invigorating and purifying, they form the best remedy extant. Sold by all Medicine Vendors in boxes at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each. Proprietor, Page D. Woodcock, Lincoln, England.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere at 3s. 6d. per bottle. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road London.

Beaufort Post Office.

TIME TABLE, 1885.

Post Town	Mails arrive at Beaufort	Mails close at Beaufort
Melbourne...	9 a.m 12.10 p.m 10 p.m	8.45 a.m 5 p.m.
Geelong	Ditto	Ditto
Ballarat	Ditto	Ditto
Trawalla	Ditto	Ditto
Raglan	4.15 p.m	9.45 a.m
Chute	Ditto	Ditto
Waterloo	Ditto	Ditto
Main Lead	Ditto	Ditto
Sailor's Gully	4.15 p.m	Ditto
Stockyard Hill	Ditto	Ditto
Ararat...	9.31 a.m 5.30 p.m	11.45 a.m. 9.20 p.m
Buangor	Ditto	Ditto
Burrumbeer	4 30 p.m	1 p.m
Shirley	Ditto	Ditto

The mails for Ararat, Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, Buangor, and Trawalla are despatched twice daily.

Mails for Waterloo are despatched daily.

Mails for Shirley, and Burrumbeer are despatched three times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Mails for Main Lead, Raglen, and Chute are despatched three times a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Mails for Stockyard Hill and Sailor's Gully (a loose bag to Lake Goldsmith) are despatched three times a week—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

OXYGEN IS LIFE.—Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne—Multitudes of people are hopelessly suffering from Debility, Nervous and Liver Complaints, Depression of Spirits, Hypochondria, Timidity, Indigestion, Failure of Hearing, Sight, and Memory, Lassitude, Want of Power, &c., whose cases admit of a permanent cure by the new remedy Phosphodyne (Ozonic Oxygen), which at once allays all irritation and excitement, imparts new energy and life to the enfeebled constitution, and rapidly cures every stage of these hitherto incurable and distressing maladies. Sold by all chemists and druggists throughout the globe. ☞ CAUTION.—Phosphorus is sometimes sold in the form of Pills and Lozenges; it should be generally known that every form where solid particles of Phosphorous are in combination is dangerous. It is therefore necessary that the public should be cautioned against the use of any form of Phosphrous not perfectly soluble in water.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain or cutting teeth? Go at once to a chemist and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It will relieve the poor sufferer immediately. It is perfectly harmless and pleasant to taste, it produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes "as bright as a button." It soothes the child, it softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for dysentery and diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is sold by all medicine dealers everywere hat 1s. 1½d. per bottle

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by John I. Brown & Sons, Boston, U.S. European depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London

Victorian Railways.

TIME TABLE.

FROM MELBOURNE TO STAWELL

LEAVE—Melbourne 6.30 a.m, 11.10 a.m, 4.10 p.m. 7 p.m
ARRIVE at Geelong 8.13a.m 12.57 a.m 6.15 p m 8.22 p.m
LEAVE—Geelong 8.25 a.m, 1.12 a.m, 6.35 p.m, 8.37 p.m
ARRIVE at Ballarat 10.30am 3.20a.m 9 p.m 10 20 p.m
LEAVE—Ballarat 6 a.m 10.50 a.m 3.45 p.m 10 35 p.m.
Burrumbeet 6.40 a.m 11.21 a.m, 4.25 p.m
Beaufort 7.30a.m 12.4 a.m 5.22p.m 12.0 a.m.
Buangor, 8.25 a.m, 12.40 a.m, 6.7 pm
ARRIVE at Ararat 9.10am 1.16 pm 6 50 p.m. 1.25 p.m.
LEAVE—Ararat, 9.20 a.m, 1.31 a.m, 7.1 a.m
ARRIVE at Stawell 10.20 a.m, 2.26 p.m, 7.55 a.m

FROM STAWELL TO MELBOURNE

LEAVE—Stawell 6 45 a.m, 10.45 p.m, 3.5 p.m 9.30 p.m
ARRIVE At Ararat 7.39 a.m 11.35 p.m 3.50 p.m
LEAVE—Ararat, 7.49 a.m, 11.55 p.m. 4.9 p.m
Buangor 8.25 am 12.45 p.m 4.45 pm
Beaufort 9.2 a.m 1.30 p.m 5.25 p m
Burrumbeet 9.43 a.m 2.16 p.m. 6.7 p.m.
ARRIVE At Ballarat 10.21 am, 3.10 pm, 6.45 p.m 1.30am
LEAVE—Ballarat 6.40 a.m, 11.30 a.m, 3.25 p.m, 7.10 p m
ARRIVE at Geelong 8.30 a.m 1.39 p.m 6.5 p.m 9.5 p.m.
LEAVE—Geelong, 8.40 a.m, 1.54 pm, 6.30 pm, 9.15 p.m
ARRIVE At Melbourne, 10.15 a m, 3.41 pm, 8.35 p.m. 10.46 p.m.

FROM ARARAT to HAMILTON and PORTLAND

ARRIVE At Ararat, 1.16 p.m.
LEAVE Ararat, 1.50 p.m.
Wickliffe Road, 2.51 p.m.
Glen Thompson, 3.25 p.m.
LEAVE Glen Thompson, 3.30 p.m.
ARRIVE At Dunkeld. 4 p.m.
Hamilton, 4.50 p.m.
LEAVE Hamilton, 5.5 p.m.
ARRIVE At Portland. 7.20 p.m.

FROM PORTLAND and HAMILTON to ARARAT and MELBOURNE.

LEAVE Portland, 10.15 a.m.
ARRIVE at Hamilton, 12.32 a.m.
LEAVE Hamilton, 12.47 a.m.
ARRIVE At Ararat, 3.51 p.m.
LEAVE Ararat, 4.9 p.m.
ARRIVE At Melbourne, 11.15 p.m.

FARES.

Beaufort to	Fust-class	Second-class
Trawalla	1s 9d	0s 9d
Burrumbeet	2s [illegible]	[illegible]
Clarkefield	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ballan	[illegible]	[illegible]
Gordon	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ballarat	[illegible]	[illegible]
Buninyong	[illegible]	[illegible]
Buangor	2s 3d	[illegible]
Ararat	3s 6d	[illegible]
Tarrangower	6s 3d	[illegible]
Avoca	7s 6d	[illegible]
Stawell	8s 6d	[illegible]

ADVERTISEMENTS received for insertion in this Paper, in England, by CHARLES PLATT, 65 Gracechurch street, London.

CONTINENTAL SUPERIOR Whisky, [illegible]

Certified by the Medical Profession to be the PUREST STIMULANT PROCURABLE."

As a Tonic and Stimulant cannot be surpassed, giving tone and life to the system.

THE TEMPERANCE DRINK OF THE WORLD.

UPWARDS OF WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS has been a quarter of a [illegible] before the public, and its sale [illegible] increasing, while hundreds of imitations have appeared and disappeared, leaving only ruin and disgrace to all connected with them. The public should no longer be duped by [illegible] cheap, fiery compounds, imitations of the genuine WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

The public are strongly [illegible] to see that the original [illegible]

Authorities have found it necessary to prosecute a large number of Publicans under the Trade Marks Act, and have fined up to £10 and £10 10s. costs, for selling other [illegible] for the bare representation to be the genuine WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS.

A CLEAR SAVING OF 20%

(OR FOUR SHILLINGS IN THE POUND) BY PURCHASING YOUTHS' AND GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING,

DIRECT FROM

GEORGE & GEORGE

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS, COLLINS ST. EAST.

Observe our Prices and compare.

TROUSERS, TO ORDER	17/6	ALL WOOL.
WATERPROOF COATS	21/ to 45/	
RIDING HABITS	In Serge or Tweed	
FEDERAL UMBRELLAS	10/6	ALL SILK
FOOTBALL OUTFITS	8/6	ALL SIZES
WINTER HOSIERY at TRADE PRICES		
Nett Cash Prices.		
MERINO HALF HOSE	PER ½-DOZ 5/ 6/ 7/6	
LAMBSWOOL HALF HOSE	PER ½-DOZ 5/ 7/6 9/	
MERINO VESTS	2/6 3/6 4/6	
CARDIGAN JACKETS	7/6 10/6	
WHITE DRESS TIES	All Widths 6d.	
WHITE KID GLOVES	1/11 2/6	
DANCING PUMPS	Per Pair 14/6	
TAN KID GLOVES	2 Buttons 2/11	
Nett Cash Prices.		
MADE UP SCARFS	8½d. 1/ 1/6	
ARGOSY BRACES	2/11	

LATEST FASHIONS.

"FEDERAL" SAC SUIT. 32/6 to 45/-, or, TO ORDER, From 63/-.

MORNING COAT & VEST. 45/- to 65/-, or, TO ORDER, From 72/6.

D.B. FROCK COAT. 47/6 to 87/6, or, TO ORDER, From 72/6.

FEDERAL OVERCOAT. 30/- to 47/-, or, TO ORDER, 42/- to 75/-.

FEDERAL ULSTER. 35/- to 42/-, or, TO ORDER, 55/- to 75/-.

FEDERAL DRESS SUIT. From 6½ Guineas.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL GARMENTS ARE CUT AND FITTED BY THE BEST CUTTERS IN MELBOURNE, AND SOLD SUBJECT TO THE FOLLOWING CONDITION: ANY ARTICLE NOT FITTING WILL BE EXCHANGED, OR THE COST REFUNDED.

PATTERNS AND FORMS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT BY RETURN OF POST.

GEORGE & GEORGE'S

REGATTA SHIRTS	3/3 4/6 6/6	
FINE LINEN HDKFS	Per Doz 7/6 12/6	
RICH SILK HDKFS	1/11, 2/11, 3/6	
MASHER COLLARS	Per Doz 5/6	
POLO COLLARS	Per Doz 5/6	
BRIEF BAGS	All Prices from 4/6	
BASIL PORTMANTEAUS	12/6	
Nett Cash Prices.		
CIGAR CASES	From 5/ each	
REVOLVERS	7/6 10/6 Half Price 12/6	
HAT, HAIR, & CLOTHES BRUSHES		
WALKING STICKS	All kinds 1/6 to 10/6	
WEST'S SOLITAIRES	Full Suite plated 6d.	
TRAVELLING BAGS	Fitted from 105/	
DRESSING CASES	Fitted from 10/6	
Nett Cash Prices.		

YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

THE CHEAPEST & BEST IN THE COLONY.

BOYS' JERSEY SUITS, 7/6 to 25/-

BOYS' KNICKER SUITS, 6/11 to 27/6

YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS, 22/- to 35/-

YOUTHS' OVERCOATS, 12/6 to 25/6

ACCORDING TO SIZE.

BOOTS & SHOES

STRONG ENGLISH WALKING BOOT. 15/6, 18/6, 22/6.

BOYS' & YOUTHS' EXTRA STRONG LACE BOOTS. 8/6 to 12/6.

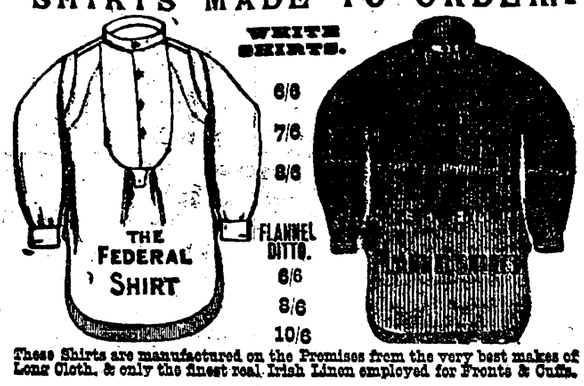
MEN'S & BOYS' HATS.

HARD FELT HATS. 7/6 to 11/6.

SOFT FELT HATS. 7/6 to 10/6.

BEST SILK HATS. 16/6.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.



WHITE SHIRTS. 6/6 7/6 8/6

FLANNEL DITTO. 6/6 8/6 10/6

These Shirts are manufactured on the Premises from the very best makes of Long Cloth, & only the finest real Irish Linen employed for Fronts & Cuffs.

☞ £1 FREE GIFTS!—The proprietors of WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS, to induce the destruction and prevent the improper use of their wrappers and labels, and thus further protect the Public against fraud and deception, have inclosed in the wrappers or under the label on the quart bottles, since 1st October, 1878, and continue to inclose in EVERY DAY'S PACKING THROUGHOUT THE YEAR, THREE £1 ORDERS, which are drawn upon the undersigned, and which will be cashed by them on presentation. To secure these Gifts, the Public must be careful to ask for, and accept nothing but the GENUINE UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS, with our name upon the top label M. Moss & Co., Wynyard Lane, Sydney.

JOHN HUMPHREYS,

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT, ACCOUNTANT, ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS AND DEBTS COLLECTED.

Secretary and Manager of the Kingfisher G.M.C., Beaufort.

Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

KAY'S COMPOUND OF LINSEED, Aniseed, Senega, Squill, Tolu, &c., with Chlorodyne.

KAY'S COMPOUND, a demulcent expectorant, for Coughs and Colds.

KAY'S COMPOUND for Cough's and Colds, is equally serviceable for Horses and Cattle,

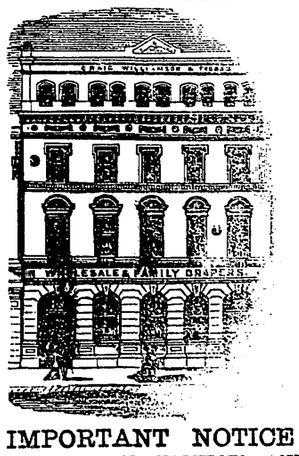
KAY'S TIC PILLS, a specific in Neuralgia, Face-ache, &c.

COAGULINE.—Cement for Broken Articles. Sold everywhere.

Imported by all Merchants, and sold by all Chemists &c.

Sole Makers—Kay BROS., Stockport, England.

REMEDY FREE!—A victim of youthful imprudence causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Esq., 43 Chatham Street, New York City, U. S. A.



IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO HEADS OF FAMILIES AND OTHERS.

Drapery, Woollens and Clothing, Carpets Floorcloths and Linoleums, Bedsteads and Bedding, direct from the Importers, at actual Wholesale Prices.

CRAIG, WILLIAMSON, AND THOMAS

SUPPLY the Public with Drapery, Woollens, Clothing, Carpets, Floorcloths, Linoleums, Bedsteads and Bedding at Importers' Rates.

The Terms being strictly Net Cash, purchasers at C. W. and T.'s warehouses have not to pay for losses occasioned by bad debts and they save the retail profit, fully 30 per cent

Extensive shipments from England and the Continent are received weekly by the several steamers, thereby ensuring a continuous supply of the newest goods.

Persons residing in the country, including the adjacent colonies, can rely on their orders having careful attention. The principle of having only one [illegible] (no matter how large or how small the parcel) is [illegible] adhered to in ordering by letter are placed [illegible] as if they selected the goods [illegible]

[illegible] Outfitting Departments having assumed such large proportions are now located at the warehouse, No. 6 Elizabeth street, close to the drapery [illegible]. Cards for self measurement and patterns [illegible] on application.

The stock in all departments is now fully assorted for winter requirements, and the firm have pleasure in inviting an inspection of their

DRAPERY WAREHOUSE

AT 14 and 16 ELIZABETH STREET,

And their

OUTFIT AND CLOTHING WAREHOUSE,

6 ELIZABETH STREET

CRAIG, WILLIAMSON, & THOMAS,

IMPORTERS AND WAREHOUSEMEN,

MELBOURNE.

Holloway's Ointment.

For Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Wounds, and Ulcerations of all kinds.

THERE is no medicinal preparation which may be rely thoroughly relied upon in the treatment of the grave ailments as Holloway's Ointment. Nothing can be more salutary than its action on the body both locally and constitutionally. The Ointment rubbed around the part affected enters the pores as salt pork meates meat. It quickly penetrates to the source of the evil, and drives it from the system.

Bronchitis Diphtheria Colds Coughs Sore Throat and Shortness of Breath.

Relaxed and congested throats elongated uvula ulcerated or turgid tonsils whooping cough, croup wheezing from accumulated mucous, and other difficulties of respiration also palpitation stitches and shortness of breath may with certainty be cured by rubbing this healing Ointment over the chest and back for at least half an hour twice a day assisted by appropriate doses of Holloway's Pills.

Glandular Swellings, Stiff Joints and Disease of the Skin.

[illegible] Ointment has greater power over gout and rheumatism than any other preparation. No one need remain in pain if its remedy be used according to printed instructions affixed to each pot. All settled aches and pains are remediable in the same manner.

Gout and Rheumatism.

There is no preparation for salutary effects comparable to this remedy. It should be well rubbed over the affected parts after their due fomentation with warm water. It acts by stimulating the absorbents to increased activity, by preventing congestion and promoting a free and copious circulation in the parts affected, thence speedily and effectually it ensures a cure.

Piles Fistulas, and Exhortations

The cures which this Ointment effects in healing piles and fistulas of long standing, after they have resisted all other applications, have been so countless and notorious throughout the world that any effort to give an adequate detailed statement of their number or character would be in vain. It is sufficient to know that the Ointment has never proved ineffacious.

In Disorders of the Kidneys, Stone, and Gravel.

The Ointment is a sovereign remedy if it be well rubbed twice a day into the small of the back, over the region of the kidneys, into which it will gradually penetrate, and in almost every case give immediate relief. When very this Ointment has been once used it has established its own worth, and has again been eagerly sought for as the easiest and safest remedy in all disorders of the kidneys

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following complaints:—

Bad Legs	Fistulas	Sore Throats
Bad breasts	Gout	Skin Diseases
Burns	Glandular Swellings	Scurvy
Bunions		Sore Heads
Chilblains	Lumbago	Tumours
Chapped Hands	Piles	Ulcers
Corns (Soft)	Rheumatism	Wounds
Contracted and Stiff Joints	Sore Nipples	
	Scalds	

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; also by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the Civilised World, in boxes and Pots. The smallest box of Pills contains four dozen; and the smallest Pots Ointment one ounce.

Full printed directions are affixed to each Box and Pot, and can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

"For the Blood is the Life."

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities cannot be too highly recommended.

For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and Sores of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent cure.

It Cures Old Sores
Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs
Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face
Cures Survy Sores
Cures Cancerous Ulcers
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases
Cures Glandular Swellings
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter,
From whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1883.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

"Gentlemen,—Some ten years ago my wife became lame with ulcerated legs. I tried every recommendation for a cure, and also a large number of doctors (some of these very clever men with diseases of the kind), but to no effect. After being in this state for better twixt five and six years I determined to try your Blood Mixture, as a last resource, as she at that time appeared to be at death's door and had to be put to bed, having no use in her legs; and, I am thankful to say, after taking 13 of your small bottles she experienced a perfect cure. This is now four years ago since the cure was effected, and there is no sign of the complaint returning. I may add that it had cost us scores of pounds trying one remedy after another previous to taking your valuable medicine, for which I return my sincere thanks.—I am Gentlemen, yours gratefully "C. S."

"P.S.—You may make what use of the above you think fit, but in the event of advertising it kindly keep back my name. You can, however, refer any one making private inquiries to my address as follows.—C. S., Midland Station, Carlton, near Nottingham."

Sold in Bottles 2s 9d. each, and in Cases, containing six times the quantity, 11s. each—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases, by all CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world.

Proprietors,

THE LONDON AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.

TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

NO family should be without these Pills. Their long tried efficacy in correcting disorders of the liver and stomach, stimulating the bowels, and purifying the blood, has secured for them an imperishable name throughout the world. A few doses produce comfort, a short continuance effects a complete cure. Invalids may look forward towards this rectifying and revivifying medicine with the certainty of obtaining relief.

How to Enjoy Life.

Is only known when the blood is pure, its circulation perfect, and the nerves in good order. The only safe and certain method of expelling all impurities is to take Holloway's Pills, which have the power of cleansing the blood from all noxious matters, expelling all humors which taint or impoverish it, and thereby purify and invigorate and give general tone to the system. Young and old, robust or delicate, may alike experience their beneficient effects. Myriads affirm that these Pills possess a marvellous power in securing these great secrets of health by purifying and regulating the fluids, and strengthening the solids.

Our Mothers and Daughers.

The functional irregularities peculiar to the weaker sex are invariably corrected without pain or inconvenience by the use of Holloway's Pills. They are the safest and purest medicine for all diseases incidental to females of all ages, and most precious at the turn of life, or when entering into womanhood.

Debilitated Constitutions—Bad Coughs.

In general debility, mental depression, and nervous depression, there is no medicine which operates so like a charm as these famous Pills. They soothe and strengthen the nerves and system generally, give tone to the stomach, elevate the spirits, and in fact render the patient sensible of a total and most delightful revolution in his whole system. Thousands of persons have testified that, by their use alone, they have been restored to health after all other means have proved unsuccessful.

Indigestion and its Cure.

Indigestion with torpidity of the liver is the bane of thousands, who pass each day with accumulated sufferings, all of which may be avoided by taking these Pills according to the accompany directions. They strengthen and invigorate every organ subservient to digestion, and effect a cure without debilitating or exhausting the system; on the contrary they support and conserve the vital principle by a complete purification of the blood.

Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following diseases:—

Ague	Piles
Asthma	Rheumatism
Bilious Complaint	Retention of Urine
Blotches on the Skin	Scrofula, or King's Evil.
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptom
Female Irregularities	Tic-Doloureux
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Venereal Affections
Headache	Worms of all kinds
Indigestion	Weakness from whatever cause, &c., &c.
Liver Complaints	
Lumbago	

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; also by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the civilised world in boxes and pots. The smallest box of Pills contains four dozen, and the smallest pot of Ointment one ounce.

Full printed directions are affixed to each box and pot and can be had in any language, even in Turkish Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

Printed and published by H. P. HENNINGSEN, for the proprietors, at the Office, Lawrence street, Beaufort, Victoria.