The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 585.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1887. 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order as to the number of insertions, will in all cases be continued until countermanded, and no advertisement can be withdrawn without an order in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.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.

[illegible]

Communications [illegible] Editor, and [illegible] writer [illegible] as a pledge of good faith. The 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.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

PROMPT SETTLEMENT and PAYMENT of CLAIMS. Losses paid over—£15,00,000. Annual Income—£800,000. Accumulated Funds exceed, £1,000,000.

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.
R. MANFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.
Beaufort District Agency,
H. P. HENNINGSEN, Beaufort.

For PAINTING and PAPERHANGING of Every Description go to A. NEEDHAM, Neill street, Beaufort. Cheapest and Best.

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.
Head Office: Melbourne, 1 Market Buildings.
Established 1869.

The chief features are MODERATE RATES, [illegible]
Policies opened before 31st October have a special advantage—they will participate in the [illegible] to be declared for the year ending 30th September, 1886.
Forms of Proposal to be had from any of the Agents throughout the colonies.
ALEX. J. YOUNG, Manager.
Agent for Beaufort: [illegible] B. HUMPHREYS.

Double Oak-tanned Well-stretched Machine Belt.

FRANK VIAL & CO., Macaulay Road, Hotham, and 59 Main Street, Ballarat, Manufacturers of Machine Belting on the most approved Continental and American principles. A Large Stock of Premier Belt Lubricant on hand. Price lists and testimonials on application.

GRATEFUL.—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA,

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operation 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' bill. It is by the judicious use of such article 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.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailors 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,
AD[illegible] CARDS,
[illegible]TS, &c.,
[illegible]ARS, BILLHEADS,
[illegible] HANDBILLS
[illegible]LIVERY BOOKS,
[illegible]R TICKETS,
[illegible]ARDS, &c., &c.,
[illegible]T-CLASS STYLE
[illegible]RNE PRICES.
[illegible]e Street, Beaufort.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

SPECIAL
AT
A. CRAWFORD'S
[illegible]

A LARGE SUPPLY OF GOODS
Suitable for
THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR TRADE
Having arrived
The public are requested
TO INSPECT THE GRAND DISPLAY
AT
MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS.

The Goods have been marked Exceptionally LOW, with a view to a SPEEDY CLEARANCE. A saving, therefore, of at least 20 per cent. will be effected by purchasers.

THE GOODS COMPRISE NOVELTIES IN

Fancy Glassware, Vases, Toys, Bracelets, Card-Cases, Terra Cotta Goods, Work-Boxes, Purses, Leather and Plush Bags, Hair and other Brushes, Fancy Soaps, Baskets,
And others, to numerous to mention.

IN THE GLOVE AND LACE DEPARTMENT
Several Cheap and Startlingly Cheap lines are now offering.
Ladies' and Children Lisle Gloves, splendid colors, and extra quality, 6d per pair.
Ladies' taffeta gloves, 1s per pair.

SPECIAL.
Just received a large shipment of the celebrated Elaine-Kid Gloves, four and six buttons, in tans, new browns, colors, &c., 1s 11d to 2s 11d per pair.
A job line of Edelweiss and Oriental Laces, just to hand, 2½d to 6d per yard, worth 6d to 1s.

UMBRELLAS AND SUNSHADES.
A Splendid Stock in the newest styles, at prices that cannot be beaten.

Ladies are particularly directed to
THE IMMENSE STOCK
IN THE
MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.
Anticipating a large demand for an effective-looking hat, suitable for picnics, &c., at a low price.
A great quantity of fashionable shapes in HATS and BONNETS have been trimmed, and marked at prices that make it impossible for any other establishment to equal.
Splendid trimmed hats, from 2s 11d.
Galatea straws, 1s, worth double.
Corsets and Underclothing—A large stock always kept in newest shapes and styles.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.
A splendid supply of Mantles, Dolmanettes, visites, capes, &c., &c., in beaded gauzes, broches, ottoman silks, &c., &c., at special job prices.
Stockinette Skirts, 2s 6d, exceptional value.
Quilted skirts, aprons, lustcoats, &c., at
LOWEST PRICES IN THE TRADE.

The stock in the
CARPET AND FURNISHING DEPARTMENT
Is unequalled for variety and assortment, several additions having lately been received, consisting of the newest styles and choicest patterns, manufactured in best Brussels carpets, linoleums, and floorcloths.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO PARTIES FURNISHING.
The stock being too large, and occupying more room than can be conveniently spared,
THE LARGE DISCOUNT
OF
10 PER CENT.
Will be allowed on all CASH PURCHASES
OF
Best Brussels Carpets, and Best Linoleums,
With a view to reduce the stock.
A superior lot of tapestry, kidder, felt, hemp, and other carpets at low prices.
Lace and other curtains in white, cream gold, &c.
A large stock of bedside pieces of best Brussels, 4-6 length, half-price.
A great saving can, therefore, be effected by purchasing all furnishings at Mitchell's Buildings.

THE MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENT
Is well stocked with the requirements.

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.
This department is now supplied with the finest assorted stock of men's, women's, and children's boots and shoes in the district, at prices that defy competition.
A splendid variety of infants' boots and shoes, imported direct, have been received—the best assortment in the trade.
Ladies' Kid elastic-side boots, from 6s 6d.
Ladies' Balmoral and button boots, 10s 6d.
Girls shoes, extra value, 4s.
Infants' boots, 1s 9d—exceptionally cheap.
Gents.' kid elastic-side boots, 13s 6d.
Gents.' Balmorals, 9s 6d.
Gents.' calf e.s., from 11s 6d.

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

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 [illegible]
[illegible] MELBOURNE.
[illegible] 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.

Extraordinary Announcement.

S. NATHAN,
The Furnishing Arcade,
221 ELIZABETH STREET,
MELBOURNE,
SUPPLIES
FURNITURE,
BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING,
CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS,
PIANOS,
ELECTROPLATED WARE,
GUNS, by all the Best English Makers,
&c., &c., &c.,
Without Money or Security
ON
TIME PAYMENT
GOODS FORWARDED TO ANY PART OF THE COLONY.
Most Liberal Terms in the World.
S. NATHAN,
THE FURNISHING ARCADE,
221 Elizabeth Street.

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, Burbidge 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.
BERKLEY & TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggists.
ELLIOTT BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
NEW ZEALAND AGENTS.
KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

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

They have many Followers, but no Equals.

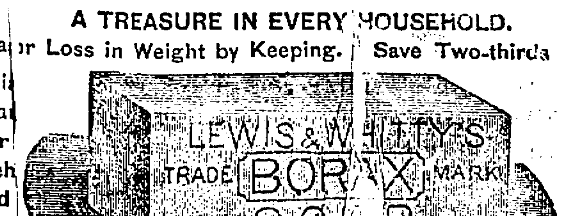
THE THURMER PIANO, [illegible] £48, or 20s. monthly.

THE SMITH ORGANS [illegible] to [illegible], or 20s. monthly.

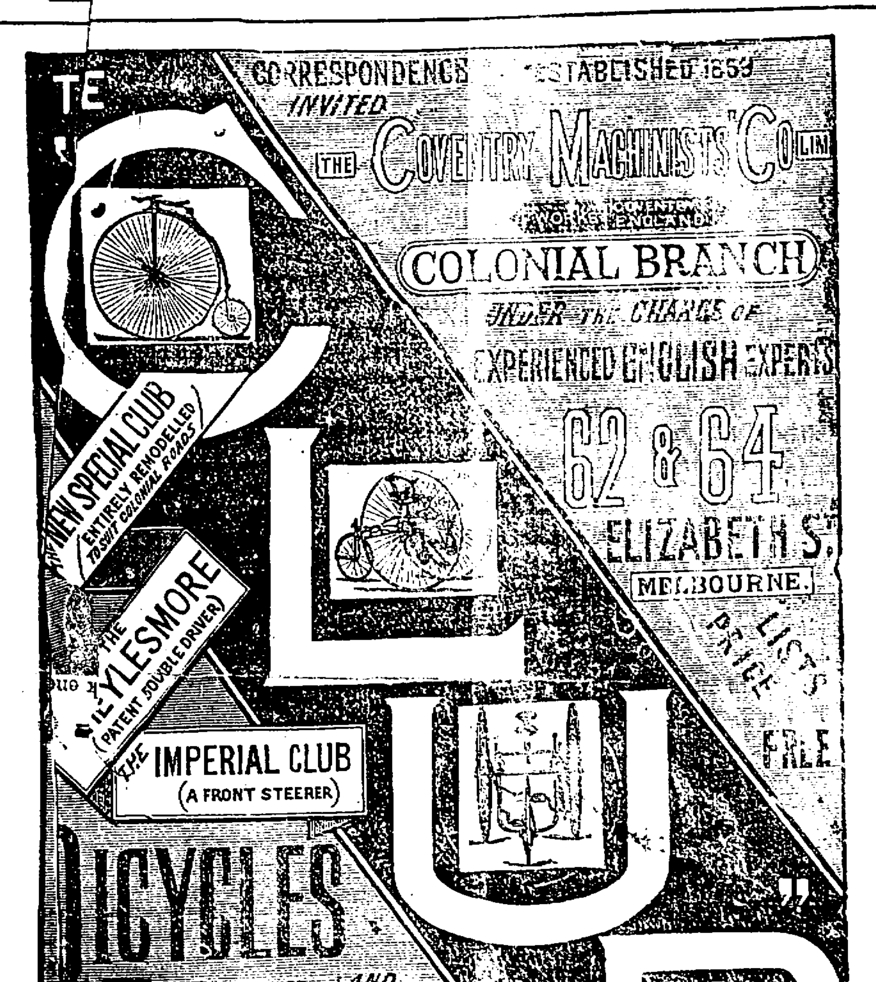
It is a wonder to all that such Beautiful Instruments can be obtained at these Low Prices.

17 & 19 COLLINS STREET EAST **ALLAN & CO.** Melbourne.

LEWIS & WHITTY'S
A TREASURE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
No Waste or Loss in Weight by Keeping. Save Two-thirds in Freight.



Special Preparation for Household and Domestic Purposes. Brightens the Colors, does not Bleach,
PRESERVES THE FABRIC. SOFTENS THE SKIN.
BORAX SOAP
Can be used in Hot, Cold, Hard or Brackish Water.
CLEANSES, HEALS, AND PURIFIES THE SKIN.
THE SAFEGUARDS FOR HEALTH,
BORAX EUCALYPTUS SOAP!
—AND—
BORAX CARBOLIC SOAP!
Prevents Decay, Infection, and is Cheaper than the Ordinary Household.
Combines all the qualities of the Borax Soap, together the Medicinal and Disinfecting Properties of the Eucalyptus and Carbolic.
REFRESHING AND AGREEABLE.
The Only Makers of Eucalyptus Soap in Australia.
LEWIS & WHITTY'S
SQUARE BLUE EGG POWDER BLACKING AND WASHING POWDER STAND UNRIVALLED!
To be had from all Grocers and Storekeepers.
WORKS—FITZROY AND RICHMOND, MELBOURNE.



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

Alopecia Baldness. The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY. COMOTROPHUS. All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.
SPECIALTY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, AND JOINT DISEASES.
128, COLLINS STREET EAST.

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.
[illegible]
DENTIST SURGEON, Sturt St[illegible]
(Over Bardwell's, Photographer)
Dental Registration [illegible]

WISHES to intimate to the citizens of [illegible] and Waterloo and surrounding districts [illegible] opened a permanent branch in the above [illegible] every operation in Dentistry may be [illegible] cial [illegible] Teeth stopped from further decay. cheap[illegible] inserted, without pain or inconv[illegible] Persons [illegible] any other Dentist.
require more [illegible] badly fitting artificial t[illegible] perfect by applying [illegible] to the base can have them [illegible] once.
Especial care and attention given to the regula[illegible] of Children's Teeth, which [illegible] neglected, in after ye[illegible] ruin the mouth or mastication and appearance.
ADVICE FREE. Testimonials, both English [illegible] colonial.

ATTENDANCE EVERY FRIDAY at Mr. ANDREWS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, N[illegible] Street, Beaufort, from 1 to 5 p.m.,
And at Mr. E. MILLIGAN'S, Waterloo, from 9 [illegible] 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 7.3[illegible] 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
[illegible] obtained at [illegible] Beaufort, and the Manufactory, Snake [illegible] 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 to?

How many have been enabled to enter into 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, 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 consultation with one at a distance, will remove by 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.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET

The Christmas holidays at the close of the week interfered to a considerable extent with the ordinary routine business of the produce market, and the quantity of produce forward has not been large. One small lot of new wheat was received at the beginning of the week from the Wimmera district, and was landed at a cost of 4s 8d. As, however, wheat is now being freely bought at Horsham at 3s 9d, this figure appears above the market value, and as deliveries may be expected to be made this week pretty freely future parcels will decline in price. At Donald new wheat is coming in freely and has a downward tendency. At St. Arnaud old wheat still commands 4s 10d. Flour in this district continues to meet a brisk trade at late rates. One or two small lots of oats have changed hands locally at 3s during the week, but the market is weak. New hay is coming in freely and finds buyers at L3 10s for loose. Warrnambool potatoes are now being delivered in large quantities at 5s 6d per cwt. Fresh butter has advanced in value, and improved prints readily fetch 11d, good potted selling freely at 9d per pound. Eggs are becoming scarcer and have advanced to 1s per dozen. We quote :—

Wheat, 4s 10d per bushel, bags in ; oats 3s to 3s 1d per bushel, bags in ; pollard, 1s 3d per bushel ; bran, 1s 1d per bushel ; flour, L11 2[illegible] ... Warrnambool ... straw, 2s per ... chaff, ... 10s per cwt ; butter, fresh, 10d ... potted, 9d. per lb ; hams, 10d ... bacon, 8d per lb ; cheese, 6d to 7d per ... 1s per dozen.—"Advertiser."

ARARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

... ness quiet :—Oats, 2s 10d to ... 1d ; Cape ... 3s ; English do., 3s 6d to ... ; wheat, 5s ... 1d ; peas, 3s 3d to 3s 4d ; ... anger hay, L5 ... L5 10s ; sheaves, L4 to L4 15s ; straw, L2 ... L2 5s ; potatoes, L2 5 to L2 10s.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S EXCURSIONS.

... Holiday Excursion Tickets will be issued to and from all stations (suburban lines excepted) from the 20th December to the 5th January, both dates inclusive (Sundays excepted), available for return for one calendar month from date of issue. Example :—An excursion ticket issued on the 22nd December will be available till the 22nd January. When the last day falls on a Sunday the ticket will be available till next day. The journey must be commenced on the day the ticket is issued, but after a distance of 15 miles has been travelled the journey may be broken at the discretion of the passenger.

Sydney Excursion Tickets.—From the 15th December to the 5th January, both dates inclusive, excursion tickets will be issued at Melbourne to Sydney at the following return fares :—1st class, £5 6s. 6d. ; 2nd class, £4 1s. These tickets will be available for two calendar months from date of issue, but will not be available by the express trains on the New South Wales Lines.

Luggage.—Excursion passengers will only be allowed to carry such luggage free as can be stowed under the seats without inconvenience to other passengers, and those who have luggage for the van must be at the ... half-an-hour before the train starts. Stamped ... rate will be charged for it.

... *and Vehicles.*—... inclusive, the Department ... not engage to forward horses and vehicles by ... particular train, unless accommodation can be ... vided by special arrangement.

Commercial Travellers' Samples.—From the 22nd December to the 5th January, Commercial Traveller's samples will not be taken to or from roadside stations except by mixed or goods trains.

Parcels.—On the 24th December parcels must be at the Melbourne Parcels Office thirty minutes before starting time of ordinary trains.

North Melbourne and Newmarket Stations.—From 9 a.m. on the 24th December to 9 a.m. on 25th December, tickets will not be issued at North Melbourne or Newmarket Stations for country stations, nor by the early trains on 27th December and 1st January, and down trains will not stop there. On the same dates the up North-Eastern train will not stop at Newmarket. The 5.10 p.m. down and the 6.50 a.m. up mixed trains are excepted from the foregoing arrangement.

Goods Sheds Holidays.—The 25th and 27th December and 1st January will be observed as holidays in the Goods branch, and goods trains will not run. Perishable goods will, however, be delivered at all stations on application. Consignees of powder can ascertain from the Station-master at Footscray when explosives will be received in lieu of these dates.

Seaside Excursion and Tourists' Tickets.—The issue of these tickets at the principal stations will continue as already advertised (see posters at all stations).

By order of the Commissioners.

P. P. LABERTOUCHE,
Secretary for Railways.

FORAGE.

TENDERS will be received up till Ten o'clock a.m. on Friday, 14th January next, for the supply of Forage, in such quantities as may be required for the service of the Government at the undermentioned stations, from the 1st March, 1887, to the 29th February, 1888 :—

BEAUFORT and BUANGOR.
WICKLIFFE.

Printed forms of tenders, the estimated quarterly consumption, the storage capacity, and conditions of contract may be obtained from the Secretary, Tender Board, Treasury, Melbourne, or from the officer in charge, by whom also information or explanation will be afforded to persons tendering.

Tenders, which should be upon the printed form, will be received for either oats bran, hay, or straw (the particular kind of hay or straw to be stated); but if all be included in one tender, it may be accepted for one article only, if advisable. Telegrams will not be entertained.

Tenders must be enclosed in an envelope, marked "Tender for Forage," and deposited in the Tender Box, Pay Office, Treasury, Melbourne ; or, if sent by post, they must be addressed to the Chairman of the Tender Board, Treasury, Melbourne.

D. GILLIES, Treasurer.

Treasury,
Melbourne, 1st December, 1886.

A Gold Mining Lease Declared Void.

ATTENTION is directed to the *Government Gazette* of the 1st December, 1886, page 3665, in which it is notified that the undermentioned lease has been declared void :—

ARARAT DISTRICT. RAGLAN DIVISION.

No. 1096 ; dated 7th December, 1885 ; E. H. L. Swifte ; 85a. 1r. 13p. ; Waterloo.

C. W. LANGTREE,
Secretary for Mines.

Office of Mines,
Melbourne, 20th December, 1886.

IMPOUNDED AT BEAUFORT.

2 red and white Steers, like C off riles
1 red and white Cow, like C off riles
1 red Cow, like C off riles
1 strawberry Heifer, like M near rump
1 red and white Heifer, J B off riles
1 red and white Calf.

If not claimed and expenses paid to be sold on the 15th January, 1887.

W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

MRS. MOORE begs to notify to her friends that she has removed to Pratt street, next door to "Advocate" Office, and is still agent for Madame Weigel's Patterns.

WALTER CORNELL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST, AND DISPENSING CHEMIST,

(next Horsley Bros. and 2 doors from Lester's hotel,)

HAS the honor to intimate to the public of Ballarat and the surrounding district that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS at the above address, with

AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF

Pure Drugs and Chemicals.

Also, a large and carefully selected assortment of Brushware, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, together with a choice selection of Cut Glass Bottles, Perfume Caskets, Ivory Brushes, Tortoise-shell Combs, etc., suitable for presents.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY DISPENSED,

And promptly forwarded per rail, or otherwise as directed.

The Trade Supplied at Melbourne Prices.

Marriage.

WATKIN—KIRKPATRICK.—On the 21st December, 1886, at the residence of the bride's brothers, Kelvin Grove, Murrabit, by the Rev. J. H. Shallberg, Harrie F. Watkin, the eldest son of J. F. Watkin, Main Lead, Beaufort, to Mary A., third daughter of R. Kirkpatrick, of Stockyard Hill.

THE
Riponshire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1887.

WITH the present issue another year commences. Taking a retrospective view of our doings during the period just closed, it cannot be said that we have done all that we should have done to prosper our little town. As a consequence of several very bad seasons however, we have, in common with every other town in the colony, felt somewhat of the influence of trade depression ; and it may be excusable if we have been slow, if in being slow we have been sure, in the transaction of those things which are inseparable from the progress and prosperity of towns. We have, on the whole, nothing calling for special complaint. In agricultural matters we find ourselves at this time in a very favorable condition. We have enjoyed a thoroughly good year, with fine seasons of sunshine and rain ; a good spring-time ; and, we believe, a good harvest. Everything in a country town depends upon a good yield, and if we may take a good harvest as a criterion, we may also indulge the opinion that our prosperity will be brighter during the year upon which we have entered than has been the case for some years past.

In Mining which is such a fluctuating industry, could we foster the hope of a repetition of the activity of days gone by we should be more than jubilant ; nevertheless, although not going so far as to expect so much, yet we may expect something better than, latterly, ... Our Waterloo companies are still working, and as a wind-up for the Christmas holidays the Victoria obtained the handsome fortnightly yield of 380oz., which enabled a respectable dividend to be declared. The Saxon Consols is also doing well. From the New Discovery, Main Lead, we do not hear of great things being done ; but sincerely hope that, for the Company's sake, and for the prosperity of the district, their steady perseverance will be handsomely rewarded at an early day in this Year of Grace 1887. Respecting the new rush at Ararat Flat, good reports of successful alluvial mining have come to hand, and although no large washings will take place until the machinery and apparata are erected, yet we are encouraged to hope from the reported trial washings that something substantial may be expected. We anticipate, in the event of the Raglan Division of the Ararat Mining District getting a fair share of the vote for prospecting purposes about to be distributed by the Board, that some discoveries of a really valuable nature will be made. The Raglan Division is by no means worked out ; there is gold in large quantities yet to be obtained ; and perhaps in larger quantities than have hitherto been brought to light. We understand that our best workings, in the olden days, were wound up just at that time when greater results were expected ; for what reason we are not cognizant ; but, if the same spirit as exists in other localities were shown here ; if local aid were given and foreign capital invited to keep these mines going, there cannot be the least shadow of a doubt that Beaufort will be itself once more as the centre of an important mining district. Our Division is represented on the Mining Prospecting Board, and by an able gentleman, but to that one representative of the Ararat District must be given the entire support of every class of our population, for in not a small measure will each one reap the benefit of an improved mining industry.

In affairs general, several vast improvements may be effected. The long-promised improvements at our railway station will shortly be undertaken, as we hear on good authority ; and we hope that the next time we are called upon to mention this matter, will be when the work has been commenced. A stranger walking through the streets of Beaufort would imagine that, like Rip Van Winkle, we have awakened from a long sleep to find that the aspect of everything is altogether different from what it was. The grass gets plenty of time to grow, unchecked, in our streets. The drainage in some parts of the town is in such an imperfect state that, instead of the water being carried away, it remains for weeks in a stagnant condition and becomes very offensive to one of the most prominent of the five senses. It was only during this week a workman disturbed, with a stick, a pool of water beneath a grating opposite the Camp Hotel, with the result that he was compelled to step back some distance and await the re-settling of the filthy water. The next thing is our street lighting ; a lamp at each corner of our principal streets would be a considerable improvement, especially upon dark winter nights, and may in some instances prevent a serious accident, in the event of which the Shire Council may be called upon for compensation. The expense would be very trifling, and the provision is necessary. There are several other matters to which we might draw attention ; but lest the expenditure that it would be necessary to incur should prove too heavy, they must be reserved for a future occasion. In conclusion, we hope that our progress and prosperity during this year will be marked by a determination to do the very best that lies in our power individually and as a collective body ... so that when 1887 has passed away we may congratulate each other on having ... not only a happy, but a Prosperous ...

THE warlike attitude whi... ...ral of the European nations have for a ... assumed appears likely to eventuate ... distant date in a call to arms ; and in ... circles it is believed that the crisis is so near as to be inevitable. The eyes of the whole world have been directed with a peculiar interest, mingled with fearful anticipations, upon the kaleidoscopic changes of political relationships between country and country—now threatening immediate bloodshed ; now assuring a continuance of peace ; now a violation of diplomatic treaties of neutrality now a setting at defiance all other powers ; now further and emphatic assurance that nothing is intended that will involve a breach of friendliness and trust ; now an incomprehensible large increase of military power ; now an enormous vote for defence purposes ; now offence and bellicose assertions ;—all of which are but parts of one great whole, the intent of which will be made plain enough at some time or other. That Russia is at the bottom of it no one doubts ; she makes the bullets for others to shoot ; she watches with intense satisfaction the disruption that follows and then steps in for her reward, in which she never fails. It is not difficult to trace the direct cause of the present difficulties between Germany and France. Ever since the Franco-German war, the Government of the latter country have been compelled to keep an enormous standing army, which has cost an immense amount of money to maintain, in order to be prepared for any emergency which might arise with her vanquished neighbor France ; whilst on the other hand France—in which country there appears not to be the slightest difficulty in raising money for such purposes—has been little by little increasing her army in such a manner as to strain the resources of Germany to keep pace with her ; so that the latter is now placed in a very peculiar position—she must bring about a war, or suffer herself in a little while to be overwhelmed by an irresistable force of arms, an trained soldiery who would fight to the bitter end in order to avenge France upon her enemy. If Germany will maintain her supremacy, she cannot delay ; and it would appear that this is the view taken of the present situation by Bismarck. But, so far as is at present clear to us, the *casus belli* does not influence the condition of affairs in other parts of Europe. It is in those portions of the world where Britain's possessions lie, to which chief attention is directed. Prophicies resting a great and sanguinary conflict such as the world has never witnessed, which will set upon the interests of every power that no one nation can remain neutral, have been stated and re-iterated until the fulfilment of them has come to be looked for as a part of our daily expectations. But the curtain has not yet been lifted upon the first scene of this "awful drama ;" for the "harvest is not yet full for the reapers." Before the thirty-first day of the present month, however, according to European telegrams, it is expected that the first blow in another Franco-German war will have been struck.

The railway returns for the week ending 30th December, 1886, are exceptionally good. Most of the tickets issued were at holiday excursion rates, and the figures as supplied to us by the stationmaster are as follow :—

Date.	No. Passengers.	Revenue		
Dec. 24	252½	£35	7	
„ 25	92	16	4	
„ 27	167½	25	4	
„ 28	140	22	4	
„ 29	90	19	2	
„ 30	77	11	2	
Totals	819	£129	11	

As it is the intention of Mr. Councillor A. Andrews to resign his seat for the north riding of the Shire of Ripon, interest is already being taken in the nomination of his successor, and there seems every likelihood of there being a contest. Two gentlemen have been mentioned, but of only one can we speak with anything like certainty. Mr. Neil M'Intosh is the gentleman.

In our advertising columns is the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Harrie F. Watkin, son of our enterprising contractor, Mr. J. F. Watkin, of Main Lead, Beaufort, to Miss Mary A., the third daughter of Mr. R. Kirkpatrick, of Stockyard Hill. The happy event took place at the residence of the bride's brother, Kelvin Grove, Murrabit, on the 21st December.

Natives of the Australian colonies who are favourable to starting a branch of the Australian Natives' Association in Beaufort, may sign the requisition and obtain particulars of benefits, &c., at the "Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

The Beaufort Jockey Club annual races take place to-day. A good programme is advertised, and given a fine day, the sport should be thoroughly enjoyed.

The celebrated Wolfe's Schnapps is a shield and safeguard against sudden change of temperature.

Mr. R. Ebbels, who contested in the vaulting match here on Boxing Day, won a similar event at Horsham on Tuesday, clearing a height of 9ft. 9½in.

Wolfe's Schnapps. There are doubtless other preparations typified "Schnapps," but they are as a counterfeit coin to current metal.

The Executive Council of New South Wales will hold a final meeting on Tuesday next to consider the petitions in favor of the reprieve of Hill, one of the prisoners condemned to death for the Mount Rennie outrage. There is not, however, any foundation for supposing that any alteration of their previous decision being arrived at. Wednesday is the day fixed for the execution.

Tenders are invited in our advertising columns for several works in the Shire of Ripon.

The Primitive Methodist new church in Neill street, will be opened for the first time for public worship to-morrow, when sermons will be preached by the Revs. H. Heathershaw and C. Anthony (of Geelong). On Monday evening the tea and public meeting will be held in connection with the opening demonstration.

The gates of all the parts of the world are open to Wolfe's Schnapps ... is the purest spirit known.

Two accidents happened at the Beaufort sports on Boxing Day. The first was in the Bicycle Race for two miles, when one of the competitors, T. Archard, ... who was maintaining a good position in the race, got a nasty fall from his machine, by which his left arm was so badly injured that he has scarcely been able to use it since. The second was to J. Hosking, who was jostled in the Christmas Handicap race. Both arms and knuckles of the hands were terribly lacerated, and his right thigh severely hurt ; his racing costume being ruined by the fall.

Every year Wolfe's Schnapps gains in favour with a discerning public, while other liquors are cast into oblivion.

The "Argus" correspondent in London wired on the 27th December that "a report has been current for some time past that the Emperor of Russia had shot Count Reutern, one of his aides-de-camp, who died a day or two afterwards. The alleged facts in connection with the affair were published some weeks ago, having been made public, it is said, by a relative of the unfortunate official. The Czar was believed to have left his apartments for the evening, and Count Reutern, who was on duty on an ante-room, had lighted a cigar, when suddenly the Czar entered. The count, who had committed a breach of etiquette in smoking, quickly took his cigar from his mouth, intending to throw it down and tread on it. The Czar, seeing the movement, and, it's supposed, believing that some dynamite outrage was intended, drew his revolver and shot the count through the lungs, the unfortunate officer dying about two days afterwards. The affair was hushed up for some time. It has since been ascertained that the rumor is correct. It is believed that the Czar fired at the German Military Attache. The state of mind of the Emperor is such that he suspects everyone except the members of his own immediate family. There are many reports that he is suffering from mental derangement. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" says that it is probable the Emperor will be placed under restraint, and a Regency appointed."

Six members of the Melbourne Bicycle Club passed through Beaufort on Christmas Day, doing their annual tour. Whilst out, Mr. George Burston, the Captain of the party, lowered the Australian record for 100 miles. He started from Hochkirch with a favorable wind, and rode to Hexham, 40 miles, in 2h. 45m. He halted there for 10 minutes, and then pushed on to Camperdown, completing the distance, 77 miles, in 6h. 15min. The greater part of this distance had been ridden against a south wind that made the time somewhat slow. On his leaving for the last stage to Larpent the wind had dropped considerably, and the pace increased to the same as in the first stage (15 miles an hour), the 23 miles only occupying 3h. 8m. for 100 miles. The previous best time in Australia for the same distance was made by Hallam, of Tasmania, who covered the distance in 9h 11m.

We have received from Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, who have purchased the sole right of publication in Australasia and New Zealand, the first number of the Australian weekly edition of the Family Herald. By this new arrangement of issuing a weekly number, the advantages to be gained are that the periodical will be in the hands of Australian readers simultaneously as the home issue is published ; and readers will not have to wait so long for the various tales and continued articles ; supplying at the same time a great desideratum by providing a budget of interesting matter for perusal during the leisure hours available at the close of every working week. Mr. H. P. Henningsen is agent for Beaufort, and will enrol subscribers.

Our correspondent writes :—The Mount Cole races were run on Boxing Day, when there was a large attendance on the ground. The Maiden Plate was won by Mr. Ransom's Cincinnatus, with Mr. Edwards' Zox second, and Mr. Croft's Dick Turpin third. The Mount Cole Handicap brought Mr. Ford's Scorpion to the front at the finish, an easy winner, and there was a good distance between Mr. Croft's Dick Turpin and Mr. Edwards' Juanita for second and third respectively. The Handicap Hurdle Race was won by Mr. Edwards' Zox, with Mr. Thompson's Transit second, and Mr. Dadwell's Som Krout third. The Handicap Flat Race was secured by Cincinnatus, with Mr. Synnott's Alma second, and Mr. Ford's Nan third. White's Little Bob won the Handicap Hack Race, and a foot race which concluded the programme was won by W. Milne. Mr. Barker's horse Denmark was killed in the Handicap Flat Race. He fell and broke his neck.

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.

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.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[BY "TOMAHAWK."]

I've had—realsh—hic—goo' timesh—hic—Christmas, I can—hic—tell you. S'sh'lot—hic—peoplesheem to know me—hic—coshme shill'—ev'y timesh. Wha'sh th'odds ! Jush got—hic—big div—hic—div—hic—'nd—Vicsh a' Warraloo, an' don't care — hic—Dan, come on, olef'lla, letsh have—hic—nurrer lirrle one.

Quite an elevating time of it, I assure you, my dear readers ; but now, after the usual sequence of a headache, bleared eyes, and bloated features, I am glad to say—quite recovered, and ready to "wire in" to every body.

On Boxing Day, I followed the crowd to the Beaufort Park. Paid my "bob" at the gate, like the rest. I must confess, really, that the grounds are very pretty, and just adapted for recreation purposes. I enjoyed the sports very much—leastwise, as well as could be ... on 5s.—my better half, you kno... ...llows me more ; she's awfully ... if I get too much money I sha... it for some else (see first ... this contribution). The faken... ...k my fancy most was that tall ... ower-looking arrangement with ... ...ders standing against it, and ... feminine garments in sitti... the platform. Says I, "Hello ! ... I supposed a circus, and picked ... a spot where I could see plain. P... spectacles and waited, but there didn't seem to be any circus come, and those two women sat there without a move. By-and-bye, just as I was getting exhausted, some men with red coats—firemen fellows—crawled up the ladders, and then the show began. Now just imagine two human beings rushing up those ladders and dragging the poor women by a limb or by any part of the clothing they could catch hold of, and pulling them down the ladders at the rate of a mile a minute, utterly regardless of their supposed intreaties not to destroy their clothes, and to do things decently and in order. Multiply the two men by eight or nine, and you have a full descriptive of the exhibition, which, to say the least of it, was disgraceful. If such is what might be expected in the event of a fire, Mrs Tomahawk says emphatically that she would much sooner perish in the flames. She had all her nerves shaken, and threatens me with a "separation"—between head and hair—if I don't write to you and say it was perfectly disgusting, and not a performance for any respectable, sensible woman to witness ; and between me and you she's about right. I would just like to know who was "boss" of the business, and would also like to ask if he is a married man or has any sisters. Enough said, R.I.P., but don't let it happen again.

I went to the Societies' Hall in the evening to hear the "Sparklers," but was disappointed. There didn't seem to be much "sparkle" about at all. I didn't see much, only what I got and paid for at the Victoria. The various performers didn't appear to be in first-class fettle, but nevertheless the entertainment was very good, the second part especially. I am a bit of a musician myself (play ... harp and triangle) and have also been on the stage too, and consequently notice any small hitches that occur, but the enjoyment was greatly marred by—well, least said, sooner 'tis mended.

I hear that our local Fire Brigade officials have suspended one of their smartest men for insubordination while in uniform. Now I am a great stickler for fair play and I think if someone would turn round and suspend somebody else it would about equalise matters. The trouble occurred over the Firemen's Handicap. The fireman in question ran from scratch, and perhaps did not comply with all the conditions of the race, but after a grand struggle landed himself a winner. THE judge on his own responsibility (no protest was entered) got him disqualified for running in shoes other than stipulated. Then the fun began, and not the choisest of epithets were spread round promiscuously. It is to be hoped that things will be put straight at the next meeting, a proper understanding arrived at, and all disagreements kept as private as possible.

An old friend of mine, a foreigner, was greatly annoyed the other evening by three young "gentlemen" belonging to the *genus homo*, yclept "masher" larrikins who went round to his place playing larks and making merry at his expense. He took deadly aim at them with the garden hose, turned the tap ; but I don't think he hit them, as they were alive next day. Now the old gentleman says if they don't come at once and repair the damage or apologise, he will send a policeman on the usual two days' hunt for a J.P., and have them dealt with according to law. Now boys, you're all young, take my advice, and in the words of—of—(as usual, forgot his name) make your record clean. Stop these "foolishnesses," and act in future with the dignity that your social positions require.

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.

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 a 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.

BOXING DAY SPORTS.

The annual sports in connection with the Beaufort Fire Brigade were held in the Reserve Beaufort Park on Boxing Day (Monday last). The day was a peculiar one ... with boisterous weather, threatening a heavy downpour of rain. The wind kept blowing very strong all the forenoon, and up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A procession of the various friendly societies commenced proceedings, by marching through the town, and to the Park, headed by the Beaufort Fife and Drum Band. A large number of persons followed, and others continued to put in an appearance during the day, until about 1000 people were assembled on the ground. The sports were commenced punctually at 11.30 with the Maiden Race, which was run in heats. O'Bree winning the first, and Shields the second heat. The final heat left, in addition to these pedestrians, A. Robertson and W. J. Green, and in the running off, O'Bree could have won easily, as he was leading by some six or seven yards, when it seemed as if he pulled up, and Shields tied with him on the tape. Such conduct as this in horse racing would be severely dealt with ; and there should not be a shadow of suspicion resting upon a pedestrian, who has everything to gain and nothing to lose by legitimate racing. The next event was the Christmas Handicap, for which there were twelve starters. The first heat was won by O'Bree, with Shields and C. Woods in second and third places, while the second heat was carried off splendidly by J. Hosking, with Green second and Waugh third. In the final event, however, the favorite was Hosking, who seemed in grand fettle and looked every inch a winner. The six left in toed their marks and went off to a good start. When about half the distance was covered Green was leading, and Hosking almost abreast of him. Behind Hosking two others were close up. To the great regret of all onlookers, an event which called forth the disapprobation of the spectators, an injury to Hosking was brought about by O'Bree, who, instead of trying to pass his men on the outside, as there was no room on the inner, forged between Green and Hosking, and jostling the latter (who was on the outer side) caused him to fall heavily to the ground. A protest was entered against O'Bree by the injured man, and it was decided to disqualify the offender. Waugh, therefore, was adjudged winner, with Shields second, and Green third. The bicycle races were the chief and most interesting events of the whole programme, and the riding of the competitors was greatly admired. For the first event under this head, a good field of twelve started, and D. Jewell, a lad of seventeen years, rode in a winner by about thirty yards, the time taken for the mile being remarkably good. In the two mile event, J. T. Audas, who is a powerful rider, won from scratch in seven minutes and ten seconds, D. Jewell being a close up second. In the third event, of three miles, the younger Jewell, whose riding was quite a treat, had the last lap to do with his brother, and between them an exciting finish took place, the former winning by only a few yards. The Handicap Firemen's Race caused considerable dissatisfaction amongst some of the competitors. Twelve started, Waugh, from scratch, passing the post first, with C. Woods, scratch, second. These two, however, were disqualified, and the first place given to T. White. Both Waugh and Woods hold they have been unjustly dealt with and pointed out that as no protest was entered against them by the other competitors they have consequently been unfairly treated. The decision of the judges and committee is, however, final ; but we would point out to the committee the necessity of agreeing to some code of rules and regulations for the future, and to see that the same are posted in some conspicuous place on the ground for the guidance of the competitors. The programme stated that the "Beaufort Athletic Club Rules" were to be adhered to ; but when they were called for not a copy was to be found. The Boys' Swimming Match was a gift to J. Heathershaw ; but in this event a ... gement occurred. The race was 50 yards, but the distance had not been marked out, and consequently guesswork was introduced, and the course swam was decidedly more like 100 yards. The Hurdle Race was run in heats, the final heat bringing Jones, O'Bree and Woods respectively to the fore. The sack race caused a great amount of fun, and was undoubtedly the most amusing event of the day. It was finally won by Fitzpatrick, Archard being second, and Allen third. A boys' race of 200 yards was won by P. McPherson, and a Siamese race by Trahar and Johnson. The handicap high jump brought out three contestants, R. Ebbels being the winner. The obstacle race was won by A. Cougle, with Waugh second. The old buffers' race was a good win for Mr. P. De Baere, who generously handed the prize back to the Secretary to be given to the Ladies' Benevolent Society. Only two contested the vaulting, Steele, who received a handicap of ten inches, winning. The ladder and rescue was won by Johnson, with Trahar second. It evoked a general expression of censure, and was undoubtedly the most vulgar exhibition of "effigyism" that the public have been asked to witness.

With reference to the conduct of the Sports, we have little to say. The brunt of the work fell to the lot of the Sports Secretary, Mr. R. A. D. Sinclair, who, notwithstanding several extra duties unavoidably devolving upon him, carried out his work in a most efficient manner. The judges were very prompt in giving their decisions, and performed their unenviable task well.

The following are the complete results of the running :—

MAIDEN RACE.

O'Bree	...	...	...	†
Shields	...	...	...	†
Green	...	...	...	3

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET

The Christmas holidays at the close of the week interfered to a considerable extent with the ordinary routine business of the produce market, and the quantity of produce forward has not been large. One small lot of new wheat was received at the beginning of the week from the Wimmera district, and was lauded at a cost of 4s 8d. As, however, wheat is now being freely bought at Horsham at 3s 9d, this figure appears above the market value, and as deliveries may be expected to be made this week pretty freely future parcels will decline in price. At Donald new wheat is coming in freely and has a downward tendency. At St. Arnaud old wheat still commands 4s 10d. Flour in this district continues to meet a brisk trade at late rates. One or two small lots of oats have changed hands locally at 3s during the week, but the market is weak. New hay is coming in freely and finds buyers at L3 10s for loose. Warrnambool potatoes are now being delivered in large quantities at 5s 6d per cwt. Fresh butter has advanced in value, and improved prints readily fetch 11d, good potted selling freely at 9d per pound. Eggs are becoming scarce and have advanced to 1s per dozen. We quote :—

Wheat, 4s 10d per bushel, bags in ; oats 3s to 3s 1d per bushel, bags in ; pollard, 1s 3d per bushel ; bran, 1s 1d per bushel ; flour, L11 [illegible] Warrnambool [illegible]

straw, [illegible] per [illegible] ; chaff, [illegible]0s per cwt ; butter, fresh, 10d [illegible], potted, 9d. per lb ; hams, 10d [illegible]on, 8d per lb ; cheese, 6d to 7d per lb per dozen.—"Advertiser."

ARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

[illegible]ness quiet :—Oats, 2s 10d to [illegible] 1d ; Cape [illegible], 3s ; English do., 3s 6d to [illegible]s ; wheat, 5s 1d ; peas, 3s 3d to 3s 4d ; [illegible]anger hay, L5 [illegible]5 10s ; sheaves, L4 to [illegible] 15s ; straw, L2 L2 5s ; potatoes, L2 5[illegible] to L2 10s.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S EXCURSIONS.

Holiday Excursion Tickets will be issued to and from all stations (suburban lines excepted) from the 20th December to the 5th January, both dates inclusive (Sundays excepted), available for return for one calendar month from date of issue. Example :—An excursion ticket issued on the 22nd December will be available till the 22nd January. When the last day falls on a Sunday the ticket will be available till next day. The journey must be commenced on the day the ticket is issued, but after a distance of 15 miles has been travelled the journey may be broken at the discretion of the passenger.

Sydney Excursion Tickets.—From the 15th December to the 5th January, both dates inclusive, excursion tickets will be issued at Melbourne to Sydney at the following return fares :—1st class, £5 6s. 6d. ; 2nd class, £4 1s. These tickets will be available for two calendar months from date of issue, but will not be available by the express trains on the New South Wales Lines.

Luggage.—Excursion passengers will only be allowed to carry such luggage free as can be stowed under the seats without inconvenience to other passengers, and those who have luggage for the van must be at the station half-an-hour before the train starts. Stamped [illegible]s rate will be charged for it.

Horses and Vehicles.—From inclusive, the [illegible]ment does not engage to forward horses and vehicles by any particular train, unless accommodation can be provided by special arrangement.

Commercial Travellers' Samples.—From the 22nd December to the 5th January, Commercial Traveller's samples will not be taken to or from roadside stations except by mixed or goods trains.

Parcels.—On the 24th December parcels must be at the Melbourne Parcels Office thirty minutes before starting time of ordinary trains.

North Melbourne and Newmarket Stations.—From 9 a.m. on the 24th December to 9 a.m. on 27th December, tickets will not be issued at North Melbourne or Newmarket Stations for country stations, nor by the early trains on 27th December and 1st January, and down trains will not stop there. On the same dates the up North-Eastern train will not stop at Newmarket. The 5.10 p.m. down and the 6.50 a.m. up mixed trains are excepted from the foregoing arrangement.

Goods Sheds Holidays.—The 25th and 27th December and 1st January will be observed as holidays in the Goods branch, and goods trains will not run. Perishable goods will, however, be delivered at all stations on application. Consignees of powder can ascertain from the Station-master at Footscray when explosives will be received in lieu of these dates.

Seaside Excursion and Tourists' Tickets.—The issue of these tickets at the principal stations will continue as already advertised (see posters at all stations).

By order of the Commissioners.

P. P. LABERTOUCHE,
Secretary for Railways.

FORAGE.

TENDERS will be received up till Ten o'clock a.m. on Friday, 14th January next, for the supply of Forage, in such quantities as may be required for the service of the Government at the undermentioned stations, from the 1st March, 1887, to the 29th February, 1888 :—

BEAUFORT and BUANGOR.
WICKLIFFE.

Printed forms of tenders, the estimated quarterly consumption, the storage capacity, and conditions of contract may be obtained from the Secretary, Tender Board, Treasury, Melbourne, or from the officer in charge, by whom also information or explanation will be afforded to persons tendering.

Tenders, which should be upon the printed form, will be received for either oats bran, hay, or straw (the particular kind of hay or straw to be stated); but if all be included in one tender, it may be accepted for one article only, if advisable. Telegrams will not be entertained.

Tenders must be enclosed in an envelope, marked "Tender for Forage," and deposited in the Tender Box, Pay Office, Treasury, Melbourne ; or, if sent by post, they must be addressed to the Chairman of the Tender Board, Treasury, Melbourne.

D. GILLIES, Treasurer.

Treasury,
Melbourne, 1st December, 1886.

A Gold Mining Lease Declared Void.

ATTENTION is directed to the *Government Gazette* of the 1st December, 1886, page 3665, in which it is notified that the undermentioned lease has been declared void :—

ARARAT DISTRICT. RAGLAN DIVISION.
No. 1096 ; dated 7th December, 1885 ; E. H. L. Swifte ; 85a. 1r. 13p. ; Waterloo.

C. W. LANGTREE,
Secretary for Mines.

Office of Mines,
Melbourne, 20th December, 1886.

IMPOUNDED AT BEAUFORT.

2 red and white Steers, like C off riles
1 red and white Cow, like C off riles
1 red Cow, like C off riles
1 strawberry Heifer, like M near rump
1 red and white Heifer, J B off riles
1 red and white Calf.

If not claimed and expenses paid to be sold on the 15th January, 1887.

W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

MRS. MOORE begs to notify to her friends that she has removed to Pratt street, next door to "Advocate" Office, and is still agent for Madame Weigel's Patterns.

WALTER CORNELL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST,
AND DISPENSING CHEMIST,

(next Horsley Bros. and 2 doors from Lester's hotel,)

HAS the honor to intimate to the public of Ballarat and the surrounding district that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS at the above address, with

AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF

Pure Drugs and Chemicals.

Also, a large and carefully selected assortment of Brushware, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, together with a choice selection of Cut Glass Bottles, Perfume Caskets, Ivory Brushes, Tortoise-shell Combs, etc., suitable for presents.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY DISPENSED,

And promptly forwarded per rail, or otherwise as directed.

The Trade Supplied at Melbourne Prices.

Marriage.

WATKIN—KIRKPATRICK.—On the 21st December, 1886, at the residence of the bride's brothers, Kelvin Grove, Murrabit, by the Rev. J. H. Shallberg, Harrie F. Watkin, the eldest son of J. F. Watkin, Main Lead, Beaufort, to Mary A., third daughter of R. Kirkpatrick, of Stockyard Hill.

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1887.

WITH the present issue another year commences. Taking a retrospective view of our doings during the period just closed, it cannot be said that we have done all that we should have done to prosper our little town. As a consequence of several very bad seasons however, we have, in common with every other town in the colony, felt somewhat of the influence of trade depression ; and it may be excusable if we have been slow, if in being slow we have been sure, in the transaction of those things which are inseparable from the progress and prosperity of towns. We have, on the whole, nothing calling for special complaint. In agricultural matters we find ourselves at this time in a very favorable condition. We have enjoyed a thoroughly good year, with fine seasons of sunshine and rain ; a good spring-time ; and, we believe, a good harvest. Everything in a country town depends upon a good yield, and if we may take a good harvest as a criterion, we may also indulge the opinion that our prosperity will be brighter during the year upon which we have entered than has been the case for some years past.

In Mining which is such a fluctuating industry, could we foster the hope of a repetition of the activity of days gone by we should be more than jubilant ; nevertheless, although not going so far as to expect so much, yet we may expect something better than, latterly, [illegible] upon. Our Waterloo companies are still working, and as a wind-up for the Christmas holidays the Victoria obtained the handsome fortnightly yield of 380oz., which enabled a respectable dividend to be declared. The Saxon Consols is also doing well. From the New Discovery, Main Lead, we do not hear of great things being done ; but sincerely hope that, for the Company's sake, and for the prosperity of the district, their steady perseverance will be handsomely rewarded at an early day in this Year of Grace 1887. Respecting the new rush at Ararat Flat, good reports of successful alluvial mining have come to hand, and although no large washings will take place until the machinery and apparata are erected, yet we are encouraged to hope from the reported trial washings that something substantial may be expected. We anticipate, in the event of the Raglan Division of the Ararat Mining District getting a fair share of the vote for prospecting purposes about to be distributed by the Board, that some discoveries of a really valuable nature will be made. The Raglan Division is by no means worked out ; there is gold in large quantities yet to be obtained ; and perhaps in larger quantities than have hitherto been brought to light. We understand that our best workings, in the olden days, were wound up just at that time when greater results were expected ; for what reason we are not cognizant ; but, if the same spirit as exists in other localities were shown here ; if local aid were given and foreign capital invited to keep these mines going, there cannot be the least shadow of a doubt that Beaufort will be itself once more as the centre of an important mining district. Our Division is represented on the Mining Prospecting Board, and by an able gentleman, but to that one representative of the Ararat District must be given the entire support of every class of our population, for in not a small measure will each one reap the benefit of an improved mining industry.

In affairs general, several vast improvements may be effected. The long-promised improvements at our railway station will shortly be undertaken, as we hear on good authority ; and we hope that the next time we are called upon to mention this matter, will be when the work has been commenced. A stranger walking through the streets of Beaufort would imagine that, like Rip Van Winkle, we have awakened from a long sleep to find that the aspect of everything is altogether different from what it was. The grass gets plenty of time to grow, unchecked, in our streets. The drainage in some parts of the town is in such an imperfect state that, instead of the water being carried away, it remains for weeks in a stagnant condition and becomes very offensive to one of the most prominent of the five senses. It was only during this week a workman disturbed, with a stick, a pool of water beneath a grating opposite the Camp Hotel, with the result that he was compelled to step back some distance and await the re-settling of the filthy water. The next thing is our street lighting ; a lamp at each corner of our principal streets would be a considerable improvement, especially upon dark winter nights, and may in some instance prevent a serious accident, in the event of which the Shire Council may be called upon for compensation. The expense would be very trifling, and the provision is necessary. There are several other matters to which we might draw attention ; but lest the expenditure that it would be necessary to incur should prove too heavy, they must be reserved for a future occasion. In conclusion, we hope that our progress and prosperity during this year will be marked by a determination to do the very best that lies in our [illegible] individually and as a collective body [illegible], so that when 1887 has passed away [illegible] may congratulate each other on having [illegible] not only a happy, but a Prosperous

THE warlike attitude which [illegible]eral of the European nations have for a [illegible]e assumed appears likely to eventuate [illegible]stant date in a call to arms ; and in [illegible] circles it is believed that the crisis is sooner as to be inevitable. The eyes of the whole world have been directed with a peculiar interest, mingled with fearful anticipations, upon the kaliedoscopic changes of political relationships between country and country—or threatening immediate bloodshed ; now during a continuance of peace ; now a volition of diplomatic treaties of neutrality now a setting at defiance all other powers ; now further and emphatic assurance that nothing is intended that will involve a breach of friendliness and trust ; now an incomprehensible large increase of military power ; now an enormous vote for defence purposes ; now offence and bellicose assertions ;—all of which are but parts of one great whole, the intent of which will be made plain enough at some time or other. That Russia is at the bottom of it no one doubts ; she makes the pels for others to shoot ; she watches with intense satisfaction the disruption that follows and then steps in for her reward, in which she never fails. It is not difficult to trace a direct cause of the present difficulties between Germany and France. Ever since the Franco-German war, the Government of the latter country have been compelled to keep enormous standing army, which has cost a immense amount of money to maintain, in order to be prepared for any emergency which might arise with her vanquished neighbor France ; whilst on the other hand France—in which country there appears not to be the slightest difficulty in raising money for such purposes—has been little by little increasing her army in such a manner as to strain the resources of Germany to keep pace with her ; what the latter is now placed in a very peculiar position—she must bring about a war, or suffer herself in a little while to be overwhelmed by an irresistable force of arms, untrained soldiery who would fight to the bitter end in order to avenge France upon her enemy. If Germany will maintain her supremacy she cannot delay ; and it would appear that this is the view taken of the present action by Bismarck. But, so far as is at present clear to us, the *casus belli* does not influence the condition of affairs in other parts Europe. It is in those portions of the world where Britain's possessions lie, to which chief attention is directed. Prophicies resting a great and sanguinary conflict such as the world has never witnessed, which will set upon the interests of every power that none nation can remain neutral, have been uttered and re-iterated until the fulfilment of them has come to be looked for as a part of our daily expectations. But the curtain is not yet been lifted upon the first scene of is "awful drama ;" for the "harvest is not yet full for the reapers." Before the thirty-first day of the present month, however, according to European telegrams, it is expected that the first blow in another Franco-German war will have been struck.

The railway returns for the week ending 30th December, 1886, are exceptionally good. Most of the tickets issued were at holiday excursion rates, and the figures as supplied to us by the stationmaster are as follow :—

Date.	No. Passengers.	Renue
Dec. 24	252½	£15 7
,, 25	92	16 4
,, 27	167½	25 4
,, 28	140	12 4
,, 29	90	19 2
,, 30	77	11 2
Totals	819	£119 11

As it is the intention of Mr. Councillor A. Andrews to resign his seat for the northriding of the Shire of Ripon, interest is already being taken in the nomination of his successor, and there seems every likelihood of there being a contest. Two gentlemen have been mooned, but of only one can we speak with anything like certainty. Mr. Neil M'Intosh is the gentleman.

In our advertising columns is the announcement of the marriage of Mr. Harrie Watkin, son of our enterprising contractor, Mr. J. F. Watkin, of Main Lead, Beaufort, to Miss Mary A., the third daughter of Mr. R. Kirkpatrick, of Stockyard Hill. The happy event took place at the residence of the bride's brother, Kelvin Grove, Murrabit, on the 21st December.

Natives of the Australian colonies who are favourable to starting a branch of the Australian Natives' Association in Beaufort, may sign the requisition and obtain particulars of benefits, &c., at the "Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

The Beaufort Jockey Club annual races take place to-day. A good programme is advertised, and given a fine day, the sport should be thoroughly enjoyed.

The celebrated Wolfe's Schnapps is a shield and safeguard against sudden change of temperature.

Mr. R. Ebbels, who contested in the vaulting match here on Boxing Day, won a similar event at Horsham on Tuesday, clearing a height of 9ft. 9½in.

Wolfe's Schnapps. There are doubtless other preparations typified "Schnapps," but they are as a counterfeit coin to current metal.

The Executive Council of New South Wales will hold a final meeting on Tuesday next to consider the petitions in favor of the reprieve of Hill, one of the prisoners condemned to death for the Mount Rennie outrage. There is not, however, any foundation for supposing that any alteration of their previous decision being arrived at. Wednesday is the day fixed for the execution.

Tenders are invited in our advertising columns for several works in the Shire of Ripon.

The Primitive Methodist new church in Neill street, will be opened for the first time for public worship to-morrow, when sermons will be preached by the Rev. H. Heathershaw and C. Anthony (of Geelong). On Monday evening the tea and public meeting will be held in connection with the opening demonstration.

The gates of all the marts of the world are open to welcome [illegible] purest spirit known.

Two accidents happened [illegible] Beaufort sports on Boxing Day. [illegible]rst was in the Bicycle Race for two [illegible], when one of the competitors, T. Archard, [illegible], who was maintaining a good position in the race, got a nasty fall from his machine, by which his left arm was so badly injured that he has scarcely been able to use it since. The second was to J. Hosking, who was jostled in the Christmas Handicap race. Both arms and knuckles of the hands were terribly lacerated, and his right thigh severely hurt ; his racing costume being ruined by the fall.

Every year Wolfe's Schnapps gains in favour with a discerning public, while other liquors are cast into oblivion.

The "Argus" correspondent in London wired on the 27th December that "a report has been current for some time past that the Emperor of Russia had shot Count Reutern, one of his aides-de-camp, who died a day or two afterwards. The alleged facts in connection with the affair were published some weeks ago, having been made public, it is said by a relative of the unfortunate official. The Czar was believed to have left his apartments for the evening, and Count Reutern, who was on duty on an anteroom, had lighted a cigar, when suddenly the Czar entered. The count, who had committed a breach of etiquette in smoking, quickly took his cigar from his mouth, intending to throw it down and tread on it. The Czar, seeing the movement, and, it is supposed, believing that some dynamite outrage was intended, drew his revolver and shot the count through the lungs, the unfortunate officer dying about two days afterwards. The affair was hushed up for some time. It has since been ascertained that the rumor is correct. It is believed that the Czar fired at the German Military Attache. The state of mind of the Emperor is such that he suspects everyone except the members of his own immediate family. There are many reports that he is suffering from mental derangement. The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" says that it is probable the Emperor will be placed under restraint, and a Regency appointed.

Six members of the Melbourne Bicycle Club passed through Beaufort on Christmas Day, doing their annual tour. Whilst out, Mr. George Burston, the Captain of the party, lowered the Australian record for 100 miles. He started from Hochkirch with a favorable wind, and rode to Hexham, 40 miles, in 2h. 45m. He halted there for 10 minutes, and then pushed on to Camperdown, completing the distance, 77 miles, in 6h. 15min. The greater part of this distance had been ridden against a south wind that made the time somewhat slow. On his leaving for the last stage to Larpent the wind had dropped considerably, and the pace increased to the same as in the first stage (15 miles an hour), the 23 miles only occupying 3h. 8m. for 100 miles. The previous best time in Australia for the same distance was made by Hallim, of Tasmania, who covered the distance in 9h 11m.

We have received from Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, who have purchased the sole right of publication in Australasia and New Zealand, the first number of the Australian weekly edition of the Family Herald. By this new arrangement of issuing a weekly number, the advantages to be gained are that the periodical will be in the hands of Australian readers simultaneously as the home issue is published ; and readers will not have to wait so long for the various tales and continued articles ; supplying at the same time a great desideratum by providing a budget of interesting matter for perusal during the leisure hours available at the close of every working week. Mr. H. P. Henningsen is agent for Beaufort, and will enrol subscribers.

Our correspondent writes :—The Mount Cole races were run on Boxing Day, when there was a large attendance on the ground. The Maiden Plate was won by Mr. Ransom's Cincinnatus, with Mr. Edwards' Zox second, and Mr. Croft's Dick Turpin third. The Mount Cole Handicap brought Mr. Ford's Scorpion to the front at the finish, an easy winner, and there was a good distance between Mr. Croft's Dick Turpin and Mr. Edwards' Juanita for second and third respectively. The Handicap Hurdle Race was won by Mr. Edwards' Zox, with Mr. Thompson's Transit second, and Mr. Dadwell's Sam Krout third. The Handicap Flat Race was secured by Cincinnatus, with Mr. Synnott's Alma second, and Mr. Ford's Nan third. White's Little Bob won the Handicap Hack Race, and a foot race which concluded the programme was won by W. Milne. Mr. Barker's horse Denmark was killed in the Handicap Flat Race. He fell and broke his neck.

SUFFERERS FROM WIND ON THE STOMACH, Indigestion, Costiveness, Giddiness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Disturbed Sleep, Palpitat 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.

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" 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

LITTLE CHIPS.

[BY "TOMAHAWK."]

I've had—realsh—hic—goo' timesh—hic—Christmas, I can—hic—tell you. S'sh'lot—hic—peoplesheem to know me—hic—coshme shill'—ev'y timesh. Wha'sh th'odds ! Jusk got—hic—big div—hic—div—hic—'nd—Vicsh a' Warraloo, an' don't care — hic—Dan, come on, olef'lla, letsh have—hic—nurrer lirrle one.

Quite an elevating time of it, I assure you, my dear readers ; but now, after the usual sequence of a headache, bleared eyes, and bloated features, I am glad to say—quite recovered, and ready to "wire in" to every body.

On Boxing Day, I followed the crowd to the Beaufort Park. Paid my "bob" at the gate, like the rest. I must confess, really, that the grounds are very pretty, and just adapted for recreation purposes. I enjoyed the sports very much—leastwise, as well as could be e[illegible] on 5s.—my better half, you kno[illegible]llows me more ; she's awfully [illegible]f I get too much money I sha[illegible] it for some else (see first I [illegible]this contribution). The fakeu[illegible]k my fancy most was that tall [illegible]ower-looking arrangement with [illegible]ars standing against it, and [illegible]feminine garments in sitti[illegible]the platform. Says I, "Hello ! [illegible] I supposed a circus, and picked [illegible]d spot where I could see plain. P[illegible]spectacles and waited, but there didn't seem to be any circus come, and those two women sat there without a move. By-and-bye, just as I was getting exhausted, some men with red coats—firemen fellows—crawled up the ladders, and then the show began. Now just imagine two human beings rushing up those ladders and dragging the poor women by a limb or by any part of the clothing they could catch hold of, and pulling them down the ladders at the rate of a mile a minute, utterly regardless of their supposed intreaties not to destroy their clothes, and to do things decently and in order. Multiply the two men by eight or nine, and you have a full descriptive of the exhibition, which, to say the least of it, was disgraceful. If such is what might be expected in the event of a fire, Mrs Tomahawk says emphatically that she would much sooner perish in the flames. She had all her nerves shaken, and threatens me with a "separation"—between head and han—if I don't write to you and say it was perfectly disgusting, and not a performance for any respectable, sensible woman to witness ; and between me and you she's about right. I would just like to know who was "boss" of the business, and would also like to ask if he is a married man or has any sisters. Enough said, R.I.P., but don't let it happen again.

I went to the Societies' Hall in the evening to hear the "Sparklers," but was disappointed. There didn't seem to be much "sparkle" about at all. I didn't see much, only what I got and paid for at the Victoria. The various performers didn't appear to be in first-class fettle, but nevertheless the entertainment was very good, the second part especially. I am a bit of a musician myself (play—[illegible]s harp and triangle) and have also been on the stage too, and consequently notice any small hitches that occur, but the enjoyment was greatly marred by—well, least said, soonest mended.

I hear that our local Fire Brigade officials have suspended one of their smartest men for insubordination while in uniform. Now I am a great stickler for fair play and I think if someone would turn round and suspend somebody else it would about equalise matters. The trouble occurred over the firemen's Handicap. The fireman in question ran from scratch, and perhaps did not comply with all the conditions of the race, but after a grand struggle landed himself a winner. THE judge on his own responsibility (no protest was entered) got him disqualified for running in shoes other than stipulated. Then the fun began, and not the choicest of epithets were spread round promiscuously. It is to be hoped that things will be put straight at the next meeting, a proper understanding arrived at, and all disagreements kept as private as possible.

An old friend of mine, a foreigner, was greatly annoyed the other evening by three young "gentlemen" belonging to the *genus homo*, yclept "masher" larrikins who went round to his place playing larks and making merry at his expense. He took deadly aim at them with the garden hose, turned the tap ; but I don't think he hit them, as they were alive next day. Now the old gentleman says if they don't come at once and repair the damage or apologise, he will send a policeman on the usual two days' hunt for a J.P., and have them dealt with according to law. Now boys, you're all young, take my advice, and in the words of—of—(as usual, forgot his name) make your record clean. Stop these "foolishnesses," and act in future with the dignity that your social positions require.

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.

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.

BOXING DAY SPORTS.

The annual sports in connection with the Beaufort Fire Brigade were held in the Reserve Beaufort Park on Boxing Day (Monday last). The day was a peculiar one [illegible] with boisterous weather, threatening a heavy downpour of rain. The wind kept blowing very strong all the forenoon, and up to 3 o'clock in the afternoon. A procession of the various friendly societies commenced proceedings, by marching through the town, and to the Park, headed by the Beaufort Fife and Drum Band. A large number of persons followed, and others continued to put in an appearance during the day, until about 1000 people were assembled on the ground. The sports were commenced punctually at 1.30 with the Maiden Race, which was run in heats. O'Bree winning the first, and Shields the second heat. The final heat left, in addition to these pedestrians, A. Robertson and W. J. Green, and in the running off, O'Bree could have won easily, as he was leading by some six or seven yards, when it seemed as if he pulled up, and Shields tied with him on the tape. Such conduct as this in horse racing would be severely dealt with ; and there should not be a shadow of suspicion resting upon a pedestrian, who has everything to gain and nothing to lose by legitimate racing. The next event was the Christmas Handicap, for which there were twelve starters. The first heat was won by O'Bree, with Shields and C. Woods in second and third places, while the second heat was carried off splendidly by J. Hosking, with Green second and Waugh third. In the final event, however, the favorite was Hosking, who seemed in grand fettle and looked every inch a winner. The six left in toed their marks and went off to a good start. When about half the distance was covered Green was leading, and Hosking almost abreast of him. Behind Hosking two others were close up. To the great regret of all onlookers, an event which called forth the disapprobation of the spectators, an injury to Hosking was brought about by O'Bree, who, instead of trying to pass his man on the outside, as there was no room on the inner, forged between Green and Hosking, and jostling the latter [illegible], was on the outer side, caused him to fall heavily to the ground. A protest was entered against O'Bree by the injured man, and it was decided to disqualify the offender. Waugh, therefore, was adjudged winner, with Shields second, and Green third. The bicycle races were the chief and most interesting events of the whole programme, and the riding of the competitors was greatly admired. For the first event under this head, a good field of twelve started, and D. Jewell, a lad of seventeen years, rode in a winner by about thirty yards, the time taken for the mile being remarkably good. In the two mile event, J. T. Audas, who is a powerful rider, won from scratch in seven minutes and ten seconds, D. Jewell being a close up second. In the third event, of three miles, the younger Jewell, whose riding was quite a treat, had the last lap to do with his brother, and between them an exciting finish took place, the former winning by only a few yards. The Handicap Firemen's Race caused considerable dissatisfaction amongst some of the competitors. Twelve started, Waugh, from scratch, passing the post first, with C. Woods, scratch, second. These two, however, were disqualified, and the first place given to T. White. Both Waugh and Woods hold they have been unjustly dealt with and pointedous that as no protest was entered against them by the other competitors they have consequently been unfairly treated. The decision of the judges and committee is, however, final ; but we would point out to the committee the necessity of agreeing to some code of rules and regulations for the future, and to see that the same are posted in some conspicuous place on the ground for the guidance of the competitors. The programme stated that the "Beaufort Athletic Club Rules" were to be adhered to ; but when they were called for not a copy was to be fund. The Boys' Swimming Match was a gift to J. Heathershaw ; but in this event a [illegible]gement occurred. The race was 50 yards, but the distance had not been marked out, and consequently guesswork was introduced, and the course swam was decidedly more like 100 yards. The Hurdle Race was run in heats, the final heat bringing Jones, O'Bree and Woods respectively to the fore. The sa-horse race caused a great amount of fun, and was undoubtedly the most amusing event of the day. It was finally won by Fitzpatrick, Archard being second, and Allen third. A boys' race of 200 yards was won by P. McPherson, and a Siamese race by Trahar and Johnson. The handicap high jump brought out three contestants, R. Ebbels being the winner. The obstacle race was won by A. Cogle, with Waugh second. The old buffers' race was a good win for Mr. P. De Baer, who generously handed the prize back to the Secretary to be given to the Ladies' Benevolent Society. Only two contested the starting, Steele, who received a handicap of ten inches, winning. The ladder and rescue was won by Johnson, with Trahar second. It evoked a general expression [illegible], and was undoubtedly the most vulgar exhibition of "effigyism" that the public have been asked to witness.

With reference to the conduct of the Sports, we have little to say. The brunt of the work fell to the lot of the Sports Secretary, Mr. R. A. D. Sinclair, who, notwithstanding several extra duties unavoidably devolving upon him, carried out his work in a most efficient manner. The judges were very prompt in giving their decisions, and performed their unenviable task well.

The following are the complete results of the running :—

MAIDEN RACE.

O'Bree	...	...	... †
Shields	...	...	... †
Green	...	...	... 3

CHRISTMAS HANDICAP.

Waugh, 2yds	...	...	1
Shields, 6yds	...	...	2
Green, 10yds	...	...	3

BICYCLE RACE.

D. Jewell, 100yds	1
J. T. Audas, scr.	2
E. Jewell, 60yds	3

FIREMEN'S RACE.

T. White, 2yds	1
E. White, 9yds	2
W. Halpin, 15yds	3

BOYS' SWIMMING MATCH.

J. Heathershaw	1
J. Fitzpatrick ...	2

The Riponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

An Adage from the Orient.

At the punch-bowl's brink,
Let the thirsty think
What they say in Japan;
"First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man!"

—*E. R. Sill.*

Love Disarmed.

One morn, while Love a-dreaming lay
Among the flowers, a sparrow
Flew down and quickly bore away
His tiny bow and arrow.

An empty quiver hung above
Where bees were gathering honey;
Ah, me! hearts bleed no more for love,
And maidens wed for money.

—*Harold Van Santvoord in Life.*

When I awaken.

And so, when evening shadow creep
And night falls softly o'er the len,
You hear my eyelids and I sleep,
And, sleeping, dream of heaven and thee.

And when some summer morn shall break
That finds me chilled by death's cold dew,
You need but kiss me, I shall wake,
And, waking, be in heaven with you.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY,

BY

HAROLD STEPHEN ESQ., M.P.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

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CHAPTER I.

Seen an ancient castle! Such old, old blocks of weatherworn stone, honeycombed and stained by the waters of a thousand storms, and rent into great fissures, around which the climbing ivy hung in heavy festoons—the gloomy drapery of Time shrouding the walls from the vulgar gaze of the irreverent passer-by.

Alma, seated on the grassy knoll, at the foot of the tower, looked and wondered—wondered who had built it, and who had lived in it. In the little world below, in the valley, they had many strange legends and traditions of the former splendours of the fierce race that had made its history, and of their wild deeds and wicked practices.

Gustl, who possessed such stores of such learning, told he that on All-Hallow's Eve a Witches' Sabbath was held within those grey walls, and Alma wondered what it was like, and whether it could be very dangerous to take a peep at the revellers. It is true that the Herr Pastor told her not to believe in such things but Alma's heart rejected such sober counsel, and thrushed a vague longing for a brighter life mid such scenes as her imagination pictured must have taken place in the castle; and, then, even a Witches' Sabbath offered an agreable break in the monotony of her existence.

The child—she was but sixteen—had lived a strange, sad life in the little valley, hemmed in on every side by huge grey walls of rock, and sombre pines. For twelve years she had lived at the humble head of the valley, with her uncle, the Herr Pastor, without any such kind companionship as to make the happy days of childhood a pleasant remembrance through life. She had no mother or sister to sympathize with her childish sorrows, or share her innocent joys; her love was given to strangers of a lower rank in life, whose respect for their superiors effectually prevented them from being too familiar with the young Fräulein—and what is love without familiarity?

Alma Tredegar and her brother Dart had been brought to Grabenthal by their uncle on the death of their parents, who died of malignant fever within a few days of each other; and, since that time the girl had never left the valley, nor even spoken to or seen a lady. Her uncle, a man of much knowledge and many accomplishments, entrusted her early education to the pastor of the village, and added the finishing touches himself, after his own fashion; but Dart had been sent to school in England, and was now at the University of Heidelberg, from whence sad tales came of his misdeeds and idleness.

Mr. Stephen Tredegar, known far and wide as the "Professor," was a cold, austere man of science, who seemed to have no love to spare for aught but those chemicals amidst which he passed the greater part of his time. He was a chemist of some renown, whose work lay in discoveries and improvements of chemical processes used by manufacturers. And Alma always understood that he had a large income, though no signs thereof were visible in their household, which was conducted on the most economical principles.

They lived with Meister Werther, the miller, to whose dame Alma was indebted for all her womanly lore. The mill was a large rambling building, which afforded ample space for the accomodation of half-a-dozen families; and, when one day, Mr. Tredegar arrived with the two children, Meister Werther made no difficulty about letting him a suite of rooms, and the services of the Frau as housekeeper. Latterly, Gustl, the strapping daughter of the village blacksmith, had been engaged to aid in the housework, and her advent was a memorable era in Alma's life, as she had then, for the first time, a companion of her own age and sex. How she revelled in the delights of village gossip! And with what greed she listened to the marvellous tales of diablerie, which Gustl delighted in recounting to so sympathetic a hearer. From the village maiden she learned also of the gay doings of the outside world—for even in Grabenthal the word "society," had its significance, and question of precedence were of such importance that the village actually boasted the possession of a functionary whose special duty it was to marshal the guests at every festival, and allot them their places according to their rank in life.

Notwithstanding her singular education, Alma seemed the little lady she had been when she first arrived; for her uncle affected the courtly manners of a past generation, and, to the best of his ability, formed his niece after his own model.

See her now as she reclines on a grass-covered mound at the foot of the great tower of Schloss Rabenstein. She is small, but perfectly proportioned, her figure being unusually developed for her age. Her eyes are that shade of grey which looks purple at night, and are fringed by dark brown lashes; her features are regular, and thick masses of dark golden hair fall down over her shoulders.

Presently she lays her head on her arm, and begins to dream one of those delightful reveries which [illegible] only to maiden youth and innocence [illegible] in Fairy land, at the court [illegible] and waited on by [illegible] tard-seed—tiny [illegible] court swords, [illegible] cies in cups [illegible] and lilies, [illegible] burnament [illegible] was out of sight before either of her new-made friends could speak.

in the great court-yard of Schloss Rabenstein; and all around are knists in glittering armour, and ladies in velvet and gold.

Then comes into her head the legend of Dornröschen—the enchanted princess, who lay waiting for the coming of the prince, who would break through briar and ramble, overcome every spell, and, by a kiss, awaken her from her hundred years' sleep. Alma thought that the castle in which she lay enchanted must be just such another gaunt grey ruin as Schloss Rabenstein; then it seemed that all around there sprang up thick bushes, and she herself was Dornröschen. Oh, how she longed for the coming of the prince! And when he did come, and she felt his light kiss upon her lips, she gasped with joy and—awoke. Awoke to find, bending over her, the form of a bright-faced young gentleman, clad in garments of most unmistakeably modern cut and color.

For a moment she dreamed still, then a wave of rich blood rushed to her cheeks, and she bounded to her feet.

"How could you! How dare you?" she exclaimed, scarcely able yet to realise that it was not a dream.

"Ah! You are English," said the new comer, taking off his cap and exposing a perfect forest of brown curls. "I thought that; for, to tell you the truth, I have been able to pick up one word of your lingo yet."

"Sir, sir," stammered Alma, [illegible] shed at the effrontery of the young man. "[illegible] English or German is no matter. Why did you—what did you mean by—"

"What did I mean by kissing you?" said the audacious stranger, flinging himself on the grass at her feet. "Why, you know, it is a privilege we men have; we are always pardoned for kissing a young lady if we catch her asleep. And you know you were asleep. At least, if you were not—"

"Of course I was asleep," interrupted Alma, half angry, and yet half amused. "But still I never heard of such a custom."

"Never heard of such a custom?" repeated the stranger, raising himself upon one elbow, and shading his eyes to look at her. "Why, where have you lived, to be in such a blessed state of ignorance?"

"It is true. I have no knowledge of English manners and customs, for I have not been there since I was a little child. And so I suppose I must forgive you;"—and, as she said this, Alma smiled after so distracting a fashion that the gentleman at her feet determined in one instant of time that he would give a hundred pounds for the chance to steal another kiss.

But at least the acquaintance so auspiciously commenced should not be suffered to end abruptly. Thus thinking, he sprang to his feet, and, taking out a pocket-book, extracted therefrom a card, which he tendered to the surprised Alma, who stood irresolutely at the foot of the knoll.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he said "My name, as you will see by that bit of paste-board, is Henry Lascelles; but I am usually known to my friends by the simple sobriquet of "Harry." I am respectable, I assure you. The old gentleman—that is to say, my father, who is at this moment of time growling and complaining some hundred yards down the valley—would be awfully annoyed if you doubted our respectability. He is a squatter, and tolerably well in, I can tell you."

"A squatter?" asked Alma, wonderingly—"What is a squatter? And what is 'well in'?"

"Never heard of a squatter? Ah! Fruit of a continental education, I see. A squatter is a very great man indeed in his own country. He is the aristocrat of Australia."

"And are you an Australian?" asked Alma, whose curiosity had quite overcome her bashfulness. "I never saw an Australian before. And you are not so very black, after all."

This reply resulted in the downfall of Mr. Harry Lascelles, who rolled on the ground shrieking with laughter, much to the discomfiture of Alma, who stood for a minute or two looking on, feeling that she had said something awful, which caused her to blush so, that at last, for very shame, she was necessitated to turn away.

But Harry was not going to let her escape so easily. Jumping up again, he arrested her departure by placing himself right before her in the narrow footpath.

"You must stop while I apologise. I really was so much amused that—ha! ha! ha!"

Alma now began to feel offended. "Let me pass, sir," she said. "Whatever country you come from, I suppose you know how to behave like a gentleman."

"I beg your pardon," said Harry, sobered in a moment. "But you ought to forgive me, So you really thought Australians were black?"

"I never thought anything about them at all, sir," said Alma pettishly. "And I really do not want to think about them."

"This is becoming serious," retorted Harry. "In that case, madam, I have the honour to tender my most humble apologies for my inadvertent outbreak."

This was said with such a grand manner, and the speaker looked so very handsome, that Alma's wrath melted like snowflakes in the noon-day sun, and she hastened to say that she was not angry—not a bit *angry*—but that really, you know, it was not altogether pleasant to be laughed at without knowing the reason.

"That's all right then," said Harry, resuming his nonchalant manner, "and we are friends again. Shake hands on it."

Alma gave him her hand timidly, blushing furiously as she had did so, and becoming immediately angry with herself for being so foolish as to blush at merely shaking hands with a stranger. It was a tiny little hand, with pink-tipped fingers, and nice soft palm—altogether a pleasant thing to hold, and so Harry Lascelles must have thought, for he did not offer to relinquish it after the conventional shake of society out here is rather more tightly than was necessary, talking all the while at a great rate, so that Alma may be pardoned for forgetting all about it.

Standing thus, hand in hand, they formed the foreground to a pretty picture, which would have charmed the eye of an artist. It did not, however, charm the eye of an old gentleman, who came lumbering up the slope, half dragged by an attendant in the costume of a forester.

"Hallo!" he grunted—"What's this, eh? Friend of yours, sir?"

Now, Harry had been making such a noise that a regiment of soldiers might have marched up the hill without arresting the attention of either himself or his companion, and, consequently, the gruff tones of the new comer came upon them with the full force of a surprise. But Mr. Henry Lascelles was far too self-possessed a gentleman to be troubled by such a trifle as the arrival of even his father; and, without quitting his hold of the young lady's hand, he led her forward, and proceeded to introduce her formally.

"My father, Mr. Standish Lascelles—Miss—Miss—I really beg your pardon," he said, turning to Alma. "What did you say your name was?"

"I am not aware that I told you my name at all, sir," said Alma, once more terribly disconcerted.

"Vy, it ish de yoong Fräulein!" ejaculated the forester, stepping forward. "It ish Mees Alma."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, miss," said the old gentleman, bowing, and offering his hand. "Where did you know my boy, Harry?"

"I—I—" stammered Alma—"I really don't know—but it is late—you will excuse me—good night!" And so saying, without waiting for a reply, she ran down the path, and

"She's gone!" exclaimed Harry, as if he doubted the fact.

"Not being quite as blind as a bat," said his father, "I perceive that the young woman has taken her departure; and a very extraordinary proceeding on her part it is, too. Custom of the country, I suppose. I wonder where she left her zither."

"Why, good heavens!" exclaimed Harry, "you don't suppose she is a wandering minstrel!"

"Just so," replied Mr. Lascelles, seating himself at the foot of the knoll; "all the young women hereabouts do it, you know."

"No, *dass ist zu viel!*" broke in the forester—"It ish too much—pig seal too much! Dot yoong laty vas the yoong Fräulein, Mees Alma Dredegar und ish also high vell ge porn yoong fomels. Also her onkel ist ein professor."

"What do you say to that, sir?" asked Harry, in a triumphant tone.

"Decently brought-up young women don't wander about the mountains alone at this time of day," was the answer. "As to her parentage, Hanserl may be right. She has points about her sufficient to show there is a strain of good blood somewhere."

"Don't talk about the girl if she was a horse, or a heifer, father," said Harry. "It is escrilege to speak of such a true beauty so disrespectfully."

"Hallo, young man!" said Mr. Lascelles, "hit again, I see. We must move on, or you may get worse."

"Where does she live, Hanserl?" asked Harry, paying no attention to his father's remark.

"De young laties lifs at de mill, by Meister Werther, town pelow in Grabenthal."

"Come along, father," said Harry, disrespectfully hauling his parent to his feet. "Let's get down again. I'm hungry as a hunter, and supper (as they call it), will be spoiled, if we stay here much longer."

"And when you've finished your supper, I presume you are going to make an evening call at the mill, eh?"

"That's as may be," responded Harry, striving to assume his usual nonchalant manner. "A walk after dark in these benighted latitudes is not the sweetest recreation in the world; still, I think I owe the young woman an apology."

"What for, sir?" asked Mr. Lascelles.

"For kissing her."

"For kissing her?" repeated his father. "For kissing her? Well, of all the audacious young scamps I ever saw in my born days—but I was just the same," he continued, reflectively—"just such another harum-scarum devil-may-care young fly-by-night as he is. Kissed her, did he? Gad! I wouldn't mind kissing her myself." And the old gentleman smacked his lips with relish, and proceeded down the hill, chuckling and mumbling to himself, as various reminiscences of the past occurred to him.

As for Harry, he did not wait to talk, having enough to do to think about his adventure, and concoct means for establishing more intimate relations with this errant nymph of the woods. We will leave them on their way to the inn, whilst we take a peep at the interior of the mill.

The apartment in which Alma passed most of her time was a long, low, oak-panelled and oaken-floored room, extending right along one side of the building, and overhanging the cascade, which came tumbling down the rocks with a perpetual roar and hiss, until it set the huge wheel in motion a few yards lower down. There was, too, a roomy balcony which jutted over the water, where Alma was wont to sit, and work or read of an afternoon.

The furniture of the apartment was all of solid old-fashioned pattern, black with age, and hard and uncompromising in appearance; but the oaken floor shone like polished glass, and gay chintz curtains shaded the four large windows, and in one corner, near the huge fireplace, stood a handsome modern piano, so that the room looked bright and cheerful, after all.

Occupied as it is now, it could not well look otherwise, for Alma and Gustl—a plump rosy-cheeked young woman, with straw-colored hair, done up in two heavy plaits, hanging down to her waist, and attired in a costume in which all the colors of the rainbow are mixed up with an incongruity which would drive an artist mad—are preparing the tea-table and chatting volubly all the time, though, strange to say, Miss Alma altogether forgets to take Gustl into her confidence with reference to her adventure with the impertinent, but interesting, Australian.

Presently, Frau Werther comes bustling in, bearing a huge tray laden with fruit and cakes, and the tea equipage, which the English taste of the Professor still regards as a necessity at the evening meal.

Then wonder is expressed that that gentleman has not yet returned from the village, and at last, in compliance with a standing rule to the effect that he is not to be waited for, Alma seats herself, and, I regret to say, makes a very hearty meal from all sorts of comestibles, the enumeration of which would ruin her for ever in the estimation of the English novel-reader, whose heroine must be too ethereal to have a healthy appetite, whilst only to think of whom in connection with raw herring and potato-salad would be profanation.

She was still toying with her tea-spoon, when the door opened, and Mr. Harry Lascelles walked in, unaccompanied and unannounced.

"How do you do, Miss Tredegar?" he said, offering his hand as coolly as if he was a family friend of old standing, and he had been in the habit of "dropping in" upon them any evening for the last twenty years. "The old lady downstairs gave me to understand, in a lingo which I flatter myself an acute intellect could alone comprehend, that your uncle was out, and that you were alone and disengaged; and, as the old lady in question wheezed after the most distressing manner, whilst imparting the information, I thought it would be cruelty to drag her up stair merely for the purpose of announcing me, a performance which I thought myself equally capable of going through unaided."

All this was said in the most matter-of-fact manner, and the speaker, without waiting to be invited, had seated himself in front of the fire, and even kicked the logs whilst he was speaking, so that Alma felt it would be hopeless to protest against the intrusion, even had she felt so inclined.

Moreover, she was not quite sure that the stranger was not conducting himself after the most approved modern style; so she contented herself by looking as grave as she could, and answering him by a monosyllable. But Mr. Harry Lacelles was not to be daunted after this fashion.

"What's that?" said he, pointing to the teapot. "Tea? I haven't seen such a thing for weeks. Do give me a cup, if you please—you don't know what a luxury it will be to me. You haven't boiled it, I suppose? I like it best boiled, in a billy with ration sugar, you know; the way we get it camping out."

Alma filled a cup, and handed it mechanically to him, wondering what he meant, but not caring to expose her ignorance by asking questions; only she inwardly determined to ask her uncle what a billy was at any rate.

"You must have thought me extremely rude this afternoon, Miss Alma," said Harry, after he had pronounced a critical opinion on the merits of the tea.

"Of course," replied Alma smiling, yet blushing as the remembrance of their meeting occurred to her. "I do not know much of the world, but I'm sure even in Australia such conduct would be called rude, if not worse than rude."

"Why even in Australia," asked Harry, "Do you think we are all savages out there?"

"I don't know," replied Alma. "I never not an Australian before, and you must forgive me if I say that, I did hold that opinion, I have seen nothing yet to make me change it."

"Well, let me put these to you fairly. Say you have been wilering about these blessed forests for a whole fortnight, with no other society but that of your venerable and much respected pare; and no womankind to look at but peasant girls, with red elbows and thick ankles. Say you have seen so many old castles and ruins that your interest in such things has completely vanished; but that, in obedience to the dictates of an inexorable parent, you are compelled to wander on, in order that your mind may be improved, and your views enlarged by the study of such relics. Say that toward sunset one evening you climb a mountain, expecting to see nothing but the inevitable castle at the top. Say that in this belief you reach the summit, and there behold, reclining on the grass, the prettiest, tiniest, little lady in the world. Say that—"

"That will do, sir," said Alma, "spare me the description of the lady."

"It cannot be done," replied Harry. "For the proper comprehension of your position, a full description of the fair object is necessary. Well, then, this fairy, I say, is lying on the sward, with her hair all loose around her; the setting sun just gilds the edge of her cheek; she is smiling in her sleep, and her lips seem to pout in expectation of a kiss—"

"No, sir," said Alma, starting up; "her lips did not pout in expectation of anything!"

"But I assure you they did."

"And I say they did not!" said Alma, stamping her foot pettishly. "The idea of such a thing! I won't hear another word."

"Well, I submit, so sit down and hear me out. Her lips did not pout, but you thought they did, and so you just gently lean over her, and breathe upon them a respectful kiss. A respectful kiss, mark you," said Harry quickly, fearing another interruption—"Just such a kiss as the young woman in he song gave to the wounded soldier. Let-mekiss-him-for-his mother-business, you know."

But Alma would not admit the justification, and the argument was continued with more or less warmth, until the sound of approaching footsteps warned them of the return of the Professor, who presently entered the room, and was introduced by Alma to the visitor.

"You are staying at the inn?" asked the Professor, after he had given the young man anything but a cordial shake of the hand. "I am sorry we did not make your acquaintance earlier, as I shall have [illegible] to act as your cicerone in this neighbourhood. Unfortunately, this I cannot now do, as I leave for England to-morrow morning."

"You leave for England to-morrow, uncle?" exclaimed Alma.

"I have said," was the answer. "You will be so good as to prepare my portmanteau at once. Meanwhile, I will entertain Mr. Lascelles."

Alma made no reply, but bowed her head and left the room, whilst Harry thought that if the niece was charming, the uncle was a brute, whom he would like to kick down stairs for speaking to such a nice little girl in so gruff a manner.

"Do you propose to make a long stay in Grabenthal?" asked the Professor.

"We have not decided," replied Harry. "My father—who, by the way, desired to apologise for not waiting upon you himself, which he is unable to do through extreme fatigue—(Heaven pardon me the lie," he added, mentally)—My father and I are wandering about Europe without any other aim than to [illegible] see a little of the world before I take up my abode on [illegible] station in Australia."

"Ah, you are an Australian," said Mr. Tredegar. "There is great news from that quarter."

"Indeed! We have heard nothing."

"The mail is only just in. Gold has been discovered in large quantities near Bathurst."

"Near Bathurst!" exclaimed Harry, starting up. "Why, it may be on or near our station! We shall be ruined!"

"Say rather that your fortune is made. This discovery will cause thousands to flock to Australia, and a country like that only needs population to develope its riches. I think of going there myself."

"Well, this is news!" said Harry. "I must let my father know of it immediately; for, I think we ought not to delay a moment in getting back. You will pardon my abrupt departure?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Tredegar, offering his hand, "and I will make your excuses to my niece."

Now Harry had quite forgotten the existence of that young lady, but as soon as she was recalled to his recollection, his ardour cooled wonderfully, and he muttered that, after all, it did not matter—they could do nothing to-night, and there would be time enough to talk about it at the breakfast table. But Mr. Tredegar would not hear of his remaining, pointing out that it would be unkind to his father, who would naturally feel offended if he did not at once hurry home with the news; and so Master Harry was packed off, much against his will, and without catching even so much as a glimpse of the dress of the young lady, upon whom he had by this time determined his happiness in life depended.

When he was gone, Mr Tredegar pulled a letter out of his pocket, and, sitting down at a small secretaire, began to study it attentively.

Let us peep over his shoulder.

"My dear Tredegar," it began)

"According to promise, I hasten to inform you that your father has made his will, and, I regret to add, is dying. I am entirely in the dark as to the cause of your unhappy difference, and have therefore carefully refrained from advocating your cause. Under the circumstances you will not be surprised to learn that you are left out in the cold, the property being left equally between the two children of his eldest son, James. My advice to you is simple; Come over at once. Lose no time, for every minute is of importance if you wish to bring about a reconciliation with your father, and induce him to alter his will in your favor. I need scarcely say that you may command me in anything.

Am, ever yours,

JOSIAH THISTLETHWAITE."

"In anything," mused Mr. Tredegar, as he finished the letter. "In anything? What does that mean? I have known this Thistlethwaite for many years, and have paid him well to act as my agent, or rather, by. A solicitor who will not refuse any class of business that offers cannot be well off. He is unscrupulous in little things; will he be so when fortune lies in his grasp—to be obtained by one bold stroke. We shall see. The crisis is come at last, and there must be no more hesitation, 'The children of his eldest son, James!' Always the preference. The *eldest* son! What different fates one might have been had the positions been reversed! And these children? Do I love them? No—I think not. It is true at times I cannot help feeling a weak softening of the heart, when I gaze upon the girl—but then some look recals her mother, and I curse the dainty face which made me the miserable man I am. No—I do not love them: but do they love me? Hardly, I should think, for they have had but little kindness at my hand. Should I fail, I cannot expect more from them than a bare pittance. Fail! I will not fail! I have not waited for this all these years to fail when the time for action arrives."

(To be continued.)

Every street has two sides—the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.

Australian Tales and Adventures.

No. 8.

SHINY JIM,

A BOTTLE BOY'S ROMANCE

By Garnet Walch.

"Bottle-oh! Bottle-o-oh! Any bottles to-day?"

Lounging in slippered dressing-gowned and moky-capped, ease round my back garden one bright spring morning not many days ack, I heard the familiar sound which is to be bottle collectors of Melbourne what the logan is to the Highlander, at once a warry and a sign of "gathering," a sound welcome enough to the juveniles of our little household accustomed to regard the proceeds of the bottle-boy's visits as their own peculiar perquisites. It is a branch of domestic economy with which I myself am not given to interfere. Once empty a bottle has no charm for me! but for all this I do my best, in a fatherly way, to see that the market is fairly stocked.

On this especial morning I had little else to do but lave about the garden and absorb the spring sunshine. The previous midnight had brought me to the sweet word "finis," in a somewhat tedious piece of literary work, and I felt no inclination to commence the next just yet awhile. In a word I was a loafer of the first water for the time being. I leaned over the dividing fence between the garden and the yard and watched the children as they made their barrain with the bottle-boy wondering dreamily whether I shall achieve the fortune I have been so long seeking, or as a comrade, whether any of my male offspring would ever have to turn bottle-merchants.

A stalwart fellow this sack-bearing, latest nigger-melody-whistling lad or rather young man as he stopped stowing away his purchases and something in his face that spoke of intelligence above the average of his class.

I hazarded a question. "Had he been long in the business?"

"Going on for five years"

"Did he find it pay?"

"It did and it didn't. Sometimes he would get a dozen-truck-loads in the week—other weeks"—this with an apathatic jerk that sent an ominous clink through the contents of the sack—"it hardly fetched in tucker."

"Did he buy all kinds of bottles?"

"Not all—Porter bottles for instance—No demand for them. But beer, wines', sauces', pickles', medicines', there was always a call for."

I suggested that with his experience, he could generally time his visits so as to secure not only a certain quantity but also a certain quality of marketable wares.

"Not by no manner of means—too many in the trade—Cut-throats as 'll give a penny a dozen more than they can rightly afford—and tempts people who don't like your children—stick to one fair honest dealer. Some families again who has four dozen one week and none at all next, by reason of seeming like to take the pledge and break it ever so often in the twelvemonth. Some too, as goes in for beer for a spell—that means dozens—and then turns to sperrits—that means singles—Do you know sir," he continued, letting his sack drop, and facing round me, "a gentleman who writes, like you for instance, might pick up a deal of character in our profession!"

Now here were the things that interested me. A bottle-boy who spoke of his calling as a profession. I fancy he said *pur-fession*—but what of that—who was acquainted with my own means of bread-wining. I wondered whether he preferred my verse or prose, my leading articles, or stories—and who above all, grasped the fact that "character" is to author's, what nuggets are to diggers, something eagerly sought for, and when found, regarded as great treasures.

"As how?" I asked tentatively,

"Why you see, for the bottles *and what they're had in them*"—this with great emphasis—"You can make a pretty good guess at the people. Folks as run most on beer-bottles is generally a pretty good sort" I blushed with pleasure—he continued unheedingly—evidently stating a fact, not paying a fulsome compliment—"folks with wines and beer mixed sees company and is likewise to be reckoned open-handed—folks with sperrits only, and them not too many is steady-going middle-aged, where the master of the house does his right-an and no more—but if the sperrits is numerous, with a sprinkling now and again of sodas, somebody sometimes has a drop too much maybe. Physic bottles—medicines, as we call them for short—means of course sickness—but physic bottles as smells of gin or whisky, ah!"

The exclamation, with its significant pause, finished as complete an explanation of his meaning as if he had continued in so many words—

Then there's 'the sauces', and the pickles, which if large means good living, dinner parties and such like—the bottles smelling of Kerosine—that's hard times—as is likewise the bottles with candle-grease down their sides broken bottles points to rows, or sprees, scent bottles to female vanity—but I must be off," he added abruptly, seizing his sack and about to go—

"One moment" said I, "In the course of your five years you must have seen something which to a man of your intelligence"—I noted keenly that the title pleased him "are worth remembering. Now I don,t want to waste your time. Here is a half-a-crown. Oblige me by accepting it"—he did so, with a nod—" and tell me in return, the very strangest event connected with your 'profession' which you can call to mind."

He ruminated a moment, once more set down the sack, and drew nearer to the fence.

"The very strangest thing as I know off connected with our profession? Well! it didn't happen to me, but to Shiny Jim."

"No matter!" I cried, my soul warmed with the prospect of the coming 'incident'—no matter to whom it happened, so long as you let me have the facts."

"To make a story of I suppose?" he said smilingly. He nodded in acquiesence. "Well, you see, it was this way. Jim, his full name was Jim Borrow, but we called him Shiny Jim partly because of his face which was always so polished up-like. I suppose it was the yeller soap as did it—and partly on account of his bright cheerful ways. Jim was one of the smartest of us chaps—doing 'the rounds,' on his own hook mind—but chummin' in with the rest whenever we met and actin' fair and square as to price. *He* was no cut-throat, wasn't Jim. 'Live and let live,' was his motter, tho' he could stand up for his rights when it came to that, and knew how to use his bunch of fives if need be. Collingwood was mostly his lay and he was as well known on the Flat as the postmen, or the bobbies, or the vegatable coves."

"One day,—it was about two years ago—Jim was doin, the grand tour with his truck, when he noticed that an old tumble-down three-roomed weatherboard shanty of a cottage that had been empty for months was let at last. He hadn't been down that back street for some time, so didn't 'exactly know how long the new people had been in. Perhaps long enough for a couple of dozen colonial beers."

"Bottle-oh!" cries Jim, unfastens the ricketty gate, and round he goes to the back. Nobody there—so he raps at the back door." "It was opened by a girl—a girl about eighteen years of age—tallish, thin, and pale, and dressed in an old, worn print dress, though it was the middle of winter. Shabby as the dress was, it was as clean as a new pin, and the girl was neat and tidy in other respects—*pretty* too, uncommonly pretty—for all her half-starved looks. 'My!' thought Jim—as he told me afterwards. 'I wonder who serves you out your rations!' Then he asked her if there was any bottles. She told him simply no,' and with that he left—and continued his round. Somehow that girl's face and her voice,—little as he had heard of it stuck to him wherever he went. Her large, dark eyes seemed to look at him out of every bottle he handled and when he clicked one against another it was an echo—like of her answer. That night he dreamt of her, just as she stood in her poor shivery bit of a frock and next day it was the same. You see how it was—he was shook on her at the first sight."

"It wasn't a week before he was back at the house with his bottle-oh! though he knew well enough there was small chance of even half-a-dozen. But round he went and tapped at the back-door. Same girl and same short reply—but Jim—he was a wily one was Shiny—managed somehow to draw her into conversation. He asked her how she liked the neighborhood—what she thought of the weather and so on I suppose—at any rate he found out that she lived all alone in the cottage with her grandfather who was an invalid-like, that she never had any one to help her in tending to him or in the housework and that she filled in what spare time she had in doing button-hole work for a shirt factory not far off. Then a nagging sort of an old mans' voice called out "Mary!" and she had to leave.

He got hold of the old mans' name from the Free Dispensary in the next street where he saw the girl go in with a black pint bottle for some doctors stuff one afternoon. The old fellow he found was called Richards but that was pretty well all the chemist could tell him, except that the case had been recommended by the city missionary who had called at the cottage in consequence of certain reports. There was no doubt about it that old Richards and his grand-daughter were as poor as church-mice."

"Well! Jim's sudden attack didn't get any better, though it didn't interfere with his business but he made a point of calling at the cottage and gradually got hold of more and more of the girl's story. They had come to Melbourne from Ballarat where Mary's parents both died years before, her father being killed in a mining accident and her mother carried off by typhus fever, and then there was only her grandfather, who had lately lived with them. The little money the mother left behind her was soon sent and then bit by bit, the sticks of furniture went. The grandfather who it seemed was Mary's only relation used to get a few shillings now and again by doing a job of light gardening, and Mary helped with her sewing, but at last the old man fell sick and the Doctor said another winter in Ballarat would kill him—so they shifted to Melbourne, and here they were worse off than ever, away from [illegible] neighbours and one or two other friends had shown the girl some kindness—Jim's heart bleed to see the poor thinly-clad and poorly-fed with all her [illegible] ness and goodness that spoke out [illegible] enough in her simple talk and her [illegible] and he determined to do something for [illegible] He had a few quid saved up, had [illegible] many, mind you, for bottle-boys don't [illegible] fortunes—worse luck—but still enough to buy a new truck when the old one [illegible] or to keep going if he should fall [illegible] The very next time he called, Mary [illegible] with tears in her eyes, how a letter had [illegible] with a pound note in it and just a scrap [illegible] said it was from a Ballarat friend. If [illegible] examined the envelope I don't think [illegible] have found any Ballarat post-mark on [illegible] that wasn't the only pound she received [illegible] the same quarter. But somehow the [illegible] didn't seem to do her any good. The [illegible] thin print dress. The same pinched [illegible] want. It was evidently the old man and [illegible] benefit of the coin."

This naturally riled Jim, for with [illegible] good heart he didn't believe in chucking [illegible] his savin's to no purpose like. He [illegible] the matter over afresh, and at last he made [illegible] up his mind, sharp. He asked Mary to marry him. What was enough for one was enough for two, and when he had the right to keep her she at anyrate should not starve. He didn't put the question, mind you, until he felt sure that Mary liked him, and that there was no other cove in the road, and her answer proved him right enough in that particular, but Mary wouldn't hear of leaving her grandfather in his sick state. The only thing for it seemed to be for Jim to make the old chap's acquaintance, and come and live in the place with them—and this wasn't a lively prospect anyhow. Jim puzzled over it for a few days, seeing Mary getting even thinner and paler, in spite of another quid by post, and began at last to see that Mary was right that it would be downright cruelty for her to leave her grandfather, now too ill to be moved to the hospital."

"He was turning over the other idea in his mind one night when he turned into the pub, about shutting up time, to have a final pint.

Then he took a long stretch of a walk down Simpson's Road, across Studley Park bridge, and on towards Kew, to clear his brain like. Coming back, between one and two o'clock, he went a little out of his way into the street where Mary lived. As he got near the cottage he noticed a light in the front room where the old man lay. He stopped a moment close by the place, wondering if Mary was up at that hour. Suddenly the light went out, and he heard a feeble cry, followed by a scuffling noise—then Mary's voice calling for help rang out clear."

Jim was over the low fence like a shot—as he jumped he saw the front door open and a strange man came quickly out into the light shining from a gas lamp near. Jim ran like lightning from the side where he was and collared the chap before he was through the gate. The fellow struck out fierce, but he was no match for Jim, who had him on the broad of his back in no time, and held him there calling "Police!" until a couple of bobbies came up. While Jim was holding the cove down a light shone again in the front room, and just as the bobbies arrived Mary's voice shrieked out "Murder!" Jim yelled to the traps to hold on to their prisoner and dashed into the cottage through the still open front door. He expected to find Mary in the clutch of another beggar—but *she* was all right enough. She stood wild with fright, and with just a shawl round her pretty shoulders, pointing with candle raised high to old Richards. He was lying dead in his bed with a bottle—used as a candle-stick—grasped in his hand as in a self-defence. Marks on his throat showed that he had been choked—or strangled, I suppose, is the right word. Not a very difficult job with an old man already half dead.

"There was an inquest, and the prisoner was committed for trial on a charge of wilful murder, but what on earth led him to commit the deed puzzled everybody."

Jim took Mary home to his own mother's, and the old lady took care of her until the wedding-day, which was not long after. It was astonishing how soon the change and plenty of good food brought the roses back to the girl's cheeks. She made a pretty bride—I was best Man, so I ought to know."

"The day before they were married Jim and Mary paid a last visit to the cottage. Mary's few things had long been removed, but they took a final look round before handing over the key to the landlord. All there was left to remind Mary of her troubles and the fright of the night of the murder was a few black pint bottles in which she had fetched the old mans' medicine and the quart porter-bottle candlestick that they had loosened from his stiffening fingers.—Says Jim. I never could get any bottles from you Mary and even now there isn't a whole dozen—as for this old porter bottle, if I had a hundred of 'em they'd fetch nothing.

It only shows how hard up the poor old fellow was to have to use it as a candlestick!"

"With that he flipped off some of the candle-gatherings that half-filled the top of the neck of the bottle and was going to check it down when something caught his eye. He stepped into the yard—cracked the bottle into two or three pieces with a stone and drew out what d'ye think—twelve one hundred pound bank notes, one fifty and *his own six notes* that he had sent Mary. The old man had just been a fearful old miser—that was the way of it—but thank goodness the money went into good hands at last, for Mary was the right one to have it, and it made a very pretty wedding present for her and Jim. As to what would have became of it if some other bottle-merchant had collared that bottle, the Lord only knows. It set Mr. and Mrs. Jim up in the wholesale line—They give me highest rates for all I get."

"It came out at the trial that the murderer was a Ballarat cove and must have got wind of the old man's hoard, though he didn't know exactly where to look for it."

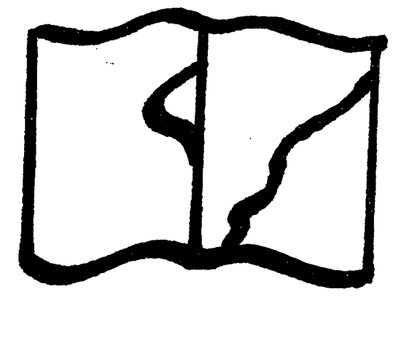
"There, sir, that's the circumstance I remember in our line—good morning, and thanks! Any bottle-oh!—bottle-o-o-oh!"

Game of Coach.—Provide chairs and seats of some kind, having one less than the number of people taking part in the game. First, a general scramble for seats and the person left without a seat must begin the game. They must invent, repeat or read a story in which the words, "The Old Stage Coach," are introduced; also as many names of persons, animals or [illegible] things as there are people in the [illegible] The [illegible] must [illegible] is done in the [illegible] way, the person hearing their name must rise, bow to the story-teller and sit down again, incurring a forfeit if not doing so. The story must always finish with an accident, which demolishes the stage coach, amid general excitement, in which each person must exchange his seat, the story-teller also striving to get a seat so as to leave someone else standing, who must likewise tell a story.

A book on etiquette tells "how to tell a man larger than yourself that he is a liar." The best way is to tell him through the telephone and then go out into the country for a few days.

THE EYE OF A BIRD.

Nature has many surprises for those who wait on her. One of the greatest she ever favored me with, was the sight of a wounded Magellanic eagle-owl I shot on the Rio Negro in Patagonia. The haunt of this bird was an island in the river overgrown with giant grasses and tall willows, leafless now, for it was in the middle of winter [illegible]



sky was flushed with tender rosy tints, the sun had now gone down and the earth was in shadow.

There, in such a scene, and with the wintry quiet of the desert over it all, I found my victim, stung by his wounds to fury and prepared for the last effort. Given in repose he is a big, eagle-like bird; now his appearance was quite altered, and in the dim, uncertain light he looked gigantic in size—a monster of strange form and terrible aspect. Each particular feather stood out on end, the tawny, barred tail spread out like a fan, the immense, tiger-colored wings wide open and rigid, so that as the bird, that had clutched the grass with his great feathered claws, swayed his body slowly from side to side—just as a snake about to strike sways its head, or as an angry, watchful cat moves its tail—first the tip of one then of the other wing touched the ground. The black horns stood erect, and in the centre of the wheel-shaped head the beak snapped incessantly, producing a sound resembling the clicking of a sewing machine. This was a suitable setting for the pair of magnificent, furious eyes, on which I gazed with a kind of fascination not unmixed with fear when I remembered the agony of pain suffered on former occasions from sharp, crooked talons driven into me to the bone. The irises were of a bright orange color, but every time I attempted to approach the bird they kindled into great globes of quivering, yellow flame

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Poetry.

An Adage from the Orient.

At the punch-bowl's brink,
Let the thirsty think
What they say in Japan;
"First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man!"

—*E. R. Sill.*

Love Disarmed.

One morn, while Love a-dreaming lay
Among the flowers, a sparrow
Flew down and quickly bore away
His tiny bow and arrow.

An empty quiver hung above
Where bees were gathering honey;
Ah, me! hearts bleed no more for love,
And maidens wed for money.

—*Harold Van Sautvoord in Life.*

When I Awaken.

And so, when evening shadows creep
And night falls softly o'er the len,
You close my eyelids and I sleep,
And, sleeping, dream of heaven and thee.

And when some summer morn shall break
That finds me chilled by death's cold dew,
You need but kiss me, I shall wake,
And, waking, be in heaven with you.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY,

BY

HAROLD STEPHEN ESQ., M.P.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

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CHAPTER I.

Such an ancient castle! Such old, old blocks of weatherworn stone, honeycombed and stained by the waters of a thousand storms, and rent into great fissures, around which the climbing ivy hung in heavy festoons—the gloomy drapery of Time shrouding the walls from the vulgar gaze of the irreverent passer-by.

Alma, seated on the grassy knoll, at the foot of the tower, looked and wondered—wondered who had built it, and who had lived in it. In the little world below, in the valley, they had many strange legends and traditions of the former splendours of the fierce race that had made its history, and of their wild deeds and wicked practices.

Gustl, who possessed such stores of such learning, told her that on All-Hallow's Eve a Witches' Sabbath was held within those grey walls, and Alma wondered what it was like, and whether it could be very dangerous to take a peep at the revellers. It is true that the Herr Pastor had her not to believe in such things but Alma's heart rejected such sober counsel, and thrushed a vague longing for a brighter life amid such scenes as her imagination picture must have taken place in the castle; and, o hex, even a Witches' Sabbath offered an agreable break in the monotony of her existence.

The child—she was but sixteen—had lived a strange, sad life in the little valley, hemmed in on every side by huge grey walls of rock, and sombre forests. For twelve years she had lived at the mill at the head of the valley, with her uncle, the Herr without any such kind companionship as that she knew the happy days of childhood a pleasant retrospect through life. She had no mother or sister to sympathize with her childish sorrows, or share her innocent joys; her love was given to strangers of a lower rank in life, whose respect for their superiors effectually prevented them from being too familiar with the young Fräulein—and what is love without familiarity?

Alma Tredegar and her brother Dart had been brought to Grabenthel by their uncle on the death of their parents, which occurred within a few days of each other; and, since that time the girl had never left the valley, nor even spoken to or seen a lady. Her uncle, a man of much knowledge and many accomplishments, entrusted her early education to the pastor of the village, and added the finishing touches himself, after his own fashion; but Dart had been sent to school in England, and was now at the University of Heidelberg, from whence sad tales came of his misdeeds and idleness.

Mr. Stephen Tredegar, known far and wide as the "Professor," was a cold, austere man of science, who seemed to have no love to spare for aught but those chemicals amidst which he passed the greater part of his time. He was a chemist of some renown, whose work lay in discoveries and improvements of chemical processes used by manufacturers. And Alma always understood that he had a large income, though no signs thereof were visible in their household, which was conducted on the most economical principles.

They lived with Meister Werther, the miller, to whose dame Alma was indebted for all her womanly lore. The mill was a large rambling building, which afforded ample space for the accomodation of half-a-dozen families; and, when one day, Mr. Tredegar arrived with the two children, Meister Werther made no difficulty about letting him a suite of rooms, and the services of the Frau as housekeeper. Latterly, Gustl, the strapping daughter of the village blacksmith, had been engaged to aid in the housework, and her advent was a memorable era in Alma's life, as she had then, for the first time, a companion of her own age and sex. How she revelled in the delights of village gossip! And with what greed she listened to the marvellous tales of diablerie, which Gustl delighted in recounting to so sympathetic a hearer. From the village maiden she learned also of the gay doings of the outside world—for even in Grabenthal the word "society," had its significance, and question of precedence were of such importance that the village actually boasted the possession of a functionary whose special duty it was to marshal the guests at every festival, and allot them their places according to their rank in life.

Notwithstanding her singular education, Alma seemed the little lady she had been when she first arrived; for her uncle affected the courtly manners of a past generation, and, to the best of his ability, formed his niece after his own model.

See her now as she reclines on a grass-covered mound at the foot of the great tower of Schloss Rabenstein. She is small, but perfectly proportioned, her figure being unusually developed for her age. Her eyes are that shade of grey which looks purple at night, and are fringed by dark brown lashes; her features are regular, and thick masses of dark golden hair fall down over her shoulders.

Presently she lays her head on her arm, and begins to dream one of those delightful reveries which only to maiden youth and innocence [illegible] in Fairyland, at the court [illegible] and waited on by [illegible]-hard-seed—tiny [illegible] court swords, [illegible]oices in cups [illegible] and lilies, [illegible] tournament [illegible]

in the great court-yard of Schloss Rabenstein; and all around are knights in glittering armour, and ladies in velvet and gold.

Then comes into her head the legend of Dornröschen—the enchanted princess, who lay waiting for the coming of a prince, who would break through briar and bramble, overcome every spell, and, by a kiss, awaken her from her hundred years' sleep. Alma thought that the castle in which she lay enchanted must be just such another gaunt grey ruin as Schloss Rabenstein; then it semed that all around there sprang up thick bushes, and she herself was Dornröschen. Oh, how she longed for the coming of the prince! And when he did come, and she felt his light kiss upon her lips, she gasped with joy and—awoke. Awoke to find, bending over her, the form of a bright-faced young gentleman, clad in garments of most unmistakeably modern cut and color.

For a moment she dramed still, then a wave of rich blood rushed to her cheeks, and she bounded to her feet.

"How could you! How dare you?" she exclaimed, scarcely able yet to realise that it was not a dream.

"Ah! You are English," said the new comer, taking off his cap and exposing a perfect forest of brown curls. "I—that; for, to tell you the truth, I have been able to pick up one word yet."

"Sir, sir," stammered Alma, aghast at the effrontery of the young man. "English or German is no matter. Why did you—what did you mean by—"

"What did I mean by kissing you?" said the audacious stranger, flinging himself on the grass at her feet. "Why, you know, it is a privilege we men have; we are always pardoned for kissing a young lady if we catch her asleep. And you know you were asleep. At least, if you were not—"

"Of course I was asleep," interrupted Alma, half angry, and yet half amused. "But still I never heard of such a custom."

"Never heard of such a custom?" repeated the stranger, raising himself upon one elbow, and shading his eyes to look at her. "Why, where have you lived, to be in such a blessed state of ignorance?"

"It is true. I have no knowledge of English manners and customs, for I have not been there since I was a little child. And so I suppose I must forgive you;"—and, as she said this, Alma smiled after so distracting a fashion that the gentleman at her feet determined in one instant of time that he would give a hundred pounds for the chance to steal another kiss.

But at least the acquaintance so auspiciously commenced should not be shattered to end abruptly. Thus thinking, he sprang to his feet, and, taking out a pocket-book, extracted therefrom a card, which he tendered to the surprised Alma, who stood irresolutely at the foot of the knoll.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he said "My name, as you will see by that bit of paste-board, is Henry Lascelles; but I am usually known to my friends by the simple sobriquet of "Harry." I am respectable, I assure you. The old gentleman—that is to say, my father, who is at this moment of time growling and complaining some hundred yards down the valley—would be awfully annoyed if you doubted our respectability. He is a squatter, and tolerably well in, I can tell you."

"A squatter?" asked Alma, wonderingly—"What is a squatter? And what is well in?"

"Never heard of a squatter? Ah! Fault of a continental education, I see. A squatter is a very great man indeed in his own country. He is the aristocrat of Australia."

"And are you an Australian?" asked Alma, whose curiosity had quite overcome her bashfulness. "I never saw an Australian before. And you are not so very black, after all."

This reply resulted in the downfall of Mr. Harry Lascelles, who rolled on the ground shrieking with laughter, much to the discomfiture of Alma, who stood for a minute or two looking on, feeling that she had said something awful, which caused her to blush so, that at last, for very shame, she was necessitated to turn away.

But Harry was not going to let her escape so easily. Jumping up again, he arrested her departure by placing himself right before her in the narrow footpath.

"You must stop while I apologise. I really was so much amused that—ha! ha! ha!"

Alma now began to feel offended. "Let me pass, sir," she said. "Whatever country you come from, I suppose you know how to behave like a gentleman."

"I beg your pardon," said Harry, sobered in a moment. "But you ought to forgive me, So you really thought Australians were black?"

"I never thought anything about them at all, sir," said Alma pettishly. "And I really do not want to think about them."

"This is becoming serious," retorted Harry. "In that case, madam, I have the honour to tender my most humble apologies for my inadvertent outbreak."

This was said with such a grand manner, and the speaker looked so very handsome, that Alma's wrath melted like snowflakes in the noon-day sun, and she hastened to say that she was not angry—not a bit *angry*—but that really, you know, it was not altogether pleasant to be laughed at without knowing the reason.

"That's all right then," said Harry, resuming his nonchalant manner, "and we are friends again. Shake hands on it."

Alma gave him her hand timidly, blushing furiously as she had did so, and becoming immediately angry with herself for being so foolish as to blush at merely shaking hands with a stranger. It was a tiny little hand, with pink-tipped fingers, and nice soft palm—altogether a pleasant thing to hold, and so Harry Lascelles must have thought, for he did not offer to relinquish it after the conventional shake of society out here is rather more tightly than was necessary, talking all the while at a great rate, so that Alma may be pardoned for forgetting all about it.

Standing thus, hand in hand, they formed the foreground to a pretty picture, which would have charmed the eye of an artist. It did not, however, charm the eye of an old gentleman, who came lumbering up the slope, half dragged by an attendant in the costume of a forester.

"Hallo!" he grunted—"What's this, eh? Friend of yours, sir?"

Now, Harry had been making such a noise that a regiment of soldiers might have marched up the hill without arresting the attention of either himself or his companion, and, consequently, the gruff tones of the new comer came upon them with the full force of a surprise. But Mr. Henry Lascelles was far too self-possessed a gentleman to be troubled by such a trifle as the arrival of even his father; and, without quitting his hold of the young lady's hand, he led her forward, and proceeded to introduce her formally.

"My father, Mr. Staudish Lascelles—Miss—Miss—I really beg your pardon," he said, turning to Alma. "What did you say your name was?"

"I am not aware that I told you my name at all, sir," said Alma, once more terribly disconcerted.

"Vy, it ish de yoong Fräulein!" ejaculated the forester, stepping forward. "It ish Mees Alma."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, miss," said the old gentleman, bowing, and offering his hand. "Where did you know my boy, Harry?"

"I—I—" stammered Alma—"I really don't know—but it is late—you will excuse me—good night!" And so saying, without waiting for a reply, she ran down the path, and was out of sight before either of her new-made friend could speak.

"She's gone!" exclaimed Harry, as if he doubted the fact.

"Not being quite as blind as a bat," said his father, "I perceive that the young woman has taken her departure; and a very extraordinary proceeding on her part it is, too. Custom of the country, I suppose. I wonder where she left her zither."

"Why, good heavens!" exclaimed Harry, "you don't suppose she is a wandering minstrel!"

"Just so," replied Mr. Lascelles, seating himself at the foot of the knoll; "all the young women hereabouts do it, you know."

"Na, *dass ist zu viel!*" spoke in the forester—"It ish too moch—pig veal too moch! Dot yoong lady is the yoong Fräulein, Mees Alma Dredegar, und ish also a *sehr hoch wohlgebornes Mauchen*—a fery high vell ge porn yoong female. Also her onkel ist ein professor."

"What do you say to that, sir?" asked Harry, in a triumphant tone.

"Decently brought-up young women don't wander about the mountains alone at this time of day," was the answer. "As to her parentage, Hanserl may be right. She has points about her sufficient to show there is a strain of good blood somewhere."

"Don't talk about the girl as if she was a horse, or a setter, father," said Harry. "It is escriege to speak of such a little beauty so disrespectfully."

"Hallo, young man!" said Mr. Lascelles, "hit again, I see. We must move on, or you may get worse."

"Where does she live, Hanserl?" asked Harry, paying no attention to his father's remark.

"De young laties lifs at de mill, by Meister Werther, town pelow in Grabenthal."

"Come along, father," said Harry, disrespectfully hauling his parent to his feet. "Let's get down again. I'm hungry as a hunter, and supper (as they call it), will be spoiled, if we stay here much longer."

"And when you've finished your supper, I presume you are going to make an evening call at the mill, eh?"

"That's as may be," responded Harry, striving to assume his usual nonchalant manner. "A walk after dark in these benighted latitudes is not the sweetest recreation in the world; still, I think I owe the young woman an apology."

"What for, sir?" asked Mr. Lascelles.

"For kissing her."

"For kissing her?" repeated his father. "For kissing her? Well, of all the audacious young scamps I ever saw in my born days—but I was just the same," he continued, reflectively—"just such another harum-scarum devil-may-care young fly-by-night as he is. Kissed her, did he? Gad! I wouldn't mind kissing her myself." And the old gentleman smacked his lips with unction, and proceede down the hill, chuckling and mumbling to himself, as various reminiscences of the past occurred to him.

As for Harry, he did not wait to talk, having enough to do to think about his adventure, and concoct means for establishing more intimate relations with this errant nymph of the woods. We will leave them on their way to the inn, whilst we take a peep at the interior of the mill.

The apartment in which Alma passed most of her time was a long, low, oak-panelled and oaken-floored room, extending right along one side of the building, and overhanging the cascade, which came tumbling down the rocks with a perpetual roar and hiss, until it set the huge wheel in motion a few yards lower down. There was, too, a roomy balcony which jutted over the water, where Alma was wont to sit, and work or read of an afternoon.

The furniture of the apartment was all of solid old-fashioned pattern, black with age, and hard and uncompromising in appearance; but the oaken floor shone like polished glass, and gay chintz curtains shaded the four large windows, and in one corner, near the huge fireplace, stood a handsome modern piano, so that the room looked bright and cheerful, after all.

Occupied as it is now, it could not well look otherwise, for Alma and Gustl—a plump rosy-cheeked young woman, with straw-colored hair, done up in two heavy plaits, hanging down to her waist, and attired in a costume in which all the colors of the rainbow are mixed up with an incongruity which would drive an artist mad—are preparing the tea-table and chatting volubly all the time, though, strange to say, Miss Alma altogether forgets to take Gustl into her confidence with reference to her adventure with the impertinent, but interesting, Australian.

Presently, Frau Werther comes bustling in, bearing a huge tray laden with fruit and cakes, and the tea equipage, which the English taste of the Professor still regards as a necessity at the evening meal.

Then wonder is expressed that that gentleman has not yet returned from the village, and at last, in compliance with a standing rule to the effect that he is not to be waited for, Alma seats herself, and, I regret to say, makes a very hearty meal from all sorts of comestibles, the enumeration of which would ruin her for ever in the estimation of the English novel-reader, whose heroine must be too ethereal to have a healthy appetite, whilst only to think of whom in connection with raw herring and potato-salad would be profanation.

She was still toying with her tea-spoon, when the door opened, and Mr. Harry Lascelles walked in, unaccompanied and unannounced.

"How do you do, Miss Tredegar?" he said, offering his hand as coolly as if he was a family friend of old standing, and he had been in the habit of "dropping in" upon them any evening for the last twenty years. "The old lady downstairs gave me to understand, in a lingo which I flatter myself an acute intellect could alone comprehend, that your uncle was out, and that you were alone and disengaged; and, as the old lady in question wheezed after the most distressing manner, whilst imparting the aforesaid information, I thought it would be cruelty to drag her up stair merely for the purpose of announcing me, a performance which I thought myself equally capable of going through unaided."

All this was said in the most matter-of-fact manner, and the speaker, without waiting to be invited, had seated himself in front of the fire, and even kicked the logs whilst he was speaking, so that Alma felt it would be hopeless to protest against the intrusion, even had she felt so inclined.

Moreover, she was not quite sure that the stranger was not conducting himself after the most approved modern style; so she contented herself by looking as grave as she could, and answering him by a monosyllable. But Mr. Harry Lacelles was not to be daunted after this fashion.

"What's that?" said he, pointing to the teapot. "Tea? I haven't seen such a thing for weeks. Do give me a cup, if you please—you don't know what a luxury it will be to me. You haven't boiled it, I suppose? I like it best boiled, in a billy with ration sugar, you know; the way we get it camping out."

Alma filled a cup, and handed it mechanically to him, wondering what he meant, but not caring to expose her ignorance by asking questions; only she inwardly determined to ask her uncle what a billy was at any rate.

"You must have thought me extremely rude this afternoon, Miss Alma," said Harry, after he had pronounced a critical opinion on the merits of the tea.

"Of course," replied Alma smiling, yet blushing as the remembrance of their meeting occurred to her. "I do not know much of the world, but I'm sure even in Australia such conduct would be called rude, if not worse than rude."

"Why even in Australia," asked Harry, "Do you think we are all savages out there?"

"I don't know," replied Alma. "I never met an Australian before and you must forgive me if I say that, if I did hold that opinion, I have seen nothing yet to make me change it."

"Well, let me put these to you fairly. Say you have been wdering about these blessed forests for a whole fortnight, with no other society but that of your venerable and much respected park; and no woman-kind to look at but peant girls, with red elbows and thick ankles. Say you have seen so many old castles and ruins that your interest in such things has completely vanished; but that, in obedience to the dictates of an inexorable parent, you are compelled to wander on, in order that your mind may be improved, and your views enlarged by the study of such relics. Say that toward sunset one evening you climb a mountain, expecting to see nothing but the inevitable castle at the top. Say that in this belief you reach the summit, and there behold, reclining on the grass, the prettiest, tiniest, little lady in the world. Say that—"

"That will do, sir," said Alma, "spare me the description of the lady."

"It cannot be done," replied Harry. "For the proper comprehension of my position, a full description of the lady is necessary. Well, then, this boy, in addition to lying on the sward, with her hat in her hand, all loose around her; the setting sun just gilds the edge of her cheek; she is smiling in her sleep, and her lips seem to pout in expectation of a kiss—"

"No, sir," said Alma, starting up; "her lips did not pout in expectation of anything!"

"But I assure you they did."

"And I say they did not!" said Alma, stamping her foot pettishly. "The idea of such a thing! I won't hear another word."

"Well, I submit, so sit down and hear me out. Her lips did not pout, but you thought they did, and so you just gently lean over her, and breathe upon them a respectful kiss. A respectful kiss, mark you," said Harry quickly, fearing another interruption—"Just such a kiss as the young woman in the song gave to the wounded soldier. Let-me-kiss-him-for-his mother-business, you know."

But Alma would not admit the justification, and the argument was continued with more or less warmth, until the sound of approaching footsteps warned them of the return of the Professor, who presently entered the room, and was introduced by Alma to the visitor.

"You are staying at the Inn?" asked the Professor, after he had given the young man anything but a cordial shake of the hand. "I am sorry we did not make your acquaintance earlier, as I should have been [illegible] to act as your cicerone in this neighbourhood. Unfortunately, this I cannot now do, as I leave for England to-morrow morning."

"You leave for England to-morrow, uncle!" exclaimed Alma.

"I have said," was the answer. "You will be so good as to prepare my portmanteau at once. Meanwhile, I will entertain Mr. Lascelles."

Alma made no reply, but bowed her head and left the room, whilst Harry thought that if the niece was charming, the uncle was a brute, whom he would like to kick down stairs for speaking to such a nice little girl in so gruff a manner.

"Do you propose to make a long stay in Grabenthal?" asked the Professor.

"We have not decided," replied Harry. "My father—who, by the way, desired to apologise for not waiting upon you himself, which he is unable to do through extreme fatigue—(Heaven pardon me the lie," he added, mentally)—My father and I are wandering about Europe without any other aim than to let him see a little of the old world before I take up my abode on a station in Australia."

"Ah, you are an Australian," said Mr. Tredegar. "There is great news from that quarter."

"Indeed! We have heard nothing."

"The mail is only just in. Gold has been discovered in large quantities near Bathurst."

"Near Bathurst!" exclaimed Harry, starting up. "Why, it may be on or near our station! We shall be ruined!"

"Say rather that your fortune is made. This discovery will cause thousands to flock to Australia, and a country like that only needs population to develope its riches. I think of going there myself."

"Well, this is news!" said Harry. "I must let my father know of it immediately; for, I think we ought not to delay a moment in getting back. You will pardon my abrupt departure?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Tredegar, offering his hand, "and I will make your excuses to my niece."

Now Harry had quite forgotten the existence of that young lady, but as soon as she was recalled to his recollection, his ardour cooled wonderfully, and he muttered that, after all, it did not matter—they could do nothing to-night, and there would be time enough to talk about it at the breakfast table. But Mr. Tredegar would not hear of his remaining, pointing out that it would be unkind to his father, who would naturally feel offended if he did not at once hurry home with the news; and so Master Harry was packed off, much against his will, and without catching even so much as a glimpse of the dress of the young lady, upon whom he had by this time determined his happiness in life depended.

When he was gone, Mr Tredegar pulled a letter out of his pocket, and, sitting down at a small secretaire, began to study it attentively.

Let us peep over his shoulder.

"My dear Tredegar," it began)

"According to promise, I hasten to inform you that your father has made his will, and, I regret to add, is dying. I am entirely in the dark as to the cause of your unhappy difference, and have therefore carefully refrained from advocating your cause. Under the circumstances you will not be surprised to learn that you are left out in the cold, the property being left equally between the two children of his eldest son, James. My advice to you is simple; Come over at once. Lose no time, for every minute is of importance if you wish to bring about a reconciliation with your father, and induce him to alter his will in your favor. I need scarcely say that you may command me in anything.

Ever yours,
JOSIAH THISTLETHWAITE."

"In anything," mused Mr. Tredegar, as he finished the letter. "In anything? What does that mean? I have known this Thistlethwaite for many years, and have always found him as my agent, or rather, lawyer, well to act. A solicitor who will not refuse any class of business that offers cannot be well off. He is unscrupulous in little things; will he be scrupulous when fortune lies in his grasp—to be obtained by one bold stroke. We shall see. The crisis is come at last, and there must be no more hesitation, 'The children of his eldest son, James!' Always the preference. The *eldest* son! What different fates might have been the positions been reversed! And these children? Do I love them? No—I think not. It is true at times I cannot help feeling a weak softening of the heart, when I gaze upon the girl—but then some look recals her mother, and I curse the dainty face which made me the miserable man I am. No—I do not love them: but do they love me? Hardly, I should think, for they have had but little kindness at my hand. Should I fail, I cannot expect more from them than a bare pittance. Fail! I will not fail! I have not waited for this all these years to fail when the time for action arrives."

(To be continued.)

Every street has two sides—the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part, mark which takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two.

Australian Tales and Adventures.

No. 8.

SHINY JIM,

A BOTTLE BOY'S ROMANCE

By Garnet Walch.

"Bottle-oh! Bottle-o-ooh! Any bottles to-day?"

Lounging in slippered dressing-gowned and moky-capped, ease round my back garden one bright spring morning not many days ack, I heard the familiar sound which is to he bottle collectors of Melbourne what the logan is to the Highlander, at once a warry and a sign of "gathering," a sound welome enough to the juveniles of our little household accustomed to regard the proceeds of the bottle-boy's visits as their own peculiar perquisites. It is a branch of domestic economy with which I myself am not given to interfere. Once empty a bottle has no charm for me! but for all this I do my best, in a fatherly way, to see that the market is fairly stocked.

On this especial morning I had little else to do but lave about the garden and absorb the spring sunshine. The previous midnight had brought me to the sweet word "floris," in a somewhat tedious piece of literary work, and I felt no inclination to commence the next just yet awhile. In a word I was a loafer of the first water for the time being. I leaned over the dividing fence between the garden and the yard and watched the children as they made their bargain with the bottle-boy wondering dreamily whether I shall achieve the fortune I have been so long seeking, or as a contrast, whether any of my male offspring would ever have to turn bottle-merchants.

A stalwart fellow this sack-bearing, latest nigger-melody-whistling lad or rather young man as he stopped stowing away his purchases and something in his face that spoke of intelligence above the average of his class.

I hazarded a question. "Had he been long in the business?"

"Going on for five years"

"Did he find it pay?"

"It did and it didn't. Sometimes he would get a dozen-truck-loads in the week—other weeks"—this with an apathetic jerk that sent an ominous clink through the contents of the sack—"it hardly fetched in tucker."

"Did he buy all kinds of bottles?"

"Not all—Porter bottles for instance—No demand for them. But beer, wines', sauces', pickles', medicines', there was always a call for."

I suggested that with his experience, he could generally time his visits so as to secure not only a certain quantity but also a certain quality of marketable wares.

"Not by no manner of means—too many in the trade—Cut-throats as 'll give a penny a dozen more than they can rightly afford—and tempts people who don't like your children —stick to one fair honest dealer. Some families again who has four dozen one week and none at all next, by reason of seeming like to take the pledge and break it ever so often in the twelvemonth. Some too, as goes in for beer for a spell—that means dozens—and then turns to sperrits—that means singles—Do you know sir, "he continued, letting his sack drop, and facing round me, "a gentleman who writes, like you for instance, might pick up a deal of character in our profession!"

Now here were the things that interested me. A bottle-boy who spoke of his calling as a profession. I fancy he said *pur-fession*—but what of that—who was acquainted with my own means of bread-winning. I wondered whether he preferred my verse or prose, my leading articles, or stories—and who above all, grasped the fact that "character" is to author's, what nuggets are to diggers, something eagerly sought for, and when found, regarded as great treasures.

"As how?" I asked tentatively,

"Why you see, for the bottles *and what they're had in them*"—this with great emphasis—"You can make a pretty good guess at the people. Folks as run most on beer-bottles is generally a pretty good sort" I blushed with pleasure—he continued unheedingly—evidently stating a fact, not paying a fulsome compliment—"folks with wines and beer mixed seem company and is likewise to be reckoned open-handed—folks with sperrits only, and them not too many is steady-going middle-aged, where the master of the house does his right-cap and no more—but if the sperrits is numerous, with a sprinkling now and again of sodas, somebody sometimes has a drop too much maybe. Physic bottles—medicines, as we call them for short—means of course sickness—but physic bottles as smells of gin or whisky, ah!"

The exclamation, with its significant pause, finished as complete an explanation of his meaning as if he had continued in so many words—

Then there's 'the sauces', and the pickles, which if large means good living, dinner parties and such like—the bottles smelling of Kerosine—that's hard times—as is likewise the bottles with candle-grease down their sides broken bottles points to rows, or sprees, scent bottles to female vanity—but I must be off," he added abruptly, seizing his sack and about to go—

"One moment" said I, "In the course of your five years you must have seen somethings which to a man of your intelligence"—I noted keenly that the title pleased him "are worth remembering. Now I don,t want to waste your time. Here is a half-a-crown. Oblige me by accepting it"—he did so, with a nod—"and tell me in return, the very strangest event connected with your 'profession' which you can call to mind."

He ruminated a moment, once more set down the sack, and drew nearer to the fence.

"The very strangest thing as I know off connected with our profession? Well! it didn't happen to me, but to Shiny Jim."

"No matter!" I cried, my soul warmed with the prospect of the coming 'incident'—no matter to whom it happened, so long as you let me have the facts."

"To make a story of I suppose?" he said smilingly. He nodded in acquiesence. "Well, you see, it was this way. Jim, his full name was Jim Borrow, but we called him Shiny Jim partly because of his face which was always so polished up-like. I suppose it was the yeller soap as did it—and partly on account of his bright cheerful ways. Jim was one of the smartest of us chaps—doing 'the rounds,' on his own hook mind—but chummin' in with the rest whenever we met and actin' fair and square as to price. *He* was no cut-throat, wasn't Jim. 'Live and let live,' was his motter, tho' he could stand up for his rights when it came to that, and knew how to use his bunch of fives if need be. Collingwood was mostly his lay and he was as well known on the Flat as the postmen, or the bobbies, or the vegetable coves."

"One day,—it was about two years ago—Jim was doin, the grand tour with his truck, when he noticed that an old tumble-down three-roomed weatherboard shanty of a cottage that had been empty for months was let at last. He hadn't been down that back street for some time, so didn't 'zackly know how long the new people had been in. Perhaps long enough for a couple of dozen colonial boers."

"Bottle-ooh!" cries Jim, unfastens the ricketty gate, and round he goes to the back. Nobody there—so he raps at the back door." "It was opened by a girl—a girl about eighteen years of age—tallish, thin, and pale, and dressed in an old, worn print dress, though it was the middle of winter. Shabby as the dress was, it was as clean as a new pin, and the girl was neat and tidy in other respects—*pretty* too, uncommonly pretty—for all her half-starved looks. 'My!' thought Jim—as he told me afterwards. 'I wonder who serves you out your rations!' Then he asked her if there was any bottles. She told him simply no,' and with that he left—and continued his round. Somehow that girl's face and her voice,—little as he had heard of it stuck to him wherever he went. Her large, dark eyes seemed to look at him out of every bottle he handled and when he clicked one against another it was an echo—like of her answer. That night he dreamt of her, just as she stood in her poor shivery bit of a frock and next day it was the same. You see how it was—he was shook on her at the first sight."

"It wasn't a week before he was back at the house with his bottle-oh! though he knew well enough there was small chance of even half-a-dozen. But round he went and tapped at the back-door. Same girl and same short reply—but Jim—he was a wily one was Shiny—managed somehow to draw her into conversation. He asked her how she liked the neighbourhood what she thought of the weather and so on I suppose—at any rate he found out that she lived all alone in the cottage with her grandfather who was an invalid-like, that she never had any one to help her in tending to him or in the housework and that she filled in what spare time she had in doing button-hole work for a shirt factory not far off. Then a nagging sort of an old mans' voice called out "Mary!" and she had to leave.

He got hold of the old mans' name from the Free Dispensary in the next street where he saw the girl go in with a black pint bottle for some doctors stuff one afternoon. The old fellow he found was called Richards but that was pretty well all the chemist could tell him, except that the case had been recommended by the city missionary who had called at the cottage in consequence of certain reports. There was no doubt about it that old Richards and his grand-daughter were as poor as church-mice."

"Well! Jim's sudden attack didn't get any better, though it didn't interfere with his business but he made a point of calling at the cottage and gradually got hold of more and more of the girl's story. They had come to Melbourne from Ballarat where Mary's parents both died years before, her father being killed in a mining accident and her mother carried off by typhus fever, and then there was only her grandfather, who had lately lived with them. The little money the mother left behind her was soon sent and then bit by bit, the sticks of furnitre went. The grandfather who it seemed was Mary's only relation used to get a few shillings now and again by doing a job of light gardening, and Mary helped with her sewing, but at last the old man fell sick and the Doctor said another winter in Ballarat would kill him—so they shifted to Melbourne, and here they were worse off than ever, away from the old neighbours and one or two other friends who had shown the girl some kindness—It made Jim's heart bleed to see the poor thing so thinly-clad and poorly-fed with all her sweetness and goodness that spoke out plainly enough in her simple talk and her actions, and he determined to do something for her—He had a few quid saved up, had Jim, not many, mind you, for bottle-boys don't make fortunes—worse luck—but still enough to buy a new truck when the old one gave out or to keep going if he should fall sick." The very next time he called, Mary told him, with tears in her eyes, how a letter had come with a pound note in it and just a scrawl that said it was from a Ballarat friend. If she had examined the envelope I don't think she'd have found any Ballarat post-mark on it. And that wasn't the only pound she received from the same quarter. But somehow the money didn't seem to do her any good. The same thin print dress. The same pinched look of want. It was evidently the old man as got the benefit of the coin."

This naturally riled Jim, for with all his good heart he didn't believe in chuckin' away his savin's to no purpose like. He thought the matter over afresh, and at last he made up his mind, sharp. He asked Mary to marry him. What was enough for one was enough for two, and when he had the right to keep her she at anyrate should not starve. He didn't put the question, mind you, until he felt sure that Mary liked him, and that there was no other cove in the road, and her answer proved him right enough in that particular, but Mary wouldn't hear of leaving her grandfather in his sick state. The only thing for it seemed to be for Jim to make the old chap's acquaintance, and come and live in the place with them—and this wasn't a lively prospect anyhow. Jim puzzled over it for a few days, seeing Mary getting even thinner and paler, in spite of an extra quid a week, and began at last to see that Mary was right that it would be downright cruelty for her to leave her grandfather, now too ill to be moved to the hospital."

"He was turning over the other idea in his mind one night when he turned into the pub, about shutting up time, to have a final pint.

Then he took a long stretch of a walk down Simpson's Road, across Studley Park bridge, and on towards Kew, to clear his brain like. Coming back, between one and two o'clock, he went a little out of his way into the street where Mary lived. As he got near the cottage he noticed a light in the front room where the old man lay. He stopped a moment close by the place, wondering if Mary was up at that hour. Suddenly the light went out, and he heard a feeble cry, followed by a scuffling noise—then Mary's voice calling for help rang out clear."

Jim was over the low fence like a shot—as he jumped he saw the front door open and a strange man came quickly out into the light shining from a gas lamp near. Jim ran like lightning from the side where he was and collared the chap before he was through the gate. The fellow strnck out fierce, but he was no match for Jim, who had him on the broad of his back in no time, and held him there calling "Police!" until a couple of bobbies came up. While Jim was holding the cove down a light shone again in the front room, and just as the bobbies arrived Mary's voice shrieked out "Murder!" Jim yelled to the traps to hold on to their prisoner and dashed into the cottage through the still open front door. He expected to find Mary in the clutch of another beggar—but *she* was all right enough. She stood wild with fright, and with just a shawl round her pretty shoulders, pointing with candle raised high to old Richards. He was lying dead in his bed with a bottle—used as a candle-stick—grasped in his hand as in self-defence. Marks on his throat showed that he had been choked—or strangled, I suppose, is the right word. Not a very difficult job with an old man already half dead.

"There was an inquest, and the prisoner was committed for trial on a charge of wilful murder, but what on earth led him to commit the deed puzzled everybody."

Jim took Mary home to his own mother's, and the old lady took care of her until the wedding-day, which was not long after. It was astonishing how soon the change and plenty of good food brought the rosss back to the girl's cheeks. She made a pretty bride—I was best Man, so I ought to know."

"The day before they were married Jim and Mary paid a last visit to the cottage. Mary's few things had long been removed, but they took a final look round before handing over the key to the landlord. All there was left to remind Mary of her troubles and the fright of the night of the murder was a few black pint bottles in which she had fetched the old mans' medicine and the quart porter-bottle candlestick that they had loosened from his stiffening fingers—Says Jim. I never could get any bottles from you Mary and even now there isn't a whole dozen—as for this old porter bottle, if I had a hundred of 'em they'd fetch nothing.

It only shows how hard up the poor old fellow was to have to melt as a candlestick!"

"With that he flipped off some of the candle-gatherings that half-filled the top of the neck of the bottle and was going to chuck it down when something caught his eye. He stepped into the yard—cracked the bottle into two or three pieces with a stone and drew out what d'ye think—twelve one hundred pound bank notes, one fifty and *his own six notes* that he had sent Mary. The old man had just been a fearful old miser—that was the way of it—but thank goodness the money fell into good hands at last, for Mary was the right one to have it, and it made a very pretty wedding present for her and Jim. As to what would have became of it if some other bottle-merchant had collared that bottle, the Lord only knows. It set Mr. and Mrs. Jim up in the wholesale line—They give me highest rates for all I get."

"It came out at the trial that the murderer was a Ballarat cove and must have got wind of the old man's hoard, though he didn't know exactly where to look for it."

"That's the story the murderer told from the condemned cell, I remember in our line—good morning, and thanks! Any bottle-ooh!—bottle-o-o-ooh!"

Game of Coach.—Provide chairs and seats of some kind, having one less than the number of people taking part in the game. First, a general scramble for seats and the person left without a seat must begin the game. They must invent, relate and tell a story in which the words, "The Old Stage Coach," are introduced; also the many names of persons, animals or [illegible] there are people in the [illegible] coach, [illegible] is called in the middle [illegible] when hearing that [illegible] arise, bow to the story-teller and sit down again, incurring a forfeit if not doing so. The story must always finish with an accident, which demolishes the stage under, amid general excitement, in which each person must exchange his seat, the story-teller also striving to get a seat so as to have someone else standing, who must likewise tell a story.

A book on etiquette tells "how to tell a man larger than yourself that he is a liar." The best way is to tell him through the telephone and then go out into the country for a few days.

THE EYE OF A BIRD.

Nature has many surprises for those who wait or her. One of the greatest she ever favored me with, was the sight of a wounded Magellanic eagle-owl I shot on the Rio Negro in Patagonia. The haunt of this bird was an island in the river overgrown with giant grasses and tall willows, leafless now, for it was in the middle of winter. Here I sought for and found him waiting on a perch for the sun to set. He eyed me calmly when I aimed my gun the bird, to pull the trigger, [illegible] that remorseless. [illegible] stealing like a shadow [illegible] between the deep stream and [illegible] had he snatched away to [illegible] spotted wild pigeon and [illegible] night with his cruel, crooked [illegible] its flesh; and beyond the [illegible] uplands, many a crested [illegible] skin on her neat, and her [illegible] dark-green eggs [illegible] and wing, the little lives [illegible] dear because of their mother's wanted that bird badly, [illegible] bear; the economical [illegible] he had so often answered [illegible] of the swift, black river as [illegible] heard no more. I fired; the [illegible] perch, vanished [illegible] then slowly [illegible] down, [illegible] where [illegible] tangled [illegible] in grass, from [illegible] rose the [illegible] other [illegible] of the [illegible] heart, though the first work of leaden sky was dashed with tender rose-tints, [illegible] sun had now gone down and the earth was in shadow.

There, in such a scene, and with the wintry quiet of the forest over it all, I found my victim, stung by his wounds to fury and preparing for the last effort. Even in repose he is a big, eagle-like bird; now his appearance was quite altered, and in the dim, uncertain light he looked gigantic in size—a monster of strange form and terrible aspect. Each particular feather stood out on end, the tawny, barred tail spread out like a fan, the immense, tiger-col

Farmer.

GRAPE ECONOMY;

OR

THE ECONOMIC USES

OF THE

GRAPE FRUIT.

By A. Mackenzie Cameron.

CHAPTER I.

The Fruit of the Grape:—Green Grape.

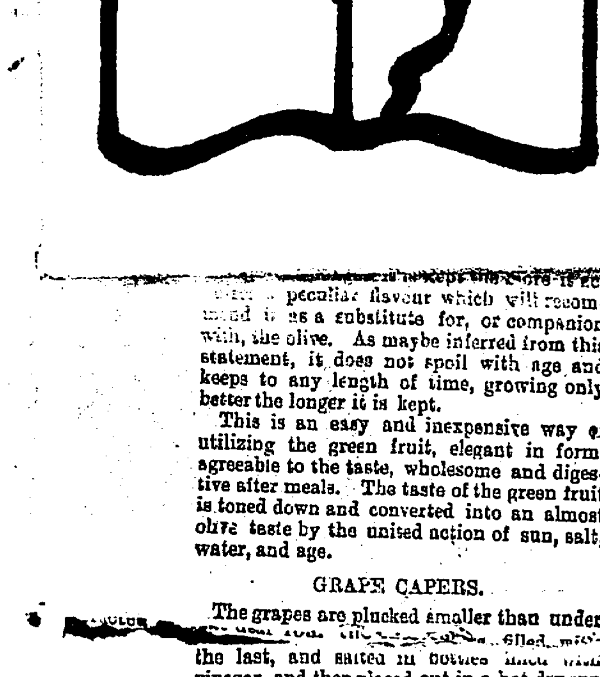
Grape fruit may be utilised in a variety of ways other than making wine out of its fermented alcoholic juice. Some of these ways are known and are largely availed of for the purposes of commerce and consumption, such as the making of jellies, &c., of the fruit, or converting it into currants and raisins. Indeed some of the finer kinds of raisins, such as *muscatels* and *sultanas*, are among the choicest dried fruits that appear at dessert, and carry fancy prices, much more certainly than the same fruit would if converted into fermented wine. At present these dried grapes are only at the command of the wealthy. There is no reason why they should not be produced more largely, even though at a reduction of the price, and so come within reach of the consumption of the masses, for there are few who would not use them if they could afford them. There is [...] that, as in other articles, a generally increased use will realise greater profits to the producer than at present, even with a reduction in the price. However, as stated above, there are these well-known ways of utilising the grape fruit for purposes other than producing alcoholic wines. Besides, wine itself, pure, unfermented, non-alcoholic and not health-destroying, is produced from the juice of the grape, and is largely used in countries where alcohol is discarded.

But besides these ways of utilising the fruit of the grape there are also several others not generally known. They are scattered over here and there in different countries and localities, some being merely family recipes, some enjoying only a local celibrity, and some just starting on extended careers of general utility. There is every reason why all of them should, if possible, be made public. Some one or more of them may be found either suited to the public taste, or may create a taste, and may be the means of not only bringing back the fruit of the grape to its legitimate and wholesome use, but of realising vast fortunes in trade to such as may embark in them. For several of the modes of preparation and preservation included in the following pages the writer himself can vouch, after fair experiment and trial. For the rest they have been collected from authentic and reliable sources scattered over a vast field of permanent as well as fleeting literature.

GREEN GRAPE.

Grape a la Olive.

This is an easy, inexpensive, and even choice way of treating the green fruit—a[t] the same time of rendering it at[trac]tive in form, while it is pleasing to the [taste] and exceedingly wholesome. There is [...] connected with it beyond [...]tle salt. Indeed, it may [...] salted green grapes or pickled



[...] peculiar flavour which will recommend it as a substitute for, or companion with, the olive. As maybe inferred from this statement, it does not spoil with age and keeps to any length of time, growing only better the longer it is kept.

This is an easy and inexpensive way of utilizing the green fruit, elegant in form, agreeable to the taste, wholesome and digestive after meals. The taste of the green fruit is toned down and converted into an almost olive taste by the united action of sun, salt, water, and age.

GRAPE CAPERS.

The grapes are plucked smaller than under [...] filled with [...] the last, and salted in bottles filled with vinegar, and then placed out in a hot dry sun for a day or two.

The name indicates the use of this preparation. It may be used either to make a sour grape sauce with, or eaten as a sour pickle with cold meat or fish, both of which are decidedly improved by the addition.

GRAPE PICKLE.

This is different from green grapes pickled, and is an Indian preparation high in favour with Indian Nabobs and other great men in a country of condiments, chutneys, and hot pickles.

The preparation is similar to the last, except the addition of various spices and condiments to the vinegar, and for which due space must be left in the bottle. Fill the bottle half full of vinegar, and add one hot chilly pod for every three grapes, a good handful altogether of cloves, black pepper, bits of ginger, and good cinnamon well broken up, and another handful of pistachio nuts, or almonds, or walnuts. No onion or shalot to be added. The pickle should then be laid by for a month to be thoroughly seasoned; and is not so hot then to the taste as the number of chillies would seem to imply. The preparation is very superior to the usual West India and other ordinary pickles; and unlike these, which often create indigestion and dyspepsia, are wholesome and helps digestion.

GRAPE CHUTNEY.

This is also a purely Indian condiment, and is prepared thus:—

Take a handful of cloves, black pepper, cinnamon, and ginger, and grind them small together. Mix with this another handful of shelled almonds, pistachio nuts, or walnuts, ground into a pulp. Mix with this a handful of hot chillies, and three cloves of garlic also ground down to a state of pulp. Sprinkle over the mass a handful of fine raisins, sliced dry dates, and candied peel. Boil the mass for its proportion, that is, for each handful of stuff, in one ounce of sugar for a few minutes, and mix intimately. Remove from the fire and add half a pint of vinegar. When the mass is partly cooled down, break up into it an equal quantity, bulk for bulk, of green grapes, add salt to taste, and bottle up.

This chutney is a very superior one, and also very wholesome. It may be eaten with curries, and all kinds of poultry, game, and meat.

GREEN GRAPE "DRESSING."

Our subject has led us to consider the palate and the sense of taste; but because a number of appetising preparations are set forth in perhaps too inviting terms, it is not to be concluded that we write for *gourmands*. To those addicted to a really high class of living, and to the medical profession, the members of which are sufficiently enlightened, gratification to the taste is not inconsistent with, but implies, good articles, good quality, good cookery, often careful and varied preparation, and the quality of wholesomeness. We do not refer to diseased palates requiring constant exciting to rouse their flagging energies. To have good food ought to be an object with every rational human being. The gifts and bounties of nature have to be availed of for wiser and higher ends, than merely animal gratification, and if properly treated the palate will often furnish a test of health. It is quite a different thing for any man to be constantly tickling his palate, and to make eating the end and aim of his existence, or one of its principal aims. This apology seems to be due from us when we treat of a "dressing" for meats. But the object of our work is to set forth every way of utilising the grape fruit, and it would be a mistake to omit one way because it is connected with cookery.

To proceed;—Take the juice of green grapes. Baste well meat or fowl while on the fire with this juice. The process should be continued as long as the roast is on the fire. This imparts a delicate and pleasant flavour to the roast. Tender chickens and turkeys are the best to be thus treated.

TART FRUIT GRAPES.

This is a tart fruit preparation, and made with sugar syrup with a few spices, as cloves and cinnamons, added for flavour. The fruit is preserved green and whole.

GREEN GRAPE SHERBET.

This is even more delicious than ripe grape sherbet and, although not aerated, far superior as a cooling, refreshing, summer drink to lemonade, gingerade, and other like preparations. The green fruit is simply bruised with a due admixture of sugar and water, and the skin and seeds rejected after being well squeezed.

This delicious drink can be indulged in to any quantity without harm. It is one, however, which has to be prepared fresh for the day's use, and may well take its place at, not only refreshment bars, but for the poorer classes and street-passengers at the corners of roads and public places. Aerated it may even rival, if not supplant, lemonade as a favourite summer beverage.

GREEN GRAPE WATER.

By this we mean iced green grape juice, sugared, and duly flavoured. This preparation might take its place alongside of ordinary pine-apple, lemon, and other ices, with great advantage to the hot and thirsty public in summer.

To hear talk of the wives of army officers, heads of government bureaus, or even congressmen being caught at shoplifting is quite astonishing, not to say painful. Yet the storekeepers of Washington tell stories in this line which are very curious, to say the least.

"There are women in the very highest walks of life in this city," said one of them, recently, "who are practical shoplifters. They say it is a disease when they are caught, but I don't believe that. One woman I caught stealing some lace, swore that it was an affliction she could not control, and offered to bring her family physician to prove it. But I don't put any faith in it. They have a propensity to steal, and they do it rather [than] buy. Some of the women are from the [...] families in the city; have wealth, and [coul]d pay almost any amount of money to [avoi]d exposure, yet they will steal, and we [...] to forbid them the store. Some of them [are v]ery clever thieves. Then, too, we get to [know] their ways so well that we recognise [them] very readily. When a woman is very [gra]cious and affable, and keeps her eyes [care]fully on yours while talking, averting [them] occassionally to take a hasty glance at [ar]ticles about her, she's a person to be [watch]ed. It don't make any difference how [h]omely she is dressed, or who's wife she [is, w]e have to keep an eye on her.

[O]f course we never let them know we [sus]pect them, but it's seldom they ever get [away] with anything when once we've marked [them]. When we once catch them we [usua]lly take them up-stairs and search them, [and h]aving settled the thing upon them we [make t]hem pay for what they took and warn [them n]ever to come to the store again. I suppose [th]ere are a great many whom we never [catch]. But our girls are trained to be quick [how]ever, and they are not apt to let any [one ge]t ahead of them.

[A v]ery stylishly dressed lady—the wife of an army officer—came in here the other day. She had every mark of a lady about her, and was the last person in the world you would suspect of being a shoplifter. But she had not been in the shop long, looking at a pile of fine collars, when a girl gave me the sign, and told me that a customer had something in her pocket which she had not bought. Before we could secure her she got out of the store; but we followed her very closely without attracting her attention. She went into the [...], and she after[...] taking the collar out [...] store next door, and, she wanted to ma[...] of her pocket, pretended to wrap it up. [...] it, then asked the clerk [if she] was wanted [...] then she was told she [...] here, and she returned with[...] but before doing so she slipped the collar over to her maid, who accompanied her. They were both brought in here, and she paid for the collar, after receiving a lecture and being warned not to come into the store again. She is a woman of high social position, but is probably pretty well known by the merchants in the city by this time. There are any number of just such cases, though of course the majority of shoplifters are professionals. One woman, who is pretty well known to us now, (she lives in a fine house), stole a pair of stockings. The sale-girl saw her tuck them under her basque, and invited her up-stairs, and on the way she tried to throw them away. There are lots of these cases."

The French Jewels.—The estimate of forty millions of dollars as the value of the crown jewels of France is undoubtedly an exaggeration. The prices paid for such gems as the rulers of France have collected for the crown bear no positive relation to the amounts that might be realised in case of their sale. The famous "Regent" diamond is said to be worth five hundred thousand dollars; but nobody has ever been found who would pay such a sum for the bauble. It is worth half a million much as a doting father's only child is valued at a prince's revenue, because it would not be surrendered for less. Many of the artistic works belonging to the French crown are of interest because of historical associations that cluster around them; as, for example, the swords of the eighteenth Louis and of the Dauphin, and the imperial crown which the last Napoleon ordered to be made for his coronation by Pope Pius IX—an event that never took place. Such relics as these, however, will be lost to the world of curiosity-seekers because of the determination of the government to smelt them down before offering them for sale. When the last inventory under Napoleon I. was made, there were thirty-seven thousand, three hundred and ninety-three precious stones catalogued in the list of crown jewels of France, and this number was increased during the reigns of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. The sale of such a large collection will, if hastily carried out, tend to greatly depress the foreign diamond market, and unsettle still further the values in precious stones, never of remarkable stability at the best.

It is the specialist, the man who can do some one thing, however small, though it be only to make bread or button-hooks, better than anybody else, who nowadays is secure of a living. And it is the man who sticks to his own trade, who imitates and courts nobody, who lives simply and sincerely according to the dictates of his own conscience, convictions, and taste, who is secure of his social position.

Science.

Observation on Tree Growth.—An interesting observation on tree rings is recorded by Professor Bachelant. During a visit to the ruins of Palenque, Mexico, in 1859, M. Charnay caused all the trees that hid the facade of one of the pyramids of the palace to be cut down. On a second visit, in 1880, he cut the trees that had grown since 1859, and he remarked that all of them had a number of circles greatly more numerous than their age would warrant, supposing one circle only to be added annually. The oldest could only have been twenty-two years of age, but on a section of one of them he counted 250 circles. The tree was about two feet in diameter. A shrub, not more than eighteen months old, had eighteen concentric circles. M. Charnay found the case repeated in every species and in trees of all sizes. He concluded that in hot and moist climates, where Nature is never at rest, trees may produce not one circle in a year, but one in a month. The age of a monument has often been calculated from that of trees that have grown on their ruins. For Palenque, 1700 years had been calculated, 1700 rings having been counted on a tree. These observations, however, require the number to be cut down to 150 or 200 years. Professor Bachelant asks if M. Charnay took account of certain coloured rings which some tropical trees present in cross section, and which are to be distinguished from the annual circles.—*Garden.*

A Philippine correspondent, writing on May 24 last, informs us that the great volcano Mayon, in the south of the Island of Luzon, is in eruption. He remarks:—"I tried the ascent, and climed to about 5,000 feet, when incandescent stones and ashes obliged me to come quickly down. I crossed a patch of forest—half burnt and covered with ashes. The sight was magnificent, but not much botanical work to be done there. I never saw anything like it as sublime scene of devastation; ashes and stones and smoke everywhere, and a fearful noise like heavy artillery all round."

Electricity and Calculating Machines.—Electricity has recently been applied to the working of calculating machines by an enterprising American inventor. The record is shown on dials, somewhat in the same manner as on the street-car conductor's register, except instead of making nine motions to register nine units, one movement only is required, and the movement of the dials is effected by electricity instead of by cogs. The perfection of the device is such that on the machine in the Massachusetts Census Office, in Boston, which has nine dials, the addition of one unit to the registered number, 999,999,999, sets all the dials at zero, so that if there was another dial the record would be 1,000,000,000.

A New Use for Toads.—The latest and most ingenious way of getting rid of roaches and water bugs we have heard is related of a citizen of Schenectaly, whose kitchen was infested with them. A servant, hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hop toads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water bug, it is stated, can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that their is no objection to their presence. Another use for toads is to employ them for insect destroyers in the garden. They are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which it is well known can in a single night destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagas, etc. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night millions of insects that escape the pursuit of nocturnal birds, and might commit incalculable havoc on the buds and young shoots of the vine. In Paris toads are an article of merchandise. They are kept in tubs, and sold at the rate of two francs a dozen.—*Scientific American.*

Test for Presence of Lead in Enamels, etc.—A very rapid and handy mode of testing the enamels or tinning of cooking-vessels, etc., for lead is recomended by M. Fordoz. The vessel is carefully cleaned to remove all greases, etc. A drop of strong nitric acid is then placed on the enamel or tinning, and evaporated to dryness by gentle heat. The spot where the action of the acid has taken place is now wetted by a drop of solution of potassium iodide (5 parts of iodide to 100 of water), when the presence of lead is at once shown by the formation of yellow lead iodide. Tin present in the enamel, etc., does not give a yellow spot when the potassium iodide is added, the stannic oxide formed by the nitric acid not being acted upon.—*Engineering.*

The use of the Lemon.—There are two ways of making lemonade; to squeeze the juice into cold water—this is the shortest way—or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for a person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness. The pips, crushed, may also be mixed with water and used as a drink. We advise every one to [...] lemon juice [...] to rub the gums daily with [...] to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft, and supple by the use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemons are used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it.

New Method of Preserving Grapes.—A Paris horticultural journal gives a new process for preserving grapes fresh for several months that is worth trying. It is an improvement on the process now extensively employed in France, by which the stems are immersed in bottles of water to prevent shriveling. The inventor of the process is a nurseryman of Villiers. He describes it as follows: "Toward the end of October I cut the shoot with the clusters attached, sharpen the lower end to a point, and stick it into a potato. I spread the bunches out on straw or dry hay, so that they shall not touch each other. Thus prepared, these shoots keep quite as well as if the shoots with the bunches attached were inserted in bottles filled with water." It is probably essential that the grapes be placed in a dry, cool room.

Unsuspected Effect of Steam.—One of the most peculiar freaks of heat noticed by the Philadelphia insurance inspectors was in a wooden box lined with cement, what was originally 3-inch pine plank, was found to have been reduced to charcoal, or carbonized for two-thirds of its thickness from the inside. The box or tub contained water, boiled by introducing steam, and from some cause the wood was changed to the condition of charcoal by the heat of the steam. This case of the action of steam heat, says the *Industrial World*, although almost improbable, naturally attracts attention to steam pipes as a cause of fire. From the experience of those using steam, it is now regarded as unsafe to allow pipes to rest on wood.

Copper Telegraph Wires.—It will be remembered that at the British Association meeting, Mr. Pleece stated that in a trial of iron and copper telegraph wires of a length equal to the distance between London and Newcastle, the speed of transmission with copper was 414 words per minute, whereas iron gave 345 words. Mr. Pleece thought the gain of speed was due to a greater electrical subsceptibility of copper as compared with iron. His opinion, according to *Engineering*, is borne out by Professor Hughes, who is at present engaged at investigating this phenomen on with the induction balance. Professor Hughes finds that copper is more sensitive, molecularly speaking, to changes in an electric current than iron is. For example, he finds it impossible to balance a copper against an iron wire of exactly the same resistance in the Wheatstone bridge, until after a definite but very short time which the current take to attain its maximum in the iron wire. This effect, which is not noticable with the ordinary galvanometer, is, in his opinion, not entirely due to the electrostatic capacities of the wires, but to some molecular inertia or peculiarity of their molecular construction.

Nature.

The Sea-Serpent.

By Richard A. Proctor.

There is an interesting article on the sea-serpent in the *Cornhill Magazine*, bearing clear internal evidence of having been written by Mr. Grant Allen. In dealing with the sea-serpent, Mr. Allen falls into effective action a number of remarkable sea creatures, large enough and ugly enough to make the most hideous appearance when they condescend to ascend to the sea surface. The rhizodon, of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, a shark-like fish, is known to exceed fifty feet, and is said to have even measured seventy feet. The *Challenger* has dredged up from the Atlantic teeth of a shark which must have been nearly a hundred feet long, or rather, which must probably *be* so long, that, since it is altogether unlikely to have become extinct in the comparatively short period which has elapsed since the ooze was deposited in which the teeth were found. "Let us rest satisfied," he says, "with our big cuttle-fish and huge whales and monstrous sharks for the present; and whenever anybody catches us an enaliosaurian or a zeuglodon, or an immense marine snake, let us accept their new addition to zoology with all acclamation. Meanwhile, let us urge on all theorists, 'First catch your sea-serpent—then proceed to classify him.'"

The advice is, perhaps, not to the purpose. If anyone were to suggest that an Alpine peak ought to be [...] the sea level before geologists un[...] discuss its formation, the opinion w[ould pr]obably be that mountain peaks would remain for a rather long time unclassified. We are not very likely to hear of the actual capture of any of the great sea-monsters which have been regarded as sea-serpents. Many more than of those creatures, if such there are, which are actually serpentine, or lizard-like, or otherwise unlike sharks, whales, cuttle-fish and the rest.

We may, however for the present probably dismiss the zeuglodon theory of sea-serpents. Mr. Searles V. Wood regards the sea-serpent as a creature like a whale, and belonging to the same group as certain extinct toothed whales belonging to the Eocene period (the beginning of the tertiary area). These monsters ran to about fifty or sixty feet in length, and had most destructive fangs. It has been suggested that they were in reality a race in a state of transition from the seal-like to the whale-like character. They were originally landdwellers, but had taken to the habit of swimming, till at last they came to resemble fish in outer form though remaining warm-blooded air-breathers. But the theory that sea-serpents are (some of them) enaliosaurian is nearer to the evidence derived from their described forms. If we are to believe in some as yet unclassified sea-monsters at all, it seems on the whole simpler to recognize sea-serpents as enaliosaurian creatures (as they existed in ancient seas, with long necks extending from comparatively small bodies, and using flippers as propellers), than to regard them as belonging to a race such as the zeuglodons, which do not seem to correspond anything like so nearly with the sea-serpent in appearance as the enaliosaurians must have done.

It is a pity that the average penny a-liner never hears of the sea-serpent without attempting to be funny at the expense of the traveller who tells the story. For while it is certain, on the one hand, that we can never tell what the sea-serpent really is without obtaining all available information, it is certain, on the other hand, that few of those who may have information to give will tell their experience when they know that they will be exposed to ridicule. The mere fact that those who laugh at them are altogether contemptible, makes the mischief greater, as the following story by "The Vagabond," a well-known Australian writer (I had the pleasure of meeting him in 1880), serves to show:—Some years ago, Captain Austin Cooper and the officers and crew of the *Carlisle Castle*, on a voyage to Melbourne, saw 'the varmint.' A description and sketch of it were published in the *Argus*. This, when it arrived in London, it being the 'silly season' in journalism, was seized and torn to pieces by one of the young lions (that is, lion-skin-wearing asses) of the *Daily Telegraph*, in a leading article, in which much fun was poked at the gallant sailor. 'I don't see any more sea-serpents,' said my Irish friend to me. 'It is too much to be told that one of Green's commanders can't tell the difference between a piece of sea-weed and a live body in the water. If twenty serpents come on the starboard, all hands shall be ordered to look to port. No London penny-a-liner shall say again that Austin Cooper is a liar and a fool.'

Between the idiots who invent silly sea-serpent stories, and the jeering boobies who conclude that all sea-serpent stories are the work either of fools or of liars, men who have evidence worth listening to are silenced. It was bad enough when Professor Owen calmly suggested to Captain McQuhae, of the Government ship *Dædalus*, that he and his officers had been so frightened by the appearance of a strange sea creature as to mistake a sea-elephant, perhaps 20 feet long, for an animal of entirely different aspect and about 60 feet long. But he was at once put right, and by silence admitted that he had fallen (unwittingly) into impertinence. When, however, writers who have not been half-a-dozen years out of school undertake to tell experienced seamen that they are fools if they are not liars, *c'est par trop fort*, or, in the vernacular, one feels that that is "coming it a little too strong."—*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.*

A Large Poplar.—In the Botanical Gardens at Dijon there is a poplar of colossal dimensions (species not stated) to which Mr. Joly devotes a note in the *Journal de la Société Nationale d'Horticulture.* The height of this tree is 130 feet. Its circumference near the earth is 46 feet, and at 16 feet above the earth, 21 feet. Its bulk is now 1,590 cubic feet, but six years ago before the fall of one of the large branches, it was 1,940. From some historic researchs made by Dr. Lavelle and a comparison with trees of the same species in the valley, it has been pretty well ascertained that this poplar is at least 500 years old. Unfortunately, it is now completely hollow up to the point whence the large branches spring. All the dead portions have been removed, and the interior has been filled in with beton.—*Nature.*

A New Oyster Pest.—In the vicinity of Stratford, and elsewhere along the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound, it is said that a new and very destructive pest has made its appearance, to the alarm of the oystermen. It resembles an insect, and mainly attacks the "seed oysters"—*i. e.* those from one to two years old. It builds on top of the oyster-shell a cluster of brown coil like cells, which accumulate so rapidly that the young bivalve is soon smothered. According to Mr. H. C. Rowe, an experienced oyster grower, nine-tenths of the many thousands of bushels of seed oysters planted this year have been thus destroyed. Others dispute this, and seem to think there is no ground of alarm. The matter has been taken in hand by the Connecticut Shell-fish Commission, by whom the evil will be investigated.

Several attempts have lately been made by the Marquis of Lorne to transmit live whitefish (*Coregonus albus*), which have been reared by the National Fish Culture Association, to the Isle of Mull, where his lordship is endeavouring to acclimitise this valuable American species. After several futile attempts two consignments of them have reached their destination in safety. Great difficulty attends the operation of removing white fish from one place to another. The best carrier for removing them is an ordinary carboy filled to the top with water. Not more than fifty specimens of yearling fish should be placed in one carrier. The autumn is the best time for transmitting them.

Boys' Column.

A Night in a Well.

A writer relates the following incident which occurred at a cantonment of British troops in India: One night in the cool season of 1866-67, as well as I can remember, the subaltern on duty at Pini was Lieutenant Black—as we call him—of the Royal Horse Artillery. He was well known in the arm of the service to which he blonged as a bold and fearless horseman, who had distinguished himself on many occasions as a race-rider both at home and abroad. On the evening in question he remained playing billiards in the mess-house until it was time to visit quarter guard in front of the lines. A little before midnight he mounted his horse at the door of the mess and started. It was very dark; but he knew the road well, and had perfect faith in his horse, a favorite charger; so immediately on passing the mess compound, he set off, as was his custom, at a smart canter along the straight road leading to the barracks. He passed through these, and soon reached the guard, which he turned out, and finding all present and correct, proceeded to return to his own bungalow, having completed his duty for the day. He rode through the lines by the way he had come; but then, being in a hurry to get to bed, he left the main road and took a short-cut across the open space. Notwithstanding the darkness, the horse was cantering freely on, no doubt as anxious as his master to reach his comfortable stall, when all at once Black felt him jump over some obstacle, which he cleared, and the next moment horse and rider were falling through the air; and a great splash and crash were the last things of which Black had any consciousness. After an interval—how long he couldn't tell—sensation slowly returned, and he became aware he was still sitting in his saddle, but bestride a dead horse. His legs were in water; and the hollow reverberation of his voice when he shouted for help, as he did until he could do so no longer, informed him that he had fallen into one of the huge wells somewhere in the lines. It was intensely dark; but he soon became aware that there were other living creatures in the well, for from its sides came occasional weird rustlings and hissings which added considerably to the horror of the situation, by creating a vague feeling of dread of some unknown danger close at hand.

Slowly the long night passed, and he could plainly hear the gongs of the different regiments as the hours were struck on them, and the sentries as if in mockery, crying the usual "All's Well." Gradually day began to dawn, and light to show up above at the mouth of the well. By degrees his prison became less dim, and he could see his surroundings. He was bestride his dead charger which lay crumpled up with a broken neck at the bottom of the well, in which there was not more than three feet of water. Black himself except for the shock, was uninjured. His legs were pretty well numbed, from being so long in the water, but there were no bones broken; and barring the terrible jar to his system, he was sound in every respect. As the sun arose, he began to peer about, and again tried to make himself heard above ground. This caused a renewal of the peculiar rustlings and hissings we have referred to; and he was now enabled to verify what he had dreaded and suspected when he first heard them in the dark. All around the sides of the well were holes tenanted by snakes, most of them of the deadly cobra tribe, and many seemingly, of an extraordinary size. Presently, the muffled thunder, the morning gun, roused the sleepers in the various barracks, the loud reveille quickly following it, brought hope of speedy release to the worn-out watcher.

The *bheesties* coming to draw water were the first to discover him, and their loud cries soon surrounded the mouth of the well with stalwart artillerymen. Drag-ropes were brought from the nearest battery, and Black, barely able to attach them to his body, was at length drawn, to all appearance more dead than alive, to upper air, unable to reply to the eager questionings of those by whom he was surrounded. He was placed on a hospital litter, and hurried off to his own bungalow. Under careful treatment, and thanks to a splendid constitution, he was in a short time again fit for duty.

When recounting the events of the night, Black didn't forget to mention his sensations at hearing the hissings all round him, and which the darkness at first made him think to be closer even than they were. This at once caused a proposal to be made for a raid upon the inhabitants of the holes; but he begged that they should not be disturbed, saying that they could do no harm where they were, and that he couldn't but feel deeply grateful for their forbearance in confining themselves to hissing his first, and he sincerely hopes his last, appearance in a well.

Stand-and-Deliver Stories.

"Talking about brave men," said Stage robber Marshallone night in jail, "the idea that it takes a man of great nerve and daring to rob a stage-coach is a mistake. The trouble with the people of the West is, they rather liked to be robbed, I guess. It's easier'n falling off a log. Why, a year ago last winter my pard and I was walking along a mountain road, not thinking of anything in particular, when along came a couple of tender-feet in a carriage. Before we could catch our breath, one of them threw up both hands, knocking the other's hat off, and hollered.—

"'For God's sake, don't shoot!'"

"Well, now, we hadn't any idea of shooting at all, and didn't know these fellers were in those parts, but when they sort of reminded us of our occupation by commencing to unbuckle their watches and weasels, why, we just took them in charge, of course, and told the tenderfeet never to let us catch them on that road again, for it was our'n. They thanked us so warmly for sparing their lives, that I felt a little uneasy about it. In fact, I was half tempted, after we'd let them go, to follow them up and kill one or both of them, for somehow they gave me the impression that I hadn't done my full and proper duty."

He smiled grimly for a moment and then added:

"Now what on earth could I do under such circumstances! I didn't rob those fellers. They made us presents of what they had. Yet, when they got to Wadsworth, they told the people that they had an all-day fight with road agents.

"I and my pard have robbed the Sierra Valley stage three times at the same place. I'll tell you how it was done. Pard had a Winchester, and I had a pair of Colt's in my belt; but the job was done every time with an old powder-and-ball pistol that had no load in it, and wouldn't have gone off if there had been one, for I didn't have any caps. Pard would fire his Winchester as close to the ears of the horses as he could without dropping them, and I would swing the old blunderbus in the air and holler. There was only just my pard and I, but the passengers would think they could see some of our men behind every tree.

"One feller fainted dead away once. We'd just got them in a row good, when this feller's knees commenced to knock together, and I thought I'd scare him and the rest of them a little, so I hollered, pretending to give orders to the boys hidden behind rocks and trees.—

"'Boys, bore a hole in this gentleman with the light overcoat on, if he moves an inch, or any of the rest of them!'

"Just then a big feller, the second one from the limber-legged chap, had a chill like and his teeth came together with such a noise that the other feller thought somebody was cocking a rifle, and with a wild whoop he dropped in a dead faint. The rest of them thought he had been shot dead. They were too scared to notice that there had been no report of a gun."

Elsie.—It is called a cat-boat, dear because it is treacherous.

Ladies' Column.

Matrimonial Eccentricities.

There is no end to the matrimonial extravagances that are continually being perpetrated. What strangely assorted couples you meet everyday in the street, in private life, every where!

There would almost appear to be no kind of incongruity which could not be formed. No kind of disparity, physical, intellectual, or moral, which, if an obstacle to union at all, has not been overcome. What for example could be more absurd than the marriage in a small agricultural village in England of a couple whose united ages came to a hundred and fifty eight, the bridegroom being seventy-seven and the bride eighty-one. Nor was this the only peculiar feature of this extraordinary union. The bridegroom's Christian name was Thomas and the bride's Mary, and this was the third Mary that Thomas had selected as his partner, while it was also the third Thomas to whom Mary had been united by the conjugal bond. To crown all, both were in receipt of parochial relief, to the extent of two shillings per week. Some very eccentric matrimonial arrangements are occasionally brought to light in our courts of law. A singular illustration occurred in London of the extraordinary views that often prevail among people of a certain class as to the way in which private agreements affect marriage. The parties in the case in question were a porter and a cook, who had married [...] understanding, embodied in a [...] that unless and until the [...] at the following ac[complishments] [...] Namely, piano, singing reading [...], speaking and deportment," the "said [ma]rrying," was to be no more thought of and considered null and void. The pair were regularly married, and as the lady did not master the required accomplishments, continued to live apart for fourteen years, the husband fully believing that the "female of [...]" as the woman was demonstrated in the agreement was not his wife. When, however the case came up for decision the Judge was of a different opinion.

An extraordinary wedding occurred some years ago, being that of a blind girl to a man who was deaf and dumb.

Marriages which are not in themselves so very peculiar, are sometimes rendered very much so, by the eccentric manner in which they are gone about. A number of years ago a wedding took place at which the happy pair had no sooner been united, than to the amazement of every one, except the officiating clergyman, who had been let into the secret before, the oldest brother of the bride advanced with one of the blushing bridesmaids and requested that the ceremony should be repeated for their behalf. It appearing that all the necessary legal and other preliminaries had been duly arranged, the demand was complied with, and the company had to celebrate two weddings instead of one.

RECIPES.

Stuffed Steak.—Take a good slice of steak, about one pound, cut in one piece and pretty thick; then prepare a breakfast-cupful of bread or hard scraps of bread, and pour over them as much hot milk or water as will just soak them; if too moist, squeeze out as much as possible. Beat it up with a fork to break any lumps, then add one large tablespoonful of suet chopped finely, one tablespoonful of parsley chopped up, one small onion chopped, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and mix all well together; use a little flour to mix into a large ball. Roll it up in the steak, and tie it into a nice round shape with string. Dust all over the outside with flour. Put into a small stewpan one tablespoonful of dripping, and let it get quite melted; put in the steak, and fry it all round carefully till the outside is quite brown, then put it a very slowly, turning it over often; add from time to time a little water. Let it cook one hour and take off the string and serve with the gravy over it.

Veal Pillau.—This is a savoury and economical mode of preparing veal, three pounds cut from the neck and shoulder being used. The other materials needed are a cupful of rice, three tablespoonfuls of butter or a quarter of a pound of salt pork, an onion, three large teaspoonfuls of salt, half a strained tomato, and four cupfuls of boiling water. Cut the veal into small pieces and season well with salt; chop the onion fine, and put it into a stewpan with the butter; stir until the onion turns a light straw color; then add the veal, and stir until that is browned a little, being careful not to burn the onion; add the tomato and a cupful of water, and simmer gently for an hour and a half; now add the other three cupfuls of boiling water, the salt, pepper, and the rice, after washing the latter carefully in three waters; heat the mixture to the boiling point, then cover closely and set back where it will cook slowly for an hour. The rice will absorb almost all the liquid and be tender, yet every grain should be distinct. Turn the pillau out upon a platter and garnish.

Tomato Soup Without Meat.—One quart of stewed tomatoes, one quart of new milk, one rolled cracker, one teaspoonful of soda, a small bit of butter and a little salt. When tomatoes are sufficiently cooked add the soda, then the cracker, butter and salt. Heat the milk in a saucepan and pour into the kettle, and as soon as it boils remove it from the fire and serve it at once.

"Mock Hare."—This recipe for "mock hare" makes a dish that may be eaten hot for dinner or cold for lunch or supper. One pound of lean beef and one pound of lean fresh pork chopped very fine and thoroughly mixed together. Add two teaspoonfuls of pepper, a tablespoonful of salt, one small onion, and six leaves of parsley finely minced, a little thyme and half a nutmeg grated. Then mix with four raw eggs and half a pint of very fine bread crumbs. Mould the mixture into a loaf and place it in a buttered dripping pan. Put little pieces of butter on the top of the loaf; bake it in a good oven, basting it occasionally with the melted butter. It should be a rich brown.

A Little Boy's Pocket.

Do you know what is in my pottet?
 Such a lot of treasure in it!
 Listen now while I bedin it;
 Such a lot of sings it hold,
 And all there is, you shall be told;
Every sing dat's in my pottet,
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all here is my pottet,
 A beauty shell—I picked it up;
 And here is the handle of a tup
 That somebody broke at tea;
 The shell has a hole you see;
Nobody knows dat I have dot it,
I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here is my ball, too, in my pottet,
 And here is my pennies, one, two fre,
 That Auntie Mary gave to me;
 To-morrow-day I'll buy a spade
 When I'm out walking with the maid.
I can't put dat here in my pottet,
But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here is some sings in my pottet!
 Here is my lead, here is my string,
 And once I had an iron ring,
 But through a hole it lost one day;
 And this is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sing in a pottet,
Have it mended when you've dot it.

The foresight which regulates expenditure to suit the income and apportions it carefully to the needs of a family, forgetting none of the many claims, is a valuable power, and one which every wife and mother especially should cultivate. The very same income, managed with intelligent method, or spent with impulsive carelessness, may make all the difference between a happy home, where peace, comfort, and prosperity reign, and a scene of contention, self-reproach, misery, and ruin.

They were sailing in the little [boat to]gether, and she said—"Are we runn[ing against] the wind George?"

"No my darling, said he, our boat is [hug]ging the shore."

"Ah! she exclaimed, what a beautiful example."

The railway authorities have placed at most level crossings a notice to "look both ways before crossing." That's just where the trouble comes in. A man tries to follow the warning, and looks both ways at once, the result being an obituary.

Four ounces oil of cloves, two ounces oil of peppermint, eight ounces Persian powder, four ounces green camphur; mix. The preparation is warranted to drive a Mosquito out of the room. If it fails hit him with a towel.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,"
Is a double edged saw that has passed through
 the land,
But remember when into a cactus you push,
That a thorn in the bush is worth two in the
 hand.

"Mama, were Adam and Eve born little babies or big people?" I replied Little babies. Well, "he said," if they were the first people, who took care of them when they were little?"

A physician says that wearing silk hats is the cause of baldness. All the same, men who wear silk hats don't pay one fourth as much for hair as do the women who wear straw and felt hats.

A new novel is called "A Lady's Four Wishes." An old bachelor says he has not read the book, but he knows what her wishes are. First, a new bonnet; second, a new bonnet; third, a new bonnet; fourth, a new bonnet."

In an Indiana Church, the best looking young ladies are selected to pass the contribution boxes, and there isn't a young man in the congregation that dare drop in a button.

The husband may boast of "holding the reins," but it is generally the wife who says where the wagonette is going.

"Mother, what is an Angel?" "My dear it is a little girl with wings, who flies." "But I heard Papa telling the governess yesterday, that she was an angel; will she fly?" "Yes, my dear, she will fly away the first thing to-morrow."

A blood relation is the meanest man in Australia. Says that he likes his girl on Sunday nights best of all, because then she cannot ask him to buy her anything. We don't believe he has a girl.

Faith without works is no good. It is just so with clocks.

"Don't marry a widower," said the old lady. "A ready made family is like a dish of cold potatoes." "Oh! I'll soon warm them," replied the damsel.

"I think I'll get out and stretch my legs a little," said a tall man as a train stopped at a station. "Oh, don't," said a passenger who had been sitting opposite him, and who had been much embarrassed by the legs of his tall companion—"don't do that! They are too long already."

Neat Retort.—A lady sitting in the same box at an Opera with a French physician, was much troubled with *ennui*, and happened to gape. "Excuse me, Madame," said the doctor, "I am glad you did not swallow me." "Give yourself no uneasines. I am a jewess and never eat pork."

An old bachelor wants to know if you ever sat down to tea, when skimmed milk was on the table, without being asked, "Do you take cream?"

Wanted, a distinguished and healthy looking man to be "cured patient" in a doctor's waiting room. "Address J. R., Poste Restante." French advertisement.

"Doctor," said the grateful patient, seizing the physicians hand. "I shall never forget that to you I owe my life!" "You exaggerate," returned the doctor, mildly: you owe me only for fifteen visits. This is the point which I hope you will not fail to remember."

He is a festive fellow that proprietor of a bone mill, who advertises that person's sending in their own bones to be ground will find their orders attended to with punctuality and despatch.

Apropos of the low-neck question, the *Rochester Democrat* recalls the story of the young Irish girl, who attended a large ball in England years ago, in the "good old times." She was evidently from the country, and as she entered the ball-room there was a thrill of dismay, when it was discovered that there was a marked discrepancy between the hem of her dress and the top of her boot. Fashionable ladies blushed to the tips of their exposed shoulder blades, and one of them finally remonstrated with the wondering Kathleen. Her reply was pertinent and should become historical. "Show my ankles do I? Indeed I do; and so would you, Madame, were your dress pulled up around your neck, where it should be."

At Bathurst.—Gentleman (from Sydney) to Sydney lady, who he thought could not recognise him. "May I have the pleasure of the next dance with you?" "Lady, I'm sorry to say that you have made these boots so tight that I can hardly walk, let alone dance in them.

"Well, I feel better for that little walk," she said returning from her husbands funeral.

We are told that a new telephone has been invented, by which the crying of a baby may be heard at a distance of a hundred miles.

This is an application of the telephone which will make the most nervous individual desirous of interviewing its inventor with a club. Of the millions of people who drag out an already troubled existence in this hemisphere, there may be a dozen or two who yearns to hear the yells of a baby a thousand miles away, but we doubt it. A contrivance that would prevent the crying of a baby being heard at a distance of ten feet is what civilization demands.

"Well, I thought Adelaide would be the last City in the country to develop for exhibition principles," remarked Ebenezer Jones. "So should I," assented Zebedee Smith; what has been done in the temperance line in Adelaide?" "Why, a man has sued his tailor for making a pair of trousers tight."

Why is a policeman like a masher? Because he has plenty of collar about him.

"Yes, I will grant your request. I will put some finishing touches to it," murmured the editor as he finished reading a poem on summer, and he jammed it into the waste basket.

If you want to retain his friendship don't ask the young fellow who took up his study of shorthand six months ago how he is getting along. It is apt to be a tender subject with him.

Little Fanny Dempsey, who was suffering from toothache, remarked to her mother: "Oh, mamma, how lucky you are! When you have the toothache you can take them all out."

Seaside observers say the dude is just as fresh when he comes out of salt water as if he had never gone into it. There are some people who expect that salt water is a cure for everything. They are unreasonable.

An editor of one of the leading magazines is quoted as saying that he has enough good poems on hand to supply his magazine two years. Wonder why he doesn't print one of these "good poems" now and he, and thus gradually work 'em off.

In order to be comfortable in hot weather you must associate with those who are cool towards you.

Instead of thinking [...] than no bread, strike [...] whole loaf bett[er] [...]

Deacons [...] Sundays in [...] they hand [...]

SUPPLEMENT.

Farmer.

GRAPE ECONOMY;

OR

THE ECONOMIC USES

OF THE

GRAPE FRUIT.

By A. Mackenzie Cameron.

CHAPTER I.

The Fruit of the Grape:—Green Grape.

Grape fruit may be utilised in a variety of ways other than making wine out of its fermented alcoholic juice. Some of these ways are known and are largely availed of for the purposes of commerce and consumption, such as the making of jellies, &c., of the fruit, or converting it into currants and raisins. Indeed some of the finer kinds of raisins, such as *muscatels* and *sultanas*, are among the choicest dried fruits that appear at dessert, and carry fancy prices, much more certainly than the same fruit would if converted into fermented wine. At present these dried grapes are only at the command of the wealthy. There is no reason why they should not be produced more largely, even though at a reduction of the price, and so come within reach of the consumption of the masses, for there are few who would not use them if they could afford them. There is doubt that, as in other articles, a generally increased use will realise greater profits to the producer than at present, even with a reduction in the price. However, as stated above, there are these well-known ways of utilising the grape fruit for purposes other than producing alcoholic wines. Besides, wine itself, pure, unfermented, non-alcoholic and not health-destroying, is produced from the juice of the grape, and is largely used in countries where alcohol is discarded.

But besides these ways of utilising the fruit of the grape there are also several others not generally known. They are scattered over here and there in different countries and localities, some being merely family recipes, some enjoying only a local celibrity, and some just starting on extended careers of general utility. There is every reason why all of them should, if possible, be made public. Some one or more of them may be found either suited to the public taste, or may create a taste, and may be the means of not only bringing back the fruit of the grape to its legitimate and wholesome use, but of realising vast fortunes in trade to such as may embark in them. For several of the modes of preparation and preservation included in the following pages the writer himself can vouch, after fair experiment and trial. For the rest they have been collected from authentic and reliable sources scattered over a vast field of permanent as well as fleeting literature.

GREEN GRAPE.

Grape a la Olive.

This is an easy, inexpensive, and even [c]hoice way of treating the green fruit—a [...]y at the same time of rendering it at[trac]tive in form, while it is pleasing to the [...], and exceedingly wholesome. There is [...] connected with it beyond [...]tle salt. Indeed, it may [...] salted green grapes or pickled [...]nt the name we have given to [...] appearance in the bottle [...] the resemblance between [...]l olive would be complete [...]nd the usual olive bottles [...]milarity to the olive in [...]at may be made of it as a [...]eals. [...]aring it is as follows:— [...]ot day for the operation. [...] green, sour, and as large [...]t also be fresh and newly [...] may be allowed to re[...] clusters, or altogether [...] stalks without, however, [...]on of the skin of the fruit. [...]e fruit in bottles with a [...] of salt. Cork the bottles [...] out in the sun. The fruit [...] this operation in a couple of [...] as to lose its original greenish [...] At this point the bottles are to [...]n out of the sun, and some cold spring [...] poured into them to filling, when they [...] corked up air-tight and put by. By [...] way it will be found that the fruit, if [...] been properly treated, has regained [...] its plumpness, and is ready for use, [...] the longer it is kept the more it ac[...] peculiar flavour which will recom[...] it as a substitute for, or companion with, the olive. As maybe inferred from this statement, it does not spoil with age and keeps to any length of time, growing only better the longer it is kept.

This is an easy and inexpensive way of utilizing the green fruit, elegant in form, agreeable to the taste, wholesome and digestive after meals. The taste of the green fruit is toned down and converted into an almost olive taste by the united action of sun, salt, water, and age.

GRAPE CAPERS.

The grapes are plucked smaller than under the last, and salted in bottles filled with vinegar, and then placed out in a hot dry sun for a day or two.

The name indicates the use of this preparation. It may be used either to make a sour grape sauce with, or eaten as a sour pickle with cold meat or fish, both of which are decidedly improved by the addition.

GRAPE PICKLE.

This is different from green grapes pickled, and is an Indian preparation high in favour with Indian Nabobs and other great men in a country of condiments, chutneys, and hot pickles.

The preparation is similar to the last, except the addition of various spices and condiments to the vinegar, and for which due space must be left in the bottle. Fill the bottle half full of vinegar, and add one hot chilly pod for every three grapes, a good handful altogether of cloves, black pepper, bits of ginger, and good cinnamon well broken up, and another handful of pistachio nuts, or almonds, or walnuts. No onion or shalot to be added. The pickle should then be laid by for a month to be thoroughly seasoned; and is not so hot then to the taste as the number of chillies would seem to imply. The preparation is very superior to the usual West India and other ordinary pickles; and unlike these, which often create indigestion and dyspepsia, are wholesome and helps digestion.

GRAPE CHUTNEY.

This is also a purely Indian condiment, and is prepared thus:—

Take a handful of cloves, black pepper, cinnamon, and ginger, and grind them small together. Mix with this another handful of shelled almonds, pistachio nuts, or walnuts, ground into a pulp. Mix with this a handful of hot chillies, and three cloves of garlic also ground down to a state of pulp. Sprinkle over the mass a handful of fine raisins, sliced dry dates, and candied peel. Boil the mass for its proportion, that is, for each handful of stuff, in one ounce of sugar for a few minutes, and mix intimately. Remove from the fire and add half a pint of vinegar. When the mass is partly cooled down, break up into it an equal quantity, bulk for bulk, of green grapes, add salt to taste, and bottle up.

This chutney is a very superior one, and also very wholesome. It may be eaten with curries, and all kinds of poultry, game, and meat.

GREEN GRAPE "DRESSING."

Our subject has led us to consider the palate and the sense of taste; but because a number of appetising preparations are set forth in perhaps too inviting terms, it is not to be concluded that we write for *gourmands*. To those addicted to a really high class of living, and to the medical profession, the members of which are sufficiently enlightened, gratification to the taste is not inconsistent with, but implies, good articles, good quality, good cookery, often careful and varied preparation, and the quality of wholesomeness. We do not refer to diseased palates requiring constant exciting to rouse their flagging energies. To have good food ought to be an object with every rational human being. The gifts and bounties of nature have to be availed of for wiser and higher ends, than merely animal gratification, and if properly treated the palate will often furnish a test of health. It is quite a different thing for any man to be constantly tickling his palate, and to make eating the end and aim of his existence, or one of its principal aims. This apology seems to be due from us when we treat of a "dressing" for meats. But the object of our work is to set forth every way of utilising the grape fruit, and it would be a mistake to omit one way because it is connected with cookery.

To proceed;—Take the juice of green grapes. Baste well meat or fowl while on the fire with this juice. The process should be continued as long as the roast is on the fire. This imparts a delicate and pleasant flavour to the roast. Tender chickens and turkeys are the best to be thus treated.

TART FRUIT GRAPES.

This is a tart fruit preparation, and made with sugar syrup with a few spices, as cloves and cinnamons, added for flavour. The fruit is preserved green and whole.

GREEN GRAPE SHERBET.

This is even more delicious than ripe grape sherbet and, although not aerated, far superior as a cooling, refreshing, summer drink to lemonade, gingerade, and other like preparations. The green fruit is simply bruised with a due admixture of sugar and water, and the skin and seeds rejected after being well squeezed.

This delicious drink can be indulged in to any quantity without harm. It is one, however, which has to be prepared fresh for the day's use, and may well take its place at, not only refreshment bars, but for the poorer classes and street-passengers at the corners of roads (and public places. Aerated it may even rival, if not supplant, lemonade as a favourite summer beverage.

GREEN GRAPE WATER.

By this we mean iced green grape juice, sugared, and duly flavoured. This preparation might take its place alongside of ordinary pine-apple, lemon, and other ices, with great advantage to the hot and thirsty public in summer.

To hear talk of the wives of army officers, heads of government bureaus, or even congressmen being caught at shoplifting is quite astonishing, not to say painful. Yet the storekeepers of Washington tell stories in this line which are very curious, to say the least.

"There are women in the very highest walks of life in this city," said one of them, recently, "who are practical shoplifters. They say it is a disease when they are caught, but I don't believe that. One woman I caught stealing some lace, swore that it was an affliction she could not control, and offered to bring her family physician to prove it. But I don't put any faith in it. They have a propensity to steal, and they do it rather than buy. Some of the women are from the first families in the city; have wealth, and would pay almost any amount of money to avoid exposure, yet they will steal, and we have to forbid them the store. Some of them are very clever thieves. Then, too, we get to know their ways so well that we recognise them very readily. When a woman is very loquacious and affable, and keeps her eyes watchfully on yours while talking, averting them occassionally to take a hasty glance at the articles about her, she's a person to be watched. It don't make any difference how handsomely she is dressed, or who's wife she is; we have to keep an eye on her.

"Of course we never let them know we suspect them, but it's seldom they ever get away with anything when once we've marked them. When we once catch them we generally take them up-stairs and search them, and having settled the thing upon them we make them pay for what they took and warn them never to come to the store again. I suppose there are a great many whom we never catch. But our girls are trained to be quick and clever, and they are not apt to let any one get ahead of them.

"A very stylishly dressed lady—the wife of an army officer—came in here the other day. She had every mark of a lady about her, and was the last person in the world you would suspect of being a shoplifter. But she had not been in the shop long, looking at a pile of fine collars, when a girl gave me the sign, and told me that a customer had something in her pocket which she had not bought. Before we could secure her she got out of the store; but we followed her very closely without attracting her attention, and she afterward went into the store next door, and, taking the collar out of her pocket, pretended she wanted to match it, then asked the clerk to wrap it up. Just then she was told she was wanted in here, and she returned without protest, but before doing so she slipped the collar over to her maid, who accompanied her. They were both brought in here, and she paid for the collar, after receiving a lecture and being warned not to come into the store again. She is a woman of high social position, but is probably pretty well known by the merchants in the city by this time. There are any number of just such cases, though of course the majority of shoplifters are professionals. One woman, who is pretty well known to us now, (she lives in a fine house), stole a pair of stockings. The sale-girl saw her tuck them under he basque, and invited her up-stairs, and on the way she tried to throw them away. There are lots of these cases."

The French Jewels.—The estimate of forty millions of dollars as the value of the crown jewels of France is undoubtedly an exaggeration. The prices paid for such gems as the rulers of France have collected for the crown bear no positive relation to the amounts that might be realised in case of their sale. The famous "Regent" diamond is said to be worth five hundred thousand dollars; but nobody has ever been found who would pay such a sum for the bauble. It is worth half a million much as a doting father's only child is valued at a prince's revenue, because it would not be surrendered for less. Many of the artistic works belonging to the French crown are of interest because of historical associations that cluster around them; as, for example, the swords of the eighteenth Louis and of the Dauphin, and the imperial crown which the last Napoleon ordered to be made for his coronation by Pope Pius IX—an event that never took place. Such relics as these, however, will be lost to the world of curiosity-seekers because of the determination of the government to smelt them down before offering them for sale. When the last inventory under Napoleon I. was made, there were thirty-seven thousand, three hundred and ninety-three precious stones catalogued in the list of crown jewels of France, and this number was increased during the reigns of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. The sale of such a large collection will, if hastily carried out, tend to greatly depress the foreign diamond market, and unsettle still further the values in precious stones, never of remarkable stability at the best.

It is the specialist, the man who can do some one thing, however small, though it be only to make bread or button-hooks, better than anybody else, who nowadays is secure of a living. And it is the man who sticks to his own trade, who imitates and courts nobody, who lives simply and sincerely according to the dictates of his own conscience, convictions, and taste, who is secure of his social position.

Science.

Observation on Tree Growth.—An interesting observation on tree rings is recorded by Professor Bachelant. During a visit to the ruins of Palenque, Mexico, in 1859, M. Charnay caused all the trees that hid the facade of one of the pyramids of the palace to be cut down. On a second visit, in 1880, he cut the trees that had grown since 1859, and he remarked that all of them had a number of circles greatly more numerous than their age would warrant, supposing one circle only to be added annually. The oldest could only have been twenty-two years of age, but on a section of one of them he counted 250 circles. The tree was about two feet in diameter. A shrub, not more than eighteen months old, had eighteen concentric circles. M. Charnay found the case repeated in every species and in trees of all sizes. He concluded that in hot and moist climates, where Nature is never at rest, trees may produce not one circle in a year, but one in a month. The age of a monument has often been calculated from that of trees that have grown on their ruins. For Palenque, 1700 years had been calculated, 1700 rings having been counted on a tree. These observations, however, require the number to be cut down to 150 or 200 years. Professor Bachelant asks if M. Charnay took account of certain coloured rings which some tropical trees present in cross section, and which are to be distinguished from the annual circles.—*Garden.*

A Philippine correspondent, writing on May 24 last, informs us that the great volcano Mayon, in the south of the Island of Luzon, is in eruption. He remarks:—"I tried the ascent, and climed to about 5,000 feet, when incandescent stones and ashes obliged me to come quickly down. I crossed a patch of forest—half burnt and covered with ashes. The sight was magnificent, but not much botanical work to be done there. I never saw anything like it as sublime scene of devastation; ashes and stones and smoke everywhere, and a fearful noise like heavy artillery all round."

Electricity and Calculating Machines.—Electricity has recently been applied to the working of calculating machines by an enterprising American inventor. The record is shown on dials, somewhat in the same manner as on the street-car conductor's register, except instead of making nine motions to register nine units, one movement only is required, and the movement of the dials is effected by electricity instead of by cogs. The perfection of the device is such that on the machine in the Massachusetts Census Office, in Boston, which has nine dials, the addition of one unit to the registered number, 999,999,999, sets all the dials at zero, so that if there was another dial the record would be 1,000,000,000.

A New Use for Toads.—The latest and most ingenious way of getting rid of roaches and water bugs we have heard is related of a citizen of Schenectady, whose kitchen was infested with them. A servant, hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hop toads and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water bug, it is stated, can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that their is no objection to their presence. Another use for toads is to employ them for insect destroyers in the garden. They are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which it is well known can in a single night destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagas, etc. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night millions of insects that escape the pursuit of nocturnal birds, and might commit incalculable havoc on the buds and young shoots of the vine. In Paris toads are an article of merchandise. They are kept in tubs, and sold at the rate of two francs a dozen.—*Scientific American.*

Test for Presence of Lead in Enamels, etc.—A very rapid and handy mode of testing the enamels or tinning of cooking-vessels, etc., for lead is recomended by M. Fordoz. The vessel is carefully cleaned to remove all greases, etc. A drop of strong nitric acid is then placed on the enamel or tinning, and evaporated to dryness by gentle heat. The spot where the action of the acid has taken place is now wetted by a drop of solution of potassium iodide (5 parts of iodide to 100 of water), when the presence of lead is at once shown by the formation of yellow lead iodide. Tin present in the enamel, etc., does not give a yellow spot when the potassium iodide is added, the stannic oxide formed by the nitric acid not being acted upon.—*Engineering.*

The use of the Lemon.—There are two ways of making lemonade; to squeeze the juice into cold water—this is the shortest way—or to cut it in slices and then boil it. Lemonade is one of the best and safest drinks for a person, whether in health or not. It is suitable to all stomach diseases, is excellent in sickness. The pips, crushed, may also be mixed with water and used as a drink. We advise every one to rub the gums daily with lemon juice to keep them in health. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft, and supple by the use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemons are used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts and to destroy dandruff on the head by rubbing the roots of the hair with it.

New Method of Preserving Grapes.—A Paris horticultural journal gives a new process for preserving grapes fresh for several months that is worth trying. It is an improvement on the process now extensively employed in France, by which the stems are immersed in bottles of water to prevent shriveling. The inventor of the process is a nurseryman of Villiers. He describes it as follows: "Toward the end of October I cut the shoot with the clusters attached, sharpen the lower end to a point, and stick it into a potato. I spread the bunches out on straw or dry hay, so that they shall not touch each other. Thus prepared, these shoots keep quite as well as if the shoots with the bunches attached were inserted in bottles filled with water." It is probably essential that the grapes be placed in a dry, cool room.

Unsuspected Effect of Steam.—One of the most peculiar freaks of heat noticed by the Philadelphia insurance inspectors was in a wooden box lined with cement, what was originally 3-inch pine plank, was found to have been reduced to charcoal, or carbonized for two-thirds of its thickness from the inside. The box or tub contained water, boiled by introducing steam, and from some cause the wood was changed to the condition of charcoal by the heat of the steam. This case of the action of steam heat, says the *Industrial World*, although almost improbable, naturally attracts attention to steam pipes as a cause of fire. From the experience of those using steam, it is now regarded as unsafe to allow pipes to rest on wood.

Copper Telegraph Wires.—It will be remembered that at the British Association meeting, Mr. Pleece stated that in a trial of iron and copper telegraph wires of a length equal to the distance between London and Newcastle, the speed of transmission with copper was 414 words per minute, whereas iron gave 345 words. Mr. Pleece thought the gain of speed was due to a greater electrical subsceptibility of copper as compared with iron. His opinion, according to *Engineering*, is borne out by Professor Hughes, who is at present engaged at investigating this phenomen on with the induction balance. Professor Hughes finds that copper is more sensitive, molecularly speaking, to changes in an electric current than iron is. For example, he finds it impossible to balance a copper against an iron wire of exactly the same resistance in the Wheatstone bridge, until after a definite but very short time which the current take to attain its maximium in the iron wire. This effect, which is not noticable with the ordinary galvanometer, is, in his opinion, not entirely due to the electrostatic capacities of the wires, but to some molecular inertia or peculiarity of their molecular construction.

Nature.

The Sea-Serpent.

By Richard A. Proctor.

There is an interesting article on the sea-serpent in the *Cornhill Magazine*, bearing clear internal evidence of having been written by Mr. Grant Allen. In dealing with the sea-serpent, Mr. Allen calls into effective action a number of remarkable sea creatures, large enough and ugly enough to make the most hideous appearance when they condescend to ascend to the sea surface. The rhizodon, of the Indian and Pacific Oceans, a shark-like fish, is known to exceed fifty feet, and is said to have even measured seventy feet. The *Challenger* has dredged up from the Atlantic teeth of a shark which must have been nearly a hundred feet long, or rather, which must probably *be* so long, that, since it is altogether unlikely to have become extinct in the comparatively short period which has elapsed since the ooze was deposited in which the teeth were found. "Let us rest satisfied," he says, "with our big cuttle-fish and huge whales and monstrous sharks for the present; and whenever anybody catches us an enaliosaurian or a zeuglodon, or an immense marine snake, let us accept their new addition to zoology with all acclamation. Meanwhile, let us urge on all theorists, 'First catch your sea-serpent—then proceed to classify him.'"

The advice is, perhaps, not to the purpose. If anyone were to suggest that an Alpine peak ought to be [...] the sea level before geologists un[...] discuss its formation, the opinion w[...] probably be that mountain peaks would remain for a rather long time unclassified. We are not very likely to hear of the actual capture of any of the great sea-monsters which have been regarded as sea-serpents any more than of those creatures, if such there are, which are actually serpentine, or lizard-like, or otherwise unlike sharks, whales, cuttle-fish and the rest.

We may, however, for the present probably dismiss the zeuglodon theory of sea-serpents. Mr. Searles V. Wood regards the sea-serpent as a creature like a whale, and belonging to the same group as certain extinct toothed whales belonging to the Eocene period (the beginning of the tertiary area). These monsters ran to about fifty or sixty feet in length, and had most destructive fangs. It has been suggested that they were in reality a race in a state of transition from the seal-like to the whale-like character. They were originally landdwellers, but had taken to the habit of swimming, till at last they came to resemble fish in outer form though remaining warm-blooded air-breathers. But the theory that sea-serpents are (some of them) enaliosaurian is nearer to the evidence derived from their described forms. If we are to believe in some as yet unclassified sea-monsters at all, it seems on the whole simpler to recognize sea-serpents as enaliosaurian creatures (as they existed in ancient seas, with long necks extending from comparatively small bodies, and using flippers as propellers), than to regard them as belonging to a race such as the zeuglodons, which do not seem to correspond anything like so nearly with the sea-serpent in appearance as the enaliosaurians must have done.

It is a pity that the average penny a-liner never hears of the sea-serpent without attempting to be funny at the expense of the traveller who tells the story. For while it is certain, on the one hand, that we can never tell what the sea-serpent really is without obtaining all available information, it is certain, on the other hand, that few of those who may have information to give will tell their experience when they know that they will be exposed to ridicule. The mere fact that those who laugh at them are altogether contemptible, makes the mischief greater, as the following story by "The Vagabond," a well-known Australian writer (I had the pleasure of meeting him in 1880), serves to show:—"Some years ago, Captain Austin Cooper and the officers and crew of the *Carlisle Castle*, on a voyage to Melbourne, saw 'the varmint.' A description and sketch of it were published in the *Argus*. This, when it arrived in London, it being the 'silly season' in journalism, was seized and torn to pieces by one of the young lions (that is, lion-skin-wearing asses) of the *Daily Telegraph*, in a leading article, in which much fun was poked at the gallant sailor. 'I don't see any more sea-serpents,' said my Irish friend to me. 'It is too much to be told that one of Green's commanders can't tell the difference between a piece of sea-weed and a live body in the water. If twenty serpents come on the starboard, all hands shall be ordered to look to port. No London penny-a-liner shall say again that Austin Cooper is a liar and a fool.'

Between the idiots who invent silly sea-serpent stories, and the jeering boobies who conclude that all sea-serpent stories [...] the work either of fools or of liars, men who have evidence worth listening to are silenced. It was bad enough when Professor Owen calmly suggested to Captain McQuhae, of the Government ship *Dædalus*, that he and his officers had been so frightened by the appearance of a strange sea creature as to mistake a sea-elephant, perhaps 20 feet long, for an animal of entirely different aspect and about 60 feet long. But he was at once put right, and by silence admitted that he had fallen (unwittingly) into impertinence. When, however, writers who have not been half-a-dozen years out of school undertake to tell experienced seamen that they are fools if they are not liars, *c'est par trop fort*, or, in the vernacular, one feels that that is "coming it a little too strong."—*Newcastle Weekly Chronicle.*

A Large Poplar.—In the Botanical Gardens at Dijon there is a poplar of colossal dimensions (species not stated) to which Mr. Joly devotes a note in the *Journal de la Société Nationale d'Horticulture.* The height of this tree is 130 feet. Its circumference near the earth is 46 feet, and at 16 feet above the earth, 21 feet. Its bulk is now 1,590 cubic feet, but six years ago before the fall of one of the large branches, it was 1,940. From some historic researchs made by Dr. Lavelle and a comparison with trees of the same species in the vicinity it has been pretty well ascertained that this poplar is at least 500 years old. Unfortunately, it is now completely hollow up to the point whence the large branches spring. All the dead portions have been removed, and the interior has been filled in with beton.—*Nature.*

A New Oyster Pest.—In the vicinity of Stratford, and elsewhere along the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound, it is said that a new and very destructive pest has made its appearance, to the alarm of the oystermen. It resembles an insect, and mainly attacks the "seed oysters"—*i. e.* those from one to two years old. It builds on top of the oyster-shell a cluster of brown cell like cells, which accumulate so rapidly that the young bivalve is soon smothered. According to Mr. H. C. Rowe, an experienced oyster grower, nine-tenths of the many thousands of bushels of seed oysters planted this year have been thus destroyed. Others dispute this, and seem to think there is no ground of alarm. The matter has been taken in hand by the Connecticut Shell-fish Commission, by whom the evil will be investigated.

Several attempts have lately been made by the Marquis of Lorne to transmit live whitefish (*Coregonus albus*), which have been reared by the National Fish Culture Association, to the Isle of Mull, where his lordship is endeavouring to acclimitise this valuable American species. After several futile attempts two consignments of them have reached their destination in safety. Great difficulty attends the operation of removing white fish from one place to another. The best carrier for removing them is an ordinary carboy filled to the top with water. Not more than fifty specimens of yearling fish should be placed in one carrier. The autumn is the best time for transmitting them.

Boys' Column.

A Night in a Well.

A writer relates the following incident which occurred at a cantonment of British troops in India: One night in the cool season of 1866-67, as well as I can remember, the subaltern on duty at Pini was Lieutenant Black—as we call him—of the Royal Horse Artillery. He was well known in the arm of the service to which he belonged as a bold and fearless horseman, who had distinguished himself on many occasions as a race-rider both at home and abroad. On the evening in question he remained playing billiards in the mess-house until it was time to visit quarter guard in front of the lines. A little before midnight he mounted his horse at the door of the mess and started. It was very dark; but he knew the road well, and had perfect faith in his horse, a favorite charger; so immediately on passing the mess compound, he set off, as was his custom, at a smart canter along the straight road leading to the barracks. He passed through these, and soon reached the guard, which he turned out, and finding all present and correct, proceeded to return to his own bungalow, having completed his duty for the day. He rode through the lines by the way he had come; but then, being in a hurry to get to bed, he left the main road and took a short cut across the open space. Notwithstanding the darkness, the horse was cantering freely on, no doubt as anxious as his master to reach his comfortable stall, when all at once Black felt him jump over some obstacle, which he cleared, and the next moment horse and rider were falling through the air; and a great splash and crash were the last things of which Black had any consciousness. After an interval—how long he couldn't tell—sensation slowly returned, and he became aware he was still sitting in his saddle, but bestride a dead horse. His legs were in water; and the hollow reverberation of his voice when he shouted for help, as he did until he could do so no longer, informed him that he had fallen into one of the huge wells somewhere in the lines. It was intensely dark; but he soon became aware that there were other living creatures in the well, for from its sides came occasional weird rustlings and hissings which added considerably to the horror of the situation, by creating a vague feeling of dread of some unknown danger close at hand.

Slowly the long night passed, and he could plainly hear the gongs of the different regiments as the hours were struck on them, and the sentries as if in mockery, crying the usual "All's Well." Gradually day began to dawn, and light to show up above at the mouth of the well. By degrees his prison became less dim, and he could see his surroundings. He was bestride his dead charger which lay cumpled up with a broken neck at the bottom of the well, in which there was not more than three feet of water. Black himself except for the shock, was uninjured. His legs were pretty well numbed, from being so long in the water, but there were no bones broken; and barring the terrible jar to his system, he was sound in every respect. As the sun arose, he began to peer about, and again tried to make himself heard above ground. This caused a renewal of the peculiar rustlings and hissings we have referred to; and he was now enabled to verify what he had dreaded and suspected when he first heard them in the dark. All around the sides of the well were holes tenanted by snakes, most of them of the deadly cobra tribe, and many seemingly, of an extraordinary size. Presently, the muffled thunder, the morning gun, roused the sleepers in the various barracks, the loud reveille quickly following it, brought hope of speedy release to the worn-out watcher.

The *bheesties* coming to draw water were the first to discover him, and their loud cries soon surrounded the mouth of the well with stalwart artillerymen. Drag-ropes were brought from the nearest battery, and Black, barely able to attach them to his body, was at length drawn, to all appearance more dead than alive, to upper air, unable to reply to the eager questionings of those by whom he was surrounded. He was placed on a hospital litter, and hurried off to his own bungalow. Under careful treatment, and thanks to a splendid constitution, he was in a short time again fit for duty.

When recounting the events of the night, Black didn't forget to mention his sensations at hearing the hissings all round him, and which the darkness at first made him think to be closer even than they were. This at once caused a proposal to be made for a raid upon the inhabitants of the holes; but he begged that they should not be disturbed, saying that they could do no harm where they were, and that he couldn't but feel deeply grateful for their forbearance in confining themselves to hissing his first, and he sincerely hopes his last, appearance in a well.

Stand-and-Deliver Stories.

"Talking about brave men," said Stage robber Marshallone night in jail, "the idea that it takes a man of great nerve and daring to rob a stage-coach is a mistake. The trouble with the people of the West is, they rather liked to be robed, I guess. It's easier'n falling off a log. Why, a year ago last winter my pard and I was walking along a mountain road, not thinking of anything in particular, when long came a couple of tenderfeet in a carriage. Before we could catch our breath, one of them threw up both hands, knocking the other's hat off, and hollered.—

"'For God'sake, don't shoot!'"

"Well, now, we hadn't any idea of shooting at all, and didn't know these fellers were in those parts, but when they sort of reminded us of our occupation by commencing to unbuckle their watches and weasels, why, we just took them in charge, of course, and told the tenderfeet never to let us catch them on that road again, for it was our'n. They thanked us so warmly for sparing their lives, that I felt a little uneasy about it. In fact, I was half tempted, after we'd let them go, to follow them up and kill one or both of them, for somehow they gave me the impression that I hadn't done my full and proper duty."

He smiled grimly for a moment and then added:—

"Now what on earth could I do under such circumstances! I didn't rob those fellers. They made us presents of what they had. Yet, when they got to Wadsworth, they told the people that they had an all-day fight with road agents.

"I and my pard have robbed the Sierra Valley stage three times at the same place. I'll tell you how it was done. Pard had a Winchester, and I had a pair of Colt's in my belt; but the job was done every time with an old powder-and-ball pistol that had no load in it, and wouldn't have gone off if there had been one, for I didn't have any caps. Pard would fire his Winchester as close to the ears of the horses as he could without dropping them, and I would swing the old blunderbus in the air and holler. There was only just my pard and I, but the passengers would think they could see some of our men behind every tree.

"One feller fainted dead away once. We'd just got them in a row good, when this feller's knees commenced to knock together, and I thought I'd scare him and the rest of them a little, so I hollered, pretending to give orders to the boys hidden behind rocks and trees.—

"'Boys, bore a hole in this gentleman with the light overcoat on, if he moves an inch, or any of the rest of them!'

"Just then a big feller, the second one from the limber-legged chap, had a chill like and his teeth came together with such a noise that the other feller thought somebody was cocking a rifle, and with a wild whoop he dropped in a dead faint. The rest of them thought he had been shot dead. They were too scared to notice that there had been no report of a gun."

Elsie.—It is called a cat-boat, dear because it is treacherous.

Ladies' Column.

Matrimonial Eccentricities.

There is no end to the matrimonial extravagances that are continually being perpetrated. What strangely assorted couples you meet everyday in the street, in private life, every where!

There would almost appear to be no kind of incongruity which could not be formed. No kind of disparity, physicial, intellectual, or moral, which, if an obstacle to union at all, has not been overcome. What for example could be more absurd than the marriage in a small agricultural village in England of a couple whose united ages came to a hundred and fifty eight, the bridegroom being seventy-seven and the bride eighty-one. Nor was this the only peculiar feature of this extraordinary union. The bridegroom's Christian name was Thomas and the bride's Mary, and this was the third Mary that Thomas had selected as his partner, while it was also the third Thomas to whom Mary had been united by the conjugal bond. To crown all, both were in receipt of parochial relief, to the extent of two shillings per week. Some very eccentric matrimonial arrangements are occasionally brought to light in our courts of law. A singular illustration occurred in London of the extraordinary views that often prevail among people of a certain class as to the way in which private agreements affect marriage. The parties in the case in question were a porter and a cook, who had married [...] ss understanding, embodied in a [...]ment that unless and until the [...]ge at the following ac[...] Namely, piano, singing readin[g] [...], speaking and deportment," the "sai[d] [m]arrying," was to be no more thought [...] and considered null and void. The pair were regularly married, and as the lady did not master the required accomplishments, continued to live apart for fourteen years, the husband fully believing that the "female of it" as the woman was demonstrated in the agreement was not his wife. When, however the case came up for decision the Judge was of a different opinion.

An extraordinary wedding occurred some years ago, being that of a blind girl to a man who was deaf and dumb.

Marriages which are not in themselves so very peculiar, are sometimes rendered very much so, by the eccentric manner in which they are gone about. A number of years ago a wedding took place at which the happy pair had no sooner been united, than to the amazement of every one, except the officiating clergyman, who had been let into the secret before, the oldest brother of the bride advanced with one of the blushing bridesmaids and requested that the ceremony should be repeated for their behalf. It appearing that all the necessary legal and other preliminaries had been duly arranged, the demand was complied with, and the company had to celebrate two weddings instead of one.

RECIPES.

Stuffed Steak.—Take a good slice of steak, about one pound, cut in one piece and pretty thick; then prepare a breakfast-cupful of bread or hard scraps of bread, and pour over them as much hot milk or water as will just soak them; if too moist, squeeze out as much as possible. Beat it up with a fork to break any lumps, then add one large tablespoonful of suet chopped finely, one tablespoonful of parsley chopped up, one small onion chopped, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and mix all well together; use a little flour to mix into a large ball. Roll it up in the steak, and tie it into a nice round shape with string. Dust all over the outside with flour. Put into a small stewpan one tablespoonful of dripping, and let it get quite melted; put in the steak, and fry it all round carefully till the outside is quite brown, then put it a very slowly, turning it over often; add from time to time a little water. Let it cook one hour and take off the string and serve with the gravy over it.

Veal Pillau.—This is a savoury and economical mode of preparing veal, three pounds cut from the neck and shoulder being used. The other materials needed are a cupful of rice, three tablespoonfuls of butter or a quarter of a pound of salt pork, an onion, three large teaspoonfuls of salt, half a strained tomato, and four cupfuls of boiling water. Cut the veal into small pieces and season well with salt; chop the onion fine, and put it into a stewpan with the butter; stir until the onion turns a light straw color; then add the veal, and stir until that is browned a little, being careful not to burn the onion; add the tomato and a cupful of water, and simmer gently for an hour and a half; now add the other three cupfuls of boiling water, the salt, pepper, and the rice, after washing the latter carefully in three waters; heat the mixture to the boiling point, then cover closely and set back where it will cook slowly for an hour. The rice will absorb almost all the liquid and be tender, yet every grain should be distinct. Turn the pillau out upon a platter and garnish.

Tomato Soup Without Meat.—One quart of stewed tomatoes, one quart of new milk, one rolled cracker, one teaspoonful of soda, a small bit of butter and a little salt. When tomatoes are sufficiently cooked add the soda, then the cracker, butter and salt. Heat the milk in a saucepan and pour into the kettle, and as soon as it boils remove it from the fire and serve it at once.

"Mock Hare."—This recipe for "mock hare" makes a dish that may be eaten hot for dinner or cold for lunch or supper. One pound of lean beef and one pound of lean fresh pork chopped very fine and thoroughly mixed together. Add two teaspoonfuls of pepper, a tablespoonful of salt, one small onion, and six leaves of parsley finely minced, a little thyme and half a nutmeg grated. Then mix with four raw eggs and half a pint of very fine bread crumbs. Mould the mixture into a loaf and place it in a buttered dripping pan. Put little pieces of butter on the top of the loaf; bake it in a good oven, basting it occasionally with the melted butter. It should be a rich brown.

A Little Boy's Pocket.

Do you know what is in my pottet?
Such a lot of treasure in it!
Listen now while I bedin it;
Such a lot of sings it hold,
And all there is, you shall be told;
Every sing dat's in my pottet,
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all here is my pottet,
A beauty shell—I picked it up;
And here is the handle of a tup
That somebody broke at tea;
The shell has a hole you see;
Nobody knows dat I have dot it,
I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here is my ball, too, in my pottet,
And here is my pennies, one, two fre,
That Auntie Mary gave to me;
To-morrow-day I'll buy a spade
When I'm out walking with the maid,
I can't put dat here in my pottet,
But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here is some sings in my pottet!
Here is my lead, here is my string,
And once I had an iron ring,
But through a hole it lost one day;
And this is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sing in a pottet,
Have it mended when you've dot it.

The foresight which regulates expenditure to suit the income and apportions it carefully to the needs of a family, forgetting none of the many claims, is a valuable power, and one which every wife and mother especially should cultivate. The very same income, managed with intelligent method, or spent with impulsive carelessness, may make all the difference between a happy home, where peace, comfort, and prosperity reign, and a scene of contention, self-reproach, misery, and ruin.

They were sailing in the lit[tle boat to]gether, and she said—"Are we runn[ing before] the wind George?"

"No my darling, said he, our boat is [hug]ging the shore."

"Ah! she exclaimed, what a beautiful example."

The railway authorities have placed at most level crossings a notice to "look both ways before crossing." That's just where the trouble comes in. A man tries to follow the warning, and looks both ways at once, the result being an obituary.

Four ounces oil of cloves, two ounces oil of peppermint, eight ounces Persian powder, four ounces green camphur; mix. The preparation is warranted to drive a Mosquito out of the room. If it fails hit him with a towel.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,"
Is a double edged saw that has passed through
the land,
But remember when into a cactus you push,
That a thorn in the bush is worth two in the
hand.

"Mama, were Adam and Eve born little babies or big people?" I replied Little babies. Well, "he said," if they were the first people, who took care of them when they were little.?"

A physician says that wearing silk hats is the cause of baldness. All the same, men who wear silk hats don't pay one fourth as much for hair as do the women who wear straw and felt hats.

A new novel is called "A Lady's Four Wishes." An old bachelor says he has not read the book, but he knows what her wishes are. First, a new bonnet; second, a new bonnet; third, a new bonnet; fourth, a new bonnet."

In an Indiana Church, the best looking young ladies are selected to pass the contribution boxes, and there isn't a young man in the congregation that dare drop in a [...].

The husband may boast of "holding the reins," but it is generally the wife who says where the wagenette is going.

"Mother, what is an Angel?" "My heart it is a little girl with wings, who flies." "But I heard Papa telling the governess yesterday, that she was an angel; will she fly?" "Yes, my dear, she will fly away the first thing tomorrow."

A blood relation is the meanest man in Australia. Says that he likes his girl on Sunday nights best of all, because then she cannot ask him to buy her anything. We don't believe he has a girl.

Faith without works is no good. It is just so with clocks.

"Don't marry a widower," said the old lady. "Already made family is like a dish of cold potatoes." "Oh! I'll soon warm them," replied the damsel.

"I think I'll get out and stretch my legs a little," said a tall man as a train stopped at a station. "Oh, don't," said a passenger who had been sitting opposite him, and who had been much embarrassed by the legs of his tall companion—"don't do that! They are too long already,"

Neat Retort.—A lady sitting in the same box at an Opera with a French physician, was much troubled with *ennui*, and happened to gape. "Excuse me, Madame," said the doctor, "I am glad you did not swallow me." "Give yourself no uneasiness, I am a jewess and never eat pork."

An old bachelor wants to know if you ever sat down to tea, where skimmed milk was on the table, without being asked, "Do you take cream?"

Wanted, a distinguished and healthy looking man to be "cured patient" in a doctor's waiting room. "Address J. B., Poste Restante." French advertisement.

"Doctor." said the grateful patient, seizing the physicians hand. "I shall never forget that to you I owe my life!" "You exaggerate," returned the doctor, mildly, you owe me only for fifteen visits. This is the point which I hope you will not fail to remember."

He is a festive fellow that proprietor of a bone mill, who advertises that persons sending in their own bones to be ground will find their orders attended to with punctuality and despatch.

Apropos of the low-neck question, the *Rochester Democrat* recalls the story of the young Irish girl, who attended a large ball in England years ago, in the "good old times."

She was evidently from the country, and as she entered the ball-room there was a thrill of dismay, when it was discovered that there was a marked discrepancy between the hem of her dress and the top of her boots. Fashionable ladies blushed to the tips of their exposed shoulder blades, and one of them finally remonstrated with the wondering Kathleen. Her reply was pertinent and should become historical. "Show my ankles do I? Inded I do; and so would you, Madame, were your dress pulled up around your neck, where it should be."

At Bathurst.—Gentleman (from Sydney) to Sydney lady, who he thought could not recognise him. "May I have the pleasure of the next dance with you?" "Lady, I'm sorry to say that you have made these boots so tight that I can hardly walk, let alone dance in them.

"Well, I feel better for that little walk," she said returning from her husbands funeral.

We are told that a new telephone has been invented, by which the crying of a baby may be heard at a distance of a hundred miles.

This is an application of the telephone which will make the most nervous individual desirous of interviewing its inventor with a club. Of the millions of people who drag out an already troubled existence in this hemisphere, there may be a dozen or two who yearns to hear the yells of a baby a thousand miles away, but we doubt it. A contrivance that would prevent the crying of a baby being heard at a distance of ten feet is what civilization demands.

"Well, I thought Adelaide would be the last City in the country to develop for exhibition principles," remarked Ebenezer Jones. "So should I," assented Zebedee Smith; what has been done in the temperance line in Adelaide!" "Why, a man has sued his tailor for making a pair of trousers tight."

Why is a policeman like a masher? Because he has plenty of collar about him.

"Yes, I will grant your request. I will put some finishing touches to it," murmured the editor as he finished reading a poem on summer, and he jammed it into the waste basket.

If you want to retain his friendship don't ask the young fellow who took up his study of shorthand six months ago how he is getting along. It is apt to be a tender subject with him.

Little Fanny Dempsey, who was suffering from toothache, remarked to her mother: "Oh, mamma, how lucky you are! When you have the toothache you can take them all out."

Seaside observers say the dude is just as fresh when he comes out of salt water as if he had never gone into it. There are some people who expect that salt water is a cure for everything. They are unreasonable.

An editor of one of the leading magazines is quoted as saying that he has enough good poems on hand to supply his magazine two years. Wonder why he doesn't print one of these "good poems" now and then, and thus gradually work 'em off.

In order to be comfortable in hot weather you must associate with those who are cool towards you.

Instead of thinking [...] than no bread, [...] whole loaf bett[...]

Deacons [...] Sundays in o[...] they hand [...]

HURDLE RACE.

ones, scr. ...	...	1
O'Bre...	...	2
Woods, scr...	...	3

SEA-HORSE RACE.

...patrick	...	1
...nard	...	2
...en	...	3

BICYCLE RACE, 2 miles.

T. Audas, scr. ...	...	1
Jewell, 210yds ...	...	2
Jewell, 130yds ...	...	3

BOYS' RACE.

. McPherson... ...	...	1
. Rogers	...	2
. Smith	...	3

LADDER RACE.

. Johnston	...	1
V. Trahar, scr. ...	...	2

SIAMESE RACE.

...rahar and Johnston ...	...	1

HANDICAP HIGH JUMP.

Ebbels	...	1

OBSTACLE RACE.

. Cougle	...	1
. Waugh	...	2

OLD BUFFERS' RACE.

De Baere	...	1

VAULTING MATCH.

...eele, 10 inches ...	...	1
Ebbels, scr... ...	...	2

BICYCLE RACE, 3 miles.

Jewell, 300yds ...	...	1
Jewell, 220yds ...	...	2

MAMMOTH ART UNION.

...his was drawn on the ground, with the ...llowing result:—

...5	Book Case
...6	Lady's Bag
...2	B. M. Teapot
...6	Bag Sugar
...0	B. M. Teapot
...6	Patent Coffeepot
...1	Plush Mirror
...2	Album No. 1
...9	Lamb (J. B. C.)
...35	Bag Flour
...47	Lady's Bag
...19	Bag Flour
...04	Cricket Bat
...	Pair Lady's Slippers
...	Kerosene Lamp No. 2
...3	Bag Flour
...43	Bag Flour
...78	Scrap Album
...	Lady's Bag
...3	Dress Piece
...07	Plush Tray
...15	Plush Mirror No. 3
...	Lady's Companion
...2	Lamb (Topper)
...6	Pig (Smith)
...6	Whatnot
...4	Album No. 2
...8	Bag Flour
...73	Chamber Set No. 1
...	Box Tea
...5	Lamb (Davis)
...	Gent's Suit No. 1
...8	Lady's Bag
...8	Plush Mirror No. 2
...5	Lady's Bag
...4	Pair Gent's Boots No. 2
...3	Bag Oats
...23	Bag Flour
...50	Chamber Set No. 2
645	Lady's Necklet and Locket
737	Lady's Scent Bag
...	Perambulator
1147	E. P. Cruet
1140	Tea and Coffee Set
...54	Gilt Bracket
1501	P. M. Box
1305	Eight-day Clock
...65	Plush Music Bag
...16	2 Brass Candlesticks in Box
...94	Gent's Suit No. 2
...01	Lady's Bag
...36	Tea Set (40 pieces)
...38	Pair Gent's Boots No. 1
...23	Accordion
...01	Pair Lady's Boots
...37	Lady's Hat

THE ENTERTAINMENT

...hich was held in the Societies' Hall was ...atronised by a crowded audience, amongst ...hom in the rear we were sorry to notice ...me respectably-dressed individuals who de...ghted to ape the Melbourne "larrikin" with fair measure of success. It is a pity that ...me measures are not taken to suppress the ...uisance, otherwise those of the public who ...atronise amateur entertainments with the ...wo-fold purpose of responding to the appeals ... local beneficent institutions and of obtain...ng an evening's enjoyment will be found *non-est* at future gatherings. The absence of ...ady contributors to the programme de...racted a great deal fom the interest in the ...rst portion of the proceedings, which consisted of—An overture by the orchestra; a song, "The Sailing of the Ship," by Mr. W. Elliott; a part song, "Wait a little longer, boys," by S. and W. Stuart and Dan Jackson, and Misses Stella and Annie Jackson; a song, "The young brigade," by Mr. R. Jackson; song and dance, "With a step so light," Mr C. W. Tompkins; song, "Dont's forget the old folks," by Masters S. and W. Stuart and D. Jackson and Misses S. and A. Jackson; song, "Bitter Sweet," by Mr. W. H. Elliott; a character song, "Our gallant Fire Brigade," by Mr. C. W. Tompkins; and a song, "Steering Home," by Mr. R. Jackson. The second part partook of a dramatic character, the piece represented being "Forged Legacies," with the following cast of characters:—Squire Tichbourne (rich and proud), Mr. R. Sinclair; Radford (his confidential servant), Mr. W. H. Elliott; Frank Tichbourne (the disowned son), Mr. J. A. Jackson; Arthur Orton (the squire's rascally nephew), Mr. S. W. Male; Sam Jones (quite accomplished, Mr. C. W. Tompkins; Mr. Process (an eminent lawyer), Mr. R. Jackson; Lawyer's Clerk, Master D. W. Jackson. The whole of the characters were well portrayed, but the articulation by some of the members of the company was scarcely audible at the rear of the hall.

THE BALL

At which about 40 couples were present, was thoroughly enjoyed, and made an excellent wind-up of a good day's amusement.

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 ... in the market. Large and small ...re obtainable at every respectable ... Spirit Merchant's in the ... M. Moss and Co. is on ... wrapper.

BEAUFORT POLICE COURT.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3RD, 1886.

(Before Messrs. ... Wotherspoon and C. J. ...adbeater, J's.P.)

Robert Davis was charged with being a vagrant and loafer, having no visible lawful means of support. On the night of the 24th inst. prisoner was in Beaufort and loafing from one hotel to another. He found an acquaintance—one Richard Cole, a cook at Mr. Lewis's station, Stoneleigh. Together they went on the "spree" and finally obtained a night's lodging at the Commercial Hotel, next morning, however, Cole missed his companion and his purse and accused the prisoner of taking it.

Richard Cole, cook, had been staying in Beaufort for a few days. Knew prisoner, met him at Loft's Hotel. At request of prisoner, lent him 4s and subsequently another 5s. Had had a little drop of whisky. Prisoner followed witness to Day's Commercial Hotel, where, after some drinks he arranged for a bed at the hotel, where they slept in the same room. He had in his pocket on the night some £9 10s in notes and gold. Next morning he missed the money, and prisoner had also disappeared. He told Mr. Day, who advised him to communicate with the police.

Prisoner—Do you acknowledge taking the money?

Witness—Of co...

Timothy Day, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, said prosecutor came to his hotel and requested ...s for the two. Told him he could give only one bed, a double one. Prosecutor said he had known prisoner for some time, and had no objection to him. Witness saw them to bed and put the light out. Next morning the prisoner had disappeared, and Cole complained of having been robbed, went with prosecutor and gave information to the police.

Patrick Shannon—Sailor; but have been doing laboring work at Ercildoune Station. Met prisoner there and accompanied him to Sailors Gully. Prisoner went to Beaufort and witness stayed at Sailor's Gully; he had no money when he left Mitchell's. Prisoner returned on Sunday morning, and when he saw him he said "If you'd a stuck to me I'd lead you to a noble fortune," and showed him some notes and silver. Asked him where he got it, and he told him several things. He didn't spend all the money so far as witness knew; believed prisoner had planted it. Saw him with a £5 note and other notes and silver.

Mr. Mitchell deposed to seeing prisoner first coming to his hotel at Sailor's Gully without money; his going away, returning with several notes, and spending some in his house.

Constable Hede deposed to arresting prisoner at Sailor's Gully on Tuesday evening.

Prisoner made a rambling statement about working for several parties in this district, and was rather insolent in the cross examination of witnesses, denied the charges of theft and of having no lawful visible means of support.

Sentenced to Ballarat gaol for six months, with hard labor.

The Court adjourned.

TWO FIREMEN BURNT TO DEATH.

In its account of a destructive fire which occurred in Rundle-street Adelaide, on Christmas Eve, the *South Australian Register* gives the following particulars concerning the accident which caused the death of the two firemen, Gardner and Clark:—"Just before the stroke of 8, flames were seen issuing from Cunningham's eastern shop, and the firemen immediately turned their attention to that place. Deputy-superintendent Shearing was the first who went into Cunningham's, followed by the unfortunate men, Gardiner and Clark. As the town clock struck 8, the roof fell—the roof and a portion of the eastern wall inwards, but a part of the western wall outwards into Cunningham's. This was the immediate cause of the fatal accident which attended the fire, for Shearing, Gardner and Clark had just got into the ground floor as the weight above dropped down. The crash when the roof came in was terrific. The stock on the first floor of Cunningham's consisted of hardware, jewellery, and fancy goods, and when the bricks from the wall met this there was a tremendous roar and clatter as of thunder. Mr. Shearing gives the following statement of what happened:—'We had advanced only about 14ft. or 15ft. into the building, and everything looked safe when I turned back to get the water on. Without any warning down came everything in a crash. I caught poor Clark by the wrist and dragged him towards the door. A piece of timber came down and knocked our hands apart. It sent me out onto the pavement, and Clark was at the same moment covered with the falling *debris.* Mr. Shaw picked me up. I was dazed for a moment, but came to and put water on Clark while the men took him out. I knew one man was gone beside Clark, but did not know at the time who it was. When the crash came there were very few people near. but the cries of Clark attracted several firemen to his assistance. They found him lying on his chest completely buried by bricks, roof-iron, beams, and other *debris.* Five men set to work to remove the weight from his head, and amid groans of anguish the sufferer cried, "For God's sake, don't hurt me," and begged them to pour water over him. Those who strove to succour him were in terrible danger themselves, for bricks, crockery, glassware, and other miscellaneous goods were continually falling; and one man, a member of the Norwood brigade, had his back seriously scorched. Notwithstanding this, the men worked nobly, and in about ten minutes had all the *debris* moved from the upper portion of the poor fellow's body. A rope was then tied round the poor fellow's waist, and endeavours were made to pull him out. The injured man, however, groaned so, and the operation evidently gave him so much pain, that they desisted. The superintendent took in the situation at once, and sent for some drapery, as that would not cut into the man's body as the rope did. A long piece of print stuff about 7in. or 8in. wide was soon brought and as speedily put round his shoulders and lower down his body in such a position that he would be as little pained as possible. Ten men then hauled, and with considerable difficulty he was taken out and removed to the Globe hotel, where he died at noon on Christmas day.' The body of Gardner was found, reduced to cinders almost, during the afternoon of the same day."

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

AN EARLY WAR CONSIDERED INEVITABLE.

GREAT MILITARY PREPARATIONS BY RUSSIA.

(FROM THE ARGUS.)

LONDON, Dec. 29.

In diplomatic circles at Rome it is believed that Germany will attack France during the next few weeks.

THE POSITION IN THE EAST.

MASSING OF RUSSIAN TROOPS.

Dec. 29.

A Russian division of 50,000 men is massed at Kischineff, the capital of Bessarabia, and at Reni, a town at the junction of the Pruth and Danube. ... divisions have been ordered to proceed to Bessarabia.

A force of 30,000 men is massed at Kieff, which is in direct railway communication with Galicia.

MONTENEGRO MOBILISING.

Dec. 29.

The Montenegrin army, which consists of 35,000 men, is being mobilised.

A CONSPIRACY IN BULGARIA.

Dec. 29.

A conspiracy to murder the members of the Bulgarian Regency has been detected, and frustrated.

THE FRENCH ARMAMENTS.

Dec. 29.

It is reported that General Boulanger, the French Minister of War, at the request of his colleagues, now demands a vote of only £2,000,000 for additional armaments.

Cable News.

(FROM THE ARGUS.)

LONDON, Dec. 28.

A snowstorm which raged throughout the United Kingdom on Sunday night and Monday morning destroyed 90 per cent of the telegraphs in the area visited by the storm. It will take three months to effect the necessary repairs.

Notice has been given to the representatives of the various colonies at the late Colonial and Indian Exhibition that their exhibits must be removed from South Kensington by the 19th January. Sir P. Cunliffe Owen has returned to the agents-general the agreements given by the colonies to guarantee the Royal Commissioners against any loss in connection with the Exhibition.

Sir Hercules Robinson, who recently proceeded to Mauritius to enquire into the conduct of Sir J. Pope Hennessy, has suspended him from his position as Governor, in consequence of his having created a breach between the different classes on the island. Sir William Jervois, at present Governor of New Zealand, is mentioned as his successor.

LONDON, Dec. 29.

The members of the Cabinet have approved of the overtures made by Lord Salisbury to the Marquis of Hartington, but it is not expected that they will be accepted by the latter. The Conservatives generally object to the proposal that Lord Hartington should be Premier.

The death is announced from Ramsgate of Dr. Edmond Regnier, who played so singular a part in the siege of Metz, and was by default condemned to death for dealings with the enemy. He was born at Paris in 1822, adopted the medical profession, was army surgeon in Algeria, married a rich wife, settled in England, and bought an estate near Melun. After the investment of Metz he waited on the Empress at Hastings, received from the Prince Imperial a photograph of that town, with a memorandum written on the back by the Empress; then went to Prince Frederick Charles, and was allowed to enter Metz, where he professed to be a courier from the Emperor. The result was that General Bourbaki was sent by Bazaine to Hastings, but there found that the Empress had given Regnier no mission, and he vainly sought permission to enter Metz. Regnier made further attempts to serve as a go-between with the Germans, vanity and ambition being probably his motives. On Bazaine being prosecuted, he also was arrested, but after three months was unaccountably released. An order to re-arrest him was frustrated by a flight to Switzerland. In September, 1874, he was condemned by default, and in straitened circumstances, he passed the rest of his life in England.

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 Locke Tompsitt, Melbourne

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 6d. per bottle. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road London.

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 everywhere at 1s. 1½d. per bottle.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President, and enclosing ... per cent. deposit, will be received up till 11 a.m. on THURSDAY 13th January, 1887, for the following works:—

EAST RIDING.

Contract No. 325.—Forming, draining, and building culverts on the Trawalla and Carngham road.

Contract No. 326.—Re-forming and metalling on the Skin and Stockyard Hill road through the Skipton common.

WEST RIDING.

Contract No. 211.—Re-forming and metalling on the La Goldsmith and Bald Hill road.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Shire Office, Beaufort.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. H. JACKSON,
Shire Engineer.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 30th December, 1886.

WANTED, a YOUTH, to look after pair of ponies and make himself generally useful. Apply A. ANDREWS, Chemist, High Street, St. Kilda

Beaufort Jockey Club.

NEW YEAR'S DAY,
JANUARY 1st, 1887.

STEWARDS—Messrs. J. Robertson, H. P. Henningsen, ... Male, T. Welsh, W. Loft, A. Frazer, D. Tr..., J. Tompkins, J. S. Brooks, T. Vanderstoel. Judge—Dr. Nolan. Starter—Mr. C. Loft. Clerk Course—Mr. C. Etherton. Clerk of Scales—Mr. D...roy. Handicappers—Messrs. Henningsen, T. Wel..., and the Secretary.

PROGRAMME:

MAIDEN PLATE.—Of 3 sovs. One mile and a quarter. For all horses that have never won an advertised race. Post entry, 3s.

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE—Of 5 sovs. Two miles. Over hurdles 3ft. 6in. high. Post entry, 5s.

BEAUFORT HANDICAP—Of 8 sovs. One mile and a half. Post entry, 8s.

SELLING FLAT RACE—Of 5 sovs. Handicap. Winner to be sold for £10. Any surplus to go to the funds of the Club. Post entry, 5s.

FLYING HANDICAP—Of 5 sovs. One mile. Post entry, 3...

HURRY KURRY—Of 2 sovs, with entrance money added. Once round the course. Handicap. Post entry, 26d.

CONSOLATION STAKES—Of 3 sovs. Handicap. One mile and a half. Post entry, 3s.

TROTTING RACE—To be arranged on the course.

First Race to start at one o'clock.

NEW COURSE, WATERLOO FLAT.

V.R.C. Rules adhered to. Jockeys must ride in colors.

S. W. MALE. Hon. Secretary.

N.B.—A charge of 1s Admission will be made for horses entering the gate at the Race Course.

A Chance for the Working Classes of Victoria, and all who wish to Save or Make Money.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

LAVERTON,

THE NEW AND

Model Suburb of Melbourne.

ALLOTMENTS

£10 & £15 each.

5s. per Lot Deposit.

Balance, 5s. per Lot per Month,

With Interest at 6 per Cent.

Free deeds to Buyers of 5 lots, and an eleventh lot given into buyers of 10 lots as well as Free Deeds.

Cost deeds to buyers of any number of lots less than 5, only £2 10s in full.

Title Crown Certificate, the best in the world and the only title beyond all dispute.

As land at Laverton is rising in value every day, the vendors see that consequently the payments are sure to be kept up, and that they will run no risk in giving the very easiest terms which can possibly be desired. They have therefore decided to offer terms which have never before been equalled in the world, viz.:—

5s. per Lot Deposit,

Balance, 5s. per Lot per Month.

As the price of all Unsold Lots is shortly to be raised to £15 and £20 each, selection should be made at once.

REMEMBER

LAVERTON

IS

Only thirty minutes' by Train from Melbourne,

AND IN THE

Centre of the manufacturing district.

We guarantee that Allotments at Laverton are safer than any Bank, and will pay better Interest.

Send for Plan and full information to

STAPLES, WISE & CO.,
111 ELIZABETH STREET.

2nJ.30.87.

Spring Goods.

—:o:—

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.

Are now showing their LARGE SHIPMENT of SPRING GOODS, consisting of—

BLACK and COLORED CASHMERES
DRESS MATERIALS, Newest Shades
LACES RIBBONS COLLARS and CUFFS
DOLMANS STAYS PRINTS ZEPHYRS
CANVAS CLOTH CALICOES SHEETINGS
SHIRTINGS FLANNELS, Etc., Etc.

Do not fail to inspect our SPLENDID STOCK of MILLINERY, which is the Cheapest and Most Fashionable ever seen in the district.

A First-class Stock of MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, TIES, COLLARS, HATS, SHIRTS, Etc. to select from.

All the Rage—Our SUITS MADE TO ORDER from the Best English and Colonial Tweeds. BOOTS and SHOES, from the Very Best Makers, at Lowest Prices.

—:o:—

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.,
IMPORTERS, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

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.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

—:o:—

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

G. H. COUGLE

Is now showing a Large and Magnificent Stock of New and Seasonable Goods. NEW DRESS MATERIALS, NEW DRESS MATERIALS. Also a Special Line of Colored Cashmeres in all the Newest Shades.

Prints. Prints. Prints. Sateens. Sateens. Sateens. Muslins. Muslins. Muslins. Laces, Ribbons (new shades), Gloves, Corsets, Hosiery, Rufflings, Umbrellas, etc. White and Colored Embroidery, Sailor Straw Hats, Cretonnes, etc. Men's, Youths', and Boys' Suits Trousers and Vests, Coats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Studs, Knicker Suits, etc. in endless variety. Boots and Shoes, from all the best makers, at prices to suit everybody. Suits to Order. Hundreds of Patterns to choose from. A Good Fit and a Stylish Suit for Little Money.

—:o:—

GEORGE H. COUGLE,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

—:o:—

FOR SALE, CHEAP,

A two-horse Delivery WAGGON, with pole, &c.

—:o:—

ALEX. M'DONALD

Continues to sell off every article in Stock at PRICES that CANNOT BE BEATEN!

—:o:—

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

BEST CUT AROMATIC TOBACCO at H. P. Henningsen's, Havelock street, Beaufort.

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 ¾ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
½in., ¾in., 1in., 1½in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
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

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.

DENMAN MASON has pleasure in announcing that he has taken the premises in Havelock Street, Beaufort, lately occupied by Mr. William Noles, where he keeps a First-class Supply of Cigars, Tobacco, Toys, Confectionery, Fruit, Fancy Goods, &c.

Berlin Wool, Crewel Silk, and Beads kept in stock.

HOT PIES, with tea or coffee, always ready for country visitors.

A fair share of public patronage is requested by Mr. Mason, which he hopes to merit by supplying a good article at a reasonable price.

FUNERAL ECONOMY.
Established 1860.

WILLIAM BAKER,
UNDERTAKER,

Lawrence Street, next Post Office, and Neill Street, opposite State School.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country at stated charges.

S. J. TAYLOR

(LATE A. ANDREWS),

Pharmaceutical and Dispensing Chemist, Neill Street, Beaufort,

BEGS respectfully to intimate that he has received a large consignment of Drugs and Chemicals, Turkey and Honey-comb Sponges, Tooth, Nail, and Hair Brushes in great variety; Soap by best makers, Puff Boxes, and Violet Powder; a varied and choice selection of Perfumery, suitable for presents. Pale Newfoundland Cod Liver Oil, warranted genuine. Italian Castor Oil, pure and tasteless. All the above with many other valuable medicinal preparations and proprietary articles, guaranteed by the proprietor to be prepared from drugs of the finest quality and chemicals of tested purity, and may be most safely relied upon as possessing in the highest degree attainable the respective qualities ascribed to them.

Special personal attention given to the dispensing of Physicians' and other prescriptions and family receipts. Teeth carefully extracted. Homœpathic and patent Medicines and Proprietary articles of all kinds. Every known medicine for Cattle and Horses, including Condition and Worm Powders for Horses. Horse Balls of every description; Cleansing, Drying and other drenches for Cows, etc. Any article not in stock procured on the shortest notice, and with utmost despatch. Country orders receive immediate and careful attention.

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for Females quickly correct all irregularities, and elieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists and Patent Medicine vendors. Prepared only by The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln, England. Wholesale of all the wholesale houses. Beware of Imitations.

ON SALE BY

H. P. HENNINGSEN.

VICTORIAN ALMANAC, 1887.
PUNCH ALMANAC, 1887.
IRISH NATIONAL ALMANAC, 1887.

A SPLENDID SUPPLY of GIFT BOOKS suitable for the season.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

Full supply of all school requisites—the latest edition of the School Atlas.
Also,
The Latest Publications in Song Books, "Australian Melodist, No. 16," &c.
H. P HENNINGSEN.

Balance Sheet of the Council of the Shire of Ripon,

FOR the year ending 30th September, 1886.

INCOME.

To Balance in Bank, 1st October, 1885		£419 13 6
,, Municipal subsidy ...		3,498 19 8
,, General rate of twelve pence in the £, made 14th Jan., 1886—		
North Riding ...	999 13 6	
East Riding ...	846 10 0	
West Riding ...	1,307 16 0	
		3,153 19 6
,, General rates for 1885 ...		11 12 6
BEAUFORT TOWN WATER SUPPLY.		
,, Water rates for 1886	202 4 5	
,, Water rates for 1885	2 12 6	
,, Sale of water ...	8 17 6	
		213 14 6
JOINT WATER SUPPLY WITH RAILWAY DEPARTMENT.		
,, Sale of Water ...	50 0 0	
,, Railway Department	157 5 7	
		207 15 7
,, Licenses...		377 0 0
,, Dog registration		102 12 6
,, Rent Mount Emu Reserve ...		74 0 6
,, Rent Carngham Recreation Reserve		15 10 0
BEAUFORT RECREATION RESERVE.		
,, Government Grants	75 2 7	
,, Donations, &c. ...	13 7 0	
		88 9 7
,, Legal expenses		17 6
,, Ararat Shire Council ...		1 13 0
,, Lexton Shire Council ...		25 9 3
,, Hampden Shire Council ...		11 15 0
,, Rabbit Suppression ...		25 8 0
,, Saloon Fees		4 4 0
,, Milk sellers' registration ...		7 6
,, Beaufort pound fees ...		3 15 3
,, Beaufort pound surplus sustenance fees		3 16 4
,, Skipton pound fees ...		8 7
,, Skipton pound surplus sustenance fees		8 15 5
,, ...ton pound sale ...		1 2
,, ...fort weighbridge fees ...		30 17 0
,, ...gham weighbridge fees ...		11 12 0
,, ...ental expenses ...		1 6
,, ...rnment statist ...		9 0 2
,, ...ractors deposits ...		151 5 6
		£8,445 15 0

EXPENDITURE.

...ries		£640 0 0
...it of accounts		57 3 8
...cal Board of Health ...		57 12 1
...ommission on dog registrations		39 11 6
,, Donations to institutions ...		178 4 0
,, President's allowance ...		70 0 0
,, Office expenses ...		1 18 10
,, Printing and stationery ...		78 15 11
,, Advertising		62 11 6
,, Implements		3 2 9
,, Licensing per centage fees ...		18 3 0
,, Election expenses... ...		15 1 3
,, Rabbit suppression ...		358 3 8
,, Incidental expenses ...		81 1 5
,, Skipton pound		5 0 0
,, Skipton pound sustenance fees		8 15 5
,, Beaufort pound		14 5 0
,, Beaufort pound sustenance fees		4 6 4
,, Statistics...		9 0 2
,, Interest on bank overdraft ...	79 7 7	
,, Charged on town water supply ...	17 0 0	
		62 7 7
WATER SUPPLY.		
,, Joint account with Railway Department		110 9 7
BEAUFORT TOWN WATER SUPPLY.		
,, Interest on Loan of £2,500	124 10 7	
,, Interest on Loan of £500 ...	26 18 2	
,, Interest on Bank Overdraft ...	17 0 0	
,, Works	73 16 6	
		242 5 3
,, Beaufort Recreation Reserve		214 16 8
,, Carngham Recreation Reserve		8 0 0
,, Personal Damages		20 0 0
,, Refund Water Rates ...		15 0
,, Legal Expenses		10 0
,, Shire Treasurer		5 6
,, Beaufort Weighbridge ...		15 8 6
,, Carngham Weighbridge ...		6 16 0
,, Works and Charges relating to the several Ridings ...		5,253 17 7
,, Contractors' Deposits Refunded		190 1 6
,, Balance in Bank, 30th Sept., 1886		618 5 4
		£8,445 15 0

LIABILITIES.

To Michael Sheehan ...	£3 7 0
,, Peter Page	10 0
,, J. F. Watkin	115 6 0
,, C. C. Tucker	1 0 0
,, R. Wilkinson	29 3 11
,, Balance Credit of Municipal Fund	523 18 2
	£673 5 1

ASSETS.

By Railway Department ...	£54 19 9
,, Bank of Victoria... ...	618 5 4
	£673 5 1

We certify that we have examined the Balance Sheet, together with all Books, Vouchers, and Documents in support thereof, and find all to be correct.
WILLIAM COOK, Government Auditor.
JOHN HUMPHREYS, Local Auditor.
30th October, 1886.
D. G. STEWART,
Secretary and Treasurer.
Beaufort, 30th September, 1886.
Allowed by the Council and certified.
THOS. R. ODDIE,
9th December, 1886. President.

Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

FRANK VIAL, Univeral Leather Belt Factory, Macauley Road, Kensington, and 59 Mair street, Ballarat, Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the most approved Continental and American principles. Special Lists for Belts for Irrigation Purposes. A Large Stock of the Premier Belt Lubricant and well-seasoned Belt Laces kept in stock.
AGENTS WANTED.
12m.D.31.87.

DR. NOLAN

WISHES to inform the residents of Beaufort and district that he now permanently resides in Willoughby street, Beaufort, at the rear of the Shire Hall, where he may be consulted at all hours.

FOR SALE,

HAY, Corn, and Produce Business, Machinery and Premises. Principals only. Apply to HARRIS and TROY.

Notice.

MR. JAMES SCOTT, Attorney, Solicitor, Proctor, and Conveyancer, 2 Lennox street, Richmond.
N.B.—30 years experience in the colony in conveyancing. Well aquainted with practice under Transfer of Land Statute. Fees moderate.

WARD & LIPMAN,

Commission Merchants,

PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

EXPORTERS OF AMERICAN GOODS.
Advances made on Consignments.
Contracts for Railways and Public Works Solicited.

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

R. C. CORDUKES,

Consulting Chemist, 132 Post Office Place,

BALLARAT EAST.

To Mr. Cordukes, Chemist, P.O. Place, Ballarat East—Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging the superior skill you have displayed in successfully treating and curing, to my entire satisfaction, in the short space of THREE WEEKS, a large chronic ulcer of the leg, which had, for a period of eighteen months, defied the skill of the medical faculty, including five months' treatment as an out-patient at the District Hospital. The above needs no eulogy from me, as the fact speaks for itself. You are at liberty to refer any one who has any doubt about your skill to me, and I shall be most happy to confirm the testimony, as my recovery seems little short of a miracle.—I am, &c, &c, RICHARD SHERLOCK, 26 Howe street, Ballarat East.

Mr. CORDUKES—Dear Sir,—Your medicines have fully answered my expectations; they have been of great service to me. I desire especially to mention your CAMMOMILE CATHARTIC PILLS, which I have taken with much advantage for some time. I had no idea so useful a medicine could be compounded. Before I took them I could not sleep all night long, had pains in my head and bones, and felt low and out of sorts. Ever since the first week of taking your pills I have been better, and now I sleep like a child, and awake refreshed and ready for breakfast. All my aches and pains are gone, and although I am turned 67 years of age, I feel, thanks to your Pills, as well and as strong as I have been for the last 20 years. You are at liberty to use this as you please, and I hope it may increase your popularity, and likewise benefit many sufferers as well.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, JOHN DONALDSON, Barkly street south, Ballarat.

A SKILFUL OPERATION.—I think it is my duty to Mr. Cordukes, of the Ballarat Dispensary, Post Office Place, Ballarat East, to publish the following, namely—I have received such skilful, gentle, and successful treatment under his care in the removal of a tumor of over thirty years' growth from my forehead without the use of knife or other cutting instrument, and without acute pain or the loss of one drop of blood. He has done this to my entire satisfaction, and greatly improving my personal appearance as well as adding to my comfort. The style of operation was a novelty to me, and I have no doubt many in this city and its vicinity will rejoice to know where they can, in similar cases, receive relief by the same safe and easy method which it is my duty and pleasure to speak of in the highest terms.—I am, &c., WM. MURPHY, Nightingale street, Ballarat West.—[ADVT.]

TRADE MARK.

COUGHS ROWLEY'S COLDS
10 BOURKE ST. EAST, OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE MELBOURNE.
COUGH EMULSION
ASTHMA BRONCHITIS
REGISTERED.

FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

A NEVER-FAILING REMEDY FOR Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Cold in the HEAD and CHEST, Asthmatical and Bronchital Cough, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, Soreness, Oppression, Accumulation of Phlegm, Diptheria, Inflamed, Ulcerated, or Sore Throat. It is the best remedy for all disorders of the PULMONARY ORGANS. In difficulty of Breathing, in Asthma, and Winter Cough, ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION has never been known to fail. Sold in bottles 2s 6d and 4s 6d each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors. Wholesale Agents:—FELTON, GRIMWADE & CO., ROCKE, TOMPSITT & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Melbourne, and may be obtained from A. ANDREWS, Chemist, Beaufort.

"KEATING' POWDER" destroys BUGS FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals, In exterminating Beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article you purchase is "KEATING'S" as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in tins, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. each, by all chemists.

The best medicine known is SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT. Test its eminently powerful effects in coughs, colds, influenza, etc.,—the relief is instantaneous. His Majesty the King of Italy, and medical syndicates all over the globe, are its patrons. Read the official reports that accompany each bottle. Mosler, M.D., Prof. University, Greifswald, reports:—The Euca. Extra. proved magnificently successful in very severe contusions, bruises, sprains, wounds scaldings, broken ribs and limbs. (Med. Journal., Nov., 1881).—In diseases of the kidneys, either active congestion or suppression (uræmia), or albuminuria, dropsy, lithiasis nothing will equal in its action Eucalypt Extract. Doses, 5 to 8 drops. Mosler, M.D. Prof. University, Greifswald, reports:—Diphtheria. Tonsils continually coherent, presenting ulcers with white exudats. Cured in 14 days. Surgical Clinc. of Prof M'Intyre, College of Physicians and Surgeons, St. Louis—Scirrhus of Breast—Excision, Eucalypti Extract employed. No swelling, heat or discoloration. Cured in 14 days. [ADVT.]

Plain and Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the
"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE,
Lawrence-street, Beaufort,
And "TRIBUNE" OFFICE, East Clunes.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPT, 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. HENNINGSEN, Agent, Beaufort. Price, Twopence.

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, £265,000,

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

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.

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, 1

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

The Name of M. MOSS & Co. Is on every Genuine Bottle.
THE CELEBRATED WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS THE PUREST STIMULANT IN THE WORLD

INFINITELY SUPERIOR to Brandy or Whisky, and is now the

Most Popular Drink throughout the Colonies.

Certified by the Medical Profession "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 steady 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

Wanted,

TURKEYS, YOUNG FOWLS and PIGEONS. Highest price given at Morgan's Fish and Poultry Shop, Armstrong street, Ballarat.

SERANG,

THE IMPORTED ARAB STALLION,
Will stand this season at Chepstowe.
Terms—Five guineas.

Also the Thoroughbred Bay Stallion

TROUBADOUR,

By Leo, dam Timbrel, by Boiardo (imported). etc. Stands over 16 hands high, and made in proportion. Terms—Five guineas.
Good grass etc. Every care taken, but no responsibility.
THOS. R. ODDIE, Proprietor.

TO stand this season at Spring Creek, Buangor, the Thoroughbred Colt

RANDOLPH,

By Patchwork, from Winnifred, by Scarsfield; grand dam by the Premier (imported), got by Toryboy, from Baroness, by Leopold, from The Duchess, by Cardinal York, &c.

PATCHWORK, sire of the colt, is by King Alfred (imported), dam by High Sheriff (imported), ... great granddam by Buffalo (imported), sire of Ajax, winner of Caulfield and Ballarat Hunt Club cups, season, 1885.

WINNIFRED, dam of the colt, is got by Scarsfield, son of Panic (imported), sire of Commotion, of the best horses ever bred south of the line.

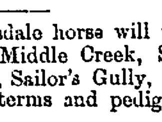
Scarsfield's dam, Mayfly, is got by Old English Gentleman (imported), from Columbine, by Bestborough (imported), from Whiz-gig (imported), by Whalebone, &c.

RANDOLPH is a very handsome dark bay colt, 3 years old, stands 16 hands high, possesses great bone and substance, measures nine inches below the hock, has also a most docile temper. He is a suitable horse for getting carriage-horses and horses for the Indian market.

RANDOLPH has been shown five times and has taken five first prizes. As a two-year-old Randolph gained first prize at the Stawell Agricultural Show in 1885; first at St. Arnaud Show in 1885; first at the Grand National Show at Talbot, in 1885; and as a three-year-old, first at Stawell in 1886; and first at Ararat in 1886.

Terms: - - £3 3s each Mare.

To be paid before 1st January, 1887.
Good grass paddocks provided. Every care taken but no responsibility.
In 1888 the proprietor will give a prize of £3 3s. at the Ararat Agricultural Society's Show for the best yearling, the progeny of Randolph.
Apply to GEORGE PEARSON,
Spring Creek, Buangor.
One in five allowed to bona-fide owners.



SEASON 1886.

TIME OF DAY.

This pure-bred Clydesdale horse will travel the districts of Raglan, Middle Creek, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Trawalla, and Beaufort. For terms and pedigree apply to the owner,
K. M'KINNON, Chute.

THE CELEBRATED STALLION

YOUNG AUSTRALIA

Will stand this season at Beaufort, and travel the surounding district.
For particulars see cards.
E. WHITING, Proprietor.

To all whom it may Concern.

THE DRAUGHT STALLION

WEE JOCK

Will stand this season at his owner's farm, Granite Hill, and will travel the surrounding district.

WEE JOCK is a beautiful bay, with black points, having plenty of bone and hair, with quality, and splendid feet, and is rising four years old. Sire England's Glory, dam Rose, by Glen Esk (imp.), g.d. Bess, by Wrestler (imp.), g.g.d. by George Buchanan (imp.).

For further particulars see cards.

TERMS—£3; £1 to be paid when mares are stinted, and the balance when proved in foal. Grass as per agreement.
N. McPHIE, Owner.

A Fact Worth Knowing!

For Family and Domestic Use. There is a cure for every Ill in the forest of Australia; and among the best extracts from it is

CHAPMAN'S AUSTRALIAN FOLIAGE BALSAM,

Extracted from the Mount Cole Eucalyptus—an all-round remedy for every ailment

Taken internally—An excellent cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Fog Fever, Sore Throats, Spasms, Cholera, and Bowel Complaints Used externally—It cures Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Chilblains, Old Sores, Stings from Scorpions, Centipedes, and all Poisonous Insects, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Pains in Joints and Side-Cramps, &c., and gives relief in all Chronic Diseases, Sold in 1oz. vials, 1s 6d; and 2oz vials, 2s 6d. Also, another choice and valuable preparation, called

CHAPMAN'S PURE OIL OF MENTHA.

This Oil is an excellent preventive against Contagious Diseases and Vapours. Taken internally, it cures severe Colds, Fevers, &c. Used externally it cures Headache, Toothache, Sore Eyes, &c., and is a pleasant perfume in a sick room. Sold in ½oz. vials, 1s 6d.; and 1oz. vials, 2s 6d.

Prepared only by C. CHAPMAN & Co., Manufacturers of all kinds Eucalyptus oil, &c., Middle Creek.

Wholesale Agents—Messrs. HAWKES BROS., Beaufort; and retail from any respectable storekeeper.

[TESTIMONIALS.]

Mount Cole, Nov. 16th, 188.—Mr. Chas. Chapman—Dear Sir,—I have very much pleasure in testifying to the curative properties of your Balsam. I have suffered with pain and weakness in my back, caused by a fall, for eight years. Last winter it was so much worse that I could not straighten myself. I gave up work, used three bottles of your Balsam, and can safely say that it has cured me. My back is stronger now than it has been for years. I did not use anything else. Trusting others may profit by using it, I remain, yours sincerely, CHAS. WALDRON. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial.

Beaufort, May 18th, 1886.—Mr. C. Chapman. Sir,—In compliance with your request, I have much pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of your Eucalyptus Preparations, having received immediate relief and ultimate cure of severe cold upon several occasions. I have never known your remedy to fail, if promptly and persistently applied. Yours truly, THOS. G. ARCHARD.

£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 ... LINSEED, Aniseed, Senega, Squill, ... with Chlorodyne:

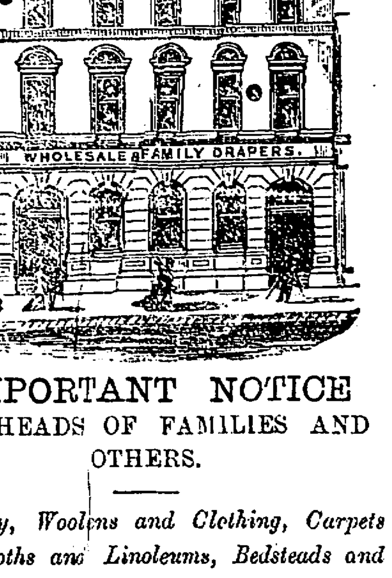
KAY'S COMPOUND, a demulcent expectorant, for Coughs and Colds.

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 Diseases 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 copius circulation in the parts affected, thence speedily and effectually it ensures a cure.

Piles, Fistulas, and Excoriations

The cures which ... this Ointment ... in healing piles and fistulas of long standing ... after they have resisted all other applications, have ... counties ... 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. Whenever 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 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 Scurvy 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, 1882.
"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 betwixt 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 he 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 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 alike 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	Reention 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	Veneral 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 ... box of Pills contains four dozen, and the sm... Ointment one ounce.

Full printed directions are af... and can be had in any la... Arabic, Armenian, Persian...

Printed and publishe... the proprietors, ... Beaufort, Victo...

The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 586.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1887. 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 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. At 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 or extended periods, will be charged on a reduced scale, in proportion to the number of insertions.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1782.

PROMPT SETTLEMENT and PAYMENT of CLAIMS. Losses paid over—£15,000,000. Annual Income—£800,000. Accumulated Funds exceed, £1,000,000.

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.

R. MANFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

Beaufort District Agency—
H. P. HENNINGSEN, Beaufort.

For PAINTING and PAPERHANGING of Every Description go to A. NEEDHAM, Neill street, Beaufort. Cheapest and Best.

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.

Head Office: Melbourne, 1 Market Buildings.

Established 1869.

The chief features are MODERATE RATES, LARGE BONUSES, and AMPLE SECURITY.

Policies opened before 31st October ... advantage—they will participate in the Bonus to be declared for the period ending 30th September, 1886.

Forms of Proposal to be had from any of the Agents throughout the colonies.

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager.

Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

FRANK VIAL, Universal Leather Belt Factory, Macaulay Road, Kensington, and 59 Mair street, Ballarat, Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the most approved Continental and American principles. Special Lists for Belts for Irrigation Purposes. A Large Stock of the Premier Belt Lubricant and well-seasoned Belt Laces kept in stock.

AGENTS WANTED.

12m.D.31.87.

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.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

CIRCULATES in the following districts:—Beaufort, Stockyard Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailors 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.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

SPECIALITIES

AT

A. CRAWFORD'S

STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF GOODS
Suitable for
THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR TRADE
Having arrived
The public are requested
TO INSPECT THE GRAND DISPLAY
AT
MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS.

The Goods have been marked Exceptionally LOW, with a view to a SPEEDY CLEARANCE. A saving, therefore, of at least 20 per cent. will be effected by purchasers.

THE GOODS COMPRISE NOVELTIES IN

Fancy Glassware, Vases, Toys, Bracelets, Card-Cases, Work-Boxes, Terra Cotta Goods, Purses, Leather and Plush Bags, Hair and other Brushes, Fancy Soaps, Baskets, And others, to numerous to mention.

IN THE GLOVE AND LACE DEPARTMENT

Several Cheap and Startlingly Cheap Lines are now offering.

Ladies' and Children Lisle Gloves, splendid colors, and extra quality, 6d per pair.

Ladies' taffeta gloves, 1s per pair.

SPECIAL.

Just received a large shipment of the celebrated Elaine Kid Gloves, four and six buttons, in tans, new browns, colors, &c., 1s 11d to 2s 11d per pair.

A job line of Edelweiss and Oriental Laces, just to hand, 2½d to 6d per yard, worth 6d to 1s.

UMBRELLAS AND SUNSDADES.

A Splendid Stock in the newest styles, at prices that cannot be beaten.

... are particularly directed to THE IMMENSE STOCK IN THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Anticipating a large demand for an effective-looking hat, suitable for picnics, &c., at a low price.

A great quantity of fashionable shapes in HATS and BONNETS have been trimmed, and marked at prices that make it impossible for any other establishment to equal.

Splendid trimmed hats, from 2s 11d.

Galatea straws, 1s, worth double.

Corsets and Underclothing—A large stock always kept in newest shapes and styles.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

A splendid supply of Mantles, Dolmanettes, visites, capes, &c., &c., in beaded gauzes, broches, ottoman silks, &c., &c., at special job prices.

Stockinette Skirts, 2s 6d, exceptional value.

Quilted skirts, aprons, dustcoats, &c., at LOWEST PRICES IN THE TRADE.

The stock in the CARPET AND FURNISHING DEPARTMENT is unequalled for variety and assortment. several additions having lately been received, consisting of the newest styles and choicest patterns, manufactured in best Brussels carpets, linoleums, and floorcloths.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO PARTIES FURNISHING.

The stock being too large, and occupying more room than can be conveniently spared,

THE LARGE DISCOUNT
OF
10 PER CENT.
Will be allowed on all CASH PURCHASES
OF
Best Brussels Carpets, and Best Linoleums,
With a view to reduce the stock.

A superior lot of tapestry, kidder, felt, hemp, and other carpets at low prices.

Lace and other curtains in white, cream gold, &c.

A large stock of bedside pieces of best Brussels, 4-6 length, half-price.

A great saving can, therefore, be effected by purchasing all furnishings at Mitchell's Buildings.

THE MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Is well stocked with the requirements.

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.

This department is now supplied with the finest assorted stock of men's, women's, and children's boots and shoes in the district, at prices that defy competition.

A splendid variety of infants' boots and shoes, imported direct, have been received—the best assortment in the trade.

Ladies' Kid elastic-side boots, from 6s 6d.
Ladies' Balmoral and button boots, 10s 6d.
Girls shoes, extra value, 4s.
Infants' boots, 1s 9d—exceptionally cheap.
Gents.' kid elastic-side boots, 13s 6d.
Gents.' Balmorals, 9s 6d.
Gents.' calf e.s., from 11s 6d.

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

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.

Extraordinary Announcement.

S. NATHAN,

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

MELBOURNE,

SUPPLIES

FURNITURE,

BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING,

CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS,

PIANOS,

ELECTROPLATED WARE,

GUNS, by all the Best English Makers

&c., &c., &c.,

Without Money or Security

ON

TIME PAYMENT

GOODS FORWARDED TO ANY PART OF THE COLONY.

Most Liberal Terms in the World.

S. NATHAN,
THE FURNISHING ARCADE,
221 Elizabeth Street.

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.

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

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS.

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

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

They have many Followers, but no Equals.

THE THURMER PIANO, £40 to £48, or 30s. monthly.	THE SMITH ORGANS, £18 to £180, or 20s. monthly.

It is a wonder to all that such Beautiful Instruments can be obtained at these Low Prices.

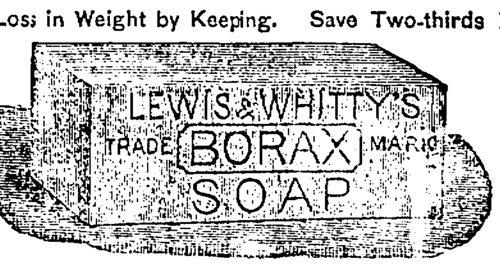
17 & 19 COLLINS ST. EAST **ALLAN & CO.** Melbourne.

LEWIS & WHITTY'S

A TREASURE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

No Waste or Loss in Weight by Keeping. Save Two-thirds in Freight.

Specially Prepared for Household and Domestic Purposes.



Brightens the Colors, does not Bleach.

PRESERVES THE FABRIC. SOFTENS THE SKIN.

BORAX SOAP

Can be used in Hot, Cold, Hard or Brackish Water.

CLEANSES, HEALS, AND PURIFIES THE SKIN.

THE SAFEGUARD FOR HEALTH.

BORAX EUCALYPTUS SOAP!
—AND—
BORAX CARBOLIC SOAP!

Prevents Decay, Infection, and is Cheaper than the Ordinary Household. Combining all the qualities of the Borax Soap, together the Medicinal and Disinfecting Properties of the Eucalyptus and Carbolic.

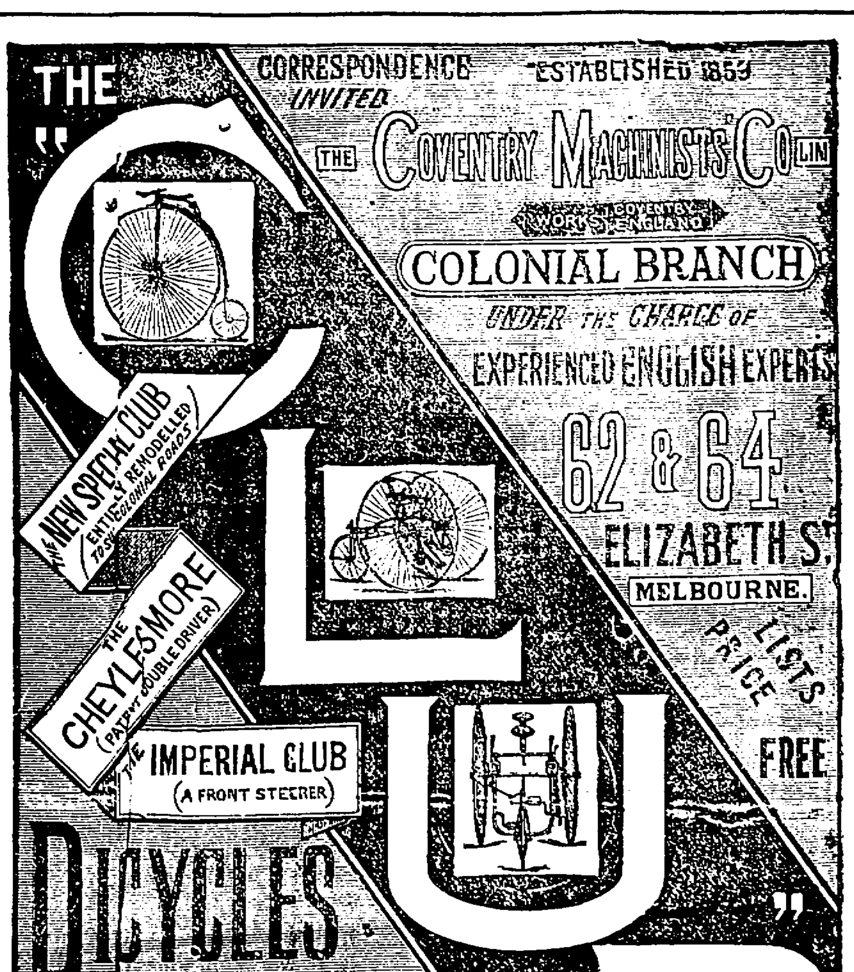
REFRESHING AND AGREEABLE.

☞ The Only Makers of Eucalyptus Soap in Australia.

LEWIS & WHITTY'S

SQUARE BLUE EGG POWDER BLACKING AND WASHING POWDER STAND UNRIVALLED!

To be had from all Grocers and Storekeepers.
WORKS—FITZROY AND RICHMOND, MELBOURNE.



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

Allopecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY — COMOTROPHUS. COMOTROPHUS CO. Ballarat, Vict. All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

SPECIALTY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, AND JOINT DISEASES.
128, COLLINS STREET EAST.

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 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 or mastication and appearance.

ADVICE FREE. Testimonials, both English and colonial.

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

And at Mr. E. MILLIGAN'S, Waterloo, from 8 to . 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

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 to?

How many have been enabled to enter into 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, 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 turned.

There are thousands of cases in daily life where consultation with one at a distance, will remove by 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.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Business has not yet settled down after the holidays, and very little produce of any description has been brought in during the week. Up-country wheat is beginning to be delivered in fair quantities, and parcels are being landed from the Wimmera district at 4s 9d and 4s 10d per bushel. Flour is fairly active, but following the decline in wheat by the delivery of the new crop the tone of the market is a trifle weaker, sales being made at £11 per ton. We notice that in the Horsham district there is no business doing in the wheat market in consequence of the holidays, the quotation being 3s 4d to 4s 5d for new, and 4s for old. A Donald new wheat is being brought in at 3s 6d, and the tone of the market is downwards; and at St. Arnaud old is quoted at 3s 8d per bushel. In this district harvesting operations are now occupying the sole attention of cultivators, and already new oats for delivery in ten days are being offered. Two lots were offered at 2s 9d, bags in, but neither were, we believe, taken up. Old oats are nominally quoted at 3s, but we have heard of no transactions. New hay is being brought in fully up to requirement, and loose has eased to £3 5s per ton. New potatoes are now being fully supplied at 5s 6d per cwt. Fresh butter continues very scarce, and fetches up to 1s, but eggs were in better supply last week, and have eased to 10d per dozen. We quote:—

Wheat, 4s 10d per bushel, bags in; oats 2s 11d to 3s per bushel, bags in; pollard, 1s 3d per bushel; bran, 1s. 1½d per bushel; flour, L11 per ton; potatoes, Warrnambool, new, 5s 6d per cwt; hay, sheaves, L3 5s per ton; trussed, L3 10s per ton; straw, 25s per ton; chaff, 4s per cwt; onions, 10s per cwt; butter, fresh, 1s per lb; butter, potted, 10d per lb; hams, 10d per lb; bacon, 8d per lb; cheese, 6d to 7d per lb; eggs, 10d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Business quiet:—Oats, 2s 10d to 3s 1d; Cape barley, 3s 2d; English 3s 6d to 4s; wheat, 4s to 5s 1d; peas, 3s 6d to 3s 7d; manger hay, L4 to L5 10s; sheaves, L4 5s to L4 10s; straw, L2 to L2 5s; new potatoes, L4.

THE *COLOGNE GAZETTE* AND THE EUROPEAN OUTLOOK.

A remarkable leading article was published in the "Cologne Gazette" of Tuesday. Its author sets out by calling attention to the anticipations of a great war with which the public mind in all the principal countries of Europe is filled. He then approaches the special case of Germany, and endeavors at great length to show that the long-looked-for struggle with France and Russia cannot be much further postponed. Looking at the Eastern frontier, he paints the Panslavic movement in dark and threatening colors, leaving the impression that a life and death struggle between Russia and Germany may begin at any moment. Then, in more detail, he describes the condition and temper of the French people, whom he represents as bent in grim earnestness on nothing but revenge for the defeats suffered by the Second Empire. This makes up the first half of the article. If the reader bears in mind that the "Cologne Gazette" has for a long time, and probably deservedly, enjoyed in an unusual degree, the confidence of the German Government, and that its more imp[illegible] utterances for some years have generally [illegible] inspired, he is driven to the conclusion that the best-informed people in Germany now in all seriousness expect the early outbreak of the most terrible of all wars. But the second half of the article is a cruel attack on the German Opposition. The writer says, in substance, if the country is in so dangerous a situation, it is time that all parties were united, and therefore those who differ from the Government party are not patriots. One of the most respected of all Germans—we might almost say a type of all that is best in the German character—Herr Von Stauffenberg, is singled out for attack. Herr von Stauffenberg's offence is that he has expressed the apprehension that the expected increase of the Military Budget may prove to be a mere Protectionist trick to raise certain taxes which are special favourites of the Junker politicians. Some very queer tricks have been played by the German Protectionist party during the last few years, and the Liberals, such as Von Stauffenberg, Eugen-Richter, and Bamberger, have more than once given them a bit of their mind. But we do not remember that the Liberal leaders ever placed difficulties in the way of necessary military expenditure. German Liberals in Opposition are a little extreme in their conduct and language, but how can they be expected to be moderate when Prince Bismarck sets the fashion, eagerly followed by his disciples, of calling them traitors and other equally offensive and equally unjustifiable names? It seems that the "Cologne Gazette" follows the same usage. For either the whole scenic apparatus of Russian war, French war, and general desolation has been conjured up by the editor as a party weapon with which to put down Her von Stauffenberg, or the writer, honestly believing in the near approach of a national struggle for existence, chooses so solemn a moment to cry "Traitor" against all whose notions of taxation or Parliamentary government differ from his own. In either case he must inevitably fail in his object. For the Liberal leaders will not be frightened out of their convictions by a bogie Armageddon, while, if the great day is really at hand, attacks like that published by the "Cologne Gazette" will not have contributed towards the German ideal of "*ein eining Volk von Bruden*." And, meanwhile, whichever be the correct hypothesis, the incalculable damage is done, for a diatribe of this kind must assuredly widen the breach which the infallible editor from his easy chair sees yawning beyond the Vistula and beyond the Vosges.—"Manchester Guardian," 25th Nov.

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.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

NELSON PROVINCE—RIPON DIVISION, AND ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF RIPON AND HAMPDEN—RAGLAN DIVISION.

THE General 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 day of January, 1887, the day appointed for revision, at my office, or at the offices of my deputies as under:—

For the Province, at Waterloo, Skipton, and Preston Hill, Carngham; and for the District, at Waterloo and Buangor.

G. W. MINCHIN,
Registrar at Beaufort.

IMPOUNDED AT BEAUFORT.

Yellow and white Cow, F N near rump.
Red and white Calf, no brands.
If not claimed and expenses paid to be sold on the 29th January, 1887.

W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

Wanted to Rent

AFTER holidays, COTTAGE, at Waterloo or Beaufort; not less than 5 rooms. Apply, stating terms, to W. COOKE, Ligar Street, Ballarat.

Marriage.

JACKSON—FARRELL.—On the 1st January, 1887, at Canterbury road, Toorak, by the Rev. John F. Ewing, Robert, eldest son of John Jackson, of Beaufort, to Mary Agnes, only daughter of the late Thomas Valentine Farrell, barrister. New Zealand papers please copy.

THE
Riponshire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1887.

FROM time to time we have directed attention to the investigations of the Royal Commisson on Vegetable Products, in the conviction that those investigations ought to be the means of very largely increasing the prosperity of those who are settled upon the land and of adding generally to the wealth of the country. We do not say that success is not to be hoped for by adhering strictly to the old agricultural line. Some measure of success will doubtless be achieved by those who are enabled to surmount all the difficulties by which they are confronted; and who in the years to come will be pointed to as illustrations of the survival of the fittest. But in the intermediate struggle, in which the weakest are yearly going to the wall, scores of excellent opportunities are being neglected, and the tide is allowed to ebb, which "taken at the flood, would lead to fortune." The members of the Commission are acting wisely by publishing the evidence which they are procuring in convenient form and distrib[illegible] throughout the cou[illegible]. Good w[illegible] be done by this. All the seed thus sown will not fall upon barren soil. Some of it will hardly fail to germinate and bear fruit in due season.

The members of the Commission have devoted much attention to the planting trees for timber, and have obtained ample evidence that the field is a wide one and its profits certain. But there is this disadvantage. The profits would have to be waited for; and they would hardly fall to this generation, except in the form of increased value to the land. There are other branches of culture, however, which are not open to this objection. All the evidence goes to prove that we need not be dependent upon imports, for any of the dried fruits of which we consume such large quantities. The same may be said of various descriptions of oil. Mr. Richard Dod, of Marong, was one of the last witnesses examined by the Commission, and he produced an excellent sample of almond oil, the product of trees which he had himself planted, upon his own land. Castor oil could be produced with even greater profit. We import annually vegetable oils, to the value of £50,000 or thereabonts, so that there would appear to be a fairly good market open to the farmer of an experimental turn of mind. Mr. Slater devotes his attention principally to the production of medicinal herbs at Nunawading, but he has also ventured upon drying fruits of various kinds, and with complete success. Other witnesses have had a similar tale to tell. There are none of the dried fruits of commerce, which could not be grown and prepared in Victoria; and the process would not involve a large expenditure. Beyond the first outlay for the trees, the cost would be hardly appreciable and the return would be certain. At present, we are content to pay from L100,000 to L150,000 a year, for prepared fruits, grown in countries, none of the natural conditions of which, are more favorable than their own. Mr. Slater's experiments have been carried on without the advantage of irrigation, and he is certain that, with a plentiful supply of water, the good results which he has already obtained would be largely increased. In these two lines—vegetable oils and dried fruits—we have fully L200,000 per annum, for distribution among Victorian settlers. But the field in fruit growing goes a long way beyond this. In the matter of tobacco, we have done little but experimentalise. We have proved that we can grow the plant to as great a perfection as it can be grown in Virginia, and then we have been content to go on importing from Virginia. We may be reminded of the labor difficulty. But that difficulty is not an insuperable one, and would hardly be a serious one if we had greater faith in our own resources.

We cannot do more than mention a few of the products as to which the members of the Commission have taken evidence, and those we have selected for mention are not necessarily the most important in themselves or the ones that will most commend themselves to the approval of practical agriculturists. Our object is to show some of the fields that are neglected. There is no scarcity of others. The evidence taken by the Commission, proves conclusively, that we can extend the area of vegetable production in Victoria almost indefinitely. We can do this without the aid of fresh legislation. We can do this without requiring to invest large amounts which will lie for many years. And we can do it with the absolute certainty that the return which will be procured will be remunerative—doubly remunerative—in many instances, because, whilst a good profit will be secured to the producer of raw material, employment will be given to hundreds, and in the course of a few years, to thousands, whose labor will be necessary to bring the raw material into marketable condition.

THE gentlemen comprising the Beaufort Jockey Club have put to the test the suggestion of that very old song,

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try again;"

and, we are glad to say, with the most gratifying results. Two years ago some people decided that a race meeting would never be made to pay its expenses in Beaufort, and the few who ventured to believe otherwise were subsequently compelled to acknowledge that they were in a straight betwixt two things—either to allow races to drop out of local calendar or to organise them on a wholly different basis. Last year, various circumstances interfered with the races being held, chief among them the lack of support. For this year, however, a few gentlemen who manifest a deal of interest in the progress of our town and district, and do their utmost to further all efforts to provide legitimate sport and amusement for those who cannot, like the more fortunate fraternity, afford the time or the money that they would be required to spend elsewhere, determined to make one more effort in the direction of holding a race meeting. The old course at Waterloo, which many of our readers will remember, has been done away with, and a new one near the spot has been measured off and fenced in, and is pronounced to be superior to many, and when further proposed improvements have been effected it will be the best that can be found in any of the country districts in Victoria. The causes to which the non-success of the meetings in days past is attributed are several, among them being: the amount of [illegible] offered was not large enough to induce [illegible] than perhaps one or two of the best horses from other districts to enter, and yet just sufficient to debar local owners from entering against the "foreign" article; the day upon which the races were usually held, in March, was deemed to be unfavorable; and disinterestedness of those who were considered able to "roll the old chariot along" handsomely. It was, then, with these difficulties, and others of a like nature, to contend with, that another effort was made, which resulted in the race meeting being held on New Year's day, a report of which will be found in another column. Another step is now to be taken, we understand, in order to re-establish the club upon a reliable foundation. It is proposed to have a fixed yearly subscription, for which a member's ticket entitling the holder to all the privileges of the club is to be issued. We think the club is entitled to support in this direction, and believe we will be found not to have mistaken the generosity of the community when we anticipate a big members' list. The club to be complimented upon the successful carrying out of every arrangement connected with the late meeting, and upon the respectable tone which pervaded the proceedings; and it has been unmistakably proved that a race-meeting can be successfully held, in which the public can take great pleasure, without the attendance of the objectionable element so noticeable at larger race-meetings in the cities. We wish the club further successes, and the encouragement it richly deserves.

A number of the stations on the Ballarat and Ararat and Stawell line of railway were gaily decorated for the occasion of New Year's eve, and the local station was not by any means second in excellence, taking the expressed opinions of travellers. Evergreens were tastefully arranged upon the uprights and fringes of the verandah, and the wall of the station was supplied with a number of brilliant lights, the frame-work of the lamps being obscured by elegant wreaths made from numerous kinds of the prettiest flowers interspersed with sprays of ferns. The clock in the centre had all but the face of it completely hidden from view by a massive wreath of all kinds of roses, the tints of which corresponded on opposite sides, and blended exquisitely. A row of Japanese lamps of different designs and colors, were hung from the centre of the veranda, and one in each of the doorways leading to the ticket office and ladies' waiting-room. On the fanlight windows in each doorway was written with soap, and greatly improved by the application of a dark back-ground, the well-wishing "Happy New Year to all," and the effect of the whole decoration was lovely, and greatly admired by the passengers of the up and down trains, which passed through Beaufort at midnight, at which hour the scene was in its most refulgent aspect. The high encomiums bestowed upon the artists, and especially upon the taste displayed in the arrangement of the wreaths, were well deserved.

The following is a statement of the passenger traffic, as far as the tickets issued at the Beaufort railway station are concerned, and the value of goods, for the week ended Thursday, 6th January, 1887:—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Dec. 31	107	£14 6 8	£14 18 10
Jan. 1	231	28 14 10	0 14 3
" 3	66½	13 6 3	5 4 10
" 4	211	12 1 5	2 9 7
" 5	93½	10 18 4	5 3 8
" 6	16½	3 11 11	9 7 10
Totals	725½	£82 19 5	£37 19 0

We notice that the Hon. Dr. L. L. Smith, M.L.A., has returned to Melbourne from his recent European and American tour, during which we learn, he visited all the noted medical establishments of the old world, thereby adding to his knowledge of that profession in which he is such an experienced specialist.

The Firemen's Hydrant Race, at the Ararat Fire Brigade's athletic sports on Saturday last, was won by a Beaufort representative, R. Waugh, in the quick time of 15 and 1-5th seconds. The Ladder and rescue race was carried off by Trahar and Johnson of the Ballarat Fire Brigade, in 15¾ and 17½ seconds respectively.

The Shire Council of Ripon meet on Thursday next when a deputation from the rabbit suppression meeting, recently held at Raglan, will be in attendance.

As the last of the visitors to the racecourse on Saturday were leaving for home, they were witnesses to a volume of smoke arising from the township of Waterloo. Information has since reached us that the house of a miner, named John Ogilvie, accidentally caught fire, and was burned to the ground. The premises were owned by Ogilvie, and were insured in the Norwich Union for £60; but as the whole of the furniture was destroyed, it is estimated that the loss sustained is over £100.

On Sunday evening last, the Church of England was well-filled, the occasion being the first Sunday in the year. In the absence of the incumbent (Rev. C. M. Lowe) the Rev. Mr. Kirkland officiated and delivered an excellent discourse upon "What shall we do then?" from St. Luke's Gospel. The chief attraction, however, was the musical portion of the service. Professor Pascoe, (whose name has become well known in various parts of the colony, through his former connection with the periodical concerts of the Victorian Asylum and School for the Blind) of Hamilton, being on a visit to Beaufort, was kind enough to take command of the organ, and the performance was quite a treat, notwithstanding the slight defects of the instrument. The opening voluntary was the "March Atholi," (Mendelsshon), and for the offertory, "Lift up your heads," from the Messiah; whilst for the closing voluntary, Mr. Pascoe gave an excellent rendition of "The Hallelujah Chorus," from the Messiah The choir mustered in full force and went through the service in a very creditable manner.

The "Illustrated Australian News" for January is to hand, and in woodcuts and letter press the number more than compares favorably with previous issues. The frontispiece is a "Sketch at the Opera Carnival," and one of the most interesting pictures is that of the "Negretti falls," Wannon river, near Hamilton. In addition to these there are sketches at the Horticultural Society's Gardens; Sunday afternoon in Albert Park, the "Lookout Point, West Coast road, N.Z;" "Old Convict Church," Port Arthur, Tasmania; "Mount Carmelan," Lake Wakatipu, N.Z.; the "Locust plague" in the Wallaloo district; and Cosmo's Peak, and Diamond Lake, N.Z. Mr. H. P. Henningsen is the agent for Beaufort.

The New South Wales Executive Council met on Tuesday last to consider the cases of the men condemned for the Mount Rennie outrage, and decided to allow the execution to take place, which was carried out yesterday morning. In the case of two of the prisoners, Kelly and Newman, sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, the three first years in irons.

The new Primitive Methodist Church, Beaufort, was formally opened for divine worship on Sunday last, January 2, when the morning service was conducted by the Pastor, (Rev. H. Heathershaw), and in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. C. Anthony (of Geelong, there being good congregations at each service, and respectable collections were taken up. On the Monday the demonstration tea and public meetings took place, the former in the schoolroom at the rear of the church, which was not so well attended as might have been expected, but subsequently in the new church, an excellent gathering congregated. The interior of the building far surpasses the external appearance of the church; the fittings are of a substantial character, and designed for the comfort of the congregation, which can not be too much studied in places where the extremes of the hot and cold seasons prevail. The structure reflects very great credit upon our townsman, T. G. Archard, Esq., the architect, his attention to the work being both commendable and indefatigable. The church is built with brick, the style being Gothic, with iron roof, incline floor, being 18 inches lower at the back than at the front. The inside measurement is 47ft. 6in. by 30 ft. The ceiling is formed of pine laid diagonally, and done out in panels. The seats are made of Kauri pine and polished. Twenty-two ventilators on the Tobin principle surround the building, which it is considered will be ample provision for fresh air. The lighting of the church has been carefully attended to, and although the windows appear small, they are sufficient to admit an abundance of light. The ventilation is also very good, and the loftiness of the structure enables one to breath freely, and without dread of stifling on the closest day. Down the aisles are long strips of bordered matting, so that late comers or early goers need not be afraid of disturbing the devotions of others. The organ faces the congregation,—rather an awkward place, however, for the singers, as they are subject to the effects of a draught from the back door. The platform is sufficiently large for all purposes, and in the centre is a neat reading desk enclosed by a low railing. The acoustic properties of the church are very good and no effort is required to be made for a speaker to be heard in all parts. Mr. J. B. Cochran occupied the chair, and speeches of the usual congratulatory and complimentary character were delivered, the speakers being, the Revs. H. Heathershaw, C. Anthony, H. Hunt, and A. Adams; and Messrs. W. C. Thomas, J. Prentice. A good collection was made; and an appeal for contributions to meet the deficiency in cost of construction and furnishing was liberally responded to. The expenses in connection with the new building were set down as £897 5s., towards which £266 17s. 9½d. had been raised by subscriptions, the bazaar had brought in £103 14s. 1d., and the corner-stone services had netted £44 8s. 3d., making a total of £415 0s. 1½d., irrespective of the £63 obtained at the opening demonstration on Sunday and Monday. The meeting was enlivened by interspersions of musical selections by the choir under the leadership of Mr. Jackson, whose ability as a conductor is sufficient guarantee of quality. At a late hour the meeting separated.

We have received the third progress report and continuance of the minutes of evidence taken before the Royal Commission on vegetable products. The information given by the various witness examining is of great value upon almost every description of cultivation, especially those of fruit trees and vines.

The fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort Lodge M.U.I.O.O.F. was held at the Camp Hotel on Thursday evening last, N.G. Bro. G. White presiding. A number of accounts were passed for payment, and the presentation and reception of the audited balance sheet for the past half-year was amongst the items of interest on the business paper. The balance sheet showed credits as follows:—To the sick and funeral fund, £1549 19s 5d; to the incidental fund, £108 15s 11d; making a total credit balance of £1658 15s 4d.

On Wednesday, 29th December (says the "Warrnambool Standard") the pretty little Anglican Church at Allansford was crowded with an eager audience anxious to witness the nuptials of the Rev. Chas. M. Lowe and Miss Alice Gazzard. The bridegroom was formerly curate in charge of the Allansford Anglican district, and is at present officiating at the parish church of Beaufort. Miss Alice Gazzard is the second daughter of Mr. F. W. Gazzard, of Allansford, and the zeal and devotion she has displayed in church work proclaim her to be most admirably fitted for the helpmeet of a rising young clergyman. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The hymns had been specially printed in silver and white. The bride was preceded to the altar by her seven bridesmaids, who were the Misses Nellie Ida, Mabel, and Ruby Gazzard, sisters; the Misses Althea and Bertia Haworth, and Miss Florence Skinner, cousins of the bride. The bride was given away by her father, and the bridegroom was attended by Mr. Percy Haworth, a cousin of the bride, who acted as best man. The marriage ceremony was solemnised by the Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, of Warrnambool, assisted by the Rev. J. M. Watson, of Belfast, and the Rev. R. Hosken of Allansford. As the newly-wedded couple retired to the vestry, the choir sang an appropriate hymn, and as they departed from the church, Mendelssohn's well-known wedding march pealed forth from the organ in grand style, under the skilful hands of Mrs. S. V. Cook. The path from the church to the gate was lined with rows of little girls, who strewed flowers in the way. A sumptuous dejeuner, at the home of the bride's parents, followed. At four o'clock, the happy pair left in a carriage and three spanking greys, tooled by Mr. F. Stansmore, for Camperdown, on their way to Lorne, where the honeymoon is to be spent. Many of the guests at the wedding breakfast remained to inspect the number of beautiful and valuable presents which the bride had received, and to further enjoy the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Gazzard at a picnic which had been given by them to the school children in honor of the occasion.

A quiet little wedding was celebrated on Saturday last (New Year's Day), in Toorak, by the Rev. J. F. Ewing, the contracting parties being our young friend and townsman, Mr. Robert Jackson, well known in musical circles, and Miss Mary Farrell, another some time resident of Beaufort. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride, in the presence of a few friends, Misses J. B. Jackson and E. Francis being bridesmaids, while Mr. C. W. Tompkins acted in the capacity of best man. The bride was handsomely dressed in a cream gown, trimmed with Edelweiss lace and tulle, with wreath and veil, and looked quite charming. After the ceremony a recherche breakfast was partaken of, and the bridal party left for Brighton beach, where the happy couple intend spending their honeymoon. We wish them every happiness.

The following excellent suggestion, from Mr. Thomas Walsh, of Stuart Mill (who is an enthusiast in mining matters), was read at the recent meeting of the Maryborough district prospecting board:—"Encouragement to prospect.—That the secretary be instructed to communicate with the several prospecting boards, and request them to join in offering rewards for the discoveries of new goldfields or continuations of known leads or quartz reefs; and in the event of any discoveries being made, that the rewards be made a first charge upon the prospecting vote [illegible] able by the district board in which such discoveries should occur:—A distance of five miles, £1000; three miles, £500; two miles, £300; the discoveries to be capable of giving profitable employment to 200 miners for a period of three years. That in the event of the boards agreeing to a propoiition of this kind hereby submitted, their joint recommendation be brought under the notice of the Minister of Mines for his consideration and approval or otherwise of the proposed rewards." The prospecting board for the district of which the Raglan division forms a part should give this suggestion their most favorable and deliberate consideration. The figures, however, might with wisdom be reduced a trifle all round.

A meeting of the Prospecting Board for the Mining District of Ararat was held at Stawell on Wednesday last, there being present Mr. H. C. Bate (chairman), and Messrs. D. White, J. B. Burton, J. Naylor, and J. W. Browne. A large number of applications were received, but few of these were finally dealt with. The following regulations for the distribution of the sum allotted for expenses of members in attending meetings of the board were adopted:—1. Each member shall be paid such travelling expenses as may properly be incurred, consequent on his attendance at meetings of the board, and also at the rate of 15s per diem. 2. The amount for hire of any conveyance or conveyances required for the purpose of visiting and inspecting a mine or mines, or any portion of the Ararat Mining District shall also be paid, and the sum of 15s per diem shall be allowed for personal expenses to each member of the board so visiting and inspecting. 3. Accounts shall be rendered and paid quarterly, and must be passed by the board and initialed by the chairman or acting chairman. 4. At the end of every quarter the balance of the grant for that period, if any, shall be distributed amongst the members, in the ratio of the number of meetings each member shall have attended. Relative to the applications finally dealt with it was agreed that assistance, not to exceed £200, be given at the rate of pound for pound to Messrs. Bryson and M'Nabb, to enable them to prospect for a reef at the White Patch, Stawell, near the Leviathen machine. It was also agreed to favorably recommend the application of the New Darlington Company, Stawell, for £1000. An application was sent in by Mr. Henry M'Coy, of Ararat, for assistance to further prospect the boundary of the Stawell and Ararat shires towards the Wimmera. As the information regarding the locality, &c., was considered vague it was resolved that Mr. M'Coy be asked to attend the next meeting of the board to give further information, and that the consideration of the application be postponed in the meantime. A number of other applications were read over but not finally dealt with, and the board adjourned its sitting till the following day, when, amongst other business transacted, it was decided to hold the next meeting of the board in Beaufort on Friday, 14th January, at 10 a.m., the Shire hall to be engaged if possible.

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.

A notice from the Registrar, in our advertising columns, notifies that the general lists of persons claiming to be entitled to vote in the Ripon division of the Nelson Province, and in the Raglan division of the Electoral District of Ripon and Hampden, are now open for inspection at the Registrar's office, Beaufort, and the offices of his deputies at Waterloo, Skipton, and Preston Hill, Carngham for the Province; and at Waterloo and Buangor for the District. The lists may be inspected till the 18th instant, the day for revision.

On the first of January the provision in the intercolonial postal arrangements, whereby the penny postal card can be sent to either of the three sister colonies of New South Wales, South Australia and Queensland, came into operation. Under the old regulation it was necessary to affix an additional penny stamp on all post cards sent to either of the colonies to and from Victoria, but now the necessity for that has been dispensed with, and the cards go for a penny.

The weather experienced in this district during the past week has been of the most oppressive and uncomfortable nature. We have had real summer days, the sun's rays being intensely hot, whilst at night sleep with many has been out of the question. On Thursday the thermometer registered considerably over [illegible] in the shade, and in the sun mercury [illegible] about the hottest day we have experienced this summer. On Thursday evening, a few showers of rain fell, but the effect only intensified the discomfort of indoor occupations. [illegible] afternoon a thunderstorm broke over [illegible] and there was every indication of a speedy change in the temperature.

A nice haul of English [illegible] Mr. J. B. Tompkins on Tuesday last, from the old reservoir. The fish were all one size, about 8 inches long, and very lively, and when served up were delicious eating with perhaps rather a strong flavor. As this is the first veritable haul of fish made from this water, it will dispel the doubts of those interested who thought the fish put in some time ago had not thrived. Several disciples of Izaak Walton have tried since, but with no success.

At Blois a terrible case of murder mixed up with sorcery, is being tried. A woman aged twenty-three, her two brothers, and her husband, all young men, are accused of burning the wife's mother, aged seventy-three, to obtain her small fortune of 500 francs. The deceased was unable to work, was in second childhood, and passed for a witch. In August last, the men called at the Mayor's office, stated the old woman was dead, having fallen into the fire while left alone in the house during the occupation of the family in the fields. On returning, only a few of her bones existed. The Mayor sent a policeman to control the statement before signing the permit for interment. On arriving, the policeman was horrified at the spectacle of two thigh bones and their flesh sticking up in the grate, and the mouth of the old woman emitting smoke "like steam from out of a boiling ketle." The black silk nightcap of the old woman escaped the flames, and was found to be soaked in petroleum. The witness was the deceased's grandchild, aged eight years, and her younger brother and sister, who had witnessed all the tragedy. She related that her two uncles seized her grandmother [illegible] by the [illegible] the other [illegible] carried her [illegible] by papa and mamma. The [illegible] next [illegible] bundle of straw and set fire to the pile, and then all went to dinner. The same evening [illegible] men went to the cure and demanded he would hear, then and there, their confession. The clergyman was at dinner and requested them to return in an hour. He considered it best to postpone their request again, so they begged him to bless some white ribbon they had purchased. He did so. Next, all the culprits wore a portion of the ribbon round their necks as a talisman against being discovered. The following morning the mother went to church to pray, and on rising from her devotions—said to be hysterical—two policemen in [illegible] gave her their arms, which she gratefully accepted, to conduct her to the prison, when she was homeward bound.

We are informed that Dr. Nolan has been elected one of the medical officers to the Beaufort Lodge M.U.I.O.O.F., and the Pr[illegible] Tent, I.O.R., benefit societies of Beaufort.

An apothecary shop is made of the stomach by those who swallow, with avidity, every prescription commended to their lips. The result is the system is not only irretrievably ruined but really efficacious remedies lose their virtue. If people would only exercise more judgement than credulity, and have less faith than circumspection about them, they would confide only in those measures that assert their own supremacy. They would take nothing into the system but what, like Wolfe's Schnapps, vindicates, its value by its effects.

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for Females quickly correct all irregularities, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists and Patent Medicine vendors. Prepared only by The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln, England. Wholesale of all the wholesale houses. Beware of Imitations.

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; ROWLEYS 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.

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 6d. per bottle. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road, London.

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.

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 a 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.

The Riponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

AUNTIE'S ROSE.

It is only a rose, my darlings!
Do you ask what the tale can be—
Why a rose that is withered and faded
Should be so dear to me?
Somebody sent it me, darlings,
Back in the days of yore,
On the night that his ship was sailing
Away to the dreadful war.

But I had my rose, my darlings,
To comfort me day by day,
As I read the bitter tidings
Of the fighting far away.
Till it drooped and died, my darlings,
And I read its message plain,
That he who had given that little rose
Would never come back again.

And now I am old, my darlings,
And life draws near its close,
You know why my heart is happy
As I watch my sweet dead rose.
Our life has another chapter
To read in the world to be,
And love like a new rose, darlings,
Will blossom for him and me.

Novelist.

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY

BY

HAROLD STEPHEN, Esq., M.P.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

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CHAPTER I—(CONTINUED.)

Here Frau Werther came bustling in with a relay of eatables, and his reverie was interrupted, but still Mr. Tredegar continued to pace up and down, for his feverish impatience ill-brooked the delay which must take place before he could commence the journey to which he attached so much importance, and Alma, who was used to his moods, felt satisfied that something more than usually disagreeable had occurred, and incontinently concluded that her brother Dart, who was always in trouble, had this time done something very dreadful indeed.

This surmise she afterwards communicated to Gustl in the privacy of her own bedchamber, and added that that boy was the bane of her life, and would break her heart some day, she felt sure.

Said Gustl, "Heart-breaking is not the work of brothers, Miss. Now, if it had been a handsome gentleman like him who called this evening, it would be a very different affair."

Alma wondered that Gustl thought him handsome, but admitted that he had fine eyes, and that his hair was beautiful. And did Gustl notice what lovely hands and feet he had? He was not handsome, certainly, but he had good features, and a pleasant smile, and—"

Here Gustl innocently remarked that he looked like a young nobleman, or a Serene Highness, and if that was not to be handsome, what was?

The question provoked a learned address from Professor Alma, who descanted upon "looks," till the far more important subject of "dress" cropped up, and a lengthy discussion ensued, which it would weary the patience of the male reader to peruse.

With the advent of morning, Mr. Tredegar was astir, and before Alma had sat down to breakfast, he was some miles on his road to England.

CHAPTER II.

IN A LAWYER'S DEN.

The offices of Mr. Josiah Thistlethwaite, attorney-at-law, were situated in one of those by-streets which appear to be specially set apart for the legal profession, being as gloomy, dingy, and depressing, as even the musty old tomes with which lawyers ornament their shelves.

Mr. Thistlethwaite rented two large rooms, the outer of which was occupied by his clerk and an office boy, whilst the inner was sacred to his own use. In this sanctum he was wont to receive his clients, and awe them into fitting reverence by the display of learning upon the walls, and the piles of tin boxes, in which deeds and other documents of value were supposed to be stored. His table, too, was turned to account, for if it did not actually groan under the weight of the litter of papers upon it, it doubtless only refrained from so doing because, as yet, tables have not cultivated their faculties to such a pitch of perfection as to be able to groan at pleasure. Nevertheless there was a good deal of groaning accomplished in that apartment; for very few gentlemen or ladies who entrusted their business to Mr. Thistlethwaite could find it in their hearts to finally part from him without indulging in the luxury of a groan or two.

The attorney himself was a lank cadaverous personage who needed but weepers to his black hat to form an admirable ideal of a first-class mute. But it must not be supposed that this outward gravity of demeanour was in accord with the inner sentiments of the man, for, apart from his profession, Mr Thistlethwaite was jovially inclined, and amongst his own particular set, he was regarded as quite a wag. His waggish instincts were not, however, suffered to come to the surface in business hours, for jocularity of speech and style is permissible only to gentlemen of the higher branch of the profession, and then only on occasion, and in open Court, when the flagging interest of judge and jury requires such gentle stimulant as may be afforded by a mild pun, or a facetious insult to a suffering witness.

It was a raw foggy morning—it happens curiously, by the way, that no man ever yet attempted to describe an interview between a lawyer and his client, without feeling irresistibly impelled to commence by the statement that the day was raw and foggy. Of course there must be interviews of the kind upon warm and sunny days, but the fact is, such interviews never come to anything—law and light are as wide apart as the poles, and their union is an incongruity which would not be tolerated in a modern writer. Let us therefore adhere to the good old fashion.

It was a raw, foggy morning; so raw, and so foggy, that no Good Templar in his senses would have trusted himself in the streets, lest peradventure he might be tempted into one of those gilded saloons of infamy, wherein the spices of Arabia are cunningly blended with the strong waters of Enniskillen, until the perfume therefrom doth tickle the nose of the unwary, and lure him to sin and destruction.

Mr. Thistlethwaite made that very reflection, as he flattened his nose against the window-pane; then an idea came into

table, drank it off. Herefrom the intelligent reader will gather that our friend was not a Good Templar.

He was still thoughtfully smacking his lips and inhaling the fragrant odour which clung around the mug, when a knock at the door summoned him to the sordid cares of the world, and, with a sigh, he hastily replaced "Thomas Huggerstone, Esq." in his usual resting-place, and cried out "come in!"

Now it must not be supposed that Mr. Thistlethwaite had forgotten that he had locked the door, and that consequently some action on his part would be necessary before his invitation could be complied with after the conventional fashion. Mr. Thistlethwaite forgot nothing, and it was because he forgot nothing that he acted as he did; for had he inadvertently admitted a stranger, he would have found it difficult to account for the peculiar odour which still permeated the atmosphere, and which could not be regarded as otherwise than out of place in an apartment dedicated to the sacred majesty of the law. The ruse gave him time to take out his handkerchief and pull a wry face, as if he were suffering from the pangs of toothache, a little disability which it has always been considered legitimate to remove by the application of ardent spirits. Very woe-begone he looked as he opened the door and apologised to the new-comer, who turned out to be [illegible] our friend the Professor.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Thistlethwaite, as soon as he recognised his visitor; "my very dear sir, permit me to welcome you to England. You cannot imagine how anxiously I awaited your coming."

"So it seems," answered the Professor drily. "Doubtless that was why you kept me waiting at the door."

"Ah, toothache, my dear sir—toothache is my only excuse for the inadvertence. You will perceive that I have been compelled to sooth the nerve by the application of brandy."

"Brandy? Well, I could have sworn it was whisky," said the Professor; "but I suppose I have been so long absent from England that I have forgotten the smell. Just hand out the bottle, will you; I think I've got a toothache too, this morning."

This speech was too much for Mr. Thistlethwaite's gravity, and he burst out into a hearty laugh, and pocketed his handkerchief. Five minutes later the door was again locked, and "Thomas Huggerstone, Esq.,"—as Mr. Thistlethwaite jocularly dubbed the black bottle—stood on the table between the two gentlemen.

"And so you think you will not be able to induce the old gentleman to alter his will?" asked Mr. Thistlethwaite, after he had given his visitor some further particulars respecting the document in question.

"I am sure of it. See here, Thistlethwaite, it is time that I should take you fully into my confidence; you will then be as well able to form an opinion as myself—for you ought to know my father pretty well by this time."

"Rather," replied the attorney, "I have not been his man of business for nearly six years without acquiring some knowledge of his character. And this I will say, with all due respect, that a more pig-headed old gentleman doesn't breathe the air of this foggy city at this moment."

"Aye, he is obstinate—and doubly obstinate when he has reason to back him," said Mr. Tredegar. "Well, to begin with, I must ask you if you remember my brother?"

"You forget that I had not the honour of your father's acquaintance until some years after the death of that gentleman."

"True; I had forgotten. Well, my brother James was always the favourite. He was the eldest and the heir, and was handsome, reckless, and stupid—all eminently attractive qualities in the eyes of a doting parent. I, on the contrary, was plain, studious, and, what is generally termed, clever. So, whilst anything was good enough for me, nothing was too good for him. The natural consequence ensued; we grew up in the same house hating one another as brothers only can hate. At least I hated him; but I think he rather pitied and despised, than hated me. One summer's vacation—we were both at Oxford at the same time—I went to read with a clergyman in Wales, and there met a young lady, with whom I fell in love. She was the only child of a local manufacturer, who, when he heard that I was the son of Mr. Tredegar, the retired partner of the great banking firm of Tredegar, Holter and Co., received me with open arms, and gave me every opportunity to prosecute my suit with the daughter. Time went on, and she accepted me, somewhat coldly I thought; but it was not until afterwards that I learned she had been forced thereto by her father, who hoped by the union to bolster up his failing credit. I wrote to inform my father what I had done, and received a prompt reply to the effect that, if I did not at once give up the girl and return home, he would discard me for ever. He added, in a postscript, that my proposed father-in-law was in a state of bankruptcy, and that he had higher views for me than an alliance with the daughter of a pauper. Now, had I possessed a grain of sense, I should quietly have bided my time, or given up the girl; but I was in love, and just as big a fool as are all boys in that condition. I did not dare tell the truth to her father, so I temporised. Things went on in this fashion for a few more days, and then I received a peremptory letter from my father, calling me back to town, and informing me that Mr. Dart, the father of the young lady, would have to suspend payment immediately, unless he could command a sum of money, altogether beyond the possibility of his acquiring. An hour later Mr. Dart called upon me, and, without much beating about the bush, asked me to lend him, or procure from my father, the loan to him of five thousand pounds. I was nonplussed, and at last promised to write about it immediately. When he left, an idea came into my head which proved my ruin. I had had some dealings with a money-lender in the City; for my father kept me so irregularly supplied with money that I was constantly compelled to forestall my allowance. This man, I knew, would discount any bill which bore my father's signature, without enquiry or fuss. I wrote to him telling him that my father had given me a bill at three months date for £5500, in order that I might buy a small property in Wales, of which I was then negotiating the purchase, and asked him to give me £5000 in cash for the bill, as I wished to employ the money in another way, without my father's knowledge. I asked him to send the money back by return of post, as it was wanted immediately, and I enclosed the bill."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Thistlethwaite, emitting a low whistle.

"You begin to see things clearly now, I suppose?" said Mr. Tredegar. "The bill was as your perspicuity has divined, forged. I had no sooner posted the letter, than I would have given worlds to recal it; but the deed was done, and I had to abide the consequences. These came sooner than I anticipated. That cursed money lender smelt a rat, and, seeing his way to make the thing pay well, took the bill and my letter to my father. The result you will divine; the money-lender was bought off, and I was discarded for ever. My father chose, as the bearer of the agreeable tidings, my brother; who came down to where I was staying, and preached a sermon about honor and all that sort of thing, winding up by expressing a hope that I would not disgrace the family by remaining in England, and presenting me with a cheque for £500. We were in the midst of a fierce fraternal quarrel when the

my betrothed, and she with him, at first sight, he afterwards told me, in the last interview I ever had with him. Before my brother left the house, Mr. Dart had extracted from him the information that an irreparable breach had occurred between me and my father and that I was cast upon the world a beggar. When James came back he handed me a letter from Mr. Dart, requesting me to abstain from visiting at his house in future, as, under the altered circumstances, an union between his daughter and myself could not be thought of. It is not necessary to relate how I received this news, or of the scene that took place between me and my brother James. Suffice it to say that I left Wales that night, and he remained behind. A week later I was in Heidelberg, and a week after that I received a letter from a friend, to whom I had communicated my address, informing me of my brother's marriage with my intended. The poor fool had calculated upon receiving more indulgent treatment from his father than had been accorded his wicked brother; but he was mistaken, for the old gentleman resolutely refused to see him, and discarded him, also with the present of £500, and the addition of a promise of £200 a year more if he would leave England for ever. Nice kind of parent that, wasn't he?"

"Not my style, certainly," said Mr. Thistlethwaite, shaking his head; "but how did it all end?"

"Seven years afterwards I was passing through Brussels, when, quite by accident, I learned that a Mrs. Tredegar had just died in an hotel opposite to that in which I had stepped in for lunch, and that her husband bade fair to follow her. I went over the way and saw my brother James. He had barely time to explain the circumstances of his marriage and recommend his children to my care, when he too breathed his last. You know the rest."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Thistlethwaite, enthusiastically; "I know how nobly, how generously, you have fulfilled your trust! I know how those children, whose parents did you such deadly injury, have been educated and cherished as if they had been you own."

"Just so," said Mr. Tredegar, with a peculiar smile; "but now let us discuss the position. You agree with me that it would be folly to hope to move my father?"

"I regret to say that I do."

"Very well, then, it remains to be seen what else can be done. We must have another will."

"Oh, come, I say, you know," exclaimed the attorney, "we can't have any of that sort of thing! Impossible, you know—quite impossible!"

"Do you think so?" said Mr. Tredegar, mildly. "I am not of your opinion. Now, I'll bet you five thousand pounds you are not the man to prepare another will, leaving all the property to me, and take it to Mr. James Tredegar to sign."

"Eh!" ejaculated the attorney, staring very hard, as if he could not believe his senses.

"See here. This is what you will do. You will draw up the will and take it to my father's house. I will go with you as your clerk. We shall be left alone in the sick room. For ten minutes you will be deaf, dumb, and blind; at the end of that time you will ring the bell and summon two of the servants to witness another will. They will come in; the will will be signed and duly witnessed, and you will dismiss them with a caution not to mention the matter to a soul, as Mr. Tredegar does not wish it to be known that he has made the change in question; and you will further warn them not even to dare to allude to the matter to Mr. Tredegar himself, as he will not discuss the subject with anyone. All this you will call upon Mr. Tredegar to confirm by a nod, as his exertions will have rendered him too weak for speech. The servants will go; you will be deaf, dumb, and blind, again, for five minutes, and then you will take your departure with your clerk, bearing with you the new will leaving all the property to Stephen Tredegar."

"And how in the name of all that is wonderful is this to be managed?" asked Mr. Thistlethwaite.

"That is my affair," answered the Professor. "I bet you £5000 you are not the man to do as I have said. Do you take the bet?"

"Double it and I'm on!" exclaimed the attorney, with sudden vivacity.

"Very well, be it so. The money to be payable when I am in possession of the estate. Capital whisky this—where did you buy it?"

Then these two gentlemen smiled at one another and separated, with the understanding that the Professor was to be ready, at ten o'clock on the following morning, to accompany the attorney to the house of Mr. James Tredegar.

CHAPTER III.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Little Alma, seated at her breakfast on the day Mr. Tredegar left, was as playful as the kitten that shared it with her. It was a glorious Spring morning, and the sun shone brightly through the diamond-shaped window panes on the polished oaken floor, from whence it was reflected with dazzling brilliancy, so that the old chamber seemed to have grown young again. Outside, the cascade was as boisterous as ever, but its snowy foam was flecked with gorgeous patches of prismatic tints, and the birds, fluttering madly about the eaves of the balcony, were determined not to be outdone, but twittered their welcome to the Spring with such vehemence of enthusiasm, that the dull roar of the falling water seemed only a natural accompaniment to their song.

Gustl, too, plump and shiny, bustling about the room, chattering, giggling, and even occasionally singing, contributed her share to the general gaiety, and even Frau Werther was in a good humour; from all which signs it may be gathered that the abrupt departure of the Professor did not occasion much sorrow in the household.

"I saw somebody this morning," remarked Gustl, significantly.

Alma blushed. Why, it would be hard to say—and then asked who the stupid girl meant by "somebody."

"Somebody was standing down by the mill-pond," said Gustl, "and he had a bunch of flowers in his hand. There they are," she added, pointing to a huge bouquet of wild flowers, which stood in an old fashioned vase on the sideboard.

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed Alma, burying her face in the flowers—"It was very kind of Hanserl to bring them."

"Of whom did the Fräulein say?" asked Gustl. "Is his name Hanserl too?—It was the young Englishman of last night!"

"Oh!" said Alma, without looking up.

"Ja wohl," continued Gustl, "and he made a very pretty compliment, and asked me if the young Fräulein had slept well."

"Nonsense!" retorted Alma, "he cannot speak German."

"But a little. He said "Schönes Mädchen, das Fräulein, schlafwohl?" And one could not but laugh; so he blushes, and laughs, too; and then he gives the nosegay and runs away."

"And that was all?" asked Alma, searchingly.

"Perhaps he has also added a little present for the messenger," replied Gustl, with hesitation.

"Nothing else?" continued the pitiless Alma.

"Well, if you must have it," said Gustl,

Kissed her! Kissed her maid! So then this young man was in the habit of kissing people? Alma clenched her little fist, stamped her foot, and then burst out crying. After indulging in this feminine luxury for a few minutes, she stopped as suddenly as she had begun, and, taking up the flowers, walked to the window, opened it, and made as if she was about to throw them into the torrent. But no! There was among them one lovely spray of heath which it would be a sin to destroy—that, she would keep, but the rest might go. So she selected the favored sprig, and, hurriedly, dashed the remainder into the water; then she twined the heath around her hat, thinking the while what a snubbing she would give Mr. Harry Lascelle if he should dare to speak to her again.

Presently Gustl returned, very bright-eyed and defiant, and demanded, with an excess of haughty humility, whether the gracious Fräulein had any further need of her services that morning.

Very curtly, the gracious Fräulein said "No!" and the handmaiden departed, not noisily, as an English domestic would probably have done under the circumstances, but quietly, with a cat-like stealthiness of step which was infinitely more exasperating.

When the door closed, why did Alma start up and clench her tiny fists and stamp her feet again? And why did Gustl, outside in the passage, smile, and shake out her skirts, and perform an elaborate courtesy to nobody? And why did she, on gaining her own room, indulge in a little pantomime of self-appreciation before the looking-glass? These be questions which must remain unanswered, as far as the writer is concerned; though the lady reader will perhaps find their solution not very difficult.

Now the sun still shone, the birds still twittered, the cascade still roared, and the room was as bright as when Alma took her seat at the breakfast-table; but the gladness of the morning had passed away, and for aught that young lady knew to the contrary, it might have been mid-winter. "Jealous! I hear the cynical reader remark, with a sneer; and perhaps the cynical reader is right; but I would have you understand that our Alma would have repelled such a proposition with scorn and indignation. Jealous, because a stranger—an impertinent young man whom she had met only the previous morning had—but she was annoyed—annoyed to think that a gentleman should have dared to be guilty of such rudeness to her servant. So Alma would have reasoned, had the accusation been made within her hearing; but, as it was, she never argued out the matter at all, but simply determined that Gustl had been spoiled by too much petting, and that Mr. Harry Lascelles was a very impertinent young man, of low tastes and vicious habits. The poor child had passed her life in such seclusion, that her adventure with the handsome stranger had acquired a vast importance in her eyes, and literally stood prominently forward as the one great event that had occurred to her since she was a little girl. If she had invested him with the attributes of a hero of romance, could she be blamed? She was Dornröschen, and he, the gallant prince, and what more natural than that strange events should follow from their romantic meeting?

Jealous, indeed?—From youth to age we are all jealous. Sissy, in pinafore and frilled trousers, is jealous because the little boy over the way stops his hoop-trundling to chatter with that stuck-up little thing that lives next door, whose pa drops his "h's," though he does keep a carriage and pair, young Spooney endures the bitterest pangs of jealousy, because the fair Miss Flathers (whom he has known only for the space of time occupied by one quadrille), smiles upon the crimson-coated partner, to whom the exigencies of society compel him to surrender her for the succeeding dance; Cook is jealous because the passing policeman smiles at Molly, the housemaid, whilst she is cleaning the doorsteps; even Grandmama feels a strange qualm when she sees an admirer of fifty years ago mumbling his faded compliments to the belle of the season! We are all jealous from the cradle to the grave, and Iago might just as well have told Othello to avoid hunger or thirst, as bidden him beware of jealousy.

We left Alma in the oak parlor at the mill; we will rejoin her, where we first met her, under the walls of Schloss Rabenstein, whither she had wandered, shortly after the dismissal of Gustl, before recorded. What did she there? She would have found it no easy task to tell you, but, if pressed, would perhaps have said that she came there to have a good "think," without the fear of being disturbed.

Very fair and fragile the little maiden looked as she stood on a hillock and gazed up at the walls of the old castle. She was in dreamland again, when she was recalled to earth by the cracking of twigs and sound of approaching footsteps, and, turning, found herself once more confronted by Mr. Harry Lascelles.

That impudent young man smiled with his usual assurance, and, before she knew how it happened, had succeeded in shaking hands with her.

"Good morning, Miss Tredegar," he said, fanning himself with his hat. "Warm, isn't it? Thought I should find you up here? Jolly old ruin, isn't it?"

(To be continued.)

Don't refuse an invitation to the theatre on your wife's account. Don't mind about sending her word, and go right from your place of business. She will conclude by 10 o'clock that you are not coming, anyway, and if she sits up and rocks the baby till 2 she will be more glad to see you when you do come.

Don't deny yourself the pleasure of being well dressed at all times. You are a business man, and it is your duty. To be a man among men it is necessary that you be well dressed. If your family love you they will desire you to look like a gentleman at whatever sacrifice of comforts and necessaries on their part.

Don't allow your wife to handle any money in running the house. Pay all the bills yourself, and then you know where the money goes to. Women are not experienced in monetary matters. They are liable to pay their lady friends' car-fare, and they are fond of ribbons. Some are even addicted to foreign missions.

Don't be too much interested in your wife's ailments. Headache, neuralgia and pains in the back are common to the feminine constitution. Tell her so, and in time she may become quite heroic. Sympathy generates hypochondria in many cases. Always suggest a disordered liver—it may have a soothing influence.

Don't permit your wife to question the propriety of your drinking with your friends. Ask her why she drinks tea. "Tea!" "Yes, tea." That is a knock-down argument. Tea will fetch her.

How the Custom of Decimal Counting Came Into Use.—Mankind use decimals instead of octonals to-day, because in the progress from the finned fish to the fur limbed amphibian the number of fin-rays on each limb happened to be reduced from eight or ten to five only. Hence more of the higher animals have five fingers or five toes on each extremity; and man in this respect conforms strictly to his early pre-human arboreal ancestor.

If that ancestor had had only four toes, like so many quadrupeds, we might now count by eights or sixteens; but the accident of his possessing five digits on each limb has

Australian Tales and Adventures.

OLD HANDS WHOM I HAVE KNOWN AND CENSUS TAKING.

No. 9.

By Bunyip.

Were I a special War Correspondent instead of your humble contributor, the heading of this article would doubtless have been "Kings and Princes I have known." Of Royalty, however, my experience has been great; not among the crowned heads of Empires, but the dusky sons of the soil, and if, as Shakespeare writes, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," that insignia of Royalty never disturbed the rest of old King Cobraball or his queen Maria, and the brassplate with his name and titles inscribed thereon was worn, more as an inducement to admirers of Royalty to bestow a glass of rain than from any hereditory pride of lineage of the wearer. Visiting an out sheepstation on block No 9 West Bogan in the year of Grace 1854, one summer evening, at which I, as manager of the station on which this was located, had two flocks of sheep depasturing, I saw each flock drawing up to its respective yard, and in the hut heard hot words of argument between Mick and Bill, the two old shepherds who had been mates for years, always occupying the one hut, and so attached were they, though always quarrelling like two dogs, if one left his employ the other would go too. Now my readers will perhaps imagine it was about some every-day matter connected with their rations or other trifles that they were differing upon; nothing of the sort, but upon the interpretation of a passage in the Old Testament. As regular as the day came these two, each with his Bible, sallied forth in a different direction with his flock, and hunted through the Holy Volume for some knotty passage which he thought would puzzle his mate, then the two would wrangle and quarrel over its meaning all the evening. This particular day, Mick had been reading about the destruction of the Cities of the plain; Sodom and Gomorrah, and how Sot's wife upon looking back was changed into a pillar of salt. This passage at once furnished an evenings discussion, the commencement of which I just interrupted by my arrival. As I had some drafting among the sheep to do in the morning, I brought my blankets with me on the saddle, and some extra tea and sugar, so as not to infringe upon my shepherds rations, a matter in which I was always very particular. Having hobbled my horse on some green grass down in the box creek close by, I put my tea and sugar into the general stock, and took pot luck. After tea the argument about Sot's wife was resumed, and my knowledge of the Old Testament was continually called into requisition as a referee between these two old angry disputants. Mick, the older of the two, and the propounder of the problem of how Sot's wife became salted, put forward some very original theories. He professed belief in the Bible, yet was very incredulous about Old Testament miracles, or anything happening out of the usual course of nature, in fact he tried in his humble capacity to divest "*Religion of what he was pleased to term its superstitions.*"

Bill, his mate, likewise implicitely believed everything in the Bible, miracles included, and any dissent from the literal reading of the Book offered by Mick immediately gave rise to a torrent of abuse from Bill in terms more forcible than polite. That the minds of men situated like these old-time shepherds and hut-keepers, completely isolated from the outside world, and passed, especially when a man was what was termed a "hatter," i.e., shepherded at a hut entirely by himself, should become filled with ideas strange and peculiar is not to be wondered at, and "Mad as a hatter," is a common bush phrase, and in my time I have had scores of them in my employ, these two mates at the hut were good samples of the class. They did not lack in intelligence or ability, were thorough shepherds, and always had their sheep in good condition.

"I tell you Bill," resumed Mick, "that it is as impossible to turn a woman into a pillar of salt as it would be to make a Christain of yourself, you old heathen."

"Well, you old savage," retorted Bill, "you profess to believe in the Bible?"

"So I do," replied Mick.

"And you believe that fire and brimstone was rained out of Heaven on Sodom and Gomorrah."

"So the Bible tells us," cautiously replied Mick.

"Then if God was able to rain fire and brimstone out of Heaven, could he not as easily give Sot's wife such a thick coating of salt, as to convert her into a monument for all disbelievers to take warning by for disobedience?"

Now, Mick had heard of the legal practice, "when you have no case abuse the attorney for the other side," so he forthwith showered abuse, slang, and bad language upon Bill, and when he had, as he termed it, shut him up, he turned to me, saying, "that's the way I fixes him master," but Bill only shut up for breathing time.

"You old infidel," he gasped out at last, "will nothing convince you, or make you believe in the Scriptures? You'll tell me next that it was impossible for Joshua to command the Sun and Moon to stand still for hours to give him time to complete the slaughter of the five Kings and their armies?"

"You old varmint," retorted Mick, "the earth moves round the sun, which is a fixture in the Heavens, and the moon follows the earth. I don't believe in this miracle Bill, its against the course of nature. Master," appealing to me, "what is your opinion?"

"Well, really," I said, "it is a subject upon which I do not consider myself competent to pronounce one. The Creator frequently employed miraculous and supernatural means to accomplish his ends which are far and above the power of mortal men to explain and account for. The scriptures are inspired writings; consequently as such must be true, although beyond our comprehension, of late years especially; although throughout all ages since they were written self constituted judges have arisen who ignore all such miraculous or supernatural occurrences as being opposed to natural laws; these they term religious superstitions. Now you two old mates have I dare say during your long residence in the bush seen a tree struck by lightning during a thunder storm and splintered into fragments?"

"Yes, master," they said, "we have!"

"Now," said I, "can you tell me the origin of the lightening and the tremendous force it exerts to destroy whatever it strikes instantaneously?"

"No, master," they both exclaimed we cannot.

"Very well," I continued, "until you can do so, you had better accept the literal reading of your Bible, and don't argue over miracles, which neither you nor the greatest philosopher of any age have been able, or are likely to understand and explain."

Bible there may be more, and surely a book full of lies can never have been written or intended for the foundation of the Christian religion."

"Well, Bill, you old heathen, I think the best thing we can do is to give up arguefying over the scriptures."

"Well, old mate," said Bill, "I think the master has settled that for us, so we will say no more about it.

We had a pot of tea, Mick spread some sheepskins upon a spare bunk, and with my blanket rolled round me I was soon fast asleep. Nor did I wake in the morning until called by Mick just at dawn, who had the great pots boiling and breakfast ready, which, when finished, I drafted the sheep I wanted. My two shepherds helped me away with the little lot till out of sight of the yards, and I went on my way to the next station, where I wanted to leave them. When within a mile or so of the hut I met the shepherd, into whose flock I ran them, sat down on a log with him and had a yarn. He was another oddity, a true "hatter," would not tolerate a mate in the hut with him on any account, had lived by himself for years, and, as a matter of course, was peculiar, but, for all that, a first-class shepherd. He was an old Highlander, sent out, of course, for sheep-stealing, so he said. He had two prominent peculiarities; first, he never on any account wore trousers, nothing but a Scotch twill shirt, the nearest approach he could get to a kilt; his next was mental arithmetic; at this I certainly never met his equal. I always made a point when meeting any of my shepherds out on the run to spend an hour or so with them, yarning and telling them any news I had, and perhaps if I had one would hand them a newspaper; but whenever I fell in with Donald he went straight away into figures, nor could I divert the conversation in any other channel, except when speaking about his sheep, of which he was justly proud, when he would forget his arithematic for a while and point out which sheep was always in the lead, and which was the first to break away from the flock and take a mob with him the very first chance. When once off he was away into figures. He certainly had a most extraordinary memory. He had calculated mentally how many fibres of wool there were on a sheep's back by patiently counting them on a square inch of sheepskin, and multiplying the squares. He needed no pens, ink, or paper, but would go straight away into millions, billions, and trillions as easy as A. B. C. I asked him to explain to me his method of mental calculation; he could not, but said it was a gift, he was always at it. Donald was a fine shepherd for a dry back block; he seldom wasted water in washing himself, a bar of soap would last him twelve months. He never wore a hat, but had a dense thatch of matted yellow hair, through which neither sun nor rain would penetrate. Whenever he had to bring his flock into the head station he carried a pair of trousers slung over his shoulder until within sight of the homestead, when he put them on, and was always on the fidget to get his flock drafted or shorn (if it was at shearing time) and start off home again, and he was barely out of sight when off came the hateful breeks. Donald had saved his wages, and at the time I met him on his run had upwards of one hundred and fifty pounds in the bank on deposit. He stayed with me for years, occasionally, but very seldom, went on a spree, but never spent much money. Finally, he went away with some fat sheep to Sydney, and did not return. He told me he was going to see the Government astronomer about some astronomical calculations he had in his head; whether he did or not I never heard.

Having left Donald, I travelled some miles before falling in with another flock. The shepherd in charge, title by courtesy, "Blathering Bill," was the plague of my life. I scarcely ever met Bill, but threatened to sack him for some yarns he had been circulating about other shepherds, but he always had such a comical good natured look, a face radiant with smiles.

"Lawks a mercy sir, you don't say so," was Bill's ejaculation when I told him of any complaints the other shepherds had made to me, and would immediately try to justify the original lie by telling a bigger one.

No matter where I met Bill, he was always within coo-ee of another flock, the shepherd of which was bound to come over, or Bill go to him and have a yarn. Bill was a "hatter," not from choice, but from necessity, in place of his not tolerating another mate, no one would tolerate him, hence his eagerness to meet other shepherds and tell lies. I had scarcely got out of sight of Bill when I met Pat O'Dowell, who was dodging about with his flock to give Bill a "hiding," as he said, if he could lay his hands on him.

"Begorra, sir," said Pat to me, "the blathering little varmint told Mick O'Shea, the ration-carrier, that I killed sheep for my dog and lived on lamb pies; the ugly little gasoon, I'll teach him to tell lies when I catch him."

Now, like many an abler diplomatist, I had to tell a lie to appease Pat, and say Bill was miles away on the other side of his hut."

"And a good job for his mangy little carcase," replied Pat.

So whiling away half an hour or so talking to him I gradually edged him and his flock away towards the other side of the plain on which they were feeding, and bid him good-bye. On arriving at the head station, on the Bogan, in the evening, I found a gentleman taking the census, rather an arduous task in the bush. He was a fine genial fellow, and capital company, a man who had travelled a good deal through Australia, and had observed much. In the morning I started with him round the stations. The first shepherd's hut I came to was occupied by a married couple named Jones, they had been on the station for years, always occupying the one hut, and had a pretty large family of mostly young children. Mrs. Jones was a nice motherly kind of woman, very sensible, and a capital household manager. Her husband and their eldest boy each shepherded a flock. The visit of the census gentleman put me in possession of a fact I was not previously aware of, or, rather, had not noticed.

"Mrs. Jones," commenced the census taker, "your Christian name if you please?"

"Mary, sir."

"And your Husbands?"

"Thomas, sir."

This information, was duly recorded with their ages in the form; the children were taken.

"How old is your eldest boy, Mrs. Jones?"

"Sixteen next lambing time, sir."

"And your eldest girl?"

"Fourteen next shearing time, sir."

And so on through six children, each alternately between lambing and shearing time.

"Dear me, Mrs. Jones said I, you manage your family arrangements very inconveniently for your husband; right at the very busiest seasons of the year when his time and attention are so occupied with his sheep, and he has to be away so much from home."

"Bless you sir," she said with a pleasant smile, "I have often thought so myself, but I'll speak to Tom about it."

Censusman laughed, and told me when we had left, he never saw such an original woman in his life.

Our next visit was to another married couple, an old crabbed pair, but the man a good shepherd withal.

"Mrs. Fisher," said I to her, "this is a gentleman called to take the census for the Government."

"And who the devil is the census?" replied the amiable Mrs. Fisher. "Is he, a bushranger, or horse stealer?" evidently taking

"I am round taking the number of the population. How many children have you?"

Now had census man known Mrs. Fisher as well as I did, this is the very last question he would have put.

"You impudent baggage," replied the lady, (who never was blessed with any encumbrances) "do you think I should go and demean myself to the level of that Mrs. Jones? who as one at every lambing and shearing time? eating the masters mutton, and over-populating the country, lowering wages, and taking flocks of sheep for their boys that men ought to be shepherding."

How long the old lady might have bullied my companion I know not, had not her husband come up for a drink of tea, leaving his sheep half a mile or so away feeding.

Him we could get to understand what we wanted, and civilysking us inside his hut, gave us all the information while the old woman stayed outside, growling away to herself about tramps, loafers, vagabonds, and all the bad names she could think of for my companion's edification. As soon as we left we could hear poor old Fisher getting "lambed down" by his better half in proper style. Said I to my companion, yours must not be such a rosy billet after all? "Oh!" said he, laughing, "I'm used to it. I have generally some work on hand for the Government, which takes me about the country, and I'm so used to meeting all sorts and conditions of men and women too that I generally adapt myself to circumstances, but I am happy to say I meet with but few Mrs. Fishers."

As Mr. Statist could not complete his work in the one day on the station he was my guest for the second night, and many and varied were the experiences he related to me of his difficulties in connection with collecting the census. With single men he had no difficulty at all, but married women, especially those with daughters, were his dread. He said he was frequently told that it was like his impudence when he asked the mother of a family her and her daughters' ages; they thought the Government mighty inquisitive. Pleasantly passed the evening until bed time. The next morning I took Mr. Statist to the other side of the run, and the first hut we came to was occupied by a young married couple. The wife had a sister staying with her, the husband was out with his sheep.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Brown," I said, "here is a gentleman who wishes to ask you some questions; he is taking the census."

"Good-morning, gentlemen," replied the lady and her sister both in one breath.

"Mrs. Brown," continued I, "you must not think Mr. Statist inquisitive, as the questions he will ask you he is obliged to, and mind you tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," said I, laughing.

"Oh! dear no, sir," replied Mrs. Brown, with a smile.

"Mrs. Brown," commenced Mr. Statist, "may I ask you old you were last birthday?"

"What, sir!"

"Your age last birthday please."

"Ahem," said Mrs. Brown, blushing up to the top of her head, and whispering to her sister Jenny. "Twenty-one, sir."

"And your sister?"

"Sixteen please sir," simpered the damsel, who replied for herself.

I ejaculated, mentally, not audibly, "Oh! fie! on the both of you, for to my knowledge the wife was twenty-five and her sister twenty. However, Statist said he was not very particular, in such cases he thought it just as well to believe as look for proof. And a great deal easier, I added. The business settled, Mrs. Brown and her sister asked us if we would have a cup of tea, which we thankfully accepted, and were much pleased with the clean and tidy appearance of every thing about the place. This was the last of the married couples on the station. The men we had no difficulty with. Only one old fellow, "the [illegible]," he went by the name of, though stationed at a hut by himself, he scarcely ever stayed there, but travelled about the run, swag on back, billy-can in hand. Whenever his sheep wanted to camp there he would camp too. He went to his hut whenever he wanted to get some victuals which he had planted. On falling in with him I bade him good morning.

"Good morning to you, sir," he replied, (he was very quaint), "and to you too, honourable sir," he said, addressing my companion, eyeing him withal suspiciously.

"John," said I, "this gentleman is taking the census, or the number of the population."

"And what does he want that for, sir?" said John.

I replied it was by order of the Government. At the word Government John's brows knitted, and with a frown and growl he answered—

"Any information the Government wants about me they can get out of the books in Hyde Park Barracks. They know all about me years ago!"

"That may be all right enough, John," I answered, "but this has nothing to do with when you were doing your sevenpenno'rth: you've been a free man this many a long year."

"I know that, sir," replied John, "but I don't want to give the government any more information about myself, they want to know too much."

And he would not, so I had to supply all the information I was possessed of. We bade adieu to John, who brightened up as we were leaving, and gave me a message to the storekeeper at the station to send him out some tobacco and matches. I said to Mr. Statist, "I suppose you frequently have to put up with men of this stamp?"

"Oh, yes," he said, "but never have I met with one so obstinate."

"Well," I replied "he is a character and gives me a deal of trouble hunting for him when I want him, but his very soul is mixed up with his sheep, and I'd sooner put up with a good deal than part with a shepherd like him."

Having finished business on the station, my friend journeyed on to the next to make a further study of human nature, and I set about my every day occupations.

How to Preserve Posts.—"I discovered many years ago," says a writer in an American paper, "that wood could be made to last longer than iron, in the ground, if prepared according to the following recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir it in pulverized coal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man will live to see it rot."

Terrible Scene in a Menagerie.—A shocking scene was witnessed in Edmond's menagerie recently at Wrexham. While one of the attendants was employed cleaning out the lion's cage he placed his right arm inside the bars, when one of the lions snapped at it and tore it off at the elbow. A fearful panic ensued, and a general rush was made to the doors, the uproar being intensified by the howling of the animals. Women and children fainted and screamed, men scrambled over each other in their efforts to leave the place, and hats, umbrellas and sticks were flying in all directions. Some persons scrambled to the top of the empty vans, and others made for the nearest houses, which were literally besieged with panic stricken people. Before the first panic had cooled down a report spread that one of the lions had broken loose, and color was lent to this report by the fearful uproar made by the beasts, and the headlong manner in which people again began to leave the neighbourhood of the menagerie. Fortunately, however, such an addition to the

BEAUFORT JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

STEWARDS.—Messrs. J. Robertson, H. P. Henningsen, F. Male, T. Welsh, W. Loft, A. Frazer, D. Troy, J. Tompkins, J. S. Brooks, T. Vander-steel. Judge—Dr. Nolan. Starter—Mr. C. Loft. Clerk of Course—Mr. C. Etherton. Clerk of Scales—Mr. D. Troy. Handicappers—Messrs. Henningsen, T. Welsh, and the Secretary.

The new race-course at Waterloo Flat was the scene of a very interesting and enjoyable gathering on New Year's Day, when, after a rest of two years, the Beaufort Jockey Club ventured out with an attractive programme of eight events. Everything seemed favorable for the day's outing; and, although there were heavy counter attractions, in the shape of races at Lal Lal, and athletic sports of no mean order at Ararat, yet there assembled, in holiday attire, some 1500 or 1600 persons on the Beaufort racecourse. The site chosen for such a sporting ground is an excellent one, and the club have much to be congratulated upon. The ground is capable of a great deal of improvement; but that which has already been is only the most necessary, the club preferring to dispense with, for the time being, some seating accommodation until they are able to put up a grand stand. This drawback was, however, not much noticed. The straight running on the course has been substantially fenced in; and the course on the the whole will, in the event of the Club receiving that measure of support which their efforts deserve, in a few years, outrival any similar place outside the metropolis. A large number of horses were on the ground, and the entries for the various events showed clearly that New Year's Day is a great deal to be preferred before any other day in the year; and we understand that it is the intention of the club to keep to this day. Not only were the entries numerous, but the racing was good. Mr. T. Van der Stoel did a very good business in the publican's booth and refreshment room, and Mr. Mason obtained a fair share of public patronage at the fruit stall. The owners and jockeys were very well satisfied with the treatment they received, and excitement contested was won in a fair and legitimate manner. The absence of spielers, card harpers, and rogues who usually seek the racecourse to make their piles was remarked upon with satisfaction, and the hope was expressed that as the Club had had such a successful meeting without them they should never allow their flittle meetings to be disgraced by the fraternity.

The secretary, Mr. F. W. Male, was undoubtedly the right man in the right place, and he performed his duties with the greatest credit to himself and to the benefit of the club. Dr. Nolan gave general satisfaction as judge, whilst no words except the highest of praise must be bestowed upon the stewards.

The following are the events with the results:—

MAIDEN PLATE.—Of 3 sovs. One mile and a quarter. For all horses that have never won an advertised race.

T. Brown's b m Ladybird, aged, 9st 11lb (J. Westbrook) 1
W. Foster's b h Allendale, 4yrs, 9st (S. Ford) ... 2
J. Bramfield's br g Surprise, 4yrs, 9st 7lb ... 3
J. Mattinson's b h Wild Dog, aged, 9st 4lb ... 0
W. Miller's b g Little Bob, 4yrs, 8st 9lb ... 0
C. Brodshaw's g m Nellie Grey, aged, 9st 11lb ... 0
C. Wolfe's b h Patchwork II, 4yrs, 9st 0
J. Mackenzie's b m Lucrikia, aged, 9st 4lb 0

Mr. Loft had some trouble to get the horses away, but at last they went all of a heap. Passing the stewards' box for the first time Allendale had a slight lead, which he maintained till about one-third round, when the positions in the rear rapidly changed, and Ladybird made ground and got on even terms with Allendale, Little Bob being close up. Just before entering the straight, Surprise came up with a rush, and a good race home resulted in a win for Ladybird by a neck, Surprise being a length off for third place.

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.—Of 5 sovs. Two miles. Over hurdles 3ft. 6in. high.

W. Foster's b m Transit, aged, 11st 7lb (G. Thompson) 1
P. Griffiths' b g Prince Byrne, aged, 9st 7lb (S. Glover) 2
H. Dunn's br g Zox 3
H. M'Dougall's b g Simpleton, aged, 12st ... 0
J. McVicker's b g What's Wanted, aged, 12st ... 0
J. Westcott's g g Ulonga, 5yrs, 10st 13lb ... 0
C. Harrison's ch g Simpleton (late Flash Jack), aged, 10st 4lb 0
T. Bramfield's br g Surprise, 4yrs, 9st 0

All horses went away well together, and for a time kept pretty close upon each other's heels. The first hurdle was taken splendidly by five together. Simpleton was the first to get clear of the crowd, closely followed by What's Wanted and Zox. At the back of the course, places were slightly changed, Simpleton maintaining the lead, but Prince Byrne displacing Zox and Ulonga, and pushing the leader hard. These positions were kept until nearing the corner, when Simpleton refused the jump and ran off. This allowed Transit to come into third pace, and the jumping of the first three horses was almost simultaneous. The positions now changed frequently, sometimes one and sometimes another being to the fore. Prince Byrne and Transit entered the straight on even terms, Zox being half-a-length behind. The race home was very exciting, all three being under the whip, Transit being a neck in front of Prince, and Zox a neck behind.

BEAUFORT HANDICAP.—Of 8 sovs. One mile and a half.

J. Bennington's ch m Lady Odd Trick, aged, 9st (Westbrook) 1
C. Harrison's b g William Tell, aged, 8st (Glover) 2
W. Foster's b h Allendale, 4yrs, 9st 2lb ... 3
J. Mackenzie's br m Dorcas, 5yrs, 9st 2lb ... 0
T. Brown's br g Ferry Moss, aged 9st 11lb ... 0

Only five started. Lady Odd Trick obtained the lead soon after starting, and was hard pushed all the way by William Tell, who lost first place by a neck. Allendale being a length off for third place.

SELLING FLAT RACE.—Of 5 sovs. Handicap. Winner to be sold for £10. Any surplus to go to the funds of the Club.

S. Glover's b g Moonlight, aged, 9st 2lb (Glover)... 1
C. Brodshaw's g m Nellie Grey, aged, 8st (M'Kenzie) 2
W. Foster's b m Nell, 5yrs, 9st... 3
F. Stewart's What's Wanted, aged 9st 10lb ... 0

This was won easily. The winner was afterwards put up by Mr. W. E. Nickols, but not a single offer was made, and the horse was passed in.

FLYING HANDICAP.—Of 5 sovs. One mile.

T. Brown's b m Ladybird, aged, 10st 2lb McCallum 1
D. Robertson's br g Cromwell, 6yrs, 9st 12lb ... 2
W. Foster's br m Francis, aged, 9st 3
C. Harrison's ns. ch m Little Nell, 7yrs, 8st 5lb... 0
J. Gillespie's ch m Dolly, 6yrs, 8st 10lb... ... 0

The race was a fast race from start to finish, the winner getting home by only half-a-length the head of Cromwell.

HURRY SKURRY.—Of 2 sovs, with entrance money added. Once round the course. Handicap.

T. Jones' br m Cashmere, aged, 10st 11lb (M'Callum) 1
T. Jones' blk m Black Gin, aged, 9st 12lb (Robertson) 2
W. Foster's b m Nell, 5yrs, 8st 6lb 2
P. Griffiths's b g Prince Byrne, aged, 9st ... 3
J. Mattinson's b g Wild Dog, aged, 8st 9lb ... 0
W. Miller's b g Little Bob, 4yrs, 9st 2lb 0
A. Tyson's g g Queenslander, aged, 8st 8lb ... 0
H. Dunn's br g Zox, aged, 9st 6lb 0

This was a good race, and well ridden from start to finish.

CONSOLATION STAKES.—Of 3 sovs. Handicap. One mile and a half.

J. Robertson's br g Cromwell, 6yrs, 9st 11lb (Robertson) 1
T. Brown's br g Ferry Moss, aged, 10st 11lb (M'Callum) 2
M'Kenzie's b m Dorcas, 5yrs, 8st 5lb 3
A. Kerr's Ulonga, 5yrs, 10st 7lb 0
C. Wolfe's b h Patchwork II, 4yrs, 7st 10lb ... 0

Cromwell won this race hands down.

TROTTING RACE. Two miles.

This race brought twelve starters to the post, and was won by Geo. Pearson's Larun, F. Stewart's Scud being second. Most of the horses broke into a canter before half the race was run, but this was chiefly owing to a number of horsemen not in the race cantering beside the competing animals.

This was the concluding event, and the crowd quickly dispersed.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[By "Tomahawk."]

I've had my hair cut! Got it done on New Year's eve. Patience and perseverance accomplish many things, and I really believe that the tonsorial artist that operated on me takes this sublime motto to himself. I was told before I started that he was too slow for a funeral, but never expected anything like what I got. 'Pon my word, I believe the gentleman had a 2 ft.-rule, and was measuring and cutting a single hair at a time. It was one of the most painfully anxious moments of my life. I wanted to catch the 12.15 a.m. train. The agony was intense. After half-an-hour, I heard a polite request for me to turn round. I turned, and when another long interval had elapsed, I plucked up courage to ask him if he thought he could possibly manage to get done in time to catch the first coach to the races on the morrow, and I guess that about settled this pre Adamite hairdresser, for he shut up his tool-box with a bang, and had the audacity to charge me sixpence.

I didn't go to the races on New Year's day, but I believe those who did enjoyed themselves immensely. The coming home work was the most amusing. I am told that five old residents of huge proportions got seats in a trap belonging to somebody, and in the front of the vehicle was an animal as far removed in elegance from the veritable "M'Carthy's mare" as it was possible for one horse to be from another. I would advise the owner of that nag to feed him up for the show; he exhibits more "points" than any animal I have seen- in fact, he was "all points;" and he might well be named after one of the French Emperors—as one of the occupants of the trap suggested to me—there being nothing else but a "bonypart" about him. After a quarter of a mile had been covered, the horse jibbed; they met a boy and asked him to help the horse, which he did. Shortly afterwards "an official" jumped out, and obtained a seat in a passing vehicle. This made a wonderful difference to Bonypart, and he accomplished the three and a half miles to Beaufort in an hour and 35 minutes.

I got a ticket, squeezed through the crowd, behind a little girl, to the P. M. Church opening spree, and have been considerably mixed in my feelings ever since. Didn't know what to go at first;—the sandwiches were ham: at least they should have been, only the pig must have been a very small one, and didn't quite go round. Never mind; what was missing in ham was made up in mustard and quite enlivened the consumers. The tea was good but the spoons were short, so I couldn't "make" any. The waitresses were pretty and numerous, and I did justice to them. I am not quite satisfied that I had eighteenpence worth; but I suppose it does not much matter. The public meeting was immense. Every speaker told us we had a very nice church and had got it very cheap; but still it had to be paid for, and it was quite a relief when one very "particular" gentleman broke the monotony by finding fault with some of the beauties, the lamps especially, and it was a fact, they were certainly too bright and beautiful to look at; these lamps have nearly driven me into the insolvent court, because not being able to see well after looking at them I gave a half-sovereign instead of a sixpence, and it wouldn't be any use trying to get the change back. The choir was good, well balanced, every part pure, and sang well. I am very fond of music, and flatter myself I'm a bit of a judge. During the offertory the music was dispensed with and—well—I didn't enjoy myself a bit. The poor old poley cow was milked again and at every squeeze the dollars came. It's about time she was turned out; she has been in milk constantly now for the last twelve months, and is sadly in need of recuperative rest.

Those naughty boys came round on New Years eve, and woke up Mrs. Tomahawk and child from their beauty sleep by pulling the garden gate down, and letting all the neighbors goats in. A joke's a joke, but when a fellow gets all his priceless pot plants destroyed it makes him think things; and I am glad that the "masher" policeman was about, and made things lively for some of them.

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 Phosphorous not perfectly soluble in water.

THE SCIENCE OF DRINKING.

According to a recent report by the Hon. George C. Tanner, United States Consul at Chemnitz, Germany, the citizens of the country have as yet no adequate idea of the real science of drinking. He gives the total beer production of the German Empire for the year 1885 at 1,100,000,000, or one billion one hundred millions of gallons, and of wines and other alcoholic liquors, nine hundred millions of gallons, making a total of two thousand millions of gallons. This, the consul states, was the actual consumption in the empire, as the importations are equal to the exportations. The aggregate production for Germany he gives at 40 gallons a year per capita, estimating the population at fifty millions. He gives the consumption in this country at 10 gallons per capita. Consul Tanner further says:—"I have given this subject careful attention, and have stated the entire beer production of Germany, including Alsace-Lorraine, and am sure of the accuracy of my own figures. One can, then, form some idea of the enormous quantity of beer produced, when it would form a lake more than one mile square and 6½ft. deep, or it would make a running stream as large as some of our rivers. This is only taking into account one item in the economy of drinking in Germany. Wines and all kinds of spirituous liquors are freely used, wines to a much greater extent than stronger liquors. It may be safely stated that the consumption of all intoxicants in this empire would reach nearly two billions of gallons per annum. This being the case some faint conception of the enormous drinking capacity of the Germans can be formed. The hops, barley, rye, potatoes, and other ingredients that enter into the manufacture of this enormous quantity of liquors would be more than two billions of pounds, and would form a good sized mountain if placed into one heap. Beer is the national beverage, and is used as such, if not to a greater extent than water, then assuredly equally so. Wines are used by the wealthier classes at meals, and very extensively used; but beer is never absent from a German table of the rich or poor, and is a decided favorite with all true Germans. Since my arrival to Germany, I have to see the first glass of water drunk. Beer must be furnished to servants for their repasts. I have seen children hardly weaned given beer without any apparent bad effect. . . Science may be carried into everything. The science of drinking has been known and practised in Europe for ages, and this is a science, simple as it may appear, when compared with the blind, irritional, and suicidal manner of drinking in the United States. The science consists simply in the tardiness of drinking. All drinks are taken sip by sip, a half or three-quarters of an hour being consumed for a glass of beer. This is so simple that one is liable to ridicule for laying stress upon it, and yet on this one point hinges, in my opinion, a question of vast importance to Americans. By this manner of drinking the blood is aroused to greater activity in so gradual a manner that there is no violent derangement of the animal economy. By slow drinking the German accomplishes the object of drinking, and gives his animal economy a chance to say, 'Hold, enough!' which only slow drinking will do. . . . Woman unquestionably carries a purifying influence with her wherever she goes, and her presence in the drinking places of Europe drives from them that class of low vagabonds that hang around. Hence, one never sees a drunken man in a cafe, and rarely, even in the street. Perhaps no better possible illustration of the purifying influence could be found. Cafes are open to all classes, but the lower classes seldom visit them; they would be abashed by doing so as much as they would by entering a parlour where they would meet refinement and elegant manners. There are some exceptions to this rule in the larger cities, but this is confined to cafes that are well known, and ladies avoid them; there are no drinking places in Germany but what a lady may enter with all propriety. Drunkenness is rare, and, if so, it rarely manifests itself in a boisterous or belligerent manner, but more frequently takes the shape of song, fun, and a general pleasurable feeling of warmth, energy, and self-command, and hence those hurried crimes that sometimes shock us in the United States are rarely heard of here. Then why should there exist such a difference in the evils of drinking in Europe and in the United States? It is manifestly the result of the manner of drinking in vogue in the two hemispheres." Some curious inferences might be drawn from Dr. Tanner's report. Figuratively regarded, the time wasted by the Germans in swilling beer at half or three-quarters of an hour per glass must be enormous; but then it is alleged to save them from intoxication. Can it be true the trouble of the Americans is they do not drink enough, and if they would only follow the German Science in the matter, namely, quadruple their drinks and sit longer over their cups, they would, like the Teutons, become a quiet, sober, and happy people.—*Scientific American.*

A SCHOONER'S GHASTLY FREIGHT.

Michael Long, an oyster-dredger, has created quite a sensation among the oystermen and boatmen of Baltimore by going to the United States Marshall's office, and declaring that a crew of four men on a schooner lying in the Honga River had been murdered. At first his story was doubted, but his reputation was found to be good. He told the following story:—He was one of the crew of the oyster schooner Silver Spray, and while in the Honga River, recently, the oyster schooner referred to was seen lying at anchor with sails set. The captain ordered him to row over to it and find out what was the matter, for the vessel had a suspicious appearance. Long did as he was told, rowed to the schooner, and climbed to the deck. There, stretched out on the deck, were the bodies of four men bathed in their blood. The head of one of them was split open, and his body hung half over the hatchway as though he had been killed while in the act of coming on deck. The other men had been shot—one through the head, and the other two through the breast. These three were lying close together on the forward part of the boat. The men appeared to be Germans. The deck was covered with blood, and a bloody trail led down into the cabin, as though one or more of the men had been shot while asleep, and then dragged themselves on deck to die.

SHIRE OF RIPON

TENDERS, addressed to the President, and enclosing 5 per cent. deposit, will be received up till 11 a.m. on THURSDAY 13th January, 1887, for the following works:—

EAST RIDING.

Contract No. 325.—Forming, draining, and building culverts on the Trawalla and Carngham road.

Contract No. 326.—Re-forming and metalling on the Skipton and Stockyard Hill road through the Skipton Common.

WEST RIDING.

Contract No. 211.—Re-forming and metalling on the Lake Goldsmith and Bald Hill road.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Shire Office, Beaufort.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. H. JACKSON,
Shire Engineer.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 30th December, 1886.

WALTER CORNELL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST,

AND DISPENSING CHEMIST,

(next Horsley Bros. and 2 doors from Lester's hotel,)

HAS the honor to intimate to the public of Ballarat and the surrounding district that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS at the above address, with

AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF

Pure Drugs and Chemicals.

Also, a large and carefully selected assortment of Brushware, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, together with a choice selection of Cut Glass Bottles, Perfume Caskets, Ivory Brushes, Tortoise-shell Combs, etc., suitable for presents.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY DISPENSED,

And promptly forwarded per rail, or otherwise as directed.

The Trade Supplied at Melbourne Prices.

DR. NOLAN

WISHES to inform the residents of Beaufort and district that he now permanently resides in Willoughby street, Beaufort, at the rear of the Shire Hall, where he may be consulted at all hours.

FOR SALE,

HAY, Corn, and Produce Business, Machinery and Premises. Principals only. Apply to HARRIS and TROY.

Notice.

MR. JAMES SCOTT, Attorney, Solicitor, Proctor, and Conveyancer, 2 Lennox street, Richmond.

N.B.—30 years experience in the colony in conveyancing. Well aquainted with practice under Transfer of Land Statute. Fees moderate.

WANTED, a General SERVANT. Apply to MRS. WILKINSON, Bank of Victoria, Beaufort.

A Chance for the Working Classes of Victoria, and all who wish to Save or Make Money.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

LAVERTON,

THE NEW

AND

Model Suburb of Melbourne.

ALLOTMENTS

£10 & £15 each.

5s. per Lot Deposit.

Balance, 5s. per Lot per Month,

With Interest at 6 per Cent.

Free Deeds to Buyers of 5 lots, and an eleventh lot given into buyers of 10 lots as well as Free Deeds.

Cost of deeds to buyers of any number of lots less than 5, only £2 10s in full.

Title, Crown Certificate, the best in the world and the only title beyond all dispute.

As Land at Laverton is rising in value every day, the Vendors see that, consequently the payments are sure to be kept up, and that they will run no risk in giving the very easiest terms which can possibly be desired. They have therefore decided to offer terms which have never before been equalled in the world, viz.:—

5s. per Lot Deposit,

Balance, 5s. per Lot per Month.

As the Price of all Unsold Lots is shortly to be raised to £15 and £20 each, selection should be made at once.

REMEMBER

LAVERTON

IS

Only thirty minutes' by Train from Melbourne,

AND IN THE

Centre of the manufacturing district.

We guarantee that Allotments at Laverton are safer than any Bank, and will pay better Interest.

Send for Plan and full information to

STAPLES, WISE & CO.

111 ELIZABETH STREET.

2m.J.30.87.

Spring Goods.

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.

Are now showing their LARGE SHIPMENT of SPRING GOODS, consisting of—

BLACK and COLORED CASHMERES

LACES, RIBBONS, DRESS MATERIALS, Newest Shades
DOLMANS, STAYS, COLLARS and CUFFS
CANVAS CLOTH, PRINTS, ZEPHYRS
SHIRTINGS, CALICOES, SHEETINGS
FLANNELS, Etc., Etc.

Do not fail to inspect our SPLENDID STOCK of MILLINERY, which is the Cheapest and Most Fashionable ever seen in the district.

A First-class Stock of MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, TIES, COLLARS, HATS, SHIRTS, Etc. to select from.

All the Rage—Our SUITS MADE TO ORDER from the Best English and Colonial Tweeds.

BOOTS and SHOES, from the Very Best Makers, at Lowest Prices.

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.,

IMPORTERS, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

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.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

G. H. COUGLE

Is now showing a Large and Magnificent Stock of New and Seasonable Goods.

NEW DRESS MATERIALS, NEW DRESS MATERIALS. Also a Special Line of Colored Cashmeres in all the Newest Shades.

Prints. Prints. Prints. Sateens. Sateens. Sateens. Muslins. Muslins. Muslins. Laces, Ribbons (new shades), Gloves, Corsets, Hosiery, Ruffllings, Umbrellas, etc. White and Colored Embroidery, Sailor Straw Hats, Cretonnes, etc. Men's, Youths', and Boys' Suits, Trousers and Vests, Coats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Studs, Knicker Suits, etc. in endless variety. Boots and Shoes, from all the best makers, at prices to suit everybody. Suits to Order Suits to Order. Hundreds of Patterns to choose from. A Good Fit and a Stylish Suit for Little Money.

GEORGE H. COUGLE,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

FOR SALE, CHEAP,

A two-horse Delivery WAGGON, with pole, &c.

ALEX. M'DONALD

Continues to sell off every article in Stock at PRICES that CANNOT BE BEATEN!

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

BEST CUT AROMATIC TOBACCO at H. P. Henningsen's, Havelock street, Beaufort.

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
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American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 cut pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
¼in., ⅜in., 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

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.

DENMAN MASON has pleasure in announcing that he has taken the premises in Havelock Street, Beaufort, lately occupied by Mr. William Noles, where he keeps a First-class Supply of Cigars, Tobacco, Toys, Confectionery, Fruit, Fancy Goods, &c.

Berlin Wool, Crewel Silk, and Beads kept in stock.

HOT PIES, with tea or coffee, always ready for country visitors.

A fair share of public patronage is requested by Mr. Mason, which he hopes to merit by supplying a good article at a reasonable price.

FUNERAL ECONOMY.

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Lawrence Street, next Post Office, and Neill Street, opposite State School.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country at stated charges.

S. J. TAYLOR

(LATE A. ANDREWS),

Pharmaceutical and Dispensing Chemist,

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BEGS respectfully to intimate that he has received a large consignment of Drugs and Chemicals, Turkey and Honey-comb Sponges, Tooth, Nail, and Hair Brushes in great variety; Soap by best makers, Puff Boxes, and Violet Powder; a varied and choice selection of Perfumery, suitable for presents. Pale Newfoundland Cod Liver Oil, warranted genuine. Italian Castor Oil, pure and tasteless. All the above with many other valuable medicinal preparations and proprietary articles, guaranteed by the proprietor to be prepared from drugs of the finest quality and chemicals of tested purity, and may be most safely relied upon as possessing in the highest degree attainable the respective qualities ascribed to them.

Special personal attention given to the dispensing of Physicians' and other prescriptions and family receipts. Teeth carefully extracted. Homœpathic and patent Medicines and Proprietary articles of all kinds. Every known medicine for Cattle and Horses, including Condition and Worm Powders for Horses. Horse Balls every description; Cleansing, Drying, and other drenches for Cows, etc. Any article not in stock procured on the shortest notice, and with utmost despatch. Country orders receive immediate and careful attention.

MISS WESTON'S LOVER.

(HOUSEHOLD WORDS.)

A few years ago I had occasion to go out to the United States on business. Believing that a sea-voyage of some weeks' duration would benefit my health, which for some time had been but indifferent, I took passage in a sailing vessel instead of a steamer.

The *Hudson* had accommodation for 20 saloon passengers only, and on this occasion every berth in the cabin was taken. My room-mate was a tall, but handsome man of about thirty years of age. His manners were plausible, and his address easy and gentlemanlike, but there was something in the expression of his features, and more especially in his eyes, which did not impress me favorably.

Whilst Mr. Morris—which I learnt was the name of my new acquaintance—was engaged in unpacking his trunk, and placing some of the contents on the shelves of the state room, he handed me a business card of the firm of which he said he was a member. I just glanced at the card shown me, and I noticed that it was that of a mercantile house of high standing in the City. This seemed to afford satisfactory evidence that Mr. Morris was perfectly respectable, and that, consequently, the prejudice I had conceived against him had no foundation.

Among the passengers was a maiden lady, apparently of some thirty-five years of age, who was going to New York to visit a married sister residing in that city. Miss Weston, as she was careful to let it be known, had been placed by her friends in charge of the captain of the ship. But it was my decided impression that, even had not this been the case, the lady's age and lack of personal advantages would have been an effectual safeguard against any gentleman on board pressing attentions upon her which were so distasteful to her.

In the course of conversation, Miss Weston incidentally mentioned that she had an independent income of six hundred a year. This news evidently possessed an interest for my room-mate, for from that time, he began to pay Miss Weston marked attention. These, it was obvious, were well received; indeed, Morris' suit found such favor in the eyes of the lady that it was confidently predicted by several of the passengers that it would result in a match.

One day, after we had been at sea about three weeks, a gentleman of the name of Malcolm, with whom I had become very intimate during the voyage, entered the round-house where I was smoking. He had an amused expression on his countenance as he said:

'Have you heard the news?'

'No. What is it?' I enquired.

'Well,' was the reply, 'Morris has asked the captain to marry him to Miss Weston.'

'Nonsense!' I exclaimed, laughing. 'This is too absurd.'

'It is a fact, nevertheless,' rejoined Mr. Malcolm, 'This ship is under the American flag, as you are aware, and by the laws of the United States, the commander of every sea-going vessel exercises on board of it the authority of a civil magistrate. It is therefore, quite within the scope of Captain Morgan's powers to perform the marriage ceremony. Whether or not he will do so in this case is, of course, another question.'

'Did he then decline to comply with Morris' wishes?' I asked.

'Very decidedly, in the first instance,' was the reply. 'Then, I learn, Miss Weston herself spoke to the captain on the subject, who is in a dilemma. On the one hand, he does not like to be discourteous by refusing to accede to the lady's request; on the other, he is most reluctant to be instrumental in enabling her to take precipitately so important a step. Miss Weston, however, was not at all convinced by his arguments, but persisted in her resolution. The result is that the captain has promised to give the matter his careful consideration, and let his decision be given to-morrow.'

'But why this haste—I may say this indecent haste, about the affair?' I enquired. 'In another week or ten days at latest we shall reach New York. Why then does Miss Weston not wait until she gets there, and let the marriage take place from her sister's house, as would be the proper course to pursue?'

'This is the question which naturally suggests itself under the circumstances,' said Mr. Malcolm. 'But I think I can throw some light upon the motives which have led Miss Weston to press for an immediate marriage. My wife informs me that when, one day, she and Miss Weston were alone together in the ladies' cabin, the latter let fall some remarks, which led to the inference that on one occasion, she had been engaged to a gentleman, and the match was broken off by her family. She is, I surmise, resolved that, this time, her prospects of securing a husband shall not be jeopardised by any delay on her part in accepting the suggestion of her suitor that they shall be married immediately. As to Morris, It is pretty palpable his object in pressing the matter is an interested one, and that he fears that if their union be postponed until Miss Weston finds herself with her friends, they may insist upon her money being settled upon her. Should she become his wife now, all her property falls into his hands, for there is no one here who stands in that relation to the lady which authorises him to intervene with the object of protecting her interests.'

'Well,' I said, 'I am rather surprised that, with a man of Morris' standing in society, the incentive to the match should be a mercenary one, as you suggest, for he is a member of a wealthy firm.'

'What is the name of it?' demanded Mr. Malcolm.

'Barclay, Thornton, and Co., of Moorgate street,' was my reply.

'What?' was the rejoinder, with an air of astonishment. 'You are quite mistaken.'

'Not at all!' I said. 'I had the facts from Morris' own lips; and, at the same time, he showed me a card of the firm in question.'

'Can it not possibly be the case that you misunderstood him?' was the comment upon my words. 'May not his language have had the meaning that he had business transactions with Barclay, Thornton, and Co?'

'Certainly not! There is no misapprehension whatever in the matter on my part,' I declared. 'Morris distinctly stated that he was a partner in the house.'

'This being the case,' said Mr. Malcolm, 'I think I can pretty confidently predict that Captain Morgan will not be called upon to perform the marriage ceremony to-morrow, or on any other occasion during the voyage; so he can make his mind easy on this score.'

'What do you mean?' I asked. 'Your language is a perfect enigma to me. How does the fact of Morris being a member of the firm referred to—which, within my knowledge, is a highly respectable one—bear upon the proposed marriage?'

'That I do not deem it advisable to explain just now,' said Mr. Malcolm; 'but you will not have to wait long for the clearing up of the mystery. I want your assistance, however. This evening, at dinner, I wish you to lead the conversation to the subject of mercantile affairs in such a manner as to enable me, without apparent design, to elicit from Morris a declaration of the position he holds in the City. Then you will learn something which will rather surprise you. Not a word more will I say on the matter at present,' added the speaker, good-humoredly, as he perceived that I was about to interpose with some remark. 'Restrain your curiosity for a few hours, and it shall be then fully satisfied, I promise you.'

Perceiving that Mr. Malcom had some particular reason for adopting the course he intended purposing, I forbore to press him further on the subject.

At dinner Morris sat beside me, and Mr. Malcolm occupied a seat immediately opposite. During the meal little was said by anyone; but when the desert was put on the table, conversation became general. I watched for an opportunity of broaching the topic suggested by my friend, and, in order to lead up to it gradually, I began by addressing an apparently irrelevant remark to the commander of the ship.

'Captain,' I said, 'when do you think we shall reach our destination?'

'Why, probably next Friday or Saturday week, if the wind continue to be as favorable as it is at present,' was the response.

'I hope so,' I said. 'It is always a curious experience with us landsmen being, for weeks together, completely cut off from all knowledge of what is going on in the world.'

'Quite true!' interrupted Mr. Malcolm at this juncture. 'The course of events, as regards both political and commercial affairs, is, to us, a perfect blank whilst we are at sea.'

'By-the-bye,' I observed to Morris, 'I noticed, just before I left London, that cotton was rising in the market. It is, I believe, an article in which your house is largely interested?'

'Yes,' was the reply. 'We have rather heavy consignments of it during some seasons of the year.'

'May I enquire,' said Mr. Malcom, addressing the last speaker with marked courtesy of manner, 'what is the name of your firm?'

'Barclay, Thornton, and Co., of Moorgate street; it is well-known in the City,' was the answer.

'Am I to understand you to say that you are one of the partners?' asked Mr. Malcolm very quietly, but with an intonation which led the individual addressed to scent danger in the query, although he was ignorant in what direction it lay.

He turned slightly pale as he replied, with an awkward attempt at facetiousness:

'I am the 'Co.', as Mark Tapley says in 'Martin Chuzzlewit.''

'And this you positively assert to be the case,' was the next interrogatory.

'Undoubtedly! Why should I not do so?' was the angry retort. 'What have you to say against it?'

'Simply this,' was the stern rejoinder. 'I declare most emphatically that you are not, and never have been, in any way connected with the firm. Unfortunately for the success of your attempted imposture, I happen to be one of the partners, a possible contingency you, evidently, did not contemplate.'

'It is false!' exclaimed Morris with an air of bravado. 'This assertion of yours rests only upon your own word, which is no better than mine.'

'There you are in error, as I will quickly prove,' was the reply.

As Mr. Malcolm spoke he went into his state room, whence he returned in a few moments with a little packet of papers in his hands.

'Captain and gentlemen,' he said, 'if you will kindly look over the documents, which consist of letters of introduction to various eminent firms in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities, you will find in them ample proof of the truth that I am a partner in the house in question.'

It was enough. Morris saw clearly that the game was up. He abruptly rose from his seat, and went into the state-room, from which, under the pretext of indisposition, he did not again emerge during the remainder of the voyage.

It was an unpleasant incident for me to have for my mate-room a man who had been denounced a thorough imposture. But I made no illusion to the conversation of which I had been an auditor; neither did Morris, on any occasion, make any reference to the subject.

As to poor Miss Weston, her disappointment and mortification when she learnt the true character of her admirer was extreme, and she was really much to be pitied.

When the ship reached port, we found that yet another surprise was in store for us. As the Hudson was entering the harbor, she was boarded by some of the New York police, accompanied by two English detectives, who, having crossed the Atlantic by steamer, had arrived before us.

These men were armed with a warrant for the arrest of Morris on a charge of embezzlement. It appeared that he had been a cashier in a mercantile house, and he had appropriated a large sum of his employers' money.

The case seemed clear enough; but owing to some legal technicality, it was decided by the Federal Court, which dealt with the matter, that the offence did not come within the scope of the Extradition Treaty, and Morris was discharged.

Doubtless, the fact of his having, in the course of business, obtained the card of Barclay, Thornton, and Co., had suggested to him the idea of passing himself off as a member of the firm. In this he would have been successful but for the accident of Mr. Malcolm being his fellow passenger; and had that gentleman not unmasked the imposter, Miss Weston would in all probability have found herself the wife of an unprincipled adventurer. What became of the fellow subsequently I never heard.

The most likely place for a fisherman to get a bite would be at the mouth of the river.

Wanted,

TURKEYS, YOUNG FOWLS, and PIGEONS. Highest price given at Morgan's Fish and Poultry Shop, Armstrong street, Ballarat.

ON SALE BY

H. P. HENNINGSEN.

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A SPLENDID SUPPLY of GIFT BOOKS suitable for the season.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

Full supply of all school requisites—the latest edition of the School Atlas.
Also,
The Latest Publications in Song Books, "Australian Melodist, No. 16," &c.
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EXPORTERS OF AMERICAN GOODS.
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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.

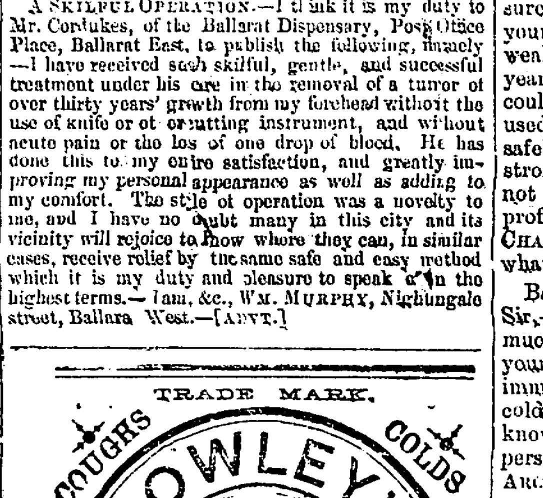
Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company.

R. C. CORDUKES,
Consulting Chemist, 132 Post Office Place,
BALLARAT EAST.

To Mr. Cordukes, Chemist, P.O. Place, Ballarat East—Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging the superior skill you have displayed in successfully treating and curing, to my entire satisfaction, in the short space of THREE WEEKS, a large chronic ulcer of the leg, which had, for a period of eighteen months, defied the skill of the medical faculty, including five months' treatment as an out-patient at the District Hospital. The above needs no eulogy from me, as the fact speaks for itself. You are at liberty to refer any one who has any doubt about your skill to me, and I shall be most happy to confirm the testimony, as my recovery seems little short of a miracle.—I am, &c, &c, RICHARD SHERLOCK, 26 Howe street, Ballarat East.

Mr. CORDUKES—Dear Sir,—Your medicines have fully answered my expectations; they have been of great service to me. I desire especially to mention your CAMMOMILE CATHARTIC PILLS, which I have taken with much advantage for some time. I had no idea so useful a medicine could be compounded. Before I took them I could not sleep all night long, had pains in my head and bones, and felt low and out of sorts. Ever since the first week of taking your pills I have been better, and now I sleep like a child, and awake refreshed and ready for breakfast. All my aches and pains are gone, and although I am turned 67 years of age, I feel, thanks to your Pills, as well and as strong as I have been for the last 20 years. You are at liberty to use this as you please, and I hope it may increase your popularity, and likewise benefit many sufferers as well.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, JOHN DONALDSON, Barkly street south, Ballarat.

A SKILFUL OPERATION.—I think it is my duty to Mr. Cordukes, of the Ballarat Dispensary, Post Office Place, Ballarat East, to publish the following, namely—I have received such skilful, gentle, and successful treatment under his care in the removal of a tumor of over thirty years' growth from my forehead without the use of knife or other cutting instrument, and without acute pain or the loss of one drop of blood. He has done this to my entire satisfaction, and greatly improving my personal appearance as well as adding to my comfort. The style of operation was a novelty to me, and I have no doubt many in this city and its vicinity will rejoice to know where they can, in similar cases, receive relief by the same safe and easy method which it is my duty and pleasure to speak of in the highest terms.—I am, &c., WM. MURPHY, Nightingale street, Ballarat West.—[ADVT.]



FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

A NEVER-FAILING REMEDY FOR Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Cold in the HEAD and CHEST, Asthmatical and Bronchital Cough, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, Soreness, Oppression, Accumulation of Phlegm, Diptheria, Inflamed, Ulcerated, or Sore Throat. It is the best remedy for all disorders of the PULMONARY ORGANS. In difficulty of Breathing, in Asthma, and Winter Cough, ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION has never been known to fail. Sold in bottles 2s 6d and 4s 6d each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors. Wholesale Agents:—FELTON, GRIMWADE & CO., ROCKE, TOMPSITT & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Melbourne, and may be obtained from A. ANDREWS, Chemist, Beaufort.

"KEATING' POWDER" destroys BUGS FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals, In exterminating Beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See the article you purchase is "KEATING'S" as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in tins, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. each, by all chemists.

The best medicine known is SANDER and SONS' EUCALYPTI EXTRACT. Test its eminently powerful effects in coughs, colds, influenza, etc.,—the relief is instantaneous. His Majesty the King of Italy, and medical syndicates all over the globe, are its patrons. Read the official reports that accompany each bottle. Mosler, M.D., Prof. University, Greifswald, reports:—The Euca. Extra. proved magnificently successful in very severe contusions, bruises, sprains, wounds scaldings, broken ribs and limbs. (Med. Journal., Nov., 1881).—In diseases of the kidneys, either active congestion or suppression (uræmia), or albuminuria, dropsy, lithiasis nothing will equal in its action Eucalypt Extract. Doses, 5 to 8 drops. Mosler, M.D. Prof. University, Greifswald, reports:—Diphtheria. Tonsils continually coherent, presenting ulcers with white exudats. Cured in 14 days. Surgical Clinc. of Prof M'Intyre, College of Physicians and Surgeons, St. Louis—Scirrhus of Breast—Excision, Eucalypti Extract employed. No swelling, heat or discoloration. Cured in 14 days. [ADVT.]

Plain and Ornamental Printing
Of Every description executed at the
"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE,
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Prepared on the shortest notice.

Advances on Wool, Grain, etc.,
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NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY (Limited)
Capital, £3,500,000,
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ON
STATION SECURITIES,
ENSUING CLIPS OF WOOL, GRAIN, ETC.,
FOR SALE IN MELBOURNE
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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.
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Wool and Produce Manager.
Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins Street west

A Fact Worth Knowing!

For Family and Domestic Use. There is a cure for every Ill in the forest of Australia; and among the best extracts from it is

CHAPMAN'S AUSTRALIAN FOLIAGE BALSAM,

Extracted from the Mount Cole Eucalyptus—an all-round remedy for every ailment.
Taken internally—An excellent cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Fog Fever, Sore Throats, Spasms, Cholera, and Bowel Complaints Used externally—It cures Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Chilblains, Old Sores, Stings from Scorpions, Centipedes, and all Poisonous Insects, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Pains in Joints and Side-Cramps, &c., and gives relief in all Chronic Diseases, Sold in 1oz. vials, 1s 6d; and 2oz. vials, 2s 6d. Also, another choice and valuable preparation, called

CHAPMAN'S PURE OIL OF MENTHA.

This Oil is an excellent preventive against Contagious Diseases and Vapours. Taken internally, it cures severe Colds, Fevers, &c. Used externally it cures Headache, Toothache, Sore Eyes, &c., and is a pleasant perfume in a sick room. Sold in ½oz. vials, 1s 6d.; and 1oz. vials, 2s 6d.
Prepared only by C. CHAPMAN & Co., Manufacturers of all kinds Eucalyptus oils, &c., Middle Creek.
Wholesale Agents—Messrs. HAWKES Bros., Beaufort; and retail from any respectable storekeeper.

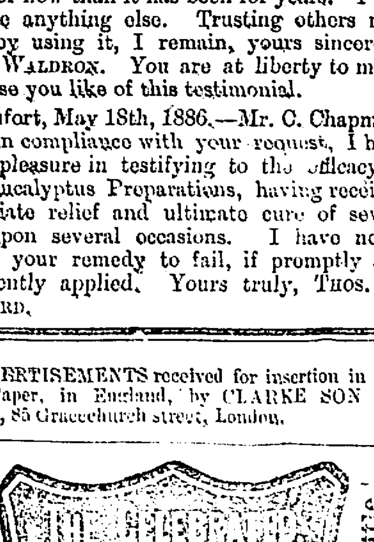
[TESTIMONIALS.]

Mount Cole, Nov. 16th, 1885.—Mr. Chas. Chapman—Dear Sir,—I have very much pleasure in testifying to the curative properties of your Balsam. I have suffered with pain and weakness in my back, caused by a fall, for eight years. Last winter it was so much worse that I could not straighten myself. I gave up work, used three bottles of your Balsam, and can safely say that it has cured me. My back is stronger now than it has been for years. I did not use anything else. Trusting others may profit by using it, I remain, yours sincerely, CHAS. WALDRON. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial.

Beaufort, May 18th, 1886.—Mr. C. Chapman. Sir,—In compliance with your request, I have much pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of your Eucalyptus Preparations, having received immediate relief and ultimate cure of severe cold upon several occasions. I have never known your remedy to fail, if promptly and persistently applied. Yours truly, THOS. G. ARCHARD.

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.

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

£3 £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 Publiic 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.

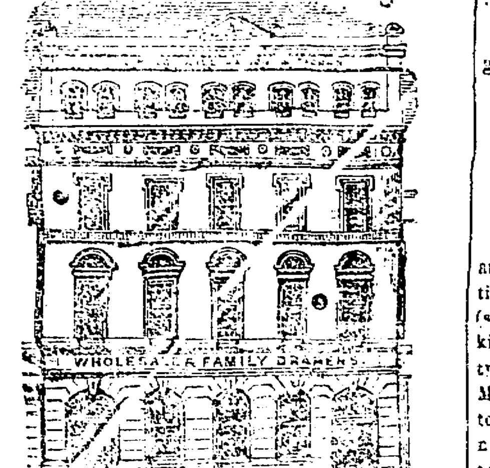
KAY'S COMPOUND, a demulcent expectorant, for Coughs and Colds.

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 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 copius circulation in the parts affected, thence speedily and effectually it ensures a cure.

Piles, Fistulas, and ...

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 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. Whenever 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 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 Proprietors 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, 1882.
"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 this kind), but to no effect. After being in this state for betwixt 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 10 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 the 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 humor 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-Doloreux
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Veneral 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 it 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. 587.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY JANUARY 15, 1887. 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 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 2 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.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

PROMPT SETTLEMENT and PAYMENT of CLAIMS. Losses paid over—£15,000,000. Annual Income—£800,000. Accumulated Funds exceed, £1,000,000.

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.

R. MANFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

Beaufort District Agency—
H. P. HENNINGSEN, Beaufort.

For PAINTING and PAPERHANGING of Every Description go to A. NEEDHAM, Neill street, Beaufort. Cheapest and Best.

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.
Head Office: Melbourne, 1 Market Buildings.

Established 1869,

The chief features are MODERATE RATES, LARGE BONUSES, and AMPLE SECURITY.
Policies opened before 31st October have a special advantage—they will participate in the Bonus to be declared for the period ending 30th September, 1886.
Forms of Proposal to be had from any of the Agents throughout the colonies.

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager.

12m.D.31.81.

AGENTS WANTED.
Large Stock of the Premier Belt Lubricant and well-seasoned Belt Laces kept in stock.
Special Lists for Belts for Irrigation Purposes. A most approved Continental and American principles, Ballarat Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the Macaulay Road, Kensington, and 59 Main street, FRANK VIAL, Universal Leather Belt Factory,

Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

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.

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.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

SPECIALITIES

AT

A. CRAWFORD'S

STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF GOODS
Suitable for
THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR TRADE
Having arrived
The public are requested
TO INSPECT THE GRAND DISPLAY
AT
MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS.

The Goods have been marked Exceptionally, LOW, with a view to a SPEEDY CLEARANCE. A saving, therefore, of at least 20 per cent. will be effected by purchasers.

THE GOODS COMPRISE NOVELTIES IN
Fancy Glassware
Vases
Toys
Bracelets
Card-Cases
Work-Boxes.
Terra Cotta Goods
Purses
Leather and Plush Bags
Hair and other Brushes
Fancy Soaps
Baskets,
And others, too numerous to mention.

IN THE GLOVE AND LACE DEPARTMENT
Several
Cheap and Startlingly Cheap Lines are now offering.
Ladies' and Children Lisle Gloves, splendid colors, and extra quality, 6d per pair.
Ladies' taffeta gloves, 1s per pair.
SPECIAL.
Just received a large shipment of the celebrated Elaine Kid Gloves, four and six buttons, in tans, new browns, colors, &c., 1s 11d to 2s 11d per pair.
A job line of Edelweiss and Oriental Laces, just to hand, 2½d to 6d per yard, worth 6d to 1s.

UMBRELLAS AND SUNSDADES.
A Splendid Stock in the newest styles, at prices that cannot be beaten.

Ladies are particularly directed to
THE IMMENSE STOCK
IN THE
MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.
Anticipating a large demand for an effective-looking hat, suitable for picnics, &c., at a low price.
A great quantity of fashionable shapes in HATS and BONNETS have been trimmed, ann marked at prices that make it impossible for any other establishment to equal,
Splendsd trimmed hats, from 2s 11d.
Galatea straws, 1s, worth double.
Corsets and Underclothing—A large stock always kept in newest shapes and styles.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.
A splendid supply of Mantles, Dolmanettes, visites, capes, &c., &c., in beaded gauzes, broches, ottoman silks, &c, &c., at special job prices.
Stockinette Skirts, 2s 6d, exceptional value.
Quilted skirts, aprons, dustcoats, &c., at
LOWEST PRICES IN THE TRADE.

The stock in the
CARPET AND FURNISHING DEPARTMENT
Is unequalled for variety and assortment. several additions having lately been received, consisting of the newest styles and choicest patterns, manufactured in best Brussels carpets, linoleums, and floorcloths.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO PARTIES FURNISHING.
The stock being too large, and occupying more room than can be conveniently spared,
THE LARGE DISCOUNT
OF
10 PER CENT.
Will be allowed on all CASH PURCHASES
OF
Best Brussels Carpets, and Best Linoleums,
With a view to reduce the stock.
A superior lot of tapestry, kidder, felt, hemp, and other carpets at low prices.
Lace and other curtains in white, cream gold, &c.
A large stock of bedside pieces of best Brussels, 4-6 length, half-price.
A great saving can, therefore, be effected by purchasing all furnishings at Mitchell's Buildings.

THE MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENT
Is well stocked with the requirements.

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.
This department is now supplied with the finest assorted stock of men's, women's, and children's boots and shoes in the district, at prices that defy competition.
A splendid variety of infants' boots and shoes, imported direct, have been received—the best assortment in the trade.
Ladies' Kid elastic-side boots, from 6s 6d.
Ladies' Balmoral and button boots, 10s 6d.
Girls shoes, extra value, 4s.
Infants' boots, 1s 9d—exceptionally cheap.
Gents.' kid elastic-side boots, 13s 6d.
Gents.' Balmorals, 9s 6d.
Gents.' calf o.s., from 11s 6d.

A. CRAWFORD,

MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS.

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT.

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.

Extraordinary
Announcement.

S. NATHAN,

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

MELBOURNE,

SUPPLIES

FURNITURE,

BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING,

CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS,

PIANOS,

ELECTROPLATED WARE,

GUNS, by all the Best English Makers

&c., &c., &c.,

Without Money or Security

ON

TIME PAYMENT

GOODS FORWARDED TO ANY PART OF THE COLONY.

Most Liberal Terms in the World.

S. NATHAN,

THE FURNISHING ARCADE,

221 Elizabeth Street.

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.

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

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS.

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

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

They have many Followers, but no Equals.

THE
THURMER
PIANO,
£40 to £48, or 30s. monthly.

THE
SMITH
ORGANS,
£18 to £180, or 20s. monthly.

It is a wonder to all that such Beautiful Instruments can be obtained at these Low Prices.

:o:

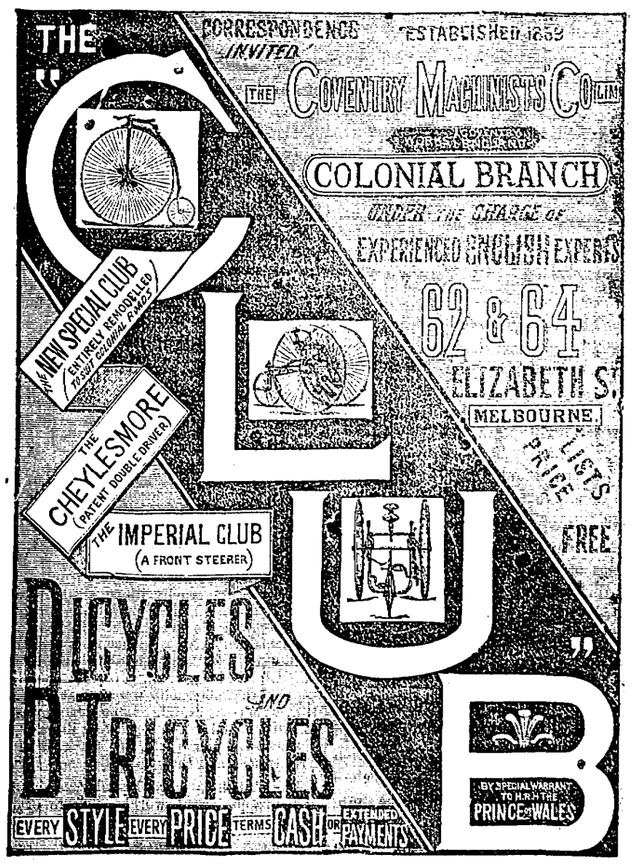
17 & 19 COLLINS ST. EAST **ALLAN & CO.** Melbourne.

LEWIS & WHITTY'S

A TREASURE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
No Waste or Loss in Weight by Keeping. Save Two-thirds in Freight.
Specially Prepared for Household and Domestic Purposes.
LEWIS & WHITTY'S TRADE BORAX MARK SOAP
Brightens the Colors, does not Bleach,
PRESERVES THE FABRIC. SOFTENS THE SKIN.

BORAX SOAP

Can be used in Hot, Cold, Hard or Brackish Water.
CLEANSES, HEALS, AND PURIFIES THE SKIN.
THE SAFEGUARDS FOR HEALTH.
BORAX EUCALYPTUS SOAP!
—AND—
BORAX CARBOLIC SOAP!
Prevents Decay, Infection, and is Cheaper than the Ordinary Household.
Combining all the qualities of the Borax Soap, together the Medicinal and Disinfecting Properties of the Eucalyptus and Carbolic.
REFRESHING AND AGREEABLE.
The Only Makers of Eucalyptus Soap In Australia.
LEWIS & WHITTY'S
SQUARE BLUE EGG POWDER BLACKING AND WASHING POWDER STAND UNRIVALLED!
To be had from all Grocers and Storekeepers.
WORKS—FITZROY AND RICHMOND, MELBOURNE.



Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchm

Allopecia Baldness
The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY
COMOTROPHUS
Chemists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

SPECIALTY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, AND JOINT DISEASES.
128, COLLINS STREET EAST.

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 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 or mastication and appearance.
ADVICE FREE. Testimonials, both English and colonial.

ATTENDANCE EVERY FRIDAY at Mr. ANDREWS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, N Street, Beaufort, from 1 to 5 p.m.,
And at Mr. E. MILLIGAN'S, Waterloo, from 9 to 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 to?

How many have been enabled to enter into 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 consultation with one at a distance, will remove by 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.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Business in the produce market has been restricted during the past week by the fact that farmers are now entirely engrossed in harvesting operations. For old wheat the nominal quotation is 4s 6d per bushel, but no sales are being made, and the figure cannot be maintained, as new wheat from the Wimmera district is being landed at 3s 7½d per bushel. Stripping has been commenced at Ararat, but it will be some time before any of the new crop is brought in. Flour has declined, and sales are now being made at £10 15s per ton. At Horsham wheat is changing hands at 3s 3d per bushel, but the deliveries are light. At Donald wheat is easier, the quotation being 3s 5d, and at St. Arnaud new wheat is coming in at 3s 6d and 3s 7d per bushel. In this district old oats are worth 2s 10d per bushel. Eighty bags of new have been sold to arrive at 2s 6d per bushel, bags in, and 30 bags of old were cleared at 2s 9d. New hay is being well supplied, and the price has fallen during the week 5s per ton New potatoes are coming in in quantities from Warrnambool at £5 per ton. Fresh butter is scarce at 11d per pound, but eggs are plentiful at last week's rates. We quote :—

Wheat, new, 3s 7½d ; old, 4s 6d, bags in ; oats, to 2s 10d per bushel, bags in ; pollard, 1s 3d per bushel ; bran, 1s 1½d per bushel ; flour, L10 15s per ton ; potatoes, Warrnambool, new, 5s per cwt ; hay, sheaves, L3 per ton ; trussed, L3 10s per ton ; straw, 25s per ton; chaff, 4s per cwt; onions, 9s per cwt ; butter, fresh, 11d per lb ; butter, potted, 9d per lb ; hams, 10d per lb ; bacon, 8d per lb ; cheese, to 6d per lb ; eggs, 10d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Business quiet :—Oats, 2s 10d to 3s ; Cape barley, 3s ; English 3s 9d to 4s ; wheat, 4s to 5s 1d ; peas, 3s 6d to 3s 7d ; manger hay, L3 to L5 ; sheaves, L2 15s to L3 5s ; straw, L2 to L2 10s ; new potatoes, L4 to L4 5s.

MINING ITEMS.

Saxon Consols Company, Waterloo.—The No. 1 west drive has been again started, and a fair prospect was obtained on Jan. 7, three small machines giving 6oz. 3dwt of gold.

Waterloo Company, Waterloo Flat.—Advantage has been taken of the holidays to overhaul machinery and make necessary repairs, consequently very little work has been done below. Gold for three days, to Jan. 7, 14oz. 12 dwt.

New Victoria Company, Waterloo.—Yield of gold to Jan. 7, from No. 1 tribute, 44oz. 5dwt ; No. 2 tribute, 1oz 15dwt; making total for five days, 46oz.

THE BLACK CAP.

The origin of the black cap of our judges is involved in some obscurity. The "Athenian Oracle" describes black as the fittest emblem of the grief the mind is supposed to be clouded with upon occasions of outward mourning, and "as death is the privation of life, and black a privation of light, it is very probable this colour has been chosen to denote sadness on that account ; and accordingly this colour has for mourning been preferred by most people in Europe." The practice of the English judges in putting on a black cap before they pronounce sentence of death upon a criminal is explained by some as having this general meaning of sorrow, perhaps a remnant of the ancient custom of covering the head as a token of grief. Thus "Haman hastened to his house mourning, and having his head covered" (Esther v. 12). David too "wept as he went up, and had his head covered.....and all the people that were with him covered every man his head, and they went up weeping as they went up" (2 Sam, xv. 30). Darius covered his head on hearing of the death of his queen, and Demosthenes when insulted by the populace did the same ; while the mourners at ancient funerals drew their hoods over their heads. Hence the black cap has a distinct symbolic meaning ; the judge puts himself as it were into mourning for the person who becomes doomed at the act as though he were already dead. This, though throwing considerable figurative signification round the act scarcely explains how it became and continued so decided a feature in our legal procedure. Another explanation of the solemnity, if it does not explain the true origin of the custom, bears the impress of greater likelihood, the reasons of adoption being more definite. In early times the judges were for the most part ecclesiastics, and in spite of the Church's prohibition that no one in holy orders should pronounce sentence of death, they were, by virtue of their judicial office, often called upon to do so. Hence the judge, when the sentence of death had to be passed, laid aside his clerical character, and putting on his cap to cover the clerical tonsure, thus showed that he acted now in civil capacity alone. The great number of clerical judges made the custom most universal, and we do not hesitate to accept this as the reason why the act is observed to this day.—*Hatter's Gazette.*

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.

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 solubie in water.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

NELSON PROVINCE—RIPON DIVISION,
AND
ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF RIPON AND HAMPDEN—RAGLAN DIVISION.

THE General 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 day of January, 1887, the day appointed for revision, at my office, or at the offices of my deputies as under :—

For the Province, at Waterloo, Skipton, and Preston Hill, Carngham ; and for the District, at Waterloo and Buangor.

C. W. MINCHIN,
Registrar at Beaufort.

Schedule N.

WE, the undersigned, hereby give NOTICE that we did on the 12th day of January, 1887, take possession of such a quantity of land as may, under the provisions of section 4 of the bye-law of the Mining Board of Ararat, numbered 5, be provisionally occupied under six miners' rights, as an extended area. The land taken possession of is situated at Waterloo Swamp, and north of the Waterloo Gold Mining Company's lease.

13th January, 1886.

	Date of Miners' Rights.
George Davidson ...	2nd March, 1886
Henry Edward Cook ...	11th January, 1887
Andrew Jack... ...	11th January, 1887
William Henry Batten	11th January, 1887
James Taylor ...	11th January, 1887
John Whitehouse ...	11th January, 1887

Schedule N.

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13th January, 1887.

	Date of Miners' Rights.
Andrew Cant... ...	12th April, 1886
Robert Fraser ...	11th January, 1887
John Wotherspoon ...	11th January, 1887
George Fraser ...	11th January, 1887
John Fraser	11th January, 1887
Henry Davidson ...	11th January, 1887

Beaufort, &c., United Common.

NOTICE.

IF the anonymous Correspondent, who wrote under date 23rd December, 1886, complaining about Cochran's sheep being on the common, will give NAME and ADDRESS, the Managers will take action in the matter.

By order,
J. W. BROWNE, Secretary.

13th January, 1887.

Beaufort Jockey Club.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held at the Camp Hotel on MONDAY EVENING, 17th instant, at 8 p.m. Stewards are requested to attend.

S. W. MALE, Hon. Sec.

IMPOUNDED AT BEAUFORT.

Yellow and white Cow, F N near rump
Red and white Calf, no brands.

If not claimed and expenses paid to be sold on the 29th January, 1887.

W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

SHIRE OF RIPON.
BEAUFORT LEASEHOLD RESERVOIR.

Notice is hereby given that FISHING in this Reservoir is PROHIBITED until the 1st day of December next.

Also, that MALES BATHING in these waters are required to WEAR BATHING SCREENS at all times.

By order of the Council of the Shire of Ripon,
D. G. STEWART,
Shire Secretary.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 13th January, 1887.

To Let,

SHOP and BAKE-HOUSE, next Societies' Hall, Beaufort. Apply to Mrs. INGRAM, Senior.

For Sale,

120 ACRES of LAND at Graveyard Hill, Mount Cole. HARRIS and TROY.

Wanted to Rent

AFTER holidays, COTTAGE, at Waterloo or Beaufort ; not less than 5 rooms. Apply, stating terms, to W. CROOKE, Ligar Street, Ballarat

LOST—On Thursday evening, between the baths at the Park and Beaufort, a GOLD SCARF PIN, comprised of a nugget shaped like a rooster. Finder rewarded on delivering same at WALKER'S Store, Neill Street.

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.

MRS. MOORE begs to notify to her friends that she has removed to Pratt street, next door to "Advocate" Office, and is still agent for Madame Weigel's Patterns.

THE
Riponshire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1887.

A GREAT doubt exists in the minds of the public concerning those youthful beings incarcerated in the Darlinghurst Gaol for participation in the Mount Rennie outrage. We are not among those whose sympathies are all on the side of the prisoners ; but we are certainly at one with those who left their expressions of sympathy written upon the backs of their visiting cards at the Government House, Sydney, on the day of the execution of the four who were deemed the most guilty in connection with the affair. Sad and heartrending as the whole case has been, it needed something of firmness to enable his Excellency Lord Carrington and his advisers to deal with it when the question of reprieving the convicted came before the Executive ; but, reviewing the proceedings from a strict point of justice, has he fulfilled all his duty? It was not by any means a pleasant duty ; but it is due to society, to morality, and to the safeguard of womankind, that the strictest justice should be meted out to those whose brutal instincts absorb the glory of manhood even in its simplest form. No penalty is too severe—be it ever so pregnant with torture—upon any who commit such wholesale violence as was effected in the Mount Rennie outrage ; yet we fear that the end to be desired will never be accomplished by the enforcement of capital punishment, Howbeit, in the absence of any other process, hanging is not the best means of despatching one convicted of a crime of this sort ; and it would seem, from the current feeling, that an effort will be made to abolish the scaffold, and at the present time appears as if it will succeed.

Various statements have been brought to light since the execution of Duffy, Mann, Read, and Boyce, which go to prove an ill-stated conviction that *an innocent person may* be hanged : but so far as opinion justifieus, we fail to see how it will apply to the Mant Rennie case. One who sees an offence committed and winks at it is accounted an accomplice to the deed, and it was unmistakably proved at the trial that all the prisoners were guilty, either of the actual offence or of consenting to it. To use a Scriptural illustration, "Saul consented to the death of Stephen." Though not one who lifted a stone, yet he was present as a witness to the act, and therefore adjudged guilty by himself. In the Mount Rennie case there is an analogy ; and a great deal of harm, if not wrong, has been done in granting reprieve to the majority of the prisoners. Read's "dying" statement, if it is to have effect at all, proves this view to be the case. The prisoners now incarcerated are either all innocent, or they are all guilty as those whose death was upon the scaffold yesterday week. If they are innocent, why then are they not discharged? If guilty, why have they escaped the penalty? The question assumes a very difficult and unsatisfactory phase, and evokes the strictest investigation. The hypothesis is continued. A new trial may probably be instituted with a view to prove the innocence or otherwise of the remaining five ; if innocence be proved, then Read's death has been, not the expiate of crime, but a murder in itself ; if guilty be the verdict—the ends of justice must be meted out. From the first the opinion of a large majority has been that the nine deserved the death penalty. What further evidence can be adduced, without proving rank and deliberate perjury, than that already given, can only be "trumped up," to say the least of it.

A THRILL of horror will course through the veins of every right-minded man in the world when reading the sickening details of further outrages upon young women and children, which are being daily published in the metropolitan papers. Not heeding the caution given by the awful punishment inflicted upon the Mount Rennie culprits, the brutal instincts of the larrikin element seems to be allowed to manifest themselves without let or hindrance. The Newton outrage is the next act of brute violence recorded, for which six men have been arrested, five of whom are Roman Catholics, and all but one of the six are natives of New South Wales. Their names are as follow :—Charles Smith, James Watson, James Kelly, Timothy Murphy, John Moffatt, and Henry Murphy. The girl upon whom the outrage is alleged to have been committed is named Grace Porter, and she states that when she was passing some sheds, she was seized by four men, dragged into a shed, and there subjected to brutal treatment. She called for assistance, and another man, who attempted to interfere, was dragged away, and through fear left the premises. Her age is given at seventeen years ; and she gives as her reason for not complaining earlier to the police that she was threatened by the men. It seems to us a strange coincidence that the beginning and end of Australia's first century should be dyed with disgrace—in the beginning by terrible scenes of convictism ; in the end by an exhibition of what is worse than gory scenes of slaughter. Let us hope that before this century expires and the new one begins, the administrators of justice will discover some means of punishment which will have a wholesome deterrent effect at least upon crimes of this nature.

The following is a statement of the passenger traffic, as far as the tickets issued at the Beaufort railway station are concerned, and the value of goods, for the week ended Thursday, 13th January, 1887 :—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Jan. 7	24	£3 14 0	£6 5 9
,, 8	53	6 14 1	12 6 1
,, 10	45	11 16 3	8 3 6
,, 11	29	6 3 6	11 2 0
,, 12	26	3 16 2	9 18 5
,, 13	40	7 12 9	9 9 8
Totals	197	£36 16 9	£57 5 5

Two cases were heard at the Beaufort Police Court on Monday last, before Messrs. Prentice and Leadbeater, J.'sP. The first was a case of cruelty to animals, in which Constable Martin, of Waterloo, proceeded against one Thomas Witherden for cruelly ill-using a horse on the 20th December last. The witnesses examined for the prosecution were Robert M'Lean and R. Williams, who gave evidence as to the manner of ill-usage ; while on the other hand defendant called James Frusher and Joseph Penhall, who deposed that no cruelty was used at all. Fined 10s., with costs 2s. 6d. Luke Curran was fined 5s., with 2s. 6d. costs, for having illegally in his possession a young kid, the property of Mrs. Armstrong ; and the court adjourned.

Wolfe's Schnapps is the only genuine brand of Schnapps in the world. Beware of imitations.

A notice from the Shire Council appears in to-day's issue stating that until the 1st December instant, no fishing will be allowed in the Beaufort Park Lake ; also, that in future, at all times when male persons are bathing, some kind of bathing dress must be worn by them. This step, we may state, has been taken because recently a number of young men and lads have been caught unnecessarily exposing themselves while performing their natatory exercise.

Wolfe's Schnapps.—No family should be without it. It is the purest and best stimulant obtainable.

The Melbourne Water Supply has again failed. It is not a great matter of surprise that such is the case. The boundaries of the city and suburbs are being extended so rapidly, in response to the great encouragement given in that direction, and to the influx of population, that some of the inhabitants will yet be brought to the verge of starvation, even as they have been brought to the verge of "dying from thirst." Yet, while people are crying in the streets for water, the dogs lap it from the gutters.

An old offender named Charles Williams was locked up on Monday night, on a charge of habitual drunkenness. Four times since the first of January has Charles been "run in" for similar offences. On account of the holidays and the excessive heat, he was dealt very leniently with on previous occasions ; but this time he was informed that it was not likely he would get off so easily ; but the chances were he would be taken care of in the Ballarat gaol, for a period of one month. On receiving this intelligence, Charles wept bitter tears of repentance, and expressed his willingness and desire to turn over a new leaf ; he would take the blue ribbon ; he would join the Salvation army ; he would do anything in reason if he were not sent to "that hole of Ballarat." Our Sergeant is of the genuine tender-hearted persuasion, and the scalding tears on Charlie's cheek seemed to have great influence over him. Locking the man in his cell, he dispatched a messenger to the two lady officers of the Salvation Army in this town, and apprized them of the fact that he had a really good case for them to take in hand. Now, it just happens that the "captains" have recently been changed, and that the new arrival has had no experience in administering the pledge ; but she got an Army badge, "which was as good if not better," and as soon as the J.P. had dispensed with the case by fining the individual half-a-crown, this badge was fastened to his coat, and away he went in company with the lasses to get a piece of ribbon, and probably to make up a testimony concerning the little ruse he practised.

A correspondent at Deniliquin writes :—When in Melbourne, I heard a gentleman who had returned from a recent visit to Bourke, in New South Wales, conversing with a city business man on the "particular kind of weather in that part of the world," and he likened it unto the accepted version anent the place burning with fire and brimstone inhabited by evil spirits. "And now, John," said he, "if you want to escape torture throughout eternity, go and settle in Bourke ; for if you do, your body will be scorched to a cinder, and your miserable little soul will be frizzled up before it has a chance to escape." I am afraid we might send the same advice from Deniliquin. For the last ten days we have experienced real "breathing zappers." Bush fires are raging all around this district, and the heat is terrible. Just fancy, cooking steak against a brick wall, and boiling potatoes in a saucepan of water direct from a tank outside. We sit up all night in these parts watching the clouds of smoke enveloping each other in their course through the atmosphere. It's 114 degrees in the shade to-day. Please send Moses with a pannikin of cold water that I might dip my tongue in it. If I survive till it arrives, I will write and thank you."

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 13oz. ; New Victoria, 23oz. ; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 9oz. ; Saxon Consols, 20oz.

Unclaimed letters for the following persons are now lying at the Beaufort Post Office :—Jas Adams, Jas. Begraves, Miss Beaupaert, Mr. Buxton, Neil Campbell, B. Conor, S. Conners, J. Dawson, J. Dunn, Wm. Etherton, Mrs Kilny, C. Lillies, J. Martin, A. McPherson, J. W. Miller, C. P. Craig. J. F. Miabacher, P. Newling, J. Parsons, Mr. Russell. Miss Rogers, John Roycroft, R. Candour. J. Ward. Mrs. C. Williams.

The usual meeting of the managers of the Beaufort United Common was held on Saturday last, when Messrs. Browne, Humphreys, and Wotherspoon were present. The Secretary reported balance in bank to credit, £30 18s 5d ; cash in hand, £6 3s 4d ; making a total of £37 1s 9d. Fees received to date for current half-year, £73 17s 11d ; unpaid fees due on stock branded by herdsman, £5 ; total assessment on stock to date, £78 17s 11d. The herdsman's report showed that 13,930 sheep and 200 head of cattle passed through the common during the past month. A communication was received from the secretary for lands, forwarding a form of application for extension of the common at Raglan, and stating that on return thereof, properly filled up, the application will be dealt with ; the secretary stated that he had placed the form of application in the hands of the herdsman to obtain the necessary signatures. G. Prince, of Raglan, offered a bull for sale ; the offer was referred to the herdsman. An anonymous correspondent wrote, complaining about Cochran's sheep being on the common. Copy of letter to be given to the herdsman, and an advertisement to be inserted in the final paper stating that if the writer will give his name and address the managers will take action in the matter. The following accounts were passed :—Herdsman, £8 ; Secretary, £2. The meeting then adjourned.

Enteric fever has broken out at Skipton in the family of C. Menzie, whose daughter, aged 15, is attacked with it. Also at Carngham a case has been despatched to the Melbourne Hospital. the patient being a girl named Catherine O'Brien aged 17 years.

On Tuesday last the son of Mr. Gordon, of Ballyrogan, about 14 miles west of Beaufort, met with a peculiar and painful accident. He was sitting on a reaping machine seat, driving two quiet horses, and in some quite unaccountable way his right foot got caught in the leading wheel and he was jerked from his seat. The revolution of the wheel carried the lad's leg with it and jammed it between the bearings and the spokes, the consequence being the limb was broken near the thigh. Fortunately the lad had the presence of mind to call to the horse to stop ; otherwise there is no doubt the leg would have been completely torn away, and the body of the boy otherwise frightfully mangled. Mr. Gordon brought his son, only 10 years old, into Beaufort, and has left him here under the medical care of Dr. Johnston, in whose hands the lad is getting along nicely.

The Hons. Messrs. Deakin and Lorimer are to be despatched by the Government to England to consult with the home authorities respecting questions of federal interest. One of the chief missions with which Mr. Deakin is to be charged by the Government, is to endeavor to induce H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to accept the invitation to visit Australia, and open the Centennial Exhibition in Melbourne next year. The Government are bringing to bear all the influence they can command in order to secure the presence of His Royal Highness at the opening ceremony. Mr. Deakin will seek an interview with the Prince of Wales, and convey to His Royal Highness the earnest desire of the colonists, not only of Victoria, but of the whole of Australasia, that he should accept the invition.

We have received the first number of the "Tambo and Orbost Times," a new weekly paper, published at Bruthen, North Gippsland. It is a very creditable production.

The first trains of this season's wheat passed through Beaufort on Tuesday evening, when the ordinary goods and a special train conveyed sixteen and eleven trucks respectively. A great deal of wheat came from Warracknabeal, whilst the remainder included some from Stawell, Jung Jung, and Ararat.

ARARAT DISTRICT PROSPECTING BOARD.

A meeting of the Prospecting Board for the Ararat Mining District was held yesterday in the Riponshire Hall. There were present :—Messrs. Bate, Burton, Browne, Naylor, and White. Mr. Chas. Stewart, Mining Inspector, was also present at the table.

THE MINUTES.

The minutes of the last meeting held at Stawell were read, and confirmed after one or two slight amendments.

APPLICATIONS FOR ASSISTANCE.

From Alex. Stewart, on behalf of the Duke Company, Beaufort, asking to participate in prospecting vote to the extent of £200, to extend a drive at the junction of Jock's Gully and Geelong Flat leads. The company proposed extending the drive west. Fourteen men were employed. They had a shaft to the depth of 120 feet.—Not entertained.

From Stephen Parker, on behalf of the New Victoria No. 2 Tribute Party, Waterloo, applying for L200 to extend working ; the party had been working for 9 months with indifferent success. They believe that if assistance is given to extend working southwards, something good will result, as previously they had good returns. —Not entertained.

From C. J. Leadbeater, for assistance to extend the claim of the Long Gully Prospecting Company, opposite New Victoria Company.—He had been to considerable expense prospecting, and all the practical miners and managers would testify to the auriferous nature of the claim, and that assistance would lead to the opening up of about two miles of new country. He wanted assistance to drive. He got a prospect —not a payable one, but a very encouraging one.—Recommended up to L200, pro rata.

From J. Wotherspoon and four others applying for L500 to be set apart for prospecting in the locality of the Dividing Range, on the suggestion of Mr. Murray, geological surveyor, Mr. Wotherspoon supported the application. The committee of gentlemen were willing to carry on the work of prospecting if they got assistance, but would not be able to do so without. He believed that payable reefs are to be discovered on both the ranges, and leading up to Raglan. The nearest known reef was at Waterloo. They had prospected previously with good results, but the country was too difficult to work, and they had to give it up. In reply to a question Mr. Wotherspoon said the committee would undertake the work, or the Board could appoint some one else. The amount asked for was about half wages.—It was decided to recommend assistance up to L250 on the same terms as other applications have been granted, pro rata, Mr. Stewart to supervise the works.

A petition from the inhabitants of Raglan applying for the use of the diamond auger drill to bore on the continuation of King Charley's reef. Mr. Grant said he had worked in the Fiery Creek tributary to a depth of 180 feet, and it was carrying payable gold ; but the company working the same which led into the King Charley's reef was badly held. Mr. Murray, the Government geologist, reported very favorably on this locality. He believed if the reef was discovered by the drill, capital would be found to follow it up. Mr. Humphreys supported the application. He was present when Mr. Murray inspected the locality. Three or four payable leads formed a junction here, and it was promised that the use of the drill should be given, but it has never been here yet. Mr. Ells stated that the ground would undoubtedly yield 1oz. to the load. There was not a piece of ground in the district that will prove as rich as the one referred to for which the drill was asked. In the "Daughters of Freedom" lead he had seen 200oz. come out in a week, with only four picks working.—Deferred until such time as drill shall be available.

From Jas. Gibbs, on behalf of the Saxon Consols Gold-mining Company, applying for assistance to the extent of £2000. The difficulties to contend with were much greater than at first anticipated when they applied for £1000. The Company were prepared to expend pound for pound. He submitted the opinion of the mining surveyor, which was favorable to the application. In support of this application, the Shire of Ripon forwarded the resolution passed at the Council meeting held the previous day. Mr. Wotherspoon, as the largest shareholder in the district, strongly supporting the application, said that this lead would prove the district, and if successful prospecting took place, it would be the means of five or six other claims being started between the Saxon Consols claim and down to Trawalla. If the members of the Board were willing, and had the time to spare, he would gladly drive them down to inspect the Company's workings for themselves. The chairman thanked Mr. Wotherspoon for his offer, but said it would be impossible to spare the time. It was decided to recommend the application for £1000 pro rata.

From E. H. L. Swift, on behalf of the South Victoria Gold-mining Company, Waterloo, applying for £500. The Company had been working about six years. Not entertained.

From W. K. Shaw, on behalf of the Swamp Mining Company, asking for £1000 to develop the country at the head of their present workings at Waterloo, either by boring or prospecting. Held over for future consideration.

It was decided to hold the next meeting of the Board at Ararat on Thursday next, 20th instant, at 10 o'clock a.m.

A vote of thanks was passed to the Shire Council of Ripon for the use of the hall, and the Board adjourned.

Ask for the celebrated Wolfe's Schnapps. Accept nothing else under any consideration.

Wolfe's Schnapps is imitated. May this caution be serviceable. Avoid all imitations.

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.

TICKLING SENSATION.—Persons affected with a tickling sensation in the throat, depriving them of rest right 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

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 6d. per bottle. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road London.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[BY "TOMAHAWK."]

I've discovered another express train in Beaufort ; my wife sent me down to one of our great institutions to get a five-pound note changed. A nice young man attended to me, and when I got back at the end of an hour, I couldn't convince her that I hadn't been anywhere else but to the place she sent me. She pawed ! she wouldn't believe me, and she says —I don't believe she'll do it, though—that at the very next sports held in Beaufort she will give a special prize for a slow race, and nominate two or three people whom she, "from information received," knows ; and really, between you and I, she could do so with safety. Some of our public institutions are run on a real government stroke principle, which is awfully annoying to a man of my energetic movements—(a-hem)— and I feel like if I could rub some antifriction on their hinges.

It isn't often I praise anyone, but I am just going to pat that new ancient looking librarian on the back for the manner in which he has fixed up the old Mechanics' Institute. I am not intimately acquainted with him, but the place now bears a different aspect altogether to its condition of a couple of months ago. I suppose it's good for the subscribers ; but he's mighty strict. At one time, I used to go and steal any of the books and papers I wanted ; now, I have to be very humble, and say, "Please, can I?" I also used to write my name in the visitors' book with a big flourish, and make a suggestion or two, but now—oh, law ! there's a pair of eagle eyes on me, and as soon as I touch the pen, my freedom has vanished. But I can't deny that something of this kind has been wanted for a long time. The place is in good order ; you know where to find the books ; and you can always get accommodated. So I wish the G.O.M. luck.

We have had some "jump into the fountain" weather lately, at least I surmise so, as I see some of my bosom friends on the rampage. My thermometer got up so high the other day that it took 4 pints to pull it down. How's yours? And the flies! Well, the flies are some. My head—bald now, but in my young days, before I was married, I had a luxuriant crop ; since then my wife- (well, never mind). As I was saying, my head has been a regular rendezvous for the plague creatures ; and maiden races, hurdle events, flying handicaps, etc., have been the order of the day. Thought I would go to the new church on Sunday, to have an easy time and good sleep ; but, great snakes ! it was worse ; it was all flies ; the good man who preached seemed to have a hard time of it with them ; and the heat—well, it was a regular furnace. Talk about "Tobin's ventilators," I just wish Mr. Tobin had been there. There, it's no use a man trying to be religious under such circumstances as there.

I was present at an opening ceremony the other day, viz., the opening of some of our drains, and I saw sights and smelt smells ; and ever since, I don't know whether it's fancy or not, but every street in the place seems to call for ætiologic investigation. That such a state of things should be does not reflect credit on our Nuisance Inspector. We don't want him to resign, but he certainly should take a boy with a properly built proboscis around with him to point out the plague spots —in this weather especially.

I am richer than I thought—at least, I should be, if I recovered that half-sovereign. I learned the other day that no half-sovereign was put in the plate at the opening of the new church ; and that fact was communicated to me in the following manner :—Two or three gentlemen were sitting on the seat of the railway station discussing my "*chips*," Mr. Editor, think of that —when an elderly gentleman, wearing his coat open, and with a handkerchief in his hand to keep the flies away from his bald pate, joined them. He chimed in with the remark that "Tomahawk" told a big lie when he said he put a half-sovereign in the plate. "He didn't do any such thing. If it'd a been there I'd a seen it." "Well," I said, "I had it before I left home, and I hadn't it when I got home again, and I believed I put it in the dish." "You didn't do no such thing, 'cos I counted the money afterwards, and it was nearly all thruppeny bits !"

Talking of "thruppeny bits," I may mention that I sat behind a number of exquisite young ladies in a pretty little anglican church not many miles from Beaufort one Sunday evening recently ; and enjoyed the service very much. The collectors came round, as usual. I deposited a "Colonial Robert"—my usual custom, friends ; it's a mean man who won't give a shilling sometimes. The plate passed to the seat in front, and the offerings of the ladies—all but one—were quietly dropped in. This one, however, was greatly agitated after giving "not grudgingly nor of necessity," and gesticulated in such an unseemly manner that I actually felt ashamed. Of course I couldn't tell what was the matter, but during the dismissal prayer some violent tittering took place between those before me something to the following effect :—

"Bertha, what did you do that for ?"

"Do what?"

"Put that money in the plate."

"Mother gave it me to put in."

"Well, I told you not to put it in, and I'll tell mother when I get home ; see if I won't."

"Why, what's the matter, I didn't do anything wrong, did I?"

Yes, you did. I made a mistake and put sixpence in, and I wanted you to give me your threepence—you're a mean nasty creature, there now !"

In France a certificate of birth must be produced before a marriage can take place. You have to prove that you have been born, or you can't get married, that's all about it.

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.

The Riponshire Advocate.

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Poetry.

A Song of the Season.

WM. LYLE.

Sweet are the signs of the summer time,
With snow-white clouds in the azure skies,
When sparkling morning-glory's climb
In their wealth of delicate dyes;
But, alas! for this earth's fairest joy,
It never comes to brighten our way,
But comes the fiend with his maudlin cry—
"Is it hot enough for you to-day?"

We sit by the stream and wait resigned
For touch of the "bite" that never comes,
Drowsy and half asleep in our mind,
While we listen as the wild bee hums;
But harsh is our awaking—alas,
Behind us we hear the old-time bray
Of the half-witted consummate ass—
"Is it hot enough for you to-day?"

Then we fly to the city afar,
And headlong plunge right into its strife,
To drown in the rush of its wild war,
The giant woe of a weary life;
In vain, in vain, in the steaming streets,
Even in sight of the fountains' play,
The same demon howl our racked brain greets
"Is it hot enough for you to-day?"

Speak not of fetters and prison cells
To punish the poor wretch who goes wrong,
Sing Sing is Eden—where comfort dwells—
Compared to the plan I'd bring along:
Chain the slave down in some meadow clear
'Till beads of sweat o'er his forehead play,
Then hire some ghoul to yell in his ear—
"Is it hot enough for you to-day?"

Rochester, N.Y.

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY,

BY

HAROLD STEPHEN ESQ., M.P.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

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CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

What was to be done? Alma would have liked to tax him with his insolent behaviour to Gustl, but she feared it would not do. Besides, the subject of kissing once introduced, who could say where it would end? He was capable of anything. No, she could not broach that subject, but she would freeze him with her silence.

But Mr. Harry Lascelles was not to be freezed so easily. He did not wait long for a reply, but began again as coolly as ever.

"Do you know I have come to bid you good-bye? We have received news from Australia which makes it necessary for us to go home at once, and the old gentleman is now busily engaged in packing up."

"Going home?" asked Alma vaguely, and forgetting her resolution of silence.

"Going home—and, were it not for one thing I should not be sorry, for I must frankly admit, I am getting rather tired of sour krout and boiled veal; and though to the Teutonic mind the perfection of repose may be attainable between two huge feather-beds, I own to a predilection for the blankets and sheets I have been accustomed to. I am aware that an indisposition to accommodate oneself to foreign manners and customs is regarded as one of the drawbacks of the English character, but I am not strong-minded enough to wish to be above any of our national prejudices; and this featherbed business is simply an abomination."

"Going home!" repeated Alma, softly. Was this the end of the pleasant dream! Was Dornröschen so soon to part from her prince?

"It's a nuisance, I admit," continued Harry; "we were getting on so nicely together; and now, who knows when we shall meet again?"

Alma sighed, but did not speak. Certain sighs, however, are quite as significant as speech, and Mr. Harry thought he perceived in this sigh sufficient encouragement to justify a bolder flight.

"You will think of me sometimes, when I am gone?" he said, for the first time somewhat timidly.

Think of him! Ah! could she help thinking of him? Should she not think of him always? Alma thought this, and raised her eyes to his, but still she did not speak. Poor little Dornröschen! The prince had come, it is true; but, alas, this was a very different ending to that of the legend in the story books!

Glancing into her eyes, Harry saw by their dewy look that the young girl had good reason for maintaining silence.

"Miss Tredegar," he said, gravely, "we are very young, you and I, and our acquaintance is only of four and twenty hours standing, but I think you feel as I do, that if we had known one another a little longer we should have liked one another a little. You will not be offended with me if I say I like you very much?"

"Oh, no!" replied Alma innocently. "I too ——" here she paused and blushed.

"You were going to say you too like me a little?" asked Harry. "Well—confound it! I must speak out! This is no time for beating about the bush! I must speak out! The fact is, Miss Tredegar, you're the dearest, tiniest, prettiest, little darling in the world!"

What was the correct thing for a well-brought up young lady to do under such circumstances? I do not know, and if any of my readers are better informed, they would confer a favor upon me by telling me. I only know what Alma did, and that was—nothing.

Why Mr. Harry Lascelles waited for any demonstration on the part of the lady, it would be hard to say. She could not very well say "Thank you," or "You're another," or anything of that sort, and his conduct is therefore explicable only under the assumption that he paused to gain breath. But not for long—gentlemen of the temperament of this young man are not in the habit of waiting. He continued:—"I went down from this blessed old mountain last night feeling bad; I climbed up it this morning feeling worse, and now it's all over with me! You will just say one little word to encourage me? Do, there's a dear!"

Here was another dilemma? It was utterly impossible to speak, but the blessed privilege of looking is not denied even to the best brought-up young lady. Alma looked her answer, and the next moment—

An old rook, who had solemnly watched the proceedings with considerable interest from his perch on the bough of a tree near-by, discreetly turned his head, and cawed a sigh of regret as he thought of the hundred years ago when he too was young and in love, and on that very tree had met the young lady rook, upon whom he had set his affections. Let us turn away our heads and sigh our sighs of regret, for we, too, *wir haben genossen das irdische Glück, wir haben geliebt.*

The capitulation of a fortress is speedy, when once a practicable breach is made in its walls, and young ladies and gentlemen, who have looked into one another's eyes after a certain fashion, are not long in arriving at a proper understanding. Our young people, moreover, were pressed for time, and may therefore be pardoned for making their arrangements very hurriedly.

Seated on the membrable knoll, Dornröschen and her prince—after a few precious moments devoted to the tender nonsense inseparable from such an occasion—resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means, and proceeded solemnly to discuss their future prospects.

"The old gentleman is righteous, I know," said Harry.

"Is he?" asked Alma, innocently. "But perhaps if he is very righteous, he will not like me—for I am not good at all, you know," she added, mournfully.

"You funny little witch! I forgot you do not understand our slang. I meant that my father would not object to our marriage. He never did object to anything I wanted to do—except perhaps backing a buckjumper, which he called tempting Providence, without you have a kid on the saddle and raw-hide girths."

Alma sighed. She did not understand what Harry meant, and was ashamed to display her ignorance by asking. Hitherto she had flattered herself she knew the English language thoroughly, but she saw now that she had much to learn. At last she ventured, timidly:

"But if you put kids on the saddle and raw hides, he did not object then, did he?"

The Australian reader will not be surprised to hear that Mr. Harry Lascelles failed to reply to this question, being too much occupied in restraining the laughter which he feared might offend the little lady at his side. But he covered his discomfiture after his usual audacious fashion, and Alma was quite satisfied—a kiss is the best of all answers under certain circumstances.

After some animated discussion, interrupted by occasional interludes such as that just described, it was finally determined by the contracting parties that Mr. Lascelles, senior, should be informed of their engagement, and requested to postpone his departure until the return of the Professor.

Not to keep the lady reader in suspense, we will at once say that Harry had not overestimated the indulgence of his father; for that old gentleman, after much grumbling and growling, consented to "see about it," and did "see about it," as far as staying in Grabenthal was concerned, and making a martyr of himself by wandering about the country with Hanserl as his only companion, whilst his son was engaged in the study of Nature in the society of Miss Alma Tredegar.

CHAPTER IV.

READING THE WILL.

WHEN a rich man dies, quite an astonishing number of persons are interested in the disposition of his property. To all appearance he may not have had a friend or relative upon earth, yet, when the will is opened, it will be found that expectant heirs turn up, whose claims to the consideration of the dead are often founded on the flimsiest basis. Rich men who have lived alone for a number of years, are known to acquire eccentric habits, and, as a rule, such eccentricity is usually displayed in the disposal of their fortunes. Some have been known to leave their money to a cook, or a housekeeper, or if misogynists, to a butler or valet; others have left large sums to strangers, who have unwittingly earned their gratitude by some trivial act of courtesy; whilst relatives, often so distant that they have never even met the testator, occasionally are the recipients of large legacies. So, when the news goes forth to the world that such a rich "solitary" has passed away, a flutter of expectation arises in many a breast, and the departed is temporarily elevated into an importance he did not enjoy in his lifetime. Is it with a view to this that so many men delight in surprising their friends by their wills? Is the dramatic instinct so strong in poor human nature, that even the moribund, standing on the threshold of a new world, can find heart to busy himself with what will occur after he has left the scene; and tickle his fancy by depicting to himself the surprise or mortification of the friends he leaves behind? Whether this be so or no, the world recognises the fact that, although a very good estimate may be formed of the probable action which a given individual may take in any ordinary emergency, in the matter of the final settlement of his worldly affairs, no reliable conclusion can be arrived at; and so, as aforesaid, when a rich man dies, all sorts of persons become immediately interested in him, even though his very existence has scarcely been recognised by them beforehand.

Thus, when the death of Mr. James Tredegar was recorded in the daily papers, there were speculations in many households as to who would benefit thereby. Those who had known the deceased personally were the least able to form an opinion, for they knew him to have been cold, harsh, and unforgiving, and his son Stephen had been estranged from him for many years, whilst the children of his elder son had never even been seen by their grandfather. Under these circumstances, it was impossible to conjecture who would be the principal heir, and, so, quite a large party assembled to hear the reading of the will in the vast sombre dining-room of the old house which Mr. Tredegar had occupied during the later years of his life.

Professor Stephen Tredegar had officiated as chief mourner, and now appeared seated at the head of the table by the side of his father's solicitor, Mr. Josiah Thistlethwaite, whilst around were grouped a heterogeneous collection of human beings of all grades of society, from the smug banker and member of parliament, to Molly, the scullery-maid, who looked very red and very shiny, and wholly uncomfortable in such grand company. The housekeeper had asked the Professor whether it was his desire that the servants should attend, and, as that gentleman, for reasons best known to himself, wished to stand high in the good graces of the household, he had at once intimated his assent to the proposition; and thereby, as Cook remarked, showed "hisself to be a perfeck gentleman, which was more than you could say of the old chap, dead and cold though he was at that moment." *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* may do very well for the drawing-room, but the servants' hall rather adhere to the Egyptian custom in this matter, and arraign their dead masters at a bar where no counsel is allowed to appear in defence.

Very grave, very important, and very mute-like, did Mr. Thistlethwaite look as he drew the all important document from out of a bulky black bag, which, like the "property" bag of a stage lawyer, was stuffed with papers as full as it could hold. Of course some mistakes were made before the right document could be found, Mr. Thistlethwaite being far too well up in the "business" of his part, to produce it without first showing that, however important it might be to the assembled company, documents of such a nature were too common in his office to excite any unusual attention.

Prior to commencing the reading, Mr. Thistlethwaite remarked that the deceased gentleman had made many wills in his time, having been in the habit of changing his intentions, with regard to the disposal of his property, on an average once a quarter during the last few years of his life. Many of these wills were still in existence, he added, having been kept by the testator's orders, so as to save trouble, in case he should change his mind again. The will, which as the latest was the only one that was valid, was executed the day before he died, and was witnessed by Jabez Hooker and John Stiles.

Mr. Thistlethwaite was here interrupted by an old gentleman, with white hair and aristocratic features, who asked whether the witnesses in question were members of the deceased gentleman's household?

"May I ask to whom I have the honor of speaking?" enquired the solicitor.

"I am Sir Charles North," replied the old gentleman, with dignity; "and, as a very old and intimate friend of Mr. Tredegar, I presume I am justified in making the enquiry."

"Certainly, Sir Charles," replied Mr. Thistlethwaite. "Your name is well known to me, and I shall be only too happy to afford you any information in my power. The witnesses were not in the employ of the testator, but were merely called in to witness the will."

"Is not that somewhat unusual?"

"It is unusual, sir, but, in this instance, very natural. Our deceased friend (if I may be permitted so to term my generous patron) was a man of large heart, and truly benevolent disposition, and the reason why strangers were called in to witness his will, was because no person in his household, however humble in position, was forgotten in his testamentary dispositions."

A murmur of subdued applause greeted this announcement, and the servants, one and all, began to wonder how they could have been mistaken in their master, whilst a quiet smile of satisfaction lurked in the corners of the Professor's mouth, as he witnessed the success of this stroke of policy.

"The servants will tell you," continued Mr. Thistlethwaite, "that Mr. Tredegar himself directed that two of the neighbouring tradesmen should be called in on the occasion."

"I am perfectly satisfied, Sir," said Sir Charles, "pray proceed."

Mr. Thistlethwaite then explained that, some ten days before the testator's death, he had made a will, bequeathing all his property to his grandchildren, Dart and Alma Tredegar; but that, afterwards learning that these young people had been carefully cared for by their uncle, Professor Stephen Tredegar, he had changed his intentions at the last moment, and devised his property as set forth in the document, now about to be read. An unfortunate quarrel, of many years' standing, had (Mr. Thistlethwaite explained) estranged the old gentleman from his son, the Professor, and it was only when he learned how nobly that gentleman had behaved to the orphans, that the elder Mr. Tredegar relented, and determined by his last deeds to show how thoroughly he had forgiven his son.

Mr. Thistlethwaite then proceeded to read the will, amidst the breathless attention of his auditors. It proved to be neither long nor intricate. Legacies of small amounts were left to all the servants; Dart and Alma were each to have £5000, and the remainder of the estate, real and personal, was divised to Stephen, commonly known as Professor, Tredegar.

At the conclusion, Sir Charles North arose, and requested the attention of the company for a few minutes, whilst his solicitor, Mr. Freeman, of Freeman and Truelove, read to them certain documents bearing upon the question at issue.

"As I have other business to attend to," said Mr. Thistlethwaite, nervously gathering up his papers, "I suppose my presence can be dispensed with?"

"Not so, sir," said Sir Charles, gravely. "You will soon see how deeply interested you yourself are in the documents I refer to."

"Do not go!" whispered the Professor in the ear of the solicitor; "there is some plot against us. For heaven's sake, sit down, and be calm! Remember what interests are at stake."

The rival lawyer, a little gentleman in spectacles, who sat by Sir Charles North, here began:—

"The first document I am about to read to you, is a letter written six years ago by the late Mr. Tredegar to Sir Charles North. It is to the following effect:—'My dear Sir Charles, many years ago you wished to know the reason why I had discarded my son, Stephen—'"

Here Mr. Thistlethwaite said that, as it was evident they were about to hear some scandalous accusation against his esteemed friend, Professor Stephen Tredegar, he felt it his duty to point out that the letter could not be read without rendering the reader at least liable to an action at law.

Mr. Freeman thanked his learned friend for his courtesy, but the warning was quite unnecessary, as any allegations contained in the letter would be amply borne out by unimpeachable evidence. He read on—

"Many years ago you wished to know the reason why I had discarded my son Stephen. I then told you, as I tell you now, that, for the sake of the honor of the family, that reason must remain a secret, unless circumstances arise which render its disclosure desirable, in which event you will find full instructions in the packet enclosed herewith. My son Stephen is a man of acute intellect and iron will. He is thoroughly unscrupulous, and, as the one object of his life is self, he is a man to be feared and to be watched. I have feared him, and I have had him watched, and the result is that I am satisfied he has determined to make himself master of my fortune at my death. Calculating upon the contingency of my leaving it to the children of my eldest son, he has adopted them with a view of influencing them should other measures fail. I have just made the discovery that my lawyer, Josiah Thistlethwaite, is in the habit of corresponding with Stephen, and, doubtless, keeping him informed of all my actions. I shall, therefore, mislead them by constantly changing my will, so as to leave them uncertain as to my intentions until the last. But no will that I may make can have any effect if you sign the enclosed document, which fully explains itself. You will see that, however clever my wretched son and his accomplice may be, they will be foiled at last. As to the children, I leave it to you to deal with them as they deserve. See them, and, if they are worthy, remove them from the contaminating influence of their wicked uncle, and provide for them as you know I would have done in a similar case. I need scarcely tell you that it will be necessary for you to assume your rights as soon after my death as possible.

I am,
Ever your old friend,
JAMES TREDEGAR."

The astonishment which the reading of this extraordinary epistle excited in the assembled company, was too great to admit of words, and all waited, with intense curiosity, to see what was to come next.

They were not long left in doubt. Mr. Freeman, in the dull monotone which all lawyers adopt in reading legal documents, read a deed of assignment by Mr. Tredegar, to Sir Charles North, of all his estate, real and personal, conditional upon the annual payment by the assignee to the assignor of the sum of £5000, receipts for which were acknowledged up to the last payment some months before the death of Mr. Tredegar. The deed also secured to Mr. Tredegar the right of occupancy of the house in London and Tredegar Park, and that gentleman undertook to pay over to Sir Charles North all rents or profits accruing from the property.

"That is a cursed forgery!" shouted the Professor, starting to his feet as the lawyer concluded.

"Sit down, sir!" said Mr. Thistlethwaite, whose livid hue betokened the difficulty he experienced in controlling his own feelings. "Sit down, for heaven's sake, and let us proceed regularly!"

"I will not sit down!" exclaimed the Professor, "until I have expressed my opinion of this most atrocious swindle!"

Murmurs of approbation from the company greeted this speech. Everyone felt aggrieved, for all present, except Sir Charles North, his solicitor, and one or two others, had good reason to object to this sudden downfall of their hopes.

"Mr. Tredegar," began Sir Charles North, with dignity, "I can sympathise with you in your disappointment, and so pardon the monstrous accusation you have made against me. You can, if you please, satisfy yourself now, or at any other time that may suit you, of the validity of the deed of transfer you have just heard read; but you must forgive me for telling you that I must at once decline to hold any personal communication with you on the matter."

The Professor turned to Mr. Thistlethwaite, and a hurried consultation took place between them in tones inaudible to the others; then Mr. Thistlethwaite, in his turn, asked who witnessed the deed in question.

"Two very respectable men," replied Mr. Freeman; "John Cope, sexton of St. Mary's, and my clerk, Thomas Sumner."

"May I trouble you for their addresses?" asked Mr. Thistlethwaite, taking out his pocket-book.

A gleam of something that looked uncommonly like embarrassment passed across the usually impassive countenance of the rival lawyer, but, ere he could rely, the butler, who seemed verging on a fit of apoplexy, so vivid was his interest in the proceedings, shouted out that it "warn't no use axin' arter John Cope, cos he died fower year agone and more."

"And the other witness?" asked Mr. Thistlethwaite, sarcastically. "Is he, too, dead?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Freman—"not to my knowledge. But he hasleft my service, and, just at present, I am unable to furnish you with his address."

"I thought so!" said Mr. Thistlethwaite, triumphantly. "Of the two witnesses, one is dead, and the other has disappeared. Our task will not be so difficult as I imagined."

"Do you dare to insinuate——" began Mr. Freeman, at last losing his temper; but he was not suffered to proceed, for Sir Charles North interposed, and requested him to be silent for a few moments.

"I need scarcely say," said Sir Charles, "that we came here fully prepared for some such outbreak as we have experienced, but—I put it to men of the world—is anything to be gained by recrimination? The question must be settled by the law, and nothing said or done here can affect the issue. I now take formal possession of this house, and beg that no one will put me under the painful necessity of appealing to the police to eject intruders."

The point scored by Mr. Thistlethwaite had so far tended to put him in a good humour, that he advised his client to yield for the moment, promising that action on his part should be as prompt as possible. Argument, under the circumstances, was of course useless, and the Professor therefore acquiesced, and left the house of which he had so recently esteemed himself the owner.

The two conspirators, notwithstanding the unexpected rebuff they had met with, were not quite disheartened, for the lawyer felt sure they had a splendid case, and the prospect of being engaged in a "sensation" suit was, in itself, enough to raise his spirits.

"I tell you, sir," he said, stopping in the street, and button-holing his companion, much to the delight of sundry small boys, who, after the fashion of small boys in the suburbs, were disporting themselves in the gutter—"I tell you there never was such a case; we have the public with us, from first to last—a son defrauded of his father's property—grand-children disinherited—honest servants done out of the reward of their faithful services—that was a capital move of yours, by the way—a mysterious deed of transfer of an immense property for nothing like an equitable consideration—one witness dead, and the other vanished—for vanished he has, you may be sure, or that old fox would have had his address fast enough—Lord, I never heard of a better case in all my life!"

Stephen Tredegar was not quite so sanguine as the lawyer, but still he thought the prospect looked well, and so, the worthy pair proceeded on their way, looking, and feeling, as virtuous as any men in London.

Now here were a couple of rogues who felt as honestly and virtuously indignant at being baulked in their villany, as if they had been the injured parties they supposed themselves, and Sir Charles North the forger, they proposed to essay to prove him! It is always so—the burglar, caught making off with his spoil, feels, not only disappointed, but virtuously indignant. The plate, to his thinking, is his—and he is enraged at being "robbed" of it. Our burglars had made so sure of their game, that they counted it won, and, therefore, felt as if they were the honest men, and their opponents the villains.

CHAPTER V.

GUSTL'S BETROTHAL

It was a great time in Grabenthal. The most unobservant stranger could not have failed to notice that some universal excitement pervaded the little village. All day long there were runnings to and fro, consultations in doorways, irritability on the part of the female inhabitants, and a general sense of discomfort and being in the way, on the part of the males. As for the one or two little shops where articles of feminine adornment were kept, the business they did was something enormous. From morn till night, a constant tide of purchasers flowed in and out, till it seemed as if every human being in the place was fitting out for a long sea-voyage. This may be explained by the fact that no lady in Grabenthal was ever known to buy more than one article at a time; so that those whose requirements were at all extensive, were compelled to make many visits before they were satisfied. Each visit also occasioned its modicum of gossip; and, as these ladies were quite as difficult to satisfy as dames of higher degree, much time was spent in picking and choosing, inspecting articles never intended to be purchased, consulting over each item with any neighbour that happened to be present, and other delightful pleasures comprehended in the term "shopping."

At the baker's there was also great work, and, indeed, everybody appeared to have enough to do for ten people at least.

Everybody, with the exception of Mr. Harry Lascelles. Lascelles *père*, who might have been supposed to prove also an exception, was busy writing letters to go by the next mail to Australia; and so our friend Harry was the only idle individual in Grabenthal.

Time hung heavily on his hands. He had been up at the mill immediately after breakfast, and had been admitted to a half-hour's conference with his lady-love; but he was then dismissed, with an intimation that he was not to make his appearance again until the evening, as Alma would be very busy all day. So he had wandered in and out and round about, till he began to feel actually wicked, from sheer *ennui*.

Parenthetically, let us ask how it happens that we have no synonym for this expressive word? Lassitude, weariness, boredom—none of them serve to expess the conglomeration of disagreeablenesses which our French friends so admirably express by the term "*ennui*." It is one of those untranslateable words which, like our English "comfort," gradually become adopted by all civilised nations.

The particular species of this disorder which troubled Mr. Harry Lascelles, might, perhaps, with some propriety, be denominated "the fidgets." Certainly, his case was a hard one. He had seen everything there was to be seen in Grabenthal, and had no companions with whom he could idle away his time in a billiard-room. Not that, if he had been so favorably situated, there was any billiard-room in which to idle. There was certainly a billiard-table in the big room at the inn, but, as it was only about half the size of an English table, whilst the pockets made up the deficiency by being double as large, and the cushions were apparently constructed of wood, or some similar non-elastic substance, it may be doubted whether much satisfaction could be derived from playing upon it.

Harry would have gone out shooting, but the day was too far spent for even the most sanguine sportsman to hope for any success, and the reader may have observed that tramping over mountains, encumbered with the weight of a gun and other paraphernalia, is not a very lively amusement when you commence your tramp with a settled conviction that you will only have your labour for your pains.

Books, there were none in the place which Harry could read, and there was a similar dearth of newspapers. What should a man do under such circumstances? The male reader of brilliant intelligence will at once reply, "Smoke!"—Well, Harry did smoke incessantly, but still he was not satisfied. At last, feeling wicked, he purchased a pen-shooter, filled his pockets with dried peas, and began to amuse himself very well.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

After The Ball.

She counts her conquests all as naught
Before the crowning one;
The love that seemed to come unsought
Like splendors of the sun.
And every word they spoke to-night
Is graven on his brain
In letters of auroral light.
Forever to remain.

She lays her lips upon the hands
His fervent lips have kissed;
And o'er her clear eyes as she stands
There comes a happy mist.
What was her charm in form or face
O'er others at the ball
That he should do her such a grace
As choose her 'mid them all?

She casts her shining silks aside,
And robes her for her rest;
Her only dream till morning-tide,
"He loves me—loves me best."
O virgin faith! O face so sweet!
O heart that pulses true!
Will any man's heart ever beat
As loyally for you?

. . . . . .

He leaves the ball, but not for rest,
And not for faithful dream;
Life needs, it seems, another zest
Where Lais reigns supreme.
Fill high the beaker with champaign,
And crown the board with flow'rs;
A husband may not know again
Such gay Bohemian hours.

Not his the love that lives for aye,
Not his a loyal troth;
His passion lasts a summer day,
He swears a traitor's oath.
So take this moral 'mid the strife
Of hymeneal plans,
That love is all a woman's life,
And only half a man's.

Australian Tales and Adventures.

No. 10.

DROVING RECOLLECTIONS.

By BUNYIP.

The scene of my present narrative lies on the Richmond River, New South Wales, whose rich banks are now covered with sugar plantations and comfortable homesteads, produced after years of incessant toil and hardships, privations, and dangers, such as none but pioneer settlers in a new country have ever experienced, and but for the rich virgin soil, unsurpassed in Australia for fertility, would even now have remained in a semi-wild state.

At the time of which I write, now some forty years since, these rich flats were forests of magnificent cedar trees, inhabited by good-hearted and hospitable cedar-cutters, a class of men now pretty well extinct, who know few of the comforts of life, but who always welcomed the traveller to a share of their hut and a cut at their damper, and as they were almost to a man "Old hands" some fine old yarns were spun of adventures with blacks when they first went into the cedar scrub. The Richmond River blacks were at that time pretty bad, much given to spearing cattle and other little peculiarities, and the cedar-cutters had often a lively time of it, and many a darkey went under the sod "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," and of whom no tally was kept.

I was journeying from the Clarence River bound to a large station on the Richmond to take a mob of fat cattle to Sydney, and not being able to reach my destination before dark, pulled up some cedar-cutters and asked to stop the night.

"Certainly, sir," said the oldest of the party, "and right welcome, too; and you'll find fine grass down in the bend of the river for your horse."

Now, as I had ridden some forty odd miles that day, both myself and horse gladly availed ourselves of Ned the cedar-cutter's hospitable invitation, and in about ten minutes Old Sitting, my horse, was ambling away in his hobbles to the grassy bend, and I had whittled off a slice of damper and a junk of salt beef, and with a pannikin of tea was as happy as King Billy, the blackfellow; I won't say a European Sovereign, whose proverbial happiness I always considered rather mythical. Ned, the cedar-cutter, had been on the river for a long time, and had two mates, both middle-aged, and all three had been sent out years before to assist in colonising this fine country. Bob and Jack (surnames were seldom used or, indeed, known) were rough and ready customers, not given to much talk, but when they had company, such as myself for instance, were fond of talking over old times, and their adventures, and many of these were full of stirring incidents peculiar to their mode of life and surroundings. The majority of these old hands, who had got their "ticket" or served out their sentences, settled down to steady, hard work, and although fond enough of a spree occasionally when they got their cheque, had none of the slangy flashiness which characterises too many of the young colonials. And it was this class of men who accompanied the early pioneer settlers into new country, and were seldom heard to grumble at privations and hardships learnt in a hard school, and encouraged, no doubt, by their masters, who fared no better than themselves.

Having done full justice to the hospitable fare of my hosts, I joined them at the fire, and, as usual, to while away the evening many adventures were told. The first related by "Old Ned," the Boss Sawyer on the river, I will present to my readers.

"Well, mates" commenced Ned; it is, as you know, many years since I first took to cedar-getting on this river, and I have had many mates beside yourselves, some good, some bad, but somehow as soon as they made a few pounds they were off, and never came back. I first came up the river in the Schooner Belle, from Sydney, and was landed with two mates, both good men, at a point about twenty miles below this, where Myrtle Creek joins the river. We had a good fit out Tent, Jams, Axes, six months rations, &c., and the schooner was to wait and take down the first cargo of logs to our employers, who were large timber merchants in Sydney and the owners of the schooner. While we were cutting the cargo we lived on board, and the trees were so plentiful that we were not long filling her up. When she sailed we lived in our tent until we built a slab-hut with the flitches we got off the logs in squaring them. The scrub then was inhabited by large tribes of blacks, who appeared to be very friendly, and I had several of the tribe upon whose territory we were camped, employed clearing the scrub for the bullocks to draw the logs to the saw-pit, and down to the river, for the schooner when she returned. Mr. Clarke Irving, the owner of Myrtle Creek Station, on whose run we were camped, had a neighbor, Mr Fawcett, who lived at Fairy Mount, twenty miles away, our next door neighbor, as you know, mates. One evening in the summer of 1848 one of our blackfellows came running to our camp from Mr. Irving's, with "Big fellow fight along Mr. Fawcett's." "What's up now, Peter?" I said,

"Blackfellow stuck up station, try burn him out, plenty blackfellow tumble down—*big fellow fight!*—"

"I and my two mates ran up through the scrub to the station, and found the manager arming and horseing all hands, and as he had sent Peter to us, we volunteered also. We carried our ammunition in our pockets, and about five pounds weight of bullets in one trouser pocket, and a flask of powder in the other did not add to our comfort on horseback. Our carbines were flint locked, and when they did go off made sure work. Well, we started off about an hour before sundown. It was about nine o'clock when we reached Fairy Mount, piloted by one of Mr. Irving's black boys, and before getting close to the station could hear shots firing. We proceeded cautiously, and just to the edge of the belt of scrub in front of the house. We saw about fifty blacks besieging the place. They were throwing spears with lighted bundles of grass tied on the end, on to the bark roof, and would have burnt them out but for our opportune arrival. We took the enemy in the rear, and gave them fits. Such a scatter you never saw. We gave them another volley, after which not a black was to be seen except what were lying on the ground, and they were many. Our first thought now was to save the house from the flames, on reaching which the owner, Mr. Fawcett, and his overseer and stockman, welcomed us with open arms. No damage was done, as dry gum bark, such as the house was roofed with, takes time to kindle. However, we threw water over it, and then went out to inspect the battle-field. There were three blackfellows lying dead and four badly wounded. We brought the wounded into the men's hut and attended to them as well as we could, but one died before morning. We dug a hole in the scrub and put the dead in, and covered them up, the three wounded being kept as prisoners, and when recovered were allowed to depart, as Mr. Fawcett did not care to go to the trouble of sending them to Sydney and prosecuting them. When all was over he told us how the *fight* had occurred. His drays had just arrived from Casino with his year's supplies of rations, etc., from Sydney, and a blackfellow's idea of a dray load of rations was such as to suggest a raid upon the station, which was organized and put into practice at once. Flour, tobacco, tea, sugar, and rum, the *summum bonum* of a blackfellow's happiness, were there. Have them they would at all hazards. Some members of a wild tribe had met the teams on the road, and followed them sufficiently far to know where they were going. Then a council of war was held, and the attack planned and carried into execution. Mr. Fawcett had notice of the intended assault in time to despatch a messenger to Myrtle Creek and barricade the house and prepare for action, which commenced about two o'clock in the afternoon. As usual, plenty of ammunition was on hand, and Mr. Fawcett was of opinion that far more had been shot and carried off the field before we came to his assistance. We stayed there all next day to make sure of all being right, then returned to Myrtle Creek, so here ends my yarn mates."

"And a very good one too," said we all.

I had a pot of tea on the strength of it, and turned in. The next morning at daylight my hosts were astir, had the quart pots boiling, and my horse got up and hobbled close to the hut for me. These men, although working for themselves and perfectly their own masters, most religiously observed the then hours of work. The eight hours system had not penetrated their sylvan field of labour, trades' unions and organisations were alike unknown, and they worked honestly from sunrise to sunset all the year round, dinner hour and smoke, oh, excepted. No lock-outs or strikes, or any such modern devilment as sets masters and men too often by the ears these times, but the average old station hand took his orders from his master or overseer the night before, knew what work he had to do, and *did it*, and I, as an old station manager, have frequently asked men coming home to the station long after dark what kept them so long, was answered, "because it took us till dark to finish the job, sir." The average station hand now will knock off exactly when his watch points to six o'clock, and if you ask him if he has finished the job, will probably say, about half an hour in the morning will do it, *Boss*." Familiarity, the old saying says, breeds contempt, and the new chum station hands have adopted the term *Boss* in place of the respectful *Sir*. The old hands believed in rum and true religion; the modern ones in familiarity and too often, impudence, but then the days I write of was before manhood suffrage. A good breakfast of beef and damper with some delicious fish caught on the night lines in the river, washed down with some good tea, followed with the hearty good wishes of my kind-hearted but rough and ready hosts, saw me on my journey, and mid-day brought me to Myrtle Creek Station, where I was welcomed by the manager Mr. Mc.Kellar, who was an old friend of mine. "Glad to see you," was his welcome. "The fat cattle are all ready. Take a day's spell, and then for the road. I've a splendid mob ready, and I'll send Mickey and Jackey (two blackboys) and the "Lady Killer," with you Now, I must inform my readers that the latter gentleman was under stockman, a smart, sensible fellow in the bush, but an "awful swell" when he got to Sydney, who wore black streamers a yard long with forked ends flying from his cabbage-tree hat, and as our educated young ladies say now, put on an "*awful lot of side*," who always in Sydney wore tight fitting breeches, knee boots and spurs, and a sixteen feet stockwhip coiled over his arm. Yet, poor fellow, when we left town for the station again he hadn't a shilling of his wages. But when we got back to Myrtle Creek, listen to him then. Romeo was nothing to him, and as for "Don Juan," Byron's masterpiece, he was a fraud in comparison; hence he was called the lady-killer. But he was all there at cutting out a beast on a cattle camp and taking his watch at night. A man you could depend your life upon in any emergency, real sterling metal, but too innocent and soft for town. A fine, upstanding handsome fellow he was, too, and could sit a horse till he bucked himself inside out, as the saying was. Born and bred on a station in New England his education was extremely limited. He knew the alphabet, and that was quite sufficient for his requirements, as it enabled him to tell the brands of a beast. He had been in Mr. Irving's employ for many years, and, like most stockmen in those days, considered the station his home for life, for the idea of leaving their employ never once entered their heads, and they took as much interest in it as if they were the owners. As to Mickey, the blackboy, it ever there was a funny devil it was he. He was the life and soul of the party, always in good spirits, and always laughing, full of "wise saws and modern instances."

Thus equipped, with a pack horse to carry our rations, &c., we started one fine morning with the fat cattle for Sydney, and were helped a few days stage on the road by Mr. Mc.Kellar and two young men who were getting experience. Our route lay through New England and across the Liverpool Plains, and a pleasant journey it was until we reached the Mooki River, when we first experienced the effect of the severe draught that had set in on the Hunter river district. The water in the Mooki was like mud, and we had to strain it through calico before we could boil a pot of tea. Frequently the water-holes were full of dead cattle bogged. This greatly improved the water, and saved our rations, as it was both meat and drink. We pulled through, and got on to Byron Plains, and at Waterford's station had our Christmas dinner, and right good fare it was. True hospitality, a bottle of wine, a Christmas pudding, wild turkey, roast beef, and, *oh, joy!* a pretty girl to bring it to us. This apparition after six weeks travelling so overcame our "lady-killer" that he went off in an ecstasy, "putting on side" for the occasion, and exclaiming *sotto voice*, "*splendid creature, by Jove.*" Minnie, our host's pretty daughter, for such she was, was possessed of a pair of black swivel eyes, that is they turned whichever way she wanted them. But, however, she adjusted them so that they fixed our friend, and, strange to say, whichever way she looked, he looked also, (how very foolish young people are to be sure)! After our hospitable repast was finished we went back to camp, on reaching which our friend found he had left his handkerchief behind on his chair, (how very forgetful), so he had to go back for it. On his return Mickey, the blackboy, greeted him with, "left anything else behind, Mister Jack? Me go for it this time," with a grin. Jack, however, did not see it, and his conversation at the camp fire for a week after was very romantic. We had now pretty hard times of it. Grass was everywhere dry but abundant—no overstocking in those days—but water was the one thing needful, and as there were no dams on the creeks and rivers we had often long stretches to go without it. After leaving Waterford's we crossed Myall creek, the Baluble river Namoi, Peel Page, and then struck the Hunter river at Negoa, a station of Mr. Cox's, and in order to save our cattle had frequently to trespass in the dead of night into paddocks where there was water. Once we were caught in a paddock of Captain Dunearesy's by old Jessee, his overseer, who threatened pains and penalties, but the ready wit of our "funny man," Mickey, the blackboy, who knew old Jessee, not only got us out of the scrape but prolonged our stay at the water-hole for the best part of the afternoon.

"Ah! ah! Mister Jessee," laughed he, "don't you know D.Q cattle?" (Captain Dunearesy's) Plains stations brand.

Now, old Jessee being on foot and near sighted, and whose knowledge of the alphabet just enabled him to tell B from a Bull's foot, could not get near enough to the cattle to distinguish the brands, so he edged up to the "lady-killer to pump him. Jack Smith was fly, so took up the cue from Mickey, and told old Jessee such an awful yarn about the plains station, how badly they were off there, and how they had to start the cattle off for market, and how an account of the scarcity of water the overseer and station hands had to live on tea boiled in rum.

"Wish I was there," said old Jessee. "A drought can't be so very bad after all."

"Presently a cow's horn, blown by old Jessee's missus from the house for him to come up to tea, relieved us from further inquiries, so we took our departure, our cattle with their fill of water and ourselves with increased knowledge of human nature, and at the camp fire that evening Mickey received the congratulations and thanks of his friends for telling one big fellow lie.

Whether Jessee ever unravelled the web in which Mickey and the Lady Killer had wound him I know not, neither did I much care. All things are fair in love and war.

Without further adventure we reached Jullagur's yards, outside of Parramatta, where we delivered the cattle to the agents. Stayed in Parramatta at Mrs. Walker's, the "Red Cow," in Church-street, and in the evening Jack Smith and the two black boys did the grand, Jack giving out he was a large squatter with his two black boys. I went out of town to visit some friends who lived some six miles off. Next day I went out to the sale of the cattle. The "Lady Killer" was there, with a a "young lady" on horseback.

"Good morning, Jack," I said.

"Good morning, sir," he replied most respectfully, but never offered to introduce his lady friend.

"Will you introduce me to your sister, Jack," I said.

"

SUPPLEMENT.

Alone.

I miss you, my darling, my darling;
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And stilled is the stir of the household,
And hushed is the voice of the mirth;
The rain splashes fast on the terrace,
The winds past the lattices moan,
The midnight chimes out from the minster,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling;
I am tired with care and fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forget.
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love is contentment;
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling,
My voice echoes back on my heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And lo! they fall empty, apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling;
With its yearning, my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder;
I shrink from the jar that it makes,
Old sorrows rise up before me;
Old doubts make my spirit thine own,
Oh, come through the darkness and save me,
For I am alone.

—*All the Year Round*.

Farmer.

GRAPE ECONOMY.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

VINEGAR.

This is the acetous fermentation of the juice, and in moderate quantities is highly recommended for its usefulness in diet. As a local external application it is also of great use in medicine. The mode of its preparation may not be generally known, and therefore we furnish the following account from Ure's "Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines."

"Wine vinegar is of two kinds, *white* and *red*, according as it is prepared from white or red wine. White wine vinegar is usually preferred, and that made at Orleans is regarded as the best. Vinegar is made of the best quality out of wines which have become more or less acidulous, and are, therefore, of inferior value. When the vinegar is made from well-flavoured wines, it is preferable to every other for the use of the table. The old method consists merely in partially filling a series of large casks placed in three or four ranges over each other, in a cellar warmed with a stove to the temperature of 85 degs. Fahr., with the wine mixed with a certain proportion of ready-made vinegar as a ferment. Low-roofed apartments are the most suitable; when there is a high ceiling it is necessary to elevate the "mothers," in order that they may occupy the higher strata of warm air. This trouble is dispensed with when the roofs are low. Experience has proved that in high-roofed apartments, where the tuns are placed at different levels, the uppermost work off quicker and better than the others. More wine is added, in successive small portions, as fast as the first has become acetified, taking care that a free ventilation be maintained, in order to replace the carbonic acid produced by fresh atmospheric oxygen. In summer, under a favourable exposure of the windows and walls of the fermenting room to the sun, artificial heat is not needed. Each cask is of about 60 gallons capacity, and into each cask of the set is poured a third of its capacity of vinegar, to which two gallons of wine are added, and weekly, afterwards, two gallons more. About eight gallons are drawn off at the end of four weeks as vinegar, and then successive additions of wine are made as before to the casks. These are laid horizontally in rows upon their gawntrees, and are pierced at the upper surface of the front end with two holes: one, called the *eye*, is two inches in diameter, and serves for pouring in the charges through a funnel: the other is a small air-hole alongside. The casks should never be more than two-thirds full, otherwise a sufficient body of air is not present in them for favouring rapid acetification. At the end of a certain period, the deposit of tartar and lees becomes so great that the casks must be cleaned out. This renovation usually takes place every ten years; but the casks, when made of well-seasoned oak and bound with iron hoops, will last twenty-five years. The wine, as well as the vinegar produced, should be clarified by being slowly filtered through beech chips, closely packed in a arge open tun. When wines are new, and somewhat saccharine or too alcoholic, they acetify reluctantly, and need the addition of a little yeast, or even water, to the mixture; and when they are too weak, they should be enriched by the addition of some sugar or stronger wine, so as to bring them to a uniform state for producing vinegar of normal strength. To favour the renewal of fresh air into the upper part of the hogsheads, it would be advisable to pierce a two-inch hole near to the upper level of the liquid when the cask is fullest, by which means the heavy carbonic acid would fall out, and be replaced by the atmospheric air at the superior apertures."

PURE UNFERMENTED WINE.

Besides the form of vinegar, that of the preservation of the grape-juice, which leads in importance, must always demand considerable attention in our present connection. The subject of wine almost throws into the shade all the other economic products of the fruit of the vine; hence its treatment here at greater length.

The very existence of pure, unfermented, non-alcoholic, wine has been unblushingly denied. But this error arises from ignorance which, at the present day, has no excuse. It is an error, which, as will be seen below, no wine-manufacturer would fall into. It has been known, and has divided the world, with fermented, alcoholic, and poisonous, wine, from ancient times down to the present. The testimony of the Sacred Writers, confirmed by Jewish customs; of classical authors; of the learning and science of the middle ages; and of present practice all over Eastern and Western countries; most conclusively prove this. The modes of preparing this pure, unfermented wine, are no secret either.

To enter fully into the evidence furnished in the Bible would not only far exceed our space, but would be a digression, however valuable, from the subject-matter here. The following extract (from a lecture by the Rev. D. Allen, late of Melbourne, at present of Sydney), may set it forth in brief, and generally:—"The word *wine* from *Tirosh*, occurs 37 times in the Old Testament, and is in all these cases with approbation; but that this wine was always so spoken of, as in the cluster—Isaiah lxv., 8. Therefore, this commended wine must be unfermented wine. The word wine, from the Hebrew word *yain*, occurs 141 times, and signifies turbid, flowing, or fermentation; therefore, it means the liquor pressed from the cluster, whether fermented or unfermented. This word occurs 71 times with caution and disapprobation, 33 without either commendation, or condemnation and 24 with approbation. Therefore, there is given, three *marks* or *signs* in Prov. xxiii, 31, by which the fermented *yain* may be known as distinct from the unfermented *yain*. The one being *condemned*, the other *commended*.

The words *strong drink* are from the Hebrew word *shechar*, which occurs twenty-three times In every place where this is referred to as a common beverage, it is spoken of with admonition and warning against it.

Some critics may say Tirosh is uttered thirty-eight times by God, and that one place not referred to, in Hos. iv., 11, refutes the idea of entire commendation from God upon the unfermented Tirosh wine, for wine (Tirosh) and whoredom take away the heart. "Now," says the quibbler, "here is Tirosh wine in an evil sense." To which I reply "not fermented though no more than the new bought field and oxen or new married wife in the parable was fermented or decomposed; for this Scripture evidently refers to worldly cares, according to the root of Tirosh, which is literally possession of inheritance. A man's possession, inheritance, or vineyard take away his heart from God as well as idolatry, which is meant by whoredom. Therefore the New Testament puts them together thus: "Nor covetousness which is idolatry, for the which things" sake the wrath of God cometh upon the ungodly."

The ancient customs of the Jews confirm this view of the Biblical evidence. They never used fermented liquors at their sacred feasts. The orthodox Jews still use only the pure grape juice, or the nearest approach to it which they can obtain. Dr. Isaacs, a Jewish Rabbi of New York and an authority on such matters, says, that fermented wine "was excluded from the *marriage-feast* as well as the Passover." [Rev. James Smith's Prize Essay: "The Temperance Reformation."]

The testimony of classical writers is even more conclusive, for one of the modes for preserving wine pure, and preventing fermentation, is actually furnished by several. Pliny expressly says (*lib.* iv. *c* 13) that a "good wine" was one that was destitute of spirit. Theophrastus and Plutarch say the same thing. [Reid's "Our National Vice."] Democritus says, that "the Lacedæmonians were accustomed to boil their wine upon the fire until the fifth part had been consumed." Dr. Nott furnishes the following ancient recipe by Columella (*De Re Rustica, lib.* xii. *c.* 37):—"Gather the grapes in the bunches. and spread them out in the sunshine for three days; on the fourth day, at the noontide hour, tread out the grapes while they are hot [by the previous exposure]; take the *mustum lixivium*, that is, such as should flow into the lake of must, before the mass of grapes should be pressed by the beams; when it should have cooled down add to every 50 *sextarii* of must not exceeding an ounce of iris, well pounded; rack off the wine by pouring it from the dregs. This wine will be sweet (or smooth), sound-bodied, and wholesome to the body." Hereupon Dr. Nott observes:—"He bids you spread out the grapes to the heat of the sun, sufficiently long to concentrate the juice to that degree of thickness which was known to prevent fermentation. He next takes them up at noon . . . and while hot has them lightly trodden; a naked foot being less likely than a large wooden beam to break the little cells containing the gluten or fermentable matter, and by disengaging it to produce fermentation. . . This was the second precaution against fermentation. . . Not being permitted to flow into the wine-lake, lest it should incur the third risk of fermentation. . . Lastly, it was to be racked off."

Considering that during the middle ages both the study of classical writers and the manufacture of wines were very much, if not entirely, in the hands of monks, there cannot be any doubt as to their knowledge of the boiling process whereby fermentation was prevented. The celebrated philosopher Boerhaave wrote:—"By boiling, the juice of the richest grapes loses all its aptitude for fermentation, and may afterwards be preserved for years without undergoing any further change." Newmann, a chemist (1740 A.D.), wrote: "It is observable, that when sweet juices are boiled down to a thick consistence, they not only do not ferment in that state, but are not easily brought into fermentation when diluted with as much water as they had lost in the evaporation, or even with the very individual water that had exhaled from them."

Present practice all over the East and West also proves that there is such a thing as pure unfermented wine, and that the modes of preparing it are well known. The Rev. Messrs. M'Cheyne and Bonar, who formed the deputation from the Church of Scotland to the Jews in Palestine in 1839, tell us in their "Narrative" that they were present at a Jewish marriage where "wine flowed plentifully as at Cana; but, being the simple wine of the country, not the slightest riot or extravagance was visible." Again Dr. Thompson, in "The Land and the Book," says:—"Should you come this way (of the vineyards of Hebron) in September or October, you will find the city deserted, and these gardens filled with grape-gatherers of every age and sex. . . . A large part of the crop is eaten or sold at the time; the remainder is dried into raisins or pressed, and the juice boiled down to a thick molasses called 'dibs;' for the Moslems, as you are aware, make no wine." Again: "The Sheikh came out with some fresh baked bread and a plate of 'dibs,' and, taking his seat by my side, he broke off a bit of bread, dipped it in the 'dibs,' and gave it to me to eat. . . . They tell us that this custom has come down to them from the remotest antiquity." Professor Jacobus in his "Notes on the Gospels" (1866) says to the same effect:—"The present wines of Jerusalem and Lebanon, as we tasted them, were commonly boiled and sweet, without intoxicating qualities, such as we have got in liquors called wines. The boiling prevents the fermentation. Those were esteemed the best wines which were least strong." Further eastward the sweet wines of Persia are as well known as the intoxicating liquors made by the Armenian Christians. And it is an ordinary mistake to suppose that the "liquid ruby" of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, refers to anything else than the actual purple clusters of the grape fruit. It is not intoxicating liquor that he says in his celebrated Ode is as "pure as the stream of Roonabad," and that, under the designation of "liquid ruby," he bids his favourite page to press out from the clusters hanging over "the bower of Mosellay" and cause it thus to "flow." Professor Jacobus, quoted above, also says, that the mode is to heat the juice to the boiling point and enclose it in air-tight vessels, in order to preserve the wine.

In Western countries we find the boiled juice of the grape in common use in Sicily. Those wines esteemed the best are sweet and unintoxicating. In Calabria unfermented wine is esteemed the most. A traveller has stated that it is drunk, mixed with water. "Great pains were taken in the vintage season to have a good stock of it laid by. The grape juice was filtered two or three times, and then bottled, and some put in casks and buried in the earth—some kept it in water." Another traveller's account [E. C. Delavan, of New York, in the *Temperance Advocate* for 1842,] is so valuable that we proceed to an extract of some length:—"While I was in Italy (1839), I obtained an introduction to one of the largest wine manufacturers there, a gentleman of undoubted credit and character. From him I obtained the following important facts:—First, that with a little care, the fruit of the vine may be kept in wine countries free from fermentation for several months, if undisturbed by transportation. Wine of this character he exhibited to me in January last, several months after the vintage. Secondly, that the pure juice of the grape may be preserved free from fermentation for any length of time by boiling, by which the principle of fermentation is destroyed, and in this state may be shipped to any country, and in any quantity, without its ever becoming intoxicating. Thirdly, that in wine-producing countries, unfermented wine may be made any day in the year. In proof of this, the manufacturer referred to, informed me that he had then in his lofts for the use of his table until the next vintage, a quantity of grapes sufficient to make one hundred gallons of wine—that grapes could always be had, at any time of the year, to make any desirable quantity; and that there was nothing in the way of obtaining fruit of the vine free from fermentation in wine countries at any period." In another country—Germany—Professor Miller states that he made the acquaintance of an extensive wine-grower on the Moselle. On the Professor's enquiring from him if he had any unfermented wine, the reply was "tuns," and the age of some of it was fully ten years. The manufacturer than explained the two modes of preserving it in its pure, natural, unfermented state; one by the boiling process, another by the 'sulphur cure,' both exactly as practised in olden times. The latter method he preferred; filling the cask nearly full, then burning sulphur in the empty portion, and whilst the fumes were still there, fastening all tight by the bung." Again, from the *Standard Temperance Library*:—"In Holland, at the present day, it is the custom of the Spanish wine merchants, immediately after the vintage, to present to each of their customers a few bottles of the unfermented juice of the grape. It is there commonly called new wine, and sometimes must. It is of a pale amber colour, and of a syrupy consistence. The Dutch consider it as a great treat, and it is customary to hear the host say to a female, 'do not be afraid; it will not hurt you; it is new wine.'" But, as a well-known fact, pure, unfermented wine is actually sold in both England and America, and its use both in private families and churches is daily extending. Here are copies of two advertisements:—"Hogben's non-alcoholic wines. Manufactured under Her Majesty's royal letters patent. Supplied in three qualities and two flavours. The inferior quality is intended to supersede ale and beer. 'Meto,' an agreeable acid. 'Migro,' a pleasant tonic. Price, in barrels (not less than 10 gallons), 1s. 6d. per gallon. Medium quality is intended to supersede light wines. Price, in barrels, 3s. per gallon. Best quality in place of port, sherry, and strong wines. 'Medeor,' grape juice preparation, 35s. per doz. bottles. This wine is a powerful brain and nerve tonic, having all the advantages of a stimulant without any of its deleterious effects. Each quality, according to price, contains a certain percentage of phosphodine, and is highly recommended by the faculty. It is preserved from fermentation, and may be used on draught in the same way as ales and wines. Orders direct to the patentee, Thomas Hogben, Woodstock-road, Poplar, London."

Again:—"Unfermented wine, free from alcohol, and unintoxicating, prepared for sacramental and dietetic uses. This wine is guaranteed to be the pure juice of the finest grapes of the Cote d'Or, Andalusia, and the Medoc, specially imported for this purpose. It has stood the test of 18 years' continued sale in every climate, and is now used in upwards of 1000 churches of all denominations. F. WRIGHT, manufacturing chemist, Kensington, High-street, London, W."

In reference to the last advertisement Dr. Nott, of America, says:—"I have myself preserved such wine for 16 years together, and induced Mr. F. Wright, of Kensington, to prepare such wine extensively for both medical and sacramental uses." Dr. Nott also quotes Dr. Hassal's report in the *Lancet*:—"Mr. Wright exhibits what he calls Sacramental or Passover wine, which consists of the unfermented juice of the grape, and is made to meet the views of those ministers who believe that the wine used at the institution of the Sacrament was unfermented, and consisted simply of the expressed juice of the grape. It forms a very palatable beverage." This wine received "Honourable Mention" at the London Exhibition. Again—an American M.D., Dr. T. B. Welch, is thus quoted in the *New York Tribune*: "As I was perhaps the originator, eight years ago, of this unfermented wine, now so extensively used by the churches, and becoming more and more popular among physicians, perhaps I may the more appropriately answer the inquiry of your correspondent as to how it is made. The secret is really no secret at all. It is like many things else discovered—no discovery, only a new application of what has been long known. For many years our good housewives have preserved the various fruits in glass jars. Ask them how it is done, and then do likewise with the juice of the fruit of the vine; the result is unfermented wine; the older the better, yet entirely free from alcohol, and therefore unintoxicating. . . . Of course it would be hardly proper to give the details by which my son, Dr. C. E. Welch, obtains such concentrated richness in his unfermented wine, and by which he so thoroughly prepares it as to make it keep sweet so long after it is uncorked; but there is not a community where grapes are grown that may not put up this delicious fruit with as uniform success as they preserve their fruits." These testimonies will suffice, and we may conclude this portion of our subject with Dr. Ure's authoritative words:—"Fermentation may be tempered or stopped by those means which render the yeast inoperative, particularly by the oils that contain sulphur, as oil of mustard; as also by the sulphurous and sulphuric acids." This leads us to

To be continued.

LANK hair, among the ancients, was a sign of cowardice; auburn hair, or light brown, evidence of great susceptibility of the tender passion, as well as rare intelligence, industry and a peaceful disposition; black hair was not highly esteemed, the possessors of it being thought jealous and quarrelsome; red hair, in general, was an aversion, a mark of reprobation, even before thie time of Judas. "As wicked as a red ass" was freely applied to anyone having bright red hair, and was a popular and opprobrious saying, and to make the sentiment more binding, one of that patient tribe of quadrupeds was made to atone for it every year by being thrown from a high wall.—*The Ingleside.*

Sun-Worship Among the Blackfoot Indians.—The chief religious ceremony of the Blackfoot tribes is of foreign origin. This is the famous "Sun-dance," to which they, like the Dakota tribes and some of the Western Crees are fanatically devoted. That this ceremony is not properly Algonkin is clearly shown by the fact that among the tribes of that stock, with the exception of the Blackfeet and a few of the Western Crees, it is unknown. Neither Ojibways of the Lakes, nor any of the tribes east of the Mississippi, had in their worship a trace of their extraordinary rite. The late eminent missionary among the Dakotas, the Rev. Stephen R. Riggs (author of the "Dakota Grammar and Dictionary"), says of this ceremony: "The highest form of sacrifice is *self-immolation*. It exists in the Sun-dance, and is what is called 'vision-seeking.' Some, passing a knife under the muscles of the breast and arms, attach cords thereto, which are fastened at the other end to the top of a tall pole, raised for the purpose; and thus they hang suspended only by those cords, without food or drink, for two, three, or four days, gazing upon vacancy, their minds intently fixed upon the object in which they wish to be assisted by the deity, and waiting for a vision from above. Others, making incisions in the back, have attached, by hair ropes, one or more buffalo-heads, so that every time the body moves in the dance, a jerk is given to the buffalo-heads behind. The rite exists at present among the Western bands of the Dakotas in the greatest barbarity. After making the cuttings in the arms, breasts, or back, wooden setons—sticks about the size of a lead-pencil—are inserted, and the ropes are attached to them. Then, swinging on the ropes, they pull until the setons are pulled out with the flesh and tendons; or, if hung with buffalo-heads, the pulling is done in the dance, by successive jerks, keeping time with the music, while the head and body, in an attitude of supplication, face the sun, and the eye is unflinchingly fixed upon it."

The latest official information concerning Dr. Wilhelm Junker, the African traveller comes from Zanzibar. It reports that while he was staying with the King of Unyoro, the latter was attacked and defeated by the King of Uganda. The King of Unyoro and Dr. Junker succeeded, however, in making their escape. Dr. Junker lost all his collections, but saved his journals.

Opportunity, sooner or later, comes to all who work and wish.

Idleness is the key of beggary and the root of all evil.

A virtuous man is ever in unison with nature's works.

Boys' Column.

A Wild Ride.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

A story of adventure? Well, here's a short account of one that came to me in the course of railway service in Minnesota a few years ago.

A party of us had a special train one day consisting of an engine, baggage-car, and coach—just enough to balance well—in order to do some work along the line between St. Paul and La Crosse. Late in the afternoon we reported our readiness to go in, and got orders from the train-dispatcher to "fly" to La Crosse, some seventy-five miles distant.

Now, I had more than once ridden on the pilot, or "cow-catcher," of a locomotive, but my experiences had been at a pretty slow pace. On this afternoon we would go down the bank of the Missisipbi a-humming, and I suggested to the assistant superintendent that we two go out on the pilot and see what it meant to be pushed through the air ahead of a railway train at fifty or sixty miles an hour.

We took a cushion from the coach, spread it on the narrow iron platform at the top of the cow-catcher, cried out "All right!" to the engineer, and went off.

The sensation is somewhat startling at first. The grumbling and throes of the steam and hot smoke-currents imprisoned in the great machine behind you are heard in dull sighs and *chugs*, and felt in muffled jars and tremblings, "not loud, but deep." There is no rolling, lurching, and leaping, like that felt in the cab of the locomotive, high above the driving wheels, nor the bouncing and jarring of the cars. The whole forward part of the engine rests only on two (or four) small guide wheels, and the pilot is ahead of even them, so that you are sitting out on the end of a spring-board, as it were, and feel only an elastic swaying, sensible, in a curiously exact way, however, to every impulse or checking of speed.

Overhead hangs the headlight lantern, supported on brackets, and hiding all behind it. There is nothing beside you, or in front, and you can only leave your place by climbing back over the foot-board, which runs nearly on the top of the boiler from the cab windows to the smoke-stack—a feat by no means easy to do at a standstill, unless you are agile.

In two minutes from the time we left the station we had picked up a terrific pace. Our huge carrier would dive into cuts and dart out of them, leap culverts and narrow streams seemingly without touching the bridges, and where the track was level and straight, seemed to slide rather than roll along, for we could feel no jar of wheels, and heard little of the noise left behind as fast as it was evoked. The breeze of our swift progress cleaving the air out there in front almost shut our eyes, and quite closed our mouths. Stations whisked by as though bewitched. Leaning toward curves, we would glide around them as if on skates, and when a long descending grade sloped away ahead, and we went down it with steam shut off, yet with steadily growing swiftness, I could only recall the sensation of being the front man on a Montreal toboggan.

Well, twenty miles or so of this exciting flight had been reeled out behind us, and we had had a hint of the possible danger against which the cow-catcher is provided, in dodging an animal that had laid down in the road at a crossing, and whose carcass we had no desire to receive in our faces at cannon-ball rate, when a long stretch of open country was reached, and the engineer let out the very last notch—pulled the throttle wide open. Then our iron horse settled down to racing just as fast as his limbs could carry him; that is, as fast as the wheels could be made to go around—fifty, perhaps sixty, miles an hour.

The superintendent and I glanced at one another and smiled; we couldn't talk. Then we turned our eyes ahead just as the locomotive bent to a curve around a slight ridge, beyond which a "fill" spanned a bit of lowlands; and there, in the middle of the high bank, not a hundred yards in advance, we saw a hand-car loaded with workmen slowly pumping their way homeward.

What is a hundred yards at fifty miles an hour? Four seconds of travel, a dozen tickings of a watch. And when this morsel of time has flashed out, what next? Perhaps a splintered wreck of train and hand-car, passengers and workmen together at the bottom of the bank; perhaps only a smashed engine-head and two dead and battered men under the hand-car, which might be scooped up without derailing the train.

The engineer saw it as soon as we, and a scream of alarm burst from the whistle, while his quick hand reversed the lever and set the steam brakes. How alert and sane a locomotive engineer must be! The unsuspecting section men, peacefully rolling homeward ignorant of any "special" on the line, heard this scream, looked backward at an express train right on top of them, and cast themselves, sprawling like frightened frogs down the grassy bank.

I laugh now whenever I recall the sight; but I did not laugh then. Taking all the situation in, as one sees his road in a flash of lightning, I slung my body around to the left, and made a grab at the bracket under the head-light. But it was further away than I thought, or the fearful shaking of the wheels, in the grasp of the brakes and under the struggle of the whole machine to assume its reversed motion, threw my hand aside, for I failed, and dropped back upon my elbow. I never looked over my shoulder, nor lost a faculty, nor wasted an instant in making a second spring, seizing the bracket, and drawing myself up to the foot-board beside the boiler, though it was almost too hot to touch, and rocking and bounding like a frantic steed.

Then I looked down, to find the engine almost at a stand-still, quietly pushing the hand-car, which had run on down the grade fast enough to give us time to slow-up.

How did I feel while these rapid incidents were happening? Busy. I hadn't time for anything but strict attention to business—no fear, no picture of the past, no thought of the future, no feeling at all, except the importance of catching that bracket and scrambling over the boiler.

No, there was an uncurrent of separate anxiety all the time—anxiety over the probable loss of the cushion we were sitting on! But I so totally forgot my companion, that when his face stared at me behind the smoke-stack, whither he had climbed on his side with equal celerity, I was as honestly astonished as I should have been to have seen the Prince of Wales, and could not at once recall how it happened to be there.

We reached La Crosse in time; but the superintendent and I were perfectly contented to ride the rest of the way in the coach.—*Christian Union.*

Chowder.—Cut up a large onion rather finely, place it in a pot with a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Let it simmer till it looks transparent, not brown but a pale gold color. Add then a cupful of thinly sliced raw popatoes and a breakfast cup of boiling water. Let all simmer beside the fire till the potatoes are soft. Then add a pint of milk and six crushed arrowroot biscuits—any other plain small biscuits will do. Let it simmer for ten minutes, and then finally put in the contents of one lb. tin of oyster-salmon, or any other fish to taste, with a teaspoonful of salt and one of white pepper. Boil up, stir well and serve. Can be made in 20 minutes. Make over a slow fire.

It is oftenest the simplest, one might almost say the softest, nature which refuses the world's seal, and wears its own to the end.

That sort of half sigh, which accompanied by two or three slight nods of the head, is pity's small change in general society.

A man's good breeding is the best security against the people's ill manners.

Ladies' Column.

Two Fortunate Princesses.—The Princess of Wales was not always able to dress regardless of expense. She has known the evils of genteel poverty, and if she has forgotten all about it others have not. When an American once remarked that the princess was always well dressed, a great lady replied:

"She learned how to dress when she made her own bonnets and gowns on a hundred a year, before her father was King of Denmark."

It was, indeed, a strange fortune that raised the daughters of Christian IX. to two of the proudest positions in Christiandom. One is already empress of all the Russias, and the other is mated to the man who will one day be sovereign of England. Such matches have not often been made by portionless maidens. But the heirs apparent to these great monarchies both wanted consorts who were not Catholic, and marrageable princesses answering the demand were scarce when the Czarowitch and the Prince of Wales arrived at their majorities. The sons of sovereigns, however, may not wait long to be wived, for the succession must be settled; so the two ladies stepped from their obscurity in Copenhagen up to the pinnacle of human grandeur, outranking and overtopping the daughters of the very potentates who had made their father royal. They would doubtless at one time have thought themselves honoured to bear the trains of some who are now, or may yet be, their subjects.

Simplify the Work.—Housework, as many tired women too well know, seems never ending; but it can be simplified. With but one pair of hands at the helm, the management of the household can be comfortably sustained only with the greatest care, so as to allow a little time for reading and necessary rest. In such a household everything should be done as simply as possible. Ruffles, tucks, and fancy-work may look well, but not half so well as a happy mother's face not marked by lines of care and weariness. Little will the children care how few tucks their dresses bore when they have reached manhood's or womanhood's estate. Far better will be the sight of a bright home face than one fretful and careworn, or, as it may be, an empty place at the fireside, and a mother's folded hands lying at rest. Too many women who have been happy, laughing girls, sink into dull, stupid fault-finding housekeepers. Sometimes, perhaps, a husband is to blame, as in his zest for business and his work he pays little heed to his wife's needs and conveniences. But more often she herself is at fault. Her work may be reduced considerably if she wills it so. Cheap spreads that can be easily washed, and blankets, are far more preferable to the loads of quilts once considered necessary to the housewife's outfit, and which were acquired by months of patching. What a gain of time for reading and improvement, and this is only one instance—there are many such.

Learning Housekeeping.—An English lady who has resided for some time on the Continent, writes:—

The complaints I hear daily about servants and housekeeping induce me to make a proposal—namely, that of establishing the system which is practiced in Germany, of sending every young girl, after she had finished her school education and before she is "out," to learn housekeeping. This every girl in Germany does, be she the daughter of a nobleman, officer, or small official. She goes direct from school into a family corresponding to her station in life. Those who are rich go where they pay well, and are in a "good family," so that they are enabled to live well, and have good cooking and great variety. No one is taken into one of these establishments for less than a year, so that with every month a new branch is learned—one month the preserving of fruit in season, the next, laying in of apples and vegetables for winter use, preserving of eggs and butter, etc.

These girls are taught everything, from washing dishes, sweeping and polishing the floors, clear-starching and ironing, dusting and cleaning ornaments, cooking, laying the table, waiting upon the table, polishing the silver and glass, to decorating the tables with flowers and fruits. Great is the ambition of the pupil to hear that her taste and management are the best. Combined with these duties are those of keeping the household linen in repair, and learning plain sewing. Thus the young girl gets experience in household affairs. Though the pupils have to learn everything, servants are kept in these establishments, who, in their turn, are taught by the advanced pupils, who have learned from the mother of the family.

This accounts for the excellent housekeeping in Germany, where comfort is combined with economy, and the pleasure of having everything precise and clean. The labours of the day are over by mid-day, (dinner being at mid-day), when everybody is at liberty for study, needlework, or amusement, till time for preparing supper.

New Luxury for Australian Breakfast Table.—2 cups wheat meal, 1 tablespoonful baking powder, ½ teaspoonful salt and a little sugar, 1 teaspoonful of butter, 1 cup of sweet or sour milk, ½ teaspoonful soda. Rub the butter into the flour; mix the baking powder and the salt, add the milk, stir in the flour; knead very lightly, roll out ½ inch thick and bake.

Economical Hints.—Black silk can be made to look almost as good as new by sponging on the right side with weak tea or coffee and pressing on the right side with a thick flannel between the silk and the iron. When the silk is very much wrinkled sponge on the wrong side with weak gum-arabic water, and when nearly dry iron between two woollen cloths.

The creases can be taken out of velvet and the pile raised by drawing it across a hot iron over which a wet cloth has been spread. If there are pin marks over which the pile refuses to rise, brush it up with a stiff brush and steam it, repeating the operation several times. Narrow velvet ribbon can be ironed by dampening the back and drawing it across the flat face of an iron set upright on a table.

Rusty black lace can be wonderfully freshened by rinsing it in water to which has been added borax and alcohol in the proportion of one tablespoonful each of borax and alcohol to one cupful of soft water. After the lace is partly dry dip it in water in which an old kid glove has been boiled; squeeze gently, pull out the edges, pin on sheets of blotting-paper, and dry under heavy books.

When a stocking gets out at the heel the careless girl throws it aside and buys new—but the mother who permits it is more to blame than she. In the same way other garments which have months of wear in them are tossed aside as soon as they need repairing until they accumulate "mountains high," and the shame-faced possessor stuffs them into the rag-bag or gives them to the first beggar who comes along. This is wasteful extravagant, unwomanly and immoral. Every lady or girl ought to neatly mend her own underwear, and keep it for herself till worn out; and if she would help the poor let her give them strong, new and coarser clothing which will be useful to them in their position and work. There is something about a neatly mended glove, for example, or other feminine belonging, which gives it a charm it never had before; probably because it has acquired something of the personality of the dainty and careful wearer.

Tomato Pickle.—Slice 1 gal. green tomatoes, to each layer put a handful of salt. Let them stand all night, then drain off the liquor, and add to the tomatoes two green chilies, 2 large onions sliced, Take 2 qrts good brown vinegar, a little more than ½ pt. treacle, 2 tablespoonfuls allspice, 1 do. cloves, 1 do. ground vinegar. Mix the spices with the vinegar and treacle, and let it come to a boil; then put in the tomatoes and onions, Boil for 10 minutes. Put in a stone jar and keep for a forthight before using. This is superior to any other pickle.

Miscellaneous.

The Future Life.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time can wither sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought,

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
And wilt thou never utter it in Heaven?

In meadows fanned by Heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joins us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last—
Shall it expire with life and be no more?

A happier lot than mine and larger light
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all and renderest good for ill,

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume my heart as heat the scroll!
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same thoughtful brow and gentle eye,
Lovelier in Heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The praise of the envious is far less creditable than their censure; they praise only that which they can surpass, but that which surpasses them they censure.

If what is done be done in faith some good things will come out of our mistakes even, only let no one mistake self-will for that perfect thing, faith.

How a Mole Digs.—The mole is gifted with wonderful powers for digging. The conical head, terminating in a cartilaginous snout, and unencumbered with external ears to catch the dirt, constitutes an effective wedge in forcing its way through narrow apertures; the broad and powerful hands, whose fingers are united nearly to their very tips, and armed with long and stout claws, supply the means by which the motive power is applied, and serve to force the earth away laterally to admit the wedge like head; while the apparent absence of neck, due to the enormous development of muscles in connection with the shoulder girdle, the retention of the entire arm and forearm within the skin, the short and compact body, and the covering of soft, short and glossy fur, tend to decrease to a minimum the frictional resistance against the solid medium through which it moves. In fact it represents a most extraordinary model of a machine adapted for rapid and continued progress through the earth. The mole does not, and cannot, dig a hole in the same sense as other mammals that engage in this occupation, either in the construction of burrows or in the pursuit of prey. When a fox or a woodchuck digs into the ground, the anterior extremities are brought forward, downward and backward, the plane of motion being almost vertical; while the mole, on the other hand, in making its excavations carries its hand forward, outward and backward, so that the plane of movement is almost precisely like that of a man in the act of swimming, and the simile is still closer from the fact that the mole brings the back of his hands together in carrying them forward, always keeping the palmar surface outward and the thumbs below. Indeed, when taken from the earth and placed upon a hard floor, it does not tread upon the palmar aspect of its forefeet as other animals do, but runs along on the sides of its thumbs, with the broad hands turned up edgewise.

There is no evil that we cannot either face or flee from, but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say that darkness shall cover us, in the darkness, as in the light, our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close, and, in that sense of inconceivable solemnity which lies still further onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty to pain us, wherever it has been violated, and to console us so far as God has given us grace to perform it.

Dangers of Stooping Shoulders.—A stooping figure not only indicates weakness or old age, but it is, when caused by careless habits, a direct cause of contracted chest and defective breathing. Unless you rid yourself of this crook while at school you will probably go bent to your grave. There is one good way to cure it. Shoulder braces will not help. One needs not an artificial substitute, but some means to develop the muscles, whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect. I know of but one bull's-eye shot. It is to carry a weight on the head. A sheepskin, or other strong bag, filled with twenty or even thirty pounds of sand, is good weight. When engaged in your morning studies, either before or after breakfast, put the bag of sand on your head, hold your head erect, draw your chin close to your neck, and walk slowly about the room, coming back, if you please, every minute or two to your book, or carrying the book as you walk. The muscles, whose duty it is to hold the head and shoulders erect are hit, not with scattering shot, but with a rifle ball. The bones of the spine and the intervertebral substance will soon accommodate themselves to the new attitude. One year of daily practice with the bag, half an hour morning and evening, will give you a noble carriage, without interfering a moment with your studies.

Huts of Yucatan Indians.—Progress has not touched these huts, which are oblong, and rounded at the corners. Some are divided in two by a partition. But generally the family all crowd together in the single apartment. The wall is made by putting interstices with mud, or else with a mixture that is afterwards smoothed and whitewashed. The roofs are slanting and thatched, the thatch being allowed to fall to within two or three feet of the ground, to keep off wind and rain. The surface of the earth serves as flooring, since the inmates can seldom afford to have it cemented. The furniture consists of a few hammocks hung across the room—they serve as seats by day and beds by night—some low chairs, called *butaca* (similar in shape to some of the seats used by the Assyrians and Egyptians of old), a wooden bench on which are the grinding stones, an image of a saint in some corner of the room. The fireplace—three stones placed in triangle on the floor—is there too. Chickens, dogs, pigs, and babies all frolic together in these poor homes, and appear to be tolerably happy, if not very well fed. While every corner of the hut is crammed with rubbish, its mistress sometimes sits in the hammock swinging, as untidy as her house, making artificial flowers to adorn some wooden image of the Virgin Mary.

The good can well afford to wait.

Humor.

An Awful Fate.

Why stands he motionless and lone,
Like a pale statue carved in stone,
With neither words of mirth nor moan?

Why looks he into distant space
With that wild terror on his face,
And neither speaks nor moves a pace?

What thoughts too deep for human speech,
What fancies weird beyond the reach
Of human utterance to teach?

Why stands he rapt, and lone, and still?
Broods he on some unuttered ill,
Some old despair time cannot kill?

Ah, no! a harsher, heavier stroke
Has crushed his dauntless heart of oak—
His last suspender button's broke!

—*Tid-Bits*

"Here's a curious case, ma'am," said the superintendent of an insane asylum. "This man imagines he his the motive power that runs the world. He is perfectly harmless, though, but he thinks the world wouldn't move without him. Very queer notion, isn't it?" "I dont know about that; my husband has got just the same notion in his head."

There is a story told of an Irish jockey who, selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed with emphatic earnestness that he was an honest horse. After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. "Why, sir," replied the seller, "whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me and he never deceived me."

Editor:—"I understand, Mr. Phunnicus, that you have married." Paragrapher (sadly):—"Yes, sir." Editor:—"That will perhaps infuse new life into your mother-in-law joke, will it not?" Paragrapher (more sadly):—"That is a thing of the past, sir. The mother-in-law is no longer a joke to me."

"Yes," said a husband, sadly, "my wife is a devotee of the red flag. The very sight of one arouses her to a high pitch of excitement." "Surely she cannot have any sympathy in common with such cut-throats!" "Yes, she has." "What, Anarchists and Socialists!" "No, auctioneers."

Judge (at the criminal court):—"How is this, prisoner? I find you here at the end of five years not changed a particle." Prisoner (sadly):—"Alas! very little, your honor." Then with politeness:—"Neither has your honor changed much, for that matter."

No man was ever so mean that he could not give advice.

A Profane Upstart.—The man who sat on a pin.

Mrs. Partington, after attending a country church in the winter, remarked that the text was very appropriate, but somehow the parson did not refer to it in his sermon. The text, as it caught the old lady's ears, was, "Many are cold, but few are frozen."

Fellow-townsman (to manufacturer):—"Hullo, Jackscrew! Your works closed? How's that? I understood you were busy." Jackscrew (brass-founder):—"So we are; but our 'ands took 'emselves off to-day to join the pr'cession o' the unemployed."

"Thank you." Ladies cut this out and commit it to memory. It may come useful when a gentleman offers you his seat in a horse-car.

When they get into a scrimmage down in Mexico, it always takes people quite a spell to tell accurately which is the government and which the revolution.

A correspondent asks: "Would you or any of your many readers inform a constant reader how to learn to play the flute? Not if we know it."

City Cousin.—"See here, Mr. Joseph, I don't want to walk home with you with those horrible pants on." *Joseph*—"Gosh! the folks would raise old Ned if I took them off."

In a bath-house: *Customer* (frantically)—"Here! I say! There are no towels here." *Proprietor.*—"In one moment, sir; the gentleman in number seven is nearly through with it."

The girl who never screams when she sees a snake isn't a safe girl to marry. With her calm, cool, collected, unexcitable disposition, she would hit where she aimed with the rolling-pin every time.

If there is one thing more than another that has the weird funeral flavor of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," it is an undertaker sitting in his store on a rainy night reading the death notices by the light of a smoky kerosene lamp.

He was a carpenter. He had lifted his hammer to strike a nail? Did he strike? Not much! He paused, then returned the hammer to his box. The twelve o'clock whistle had blown. He was working by the day.

He Knew the Day.—"Ah, little boy, come hither; Where are you going?"

"Nowhere."

"Don't you want to go to Sunday school?"

"Naw."

"Ah! I fear you do not know what Sunday is!"

"Yes, I do. It's the day when dad goes a fishin'."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A moral clergyman visiting the metropolis recently was induced to go and see "Evangeline," and, after witnessing the march, said: "The less of such dresses actresses wear the better." And a gilded youth behind him agreed with him perfectly.

Tailor.—"You have recently inherited a nice lump of money from your uncle; why don't you pay me?" *Customer*—"I hate all outward show. I don't want it to be said that my newly acquired wealth has caused a departure from my former simple habits."

The sad news has reached us that the infant King of Spain has taken to the bottle.

A young fellow quite fond of champagne,
Could a case or two easily dragne;
But the barkeepers knew
That his shekels were few—
So he gently had to abstagne.—*Life.*

"I think it would be a good plan to make playwrights submit their works to Congress or something like that, before they are placed on the stage," said Smith. "Yes, and then have Congress pass resolutions about most of them, commencing 'Be it un-acted,'" replied Brown.

Teacher.—"Hans, name three beasts of prey." *Hans*—"Two lions and a tiger."

In General Mile's pursuit of Geronimo we begin to suspect that the general is a little ahead.

The reason that tramps are so poverty stricken and wretched is because they don't advertise.

The Bavarians are thought to be dis satisfied with the Regent Luitpold because he is not an idiot.

John L. Sullivan is fist in war, fist in peace, and fist in the hearts of his countrymen.

It is a curious fact that the sun never shines so hot on the base-ball grounds as it does on the harvest field.

"A Thousand and One Words" is the title of a new novel. The odd word was probably worked in by the man.

A Sundy-School teacher asked a little girl of her class if she had been baptised:—"Yes," said the little girl, "two times." "Two times? Why, how could that be?" "I didn't take the first time," said the little girl.

At marriage of young and charming girl to old and infirm man. Mrs. B:—"Poor Clara! What a pity she should sell herself to that wheezy old skeleton." Mrs. K:—"My dear, it is not a sale, only a lease."

RIPONSHIRE COUNCIL.

THURSDAY, 13TH JANUARY, 1886.

Present—Crs. Oddie (president, in the chair), Lewis, M'Kenzie, Murray, Wotherspoon, Cushing, and Thomas.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Railway department, referring to Council's letters of 24th June and 16th November, respecting the land which the Commissioners jointly with Council have agreed to purchase from Mr. D. Calwell, informing Council that the Crown Solicitor has been instructed to place himself in communication with Council with a view to investigation of title of vendor and preparation of transfer.—Received.

From Department of Public Works, informing Council that their request *re* renewal of grant, to assist in construction of two bridges, had been noted and will receive consideration when next estimates are framed.—

From Government statist, forwarding forms for collection of statistics.—Received.

From *Public* Health Department, forwarding consent to opening of new Primitive *Methodist* Church, Beaufort.—Received.

From Lands Department, informing Council that cutting, digging, or removal of live timber on or from Crown lands in the parishes of Haddon and Windermere is prohibited.—Received.

From the Under-Treasurer, pointing out that as the Licensing Act 1885, No. 857, did not come into force until February 1, 1886, a statement will have to be rendered in 1887, under section 111 of Act No. 566 of fees, received under that Act between January 1, 1886, and February 1, 1886, and that percentage at 5 per cent will also be due on fees received during that period.—Received.

From shire of Ararat, stating that Ararat Council are unable this year to accede to the request of the Shire of Ripon *re* co-operation in metalling portion of Streatham and Eurambeen road, through estimates being framed; also, that Ararat will do so next year. The engineer was authorised, on the motion of Crs. Lewis and Cushing, to call for tenders to have the work done.

From Theodore Beggs, Eurambeen, calling attention to the fact that the Fiery Creek had stopped running there, and requesting that the water be turned on; also stating that the channel of the creek drain between O'Loughlin's and Ball's land is filled up with sand for a distance of several chains.—Cr. Wotherspoon moved, and Cr. Thomas seconded, that a man be put on during the dry season to keep the drain clear.—Carried. Cr. Wotherspoon also moved, that steps be taken to cut a wider drain, and that the engineer be instructed to call for tenders. Cr. Thomas seconded, and the motion was carried.

From G. Prince, Raglan, stating two day's surface labor is all that is required to make the piece of road passable between his place and Mr. Ball's, notwithstanding the engineer's report being against it.—Referred to the North Riding members.

From Alex. Wilson, Mount Emu, drawing attention to the state of a bridge over the Emu Creek, and informing Council it would tumble down some day if not attended to.—The letter to be handed to the engineer with instructions to consult with Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Mulcahy applied to have something done to bring the bridge across the drain at Emu Creek to Lake Goldsmith.—Referred to the West Riding members.

From Constable Daly, Skipton, calling attention to the necessity that exists for a post and rail fence to the approach to the Black Creek bridge on the Skipton to Streatham road; also to a deep and dangerous chasm on the common close to the track from Mount Emu to Skipton, near the Ripon Hotel.—The engineer's attention to be called to the Black Creek bridge with a view to having something done.

From 20 ratepayers of Waterloo, favoring the application for a licence being granted for the Templar's Hall.—Granted on the application being made in the usual way.

From Henry Knight, requesting compensation for having been summonsed as the wrong party for non-payment of rates.—Considerable discussion arose over this letter, and it was finally resolved to vote one guinea as expenses.

RESIGNATION OF CR. ANDREWS.

A telegram was received from Cr Andrews, resigning his position as councillor for the North Riding. Cr. Wotherspoon was appointed returning officer.

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
Secretary's expenses sueing defaulting ratepayers ...	2	5	0
John Daly, pound-keeper, salary to 31st Dec. 1886	5	0	0
Surplus Sustenance Fees ...	2	10	0
John Christie, commission of Carngham weighbridge fees ...	1	10	3
W. G. Stevens, do., Beaufort ...		6	0
J. Tompkins, do., Beaufort ...		6	6
Licensing percentage fees—Govt.		10	0
Alex. Wilson, timber, Mt. Emu bridge		13	1
Ballarat *Courier*, advertising ...	4	12	0
Ballarat *Star*, do.	4	5	6
Ballarat *Evening Post*, do. ...	1	2	6
T. Welsh, horse and trap hire		10	0
Suppression of rabbits, Lake Wongan...	9	0	0
Do. do., Lake Goldsmith ...	2	0	0
Destruction of foxes	2	0	0
Inspector, 5 weeks at 60 per cent	15	0	0
Michael Carrigan, surface work, east riding	16	5	0
Isaac Storey, surface work, E.R.	10	0	0
J. Whitaker, repairing dray, &c. E.R.	2	12	6
M. Muir, surface laborer, W.R.	10	0	0
M. Meehan, surface work, W.R.	10	10	0
E. Whiting, work at Park ...	1	8	0
W. M'Farlane, surface work, N.R.	10	0	0
J. Whitfield, surface work, N.R.	8	13	4
Horse hire, N.R.	6	10	0
J. Whitfield, surface work, N.R.	9	0	0
R. Gibson, caretaker water race	10	0	0
Josiah Pitcher, and horse and dray		12	0
R. Pitcher, work at Raglan and Graveyard Hill		13	4
W. Edward, paint, oil, &c., three ridings	15	0	8
H. H. Jackson, travelling expenses	3	3	0
J. F. Watkin, repairs bridge, Raglan	4	0	0
T. Vanderstoel, work, &c., Beaufort Park	9	3	9
H. Stuart, work at Park ...		1	
Supply at 1½ days at 10s ...		15	0
J. Slater, repairs Skipton pound	5	0	0
J. Smith, timber	3	5	0
J. B. Tompkins, painting, etc....	2	1	0

CONTRACT ACCOUNTS.

East Riding—Peter Page ...	£20	0	0
West Riding—J. F. Watkin ...	120	0	0
North Riding—J. F. Watkin ...	77	19	0
" " —W. C. Pimblett	20	0	0
" " —J. Fraser ...	50	0	0

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

Mr. Jackson reported :—"With respect to the application of Messrs. Sanderson and Sons for improvements on the road leading to their mills, I have the honor to report that the road is at the foot of one of the spurs of Mt. Cole, and the ground is very sandy. In heavy showers the water courses are often filled up with sand and new ones cut with the flood water. If the surface of the soil was disturbed by the road being formed this evil would be increased, and the road would be made worse than it is now, especially as the traffic consists of heavily laden bullock waggons. The road complained of by Mr. Flynn and others between Waterloo and Chute was cleared of timber many years ago, and has now worn into ruts in many places, besides being hilly and sidelong; it is therefore anything but a good track, and is much in want of being graded, formed, and gravelled, as far as the main road round the swamp. Between the swamp and Loft's hotel there are also several bad places that require making. The total length of the two pieces is over three miles, and the cost of making them would be about £300.—The works at Waterloo were ordered to be carried out, but not to exceed L100.

Report adopted, and accounts passed for payment.

SECRETARY AND COLLECTOR'S REPORT.

Collection of rates for the year 1886 being closed, I have the honor to report that the amount collected for general rate is L3161 19s, and for water rates L208, both being in excess of the estimates. Legal proceedings have been taken against ten defaulters, eight of which were sustained, two being withdrawn, viz., George Loxton and Henry Knight, jun., who cannot be found, and whose names I recommend to be struck out of the rate book.—Adopted.

THE RABBIT QUESTION.

Mr. M'Rae reported :—I have the honor to report that as no tender was received for the leasing of the Mount Cole State Forest within the shire, the Government will, within the next ten days take active measures to exterminate the rabbits thereon. Prosphorized oats will be used at first, then chaff and arsenic, and carrots when they can be obtained. The Government Inspector promised that the Department will do everything in its power to suppress the pest. I have sent notices to the land-owners at Raglan, Mount Cole, and Middle Creek, requesting them to take co-operative action, and recommending the liberal use of poison during the dry season. The man is still engaged at Lake Wongan; there are not many rabbits there now; still it is advisable to keep him on for some time yet. Cr. M'Kenzie drew my attention to some burrows on a reserve on the south margin of Lake Burrumbeet, adjoining the Hon. P. Russell's property, arrangements were at once made to have them thoroughly dug out. Prompt action was necessary in this case, as no rabbits are allowed to exist on Mr. Russell's land; his own men on several occasions ferretted the burrows referred to. This being unoccupied Crown Lands, the Government should defray the expenses.—The report was received.

Mr. H. N. Beggs wrote informing the Council that at a meeting of ratepayers held at Raglan on the 23rd December last, it was decided to petition the Government to erect a rabbit-proof fence around that portion of the Mount Cole State Forest situated in the North Riding of your shire. Messrs. D. McDonald, Thos. Jess, jun., and Theodore Beggs were appointed delegates to wait upon the Minister of Lands with the petition, and also to wait upon you at the meeting to be held to-day, to solicit your sympathy and assistance in the matter.

Cr. Wotherspoon introduced the deputation to the Council.

Mr. McDonald said that at the meeting held at Raglan it was decided to petition the Government to erect a rabbit-proof fence around the mount, and reiterated the grievance reported in the *Advocate* of December 25th last. He thought the Council should assist them.

The Rabbit Inspector stated, at the request of the Council, that the Government inspector was in the district, and with him, spent two days in inspecting the surroundings of Mount Cole and the forest itself. The inspector thought the Government could, by the steps it was proposed to take, effectually keep the rabbits down.

Cr. Wotherspoon said that from Mr. M'Rae's thorough knowledge of the mount, it would be advisable to send him down to represent the Council in conjunction with the deputation.

The President said that from his experience of the rabbit pest nothing but fencing in the forest first and then using the poison afterwards would be effectual in reducing the pest. So long as the rabbits could get on to the adjoining lands they would not take the poison.

Cr. Murray suggested that the co-operation of the Ararat and Lexton Shires be asked, as they were as much interested as those in this shire.

Mr. Beggs said that if 10,000 acres was the whole extent of the State forest, it might be possible to exterminate the pest by means of poison only; but the suggestion to ask Ararat and Lexton shires to co-operate in getting the whole of the forest fenced was a good one, as those shires were as much interested as Ripon.

It was resolved, on Cr. Wotherspoon's motion, seconded by Cr. Lewis, that every assistance be given to the deputation; that the President and the Rabbit Inspector be appointed delegates to represent the shire; and that the co-operation of Ararat and Lexton shires be invited.

The deputation thanked the Council and withdrew.

INSPECTOR OF NUISANCES.

The Inspector of Nuisances reported that in Council's memo *re* applications of slaughtering licence by Mr. James Frusher of Waterloo, and Mr. Marks of Beaufort, I am of opinion that the former can slaughter sheep as desired without causing a nuisance, if ordinary care is exercised. Respecting Mr. Marks' application, the applicant has left the district, and does not therefore intend taking out a licence.—Received.

TENDERS.

The following tenders were accepted on the recommendation of the Tender Committee :—

EAST RIDING.

Contract No. 325.—Forming, draining, and building culverts on the Trawalla and Carngham road.

M. Sheehan ... L71 2 6

Contract No. 326.—Re-forming and metalling on the Skipton and Stockyard Hill road through the Skipton Common.

Jas. Madden ...L335 14 0

WEST RIDING.

Contract No. 211.—Re-forming and metalling on the Lake Goldsmith and Bald Hill road.

J. F. Watkin ...L253 14 4

FISHING IN BEAUFORT LAKE.

Cr. Wotherspoon moved that no persons shall be allowed to fish in the Beaufort Lake until the 1st December next. Carried.

BATHING DRESSES.

It was resolved that notice be given to bathers that in future it will be necessary for males to adopt the use of bathing screens.

MINING AT WATERLOO.

Cr. Murray moved—"That this council, seeing the urgent necessity for developing the mining resources of the Waterloo lead, would strongly urge upon the Prospecting Board the need there is for the board doing its utmost for the Saxon Consols Gold-mining Company, considering that if the above-named company continue working, it will be the means of opening up a large amount of new country for the mining industry." He understood the Prospecting Board would meet in that room to-morrow, and thought it wise to bring this matter forward. It was the duty of every person to encourage the mining industry. To it the greater degree of the prosperity of the country is attributable. He had no personal interest in bringing this subject forward, but the prosperity of Beaufort and surrounding townships depended upon a revival of mining. The Saxon Consols Company were in a position to demand assistance from the Prospecting Board, and he was of opinion that this Council should do all in its power to support their claim by presenting this resolution to the Board.

Cr. Thomas seconded, and the motion was unanimously carried.

The Council then sat as the Local Board of Health, when the following reports were read and received :—

HEALTH REPORTS.

Dr. Johnston reported the district fairly healthy for past 12 months. The registration of births and deaths for 1886 was—births, 53; deaths, 23; 9 being under 5 years and 14 over 5 years. Two deaths were suicides, one by drowning and one by hanging. A case of accidental drowning also occurred. Diphtheria visited Raglan some months ago in a very severe form, and five deaths occurred. Waterloo was also visited about the same time by measles, when almost every family was attacked and in many cases severely, but no case resulted fatally.

Dr. Stewart reported that the inhabitants of the East Riding of the Shire had during the past year been very free from any epidemic disease, and that the general health of the district has been good. The sanitary condition of the riding is satisfactory.

The meeting then adjourned.

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, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists and Patent Medicine vendors. Prepared only by The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln, England. Wholesale of all the wholesale houses. Beware of Imitations.

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" 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 epot, 33, Farringdon Road, London.

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(next Horsley Bros. and 2 doors from Lester's hotel,)

HAS the honor to intimate to the public of Ballarat and the surrounding district that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS at the above address, with

AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF

Pure Drugs and Chemicals.

Also, a large and carefully selected assortment of Brushware, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, together with a choice selection of Cut Glass Bottles, Perfume Caskets, Ivory Brushes, Tortoise-shell Combs, etc., suitable for presents.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY DISPENSED,

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The Trade Supplied at Melbourne Prices.

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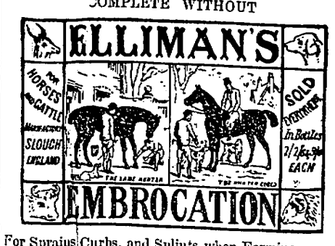

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For Sore Shoulders, Sore Backs.
For Foot Rot, and Sore Mouths in Sheep and Lambs.
For Sprains, Cuts, Bruises in Dogs.

SPECIMEN TESTIMONIALS.

From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.

"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1. 1879.

"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I think it very useful. RUTLAND,

"Master of Belvoir Hunt."

"Castle Weir, Kington, Herefordshire, "Dec. 3rd, 1878.

"Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in my stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for lumbago and rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.

"R. H. PRICE, Lieut-Col., Master of Radnorshire Hunt."

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION,

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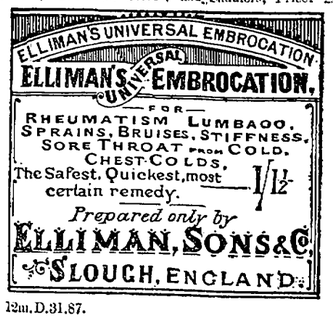

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Free Deeds to Buyers of 5 lots, and an eleventh lot given into buyers of 10 lots as well as Free Deeds.

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Title, Crown Certificate, the best in the world and the only title beyond all dispute.

As Land at Laverton is rising in value every day, the Vendors see that consequently the payments are sure to be kept up, and that they will run no risk in giving the very easiest terms which can possibly be desired. They have therefore decided to offer terms which have never before been equalled in the world, viz. :—

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WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.

Are now showing their LARGE SHIPMENT of SPRING GOODS, consisting of—

BLACK and COLORED CASHMERES

DRESS MATERIALS, Newest Shades

LACES RIBBONS COLLARS and CUFFS

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Do not fail to inspect our SPLENDID STOCK of MILLINERY, which is the Cheapest and Most Fashionable ever seen in the district.

A First-class Stock of MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, TIES, COLLARS, HATS, SHIRTS, Etc. to select from.

All the Rage—Our SUITS MADE TO ORDER from the Best English and Colonial Tweeds.

BOOTS and SHOES, from the Very Best Makers, at Lowest Prices.

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

HAWKES BROS.,

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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.

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Special personal attention given to the dispensing of Physicians' and other prescriptions and family receipts. Teeth carefully extracted. Homœpathic and patent Medicines and Proprietary articles of all kinds. Every known medicine for Cattle and Horses, including Condition and Worm Powders for Horses. Horse Balls every description; Cleansing, Drying, and other drenches for Cows, etc. Any article not in stock procured on the shortest notice, and with utmost despatch. Country orders receive immediate and careful attention.

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RECORD OF A TERRIBLE FIGHT.

(FROM THE DAILY NEWS CAIRO CORRESPONDENT.)

Paying my usual visit to the headquarters of the Egyptian army, I was informed that a man had just left whom I would probably have liked to have seen—one who had actually fought at Hicks' last battle, and had been present at the extreme moment when the gallant English officers fell fighting to the last. He had applied to Colonel Quirk, adjutant-general, to know if he could get some appointment in the army. He was questioned as to his former services, and he then stated quite casually that he had been in Hicks Pasha's army, but was now a sergeant in the police. Colonel Quirk asked him a few questions regarding this ill-fated army, and told him to call again in a day or two. On hearing this, I at once went to the headquarters of the police, when Johnson Pasha, inspector-general, most courteously ordered the man to be looked up immediately. The police force being enormous, and necessarily much scattered, the telephone was set to work despatching messages to the different stations and offices, but it took a day or two before he could be found, when I was kindly informed by Johnson Pasha that if I were to come up to his offices next morning I could see the man I wanted. On arrival there I found that Johnson Pasha had examined him in Arabic on the most important parts regarding Hicks Pasha's disaster. I was then allowed to examine him myself in the office in his presence, and I managed to get the full details of his story. Before giving it, I must observe that this is the only properly-authenticated account that has reached of *illa dies*. There has never been a verbatim account of the battle near Melbias from a soldier who was actually present at it. It is strange that this man should only have turned up now. As far as I know, all former account have been secondhand, with the exception of that of the black boy in Sir R. Buller's employ while he was at Dongola. The soldier's tale differs in many material points from that, but I am convinced that it is the true version. I have examined many men on the subject, but they always broke down, and admitted that their evidence was only hearsay. In the case of soldiers, they had generally been left behind at Duem or Shat, and sent back to Khartoum. I therefore venture to rake up this well-worn subject, as it will, I am sure, be interesting to relatives, and, even at this late hour, to Englishmen generally, to hear the particulars of the last hours of their ill-fated countrymen and the gallant army they served with.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their sheet,
And desert winds their threnody.

O! loved ones, lying far away,
What word of of love can dead lips send?
O! wasted dust, O! senseless clay,
Is this the end?—is this the end?

How well may these be applied to the glorious throng of the fallen whose bones whiten on the howling wilderness of the Soudan. This is the man's narrative:—My name is Mahomet Helmi. I am now sergeant in the police. I formerly served against the Russians in the contingent of the Egyptian army sent to Turkey during the last war. I was in the first regiment of the Biadi (foot) in the army that marched from Khartoum under Hicks Pasha. When we marched from Shat, One day's march inland from Duem, the army was divided into two divisions, part under Ala Deen Pasha advancing about four hours' march in front of that commanded by Hicks Pasha. We had 18 guides, who came with us from Khartoum under a Sheik, called Basuti Bey, a black man; but some came with us without being asked. We marched for 18 days without finding water, because we found all the wells stopped up. Water was getting very short because we only had that carried by the camels. On the evening of the 17th we halted for the night among some "sunt"—brushwood, thorny small-leaved trees with a small yellow flower of the mimosa description, gum bearing—to the acacia family. Early in the morning we commenced to march in among higher sunt trees, and among "achari" trees, as high as a man. The guides said we were going the right road. After marching for two hours we heard heavy firing in the direction of Ala Deen's army. Hicks sent on some men on foot and horse to discover what was going on. These men came back in half-an-hour, and reported the enemy to be upon us; but as yet we saw no one. We were halted, and our square, which had been marching in loose formation, was closed up, four deep—cavalry in the centre and the camels behind them. These were made to lie down; one mitrailleuse was placed on the front centre, another at the right centre, a Krupp gun at the right angle, a muzzle-loading gun at the left angle front face, a muzzle-loading gun at the right angle rear face, and a Krupp at the left angle.

Hicks Pasha then ordered the men to cut away the brushwood in front. He also threw out skirmishers. Shortly after this the Bedouins—this is the term the soldiers invariably used—appeared. They had no rifles, nor were shots fired at us, except from a gun. They fired shell at us from this, but these fell without exploding. They had now increased rapidly in numbers—some on foot, others on horse—and poured forth from among the bush, and over two low mounds. The horse were on their right, the foot scattered, all over to our right front and front. The mitrailleuse now commenced upon them so heavily that they were unable to advance. We also kept up a tremendous fusilade with our rifles. Being unable to get at us, they wheeled to their left and streamed down upon our right flank. They dashed upon the right angle and right centre; but the Krupp and mitrailleuse there made great havoc with them, at which they wheeled round again and made straight at the right angle of the rear face, where there was only a muzzle-loader. Here they broke into the square; the right, left, and front faces then turned inwards, and commenced pouring in a heavy fire upon them. They got in among the camels. The smoke and dust were now so thick, I could not see what was going on, but it seemed to me that fighting was going on for an hour. When all the ammunition was spent the men used their bayonets. I forgot to mention that on sight of the enemy Hicks Pasha ordered his English officers to draw their swords and have their revolvers ready. (Staff officers as a rule do not draw their swords.) A hand-to-hand fight continued for an immense time. Seeing all was up, Hicks Pasha gathered his English officers around, and other mounted men. He was on a white horse, and was easily discernible. Hicks Pasha and his officers fought to the last with desperation, bringing down many. Closely examined, the speaker explained that Hicks Pasha was at the commencement on a red horse, but when all the men were falling, he changed and got on a white charger. I saw Hicks Pasha with my own eyes (*sic* in Arabic) fighting with six officers around him. He changed horses because the other horse was tired. Two or three times I escaped, when I was cut down by a sword or hit by a spear, because, two days before I took the armour from a man who was sick. Hicks Pasha had with him several men in armour, who were always stationed at Khartoum when not on active service. A man attacking me, asked me if I was a Christian. I replied no, but a Mussulman. I was spared, with about 150; all the rest were killed. A man said to me afterwards, "Hicks Pasha was a terrible man; he killed a great many of us, and so did the other English officers." I think Hicks Pasha and his six officers fought for half-an-hour alone, but the battle lasted two hours an a half—a terrible *melee*, but our men were weak from want of water. I myself kept a bullet in my mouth to allay my parching thirst; many had already languished and died from this terrible thirst. I have heard other men talk about how this little English band kept them at bay. Their stubborn resistance made the Bedouins wonder. The speaker used the word 'Bedouins' throughout, meaning 'Arabs;' but said they were a mixture of Bagara, Shagieh, and other tribes; there were Cabahish also. We had had marched four hours among the trees. The guides kept on saying, 'Make haste, make haste, you are coming to water.' Melbias was nine hours' march from where the battle took place. There was water at Rahab—a lake filled by the rains. We were taken there afterwards. The battle finished near sunset time. Many Turkish horsemen (Hicks Pasha received a reinforcement of Bashi-Bazouk cavalry after his first campaign) escaped. They were pursued. I have never heard what became of them, but some were speared. I saw these men on horses firing their revolvers at their pursuers. I know there were two Englishmen who did not wear uniform. One sketched, who was a stout man, eagle-like nose, elderly, with grey hair. The other was a spare, tall man, with dark brown hair, and narrow, thin face. They were both killed. (These two must be Vizetelly and O'Donovan.)

At night the Bedouins cut "zunt" and made a zareba round. The prisoners were divided into threes and fours and given to sheiks as slaves, and made to work at the sahieh wheels. When Mahomet Achmet advanced against Khartoum we were armed with rifles. When within five hours of the river I and my fellow prisoners tried to escape. Some were killed. I was speared through the left arm. (The speaker then showed me the wound.) After that we crossed the river in boats. The guns went over first, with several men to each. Each boat carried 10 men. A fire was then kept up while the others crossed. This was the time I escaped with some others. Gordon Pasha made me his orderly. I used always to follow him wherever he went. I was then sent down to the English army when he heard they were at Metemneh; but I went back again on a steamer with Sir Charles Wilson to near Khartoum. When Sir Charles Wilson found out that Khartoum was in the hands of the Bedouins, he turned back. (He here described well-known incidents.) I marched with other men whom Gordon Pasha had sent away, to Korti, but was shortly afterwards sent to Cairo with four or five other soldiers who had come from Khartoum.

This last relict of an ill-starred expedition is a fine handsome-looking man. He replied to all my questions with great intelligence, and there was evident truthfulness in all his information. It will be observed that his account regarding the last moments of the English officers tallies with the other accounts received from time to time—*i.e.*, that they fought round Hicks Pasha to the last, and that he himself made many bite the dust before he fell. I remember that his instructions to them were always "If the worst comes to the worst, rally round me."

The man wore on his breast Gordon's medal, which many sold at high prices, and, in this, I regret, were encouraged by Englishmen. He told me he was over and over again he was offered at Korti and elsewhere as much as £4 for it, but refused to sell it. I think it was disgraceful in men who ought to have known better, tempting these poor fellows to part with their honors, because, forsooth, some lady had written out, "You must really, dear George (or Henry), get me one of dear Gordon's medals." He believes that Hicks Pasha was purposely misled into the brushwood, and said that the water might have been got to by a much shorter route. But still it appears that had not the square been broken at the rear right angle the water would have been reached in two hours or so. He stated that Ol Obeid was within three days' march. Melbias, he says, is not a village, but merely a place where there are wells. He stated he remembered me well at Khartoum, but said he did not march with the army in the first campaign, but was sent with others up the Blue Nile with an officer (Captain Warner) to Abdel Kader, therefore he knew nothing of Hicks Pasha's first victory in Senaar—at Marabea, near Abbas Island—nor was he with me at Rowa, from which place I marched, acting for Hicks as chief of the staff, Sulieman Pasha being the nominal commander, but virtually under Hicks, who at that time was patrolling up the Nile.

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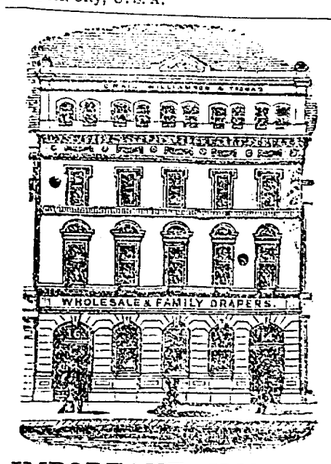

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Cures Blood and Skin Diseases
Cures Glandular Swellings
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter,
From whatever cause arising.
As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of 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, 1882.
"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.
"Gentlemen,—Some ten years ago my wife became ame 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 mind), but to no effect. After being in this state for betwixt 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 humor 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 renders 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-Dolo ux
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 it 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. 588.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887. 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 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.

Our 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 6 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.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

PROMPT SETTLEMENT and PAYMENT of CLAIMS. Losses paid over—£15,000,000. Annual Income—£800,000. Accumulated Funds exceed, £1,000,000.

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.

R. MANFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

Beaufort District Agency—
H. P. HENNINGSEN, Beaufort.

For PAINTING and PAPERHANGING of Every Description go to
A. NEEDHAM, Neill street, Beaufort.
Cheapest and Best.

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.
Head Office: Melbourne, 1 Market Buildings.

Established 1869,

The chief features are MODERATE RATES, LARGE BONUSES, and AMPLE SECURITY.
Policies opened before 31st October have a special advantage—they will participate in the Bonus to be declared for the period ending 30th September, 1886.
Forms of Proposal to be had from any of the Agents throughout the colonies.

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager.

12m.D.31.87.

AGENTS WANTED.

Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

FRANK VIAL, Universal Leather Belt Factory, Macaulay Road, Kensington, and 39 Clare street, Ballarat, Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the most approved Continental and American principles. Special Lists for Belts for Irrigation Purposes. A Large Stock of the Premier Belt Lubricant and well-seasoned Belt Laces kept in stock.

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.

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, Euraunbeen, 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.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

SPECIALITIES

AT

A. CRAWFORD'S

STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF GOODS
Suitable for
THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR TRADE
Having arrived
The public are requested
TO INSPECT THE GRAND DISPLAY
AT
MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS.

The Goods have been marked Exceptionally, LOW, with a view to a SPEEDY CLEARANCE. A saving, therefore, of at least 20 per cent, will be effected by purchasers.

THE GOODS COMPRISE NOVELTIES
IN
Fancy Glassware
Vases
Toys
Bracelets
Card-Cases
Work-Boxes.
Terra Cotta Goods
Purses
Leather and Plush Bags
Hair and other Brushes
Fancy Soaps
Baskets,
And others, too numerous to mention.

IN THE GLOVE AND LACE DEPARTMENT
Several
Cheap and Startlingly Cheap Lines are now offering.
Ladies' and Children Lisle Gloves, splendid colors, and extra quality, 6d per pair.
Ladies' taffeta gloves, 1s per pair.
SPECIAL.
Just received a large shipment of the celebrated Elaine Kid Gloves, four and six buttons, in tans, new browns, colors, &., 1s 11d to 2s 11d per pair.
A job line of Edelweiss and Oriental Laces, just to hand, 2½d to 6d per yard, worth 6d to 1s.

UMBRELLAS AND SUNSDADES.
A Splendid Stock in the newest styles, at prices that cannot be beaten.

Ladies are particularly directed to
THE IMMENSE STOCK
IN THE
MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.
Anticipating a large demand for an effective-looking hat, suitable for picnics, &c., at a low price.
A great quantity of fashionable shapes in HATS and BONNETS have been trimmed, and marked at prices that make it impossible for any other establishment to equal,
Splendsd trimmed hats, from 2s 11d.
Galatea straws, 1s, worth double.
Corsets and Underclothing—A large stock always kept in newest shapes and styles.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.
A splendid supply of Mantles, Dolmanettes, visites, capes, &c., &c., in beaded gauzes, broches, ottoman silks, &c., &c., at special job prices.
Stockinette Skirts, 2s 6d, exceptional value.
Quilted skirts, aprons, dustcoats, &c., at
LOWEST PRICES IN THE TRADE.

The stock in the
CARPET AND FURNISHING DEPARTMENT
Is unequalled for variety and assortment, several additions having lately been received, consisting of the newest styles and choicest patterns, manufactured in best Brussels carpets, linoleums, and floorcloths.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO PARTIES FURNISHING.
The stock being too large, and occupying more room than can be conveniently spared,
THE LARGE DISCOUNT
OF
10 PER CENT.
Will be allowed on all CASH PURCHASES
OF
Best Brussels Carpets, and Best Linoleums,
With a view to reduce the stock.
A superior lot of tapestry, kidder, felt, hemp, and other carpets at low prices.
Lace and other curtains in white, cream gold, &c.
A large stock of bedside pieces of best Brussels, 4-6 length, half-price.
A great saving can, therefore, be effected by purchasing all furnishings at Mitchell's Buildings.

THE MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENT
Is well stocked with the requirements.

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.
This department is now supplied with the finest assorted stock of men's, women's, and children's boots and shoes in the district, at prices that defy competition.
A splendid variety of infants' boots and shoes, imported direct, have been received—the best assortment in the trade.
Ladies' Kid elastic-side boots, from 6s 6d.
Ladies' Balmoral and button boots, 10s 6d.
Girls shoes, extra value, 4s.
Infants' boots, 1s 9d—exceptionally cheap.
Gents.' kid elastic-side boots, 13s 6d.
Gents.' Balmorals, 9s 6d.
Gents.' calf e.s., from 11s 6d.

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

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.

Extraordinary
Announcement.

S. NATHAN,

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

MELBOURNE,

SUPPLIES

FURNITURE,

BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING,

CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS,

PIANOS,

ELECTROPLATED WARE,

GUNS, by all the Best English Makers

&c., &c., &c.,

Without Money or Security

ON

TIME PAYMENT

GOODS FORWARDED TO ANY PART OF THE COLONY.

Most Liberal Terms in the World.

S. NATHAN,
THE FURNISHING ARCADE,
221 Elizabeth Street.

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.
HEMMONS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
FITCH & FRENCH.
SYDNEY AGENTS.
ELLIOTT BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
ED. ROW & Co.
ADELAIDE AGENTS.
FAULDING & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
BRISBANE AGENTS.
BERKLEY & 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
COLLINS STREET WST

They have many Followers, but no Equals.

THE THURMER PIANO,	THE SMITH ORGANS,
£40 to £48, or 30s. monthly.	£18 to £180, or 20s. monthly.

It is a wonder to all that such Beautiful Instruments can be obtained at these Low Prices.

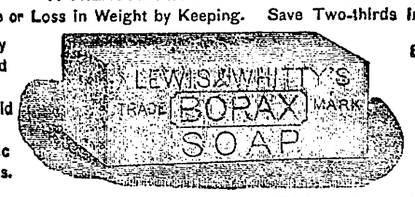
:o:

17 & 19 COLLINS ST. EAST **ALLAN & CO.** Melbourne.

LEWIS & WHITTY'S

A TREASURE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
No Waste or Loss in Weight by Keeping. Save Two-thirds in Freight.

Specially Prepared for Household and Domestic Purposes.



Brightens the Colors, does not Bleach.

PRESERVES THE FABRIC. SOFTENS THE SKIN.

BORAX SOAP

Can be used in Hot, Cold, Hard or Brackish Water.
CLEANSES, HEALS, AND PURIFIES THE SKIN.

THE SAFEGUARDS FOR HEALTH.

BORAX EUCALYPTUS SOAP!
—AND—
BORAX CARBOLIC SOAP!

Prevents Decay, Infection, and is Cheaper than the Ordinary Household.
Combining all the qualities of the Borax Soap, together the Medicinal and Disinfecting Properties of the Eucalyptus and Carbolic.

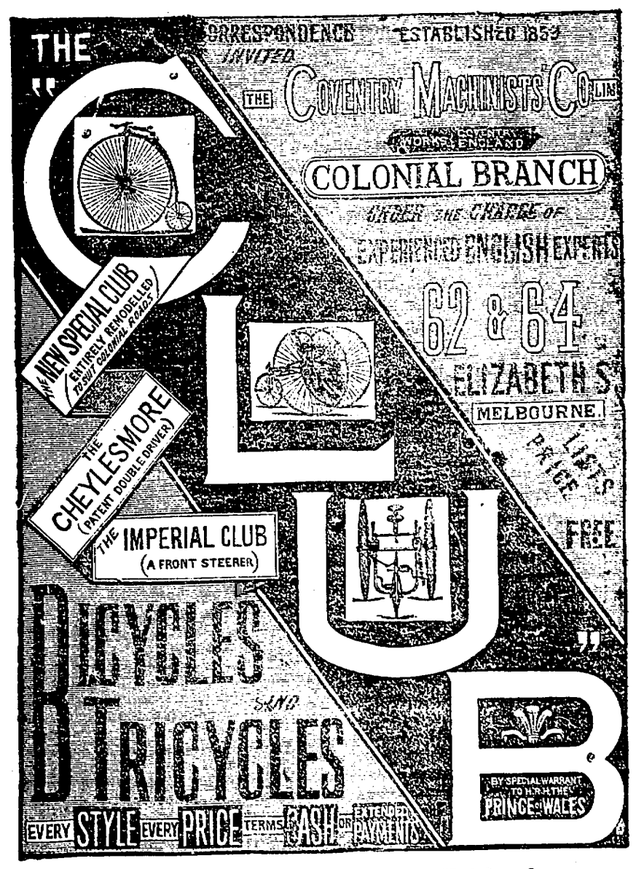
REFRESHING AND AGREEABLE.

The Only Makers of Eucalyptus Soap in Australia.

LEWIS & WHITTY'S

SQUARE BLUE · EGG POWDER · BLACKING · AND WASHING · POWDER · STAND · UNRIVALLED!

To be had from all Grocers and Storekeepers.
WORKS—FITZROY AND RICHMOND, MELBOURNE.



Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchmak e) (

Allopecia Baldness The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY
COMOTROPHUS
COMOTROPHUS CO. LIMITED
All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

SPECIALTY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, AND JOINT DISEASES.

128, COLLINS STREE AST.

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 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 or mastication and appearance.
ADVICE FREE. Testimonials, both English and colonial.

ATTENDANCE EVERY FRIDAY at Mr. ANDREWS, Pharmaceutical Chemist, N Street, Beaufort, from 1 to 5 p.m.,
And at Mr. E. MILLIGAN'S, Waterloo, from 8 t 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, d 5 p.m.
Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.3 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 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 to?

How many have been enabled to enter into 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 consultation with one at a distance, will remove by 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 Melbourn

COMMERCIAL.

BARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

last week has been passed through in the e market, supplies being drawn from out- A limited quantity of wheat has come by rail from the Wimmera district, being l at about 3s 8d per bushel. Flour is , sales being made at L10 6s per ton. At nam the deliveries of wheat are light, and is little doing at 3s 3d to 3s 4d per bushel. mald the market is inactive, 3s 6d being p quotation; the St. Arnaud figures being and 3s 7d, with the market unsettled. In district very little has been done in oats, ot of thirty-five bags of old changed hands. 10d per bushel, bags in. No new oats as yet been delivered, but as two threshing ines have commenced operations at Jack- Creek, supplies may be expected at an date. Warruambool potatoes are coming re freely, and are easier, a load being d to-day at L4 10s per ton. Hay is well ied at our quotation. In dairy produce ot weather of last week has again caused butter to be very scarce, and approved s readily fetch 1s; good potted realising Eggs are still plentiful at 10d per dozen. quote:—

heat, new, 3s 7½d; old, 4s 6d, bags in; oats, 10d per bushel, bags in; pollard, 1s 2d per el; bran, 1s per bushel; flour, L10 er ton; potatoes, Warrnambool, L4 10s ton; hay, sheaves, L3 per ton; trussed, s per ton; straw, 25s per ton; chaff, 4s wt; onions, 8s per cwt; butter, fresh, 1s. 6; butter, potted, 9d per lb; hams, 10d b; bacon, 8d per lb; cheese, to 7d per ggs, 10d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

usiness quiet:—Oats, 2s 10d to 3s; Cape ey, 3s; English 3s 9d to 4s; wheat, 4s s 1d; peas, 3s 6d to 3s 7d; manger hay, L3 5; sheaves, L2 15s to L3 5s; straw, L2 2 10s; new potatoes, L4 to L4 5s.

MINING ITEMS.

Waterloo Company, Waterloo Flat.—Nothing sh from No. 3 rise. Gold for the week, 12oz. wt.

New Victoria Company, Waterloo.—Yield of gold from No. 1. tribute, 22oz. 14dwt.; No. tribute, 10oz. 13dwt.; making total for the eek, 33oz. 7dwt.

Saxon Consols Company, Waterloo.—The ath drive is in 154 feet, and has a coarser ash in face. Four machines sluiced off gave oz. 4dwt. of gold.

OXYGEN IS LIFE.—Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne. Multitudes of people are hopelessly suffering om Debility, Nervous and Liver Compaints, epression of Spirits, Hypochondria, Timidity, igestion, Failure of Hearing, Sight, and emory, Lassitude, Want of Power, &c., whose ses admit of a permanent cure by the new emedy Phosphodyne (Ozonic Oxygen), which at once allays all irritation and excitement, imparts ew energy and life to the enfeebled constitu- ion, and rapidly cures every stage of these ifferto incurable and distressing maladies. old by all chemists and druggists throughout he globe. ☞ CAUTION.—Phosphorus is some- times sold in the form of Pills and Lozenges; it should be generally known that every form where solid particles of Phosphorous are in com- bination is dangerous. It is therefore necessary that the public should be cautioned against the se of any form of Phosphrous not perfectly oluble in water.

Call for Wolfe's Schnapps. It is the only genuine brand. Be certain you get Wolfe's.

JAMES TYLER'S

GREAT

CLEARING SALE

COMMENCES SATURDAY, JAN. 15

And will continue

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

THIS being the Fourth SALE in 8 years, we intend making this the premier inducement that has ever been held out to the public of Ballarat and District, by selling goods at such prices that will make an everlasting impression on all buyers. Our reputation for good and cheap stuff is well known, and our facilities for buying are second to none. We avoid quoting a long list of prices, our object is to clear stacks of stuff, and to do this we intend to reduce the majority of plain useful DRAPERY to COST PRICES and the remainder to ridiculous prices.

SHOWROOM.

We intend making two lines of STRAW HATS, 4½d to 1s. TRIMMED MILLINERY that we have left will be Reduced below Half Cost Price SILK MANTLES—Dolmans and Visittes from 10s 6d to 21s, usual price, 25s to 45s.

DRESSES.

This Department will be subject to heavy reductions. Two cases all-wool Nun's Veiling and Jersey Cloths reduced to 4½d, worth 1s. About 100 pieces of Oddments varying from 4½d to 1s, will be thrown on the front table at 1s 11d, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, and 4s 11d per dozen yards. Black and Colored Merino and Cashmere reduced to net cost.

MANCHESTER AND PRINTS.

During our business career this branch has played a very prominent part, and our advice has been taken by thousands as regards useful goods. During the coming winter all woollen goods will advance from 15 to 25 per cent. We have secured a large parcel of Flannels and Blankets at very low rates, and these will be subject to the sweeping reduction. Brilliant Prints, 9d a yard; reduced to 2s 11d a doz. French Natted Cloths, 1s, reduced to 5½d. French Lawns and Cambrics in stripes and figures, 8½d, reduced to 4½d, and all other goods at the REDUCED RATES.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, & HABERDASHERY.

In this, as in all others, our assortment is complete. A special Job Line of Girls' Hose, Navy, Seal, and Black, 3½d per pair. Also, a lot of Women's full fashioned, 1s, reduced to 7½d. Thread and Silk Gloves at ridiculous prices.

OUTFITTING AND MEN'S MERCERY.

Mens' Suits, 30s, reduced to 19s 11d.
Mens' Suits, 40s, reduced to 29s 11d.
Boys' and Youths' suits all reduced to cost.
Hats, Shirts, Ties, Collars.
Tweeds in endless variety.

All Orders guaranteed shrunk, and

MADE IN THE BEST STYLE,

AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

This Sale will be conducted on

CASH PRINCIPLES STRICTLY.

JAMES TYLER,

11 and 13 BRIDGE STREET, BALLARAT.

5m.Ap 23.87.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

BEAUFORT LEASEHOLD RESERVOIR.

Notice is hereby given that FISHING in this Reservoir is PROHIBITED until the 1st day of December next.

Also, that MALES BATHING in these waters are required to WEAR BATHING SCREENS at all times.

By order of the Council of the Shire of Ripon,
D. G. STEWART,
Shire Secretary.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 13th January, 1887.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Beaufort Athletic Club will be held on THURSDAY next, 27th instant, at the Fire Brigade Hall.

Business:—Election of committee; arranging programme for Easter Monday sports.

R. A. D. SINCLAIR,
Hon. Secretary.

SUBSCRIBERS WANTED for the WEEKLY NUMBER of the FAMILY HERALD, at the publishers' price, 2d.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
Bookseller, &c., Beaufort.

To Let,

SHOP and BAKE-HOUSE, next Societies' Hall, Beaufort. Apply to Mrs. INGRAM, Senior.

For Sale,

120 ACRES of LAND at Graveyard Hill, Mount Cole. HARRIS and TROY.

Wanted to Rent

AFTER holidays, COTTAGE, at Waterloo or Beaufort; not less than 5 rooms. Apply, stating terms, to W. CROOKE, Ligar Street, Ballarat

LOST—On Thursday evening, between the baths at the Park and Beaufort, a GOLD SCARF PIN, comprised of a nugget shaped like a rooster. Finder rewarded on delivering same at WALKER'S Store, Neill Street.

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.

MRS. MOORE begs to notify to her friends that she has removed to Pratt street, next door to "Advocate" Office, and is still agent for Madame Weigel's Patterns.

NOTICE.

FOR the prompt despatch of Business all orders in future to be addressed to HENNINGSEN and KLUNDER or H. P. HENNINGSEN, the Publisher.

Marriage.

LOWE—GAZZARD.—On the 29th ult., at St. Paul's Church, Allansford, by the Ven. Archdeacon Beamish, D.D., assisted by the Revs. J. M. Watson and R. Hosken, incumbents of Belfast and Allansford, the Rev. Charles Matthews Lowe, of Beaufort, to Alice Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. F. W. Gazzard, Como, Allansford.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

THE Royal Commission on Vegetable Products met at the Lands Department on Wednesday last, when there were present the Hon. J. F. Levien, president; Hon. W. Madden, Messrs. Yeo, Baird, and Knight. The evidence taken included a great deal upon the jam-making industry. Mr. G. J. Ward, one of the proprietors of the Red Cross jam manufactory, whose preserves are now well-known from one end of the colony to the other, stated that it was a difficult matter to obtain the best kinds of fruit for jam-making; and that the best and most suitable fruits for that purpose were those grown in California, and elsewhere. As the Commission are at intervals issuing reports and minutes of the evidence given before them, we can do no better thing, perhaps, than suggest to those whose pursuit is that of viticulture that they possess themselves of copies of the reports. No one will deny that the evidence given is of great value to this country, and in no particular is it more so than in respect to the fruit growing and preserving industries. We have made great progress in the matter of the production of fruit and preserves; but large and satisfactory as has been the yield, the variety of fruits have been anything but great; and if there is not a demand to equal the production, the fault lies in the fact that "a change from the usual thing is needed." Visitors to other countries always speak of the lusciousness of the preserves and condiments in comparison with those produced in the colonies, and this cannot be wondered at when, as Mr. Ward states, the best kinds of fruits are not obtainable here. In the last report issued, we observe some valuable suggestions for growing new trees with success in this colony. Excellent testimony as to the suitability of our climate, soil, &c., for the cultivation of some specimens is to be found in the last report issued. The Guava (*psidium pomiferum*), which is a garden tree, growing to a height of from 12 to 15 feet, and branches from the ground level, has a circumference of six to eight inches at most. The fruit is said to resemble a yellow pear, and contains a quantity of small seed. There are several varieties of this tree, as there are of pears or any other fruit. Whatever variety is cultivated, it will be found a heavy yielder. The produce of the larger kind will weigh from eight to twelve ounces each; but of this variety the fruit is pulpy and flavorless. The smaller kind, the fruit of which averages from four to six ounces, is spoken of as being very luscious, especially that known as the red-heart variety. The peculiarity of this fruit is that it is used for making a delicious jelly, the residue of which, after careful straining and heating with a little sugar makes guava cheese. The tree grows very well in this country; it having been tried with success. They are planted fifteen feet apart every way, begin to yield in the third year, and after the 10th year will give upwards of three to five hundred-weight of fruit. Another plant, spoken of by Mr. J. Harward de Rinzy in giving evidence, is the Roselle (*Hibiscis Subdariffe*). This only grows to a height of 3ft. 6in., and the plants are sown two feet apart, which yield in six or eight months. The fleshy calyx is of a beautiful rose-pink color, sub-acid to the palate, and is extensively used either alone for jelly or to simulate red currant, but it is said to be far preferable on account of its possessing a sharper flavor; it is even more extensively used (Mr. de Rinzy states) to color pink and flavor guava, mango, Cape gooseberry, and other preserves. The tree grows freely, especially in a shady place, and the fruit keeps several days after gathering. In addition to fruit bearing, the stalk of the Roselle plant is used for hemp-making, and this product is so strong that it has earned the name of the bowstring hemp of India. The foregoing will give our readers some idea of the value of the information obtained by the Royal Commission on Vegetable Products. In addition, there is evidence upon various kinds of trees for ornamental and useful purposes; upon vine-growing; upon fruit drying; wheat of all the hardiest and disease resisting qualities; and an immeasurable quantity of information which we unfortunately have not space to allude to.

For some time past it has been expected that Mr. A. Andrews would resign his seat as a councillor for the north riding of Riponshire, and we are now informed by the Shire Secretary, Mr. D. G. Stewart, that the resignation is in his hands, and that steps will be taken in due course to fill the vacancy by an election. The reason assigned for the delay (during which period the riding has been incompletely represented) that has taken place—Mr. Andrews for several months having been living away from the district—is that that gentleman's numerous friends, who at the time of his election placed him at the top of the poll by a large majority, were not prepared with a candidate to contest the seat. With reference to Mr. Andrews, we think we express the general feeling when stating our regret that he is now entirely severing his connection with this district. As a young man, and a native of Beaufort, he possesses great ambition, and has been a good worker in the interests of the district, having been connected with various local movements, his one desire being to do good. While a constant resident here; either in his capacity as a justice of the peace, a councillor, or private citizen, we have not heard that he gave anything but satisfaction, and believe that he has earned the respect and esteem of all. Although by a few he is said to be a strict economist, this, if so, is a point entirely in his favor. He was never backward when asked to take part in anything that had for its object the advancement of this town and district, and at the present juncture, it is deeply to be regretted that he is not with us to assist in the formation of a branch of the growing organisation known as the Australian Natives' Association. We wish Mr. Andrews every success in his new sphere, and hope that his newly-acquired townsmen will make some practical use of him.

A new comet, which has made its appearance in the heavens quite unexpectedly to Victorian astronomers, was distinctly visible to residents of this locality on Thursday and Friday nights, in a south-westerly direction. The nucleus was below the horizon, but the tail only was to be seen, and it extended across the heavens for about twenty-five to thirty degrees. The comet will probably be seen for a few nights longer, at about 9 o'clock or a little earlier.

Mr. Geo. Topper announces by advertisement in to-day's issue that he is a candidate for the vacant seat in the Council for the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon, caused by the resignation of Cr. Andrews.

The illustrated "Australasian Sketcher," published for the outgoing mail is to hand. Amongst other engravings is a photograph of Mr. Brunton Stephens, the well-known Australian poet. Mr. H. P. Henningsen is the local agent.

The European telegrams received during the week are not assuring us of the possibility of maintaining the peace of nations. Germany and France are still watching each other with cat-like cunning, while Russia and Austro-Hungary are increasing their armaments. All Germans abroad, who are liable to military service have been warned to hold themselves in readiness to return to Germany and rejoin the reserves.

The Elmhurst races were run on Friday last, when Mr. H. Horton's Partner won the Maiden Plate, Dunn's Zox second, and J. Donovan's Temeraire third. The Elmhurst handicap was carried off by J. J. Robinson's Antelope, Vandy's Exchange being second, and H. Horton's Tait third. The Hurdle Race was won by J. Croft's Dick Turpin, Zox being second. Antelope won the Flying Handicap, and W. Ransom's Cincinatus came in second. Nellie Gray and Wally were first and second in the Selling Race respectively.

We have received the Victorian Alliance Annual for 1887, containing the fifth Annual Report of the Executive Committee, and other information interesting to temperance bodies.

We regret to learn that Messrs. G. and J. Exell, of Glenloth, have sustained a very severe loss by the death of their fine Clydesdale entire, King of Clyde. The horse was apparently in usual health on Thursday, but on Friday gave evidence of something being wrong internally, and in spite of all that could be done for his relief, death was the result. King of Clyde was an exceedingly good specimen of a draught entire. He was by the celebrated imported stallion, Pride of Clyde, and possessed all the notable points of breeding of his well-known sire. Unfortunately the loss is not covered by insurance. Messrs. Exell had the horse insured in the Australian Live Stock Insurance Company up to Friday week—just a week prior to the death—but in consequence of the company demanding an increase of premium the insurance was allowed to lapse.—"E. C. Tribune."

Mr. A. G. Taylor, M.L.A., of Sydney, has given notice of motion in the New South Wales Parliament, respecting the Mount Rennie outrage case, to the following effect:—"1. That in the opinion of the House the Governor would have exhibited more satisfactory exercise of his prerogative had he permitted the equal division of opinion in the Executive Council to influence him to defer the execution of the Mount Rennie criminals, with the object of fuller inquiry and further deliberation. 2. That the House further expresses its opinion that His Excellency should not receive deputations of citizens to urge the execution of men under sentence of death. 3. That the above resolutions be transmitted by address to the Governor."

The Court for the Revision of the Electoral Rolls for the Ripon Division of the Nelson Province and for the Raglan Division of the electoral district of Ripon and Hampden was held on Monday last, when Messrs. J. Wotherspoon and J. Prentice, J's.P., attended and conducted the proceedings. The lists were revised and certified, and the court closed.

Mr. H. De Baere notifies in our advertising columns that he is about commence business in Beaufort as a chemist and druggist, and that the premises he intends to occupy are those adjoining Mr. A. Andrews' late shop, Neill street, near the corner of Lawrence street.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 15oz; New Victoria, 26oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 13oz.; Saxon Consols, 20oz.

The following is a statement of the passenger traffic, as far as the tickets issued at the Beaufort railway station are concerned, and the value of goods, for the week ended Thursday, 20th January, 1887:—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Jan. 14	20	£8 8 3	£8 0 0
,, 15	37	6 19 9	8 17 7
,, 17	46	7 1 11	6 11 7
,, 18	32	6 2 5	4 13 1
,, 19	23	10 5 9	9 7 0
,, 20	37	5 19 11	11 5 1
Totals	195	£44 17 3	£48 14 4

A representative of Messrs. M. Moss and Co., agents for Wolfe's Schnapps, called and flooded our office with 856 £1 orders—the findings of little more than three years. We noticed many familiar names endorsed, among whom was Mr. George Douglas, of Railway Family hotel, who was lucky enough to secure two, Mr. J. D. Emery, who was equally successful; and from the "Mount Alexander Mail" we learn that one hotelkeeper got no less than five. The £1 orders come from all parts of the colony, and the banks are chiefly used in transmitting them. Messrs. M. Moss and Co. inform us that the above large number is not half what should have come to hand, if buyers were a little bit careful in stripping the bottles. They are secreted inside the label on the bottle, which render them liable to be overlooked. When "bottle merchants" present the orders for payment it indeed shows that the rightful owners have lost sovereigns. The £1 orders are not to induce sale, but to cause the destruction of the labels, and prevent their being used dishonestly. Many think the agents know the cases; but they assure us, shipments are landed and sold without their even seeing them, as they sell only in bond.—"L.V. Advocate."

Ask for Wolfe's Schnapps, and be sure you purchase the genuine article, beware of imitations.

The fifteenth annual report of the Australian Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society for the year ended 31st October, on which day the Society completed its third quinquennium, has been published. The new business is larger than that of any previous year, 4,854 policies having been issued, assuring £1,143,047. The accumulated fund is now L375,423 14s 8d., having been increased during the year by £78,329 0s 8d, for the previous year. The sum of £33,317 9s 7d has been paid in claims, which amount is reported by the actuary to be considerably below the expectancy. The policy-holders are to be congratulated on the fact that the percentage of expenses on total revenue again shows a decrease, making a total decrease of 5·32 per cent. in two years. In these times of fierce competition, when the general tendency is towards an increase of expenses, this fact is one that should inspire the greatest confidence, as it must very materially increase the profits of the policy-holders. The enormous progress made by the society during the last five years is shown by the following figures:—Ten years ending 30th October, 1881: Policies issued, 7,185; amount assured, £1,515,971. Five years ending 31st October, 1886: Policies issued, 21,959; amount assured, £1,844,101. It will thus be seen that the new business of the last five years is more than three times the amount of that of the first ten years.

A general meeting of the stewards of the Beaufort Racing Club was held on Monday evening last, at the Camp hotel, Mr. J. Tompkins occupying the chair. There was a fair attendance. Several accounts in connection with the New Years Day meeting were presented, and passed for payment, and a general balance sheet, duly audited and certified as correct, was read, received, and adopted. The balance, after paying all expenses in connection with the races, was stated at £10 12s 3d. It was resolved that, in recognition of the able services rendered by the honorary secretary, Mr. S. W. Male, a sum of £2 as a bonus be given him. Mr. Male was also authorized to continue as secretary for the current year. It was resolved also to further the matter of having the club organised and a regular subscripton agreed upon; but the matter of what the subscription should be fixed at was deferred until next meeting, and the proceedings terminated.

Invalids who require stimulants can safely rely upon Wolfe's Schnapps. Be certain they get Wolfe's.

A meeting of the School Board of Advice No. 226, for the Shire of Ripon was held in the office of Mr. Humphreys, on Saturday last, when there were present—Messrs. Thomas, Welsh, Brown, M'Donald, and Humphreys. A quantity of correspondence was read, amongst which was a notice from the Education Department re the resignation of Mr. J. B. Humphreys, and the election of Mr. J. W. Browne in his stead for the North Riding. Mr. C. W. Thomas was elected chairman of the board for the ensuing twelve months, and Mr. J. Humphreys was appointed correspondent. The school returns for the last quarter of the year 1886 were received from the Department, and it was resolved that they should be handed over to the truant officer for his information. The correspondent was instructed to write to the Department for information respecting the purposes for which the sum of £4,500 was put upon the estimates and subsequently voted by Parliament last year under the heading of "Expenditure upon school building under directions of Board of Advice," there being some doubt as to whether the Board was allowed to do anything in the way of repairs beyond expenditure to the amount of £5. Mr. Browne asked if anything had ever been done by the Board towards getting the Beaufort school grounds planted with trees; to which the Chairman replied that the Board had moved in the matter, and on representing the question to the Department, the Government had offered to supply the trees if the teacher would see to the planting and care of them; but he could not say whether it was to be inferred from this that the teacher would be asked to supply tree guards which would be necessary in order to protect the trees from the hands of mischievous children, and from the destructive propensities of goats. After some consideration, it was resolved that the correspondent should communicate with the department re-opening the question, with a view, if possible, of getting something done in this direction. The question of shelter sheds for the children was also brought up, but it was decided to defer the matter until the receipt of replies from the Education Department. The Board then adjourned.

A meeting of the Beaufort Athletic Club is advertised to take place in the Fire Brigade Hall on Thursday next; business—to elect committee and make arrangements for Easter Monday sports.

Messrs. Elliman, Sons & Co., whose advertisement appears elsewhere in to-day's issue, have sent us a neat, pretty little work, which is a complete story without words, entitled "How my hunter was lamed, and how the lameness was cured." The book is issued as an advertisement, and we cannot do less than compliment them on the excellence of their publication. We are informed by circular that any of our readers will be supplied with copies free on application the firm, whose address will be seen elsewhere.

Wolfe's Schnapps.—Look for "W.A.S." in a diamond on the wrapper. "Wolfe's Aromatic Schnapps."

The Ararat Prospecting Board met at Ararat on Thursday last, but had not completed the business on the paper when an adjournment was made till next day. Amongst the correspondence dealt with was a letter from the Waterloo Tribute Company, forwarding a statement of the receipts and expenditure of the Company, which Mr. Condick was asked by the Board, when sitting at Beaufort, to prepare for its information. This showed that dividends amounting to L1005 had been paid, but this was obtained from ground worked four or five months ago. Mr. Condick, who was present, explained that the assistance asked for was required to put a drive through a mullock bank at the 500 feet level. The dividends for the past month had been at the rate of 16s. 9d. per week. It was agreed in committee not to entertain the application, a general opinion being expressed that it could not be properly considered under any of the clauses of the regulations. From the Secretary for Mines, to the effect that there is already a drill employed in the Ararat mining district, and its future operations will be a matter of consideration when the recommendations of the Prospecting Board with respect thereto shall have been received. The wages cost in employing one, two, and three shifts is L11 4s., L21, and L26 8s. respectively per week; to which must be added loss of diamonds, cost of firewood, and other incidental expenses.—Received. From Samuel Provis and others, Beaufort, for assistance to carry on work in their claim.—Not entertained. At the meeting held yesterday, it was decided to recommend Ararat applications for the aggregate sum of L1300. All applications already sent in for the use of the diamond drill and Tiffin augur were deferred for consideration at the sitting of the Board at Stawell on Wednesday next. No applications sent in to the Board from this date will be considered until the recommendations on hand have been disposed of.

Respecting the innovation made by the Shire Council in the matter of bathing in the Lake at the Park reserve, we may mention that the same subject is occupying attention elsewhere. The Melbourne correspondent of the "Ararat Advertiser" writes:—"Society is agitating itself greatly over the matter of public bathing. But, unlike most arguments, the consensus of public opinion in this instance is all in the direction that some reform is needed in the present manner in which young and old, middle-aged and infant males bathe together without the smallest particle of dress. We exclaim many a time and oft at the 'loose' manners and customs of 'foreigners.' But those who carp most would be rather surprised to hear the emphatic remarks made by these same foreigners in this matter of bathing. In scarcely another country in the world does such a state of things prevail. Even in America one would not be allowed to bathe without some species of dress. In fact, so clothed are both sexes that they mingle together in the sea with perfect freedom. The American and French women, too, have seized the opportunity for the display of toilets that are marvels of taste and elegance. In fact a fashionable lady's bathing outfit bears a direct proportion to her wardrobe. And yet here, I am told, our girls and matrons go bathing with but scanty covering. I am induced to think, however, that the same kind of agitation will have a good effect, for already there is a report that a meeting of the St. Kilda ladies is to be held to discuss the matter in all its bearings. Let us hope the out-come will be a modest yet attractive costume. The males will soon follow the good example."

We would direct attention to Mr. Jas. Tyler's advertisement in this issue. Mr. Tyler, of Bridge street, Ballarat, is now holding his fourth clearing sale for eight years.

The prospectus, annual report and honor list of the Ballarat College has reached us.

Diphtheria is prevalent at Waterloo, and one or two cases have resulted fatally during the last week or ten days. We understand that the houses in which the patients are kept are isolated or quarantined and vigorous steps are being taken to prevent the spread of the epidemic.

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" 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.

Cable News.

(FROM THE ARGUS)

LONDON, Jan. 19.

The tenders for the Brunswick (Victorian) municipal five per cent. loan for L28,000 were opened to-day, the minimum being fixed at L104. Tenders were received for L35,600. Tenderers at the minimum will receive 32 per cent., above that amount in full.

A report has been current that a New South Wales loan for a large amount is shortly to be placed on the London market, but Sir Saul Samuel, the agent-general for the colony, has denied the report.

Admiral Aube, the French Minister of Marine, has withdrawn the special vote, which was originally demanded for the purpose of strengthening the navy.

The tenders for the Victorian 4 per cent. loan of £3,000,000, the minimum for which has been fixed at £102, were opened to-day.

One tender was sent in by a syndicate for £6,000,000, at £102 19s 10d.

LONDON, Jan. 19.

Admiral Aube, the French Minister of Marine, has withdrawn the special vote, which was originally demanded for the purpose of strengthening the navy.

"Have you heard of the man who got shot?" said one fellow to another. "Got shot? No!" exclaimed the other. "How did he get shot?" "He bought 'em."

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.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[BY "TOMAHAWK."]

I would just like to know something, and if you can give me the information you will oblige. I travel sometimes on the railways, and have lately discovered and unearthed the biggest piece of "centralisation" that I ever came across. It is just this:—Country travellers from Stawell, Ararat, and Beaufort wanting to get to Wycheproof can get there much quicker by going through to Melbourne and coming up the other line, than by Ballarat and Maryborough. The former takes two days and the latter three, although the latter is miles shorter. *Via* Ballarat, you have to stop at Korong Vale—a regular one horse place—a whole night, and wait for the Melbourne train next day. Now, rather than do this, I travel through to Melbourne, which means that Melbourne is benefited by my "filthy lucre," to a considerable extent. This is "centralisation" with a vengeance, and an imposition on us poor beggars that want to do our railway travelling in a hurry. Look here, Mr. Editor, write a leader on the subject, and I'll send you along the biggest bottle of champagne I can get.

A friend of mine is just now in a considerable state of excitement about his tobacco license. It expired on Wednesday, the 11th, and of course he betook himself to the Court of Courts to get it renewed; but after knocking a considerable time, and not receiving an answer, came away with bad language in his heart. Of course you must know that our worthy dispenser of all things governmental only works three days in the week—Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday—hence this tobacco man not getting his license. But this is not the only grievance; there are many things required in a hurry, such as affidavits, miners' rights, summonses, etc., and if it happens to be one of the clerk's off-days, why you have to bottle up your requirements till the morrow. Now it would not be any extra trouble for the man that runs the office to attend the other three days, as I am quite sure the hours are short enough, and it would be conferring a favor on the district if it could be done; but law! the Government "rules the roost," and I suppose they think our little town too insignificant to do anything for. We must get up an agitation, and improve things.

I've found it!—you know, that half-sovereign—at least Mrs. T. found it. She was rummaging my pockets for money to buy a bathing-dress for young T., and she discovered the coin in the lining of my vest. In the pockets there was a little hole—a few stitches gone—and the blamed thing had slipped through. Ah! how often a man's fortune hangs on a thread, especially the thread of a pocket! I am glad it's found though, just for that good old deacon's sake; and I hope the people won't think now that he and his mates drank the health of the new building with it.

I see the Council here, after a lengthy sleep, awoke, and issued an order that boys shall wear some kind of breakwater while swimming. This is now done, much to the relief of the promenaders, who use the park as a means of refreshing themselves after a day of toil. It's a good job, and might bring some of the good and proper young men to their senses; but, when there is a bathing reserve marked off, these individuals have no right to select a place near the boat house for their watery exercise. As long as they *stuck to the bathing house, not a word was said*; but when they uncovered their manly forms anywhere indiscriminately, then the fair sex stopped home on strike, and our great dispenser of local requirements put in its say. The young men have got to wear bathing suits (?). With all its many colors, Joseph's coat is not comparable to the diversity of tints resorted to by the bathers. Instead of looking like gentlemen indulging in a bath, they resemble so many acrobats belonging to a circus; but, perhaps they are travelling advertisements for some soft goods firm—if so, correct. [We have *marked the* words in italics, that we might draw our contributor's attention to the fact that it was because bathers "stuck to the bathing house" that the new regulation was introduced at the Council table. The objection raised against bathing under the system formerly allowed, was that patrons of the bathing reserve disregarded the solutionary process.—ED.]

I went to the Army meeting on Monday night and took up a very comfortable position on a back seat to watch the whole of the proceedings. The big drum was silent—why was this thus?—and I did not hear the sweet sounds of the trumpet; surely nothing serious has occurred to prevent one hearing any more agonising harmony from these dear instruments of torture when fired off in a volley at Satan. The meeting was pretty mixed, so was the audience; there was a paucity of speakers on the platform, and it was evidently a go-as-you-please meeting. One old soldier had a long speech prepared to fill in with, but being slow in delivery, he was sung down by an unappreciative officer. I am beginning to think that five-sixth of the audience go for fun, and to interrupt. The army is doing good work, and unless some of the folks that attend can't do better than spend their time in foolery and giggling they had better stay at home. Them's my sentiments.

He sat upon a horgan stool, that stood upon the floor,
And pressed upon the ivory keys and made the fakement roar.
The music pealed out low and sweet; then boisterous and loud;
And then it seemed as if the tones were covered with a cloud.
The reason of it all was this: he'd finished the selection;
And was sorry afterwards, for they were making the collection.
With angered countenance he strove to make the music play;
But found the effort all in vain, for his boy had run away—
The boy that blew the organ—in which work he took great pride;
But on this 'ticular occasion he took a spell outside.
So the man could play no more just then: it was an awful sin;
But the church got all the benefit—the plate came round to him.

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The Riponshire Advocate.

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Poetry.

The Old Attic Room.

I remember the dear old attic room,
Where I slept when a little boy,
In the farmhouse over beside the hill,
When life was a perfect joy,
I remember the chairs so old and quaint
And the bed whereon I slept,
And the chest of drawers beside the door,
Where the apples were always kept.

I remember well how the early sun
Through the window small would stray,
And how the bird on the tree outside
Would warble his morning lay,
And how my mother's "Time to get up!"
On my heedless ear would fall,
And the unpretentious print that hung
So crookedly on the wall.

I remember the ceiling, cracked and low,
Where bunches of peppers hung,
And the old green curtain that wouldn't roll up,
But in every wild breeze swung;
I remember the barrels with stovepipes filled,
And various other things,
And the memory of this dear old room
Remembrance also brings

Of the nights I had of innocent res.
What wouldn't I give to be
Again in these rosy, boyhood dreams,
A wanderer happy and free!
And on its carpetless floor to romp,
A merry and boisterous boy,
And see my little sister play
With her latest painted toy?

The room was not fair to look upon,
But to me 'twas a jolly nest.
Ah, that now as then I could lay me down,
Its tired and willing guest,
And dream the dreams that then I dreamt
In the nights so cool and still,
On the homely bed in that attic room
In the farmhous by the hill!

Novelist.

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY,

BY

HAROLD STEPHEN, ESQ., M.P.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

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CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

The inn which harboured our friends was an ancient building of some six or seven stories in height, the upper two of which had not been used within the memory of man. Our Australian friend, with a truly national love of sportt, took in the situation at a glance; so he provided himself with a stone jar of beer—such beer, O reader, as would make a good Templar break the pledge—and took up his stand at a window in the topmost story. Ah! Then the hours sped rapidly! No more *ennui*—no more fidgets—but "high old sport," as Harry termed it. Practice had made him extremely dexterous with the weapon, and soon he began to create quite a commotion in the place. Respectable dames, mothers of families, as they passed in front of the inn, which occupied one whole side of the market square, were saluted by showers of peas, which rattled about their hands and faces like small shot. Elderly gentlemen of standing in the community met with a similar fate; and even the person of the Herr Pastor was not held sacred, for, as he passed, smiling benignantly in reply to the salutations which greeted him at every step, his reverend nose received such a "wipe" that, for a moment, he thought the end of the world had come, and that the battle of Armageddon was about to commence.

It was mysterious—it was awful! Nobody knew who the culprit was, or where he could be concealed. The shots took effect, and the bullets were seen rolling on the ground, but from whence they were aimed, it was not easy to conjecture. Of course, the boys were suspected, and there was a general muster of the whole of the juvenile population; but not one urchin was missing, and still the game went on. Mine host of the Golden Eagle, being interrogated, deposed that the only strangers in the place were the Englishmen, the elder of whom was, as might be seen from the street, writing letters in the Gast-stube, whilst the younger, as all the world knew, was up at the mill after the young Fräulein. (Harry had carefully covered his trail by alleging that he was off to the mill.)

One individual in Grabenthal knew the truth, but he had been bribed to silence, Harry agreeing to pay double price for the peashooter and peas, upon the condition that the shopkeeper from whom he purchased them held his peace. The worthy man felt awfully guilty, especially when he heard of the sacrilegious assault upon the Herr Pastor, but he had pledged his word, and with Teuton honesty (and obstinacy) would not break it.

So the excitement in Grabenthal increased, and the mystery had become almost unendurable, when a post-chaise rattled up to the door of the inn, and a young man jumped out. Hardly had he set his foot on the step, when he, too, met his fate in the shape of a pea, which struck him on the cheek. Raising his head suddenly, he perceived our hero, who, in order to accomplish this last feat, had been compelled to lean rather far out of the window, and had not been able to draw back in time.

The newcomer at once turned to the host, and angrily demanded who occupied the top floor.

"No one, respected sir;" responded the host. "But why do you ask?"

"Because the insolent scoundrel has been pelting peas at me," was the reply.

Eh? Here was a solution to the mystery at last! The Herr Pastor, passing at that moment, was summoned, and the stranger was soon made acquainted with the whole affair.

"Do you not remember me, sir?" he asked of the pastor. "Surely you have not forgotten your old pupil, Dart Tredegar?"

It is needless to depict the surprise and delight with which this announcement was received, not only by the pastor, but by the bystanders, nearly all of whom had known the speaker in former years; neither will we weary the reader by recapitulating the hurried questions and answers which followed; suffice it to say, that Dart Tredegar received almost as rapturous a reception as if he had been a prodigal son, returning to the paternal home after a lengthened cruise in Bohemia.

He was a tall, well-built, handsome young man, bearing a strong likeness to his sister; but evidencing, in every gesture and trick of speech, the possession of a fiery, impetuous nature.

So there is no need for surprise at hearing that he lost no time in setting out in search of his whilom assailant; and, indeed, he so far outstripped his companions as to arrive at the top storey, before the foremost of them had set foot on the landing below.

In another minute, he stood in the presence of Harry Lascelles. That audacious young man had heard the approach of his pursuers, but, finding escape was impossible, had determined to brave the matter out; and so, at the moment when the door opened, he was discovered, sitting in a chair, which he had lugged up from below, and leisurely smoking, whilst the deadly pea-shooter lay across his knees.

Now Dart was out of breath, having run up five flights of stairs at top speed, and therefore was at a disadvantage, in not being able to begin the attack. This Harry saw, and availed himself of the opportunity. In execrable German, and with that admirable nonchalance, for which he was so celebrated amongst his acquaintances, he demanded whom he had the honor of addressing.

"So, sir, you are English," said Dart, in reply—"I regret to find a countryman in such a position."

The room by this time was filled by the rest of the pursuing party, who, seeing the state of affairs, wisely determined not to interfere.

Harry glanced around, nodded to one or two whose acquaintance he had made, and then replied:—"You object to my remaining seated? Well, perhaps it is scarcely polite, but you see there is only one chair, and that would not go far amongst so many. And, if I were to offer it to anyone in particular, the rest of the company might feel offended."

"Your wit is misplaced sir," retorted Dart; "I come here to demand an apology for the gross insult you put upon me by means of that instrument lying on your knees."

"It was a good shot, wasn't it?" asked Harry, with such a droll look upward at his interlocutor, that Dart could scarcely maintain his gravity. "Of course, you know, I never intended to insult you or anybody. But it was *such* fun! The whole blessed morning I was boring myself to death, until the brilliant idea occurred to me, of the results of which you have been a victim. You would have done it yourself, you know, had you thought of it, under similar circumstances."

Dart mentally admitted that he would, but felt it incumbent upon him not to relax his dignity, so he contented himself by uttering an unblushing falsehood, and saying that he did not know that he should.

"Oh, yes, you would!" replied Harry. "I can see it in your face. You see, I and my respected parent are strangers here, and, not knowing what to do with myself until it was time to take Miss Tredegar to the ceremony this evening, I concluded ——"

"Stop, sir!" said Dart. "Did I understand you to say that you were to take Miss Tredegar to some ceremony this evening?"

"Just so. Do you know the young lady?"

"Know her? She is my sister," was the reply.

Harry jumped up, and advanced with outstretched hand. "My dear fellow," he said, "I'm awfully glad to meet you, and awfully sorry that it should be under such unfavorable auspices. I am Harry Lascelles."

Dart took the offered hand, but so reluctantly, that Harry divined he was still unknown.

"You never heard of me, I suppose," he said, "yet your sister promised to write and tell you all about it. You see, we—the fact is—hang it! I wish she had told you! The fact is, we are engaged to one another."

Dart could scarcely believe his ears, having always been accustomed to look upon his sister as only a child; but he did not know what to say, and so contented himself by a speech which might mean anything. That is to say he said "Indeed!" and looked as foolish as any young man of good breeding and average intelligence could be expected to look, under the circumstances.

Then Harry said "Yes," and looked foolish too, whilst the bystanders in their turn looked bewildered. Knowing the manners and customs of the English, who resort to the brutal pastime of "Boxen" at the slightest opportunity, they had been momentarily expecting to witness an encounter between the two foreigners, and, it must be confessed, were not a little disappointed at witnessing the handshake which seemed to prelude a more peaceable issue to the quarrel.

However, young men like Dart and Harry are never long at a loss for words, and soon they might have been seen marching arm-in-arm up the road to the mill, Harry having determined to risk a visit, under the peculiar circumstances of the case.

As for the villagers, a judicious expenditure of money in schoppen of beer sufficed to restore the delinquent in the estimation of the gentlemen, whilst none of the ladies had been able to spare time to await the *dénoûment*.

Alma was immensely delighted to meet her brother, whose arrival had been wholly unexpected, and was graciously pleased to forgive Harry under the circumstances. But they must not detain her, she said, as it would take every minute of her time to prepare for the ceremony.

"What ceremony?" asked Dart. "I noticed a general air of preparation in the village, and thought something was up. But it is such a time since I was here last, that everybody seemed to have forgotten me, so I did not care to ask any questions."

"A betrothal," replied Alma; "the hard-hearted blacksmith has consented at last, and Gustl is to be betrothed to Hanserl this evening."

"Gustl?" exclaimed Dart. "Why, I thought she was too young; but you seem to take the disease early, up in the mountains here," he added, with a mischievous glance at his companions, which brought a fine blush to the cheek of the young lady, and made the young gentleman feel very uncomfortable, besides putting him to inconceivable tortures in the endeavour to restrain himself from hanging out the same crimson flag of distress.

But Alma speedily made a diversion by running away, telling the young men that they might amuse themselves as they pleased, but that, under no circumstances whatever, was she to be disturbed until tea-time.

Dart and Harry soon became good friends, and exchanged confidences, as young people will, very readily. Harry talked of Alma, until her brother declined to hear anything more on that interesting subject, and then he began about Australia, which theme proved much more acceptable. Then Dart, in his turn, began rhapsodizing about a young lady at Heidelberg, who, according to his shewing, must have possessed more admirable qualities than were ever before united in the same peson. This naturally led to an enquiry as to how it came that Dart was able to tear himself away from such perfection, merely to pay a visit to his sister.

"Good gracious!" remarked Dart, in reply, That reminds me of the most extraordinary circumstance—the most wonderful thing that ever happened to a fellow. You know my uncle?"

Harry replied that he had met that party, but, did not, with all respect to his nephew, care very much about him.

"Neither do I," said Dart; "but that has nothing to do with it. The question is, from your knowledge of the world, would you set him down as a scoundrel?"

The young gentleman (whose extensive knowledge of the world of course made him an admirable judge,) replied cautiously that he could not say—it would not do to trust to appearances—yet certainly—.

"Yet certainly you think he looks like one," broke in Dart. "Well, what will you say, when I tell you that it appears he is a very bad egg indeed? I have had a most extraordinary letter about him, from a Sir Charles North, who was a great friend of my grandfather's. But here—read for yourself," he added, handing the letter to Harry.

This epistle need not be given *in extenso*, for the reader is already acquainted with the main facts contained in it. It told of the death of old Mr. Tredegar, and the occurrences at the reading of the will, and, further, included a copy of the letter from Mr. Tredegar to Sir Charles North, which created such a sensation on that occasion. Sir Charles concluded by offering to adopt Dart and Alma, and inviting them to at once abandon their uncle, and join him in London.

"Now," said Dart, when Harry had finished reading, "you know all the affair. What do you think I ought to do?"

"Accept the offer," replied Harry, promptly.

"But doesn't it seem rather hard on my uncle, who, after all, has been kind to us in his way?"

"Maybe it does—but, look here, old fellow, why not tell him all about it, and demand an explanation? Then, if he hesitates, you will know that the accusation is true, and noone could blame you for leaving him."

"Just what I thought of doing," replied Dart, "and that's why I came here, thinking to find him at home, and he is not here. I shall just post off to London to-morrow, and have the thing out on the spot. My idea is not to make Alma uncomfortable by telling her anything about it until the affair is settled, one way or the other."

In this, Harry thoroughly concurred, and they spent the rest of the afternoon in concocting plans for the future, in which plans, be sure, Alma, and the aforesaid Heidelberg damsel, occupied no inconsiderable place.

The betrothal of the fair—very fair—Gustl and Hanserl Schultze took place in due course, with all pomp and ceremony, according to the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the valley. Fain would we linger over the details, and describe how the bride looked—what she wore, and the thousand other minutiæ so dear to the feminine mind; but there is sterner work before us, and we may not linger on our way.

Let us then to the ball-room, where all the youth and beauty of the neighbourhood were assembled, not to speak of those unfortunates to whom the first was a thing of the past, and who never owned a share of the latter.

The performances commenced with an elaborate country-dance, led off by the bride and bridegroom, and in which everybody took more or less part—except Mr. Lascelles and Harry, whose utter ignorance of the affair compelled their quiescence. As for Dart, he was in the thick of it, having secured, as partner, a bewitching little peasant, who looked as if she had just been assisting at the wedding of Masetto and Zerlina, and was momentarily expecting the entrance of the wicked Don Giovanni and his reprobate servitor, Leporello. This young person was evidently quite as inclined to coquetry as Zerlina herself, and flirted outrageously after the fashion of her country—that is to say, demurely and sedately, but, perhaps, none the less efficiently.

The country-dance lasted for a tremendous time, and Mr. Lascelles enjoyed himself hugely; but, as the minutes wore on, his son began to show signs of irritation and dejection, until, at last, he was reduced to a condition of low despondency, from which he was only aroused by the cessation of the music.

Country dances were all very well, and, perhaps, not lacking in interest for those engaged in them, but, to the onlooker, they become monotonous after the first hour or two. So Harry thought—but then, Alma was among the dancers, and he had to sit still and look on, whilst another's arm was round her waist, another's hand pressed hers, and another's lips whispered nonsense in her ears. It did not matter to him that the other, on this occasion, was the blacksmith himself—a burly gentleman of fifty, with a wife nearly as big and old as himself: that consideration did not weigh with him for one moment—he merely felt that ANOTHER was in the place where he ought to have been, and doing all those things which he would have liked to have done.

When, at last, the musicians paused, dead-beat, and Alma came up to him almost breathless and palpitating, and looking altogether so distractingly cuddlesome, that one was tempted to think she ought not to have been suffered to go at large—then Master Harry did condescend to smile gloomily, and, in melancholy tones, asked whether she had enjoyed herself.

"Immensely!" was the reply. "And you?"

"Oh, I've been enjoying myself first-rate," replied Harry, tugging at the one or two hairs which he fondly cherished as a moustache. "Yes; I enjoyed myself—certainly, I *enjoyed* myself; one can do that at a funeral, you know."

"At a funeral! What do you mean?" asked Alma. "And you speak as if the statue of the Commendatore stood in the doorway."

"And, by Jupiter, so he does!" exclaimed Harry, starting up. "Look!"

Alma did look, and beheld, standing stiff and stern, in the entrance to the ball-room, the figure of her uncle, the Professor!

She gave a little cry, and, as in duty bound, ran to meet him, followed by Dart, who had come up in time to hear the last speech.

"My dear uncle!" she exclaimed.

"Spare your transports," was the reply, delivered in icy tones. "What means this fooling? And what are you doing here, sir?" he added, addressing his nephew.

"It is Gustl's betrothal, uncle," and "I came here to see you, sir," were the answers simultaneously delivered by the young people.

"Gustl's betrothal! Since when has it been the fashion for English ladies to attend the merry-makings of their servants?" asked the Professor. "Come home with me at once—as for you, sir, doubtless this place is too congenial to a gentleman of your tastes for you to be able to tear yourself away. I will see you in the morning." So saying, the Professor drew his niece out into the passage, leaving Dart standing in the doorway, and striving hard to keep down the bitter answer which rose so readily to his lips.

Poor little Alma cried silently whilst she drew on her hood and cloak, but ventured no remonstrance, having been taught to yield unquestioning obedience to the mandates of her uncle.

The episode passed unheeded by the company, the conversation having been conducted in English, and everybody thinking it quite natural that Alma, like a dutiful niece, should go home with her uncle after his return from so long, dangerous, and fatiguing a journey, as that to England was regarded by the simple villagers.

Harry was, of course, disconsolate; and, when informed by Dart of what had been said, he did not hesitate to express his opinion of Mr. Professor Tredegar in such terms as would, had they reached the ears of that gentleman, have secured him the reverse of a warm reception on his next visit to the mill.

The young men, after chafing and fuming for a while, and drinking rather more beer than was, perhaps, advisable, at last succeeded in talking themselves into better humour, and so managed to have a good time after all; but little Alma, alone in her bedroom, sate at the window, gazing down at the lights in the village, and cried after the most unheroic and childish fashion.

As for the Professor, he ate a hearty supper, smoked a couple of cigars, and then went to bed, and slept the sleep of the righteous, and of the hard-hearted.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PROFESSOR AT HOME.

"So, sir, you have the audacity to doubt my word?" exclaimed the Professor.

"Pardon me, uncle," replied Dart; "I do not doubt your word—I merely observe that an offer like this should not be lightly declined."

They were seated in the balcony at the Mill the morning after the betrothal, and Dart had just shown his uncle Sir Charles North's letter, and asked his advice thereon.

"Come here, Alma," called the Professor, through the open window. "Read that"—and he handed her the letter.

Alma read, and was grieved to find how little the accusation affected her. When she had finished, she handed the letter back, but said nothing.

"What do you think of that?" asked her uncle.

"I think—I don't know what to think! Oh, uncle, this horrible tale cannot be true?"

"True? It is a lie from beginning to end! This man—this Sir Charles North—has forged a deed, making over to him the whole of my father's property. I am about to take legal proceedings against him, and this offer to adopt you two is but an attempt to secure the public sympathy. You have heard—decide for yourselves."

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Alma. "As if I should dream of leaving you to go to a stranger!"

"I expected no other answer. I thank you, child," said the Professor, drawing her towards him, and kissing her on the brow. "And you, Dart—what have you to say?"

"Sir," said he, after a moment's hesitation, "I hope you will not be offended when I say that I should like to know a little more about this matter."

"Offended! Have I the right to feel offended? I am not your father, sir. It is true that for some twelve years I have stood in that relation to you; but that, of course, gives me no claim upon you."

"Oh, Dart!" exclaimed Alma, whose generous nature had been touched by the unwonted display of affection towards herself—"Surely you cannot forget how much we owe our uncle—how good he has been to us!"

"I forget nothing, Alma," replied Dart. "But I say that when such an offer is made to a man who has nothing but his own exertions to depend upon, he should not reject it lightly."

"But this Sir Charles North has forged a deed! He must be a bad man."

"Excuse me, Alma," said Dart; "there may be some mistake about that."

"Some mistake, sir! What do you mean?" exclaimed the Professor. "Do you insinuate that I have told you a lie?"

"I insinuate nothing, uncle. Again, I say I think it would be wrong of me to refuse Sir Charles North's offer, until I have heard more: and, as I intend to hear more, I shall go to London to find out the truth."

"Leave this house with that intention, and you leave it forever!" exclaimed the Professor, rising from his seat. "I warn you that I will never forgive the insult implied by your going to London. You have heard my decision—nothing will make me alter it. I leave you now to settle with your sister whether she and you are to be strangers in future or not." So saying, the Professor went off to his study, fearing, perhaps, that if he remained, he might lose his temper and betray himself; besides, he knew that he had left behind a trusty champion, whose pleadings could not but be more effectual than any threats to a young man of Dart's temperament.

When they were alone, Alma amply justified her uncle's confidence, and battled vigorously in his behalf; but all to no purpose, for Dart was resolute.

"Sister," he said, "you are but a child, and know nothing of the world. This man—this uncle of ours—has been good to us after a fashion, but he has never been kind or loving. We know nothing of him, or of his past career—we do not even know his present life. To us, as to the world, he is a man of mystery. Now I have heard that mystery means crime, and nothing that I have seen of our worthy uncle would tend to give me any great faith in his virtue. Sir Charles North makes charges, which he says, he can substantiate. It would be simple folly to refuse to hear him. As for our uncle's threat about separating us, be sure we shall find opportunity to meet. Besides, if all that Sir Chares says is true, you cannot remain here; whilst, on the other hand, if Sir Charles fails in his proof, I will so vindicate my uncle's honor that he will forgive my contumacy on this occasion. So good-bye, little sister," he added, kissing her fondly—"I shall set out at once. Be sure all will go right, and keep a light heart till my return."

Alma felt really annoyed with herself at her failure; because she attributed it to lack of earnestness, thinking that she cared so little for her uncle as not to trouble about the matter; but she had not much time for reflection, for, looking after her brother, she saw that he was met by a gentleman, who, after a few words and a hearty hand-shake, passed out of sight on his way to the entrance to the Mill. As this gentleman was a certain young Australian who has figured somewhat extensively in these pages, the reader will divine that Miss Alma had no time to waste upon thought, except concerning the state of her hair, &c.

Harry and she had a charming *tête-à-tête*, which lasted until they were interrupted by the Professor, who looked anything but pleased as he saw that Dart had departed, and that his place was occupied by the very familiar young man, whose advances he fondly imagined he had effectually checked before he left for England.

When her uncle entered, Alma rose hastily and left the room, murmuring something about household duties, which was not understood by either of her hearers.

(*To be continued.*)

Australian Tales and Adventures.

No. 11.

CAMP YARNS.

By Bunyip.

"Mister," said my fellow traveller as we jogged along, in the morning on our way down the Lachlan, "your young, and this is a big country, lots of room for a man to explore and pick runs for himself. I may tell you that I was one of the first pioneers down this river, not so very many years ago either, for I am still a youngish man. With the exception of a few stations the country is very much like what it was when I first came down the river, (my readers must understand that this refers to some thirty odd years since, before fencing of runs was dreamed of). I brought down a small herd of cattle from the Coropasture side, and with three men and a good team of bullocks with a load of rations we journeyed along and fed our cattle at our ease. I wanted to get as low down the Lachlan as I could, so as to be near the Melbourne market. The blacks were pretty numerous, but very friendly, and I can tell you mister a good deal of the mischief done by blacks is in the first instance occasioned through the whites not knowing how to treat them. Blacks, mister, "he went on," are human beings like ourselves, and are possessed of as much sense if properly taught, and treated with kindness, at the same time keeping them in their place, as white men. I never had any trouble with the blacks, Mister; they have always worked for me, and I always paid them for their work in rations and clothing, and tobacco, and when the diggings broke out, and a white man was barely to be got on a station the blacks shepherded all my sheep and looked after my cattle, and I prospered. "Now look here, mister," he said, "I'll tell you a yarn. you've heard of Donald McCrea."

"Yes," I said, "I knew Donald well. He was, I think, the first man who took a mob of cattle all the way down the Darling to Adelaide, when there was not a station between Fort Bourke and the Murray Junction."

"Just so," said my friend, "and it is about Donald and his overseer, that I am going to tell you. Donald, you know, was a highlander, who came out to Sydney when a very young man, went into the bush, took up country, bought cattle on very easy terms, managed everything himself, and made money. Its the easiest thing in the world, mister, to make money if you only get the chance and know how!"

"Excellent advice, my friend," I said, "but to 'know how' is the one thing needful."

"Nothing easier," said he. "I can travel five hundred miles on five shillings."

"So, could I," I replied, "if I was 'dead broke,' but not if had I the means to pay for what I wanted to eat and drink."

"Well mister, Donald was mustering for fat cattle on his station on the Barwon. He had a head-stockman or overseer, named Mac. who he always left in full charge of his station when he was absent, for Donald always did his own droving. Mac had three blackfellows, smart, intelligent young men they were, and Mac had got them educated so far that they knew every station brand for a hundred miles round. It was no use any of the up-the-river fellows trying to bounce Mac's blackboys out of a calf at mustering time, not the least, and if the stranger showed fight these three would worry him like a terrier would a rat. Now, Mr. Mac,—like most Highlanders, had strong religious convictions. He would allow no work whatever to be done on Sunday, except at muster time for fat cattle, when he used to excuse himself on the plea of necessity. He tried to make his boys as religious as himself, and succeeded admirably so far as the no work on a Sunday doctrine went, but otherwise his missionary efforts were a decided failure. Matthew, Mark, and Luke, for so he christened his blackboys, were most consummate hypocrites. In his presence and hearing they were piety personified, but in his absence they swore, played cards, and when they got a chance which in those out districts was very rare indeed, they drank grog. Occasionally a friend would give Mac a hint about the goings on of his *disciples*, as they were called, but his reply was 'Hoot awa', man, 'Oken the boys better than you do or any one else'. As very often occurred when a large muster was taking place in those districts a 'grog cart' or 'licensed hawker' was camped some few miles away, and the plea of lost or knocked up horses was the excuse for their delay if found out by the owner of the station. Now at this muster Matthew, Mark, and Luke, in company with two up-the-river stockmen, were sent to bring the upper run cattle into the station. The two stockmen were very steady men, who could take their glass and have no more, but they thought what a glorious joke it would be to make the apostles drunk, and send them home to Mac in that state. So they found the camp. Matthew, said to the hawker, 'what you doing on this run, my man?' Said Luke with a wink, 'got anything in the keg?' while Mark got off his horse and sat on the ground making a pantomimic gesture of taking a swig the two stockmen, rode up with "Good day, mate; lost your horses?"

"Yes, friends, was the hawkers reply.

"Well, said the stockmen, "its warm, and we've come a long way; have you anything to drink."

"Well," said the hawker, scanning his customers to realise in what manner he was to be paid, as stockmen at a muster seldom carried small change, "do you belong to the station?"

"Oh, yes," said they, "and when you come up we,ll buy a swag of clothes."

"All right," said licensed hawker, and produced a small keg.

Matthew's eyes glistened, Mark grinned, and Luke opened his mouth. Presently there was a gurgling of rum into a pannikin. The two stockmen drank each others healths, then Matthew, Mark, and Luke drank each others healths in rather stiffer nobblers than the white men. When ready to start, Matthew said, "we'd better have the benediction," which they had, stiffer than before. The result was that the two stockmen gathered in the cattle, while the apostles slept it out. When the white men arrived at the station in the evening with the cattle Mac inquired where his boys were?

"Don't know," said the stockmen. They left us to go after a mob of outsiders, so we brought home all we could get.

"They're fine lads," said Mac; "none of your slouching-up-the-river niggers; you can depend your life on my boys."

"So I should think," grinned one of the men.

Just at dusk, when all the hands had yarded the cattle and were sitting down to tea, up rode the apostles just drunk enough to swear at, and be very abusive to Mac, and when he asked them where the cattle were they went after, said Matthew "go to blazes"; said Luke, "shut up you old fool"; Mark grinned and put his fingers up to his nose. The truth dawned upon Mac, whereupon he forgot himself, and swore roundly at them in the best broad Scotch. Then he keenly eyed the two stockmen, upon whom the grog had not made the least impression, and asked them where his boys had been.

"Don't know," said they. "They slithered off from us up the river after a mob of cattle, and we saw no more of them."

"A confounded hawker, I'll swear," said Mack. "I'll make it hot for him."

"Next day about noon the hawker made his appearance at the station, but all hands except the hut-keeper were absent. He was an old hand, and although he was fond of a glass, always kept his eyes open. The two stockmen had let him into the secret, and told him if the hawker came to tell him not to say anything about seeing them the day before. In the evening when the party returned, and Mac found the hawker there, his wrath knew no bounds. He would search his cart there and then for grog."

"Not so fast, friend," said the hawker. "Where is your search warrant?"

Baffled in this, Mac ordered him off. He went about half a mile away on the road, turned his horses out to feed, made up his camp fire, and opened out his goods, taking care to keep his kegs out of sight.

"You see, my man, you see," said Mac, riding up to him in the evening before the stockmen engaged at the muster had finished their tea, "you can sell as many of your lawful goods as you like, you see, but you see I am mustering fat cattle, and it would be a most serious think for the men to get drunk, you see. How much liquor have you, and what do you want for the lot?"

"Well, Mr. Mac," replied the hawker, "I have only one five gallon keg of rum which, as a favour, I will let you have for five pounds, provided you buy an equivalent amount of goods."

"Done," said Mac. Yoke up your horses and bring the lot up to the station."

So the hawker came up, closely shepherded by Mac, who never left him for an instant, delivered the keg, and allowed Mac to inspect his cart, which done, he was permitted to sell his wares. Mac gave all hands a glass of rum each, then placed the keg in his store-room. The three naughty boys, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, got none. Just at this point Donald M'Crae came to the station. The next day the muster was finished, and Donald started himself with the fat cattle for Sydney, while Mac's faith in his three black boys was considerably shaken.

Thus pleasantly passed the forenoon, and we turned out in a bend in the river for dinner, in a shallow water hole were some half dozen black gins and piccaninnies catching "yappies," that is, fresh water cray-fish, and mussels. So we went down to them, and they gave us as many as made a good dinner for both. We boiled them in our quart pots, and thought them delicious.

"Mister," said my friend, "can there be anything more natural and happy than the lives of these simple children of nature (my companion was a moralist). "They knew nothing of the sins of great cities, or their temptations and expensive, senseless, and luxurious indulgencies."

"Bacca" whined an old gin in their peculiar drawl as she slowly walked up to our fire, "me want it smoke."

Neither my friend or myself indulged in the weed, much to the poor creature's disappointment.

"Bale you got it bottle?" she whined again.

Now, her simple bush habits, child of nature as she was instinctively taught her that there was but one use for a bottle, and that was to hold rum. We had neither. Poor beggars: she whined again.

"Bale smoke, bale drink rum, poor fellow white fellow," evidently considering us a most degraded pair.

"Now mister," said my friend, "observe the effects of civilisation. It brings with it innumerable evils. Far away as we are from the busy haunts of men, these poor natives are acquainted with some of its worst vices."

We gave the poor gins a little tea and sugar and flour in return for their yappies and shellfish, and resumed our journey.

My companion was most entertaining, and had an immense store of anecdotes, all perfectly original, and gained from personal experience. His sole ambition was to become rich, and he has certainly achieved it to his heart's content. As we rode on towards his station, which we were to make that evening, and where he entertained me for three days in a most hospitable manner, he started a conversation, which for originality of conception I never remember to have heard equalled. This knowledge of Old Testament history, especially in the time of the patriarchs, was most surprising. I suppose its fascination consisted in describing the pastoral life of the fathers of the Jewish race.

"Mister," he commenced, the Bible tells us of the vast flocks and herds owned by Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Lot, and others of the old days, but it does not give as the slightest information of what markets they had for their stock, how they sold them, what means they possessed for shearing their sheep, how they got up their wool for market, how they sold it, or any particulars that would be most interesting to us to know. "The country too," he said, "must have been very much understocked in those days, as we read of the patriarchs shifting about from one place to another with their immense flocks and herds. Yet we do not hear of their having to pay rents to any government. I can assure you, mister, the consideration of these matters sets me studying for days together when I am travelling alone, which I usually do.

"Well, my friend," I replied, "I have often studied the matter in the same light myself, but as the Bible is a condensed history of the Jewish race, were it to go into minute details such as we are speaking of, instead of being contained in one volume, it would fill the shelves of the largest library in Europe."

"I agree with you there, "mister," he said; "still a few particulars would be very interesting."

Talking in this strain we jogged along, and towards evening reached his station, one of many. He never lived at any one in particular, but for a time at one, then at another. Having accepted his kind invitation to spell myself and horse for a few days, I hobbled the latter out, as there was no paddock, and very soon made myself at home. A chinaman had a most comfortable tea spread on the table for us, at which we were joined by his overseer, whom I knew. Having done ample justice to the many good things prepared for us, we drew our stools to the fire and barnied.

"Mister," said my host, "there are many very inexplicable things in the old testament, one of which is the punishment awarded to King Nebuchadnezzer; how for seven years he lived like a beast of the field, and ate grass and herbage: now according to my ideas his whole internal organisation must have been changed, as for a man to subsist entirely upon raw herbage in its natural state appears to me quite impossible. It is one of those old testament traditions that appear to be real and accepted without due explanation."

"I agree with you," I replied, "that there are many passages in the old testament equally inexplicable; but as the Creator of universe employs his own means towards certain ends, all that is expected of us is implicit belief. The Scriptures are read and believed in by millions of our fellow beings, but because many passages in them are beyond our understanding that is no reason why they should not be accepted."

"I quite agree with you, mister," replied my host, who was a pious believer in the scriptures, "that there are—in fact the bible abounds in passages that pass our limited comprehension, and that at all times would be reformers had undertaken to divest religion of what they are pleased to term its superstitions, but their sorry attempts have all resulted in miserable failures. The one great proof of the authenticity of the Bible is its having withstood the assaults of these theological quacks for so many centuries."

Pleasantly passed our first evening at the station in these discussions, so pleasantly indeed that midnight found us still debating. Were half the residents in these Australian wilds to jot down their thoughts as they ride their solitary days journey what an interesting volume could be compiled. Wishing each other good night, we retired to bed, and were soon sound asleep. There is no welcome can exceed a bush one; it is thoroughly honest and sincere, no put on, "Make yourself at home," and "I wish you were at the devil in an almost audible thought." Your bush hosts are always glad of your company. Next morning we were up at sunrise, my host wishing to inspect his sheep.

"Will you accompany us," said he to me." "I'll give you a good mount?"

"Most willingly," I replied.

We breakfasted, our Chinese cook providing a capital spread, hot rolls included, after which we started for an out sheep station.

"Mister," commenced my friend, who was still full of the old testament, "what a wonderful time Jonah must have had of it in the whale's body. No living man before or since has had such an opportunity of witnessing the several processes food passes through in digestion, and yet with ample time to take notes of his observations. He has left no record."

Now this remark for originality I never heard surpassed, and I must confess I was fairly non-plussed for a reply, which I had to allow to remain in abeyance. It came some time afterwards when camping out. My host produced some remarkably hard ship's biscuits which he had brought instead of damper. I suggested that if Jonah had witnessed the digestive process of that material, the Royal College of Physicians would have awarded him a diploma and a gold medal for a paper on it. At this remark my friend, whose features—long and grave—seldom relaxed, smiled, and he said:

"This is jesting on a serious subject Mister."

"I am not jesting," I replied, "but merely submitting a subject for analysis."

On arrival at the out station the shepherd had just let his sheep out of the yard.

"Good morning, Bill, said his master," how are you getting on?"

"Pretty well," responded Bill, barring them ships biscuits you sent me instead of flour. They were that full of weevils I had to make fat cake out of them."

"Well, Bill, you see," said my friend, "I thought you would like a change."

"So I would," replied Bill, "if it was for the better, but not for that sort. I agreed for ten pounds of flour as a weekly rations, not five pounds of ship's biscuits and the balance in maggots. And I tell you what it is I stand on my agreement, so you'd better send out the flour quick, and I'll boil the biscuits up for my dog."

"Freedom of speech among old shepherds is tolerated quite as much as it is among members of Parliament. The overseer smiled, and saying:

"All right, Bill, I'll send you the flour, as you don't appreciate luxuries."

"Luxuries be blowed, rejoined Bill. If you want to send me luxuries send me a bottle of sauce."

"Christmas is coming," said my friend the overseer, "and we'll warm up your old blood then, Bill, so just do your best with the sheep."

"All right, master," rejoined the shepherd, "it's many a year I've shepherded for you, and you're not a bad sort at Christmas, or when a man wants a spell."

"We left for another out-station. On the way my friend treated me to a tirade of abuse against the Melbourne merchants who sent him up weevily ship biscuits in place of the best Captain's, which he said he ordered, and which he thought his men would like for a change, especially as at that time they cost him about half per ton less delivered on the station than flour, the reason of which was that a large shipment had arrived in a damaged condition, which my friend's agents bought as a job lot at auction; hence the anticipated luxurious living for the shepherds. On arriving at sheep station No. 2, the sheep were drawing off the camp. The morning was frosty and the sheep lazy. Said my friend to the shepherd:

"Good-morning, Mick."

'Now, Mick was not in the best of humors, (cause, ship biscuit). He merely said, or rather growled:

"Morning, sir," then to the overseer. "what the devil sort of tucker is that you sent me in place of my ration of flour?"

My friend, the overseer, came forward promptly, and answered:

"I thought to give you all a treat, Mick, in a change of living, but some mistake has occurred."

"That be hanged for a yarn," replied Mick. You don't give your men treats unless they cost you less than the usual ration. I was just going to take my flock into the head station and give them up, and get my wages. Rotten ship's biscuit ain't flour, which is my ration."

"Well, Mick," said his master, "I am sorry they sent the wrong biscuits. I ordered the very best Captain's, at double the price of flour, just as a change and a preventive of scurvy."

Mick did not reply just then, but when we were well ahead he called the overseer back, and said:

"The master can tell that yarn to the marines. Send me out the flour this evening, or I'll bring in my sheep in the morning."

A promise was given, and we returned to the head station. The ration carrier had a busy time for a day or two delivering flour at out stations and bringing back ship's biscuits. My friend said the blacks would at least appreciate the biscuits, so in the evening we strolled down to the camp, my host and his overseer each carrying a small bag of biscuits. Here again was disappointment to the benevolent owner of the station. The blacks would not eat them. One wide-awake, grey-headed old man, putting a biscuit to his nose, asked my friend, "What for bale shepherd eat 'em? bale blackfellow want 'em, bale shepherd eat 'em, too muchee stink." Here was a dilemma, half a ton of ship's biscuits in a rotten condition in the store, and a very limited supply of flour. What became of them ultimately I never heard, probably the pigs got them. That evening my host was not communicative as usual, he was moody and silent, the consequence was we all went early to bed. The next morning, after a very good breakfast, in which my host's Chinese cook excelled, I saddled my horse, bade me kind entertainers good bye, and resumed my journey. I had not ridden far when a clergyman, mounted on a fine horse, overtook me, having come from a station beyond my friend's, and who was on his half-yearly tour of christenings and marriages. My readers will now imagine we are going in for serious theological discussion. I must confess that I was ready enough for it, and regretted my reverend friend had not made one of our party overnight. I was disappointed. My friend was *horsey*, and the conversation was more to my mind at that period of my life than law, physic, or divinity. He was an Australian native, a born horseman, could ride anything, a first-rate fellow, and kept his solemnity for the pulpit, and his conversation was most amusing and entertaining. I knew his family and himself well, when he was quite a young man at Port Macquarie. The horse he rode was lent him by the owner of the station where he had left his own to spell till his return. A bit of a devil he was, too, (I mean the horse), but for all that my friend rode him as easy and unconcerned as possible.

"There's nothing like a friend's horse and your own spurs" he remarked, jokingly, with which I most certainly coincided. Poor fellow, he died only a few years since, an ecclesiastical dignatory in a town in Victoria, esteemed by all who knew him for his eminently practical Christianity, divested of all theological bigotry, in every sense of the word a good man.

Two Blue-Bottle Flies.—A gentleman, making a call at the house of a friend, was astonished to find the rooms and passages in confusion, and, on inquiring the cause, was answered:

"Oh, we are very much annoyed here! a rat has come to finish his existence under the floor of our drawing-room. We do not know the exact place, but we cannot endure the stench any longer, so we had removed the furniture, rolled up the carpets and called the carpenters, who are just beginning to take up the floor."

"Now, don't be too hasty," said the visitor; "you need not pull up more than one board. I will show you what I mean presently; and, meanwhile, shut down the drawing-room windows and close the door."

He then stepped down into the garden. walked round to the horse stables, and after a few minutes' absence came back to the drawing-room with both hands tightly clasped. Placing himself in the centre of the drawing-room, he opened his hands and out flew two large blue-bottle flies and buzzed round the room for a second or two. But presently one of them alighted on a certain plank of the floor, and was almost immediately followed by the other.

"Now, then," said the visitor, "take up that board and I'll engage that the dead rat will be found beneath it."

The carpenters applied their tools, raised up the board, and at once found the cause of the unpleasant smell.

Hand in Hand.

BY MARIE E. BROWN.

Hand in hand thro' the flow'ry ways
Went Dora and I in the bygone days,
A wee girl she, her boy lover I,
Ready to fight for her and die,

Hand in hand thro' this vale of tears
Went Dora and I in the after years;
She was my wife, and her husband I,
Ready to fight for her and die.

Hand in hand till the very last,
As her dear eyes dimmed and her spirit passed;
An angel is she, alone am I,
Ready, oh God! and I cannot die!

SUPPLEMENT.

An Electric "Front-Sight" for Firearms.

In shooting deer or other game for which the rifle is employed, there is often a difficulty in getting an aim in the early morning or evening (which is the best time for getting a shot on account of there not being light enough to enable the front-right of the rifle to be seen.

This invention is designed to overcome this difficulty by means of a temporary front-sight, to be fixed to the rifle when the light is not good enough to see the ordinary fixed front-sight properly.

This temporary front-sight consists, briefly, of a very small incandescent or glow lamp (something like a dentist's), covered with a metal shield.

The shield has a small hole in it, through which the light shines, and the spot of light, being turned towards the shooter, is used as the "bead" of the front-sight in aiming, a small electric battery in the stock of the rifle generating the electricity for the lamp.

A silver battery, of not more than 5½ cubic inches capacity, is enough, as the lamp need only glow, like the wick of a candle freshly blown out.

The invention would be of great use also for military rifles, and especially for machine guns on board ship, where no electric battery on the gun would be required, as the electricity for lighting the ship could be laid on to the guns by wires.—*Scientific American.*

Farmer.

GRAPE ECONOMY.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

HOW PURE, UNFERMENTED WINE IS MADE.

Excepting its preparation from the fresh fruit whenever required, the various modes really resolve themselves into two—by boiling, and by treatment with sulphur. The former process makes it sweet and syrupy; the latter preserves its tenuity. Oil of mustard, sulphurous and sulphuric acids, and other substances may be used, but the easiest and most direct treatment is by sulphur itself. Sulphur is an article that is exceedingly wholesome for various conditions of the body, and is not without its great use in the wine. We proceed to detail the two modes; previously mentioning, however, that there is another mode similar to the one first mentioned—expression of juice from the fruit when required, and that it consists simply in expressing the juice and carefully laying it by in a cool place:—For the boiling process ripe fruit only will answer. If the fruit is sour or unripe there will be too much acid in the liquid; it will blacken any metal it may come into contact with, and will be a dirty, turbid, ill-looking liquid. As the juice in this case is boiled, a copper or enamelled vessel is necessary. Squeeze the fruit between rollers and run the juice into the boiler, or squeeze it through a sieve, keeping back all unripe fruit, stalks, and skins. Heat should be raised in the boiler as the juice flows in, and as the liquor boils skim off all scum that rises. When the seeds sink to the bottom take the vessel from the fire and allow the contents to cool. Strain off the liquor, first through a sieve or colander, then through a cloth until perfectly clear. Put it into bottles (filling to the bottom of the neck), place the bottles, so filled, in a boiler, with straw between and under them. Fill the boiler with cold water as high as the liquor in the bottles. Put fire under the boiler, and boil about an hour. Then take out the bottles, and, while hot, cork and seal them. Wine made in this way has the true flavour of the grape, and becomes bright and sparkling. It does not intoxicate, and it keeps good for years. It will be observed that, in making this wine, it is necessary to have the juice raised from its natural heat as rapidly as possible. The reason is that the seeds (germs) of fermentation attack it between the heat of 50 degrees and 150 degrees. By excluding the air after the vegetable and animal life in the juice is destroyed, it will keep as safely as preserves.

The same process is again thus differently described by a writer in the *New York Tribune*:—

"Many churches in Ohio have long ceased to use fermented wine at communion. The only difficulty in its manufacture is to procure good and well-ripened grapes. Such sorts as Hartford, Ives, Concord, and Isabella, will not make good wine of any kind. The Delaware is good, but is improved by mixture with Catawba or Iona; and as the Delaware with me is usually gone before the latter kinds are ripe, I commonly use Catawba or Iona, or both, along with Salem or others of the Rogers hybrids. But remember that all must be ripe, for poor fruit will not yield good juice, and unfermented wine is only pure grape juice kept from fermentation. I use a common hand apple-mill and press, passing the grapes through the mill to break the berries, then pressing out the juice. Next put it into a copper kettle and bring it to a boil, and when cool pass it through a filter of six inches or more of clean sand and charcoal; it is then ready for bottling. Now take a flat-bottomed wash-boiler and lay an old cloth in the bottom, and stand it full of the bottles filled up to their necks, leaving a little room for expansion; pour water into the boiler to half the height of the bottles, and bring the water to a boil; then remove the bottles and cork tightly while hot, covering the tops with melted sealing-wax; then put away in the cellar. I have had such bottles keep through summers without a sign of fermentation."

The following two extracts relate to the same boiling process, and are taken from Australian journals:—

Dry your fleshy grapes, such as the Muscat and Alexander, by tying the bunches and hanging them in sheds or lofts; do not bruise them by any means.

The next fleshy sorts carefully pack in boxes with bran or sawdust, so that they will not bruise each other, cover the top, do not lumber the boxes about, but let them be still in a dry, cool place. One gentleman in France thus has his wine fresh from the bunch at all times from one fruit season to another.

Take the next less fleshy sorts and press the juice from them when ripe, and put 1 lb. of white sugar to every 1 lb. of juice, and boil them sharp for half an hour in a clean copper or enamelled preserving pan; this makes the very best of jelly I ever eat or drank. This can be eaten with bread, pudding dumplings, &c., and mixed with water makes a pleasant refreshing drink. This wine I could eat with joy and praise before the Lord, as the ancient Jew did eat his wine in the sanctuary of his God. In order to have no waste, take the stalks and husks from which you have taken this juice, and put to every pound of them half a pint of water, and boil them together for half an hour, and then strain the liquor from them, and to every two pints add half a pound of sugar, and boil sharp for half an hour; then bottle, cork tight, and use it immediately with water or otherwise.

Take the most liquid sorts of grapes, press the juice out, and then boil away one-third, and then bottle this concentrated juice and carry it where you like, or use it when and as you like. You may warm this and eat it as you do milk with bread; this is the kind the ancients mixed with milk, and therefore, the mixed wine in a commended sense in the Bible, "Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Many travellers tell us that thousands mainly live on this in great wine countries. They say the poorer people put in flour as they boil it for their meal, and then eat it with their bread; hence the corn for bread, the oil for cake and anointing, and wine for food, was God's provision for millions in ages past, and is for thousands now. Hence the land that flowed with milk and honey literally was, with milk and syrup, wine. The husks of this juice may be done with as those in No. 3.

Take of liquid sorts and press them clean, or strain it well and put in bottles, tightly cork and pitch or seal them, and cover them in a tub with water, or cover them with wet sand air-tight; do it straightway from the vine, then you may use it as you require, to eat with bread as milk, or with milk. But this is best to drink, and most fit for the Lord's Supper. Casks of this may be done in the same way, but when you take the cask out of the water or sand, you must either use it or boil it down as No. 4. The husks from these also may be done with as those in No. 3. The Bible reader will see that this pure juice of the grape was that which the ancients used to press to fill the cup. Gen. xl., 11.

The same kind of juice put into air-tight flasks and boiled in a copper a few hours will keep until opened. This is one method recommended by Baron Liebig, the great chemist.

These methods I have tried myself, and exhibited at my (Rev. D. Allen) lectures, in Melbourne and Sydney, nine years ago.

I have in my house at this moment the pure unadulterated juice of the grape, unfermented, yet extracted upwards of eight years ago. It was prepared thus: The grapes were taken when ripe and separated from the stalks; they were then put in a boiler, without any water, sugar, or other ingredient, and boiled until the skins sank to the bottom of the pure juice of the grape thus extracted. This liquor was then strained through flannel bags, three separate times, and bottled. The next morning the bottles were placed in the boiler, up to their necks in water, and the water boiled; they were then taken out, corked, and sealed. Wine thus prepared will keep any time, the longer the better, a sediment forms at the bottom in time, and makes the wine a clear rich colour. I have given this recipe to one or two medical gentlemen, among many others, and all agree that it is unsurpassed in its strengthening, non-stimulating, but nutritive properties. Poured in milk (which it does not curdle) it is a delicious beverage, and for invalids benefitted by the grape cure it must be a priceless boon. A little in water makes a wholesome drink for children, and I am sure if those who have large vineyards would send forth such an article, it would meet with a ready sale.—WAVERLY."

The process of heating the must in a closed vessel placed in boiling water is thus described by Lisbig:—"If a flask be filled with grape-juice, and be made air-tight, and then kept for a few hours in boiling water, or until the contained grape juice has become throughout heated to the boiling point, the minute amount of oxygen contained in the air, which entered the flask with the grape-juice, becomes absorbed during the operation, by the constituents of the juice, and thus the cause of further perturbation is removed. The wine does not now ferment, but remains perfectly sweet until the flask is opened again, and its contents brought into contact with the air. From this moment, the same alteration begins to manifest itself which fresh juice undergoes. After a lapse of a few hours, the contents of the flask are in full fermentation, and this state may be again interrupted and suspended as at first, by repeating the boiling." Further, there is the opposite process of cooling the must by plunging a cask of it in water. In the ancient mode by boiling, Columella says:—"Some people boil away a fourth part, and others a third, of the *must*, which they pour together into pewter vessels, and, doubtless, if any one would reduce it to one-half, he would make better *sapa*, and so far more useful that, instead of *defrutum*, *sapa* might be used to season the *must* made from the produce of old vineyards."

We may now proceed to view the other mode—the treatment of the juice by sulphur. Its object is to secure the continued preservation of the wine, by separating the noxious substances generated in the grape juice after it is expressed from the fruit, and thereby preserving the really useful and nutritious parts. For this purpose, the vapour of sulphur is applied to the wine in the cask; the action of this vapour not only neutralises and destroys the fermenting principle, existing as yet undeveloped in the must fresh pressed from the grape, leaving untouched the saccharine part, but it operates equally upon the quantity of ferment remaining in the wine, which has already undergone fermentation, leaving its component substances altogether unaffected. By this means, a sound wine, though on the very point of changing after sulphurisation, might be kept a hundred years.—*Standard Temperance Library.*

To make a tun butt. Fill the butt within four inches of the bung, let into the bung-hole with a piece of wire a small cupful of burning brimstone, hold it in that empty space five or ten minutes, pull it out and immediately put in the bung air-tight, and the wine will keep for any length of time. This kind of wine, merchants on the Continent keep for years, and many use it to mix with fermented wine, and so make what they call sparkling wine, highly esteemed.

The following description of the sulphur treatment is by Mr. Robert Turner, who contributed it to the *Adelaide Observer*:—"The principle is derived from Baron Liebig's letter on 'Chemistry,' which I have practised for years, so I can speak from experience of the beneficial effect it has to preserve the wines from acidity. The saccharometer is my guide when to stop the fermentation (I use the brewer's saccharometer). When the specific gravity of the must is reduced to 10 deg. (we call water nothing, consequently we are guided by the figures on the scale), we stop the fermentation by applying sulphur in the following manner:—We sulphur the hogshead by burning a strip of calico dipped into melted brimstone. Then we fill the cask half full with wine; take a pair of bellows and blow the sulphur out of the cask, so that we can burn the second match in the cask. We generally take a sniff at the bung-hole of the cask to ascertain whether the sulphur is all blown out, and the cask filled with pure air sufficient for the second match to burn. After we burn the second match we bung up the cask and give it a good shaking, then we fill up the cask as quickly as possible, and bung it up tight. In large casks we bore two spile holes in the head of the cask, so we divide the cask into three parts; then we burn three matches in each cask. But I prefer the hogshead to larger casks. We are careful to let the sulphur escape only through the tube of the funnel, or if we run it in with a syphon we bind a cloth around the pipe at the bung-hole to prevent the escape of the sulphur. After we stop the fermentation we let it be a fortnight, then we rack it, burning two matches in each hogshead as at the first. Then we rack it three or four times, burning one match in each cask. When the wine is clear we put the finings in, and get it bright before the spring. I believe it is necessary to give it two more rackings—one before the vintage, and another before the next spring. After bunging the cask up tight we look after it a short time, lest the fermentation should not be stopped. How we ascertain this, is by placing our ear on the cask and looking at the bung to see if there are any bubbles around it. By no means loosen the bung until positive the fermentation is not stopped. If not stopped we rack it out without delay. In stopping the fermentation remember that oxygen is life, therefore be careful to keep it out of the cask."

It is evident from all the preceding that pure, unfermented, non-alcoholic wine has been known, and commended, from the most ancient times; and is in constant, and even increasing use, in many parts of the world at the present day; and further, that there are numerous, safe, easy and inexpensive ways of making it. But however valuable may be the nourishing and dietetic properties of the pure wine, the true juice of the grape, and however poisonous the deleterious effects of alcoholic wine, the compound that sails under false colours to kill and to destroy; there is little doubt that the latter holds the ground now—to what effect only medical gentlemen are aware. Custom and fashion are in favour of it; and ignorance lends it her powerful aid. Pure wine, the true juice of the grape, however, has made some undoubted headway among English-speaking peoples. Science, too, embodied in the medical faculty of Great Britain, Europe, and America, has spoken out in unmistakeable language as to the injurious properties of alcoholic wines. Fashion and custom will not be allowed to hold sway where human life is at stake; and from the progress already made towards the dawn of a new era, we may predict a complete, though late victory. Error always dies very hard; but it must ultimately give way to truth. And here, self-interest, the lust of gain, the greed for money, is conjoined with error.

To be continued.

Jim Keene Beats a Gambler.

ALONGSIDE the roadway near the Jerome Park races track a three-card swindler set up his box. His chatter and his manipulation of the cards were uncommonly brisk, for there was momentary danger of a policeman coming to stop him. Passengers were being emptied from a train, and they surrounded the operator. But for a time his only betting was with his confederate who, of course, won right along. James B. Keene, the Wall streeter, arrived with several friends and looked on at the game. The gambler's pal resorted to the familiar trick of slyly bending a corner of the face card—by that means making it appear that the winning one could be picked out to a certainty. Keene surprised the spectators by saying: "I'll take you for $50 that I can pick out the jack." The sum was above the gambler's capital, but he got $40 out of his pockets, and the stakes were put into the hands of an honest bystander. "Now, my fine fellow," said Keene, "You think you've got a sure thing on me. But you haven't." The chances are exactly even. I shan't choose the bent card, for, of course, that isn't the jack. You've smothered the jack in handling them, and bent one of the others. So the jack must be one of the smooth cards; and in taking this one," and here he placed his hands on a card, "my chances are square against you. See? Ah! Yes; I've won." He pocketed the stakes, and was cheered by the instructed crowd.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Dying Hero.

As moves the tide with force that has no staying,
Nature's stern laws ordained by God obeying,
So Death moves on—relentless, nothing caring—
Nor even Grant, the nation's hero sparing.
He who so oft has seen around him falling
The brave and true, and heard the roar appalling
Of battle's din, unmoved, now feels approaching
That horseman pale, on life's short span encroaching.
Struck with a wound which science fails in healing,
Slow, yet still sure, Death's hand his life is stealing.
With aching heart, and tears that know no drying,
Columbia mourns her gallant hero dying.
Old friends—old foes—to-day in prayer are striving
To stay Death's hand—delay his dread arriving,
Hoping while still the spark of life remaining,
'Gainst mighty Death a victory of gaining.

Marriage Among the Quakers.—Divorces are actually unknown among the Quakers, and this absence is accounted for by the extraordinary precaution employed when two young persons desire to be united in marriage. The parties place their proposals of marriage in a written form, which is referred to the society of which they are members, and is acted upon at a "Preparation Meeting" thereof. If all the attendant circumstances are in every respect in accordance with the views of those present, the proposal is approved, and is then introduced at the "monthly meeting," where it is again passed upon and a committee of investigation into the characters, habits, and circumstances of the engaged twain is appointed. These committees always consist of two members of each sex. The committee, after a most thorough investigation, makes its report, generally at the succeeding monthly meeting. This ends the preliminary arrangement, and the twain are at liberty to proceed in the accomplishment of their marriage, a committee of two of each sex being appointed by the meeting to see that it is orderly conducted, and the marriage certificate delivered to the recorder. As a rule the impressive ceremonies are generally conducted at the home of the bride. At the nuptial ceremonies the certificate is given to the couple, which, after receiving their own signatures, is in turn signed by every person present, and frequently contains a hundred names.

The Arabs and the Balloon.—It is stated that in the late war in the Soudan the appearance of a captive balloon so alarmed a body of Arabs that they at once took to flight instead of attacking the convoy escorting ammunition and provisions, as had been their intention. Some regarded it as Mohammed's coffin suspended between heaven and earth. When we read, however, of a man who ventured into some Asiatic villages on a bicycle being taken for the devil, and stoned accordingly, it would not be surprising if savage nations were to take an aeronaut for the same personage, bringing his habitation along with him. Manifestly the confidence of wild tribes, in their high, almost inaccessible fastnesses, would be muchshaken by the appearance of the flying monster over their heads.

In Coral Groves.

He sailed away in his gallant ship;
Each sail was set, the breeze was free;
A smile was on my loved one's lip,
Lonely my heart, 'twas Fate's decree
That I no more my love should see.

O cruel sea! tell me, oh, tell,
Do sirens on thy bosom dwell,
With voices sweet to lure brave men
To swift destruction, death, and pain,
On rock-bound coast and trackless main?

Oh, mighty sea, tell me, oh, tell!
What means that deep foreboding knell
Borne on the breeze? Is't ill or well
With him in whom my fond hopes dwell?
Oh, mighty sea, tell me, oh, tell!

O mighty sea! O cruel sea!
Give, oh, give him back to me!
His pallid cheeks and piteous moan,
His pleading looks and deathly groan,
To me upon the wind are borne.

. . . . . .

Fair nereides with dolphin steed,
Beneath the wave each charm'd soul lead
Down to the sea king's coral grove,
Where Oceanus and Tethy's rove,
Naught caring they for those who love.

Content and happy 'neath the wave,
A deity thy lover brave
By Oceanus and Tethys made.
A trident in his hand he bears,
A crown upon his brow he wears.

There sea-flowers in their beauty grow,
Bespangled shells and pearls like show,
And sapphires in their richness glow,
With jasper walls and em'rald floor—
'Twas there the nymphs thy lover bore.

R. B. GRAHAM.

Indulge no doubts—they are traitors.

Sketcher.

Death Customs of the Indians.

BY "STELLA OCCIDENS."

We have observed the care with which the Otoe and Missouri Indians preserve the body from being touched by the earth: the Comanches of Indian territory go to the opposite extreme. "When a Comanche is dying, while the death-rattle may yet be faintly heard in the throat, and the natural warmth has not yet departed from the body, the knees are strongly bent upon the chest, and the legs flexed upon the thighs. The arms are also flexed upon each side of the chest, and the head bent forward upon the knees. A lariat, or rope, is now used to firmly bind the limbs and body in this position. A blanket is then wrapped around the body, and this again tightly corded, so that the appearance when ready for burial is that of an almost round and compact body, very unlike the confused pall of his Wichita or Caddo brother. The body is then taken and placed in a saddle upon a pony, in a sitting posture, a squaw usually riding behind (though sometimes one, on either side of the horse) holds the body in position until the place of burial is reached, when the corpse is literally tumbled into the excavation selected for the purpose. The deceased is only accompanied by two or three squaws, or enough to perform the little labour bestowed upon the burial. The body is taken due west of the lodge or village of the bereaved, and usually one of the deep washes or heads of canons, in which the Comanche country abounds, is selected, and the body thrown in, without special reference to position. With this are deposited the bows and arrows; these, however, are first broken. The saddle is also placed in the grave, together with many of the personal valuables of the departed. The body is then covered over with sticks and earth, and sometimes stones are placed over the whole. The best pony owned by the deceased is brought to the grave and killed, that the departed may appear well mounted and caparisoned among his fellows in the other world. Formerly, if the deceased were a chief or man of consequence and had large herds of ponies, many were killed, sometimes amounting to 200 or 300 head in number."

An amusing story is told in illustration of the importance attached to the pony provided for the deceased in the happy hunting grounds. An old chief died who was very poor, and had no friends or relations. The people thought that any kind of a pony would do for him, so an old, dilapidated, lop-eared scraggy pony was killed at his grave. However, to their great astonishment, he returned a few weeks later on the same old pony, and he was worn out with hunger and fatigue. When the men of his tribe saw his hollow cheeks and sunken eyes they fled from him in consternation. He begged for food, and one bolder than the rest offered him a piece of meat on the end of a lodge-pole. When he appeared at his own camp, the Comanches and Wichitas fled in dismay to a place on Rush Creek. "When the troubled spirit from the sunsetting world was questioned why he thus appeared among the inhabitants of earth, he made reply that when he came to the gates of Paradise the keepers would on no account permit him to enter upon such an ill-conditioned beast as that which bore him, and thus in sadness he returned to haunt the homes of those whose stinginess and greed permitted him no better equipment. Since then no Comanche has been permitted to depart with the sun to his chambers without a steed which in appearance should do honor alike to the rider and his friends."

The body is buried on the western side of the camp, that "the spirit may accomplish the journey to the setting sun beyond." It is supposed among the Comanches that the spirit starts on its journey the following night.

Among the mourning observances of the Comanches are many strange customs differing from those of other tribes. Instead of the property of the deceased being disposed of among the relations, it is all destroyed or buried in the ground. It is believed that when the goods are burnt they ascend to heaven in the smoke, and will thus be of service to the owner in the other world. "Immediately after death, the relatives begin a peculiar wailing, and the immediate relatives of the family take off their apparel and clothe themselves in rags, and cut themselves across the arms, breast, and other portions of the body, until sometimes fond wife or mother faints from loss of blood. This is also customary among the Dacotah Indians. A missionary at Fort Snelling related the story of a woman who had lost a brother. With her friends she set up a most piteous crying, or rather wailing, which continued during all the night. She would keep on repeating the words which in English would mean, "Come, my brother, I shall see you no more for ever." Next morning preparations were made for the ceremony of cutting their flesh. The thermometer was at ten to twenty below zero, and the snow lay thick on the ground. However, a space was cleared, in the centre of which a very small fire was kindled, not so much for warmth as to cause a smoke which would ascend to the land of the setting sun. The sister and three other women came out of her lodge barefooted, and nearly naked, and all three began wailing and crying. They cut their knees and ankles with sharp stones and one poor woman made more than a hundred gashes in her flesh. She was thoroughly exhausted with pain, loss of blood, cold, and long-continued fasting, and soon she sank on the frozen ground, shivering from the cold, and moaning with pain. She appeared frantic with grief; but it is not easy to imagine what benefit she expected for herself or her dead brother in return for this self-inflicted torture.

I may quote in conclusion the following translation of Schiller's burial song believed to have been written by Bulwer:

See on his mat, as if of yore,
How life-like sits he here,
With the same aspect that he wore
When life to him was dear.
But where the right arm's strength, and where
The breath he used to breathe
To the Great Spirit aloft in air
The peace-pipe's lusty wreath?
And where the hawk-like eye, alas!
That wont the deer pursue
Along the waves of rippling grass
Or fields that shone with dew?
Are these the limber, bounding feet
That swept the winter snows?
What startled deer was half so fleet!
Their speed outstripped the roe's.
These hands that once the sturdy bow
Could supple from its pride,
How stark and helpless hang they now
Adown the stiffened side!
Yet weal to him! at peace he strays
Where never fall the snows,
Where o'er the meadow springs the maize
That mortal never sows;
Where birds are blythe in every brake,
Where forests teem with deer,
Where glide the fish through every lake,
One chase from year to year!
With spirits now he feasts above;
All left us, to revere
The deeds we cherish with our love,
The rest we bury here.

Wisdom is a fox who, after long hunting will at last cost you the pains to dig out. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider because it is attended with an egg; but then, lastly it is a nut which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth and pay with nothing but a worm.

Goodness is beauty; and beauty cannot stay inside; like the sap in a tree, it must come out in fresh leaves and buds and blossoms. Good, pure, kind, generous thoughts light up the plainest face, and make it beautiful and youthful.

Nature.

Growing Roses.—Several years ago I bought a collection of ever-blooming roses, and selected for my garden a spot formerly used for a strawberry bed. The vines had been ploughed under a year before, and when I took possession the ground was mellow and full of well decayed vegetable matter. After the beds were laid off I had a hole about two feet deep dug for each rose. These holes were filled half full with compost from the horse stable, which was well dug in. The earth was then filled in till the holes were almost full, and I carefully planted and watered the young plants. They began to bloom immediately, and by the fall had become large, strong plants. They lived through quite a cold winter, without protection, and bloomed finely the next year.

A friend who had bought roses at the same time, said to me, "You must water yours, they are so much larger than mine." I never did, however, after they were first planted, and think the difference was due to the soil which seemed to suit them exactly. Since then I have bought roses almost every year, and have tried quite a number of varieties. They require a great deal of sun, and should be enriched only with old manure, as the fresh is liable to burn them up. Last spring I planted sixteen or eighteen varieties; two of them, Niphetos and Duke of Connaught, died, but the others grew very well. After the month of January a few of the most tender varieties, such as Marechal Neil, Etoile de Lyon, etc., grew in the pit but the rest were left in the beds, with a slight protection of cedar boughs. The ground around them was mulched with litter from the stable. This serves the double purpose of protecting the roots from the cold, and enriching the beds.

An Oregan Fish Story.—There are several fine trout streams in the vicinity of Silverton, and H. G. Gaild, who edits and publishes the "Appeal" there, has become quite a fishologist. Like all who write or talk about fish, some of his statements seem almost incredible, as the following sample will show:—

About three years ago, a farmer on Pudding river built a fish pond and stocked it with yearling carp. That winter the river overflowed the pond, and the fish escaped, and have since remained in the river. Not long since, a farmer who had a field of fine fall grain adjoining the river, noticed that something had been wallowing it down.

There were no tracks of animals—nothing but long, irregular, snail-like trails leading up from the river.

One night, the farmer, curious to know the cause of the new "roller process," posted himself conveniently at hand, and in the bright moonlight stood a watchful sentinel over his field. He had not long to wait before his vigil was rewarded by the appearance of a long train of objects that came waddling up from the river into the grain.

Waiting until the intruders had flapped over a considerable space of ground, the farmer made a rush toward them, and was almost paralyzed to find that the visitors were carp who were feeding like swine upon his succulent wheat. Procuring a club, he killed a dozen of the largest, and took them home. The fish displayed considerable awkward agility in escaping to the river.

That farmer will have fresh fish all winter Carp are known to be very fond of wheat, and it is a scientific fact that they can sustain life out of their native element for several hours at a time.

Birds and their Feathers.—The best time for seeing perfect feathering is in the winter, or onward to the spring; then, after a very short honeymoon, the birds settle down to domestic drudgery with exemplary ardour, with the result that at the end of a few weeks their tail feathers are rough and irregular, their pinions worn and ragged from contact with the nest in sitting, and by the time their new suit comes at midsummer they are more than ready for it.

The spring, of course, is the climax of a bird's life. With scrupulous care he hourly arranges his feathers, all their markings are seen to perfection, and many peculiarities of decoration are then and then alone displayed. The fleshy combs and protuberances become scarlet and enlarged, and any one who has not seen a pheasant or a cock grouse at this season of love would be astonished at the alteration from his normal state. The cock pigeon swells that part of his body most adorned with iridescent feathers to make the grandest show he can; and every humble finch and small bird brushes up his modest finery. It is said that not a single bright-coloured feather on any bird's body is left idle of undisplayed. If birds have bright-coloured tails, they raise them to their highest and fullest and abase their heads; if bright heads, then they shake out their plumes, their eyes distend, and their wattles swell; and if, as in some cases, they have large tippets of feathers falling on both sides of the head, they contrive that the bewildered hen shall see all the glories of both sides at a glance, and so drag all the feathers of the far side round to the near side, making such a huge mass that the face is nearly hidden, and the projecting beak alone shows where the head must be. All this is done for the hen's benefit, and it is only done when she is near; it all turns on her existence, and ceases if she is absent.

A Fish as a Doctor.—In Africa, they use a live fish as a doctor. I first noticed this peculiar cure on the old Malabar River, where I went several years ago on a collecting tour. I was awakened one night by dreadful groans and cries, and getting up to see what was the trouble, I learnt that a child in the adjoining hut had been taken sick. Upon going in to see if I could do anything, I found the women filling a great basin with water. Into this placed an eat-fish, the one we know as *malapterus electricus*, that they took from a gourd that served as an aquarium, and put into the water; they then forced the child in, making it pick up the fish. That it received a shock at first was evident, as it dropped it and yelled all the louder; but the women made it again take hold of the fish; whether it did any good or not I am unable to say, but the child soon stopped crying and seemed better. Possibly the fish benumbed it. The next morning I made some inquiries, and found that the eat-fish was a sort of African soothing syrup, and given to babies quite regularly, or anyone else who happens to need a dose. As soon as a native child began to complain, a tub or vessel of water was brought out and several of the fish caught, if they were not on hand, and the child made to get into it and play with the fish. Not only do they do this to cure the sick but in some tribes the mothers, when washing their infants in the morning, invariably make them take a shock by touching the fish. This, they said, made the baby grow to be a strong man. The children, however, objected to it, and the squalling and screaming, when the water was brought out, was something appalling. The children are also made to drink the water in which the fish have been, and finally the fish itself is eaten, so that the remedy is a veritable cure-all, and can be taken externally or internally, as the case may be. It is curious to note that the old Greeks and Romans used the torpedo in the same way, and even the water that surrounded it was supposed to contain the means of miraculous cure. This was the primitive electric cure that has been developed into the artificial electric battery of to-day.

If thou wishest to know what thou art look at the monuments of the dead as thou passest along the road; there thou wilt find the bones and light dust of kings, and tyrants and wise men, and of those who prided themselves on their blood and riches, on their glorious deeds, and the beauty of their person; but none of these things could resist the power of time. All men have a common grave. Looking at these things, thou mayst understand what thou art.

Traveller.

A Sacrificial Stone near St. Paul.

BY H. C. HOVEY.

The ancient altar about to be described has not been hitherto mentioned in any published account, so far as I know, although it can hardly have altogether escaped notice in the local papers. Yet it gives its name, "Red Rock," to one of the landing places where the Mississippi steamboats have touched ever since they began to run on the upper portion of that longest of rivers. Formerly there was a flourishing mission here, sustained by the Methodists? and with that fact in mind I made inquiry for the veteran who had it in charge, Rev. Chauncey Hobart, from whom the facts now given were principally obtained.

This pioneer came on the field before the settlement of either St. Paul or Minneapolis, and retained a vivid recollection of many interesting events, which it is to be hoped he may yet publish in some permanent form before his useful career is ended. According to him, it was the custom among the Sioux to worship the bowlders that lie scattered among the hills and valleys and here and there on the prairies of this region. When a Dakota was in perplexity or distress, and desired deliverance from some impending danger, it was his custom to clear a spot from grass and brush, roll a bowlder upon it, streak it with red paint, deck it with feathers and flowers, and then pray to it for needed help.

Usually, when a stone had thus served its purpose, it was no longer regarded as a sacred object, but might be disposed of in any way that suited the savage whim. But the peculiarity of the sacrificial stone now described is that from generation to generation it was a shrine to which pilgrimages were made and where offerings were laid. Its Indian name was "Eyah Shah," which simply means Red Rock, and is the same term by which they designate catlinite, or the red pipe clay. The stone itself is not naturally red, as I found on examination, being merely an extremely hard specimen of hornblende-biotite-granite, quite symmetrical in shape, about five feet long and three feet in its greatest width.

The Indians also called it "Waukan," or a mystery, and had strange speculations as to its origin. It lies on a weathered ledge of limestone, and evidently has not been moved since left there by the ancient forces that brought it as a trophy from some granite range. But the Dakotas looked no further than to an adjacent hill, about two miles distant, down whose side, as they said, they could trace the path along which, self-impelled, it had rolled to the river bank. The particular clan of the Dakotas that claimed this rude altar was known as the Mendewacantons, although, being but two miles below the village of the Kaposia band, it was to some extent resorted to by them likewise.

The hunting ground of the clan was up the St. Croix River, and invariably before starting on an expidition they would visit Eyah Shah and leave an offering of gayly painted feathers, or a duck, or a goose, or a slice of venision, and after a few simple ceremonies they would go their way. But twice a year the clan would meet more formally, in order to paint the stone, which they did with vermillion, or, as some say, with the blood of their enemies, which had been saved up for that purpose. When the painting was done, they would trim the bowlder with flowers and feathers and other ornaments, and dance round it before sunrise, with chants and prayers for success from the spirit of the mysterious rock.

The last occassion on which they were known to have thus visited Eyah Shah was in 1862, prior to the terrible massacre that occurred in August of that year, and which is a matter of history. Since that date, however, the stripes of red paint has been renewed, the last coat having been applied as recently as three years ago—although my suspicions are that the work was done by white men desirous of perpetuating the interesting features of this ancient object of worship. Others with a different spirit have drilled a hole in one side, for the purpose of putting in a blast, by which it should be destroyed. I counted the painted strides encircling the rugged rock, and found them twelve in number; each being about two inches wide, and the space between being from two to six inches wide. By the compass Eyah Shah lies exactly north and south. It is located just twelve paces from the present river bank. The north end is ornamented by a design representing the sun, and a rudely drawn face surrounded by fifteen rays. While mentioning these latter particulars, I do not attach much importance to them, because there is no proof that these existing markings were made by the Indians. Eyah Shah is about six miles below St. Paul, and is easily reached by boat or rail.

To make a good pomade for the hair, take of castor oil 1 pound avoirdupois, pure white wax ¼ ounces, melt them together, and then add oil of bergamot 2½ drachms, oil of lavender (English) ½ drachm, essence royale. Stir the mixture while cooling.

The Children in the Moon.

Harken, child, unto a story.
For the moon is in the sky,
And across her shield of silver
See two tiny cloudlets fly.

Watch them closely, mark them sharply,
As across the light they pass:
Seem they not to have the figures
Of a little lad and lass?

See, my child, across the shoulders
Lies a little pole, and lo!
Yonder speck is just the bucket
Swinging softly to and fro.

It is said these little children,
Many and many a summer night,
To a little well, far northward,
Wandered in the still moonlight.

To the wayside well they trotted,
Filled their little buckets there
And the moon-man looking downward,
Saw how beautiful they were.

Quoth the man: "How vexed and sulky
Looks the little rosy boy!
But the little handsome maiden
Trips behind him full of joy.

"To the well behind the hedge-row
Trot the little lad and maiden;
From the well behind the hedge-row
Now the little pail is laden.

"How they please me! how they tempt me!
Shall I snatch them up to-night?
Snatch them, set them here forever,
In the middle of my light?

"Children, ay, and children's children,
Should behold my babes on high;
And my babes should smile forever,
Calling others to the sky!"

Thus the philosophic moon-man
Muttered many years ago;
Set the babes with pail and bucket
To delight the folks below.

Never is the bucket empty;
Never are the children old?
Ever when the moon is shining
We the children may behold.

Ever young and ever little,
Ever sweet and ever fair?
When thou art a man, my darling,
Still the children will be there.

Ever young and ever little,
They will smile when thou art old;
When thy locks are thin and silver,
Theirs will still be shining gold.

They will haunt thee from their heaven,
Softly beckoning down the gloom;
Smiling in eternal sweetness
On thy cradle, on thy tomb.

Boys' Column.

Down by the Sea.

BY M. QUAD.

You may have hunted grizzles, stalked buffaloes, traped wolves or trailed panthers, but you will never realise what excitement is until you lie in ambush for a man-eating shark. As the lion is the king of beasts, the shark is the king of fish. The whale may be larger, but when it comes down to straight business the shark discounts him by fifty.

We dropped down from Beach Heaven to the Inlet, a distance of nine miles, one morning in a cat-boat to ambush a man-eater. At the Inlet is a factory where menhaden are received from the fishermen to be made into oil and fertilizer, and the man-eater comes in from the sea to pick up such stray fish as may fall overboard during the process of unloading. The boat was anchored in about fourteen feet of water, with a hard sandy bottom, and put out a shark hook at the end of a hundred feet of inch-rope. The hook was about the same size as those you see in butcher stalls to hang "quarters" on, but was barbed like a regular fish-hook. The bait used was three sea trout, weighing about twelve ounces each. A float capable of sustaining a man in the water was made fast so that the hook remained about six feet below the surface, and when all was ready the gray-haired and bronzed-faced old fisherman sat down and said:

"Now, then, everybody keep quiet. When a shark is out at sea he will scarcely move for a boat headed full at him. He feels at home, and is defiant. But when a shark comes prowling into a bay like this he is a cat in a strange garret. He is looking for traps and pitfalls, and is suspicious and alarmed. A knock of your foot against the boat can be heard a long ways under water, and will frighten our game away."

The three of us sat in the stern-sheets of the boat, which was anchored with anchor weighing twenty-four pounds, and the peak of the sail was lowered. There was a slight breeze rustling the waters, and masses of kelp was driving by on the young flood tide. Each one of us scanned the water in a different direction, and half an hour had passed when the fisherman raised his arm and whispered:

"Hist! There's our game!"

A hundred feet away the dorsal fin of a shark was cutting the water and showing well above the surface. Its movements were erratic, showing that the man-eater was looking for his breakfast. He ran down to within fifty feet of our bait and then stopped dead still. He saw it, but something raised his suspicions. For three long minutes that black fin, sticking up in the morning sun like a foot, did not move one inch. Then it moved backwards, and the shark made a half circle to take a look at the boat. He came within six feet of the stern, and we had a plain view of him for a moment, but the movement of a foot on the bottom of the boat sent him away like a flash. He ran for deep water, but after taking fifteen or twenty minutes to reflect, he again showed up in the neighbourhood of the bailed hook.

"An old shark is like an old rat," whispered the Captain. "I'll wager you that fellow is 10 or 12 years old, and that he has ranged from Cape Ann to Cape Fear. He won't bite just yet, but when he takes hold we've got him for sure."

For about ten minutes longer that black fin moved here and there on a scent. Then all of a sudden it sank from our sight. There was a gleam of white in the water, and the buoy was pulled under with a jerk which made the spray fly. We had him! The rope was hauled taut with a zip! and at the other end the man-eater sprang half his length out of the water and fell with a great splash. Then he made one complete circle, dragging the boat stern first with him. There was no question as to his size or ferocity, as we soon discovered when he pulled the yacht stern first a distance of forty feet, her anchor all the time being in the sand. Finding this too hard work he went to the bottom to rest, and then we began to haul in on him. He came willingly enough for about twenty feet, and then he made a rush which threw the three of us in a heap, and carried out all the rope we had gained. He was caught fast enough, but he wasn't our meat yet. We spit on our hands and took hold again, carefully securing whatever we gained, and though he fought hard he had to come to the stern of the boat. He had swallowed the h

THE THROUGH LINE OF RAILWAY TO ADELAIDE.

The Adelaide special trains commenced to run as a regular thing on Wednesday last. The one from Melbourne started thence at 1.0 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 8.30 p.m., the travelling, after deducting 45 minutes' stoppages at Geelong and Ballarat, occupying 3 hours 50 minutes. The arrival of the train here was witnessed by a large number of persons who assembled on the platform. The train consisted of one of the American sleeping cars, which are henceforth to be known as the "Mann Australian sleeping cars," the rich and elegant furnishings of which, together with the general comfort and conveniences, evoked the admiration of everyone; a new combination first and second carriage more after the ordinary description, but much more comfortable and commodious; a combined van and smoking car; and a guard's van of an entirely new design, in the centre of which is the guard's compartment, the fore and hind parts being used for luggage and mails. The whole of these vehicles of transport were constructed at Newport with the exception of the boudoir carriage. The train was drawn by an American engine, and there were about thirty-five passengers for the through journey. At the Adelaide end of the line there was no official ceremony, but between 300 and 400 persons assembled at the station to witness the despatch of the *first through train to Melbourne.* This also consisted of a boudoir car, two composite carriages, and a brake van. On Thursday morning the train from Adelaide was to have arrived at Beaufort at 5.11, but from some cause or other she did not come in until six o'clock. It is a remarkable thing that whenever the American engines are put on a train on this line, at any rate—they scarcely ever *come up to time; and on this occasion the delay was so noticeable* that the two or three following trains were put out of their running. The ordinary mixed train from Ballarat did not arrive until 8 a.m., and she is due here at 7.30. As a great number of trains run daily on the Ararat and Dimboola line—in fact, the importance and utility of this line is now greatly increased—it will be well for the Government or the Commissioners to see that engines which can be relied upon shall do duty on it, and no other, or serious inconvenience may be occasioned. It is the colonial-made engines that are able to keep or pick up time on the road; but what is gained one way will be lost another, unless some alterations are made, and they should be made at once. Yesterday the Adelaide train was thirty minutes late at Beaufort.

It has been arranged that tickets can be obtained at Melbourne, Geelong, Ballarat East, Ballarat, Beaufort, Ararat, Stawell, Murtoa, Horsham, Dimboola (where the two express trains meet), Kiata, Nhill, Serviceton, Bordertown, Coonalpyn, Murray-bridge, Mount Barker junction, Aldgate, and Adelaide, for stations at which the express may stop. The fares are:—First-class single to Adelaide, £3 15s.; return, £5 10s.; second class single, £2 5s; return £3 10s. The other regulations under which the express traffic is conducted are as follow:—

1. Return tickets between the stations named above to be available for two months, and the journey may be broken on them. Sleeping berths, 12s 6d plus first-class fare.

2. Parcels will be booked from Melbourne to Adelaide at the following rates:—7lb, 2s 6d; 14lb, 3s 6d; 28lb, 5s; 56lb, 9s; 84lb, 11s; 112lb, 12s; and 2s for every additional 28lb, or part thereof. Newspapers:—Each colony to charge its own rates, and retain its own receipts.

3. Parcels can be booked from any other station in Victoria to any other station in South Australia, the two local rates being charged; but in the case of stations on the direct route between Melbourne and Adelaide, the through rates not to be exceeded.

4. Horses between Melbourne and Adelaide:—One horse, 6d per mile; and each additional horse in the same box for the same owner, 1½d per mile. One entire to be charged 9d per mile.

5. Horses between other stations than Melbourne and Adelaide to be booked in the same manner as parcels in clause 3.

6. Carriages and dogs to be booked through in the same manner as parcels in clause 3.

Passengers are to be allowed to carry luggage on the conditions in force in the forwarding colony for the whole journey. By this arrangement the first-class passengers from Adelaide will be entitled to carry 120lb, and second class 100lb, as against 84lb allowed to first-class to Adelaide, and 56lb to second-class passengers proceeding from Melbourne. The length of time taken on the journey will be about 12 hours, stoppages being made at Ballarat Stawell, Serviceton, and Murray-bridge for refreshments.

SMOKING AND HEART DISEASE.

In a report by Dr. Frantzel, of Berlin, on immoderate smoking and its effects upon the heart, it is stated that the latter show themselves chiefly by rapid, irregular, palpitation of the heart, disturbances in the region of the heart, short breath, languor, sleeplessness, &c. Dr. Frantzel says that if the causes of these complaints are enquired into, it is generally found that the patients are great smokers. They may not smoke cigars rich in nicotine, but full-flavored cigars, imported from the Havannah's. Smoking, as a rule, agrees with persons for many years, perhaps for 20 years and longer, although by degrees cigars of a finer flavor are chosen. But all at once, without any assignable cause, troubles are experienced with the heart, which rapidly increase, and cause the sufferer to call in the help of the medical man. It is strange that persons consuming cigars of ordinary quality, even if they smoke them very largely, rarely are attacked in that way. The excessive use of cigarettes has not been known to give rise to similar troubles, although it is the cause of complaints of a different nature. The age at which disturbances of the heart becomes pronounced varies very much. It is but rare that patients are under 30 years of age; they are mostly between 40 and 60 years old. Persons who are able to smoke full-flavored Havannahs continue to do so up to their death. If we look round among the best classes of society, who, it is well known, are the principal consumers of such cigars, it is astonishing to find how many persons with advancing years discontinue smoking. As a rule, affection of the heart has caused them to abjure the weed. In such cases, the patient has found the best cure, without consulting the medical men.—*Iron.*

AN EXAMPLE OF PERSIAN JUSTICE.

On the side of the high road to Shiraz, 30 miles before the city is reached, going north, stands a bare pole. This marks the place where the body of Sergeant Collins was found after his murder. Sergeant Collins was an inspector of the telegraph line; a man of great personal bravery. He had been a sapper, had been through the China war, and had nearly completed his service for a pension; an old soldier of the best type, rough, honest and thorough. Accompanied by his wife, two servants (a man and woman), and two muleteers, he started on his inspection duty. Collins was hardly convalescent from a fever attack when he started, and he had no choice in travelling but to lie on a mattress flung on a loaded mule. At early dawn one day a muleteer suddenly cried, "Sahib, they have blocked the road;" and, looking ahead, the Sergeant saw some men in front who were covering him with their guns. At the same moment these men ordered him to dismount. Now the Sergeant was the best shot in Persia. "Be off," he shouted, firing his revolver twice. The robbers rushed in firing as they came; and Collins was hit in two places, death being instantaneous. After beating the lifeless body with their iron-headed sticks, the robbers blindfolded and carried off the wife and the servants, detaining them in a dell till midnight. At the persistent instigation of the English Minister at Teheran, the Persian authorities arrested the three principal robbers. Another of them committed suicide to avoid capture; another had died of a gunshot wound apparently afflicted by Collins. But the Persian authorities, though they had got the criminals in gaol, seemed very loth to bring them to justice. At length Mirza Hassan Ali Khan, C.S.I., our agent at Shiraz, succeeded in goading the Prince Governor, H.R.H. Zil-es-Sultan into trying the prisoners. The proceedings were very curious. There was no doubt of the guilt of the men, but there were no witnesses of the murder. The sergeant was dead; his wife and two servants had been frightened out of their wits; and the muleteer declared that he could remember nothing. The English in Persia justly felt that it would be a serious thing to allow the assassins to escape, and yet the difficulty of bringing their guilt home to them in the regular legal way seemed all but impossible. What was to be done? Well in Persia justice, though at times very blind, is swift as a rule; and often arrives at correct conclusions by tortuous paths. The Zil-es-Sultan, finding that the English Minister would not remain satisfied, ordered the robbers to be brought before him. There was no court, in our sense of the term; no robed judges, no array of council, no jury. The Prince-Governor himself embodied the law. Half a dozen courtiers lolled against the wall, their arms respectfully crossed their breasts. Seated on a silk mattress in a corner of the room, his back supported by gold-embroidered cushions, the young Prince twiddled his moustache, or played with the jewelled hilt of his sabre, or toyed with the buckle of priceless brilliants which formed the central ornament of his plain leather waistbelt. The three men were dressed as villagers usually are, in tall felt caps and long felt coats. When they were hustled into the hall of audience they were still heavily ironed, for these men are often desperate criminals, and would not hesitate for a moment to murder their gaolers if they thought they would thereby secure a chance of escape. On entering the royal presence, they bow almost to the ground. "Salaam!" they shout in a kind of chorus; your villager or tradesmen never speaks, he always shouts. "How do you like prison?" asks the Prince, nodding to them with a smile. In reply, the bandits assert their innocence, calling at every sentence upon Heaven and the Prophet. "Are we not harmless tradesmen, we who live in your Royal Highness' shadow? May we be your sacrifice!" The Prince still smiles blandly. "Ah, my friends," said he, "I too am a Mussulman. We are all Mussulmans here; and—and in fact—an unbeliever more or less doesn't much matter. You have truly done a good deed. I shall not really punish but reward you. That you killed the Feringi, there is, of course, no doubt; and so I must punish you nominally. What I propose to do is to cut off a joint of one finger of each of you. But what is that? Nothing. Your dresses of honor are ready. You will put them on and will be instantly liberated. And now, my children," says the smiling Prince, "tell me about it. How did you manage it, eh?" The astonished and delighted prisoners received this speech with a burst of joy. All shouting at once, they hastened to give the Prince full particulars. "The European fired twice from one pistol—may we ever be your sacrifice—and then we all fired together, rushing in on him. He was but a European—may your shadow never be less! We trust in the clemency of your Royal Highness! May we be your sacrifice." The smile faded from the young Prince-Governor; his likeness to the Shah his father becoming very apparent as his countenance darkened into ferocity. He had got at the truth; and, without more ado, nodded with appropriate significance to his chief of police, the Farrashbaski, a burly black bearded man who stood behind the criminals. The prisoners were removed; they were hurried into the public square, in which the palace, and there their throats were cut. The bodies lay exposed until sunset, a terror to evil doers. A red granite tablet in one of the Christian churches at Julfa, subscribed for by the engineer officers and non-commissioned officers in Persia, commemorates the death of Sergeant Collins.—"St. James' Gazette."

The following statement is in a circular just issued by a respectable draper:—"We employ twelve women making shirts for us, and they are all well shaped and extra large sizes.'

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 oiled discovery of the age. Price 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road, London.

WATERLOO.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

January 21.

It is a long time since I worried your compositors with my manuscript, and I can't but own that I have been somewhat dilatory. There is an old saying 'that the nearer one lives to a church the less often he is seen inside of the building,' and after somewhat transforming the sentence, I think it may in some respects apply to the press relationship between you and me. However, I will endeavor to make amends for past negligences by keeping you well posted in matters of local interest for the future.

In mining matters we have not yet improved our position, but I don't think that we have encouraged a retrogressive movement. Our mines are kept going with varying success, and the companies are doing the best they possibly can to unearth the 'yellow stuff,' contending in some instances against big difficulties. Not a very pleasant feeling exists here respecting the manner in which the applicants to the Ararat Prospecting Board for assistance to prospect were treated. Although not altogether disheartened, the prospectors feel assured that the preponderance of Stawell representation has something to do with it. I hear it said that some of those whose applications were not recommended, intend to try again. In this respect they will only be following in the wake of *the Stawell applicants, who seem to want assistance to prospect every little crab-hole in* the district. The Saxon Consols' recommendation, as also that of Mr. C. J. Leadbeater, are both deserved.

The Waterloo Branch of the A.M.A. will hold their annual sports next month. I see the programmes are out, and I must say they are very handsome.

The trustees of the Waterloo Cemetery held their annual meeting on Saturday last, when there were present—Messrs. W. F. Vance (in the chair), Simons, Robinson, Trengrove, and the secretary. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed, and Mr. C. Rankin, the secretary, presented the balance sheet, which showed the income for the past year to be £24 14s. 3d., and the expenditure £19 14s. 6d., leaving a balance of L4 19s. 9d. On the motion of Mr. Simons, seconded by Mr Robinson, the balance sheet and auditors' report were adopted. Some other business was transacted, and the meeting adjourned.

On Wednesday, the 19th inst., a meeting of the Committee of the Mechanics' Institute and Free Library was held. Mr. C. Rankin presided, and Messrs. E. Masler, E. Milligan, A. Ausaldi, M. Flynn, C. J. Leadbeater and W. K. Shaw, secretary, were present. The minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed, and the correspondence disposed of, it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Leadbeater, that the Salvation Army be charged the same as last under last arrangement, until they carry out their new agreement. On the motion of Mr. Flynn, it was resolved that tenders be called for painting and spouting the building all round. It was decided to allow the secretary 2s. 6d. per week; and that the thanks of the Committee be given to Mr. H. Stephen, for his gift of books. The amount of 50s. was voted to the librarian, and the meeting closed.

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, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists and Patent Medicine vendors. Prepared only by The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln, England. Wholesale of all the wholesale houses. Beware of Imitations.

H. DE BAERE,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,

(Major Examination, Vict.)

DESIRES to intimate to the residents of Beaufort and district that he has secured the PREMISES ADJOINING THOSE RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY MR A. ANDREWS, which he is having fitted up in the most modern style, and intends to plenish with an entire new stock of Drugs and Chemicals; also, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of PATENT MEDICINES, HAIR, TOOTH, and NAIL BRUSHES, and PERFUMERY.

See future advertisement.

3m.Ap.23.87.

SHIRE OF RIPON ELECTION

NORTH RIDING.

Mr. GEORGE TOPPER,

Of Beaufort, wishes to intimate that he is a CANDIDATE for the seat in the Council of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon, rendered vacant through the resignation of Cr. A. Andrews.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

DENMAN MASON has pleasure in announcing that he has taken the premises in Havelock Street, Beaufort, lately occupied by Mr. William Noles, where he keeps a First-class Supply of Cigars, Tobacco, Toys, Confectionery, Fruit, Fancy Goods, &c.

Berlin Wool, Crewel Silk, and Beads kept in stock.

HOT PIES, with tea or coffee, always ready for country visitors.

A fair share of public patronage is requested by Mr. Mason, which he hopes to merit by supplying a good article at a reasonable price

DR. NOLAN

WISHES to inform the residents of Beaufort and district that he now permanently resides in Willoughby street, Beaufort, at the rear of the Shire Hall, where he may be consulted at all hours.

FOR SALE,

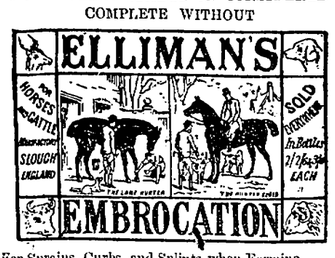
HAY, Corn, and Produce Business, Machinery and Premises. Principals only. Apply to HARRIS and TROY.

Notice.

MR. JAMES SCOTT, Attorney, Solicitor, Proctor, and Conveyancer, 2 Lennox street, Richmond.

N.B.—20 years experience in the colony in conveyancing. Well aquainted with practice under Transfer of Land Statute Fees moderate.

NO ENGLISH STABLE IN CONSIDERED COMPLETE WITHOUT



For Sprains, Curbs, and Splints when Forming.
For Over-Reaches, Chapped Heels, Wind Galls.
For Rheumatism in Horses.
For Sore Throats and Influenza.
For Broken Knees, Bruises, Capped Hocks.
For Sore Shoulders, Sore Backs.
For Foot Rot, and Sore Mouths in Sheep and Lambs.
For Sprains, Cuts, Bruises in Dogs.

SPECIMEN TESTIMONIALS.

From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.

"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1, 1879.

"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I think it very useful. RUTLAND,

"Master of Belvoir Hunt."

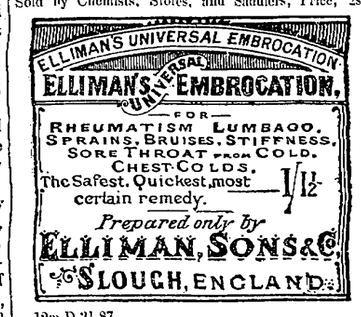
"Castle Weir, Kington, Herefordshire, "Dec. 3rd, 1878.

"Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in my stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for lumbago and rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.

"R. H. PRICE, Lieut-Col., Master of Radnorshire Hunt."

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION,

Sold by Chemists, Stores, and Saddlers, Price, 2s



12m.D.31.87.

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.

A Chance for the Working Classes of Victoria, and all who wish to Save or Make Money.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

LAVERTON,

THE NEW

AND

Model Suburb of Melbourne.

ALLOTMENTS

£10 & £15 each.

5s. per Lot Deposit.

Balance, 5s. per Lot per Month,

With Interest at 6 per Cent.

Free Deeds to Buyers of 5 lots, and an eleventh lot given into buyers of 10 lots as well as Free Deeds.

Cost of deeds to buyers of any number of lots less than 5, only £2 10s in full.

Title, Crown Certificate, the best in the world and the only title beyond all dispute.

As Land at Laverton is rising in value every day, the Vendors see that consequently the payments are sure to be kept up, and that they will run no risk in giving the very easiest terms which can possibly be desired. They have therefore decided to offer terms which have never before been equalled in the world, viz.:—

5s. per Lot Deposit,

Balance, 5s. per Lot per Month.

As the Price of all Unsold Lots is shortly to be raised to £15 and £20 each, selection should be made at once.

REMEMBER

LAVERTON

IS

Only thirty minutes' by Train from Melbourne,

AND IN THE

Centre of the manufacturing district.

We guarantee that Allotments at Laverton are safer than any Bank, and will pay better Interest.

Send for Plan and full information to

STAPLES, WISE & CO.

111 ELIZABETH STREET.

2m.J.30.87.

Spring Goods.

:o:

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.

Are now showing their LARGE SHIPMENT of SPRING GOODS, consisting of—

BLACK and COLORED CASHMERES

DRESS MATERIALS, Newest Shades

LACES RIBBONS COLLARS and CUFFS

DOLMANS STAYS PRINTS ZEPHYRS

CANVAS CLOTH CALICOES SHEETINGS

SHIRTINGS FLANNELS, Etc., Etc.

Do not fail to inspect our SPLENDID STOCK of MILLINERY, which is the Cheapest and Most Fashionable ever seen in the district.

A First-class Stock of MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, TIES, COLLARS, HATS, SHIRTS, Etc. to select from.

All the Rage—Our SUITS MADE TO ORDER from the Best English and Colonial Tweeds, BOOTS and SHOES, from the Very Best Makers, at Lowest Prices,

:o:

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.,

IMPORTERS, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

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.

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HAWKES BROS.,

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

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HAWKES BROS.

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

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

:o:

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

G. H. COUGLE

Is now showing a Large and Magnificent Stock of New and Seasonable Goods.

NEW DRESS MATERIALS, NEW DRESS MATERIALS. Also a Special Line of Colored Cashmeres in all the Newest Shades.

Prints. Prints. Prints. Sateens. Sateens. Sateens. Muslins. Muslins. Muslins. Laces, Ribbons (new shades), Gloves, Corsets, Hosiery, Rufflings, Umbrellas, etc. White and Colored Embroidery, Sailor Straw Hats, Cretonnes, etc. Men's, Youths', and Boys' Suits, Trousers and Vests, Coats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Studs, Knicker Suits, etc. in endless variety. Boots and Shoes, from all the best makers, at prices to suit everybody. Suits to Order Suits to Order. Hundreds of Patterns to choose from. A Good Fit and a Stylish Suit for Little Money.

:o:

GEORGE H. COUGLE,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

:o:

FOR SALE, CHEAP,

A two-horse DelivryWAGGON, with pole, &c.

:o:

ALEX. M'DONALD

Continues to sell off every article in Stock at PRICES that

CANNOT BE BEATEN!

:o:

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

BEST CUT AROMATIC TOBACCO at H. P. Henningsen's, Havelock street, Beaufort.

WALTER CORNELL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST,

AND DISPENSING CHEMIST,

(next Horsley Bros. and 2 doors from Lester's hotel,)

HAS the honor to intimate to the public of Ballarat and the surrounding district that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS at the above address, with

AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF

Pure Drugs and Chemicals.

Also, a large and carefully selected assortment of Brushware, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, together with a choice selection of Cut Glass Bottles, Perfume Caskets, Ivory Brushes, Tortoise-shell Combs, etc., suitable for presents.

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THE EQUIPMENT OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

(From the London *Daily Telegraph*, October 18.)

By April next the army will be equipped with the new rifle called the Martini-Enfield. Army reformers in and out of Parliament had come to hope that, with the recent changes at the War Office and the appointment of a new committee on small arms, the British soldier would at last be placed at no disadvantage in his fighting equipment as compared with those of any other nation. It was widely recognised that the military rifle of the future was the magazine or repeating gun, the weapon which was used with such terrible effect by the Turks in their last war, and long prior thereto by the Federals in the Civil War in America. Four of the Great European Powers, it was well known, were actively arranging for the introduction into their respective services of the magazine rifle, and one of them (Germany) has actually within the last few days placed the repeating guns in the hands of many thousands of her troops. The British soldier's new gun, the Martini-Enfield, is, however, only the old Martini-Henry breachloader, with a few modifications, which are, nevertheless, sufficient to necessitate an entire re-construction of the weapon by altered and costly machinery. It is in the great and experimental departments of the service to-day, as it has been any number of years back, that arguments much the same as those used against the introduction of the original breechloaders, or any other novel change in armament, are still employed to attempt to justify the delay in adopting magazine rifles. These are said not yet to be perfected weapons, while at the same time it is admitted that the moral effect alone that their possession produces on an army is so great that they must ultimately come to be universally adopted. Meanwhile, the very officials who argue in this manner approve and accept the breechloader, which will be retained till the public convinces them that there is no finality in invention of weapons of war. The destructive energy of the army, so far as its equipment is concerned, will not have been practically added to, whilst the British taxpayer will have to discharge a very large bill for the new rifles and new machinery, with possibly certain round sums to the adopters of the Martini-Enfield. The new rifle, it is worth while bearing in mind, has been got up piecemeal by the permanent department officials, who are solely responsible for its construction. Firing a smaller bullet with a large charge of gunpowder, it has a greater range and lower trajectory than the existing Martini-Henry. The lower trajectory is the one gain over the old weapon, and that might easily and with inconsiderable expense have been secured in the Martini-Henry by an improvement of the cartridge case and its contents. Complaints have often been heard in military circles that there was too much disposition in certain quarters on this side of the authorities copying in a servile method any changes of equipment first instituted on the Continent. In the arming of our soldiers it is to be regretted that the Germanising is not more quickly effected. From time to time the public have been led to expect valuable results from the numberless committees assembled to inquire into matters connected with the various spending departments. The countless committees that have met on ordnance questions, and lastly the small arms committee, are instances in point where no apparent benefit or influence has proceeded from their labors. The system under which these departmental and special committees are organised has one radical effect which sooner or later will require to be grappled with. On every one of the committees referred to, efficials and gentlemen more or less generally interested in the result of the inquiry have a place on the board. It was notably so on the Select Committee on Ordnance, and is the same on the Committee on Small Arms. The adapter or inventor of the new Martini-Enfield is the chief official on the Small Arms Committee, and he, with other War Office officials who have assisted him in devising the rifle, are constituted into a board to determine as to the adoption of practically their own gun. The blame for all this ought not to be laid at the door of the army itself or its active generals, who are as bitterly opposed to the system as any tax-payer can be, but to the practices of permanent officialism, which has been strengthened by the exigencies of party polities. Our most eminent and successful generals are clearly of opinion that the moment an official becomes an inventor and possible seller of anything to his country his retention in the public service should cease. They go even further, and contend that the practice of the service should be not to waste, as is done, hundreds of thousands of pounds on experiments conducted by officials who are trying to invent some new weapon, and that the duty of army officers is to invite all comers to produce the best possible guns or materials, which all should be purchased. The permanent officials have said that the stores of the Martini-Henry are so much reduced that they must be replenished, and there is no time to decide upon a magazine gun. As additional rifles must be made forthwith, the British soldier is temporarily armed with the Martini-Enfield, and by and bye with the magazine gun.

Turning from guns to army organisation, where equal difficulty is experienced in effecting needed reforms, one of the most glaring defects is to be found in the artillery branch of the service. The three notable divisions of artillery, horse, field, and garrison are all under the some management, so to speak; for the youngest officer with field artillery is assumed to be equally qualified to command a battery of heavy garrison guns, and promotion in one branch is promotion in all. There were few reasons, fifty years ago, why this state of things should not have existed; but with 100 ton guns, which are "trained" and laid by the aid of complex machinery and fired by electricity, the science of Callistus is so advanced nowadays that a special knowledge quite different from that of a field artillerist is needed for a garrison artillery officer. Naturally enough, the pay being the same, and the chances of promotion being greater in the field or horse artillery, most of the young officers prefer to serve in these branches rather than with the garrison artillery. A serious proposal has been made to put an end to this state of things, and to recognise the changed conditions of warfare by corresponding changes in the organisation of our artillery force. The proposition, which has the support of our most popular and able general, is that the artillery should be divided into two grades, one of horse and field artillery, and another of garrison artillery. If this reform can be carried through at once, the field and horse artillerymen will retain their present status, except that they will no longer be classified with the other branch, whilst to the garrison artillery will be given an increase of pay, and they will be placed on the same level in that respect as the Royal Engineers. It is considered that as special and high-class training is indispensable to qualify a man for garrison artillery work, he should be remunerated at the same rate as the best paid branch of Her Majesty's service. The recent sham attack and manœuvres at Milford Haven, some of the best authorities contend, have demonstrated that the garrison artillery must be carefully and specially prepared by long training for working the big guns given them to handle. Another circumstance also was, it is urged, made plain, and that was that the defence of our harbours in time of war must not, as at Milford Haven, be left to the dual control of Royal Engineers and Artillerymen. With a view to strengthen the defence and securing instant and united action, the suggestion is that the new garrison artillery force should also take over the torpedo branch of the harbour defence, so far, at any rate, as the fixed mines are concerned. That, it is held, would result in the concentration of fire on any enemy's vessel coming within the fire belt, and obviate the needless exploding of submarine mines, or secure their being discharged at the right moment. There does not seem to be any good ground why, as at present, the defence of our harbours should be jeopardised, in the event of war, by their defensive preparations being, as if now the case, divided between two separate branches of Her Majesty's service. As no doubt our navy will always figure more or less prominently in resisting any attack upon the country's harbours, the existing danger and difficulty might, without too roughly wounding professional pride, be overcome by putting the system of defence by torpedoes entirely in the hands of our sailors. That change would also destroy the chance of clashing authority in an action.

It is gratifying to learn that there is a better side to the picture of army equipment and organisation. After dint of much patient demand, the next British infantry force which requires to take the field will be aided by Nordenfeldt or other machine guns. Heretofore when these weapons have accompanied our troops they have been lent to the general commanding by the navy, and invariably taken into action and fired by our bluejackets. In future the army is to have its own machine guns, and it is worth remembering that it is nearly a quarter of a century since the first Gatling machine was used to mow down an enemy in battle. For the first time in the history of our country also, a practical scheme of army mobilisation has been effected. It is due to the indefatigability of Adjutant-General Lord Wolseley the plan has at length been carried out. What, as was stated some weeks ago in the *Daily Telegraph*, Lord Charles Beresford was striving to do for the navy, Lord Wolseley has succeeded in accomplishing for the army. All the details regarding numbers, divisions, armament and equipment necessary to enable a considerable body of troops to march from their quarters at a moment's notice and take the field in a real campaign have been wrought out and perfected. Were the command given to-day two British army corps could instantly be marched upon any given point or ordered out to embark on foreign service. The aggregate strength of the two corps is, in round numbers, 66,000 men. If instructed to take the field they would muster on their front a fighting force of some 60,000 odd streng, with the remainder employed on various duties, including transport, hospital, &c., on the line of communications. Each corps would contain, roughly, 21,000 infantry, six regiments of cavalry, each of 600 troopers, artillery, 96 field-guns (horse and field inclusive), with the requisite number of Royal Engineers, with pontoon train, telegraphs, and so forth. For such a thoroughly practical business-like nation as our own the only cause for regret and surprise is that such proper and needful reforms, with others of a similar character, were not enforced long ago by the overwhelming weight of public opinion.

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To Mr. Cordukes, Chemist, P.O. Place, Ballarat East—Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging the superior skill you have displayed in successfully treating and curing, to my entire satisfaction, in the short space of THREE WEEKS, a large chronic ulcer of the leg, which had, for a period of eighteen months, defied the skill of the medical faculty, including five months' treatment as an out-patient at the District Hospital. The above needs no eulogy from me, as the fact speaks for itself. You are at liberty to refer any one who has any doubt about your skill to me, and I shall be most happy to confirm the testimony, as my recovery seems little short of a miracle.—I am, &c, &c, RICHARD SHERLOCK, 26 Howe street, Ballarat East.

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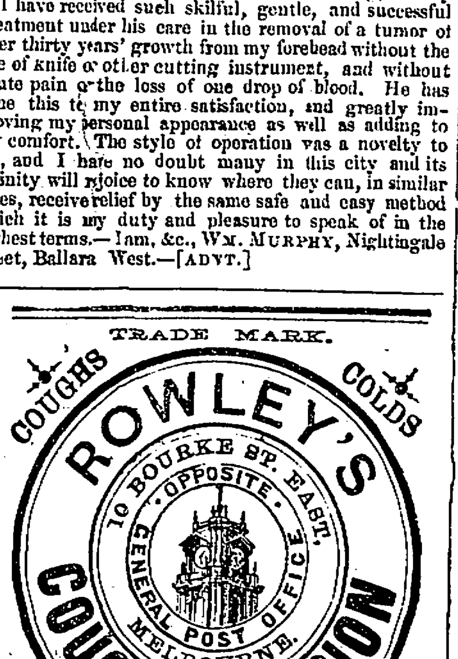

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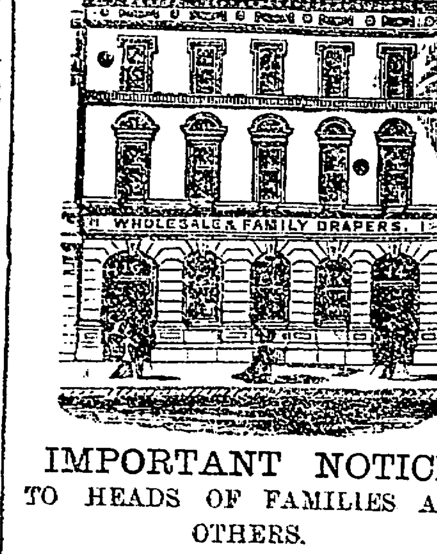

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Gout and Rheumatism.

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 copius circulation in the parts affected, thence speedily and effectually it ensures a cure.

Piles, Fistulas, and Exhoterat!

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 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. Whenever 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 small box of Pills contains four dozen; and the smallest Pot 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 Proprietors 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 eleven men with diseases of kind), but to no effect. After being in this state for betwixt 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 humor 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-Doloreux
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Veneral 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 it 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. 589.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1887. 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 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 ...ing 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[r 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 or extended periods, will be charged on a reduced scale, in proportion to the number of insertions.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

PROMPT SETTLEMENT and PAYMENT of CLAIMS. Losses paid over—£15,000,000. Annual Income—£800,000. Accumulated Funds exceed, £1,000,000.

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.
R. MANFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

Beaufort District Agency—
H. P. HENNINGSEN, Beaufort.

For PAINTING and PAPERHANGING of Every Description go to A. NEEDHAM, Neill street, Beaufort. Cheapest and Best.

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.
Head Office: Melbourne, 1 Market Buildings.

Established 1869,

The chief features are MODERATE RATES, LARGE BONUSES, and AMPLE SECURITY.

Policies opened before 31st October have a special advantage—they will participate in the Bonus to be declared for the period ending 30th September. Forms of Proposal to be had from any of the Agents throughout the colonies.

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager.

Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

FRANK VIAL, Univeral Leather Belt Factory, Macauley Road, Kensington, and 59 Mair street, Ballarat, Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the most approved Continental and American principles. Special Lists for Belts for Irrigation Purposes. A Large Stock of the Premier Belt Lubricant and well-seasoned Belt Laces kept in stock.

AGENTS WANTED.

12m.D.31.87.

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.

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.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

SPECIALITIES

AT

A. CRAWFORD'S

STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

A LARGE SUPPLY OF GOODS
Suitable for
THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR TRADE
Having arrived
The public are requested
TO INSPECT THE GRAND DISPLAY
AT
MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS.

The Goods have been marked Exceedtionally, LOW, with a view to a SPEEDY CLEARANCE. A saving, therefore, of at least 20 per cent. will be effected by purchasers.

THE GOODS COMPRISE NOVELTIES IN

Fancy Glassware
Vases
Toys
Bracelets
Card-Cases
Work-Boxes.
Terra Cotta Goods
Purses
Leather and Plush Bags
Hair and other Brushes
Fancy Soaps
Baskets,

And others, to numerous to mention.

IN THE GLOVE AND LACE DEPARTMENT

Several Cheap and Startlingly Cheap Lines are now offering.

Ladies' and Children Lisle Gloves, splendid colors, and extra quality, 6d per pair.
Ladies' taffeta gloves, 1s per pair.

SPECIAL.

Just received a large shipment of the celebrated Elaine Kid Gloves, four and six buttons, in tans, new browns, colors, &c., 1s 11d to 2s 11d per pair.

A job line of Edelweiss and Oriental Laces, just to hand, 2½d to 6d per yard, worth 6d to 1s.

UMBRELLAS AND SUNSDADES.

A Splendid Stock in the newest styles, at prices that cannot be beaten.

Ladies are particularly directed to THE IMMENSE STOCK IN THE MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Anticipating a large demand ... effective looking hat, suitable for picnics, &c., at a low price.

A great quantity of fashionable shapes in HATS and BONNETS have been trimmed, and marked at prices that make it impossible for any other establishment to equal.

Splendid trimmed hats, from 2s 11d.
Galatea straws, 1s, worth double.
Corsets and Underclothing—A large stock always kept in newest shapes and styles.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

A splendid supply of Mantles, Dolmanettes, visites, capes, &c., &c., in beaded gauzes, broches, ottoman silks, &c., &c., at special job prices.

Stockinette Skirts, 2s 6d, exceptional value.
Quilted skirts, aprons, dustcoats, &c., at
LOWEST PRICES IN THE TRADE.

The stock in the CARPET AND FURNISHING DEPARTMENT

Is unequalled for variety and assortment, several additions having lately been received, consisting of the newest styles and choicest patterns, manufactured in best Brussels carpets, linoleums, and floorcloths.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED TO PARTIES FURNISHING.

The stock being too large, and occupying more room than can be conveniently spared,

THE LARGE DISCOUNT
OF
10 PER CENT.
Will be allowed on all CASH PURCHASES
OF
Best Brussels Carpets, and Best Linoleums,
With a view to reduce the stock.

A superior lot of tapestry, kidder, felt, hemp, and other carpets at low prices.
Lace and other curtains in white, cream gold, &c.
A large stock of bedside pieces of best Brussels, 4-6 length, half-price.
A great saving can, therefore, be effected by purchasing all furnishings at Mitchell's Buildings.

THE MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Is well stocked with the requirements.

BOOT AND SHOE DEPARTMENT.

This department is now supplied with the finest assorted stock of men's, women's, and children's boots and shoes in the district, at prices that defy competition.

A splendid variety of infants' boots and shoes, imported direct, have been received—the best assortment in the trade.

Ladies' Kid elastic-side boots, from 6s 6d.
Ladies' Balmoral and button boots, 10s 6d.
Girls shoes, extra value, 4s.
Infants' boots, 1s 9d—exceptionally cheap.
Gents.' kid elastic-side boots, 13s 6d.
Gents.' Balmorals, 9s 6d.
Gents.' calf e.s., from 11s 6d.

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

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.

Extraordinary Announcement.

S. NATHAN,
The Furnishing Arcade,
225 ELIZABETH STREET,
MELBOURNE,
SUPPLIES
FURNITURE,
BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING,
CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS,
PIANOS,
ELECTROPLATED WARE,
GUNS, by all the Best English Makers
...
Without Money or Security
ON
TIME PAYMENT

GOODS FORWARDED TO ANY PART OF THE COLONY.

Most Liberal Terms in the World.

S. NATHAN,
THE FURNISHING ARCADE,
221 Elizabeth Street.

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.

Berkley & Taylor, Wholesale Druggists.
Elliott Brothers & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS.

Kempthorne, Prosser & Co., Wholesale Dru[ggists,]
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

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

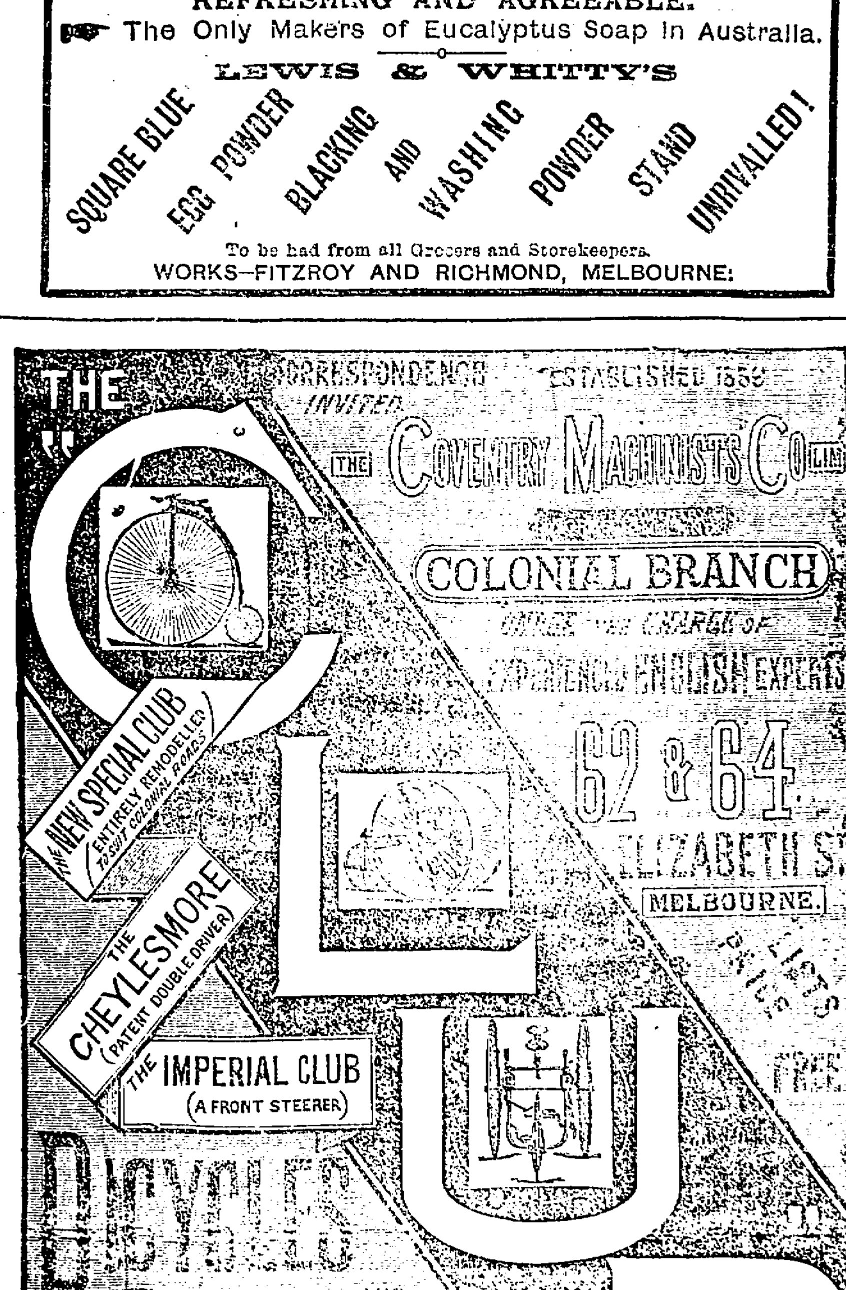
They have many Followers, but no Equals.

THE THURMER PIANO, £40 to £48, or 30s. monthly.	THE SMITH ORGANS, £18 to £180, or 20s. monthly.

It is a wonder to all that such Beautiful Instruments can be obtained at these Low Prices.

17 & 19 COLLINS ST. EAST **ALLAN & CO.** Melbourne.

LEWIS & WHITTY'S
A TREASURE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
No Waste or Loss in Weight by Keeping. Save Two-thirds In Freight.
Specially Prepared for Household and Domestic Purposes.
LEWIS & WHITTY'S TRADE BORAX MARK SOAP
Brightens the Colors, does not Bleach,
PRESERVES THE FABRIC. SOFTENS THE SKIN.
BORAX SOAP
Can be used in Hot, Cold, Hard or Brackish Water.
CLEANSES, HEALS, AND PURIFIES THE SKIN.
THE SAFEGUARDS FOR HEALTH,
BORAX EUCALYPTUS SOAP!
—AND—
BORAX CARBOLIC SOAP!
Prevents Decay, Infection, and is Cheaper than the Ordinary Household.
Combining all the qualities of the Borax Soap, together the Medicinal and Disinfecting Properties of the Eucalyptus and Carbolic.
REFRESHING AND AGREEABLE.
The Only Makers of Eucalyptus Soap In Australia.
LEWIS & WHITTY'S
SQUARE BLUE EGG POWDER BLACKING AND WASHING POWDER STAND UNRIVALLED!
To be had from all Grocers and Storekeepers.
WORKS—FITZROY AND RICHMOND, MELBOURNE.



Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchmaker.

Allopecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY — [illegible] — All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

SPECIALTY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, AND JOINT DISEASES.
128, COLLINS STREET EAST.

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 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 or mastication and appearance.

ADVICE FREE. Testimonials, both English and colonial.

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

And at Mr. E. MILLIGAN'S, Waterloo, from 9 t[o] ... 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 7.3[0] 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."—...

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 to?

How many have been enabled to enter into 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, 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 turned.

There are thousands of cases in daily life where consultation with one at a distance, will remove by 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.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

The first load of new wheat came in during the week just passed, and regular deliveries are now be looked for. Forty bags of a good sample were disposed of at 3s. 8d. per bushel to-day. Flour has declined a trifle since our last report, but a good deal of business has been done at our quotation of L10 2s. 6d. per ton. The horsham district wheat is now coming in more freely and is selling at 3s. 3d.; a good portion is, however, being stored. At Donald, deliveries are being freely made, but the bulk is being stored. A few sales are reported at 3s. 3d. The same figure is being given at St. Arnaud. The first load of new oats came in to Ararat last week, when 75 bags were taken up at 6d per bushel, bags in. A lot of 40 bags of seed was sold at 2s. 9d from Warrnambool this morning, and were cleared at L4 per ton—a reduction of 10s. upon last weeks' rates. Sheaf hay is coming in freely at L3 per ton. Onions are being well supplied, and have eased to 6s. per cwt. Fresh butter continues very scarce and now commands 1s, but potted is fairly supplied at 9d. Eggs are plentiful at 10d. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 8d to 3s 9d per bushel, bags in; oats, 2s 10d per bushel, bags in; pollard, 1s 2d per bushel; bran, 1s per bushel; flour, L10 2s per ton; potatoes, Warrnambool, L4 per ton; hay, sheaves, L3 per ton; trussed, L3 5s per ton; straw, 25s. per ton; chaff, 4s. per cwt; onions, 6s per cwt; butter, fresh, 1s per lb; butter, potted, 9d per lb; hams, 10d per lb; bacon, 8d per lb; cheese, to 7d per lb; eggs, 10d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Business fair:—Oats, 2s 7d to 3s; Cape barley, 3s; English 3s 9d to 4s; wheat, 4s to 5s 1d; peas, 3s 6d to 3s 7d; manger hay, L3 to L5; sheaves, L2 15s to L3 5s; straw, L2 to L2 10s; new potatoes, L4 to L4 5s.

MINING ITEMS.

New Discovery, Beaufort, Jan. 22.—North-east drive extended 44ft,; distant from north level, 450ft, or a total of 940ft from main shaft. Wash still keeping small and unsatisfactory, but considering changeable nature of the place, and our proximity to better country, more favorable change may set in any moment.

New Victoria Company, Waterloo, Jan. 21.—Yield of gold—No. 1 Tribute, 25 oz. 9 dwt. No. 2 Tribute, 12 oz. 19 dwt., making total for the week, 38 oz. 8 dwt.

Saxon Consols Company, Waterloo, Jan. 21.—The No. 1 west drive is now 392 feet from balance shaft, the distance driven for the week being 35 feet, mostly in hard reef. The drive from off No. 9 west drive is in 64 feet. The south drive is in 170 feet from opening, and the water from face is increasing daily. Yield of gold for week, from five machines, 22oz.

South Victoria Company, Waterloo, Jan. 21.—Have started No. 2 shaft south from No. 2. Yield, 9oz 16dwt of gold.

Waterloo Company, Waterloo Flat.—No change in appearance of washdirt faces, which are generally poor. Gold for week, 18oz. 7 dwt.

JAMES TYLER'S

GREAT

CLEARING SALE

COMMENCES SATURDAY, JAN. 15

And will continue

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

THIS being the Fourth SALE in 8 years, we intend making this the premier inducement that has ever been held out to the public of Ballarat and District, by selling goods at such prices that will make an everlasting impression on all buyers. Our reputation for good and cheap stuff is well known, and our facilities for buying are second to none. We avoid quoting a long list of prices, our object is to clear stacks of stuff, and to no this we intend to reduce the majority of plain useful DRAPERY to COST PRICES and the remainder to ridiculous prices.

SHOWROOM.

We intend making two lines of STRAW HATS, 4½d to 1s. TRIMMED MILLINERY that we have left will be Reduced below Half Cost Price SILK MANTLES—Dolmans and Visites from 10s 6d to 21s, usual price, 25s to 45s.

DRESSES.

This Department will be subject to heavy reductions Two cases all-wool Nun's Veiling and Jersey Cloths reduced to 4½d, worth 1s. About 100 pieces of Oddments varying from 4½d to 1s, will be thrown on the front table at 1s 11d, 2s 11d, 3s 11d, and 4s 11d per dozen yards. Black and Colored Merino and Cashmere reduced to net cost.

MANCHESTER AND PRINTS.

During our business career this branch has played a very prominent part, and our advice has been taken by thousands as regards useful goods. During the coming winter all woollen goods will advance from 15 to 25 per cent. We have secured a large parcel of Flannels and Blankets at very low rates, and these will be subject to the sweeping reduction. Drillette Prints, 9d a yard; reduced to 2s 11d a doz. French Natted Cloths, 1s, reduced to 5½d. French Lawns and Cambrics in stripes and figures, 8½d, reduced to 4½d, and all other goods at the REDUCED RATES.

HOSIERY, GLOVES, & HABERDASHERY.

In this, as in all others, our assortment is complete. A special Job Line of Girls' Hose, Navy, Seal, and Black, 3½d per pair. Also, a lot of Women's full fashioned, 1s, reduced to 7½d. Thread and Silk Gloves at ridiculous prices.

OUTFITTING AND MEN'S MERCERY.

Mens' Suits, 30s, reduced to 19s 11d.
Mens' Suits, 40s, reduced to 29s 11d.
Boys' and Youths' Suits all reduced to cost.
Hats, Shirts, Ties, Collars.
Tweeds in endless variety.

All Orders guaranteed shrunk, and

MADE IN THE BEST STYLE,

AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

This Sale will be conducted on

CASH PRINCIPLES STRICTLY.

JAMES TYLER,

11 and 13 BRIDGE STREET, BALLARAT.

m.Ap.23,87.

Notice.

A MEESING will be held in the SHIRE HALL on WEDNESDAY EVENING next, the 2nd February, at 8 o'clock p.m., with a view to organising a BRASS BAND for Beaufort. All interested please attend. C. W. TOMPKINS, Convenor.

Beaufort Agricultural Society.

A SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the members of the above Society will be held in the Shire Hall on SATURDAY, the 5th February, 1887, at 2 o'clock p.m.

JOHN HUMPHREYS, Secretary.

SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT.

EDITH O'GORMAN,

KNOWN AS THE

ESCAPED NUN,

(For six year's a Nun in St. Joseph's Convent, New Jersey).

WILL DELIVER HER

STARTLING and INSTRUCTIVE LECTURES.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7,
"Life in a Convent." "The Romish School System."
"The Romish Priesthood."
Chair to be taken at eight o'clock.

TUESDAY Afternoon, February 8.—For Ladies only. "The Secret Mysteries of the Confessional." "The Inner Life of Convents." Doors open at half-past 2, commence at 3.

TUESDAY Evening, February 1.—For Ladies and gentlemen. "How and why she escaped." "How she was converted." Chair to taken at 8 o'clock.

ADMISSION—Reserved seats, 2s; second seats, 1s. Tickets will be for sale at the doors before the Lectures.

☞ Edith O'Gorman's Books on CONVENT LIFE, and her PERILS and TRIALS, also Photographs, can be had at the Lectures.

SHIRE OF RIPON.—NORTH RIDING.

Election of One Councillor.

EXTRAORDINARY VACANCY.

NOTICE is hereby given that an ELECTION of ONE COUNCILLOR for the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon to fill the Extraordinary Vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Andrews, will be held on Saturday, the 12th day of February next.

Nomination Day, 5th day of February.

I require Candidates to be Nominated at the office of the Shire of Ripon before the hour of 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, the 4th day of February.

Nominations papers and the required cash deposit will be received by my deputy, Mr. D. G. Stewart, the shire secretary.

JOHN WOTHERSPOON,
Returning Officer.

Beaufort,
January 26, 1887.

SHIRE OF RIPON

TENDERS, addressed to the President, and enclosing 5 per cent. deposit, will be received up till 11 a.m. on THURSDAY 10th February, 1887, for the following works :—

NORTH RIDING.

Contract No. 423.—Cutting 40 chains of channel more or less, along Fiery Creek.

Contract No. 424.—Forming and gravelling, with quartz, 50 chains of the Waterloo and Chute road, and building culverts north from Flynn's store.

WEST RIDING.

Contract No. 212.—Forming, metalling, and draining 67 chains of the Streatham and Buramboen road, and building culverts.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Shire Office, Beaufort.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. H. JACKSON.
Shire Engineer.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 28th January, 1887.

SUBSCRIBERS WANTED for the WEEKLY NUMBER of the FAMILY HERALD, at the publishers' price, 2d.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
Bookseller, &c., Beaufort.

For Sale,

120 ACRES of LAND at Graveyard Hill, Mearns Cole. HARRIS and TROY.

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.

MRS. MOORE begs to notify to her friends that she has removed to Pratt street, next door to "Advocate" Office, and is still agent for Madame Weigel's Patterns.

NOTICE.

FOR the prompt despatch of business all orders in future to be addressed to HENNINGSEN and KLUNDER or H. P. HENNINGSEN, the Publisher.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1887.

It strikes us with peculiar force that the veritable Mr. Nobody must live, move and follow his occupation in close proximity to Beaufort—for it is he apparently whose ever-broadening shoulders get all the burden of blame (when it is necessary to attach blame to any one) for wrong-doing, neglect, &c.—and that he is to all intents and purposes endeavouring to do everything that is possible to undermine the health of residents. The query, "Who hath done this thing?" gets no satisfactory reply when it refers to a piece of work which is discreditable to anyone, and we suppose that the echo alone will reach us when we ask for the name of the party who glories in being the originator of our deep and shallow drainage system. No where else in the colony, we are sure, will be seen drains like our public ones; and what is incomprehensible about them is the fact that their continuance is permitted. From time to time attention has been directed to one or another of these beds made ready for the germs of disease, but not the least notice has been taken of the matter, and the supposition is we are to quietly resign ourselves to the inevitable consequence of an outbreak of typhoid fever or some other contagion. Unless the "city fathers" take this subject into consideration, personally examine the localities where these drains are, see the necessity that exists for some alterations and improvements being effected, and then order that the work shall be done immediately, we, with all our boasted "fairly healthy state"—to use the stereotyped phraseology of the officials—may be visited by one or more of those devastating epidemics reported to have broken out elsewhere, which, given once a hold upon the inhabitants, may exercise the powers of the local board of health to the utmost to stamp them out. As prevention is better than the cure, and the least expensive into the bargain, we would specially urge the members of the shire council for this riding to bring the subject up for consideration at the next meeting. The drains have to all appearances been cut without engineering supervision, especially the one which runs from Mr. Loft's hotel down Pratt street parallel with the railway reserve. For if the level of the road had been taken properly an excellent fall could have been obtained; at it at present stands there is not a gradient throughout the whole distance, extending the whole length of Pratt street to the Yamholes creek, a distance of three hundred or four hundred yards. Here and there holes have been scooped by the day-men employed by the council to "clean the drain out," and in these holes the water and refuse accumulates and becomes stagnant and foul in a very short time, because it cannot get away. At either end of the culvert which crosses Lawrence street, the planking is some inches higher than the bottom of the drain, so that only flood waters can pass through, while the ordinary household drainage, often containing particles of vegetable matter, &c., has to remain. The outcome of this will indeed soon be very serious if something be not done at once.

There is another supposed-to-be drain which runs along the south side of Willoughby street into Havelock street, in the bottom of which greenish decomposed vegetable matter in thick patches may be seen any day in the week. And still another drain in the south end of Lawrence street, almost directly opposite the health officer's residence. Then the condition of the drain which passes under the culvert in Neill street West (or Ararat road), which comes from the Chinaman's garden, calls for some notice, for on every night in the week the most abominable stench arises from it. The Shire Council in its capacity of local board of health has power to enforce regulations compelling residents to keep their yards and premises clean and free from all impurities, and in every way to comply with the provisions of the Health Act; but it is the board's bounden duty to inspect the plague spots and use its utmost endeavors to keep the public highways and byways in a perfectly healthy state.

The alarming prevalence of typhoid fever in nearly every town in the colony was made the subject of considerable discussion at the last meeting of the Central Board of Health, and they have arrived at the conclusion that the origin of the epidemic is to be found in the bad and defective drainage of those towns, and they have determined to recommend to the Government that inspectors should be appointed whose duty it will be to visit all towns and insist upon the local boards strictly complying with the health regulations. This wise step, we believe, will have the desired effect of waking up the drowsy local boards to a practical sense of their duty, and to the importance of taking proper preventive measures to ensure the health of residents of the districts over which their jurisdiction extends.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 18oz.; New Victoria, 36oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 6oz.; Saxon Consols, 19oz.

The following is a statement of the passenger traffic, as far as the tickets issued at the Beaufort railway station are concerned, and the value of goods, for the week ended Thursday, 20th January, 1887 :—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Jan. 21	73	£7 13 3	£11 11 9
,, 22	66	13 16 5	18 16 8
,, 24	30	6 10 10	8 14 4
,, 25	37½	8 15 5	2 15 3
,, 26	36	7 5 7	14 19 3
,, 27	32½	6 9 8	9 3 10
Totals	275	£50 11 2	£66 1 1

Messrs. J. Prentice and C. J. Leadbeater, J.'sP., attended the Beaufort Police Court on Monday last, and heard a summons case, in which Mr. Chapman, butcher, sought to recover the amount of £21 5s 11d, due to him by Evan Davis, for goods sold and delivered. Defendant admitted his indebtedness and an order was given for the amount, with costs 5s.

We are on the eve of a little municipal excitement. A notice appears in our advertising columns to-day, announcing the vacancy in the Council for the north riding of the Shire, and stating that the day for receiving nominations is fixed for Saturday next, and in the event of an election the polling takes place the following Saturday, 12th February. There are no less than nine names mentioned of likely candidates—only one, however, is announced by advertisement—viz., Messrs. G. Tipper, P. M. O'Connell, T. Flynn, J. Frazer, T. Jess, W. Smith, W. Schlicht, jun., T. Beggs, and D. Calwell.

The "escaped nun," Miss Edith O'Gorman, is announced to lecture in Beaufort on Monday and Tuesday week, 7th and 8th February. The name of the lecturess is, we think, a sufficient recommendation to the Beaufort public.

A meeting of all persons interested in the organisation of a brass band for Beaufort is advertised to take place in the Shire Hall on Wednesday evening next. This is one way of utilising local talent, and in the direction named there is plenty of room for a good band to step in.

The Board of Advice for the School District of the Shire of Ripon held an extra meeting last Saturday afternoon, when there were present —Messrs. McDonald (in the chair), T. Welsh, J. W. Browne, and J. Humphreys (correspondent). The truant officer attended, and presented his report for the quarter ended 30th September, 1886, and, acting upon it, the board authorised prosecutions against Thomas Mulcahy, Frank Curran, and Esther Crosse. An application from Mr. Forbes, head teacher, Middle Creek, for the use for one night of the old school building was granted, and the board rose.

A special meeting of the Beaufort Agricultural Society is called for next Saturday, the 5th February.

On Thursday week next, the various Sunday School children in this district will proceed by special train to Queenscliffe, where it is their intention to spend an enjoyable few hours at the seaside. We are informed that to prevent disappointment, as only a limited number of tickets will be available to the public, all persons who wish to accompany the picnickers will have to make early application for them. These picnics, which are big affairs, always prove very successful, and given fine weather this should not be less so than others.

The Messrs. Fay, brothers, who are farmers residing at Middle Creek, Shirley, have just had the satisfaction of reaping good harvests in oats. One has obtained the excellent average of 50 bushels to the acre, while the other is perfectly satisfied with an average of 47 bushels.

Tenders are invited, in to-day's issue, by the Council of the Shire of Ripon, for works in the north and west ridings.

The Ararat Prospecting Board have decided that the diamond drill and Tiffin Auger at present in the district are sufficient for all purposes, and therefore no large diamond drill should be recommended to be obtained. It was also decided by the board on Wednesday last, at Stawell, that the drill should be used to prospect the plains south of Ararat, and the augur, when done with at Landsborough, to be removed to Raglan.

Amongst the names of the new Justices of the Peace appointed for the Southern Bailiwick we notice that of William Charles Thomas, of Beaufort. The appointment we are sure will meet with general approval.

Mr. Belling, surgeon dentist, of Ballarat, will visit Beaufort on Thursday next, when he may be consulted at Mr. Taylor's, chemist.

The Beaufort Athletic Club held their annual meeting in the Fire Brigade Hall on Thursday evening last, when there were present Messrs. J. McKeich (in the chair), H. M. Stuart, E. R. Smith, G. Loft, A. Loft, W. J. Stevens, R. A. D. Sinclair, J. A. Hosking. The whole of these gentlemen resolved themselves into a committee with power to add to their number to carry out a programme of athletic sports in Beaufort on Easter Monday. It was resolved that the subscription for the year shall be 10s., with the privilege of free admission to the ground for the holder, and members of his family under 18 years of age. It was resolved to offer the amount of L80 in prizes, and the same programme as last year was adopted, with one or two alterations. Mr. J. McKeich was chosen handicapper for all pedestrian events; and Messrs. G. Loft and R. A. D. Sinclair handicappers for the bicycle races. It was also agreed to adopt a system of color badges to distinguish pedestrians, on the same principle as used in Ararat. The Stawell rules were adopted as those under which the programme will be carried out. A lengthy discussion then took place over a proposal to invite the Payne family to perform on Easter Monday night, and it was finally resolved that the Secretary write the manager offering the sum of L14 if the family were willing to perform in Beaufort. Mr. J. McKeich was appointed delegate to the Park Boat Committee, and the meeting separated.

The report and prospectus—a very elaborately got-up affair—of the Methodist Ladies' College, Hawthorn, has been received by us. The report is quite a departure from usual publications of this character, and is profusely illustrated throughout the description of the various branches of education imparted in the school.

A decision of some interest to holders of mining scrip (says the 'Argus') was given in the Supreme Court on Thursday by Mr. Justice A'Beckett in the action of Dean v. Gillespie. The plaintiff had recovered a judgment against the defendant, Mr. J. S. Gillespie. There were 175 shares in the defendant's name in the books of the Berry No. 1 Gold-mining Company No Liability. The plaintiff sought to have these shares charged with the amount of the judgment; but Mr. Derbe Willder claimed 125 of them as his, which he had purchased from Mr. Gillespie, on which he had paid calls, and of which he had obtained the transfers. The transfers were not, however, registered. The remaining 50 shares Mr. L. Goldberg claimed to hold as security for advances made to Mr. Gillespie. The application was made under sections 64 and 65 of the Judicature Act. The Chief Justice had held in a previous case that under these sections and the provisions of the Mining Companies Act, until shares are actually transferred in the books of the company, they are to be treated as belonging to the person in whose name they stand, even though he has sold his interest in them. Mr. Justice A'Beckett, however, dissented from that decision. He held that the books of the company were to be conclusive only as between it and its members, and governing the transfer of the legal title to shares without annihilating what would otherwise be equitable rights created by the acts of the shareholder. He intimated that under ordinary circumstances, as he differed from the Chief Justice, he might have reserved the question for the Full Court; but as calls are being made on the shares, and as the views of the Full Court might might be more quickly obtained by an appeal from his judgment, he thought it right to decide according to his own views. He therefore decided to discharge an order that had been made exparte as to the shares bought by Mr. Willder, and as to the other shares he directed that the order charging them should be subject to Mr. Goldberg's rights therein. The plaintiff could not take any proceedings to deal with the shares for six months, and in the meantime the defendant's debt to Mr. Goldberg might be paid by realising other securities.

The temperance crusade, like all other aggressive movements, goes beyond the bounds of common sense. Once these pales overstepped and it assumes the form of fanaticism. A great physiologist has said, that whilst the use of alcohol is, on general principles, more injurious than beneficial, great benefit may be derived from its use, medicinally administered, in appropriate cases. In these cases, he adds, it is a powerful remedial agent. Hence the endorsement 'Wolfe's Schnapps.'

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.

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.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[By "TOMAHAWK."]

It ain't no use. Something's got to be done or I will have to wear a patent disinfecting scent bottle under my nasal organ. Pretty nearly every day I encounter a delicate perfume from some spot or other. The authorities must be aware of these places, and yet they look calmly on with a smile of contentment; or perhaps their noses are rubbed with "anti-sniffler" beforehand in some cases; and they pass the perfume depôts in safety. There is a regular beauty concealed somewhere about that large heap of building stones in one of our back streets, which a polecat could take lessons from. Now that there is so much disease rampant about the colony, the health officer and others should stir themselves a bit and "institoot enquiries." The council don't set a good example, as one of its functionaries will go round occasionally cleaning out drains, etc., banking little heaps of muck here and there, where they are left long enough for all the fowls and other "scratchiferous" bipeds to scatter them all over the place before an attempt is made to remove them; but I suppose there are so many forms and ceremonies to go through, from the time the first man rakes out the refuse till the next man with the horse and dray can remove it, that actually, three days would really be another "short-time record."

I went down to see the Adelaide express come in the other evening, dressed in my level best; clean shirt, masher waistcoat, gloves, cane, and eye-glass—expected Mrs. T.'s mother, you know. While waiting I got thirsty, and "walked up to the fountain" (Salvation lingo), to quench the same. With the air of a man that understands his business, I took the one solitary pannikin that does duty for the multitude, filled it, and raised it to my lips, and—oh horror!—became a perfect wreck, in two seconds my well-starched bosom was ruined, ditto waistcoat, my pants spoiled, my collar knocked all of a heap, and why? 'cause that confounded pannikin had a hole in the bottom of it. The little boys laughed. I sneaked home as fast as possible and got properly finished off by the very energetic lady who rules my household. And now if a new pannikin isn't soon forthcoming, I'll sue somebody or something for a new suit.

There is an invention come out for extinguishing fires, called a hand-grenade, a small bottle shaped thing, which has the effect of putting out a fire if thrown at it or on it. I was explaining the use of them to one of my coadjutators (?), and, after a long think, he turned to me and said in the solemnest tones "Dic—(Phew! I nearly gave myself away) "By jove old fellow; them's grand; I'll have half a dozen put in my coffin.

I am superlatively convinced that we folk are a pretty easy-going sort, and take things as they come without attempting to inaugurate a reform. Now for instance, there are bakers who without the slightest compunction or qualms of conscience, do with malice and forethought supply us with short weight bread, and some of it sour at that, I have kept a strict account this last 12 months, and find I have pretty nearly paid for sixteen loaves more than I have had i.e., by actual weight. I am going to get Mrs. Tomahawk's oldest apprenticed to the baking business, and then the folks who run the "staff of life factories" can file. Then there are butchers. You can't get everything you want, and often in the end have to take a piece, which, if you don't hold on to, will walk off, or else starve. Really we are a long suffering public. I think if some energetic man were to start a fish shop, from which you get a few luxuries, he would make a fortune. This is a gentle hint for that ancient fisherman who got a supply per train and emphatically declared he spent two or three sleepless nights catching them—(against the new regulations, too)

We move in aristocratic circles. Just imagine the following little episode. A young man being in trouble about his miners' right, and the specific conditions of the Residence Areas Act, went to the only person able to put him straight, but could get no satisfaction. He met a friend who offered to help him in his trouble, and the two repaired to the home of the official. Having knocked at the back door (notice on front gate, "tradesmen to go to back door"), it was answered by a small chip of the old block, and he was asked,—

"Is your father in?"

"Yes" (cheesily).

"Tell him we would like to see him."

The boy disappears inside. Brief time elapses. Presently the boy returns, and gives utterance to the following annihilating little speech—"Pa says would you please send in your cards." Tableau and curtain. Indignation meeting held outside. No cards,—no cake,—no nothing. But another shilling is wanted!

They say that young ladies nowadays scorn the assertion that they do not marry for love, but it is going the rounds that they will marry for anything if—if the men would only propose.

A most remarkable freak of nature has been secured for exhibition at the Albert Palace, Battersea, London, in the form of an infant boy, aged 12 months, who weighs upwards of 158lbs, and stands 3 feet high. This phenomenal child, Ernest Ephraim Middleton by name, is the offspring of healthy parents living in Porlock, a village in Somersetshire. The child is well-formed, and although fat, is not abnormally so when his size is considered. His chest measures 30 inches round, his arms 11½ inches at the elbow, and his legs span no less than 20 inches. There is nothing whatever repulsive about this gigantic, which was born on the 19th August, 1885, and he is exhibited by his mother, who vouches for the child's age by the production of his certificate of birth.

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" 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.

TERRIBLE GALE ON THE LANCASHIRE COAST.

TWO LIFE-BOATS CREWS LOST.

The London correspondent of the Melbourne "Argus," writing under date December 17, gives the following account of a terrible gale that occurred during the week previous, which was marked by a lamentable disaster on the Lancashire coast. A vessel was seen off the mouth of the Ribble making signs of distress. Three life-boats put off to the assistance of the crew from Lytham, Southport, and St. Anne's. The former got to the ship, which was found to be the Mexico, a barque owned in Hamburg. The men were taken out and brought safe to shore. Meantime the other life-boats had been unable to face the hurricane. Darkness had fallen, and by-and-bye the Southport boat drifted back to the beach bottom-up. Three of the crew got safely from the breakers; three others were found dead beneath the boat, and nine were lost. Of the St. Anne's boat, which was found drifting at daybreak, not a soul was found alive. Her crew of 13 had fallen victims of their heroism. Subsequently one of the men who came out of the surf at Southport died of the cold and exposure, so that 26 lives were sacrificed in the attempt to reach the Mexico. The disaster naturally aroused the widest sympathy, and a fund for the relief of the families of the victims has already reached to nearly £16,000. The official inquiry ordered by the Board of Trade shows that the boats were both in excellent conditions. One of the survivors of the Southport boat states that in his opinion the coxswain put the boat too soon broadside to the waves, and the anchor being out in view of making fast, the boat failed to right itself as it should have done. Of the St. Anne's boat of course nothing is known, though it is said that the coxswain was in the last stage of consumption, and was much too weak to steer. The boats were, however, understood to be built on the self-righting principle, and public opinion demands a searching inquiry into the construction and general adaptability for such dangerous enterprise. If the confidence of the life-boat volunteers is shaken as to their craft, the whole service will go to pieces, with the most lamentable results to the mercantile marine.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions expressed by our correspondents. It is desired that letters to the editor shall be accompanied by the real name and address of the writer, not for absolute publication, but as a bona fide guarantee.]

THE HOURS OF BATHING FOR LADIES.

To the Editor of the Riponshire Advocate.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Since the question of bathing has been brought forward, will you kindly allow us to say a few words respecting the hours which are set apart for ladies to bathe in the Beaufort Park Lake.

In the first place we cannot, according to the regulations printed, begin until 8 o'clock in the morning, and by that time, as everyone is aware, during summer months the sun's rays are so fierce that we do not derive any refreshing benefit from our indulgence. Besides, we who are school teachers, employed in the shops, or domestic servants, cannot afford the time to go to the Park between 8 o'clock and the time our daily duties must be commenced in the morning; and in consequence we must wait until the afternoon, when we have to leave off bathing at half-past 5, because at six o'clock the boys' and gentlemen's evening hours begin. Now, what time have ladies at their disposal for a pleasurable bath? The hours that we are compelled to confine ourselves to are awfully inconvenient except perhaps for six or eight of our sex only who are at liberty at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. We "shop girls"—as the aristocrats would call us—have to work on till 6 o'clock, from 8 o'clock in the morning, and are therefore deprived of a bath altogether; and servant girls and nursemaids, whose time is not their own, cannot get away because there are the children to mind, and the tea or afternoon dinner to prepare by six o'clock. We think, Mr. Editor, that our sex is entitled to some concession, and we would esteem it a great favor if you will champion our case, and try to get two nights in the week set apart for us when we can enjoy ourselves, and learn to swim in the Beaufort Park Lake.—We remain, yours affectionately,

MINNIE.
LIZZIE.
MAGGIE.
ALICE.

P.S.—Please do not print our right names as we would not like to be laughed at.

[Minnie and the joint writers of the above letter have, we think, stated their case very plainly, and we shall only be too happy to champion their case. But perhaps the best way would be to draw up a short petition stating their grievance and ask one of the councillors to present it at the next meeting of the Shire Council, when we have no doubt that the alterations desired would be made in their favor. It would be as well to say at the same time what evenings would be most convenient for the ladies.—ED. *R.A.*]

THROWING MONEY AWAY.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—I went round to the meeting of the Athletic Club on Thursday night. Didn't go in, oh! no; but I was looking through the keyhole, and saw sights and heard sounds. After the usual business was transacted, the question of a performance for Easter Monday evening was talked of, and what do you think? Instead of giving our local *amateurs* a chance, not even to tender, it was resolved, with all due solemnity, to petition the Payne Family to "please come and harrow our already afflicted feelings (to the extent of 10 bob a-piece) of the multitude with a concert, for the sum of £14,—encores guaranteed every time—and your petitioners will ever pray." Now, I never heard such a lot of rubbish before in my life. I can understand calling for tenders and letting all local hands have a show; but to select one crowd and deliberately offer them the extraordinary sum of £14 for their services, is just milking that old poley cow a little too severely. Beaufort isn't such a Crœsus that she can afford to

The Riponshire Advocate.

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Poetry.

Ultima Veritas.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt;

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dangling in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right,
That it is not good to lie,
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey,
That the givers shall increase,
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace.

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out;
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a love that is better than fate—
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY,

BY

HAROLD STEPHEN ESQ., M.P.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

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CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

He was not the sort of young man to stand shivering on the bank, but usually erred on the other side by taking everything, as he expressed it, "with a rush." So he quietly informed the Professor that he had called that morning to tell him that he was in love with his niece, and asked his permission to marry her.

Stephen Tredegar was not easily astonished, but, on this occasion, he was taken by surprise, and, for a minute or two, could not find words for an answer. At last he said: "Is that all?"

"Yes, sir," replied Harry. "We do not want to be married right off, you know. There's no such violent hurry about it, but I thought that, as my father must get back to Sydney, and I ought to go with him, we might manage it in a fortnight. Women always require a little time, you know," he added, as coolly as if he had been married as often as Brigham Young. "They always like to get up an outfit, though, for my part, I can't see why all that sort of thing can't be done in an afternoon, if you're sharp about it."

"Mr. Lascelles," began the Professor, "of course you know how flattered I must feel at your offer ——"

"Oh, don't mention it!" interrupted Harry. "I don't see that there is any occasion for you to feel anything of the kind. Alma is one of the best little things in the world, and any man ought to be proud of such a wife."

"Really, sir, your condescension is quite overpowering," said the Professor, in a sarcastic tone; "but it does not seem to have occurred to you that, although King Cophetua might stoop to an alliance with a beggar-maid, the beggar-maid's family might not feel desirous of the honor."

"Which means?" asked Harry, turning somewhat pale, for he had not calculated upon a refusal.

"Which means that I regret to be obliged to refuse your generous offer. I have other views for my niece."

"And do you tell me that you will not allow her to marry the man she loves?" asked Harry, waxing indignant.

"I tell you that a child like that, who has never spoken to a young gentleman before, cannot know her own mind, and, as her guardian, it is my duty to refuse my consent to what may be merely the caprice of a moment. See, Mr. Lascelles," he continued in a milder tone—"you are but young yourself, whilst Alma is a mere child—reflect for a moment, and you will admit that, placed as I am, I could not act otherwise."

"But I must remind you, Mr. Tredegar, that it is not apparently any question of waiting—you said just now that you had other views for your neice."

"Well, sir—what then? Does it seem to you extraordinary that I should like to see the girl, who has been to me as a daughter, married to a friend of my own, and settled in the neighborhood of my own dwelling?"

"You would marry her to a German?" asked Harry.

"No, sir—ere many months are over I shall be in possession of my father's property, and living on my own estate in England."

"Well," said Harry, "it all amounts to this, I suppose: you decline to have anything to say to me?"

"There is no need to put the matter coarsely—I simply decline the proposed alliance."

"And you think we shall put up with this tyranny?" asked Harry, fiercely.

"What you will do, or try to do, I neither know nor care," retorted the Professor, with such exasperating calmness that Harry felt inclined to kick him—"but of this I am sure: my niece will obey me."

"Very well, sir," said Harry—"we shall see. Good morning."

The Professor smiled, as our hero made a somewhat melodramatic exit, and then carefully selected a cigar and a book, and sate down to enjoy himself.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE TOILS.

Casting a glance upward, as he left the mill, Harry perceived Alma peeping timidly out of the casement of the room which he had learned was her own. The rush of water—for the mill was in full swing—rendered it impossible for him to make himself audible, even if he had raised his voice to its highest pitch; he, therefore, took off his hat and waved it in the direction of the heights upon which stood Schloss Rabenstein, trusting that his, lady-love would have the wit to understand the signal.

He was not disappointed, for Alma nodded and smiled, and immediately disappeared from view, evidently with the intention of preparing for the rendezvous. But, Mr. Henry Lascelles reflected that his movements must have been equally discernible by the Professor, had that gentleman (as was very probable) taken the trouble to watch his departure, and, therefore, incontinently turned his back upon the castle, and sauntered leisurely down the road towards the inn, intending, as soon as the mill was hidden from view, to make a *detour* and reach the trysting-place by some other road.

Meanwhile, Alma gaily donned her hat and gloves, and tripped down-stairs, humming a tune—which came to an abrupt conclusion as she met the Professor, who softly opened the door of the sitting-room as she was passing by.

"You are going out?" he asked.

"Yes, uncle," she replied, avoiding his eye, but utterly unable to control the blush which mantled her cheek.

"Spare me a few minutes before you go," said the Professor, with unwonted gentleness, and drawing her into the room.

Alma would fain have escaped the interview, but knew that she was detected, and so nerved herself for the ordeal. She felt sure, without knowing why she felt it, that her uncle did not approve of Harry Lascelles, and would oppose the projected alliance. But she thought that she felt equally sure that nothing he could say or do, would cause her to break faith with her lover, and, in this assurance, she unconsciously assumed a defiant look, which did not escape the notice of the wily man of the world.

Nevertheless, his policy was persuasion, and nothing could be more tender than the manner in which he handed her to a seat, and took his place beside her.

"My child," he began; "circumstances compel me to detain you for a few moments. I know—or I think I know—that you were about to meet your friend, Mr. Harry Lascelles; and, before you do meet him, I must ask your attention for awhile. Alma—my nature is not demonstrative; I cannot wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at. I am not able to express my feelings by a word or a look. Knowing this, I know, also, that those I love must necessarily find it difficult to believe in my love. I cannot fail to be misunderstood, and I am misunderstood even by you and Dart, who, of all humanity, are nearest and dearest to me. He has chosen to doubt me, and throw himself into the arms of a stranger. You, child, to my great joy, refused to follow in his footsteps—I wish you still to believe, that, if I run counter to your wishes, I am actuated by a desire only to promote your welfare."

The Professor paused, and looked at his niece. She, instinctively perceiving what was to come, had nerved herself for the struggle, and sat by his side, bright and defiant; but yet—her heart misgave her, and she doubted! Was it possible for her to believe that the man who had stood in the place of a father to her for so many years was false? Could she, a child in years and heart, doubt one, who, if he had not been tender and loving, had, at least, so borne himself as to win her respect and trust? It was the girl's first lesson in doubt, and she shrank from its teaching, with the fear and repulsion of one who has raised the curtain of experience, and has discovered what a grim skeleton lies behind. She recoiled from the picture which her quick perception had suggested. She raised her eyes, and bent their truthful gaze upon her guardian.

"Uncle," she said, at last, "I think—I hope hope—that you will advise me for the best."

"My child, do not mistake me. Since the death of your parents, you and Dart have been my constant care. My avocation demands my frequent absence, and, consequently, you have scarcely known what it is to have a home. It may be that I have been careless—trusting to servants what I should have done myself—but, believe me, I have never forgotten the duty I took upon me at the death-bed of your father. At this crisis of your life, I ask you to remember the past, and trust me"—

"Oh, I do—I will—uncle," replied Alma, with a tearful, trusting look in her eyes, which, for a moment, shook the resolution of the heart-hardened schemer, in whose hands she was as helpless as a fluttering bird in the net of the fowler. For a moment, he wavered—but for a moment only—generous impulses seldom arrive at fruition in the bosom of the man to whom Self has ever been the paramount consideration.

"Your confidence shall not be misplaced," he said, after a scarcely perceptible pause, but not daring to trust himself to look into her eyes. "I learn from Mr. Harry Lascelles that you have promised to be his wife—is that so?"

"Yes, uncle," timidly replied the girl, now in her turn abashed.

"I am sorry to hear it. I know nothing of Mr. Harry Lascelles, and have naught to say against him; but you are merely a pair of children, and this playing at love-making cannot fail to prove disastrous to one or other of you."

"He will be true, uncle!" exclaimed Alma, roused into defence of her lover. "Oh, I am sure he would not deceive me!"

"But he may deceive himself, my dear. He is a mere boy, and, long ere you could marry, he may find, as most of us do, that calf-love is a disease which wears itself out very speedily."

Calf-love! To the enthusiastic, loving, girl, this expression came sharp and cutting as a knife. She would not reply, but turned her head away, whilst the rising color, and impatient stamping of her little foot, showed how deeply she felt the insult.

The Professor smiled inwardly, but he had no desire to destroy the good understanding which had so lately obtained between them, and he hastened to explain.

"I did not mean to wound you, Alma. No doubt both you and Harry Lascelles believe that your affection will be eternal; but we, who have gone through the fiery ordeal, know how evanescent such feelings become, when once subjected to the test of absence, and intercourse with other young and attractive people."

"But why need we be separated?" asked Alma, somewhat mollified, but still smarting from the wound to her pride conveyed by that horrible term, 'calf-love.'"

"Why need you be separated! Surely you know that Harry Lascelles is about to go out to Australia?"

"Yes, uncle—but—but—"

"But what?" asked the Professor, triumphing in her hesitation.

"He has asked me to go with him!"

"Asked you to go with him! Do you mean to say that that boy has had the effrontery to suggest an immediate marriage?"

Alma irritated by the aggressive tone of this question, and especially at the contemptuous allusion to her lover as "that boy," did not reply; and the Professor, who saw his error, hastened to qualify his remarks.

"I mean no disrespect to the young man," said he, but you must admit he is a boy in years, whilst you are a mere child. Surely you cannot suppose that marriage between you too could be permitted for some years to come?"

The young lady felt herself to be in what our American cousins call "a tight place," but still she found voice enough to mutter that "his father had not thought them too young to marry."

"His father!" retorted the Professor, contemptuously. "A man whose life has been spent in the wilds of Australia, and who is, as anyone may see, so infatuated by the excellencies of his son and heir that he can deny the young man nothing!—I tell you, Alma, no good ever resulted from these early marriages, and I should be wanting in my duty to you if I did not oppose this mad scheme to the uttermost of my power. If you doubt me, child, appeal to the Pastor—he has been your friend for many years, and you will at least acquit *him* of acting from interested motives."

"What would you have me do, then, uncle?" she asked at last, with a piteous, beseeching look in her eyes.

"Nothing—just absolutely nothing! Tell Harry Lascelles what I have said; and add that, if his love last for a couple of years, he may come to you with some hope of success. If he is sure of himself, and of you, he can, at his age, well afford to wait; especially as we are bound to the same quarter of the world as himself, and no ocean will divide you from him."

"Are we then going to Australia, uncle?" asked Alma, brightening wonderfully at this unlooked-for piece of good news.

"Yes, my dear; ere many weeks, if not even days, I hope we shall be *en route*. Now, dry your eyes, like a good little girl, and, when you see Harry, tell him, if you please, that you will wait for him, but that no actual engagement must subsist between you."

Is it any wonder that the Professor conquered? Reason was undoubtedly upon his side, and, however much has been said to the contrary, women are not always deaf to its calls, when their interests are at stake. Alma, though a child, was thoughtful beyond her years, and the pitiless logic of the Professor was as convincing to her as if it had been addressed to a bench of judges. She conceded all that was asked—the more readily because of the delightful news that she, too, was to be taken to that strange, wild, country, which, for her lover's sake, she had already learned to regard as a home.

And so, once again, the wily Professor gained the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FIRST QUARREL.

Whilst the interview, recorded in the last chapter, was in progress, Mr. Harry Lascelles was toiling up the steep rocks which bounded either side of the valley, intent upon gaining the heights of Rabenstein, without subjecting himself to the chance of interruption by the Argus-eyed guardian of his ladylove.

He felt himself to be a singularly ill-used individual—the more so because the path was steep and rugged, and, if he would not keep the lady waiting, he could not afford to linger by the way. Like most Australians, our young friend was more at home on horseback than on foot, and none but the most powerful of motives would have induced him to venture upon such a toilsome task as climbing up a mountain-chain like that which was crowned by Schloss Rabenstein.

Very naturally he fumed and fretted, and inwardly cursed the Professor; so that he was in a far from amiable state of mind, when at length he arrived at his goal.

Nevertheless, his ill-temper did not prevent him from filling his pipe—carefully, as became an Australian—and, as the fumes of the fragrant weed eddied around his head, he set himself to work to consider the position.

"Now, Harry Lascelles, despite his apparent frivolity, was by no means a fool. His bush-training had made him self-reliant, and suspicious of the motives of those in whom he had not thorough confidence. He disliked the Professor, and had learned enough from Dart to doubt the integrity of that gentleman. Therefore, he argued, there must be some sinister motive lying behind the apparent desire for his niece's welfare which led the Professor to refuse his consent to their marriage.

At the same time, he fully recognised the weight of the arguments used, and the difficulty he would experience in combatting them, should Alma prove less amenable to the influence of love than he hoped she would be.

He had just made up his mind to fight till the last, when the crackling of twigs startled him from his reverie. He glanced down the path, and hastened to meet the lady whose coming he had so anxiously awaited.

"Alma!" he cried, as she came running up the hill.

"I am sorry I kept you waiting so long," said the girl, flushed and palpitating. "My uncle would have me to stay with him."

"Just so," said Harry. "I suppose he had suspected we had arranged a *rendezvous*, and hoped to spoil our little game. Told you I was a bad lot, eh?"

"Nothing of the sort, sir," replied Alma, half-vexed, yet half amused, at the imperturbability of her lover.

"Then he did the heavy father business. Oh, I know the thing by heart! My che-ild, thou knowest I have thy best interests at heart—thou knowest I would die to save thee a tear! Etcetera, etcetera—"

"Harry," said Alma, gravely," you mistake my uncle."

"Which I devoutly hope I do," was the rejoinder.

"He may to you seem harsh and cruel, but you must not forget that he is only acting as any father or guardian would do in his place."

"You think so, little one? Where did you get your worldly wisdom?"

"I think my uncle is right in saying we ought not to be married yet. We are so very, very young!"

Harry looked at the little face, imploringly raised towards his own, and could not gainsay the truth of this remark—so he did the next best thing: he bent his head, and imprinted a kiss upon the pleading lips, which did not shrink, though a rich blush spread rapidly over her face.

"My little Alma," he exclaimed. "My darling! Not all the uncles in the world shall stand between us! He may be right from his point of view—I don't say he is not—but we know better, darling, and no reasoning could make us doubt each other."

"It is not that, Harry," said Alma, eagerly. My uncle does not wish us to doubt each other—all he wants us to do is to wait."

"And meanwhile we are to be separated by sixteen thousand miles of sea!"

"Ah, but, Harry, we are not going to be separated by sixteen thousand miles of sea!" exclaimed Alma, joyfully.

"Why—what?—"

"We are going to Australia, as well as you!"

Harry shook his head, doubtingly. He thought the statement was merely made by the Professor, in order the more easily to induce his niece to give in to his wishes. This view of the question he urged with considerable energy and lover-like eloquence. But Alma was firm; and a somewhat stormy interview ended in tears, upon the part of the young lady, and some very strong expressions, on the part of the young gentleman.

Neither of the two thought that it would be years before they met again; or it may be, that the one would have been more yielding—the other, less indignant. As it was, a very pretty lovers' quarrel failed, for once, to result in that renewal of love which, a poet tells us, is the usual result of such affairs.

CHAPTER IX.

A DINNER PARTY.

Nine out of ten of the acquaintances of Sir Charles North declared that he was a fool. The ladies were especially hard upon him. A bachelor, with a large income; owning a fine house in the best part of London, and a far finer house in a northern county, must always expect to be regarded as, at least, eccentric, if he elects to live at an hotel, and declines to take part in any social entertainment whatever.

No small wonder was, therefore, expressed, when it became known that this misanthrope had installed himself in his town mansion, at the commencement of the London season, and had issued invitations for a dinner party on a large scale. Of course, these invitations were addressed to gentlemen only, for, of ladies, this misogynist knew none. Indeed, it was popularly supposed that he would have fled in dismay had any member of the gentler sex ventured to address him.

Bunce Hawthorn, who knew everybody, and everything about everybody, said that Sir Charles had been crossed in love, whilst still a boy, and that the disappointment had so preyed upon his mind, that he had gone mad.

Others opined that he was only a fool; but there were a few grey-bearded gentlemen who shook their heads mysteriously, and murmured that, "Fool or no, he knew a thing or two," and, "They only wished they had his secret sources of information." As most of these old gentlemen were either "in the City," or known to be largely interested in City affairs, it may be assumed that Sir Charles was more respected on 'Change than in the drawing-rooms of Belgravia.

Yet, here again, Bunce Hawthorn had something to say. He admitted that, doubtless, Sir Charles North was extremely happy in his speculations; but he averred that his success was in no way owing to his ability as a financier, but to the fact that he submitted blindly to the guidance of a certain Israelite broker, through whom it was notorious his business was always transacted.

Even Bunce Hawthorn was, however, delighted to accept an invitation to dinner from this madman; and, indeed, promised himself some rare enjoyment in detailing his experience in many a smoking-room and boudoir.

Bunce was a little man—these people who know everybody always are little—and was otherwise only noticeable through his eye-glass. After a first introduction to him, nobody was ever known to remember him other than as a small man with an eye-glass, who seemed to know more than anybody else. He had eyes, nose, mouth, hair, and the usual complement of limbs; but all were, like a monochrome, so subdued in tone, that it was simply impossible to carry away any remembrance of them whatever. But his eye-glass was a distinct feature, even in a day when eye-glasses were the fashion, and every young "swell" suffered tortures in attempting to wear one with grace. Bunce was not of this sort, however; he managed his with consummate ability, and, when he proposed to be especially impertinent, so screwed and twisted it about, as to convey an insult before he opened his mouth.

Of this gentleman, it may further be said that he was a clerk in the Colonial office, and was popularly supposed to add not a little to his income by writing tit-bits of scandal for the society-papers of the day.

He entered the drawing-room late—Bunce knew his value, and determined to make others recognise it also. There were assembled a company of representative men; including, as it did, some leading members of both Houses of Parliament; sundry gentlemen equally well-known in the city; one or two journalists of mark, and a contingent from the world of fashion.

Bunce immediately concluded that "something was up," as he put it, and was not long left in doubt, for, after he had shaken hands with his host, that gentleman immediately introduced him to his ward, Mr. Dart Tredegar.

The murder was out: Sir Charles North had turned bear-leader in his old age, and had given this entertainment for the purpose of launching his cub in society! Thus Bunce Hawthorn, to a friend next whom he found himself placed at dinner.

"The cub seems presentable enough," remarked that gentleman, one Sam. Forster, of the Foreign Office.

"Good-looking, but wants style," was the reply. "Got a foreign look about him, too."

"Sir Charles told me he was educated on the continent."

"Ah, that accounts for it! Never could see the advantage of a continental education; unless a fellow was going into your line. Eton and Oxford are good enough for me."

Sam. Forster smiled, for it was well known that neither of the establishments in question had been honored by the presence of Mr. Bunce Hawthorn amongst their *alumni*.

Meanwhile Dart was winning golden opinions from those in his immediate neighborhood. The party was too large too admit of anything like general conversation, which was in his favour, as it gave him an opportunity for talking, without laying him open to the accusation of presumption; which might have happened had so very young a man ventured to express his opinions whilst his seniors were forced to sit in silence.

He talked modestly and well about life in Germany, the curriculum at Heidelberg, and other subjects with which he was well acquainted; being urged on, on either side, by a member of Parliament and a journalist, both of whom were in search of information upon the precise topics in question.

Sir Charles North—a silver-haired gentleman, of aristocratic presence and strongly-marked intellectual features—noted his *protégé's* success, and was delighted, receiving all the compliments which were paid him on the score of his young friend, with the pleased look of a father.

The cloth was drawn, and the wine had passed round two or three times, when the butler handed a note to Sir Charles, marked "immediate."

"By your leave, gentlemen," he said, as he broke the seal—then, after reading it, "I must crave your indulgence for a few minutes. A gentleman waits in my study to confer with me and Mr. Tredegar, upon business which will admit of no delay. Mr. Hawthorn, will you be so kind as to represent me during my absence? Come, Dart."

As the door closed on the pair, speculation, of course, began at once as to the cause of their absence, and Bunce Hawthorn once more achieved a success by saying that it was evident the "young 'un was in the swim," and that the gentleman whom they were about to interview could be no other than the Israelite stock-broker, to whom Sir Charles North owed his success as a speculator.

"Wonder if he would give us a tip?" whispered Sam. Forster in the ear of his friend. "Deuced hard lines, that we should never have a chance to land a pot in the share line."

"Try him," replied Bunce, drily. "Why, man, it is as much as his life is worth to split on his Jewish friend! Lay you any odds you like, he is as close as wax—even if you get him to polish off another couple of bottles of this most excellent port." Here Bunce raised his glass to his lips, and sucked in a mouthful, gently, whilst a beatific expression stole over his features, and his eye-glass actually fell on to his lap.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST SHOT.

In his study, Sir Charles found Mr. Freeman, of the firm of Freeman and Truelove, solicitors; who, it will be remembered, appeared, on behalf of Sir Charles, on the memorable occasion of the reading of the will of James Tredegar, senior.

They shook hands cordially, and then Dart was presented, and evidently made a favourable impression upon the solicitor.

"You look as if you had plenty of fight in you, young man," he said, "and I believe you have plenty of fighting before you."

"But Freeman, cannot we postpone this business till to-morrow? Come in and join us, like a good fellow. You know I sent you an invitation."

"Which I refused, having too much to do to be able to spend an evening in amusement. You would not find me here now, had it not been for the urgency of the case. Do you know that Mr. Stephen Tredegar is in England?"

"The deuce he is!" exclaimed Sir Charles. "He has not lost much time."

"And my sister, sir?" asked Dart, anxiously. "Is she with him?"

"Yes, they arrived yesterday, and are staying at Langham's. Mr. Stephen Tredegar has lost no time, indeed, for proceedings were commenced against us to-day."

"Proceedings!"

"Yes; in the Chancery Court. You know he took out probate of the will some time ago. He has now fired his first shot, and the action may be said to have fairly begun."

(To be continued.)

Australian Tales and Adventures.

No. 12.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

By R. P. Whitworth.

CHAPTER I.

OF FETES CHAMPETRES

"Let us, my brothers, breakfast in Scotland, lunch in Australia, dine in England, and sup in France." To this effect speaks Henry Kingsley, in his charming prose poem, Geoffry Hamlyn. But oh, my brothers, aye, and you too "my sisters, and my cousins and my aunt," to say nothing of that nearer and dearer tie. "Sweethearts and wives," one thing he assuredly omitted in this his catagory of good things, namely, the Australian picnic.

Let us, say I, also picnic in Australia, in the sweet summer time, and we shall have filled up the measure of sublunary delights. It matters little where, so long as the day is soft and balmy, with no wind, except now and then a faint puff that raises a low sleepy rustle in the bush overhead, and that we have found a camping place beside a shallow pool, in the cool shady corner of a clear creek.

I have, dear reader, and probably you have too, enjoyed the *dolce far Niente*, the true *sans souci* of Australian picnics in many parts, from the gnarled and twisted ti-tree, swamp oak, and Mangrove flats of Queensland, where the broad River flowed on in silent reaches to the sea, reflecting the blue firmament and the floating rack of fleecy cloud above, a river bounded by low downs, here and there covered with dark primeval bush, and ever and anon by plantation after plantation of waving sugar cane or graceful bananas drooping with their heavy golden winter crop, of grove after grove of huge sombre mulberry trees, relieved by clumps of birch like china peaches, laden with their wealth of delicate early blossom, dark patches of pine apples, guavas, cape gooseberries, and the thousand and one other fruits that flourish in rank luxuriance almost all the year round in this favoured clime, to the solemn calm of the shady glens under the fluted columns of Mount Wellington in Tasmania. From the lovely beaches of Port Jackson, where the rippling wavelets shimmer and sparkle in the sunshine as they kiss the golden sand and shingle, to the deep and dim fern gorges of New Zealand, where the rushing rivers foam and tumble with an everlasting roar, and where the cool winds come from the shining peaks in the realms of eternal snow and glacier. From the pleasant gullies and glades of Fernshaw or Dandenong, and the nearer slopes of Studley Park on the Yarra River, to the pure atmosphere of Mount Lofty with the fertile Adelaide plains stretching away to the sea, to the mysterious darkling mahogany forests of little known West Australia.

All these and many more.

Each has its special charm, its individual beauty, its own indelible impression on the mind attuned to the everlasting and immutable harmony of Nature.

CHAPTER II.

WHOM WE WERE,

Of all places in Australia, a country of holidays in the holiday season, Melbourne has attained what may be justly considered a pre-eminence for the number and extent of its junketings, and various occasions and kinds of sport, recreation, and pleasure, and it would be hard to name any form of these known in the civilized world that has not its due amount of representation in our midst.

But amongst the numerous means of pleasure taking, none, perhaps, are more availed of during the heats of summer, and indeed throughout all the milder portions of the year than the delights afforded by picnicing, which may be characterised as a mild form of camping out in the bush.

And, in fine weather, and with good company, and the material, but indispensable accompaniments of a well planished basket, there are really many less pleasant methods of spending a day's holiday.

So at all events, thought a happy party of eight young folks who, staying at the same time at the delightful watering place Lorne on Louttit Bay, had been, of necessity thrown together by the somewhat free and easy exigencies of sea side society and consequent acquaintance.

We, or I should rather say, they, for I was one of the heavy convoys, appointed with my wife, and certain other elderly parties to play propriety to the fleet of lighter craft who went to form the squadron, were located at the various hotels in the township, had met at dinner, on the pier, during our matutinal or post-prandial rambles, and where not else, and in accordance with the semi-Bohemian proclivities of sea side visitors, aided to a great extent by the good offices of young Tom Lippincott, who knows everybody, or who, at all events claimed, and made, acquaintance with everybody, and who would just as soon have asked the Lord Bishop for a light to his pipe, and invited him to dinner afterwards as he would his most familiar friend, had struck up, first of all a kind of general watering place acquaintance, and had, by a rapid transition from cold bows and the ordinary courtesies of civilized society, become tolerably familiar.

The sun of New Year's eve had set in a crimson, gold, and purple glory, behind the densely timbered Cape Otway ranges, evening had merged into night, and the filmy haze on the distant sea line and the clear star studded firmament, betokened a hot day to-morrow. And so it came to pass that having danced the Old Year out, and the New Year in, to the enlivening strains of a concertina and flute placed half way down the pier, it was determined that instead of sweltering on the beach, or wasting the golden hours of New Year's day in the much affected siesta, the entire party or as many of them as chose to go, should seek some cool shady recess in the semicircle of forest which half encloses the township, and should eat our next year's dinner in a sensible way, by the bank of some purling stream.

Of such desirable spots there were plenty, but most of these, the excursions *par excellance*, had been visited already. The Erskine Falls, six miles *and a bittock*, the Phantom Falls, Stony Creek, the Rapids, Teddy's Look Out, the Sanctuary, *et hoc genus omne*, had been done already, and it was determined therefore to find fresh woods and pastures new, to conquer unknown wilds, to, in a word, go by boat a few miles down the beach, land at some convenient spot, and explore some unknown region in the magnificent and mysterious solitudes which lay "so near, and yet so far."

It was an idea which possessed the charm of novelty, and had at the same time a spice of romance, for were there not the perils of being lost in the bush, of falling in with gigantic snakes, huge and nameless lizards, ferocious dingoes, nay even the terrible Bunyip himself, to say nothing of the fun of having to carry the ladies ashore, of helping them up slippery rocks, and across deep gullies, of having your bravery of apparel half torn off your backs by the thick undergrowth, and of returning draggletailed, mud-covered to the waist, and in that state of general dirt and wet in which the upgrown as well as the infant heart rejoices, for "men and women are but children of a larger growth."

Early then on New Year's morn, ere yet the sun had hardly risen from his vast bath in the east, the rataplan of the drum with which Tom Lippincott occasionally made life a terror and a burden to us, was heard under the windows, and, as we knew that further sleep was out of the question, for that he would never leave off until we all mustered, we rose, more or less willingly, and prepared for our day's adventure.

Certainly the undertaking did not look so bright and pleasant in the raw grey morning as it had in the clear moonlight of the previous evening, but we were pledged, the boats engaged, the hampers packed, and "in for a penny, in for a pound."

A hasty breakfast was snatched, of whatever the larder afforded, for we were much at home at Lorne, a place, by the way, where visitors eat, drink, and sleep much as they please, all asked of them in return being to amuse themselves and add, in a general way, to the enjoyment of others; and a start was made for the boats, of which we had two.

Our party consisted of twelve, all told, comprising Kate and Laura Forsyth, two charming laughter loving girls of, say twenty and eighteen respectively, the two daughters of Mr. Alexander Forsyth, a Queensland squatter, who was also with us; their cousin Emma Ross from Hobartown, a pretty blonde of about sixteen, and Miss (for we never dared even think of her by her christian name of Clara) Nugent a tall Juno like woman, with wonderful dark piercing eyes, and a wealth of that blue black hair for which the brunettes of Andalusia and of Connemarra are celebrated. Her we spoke of amongst ourselves, and with bated breath as the "Duchess," and for highborn beauty, grace, and dignity, she well deserved the title. Then Miss Forsyth, sister and housekeeper to Mr. Forsyth, and duenna to those wild romps, his daughters, a little mild eyed lady of uncertain age, and of ultra conventional habits and feelings, whose heart was "sair" with the mad pranks of her unrestrainable charges; and my dear old wife, who with her undeniable tendency to plumpness, to say the least of it, and her wholesome terror of boats, snakes, centipedes, tarantules, and all other things appertaining to the bush, had a heart as good as gold and as wide as the universe in love of all that was young, and bright, and gladsome (of our own children two were with the angels, and one, the eldest, and perhaps best beloved of all, a sailor away with his ship in India, China, or elsewhere), had ventured on this unknown pilgrimage, despite all her fears, out of pure love for the younger ones of the party. Representing the male persuasion were first of all Mr Forsyth, a hale, hearty, bluff old Scotchman, who looked upon these picnicings and ramblings as follies and nuisances, or said he did, which I never believed, for he joined in them all with as much gusto as anybody. Next came Richard Nugent, or as we had got to call him, Dick, a tall, black bearded, blackavised Irishman, brother to Miss Nugent, but, except in personal experience, as different a being as it is possible to conceive, for he was as full of song as his native "thrush singing in a bush," and jest, quip, crank, repartee, and occasionally, unmistakable Irish bull, flowed from his lips from early morn to dewy eve, as naturally as the bee hums, or the sparrow twitters. He had been a soldier in years past, one of the Cape Mounter Rifles, the Galloping Green Boys, as they were called, and had, after the disbandment of that irregular corps, immigrated to Australia where he had taken up the calling of gold mining, and had, amongst the few, been successful. Tom Lippincott, the wag and wit of the party, was a bank clerk in Melbourne, spending his well earned month's holiday at Lorne, and having, as he told us, fallen in with such pleasant company, disinclined to move although the President of the Legislature Council, the Governor, and Lord Knowsoo had already fought a triangular duel on Collingwood Flat, to decide which of them he should dine with first, and that the Town Hall flag was at half mast because he would not go to the Mayor's ball. Then came the Hon Pierce Vansittart, a young shred of nobility from the old country, who was at first inclined to put on a little bit of side, but finding that nobody took any particular notice of his airs, had the good sense to drop them, and because a pleasant fellow enough, and Jack Thompson, a Melbourne newspaper man, come down, as he said to recuperate, after a long and severe attack of parliamentary gas-tritis, although all he did to recover his tone, so far as I could see, was drink beer and smoke strong tobacco. Last, was myself, Bourke Collins, Esq., gentleman at large, better known as the General, to whom, as having had some little experience in bush life was deputed the task of guide, and track blazer, who acted as fugleman, and whose duty it was to see that none of the party strayed away from camp, and got lost in the pathless wilds to which we were bound.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT WE DID.

We pulled steadily along the coast for about four miles, past the Spit, and the wide but shallow opening of Cumberland Creek, and espying a small sandy beach between two rocky bluffs, headed the boat for it, getting within about 100 yards of it in shoal water. After disembarking, amidst plenty of fun from the ladies having to be carried ashore, a task the young fellows seemed to enjoy heartily, and after getting the baskets of provisons on dry land, we hauled the boats up high and dry, moored them to some ti-tree bushes, and clambering over a quarter of a mile or so of sand hummocks, struck boldly into the thick scrub, leaving the blue waters of the great Southern Ocean behind us.

A few yards onward in the recesses of that dense forest, and we were as completly isolated from the outside world as though we had been miles within its intricacies.

Here the indescrible loveliness of this lovely, and comparatively unknown region burst upon of us. A tortuous path, or rather no path, save such as could be picked or made among the luxuriant undergrowth, led us along tortuous avenues of straight tall trees of magnificent timber, box, blue and red gum, iron-bark, blackwood, and pencil wood, clad with bright green foliage, and mingled in bizarre profusion and confusion, with tree ferns, mimosa, and tender smelling pepperment. Overhead the sky was almost shut out from view, while in front of us, seen through the broken vista, rose the sombre mass of forest, rolling tier above tier, to the summit of the mountains beyond.

A little of the travelling, struggling through the thick scrub of brush and fern, and clambering over fallen timber, with an occasional tumble into the interior of some rotten monarch of the forest who had lain there eating his heart away for generations perhaps, soon brought us to a halt, and we sat down on the whitening trunk of a mighty gum tree which lay prone many a rod along, to gain breath, and consider further proceedings.

"Be the piper, but this is a quare place we've got into anyhow," ejaculated Dick Nugent, looking round him, "I'm here, I know that, but it would be a mortal puzzle to me to find my way back."

"I hope, Bourke dear, you have not lost us in this wild place, and that we shan't be devoured by savage beasts, or swallowed alive by serpents or alligators," said my old wife, who was crimson with heat and exertion, and whose knowledge of the natural history of the region was remarkably limited for one who had dwelt in the Colonies for so many years.

"For my part," grumbled old Forsyth, with a sneer, "I think the whole affair is a piece of arrant tom foolery, and I heartily wish I were at home at ease instead of dragging my weary limbs through such an absurd tangle as this is—Yah! what's that?"

That—was the uproarious peal of hilarity of a couple of laughing jackasses which had settled on the bough of a lofty gum tree at a little distance, and which emitted their volleys of cachination, apparently at the hapless and forlorn state of some of our party.

"Lord be good to us," cried Miss Forsyth in a flurry, "if I didna think it was a pairty o' savages come to murder and scalp us."

A hearty burst of laughter from the younger portion of the party greeted this exclamation of dismay, in the midst of which I heard a distant sound, never very familiar in the bush, but when once heard, never forgotten.

I raised my hand to command silence, and with an expressive "hush," said "listen."

"By and bye the sound was repeated.

It was the distant cry or song of the bell-bird, a sound always welcome to the traveller in the bush, as it invariably denotes water.

"Listen," said I, "and follow quickly."

"Still keeping the track we made through the virgin forest, blazed by means of a tomahawk, we proceeded onward in a general northerly direction for about a mile (although the ladies of the party declared we had come a dozen), until suddenly turning round a belt of thick undergrowth we came across a nook in the forest, the beauty of which fully repaid us for the toil and trouble we had undergone, and which even induced exclamations of admiration from my fairly fagged out *cara sposa*, and the professedly disgusted paterfamilias of the two girls.

Led by the sonorous cry of the bell-bird, so rarely heard anywhere near civilization, and by the steady murmur of falling water, we crossed a belt of heavy timber, and plunging down a rapid descent, arrived at a spot which, to our entranced eyes, looked like an earthly paradise.

Below us murmured a narrow stream, shimmering in the rays of the sun that shot through the thick foliage aloft, and darkling beneath the incense breathing waters that here and there marked its course, while just above us it spread out into a shallow pool, barred by a dyke of dark basalt, the head of a miniature waterfall. Up the creek the gully took a gentle sweep to the right, narrowing as it went further, until all was closed in by a thin belt of peppermint bush, in which the *cicadas* kept up a ceaseless chirrupping. Beyond this, away to the westward, and rising to the foot of the distant ranges lay a wide tract of dense bush, dark and solemn, the mysterious and untrodden home of the Koala and the gorgeous plumaged lyre bird, and still further away the purple summit of Mount Sabine, the loftiest peak of the ranges.

Descending the slope to the green sward which bordered the creek, a spot where we had determined to camp, and where the gallant Lippincott—who had martially carried his fishing rod all the distance, determined to have a cast for a blackish in the pool, I was suddenly checked in my downward career in advance by a short scream of terror in my rear.

Kate Forsyth, who had led the van of the main body, following in my footsteps as pioneer, had started a black snake from his lair under a fallen log, and had, with true womanly instinct, after eluding the venemous creature's spring by opening her parasol in the puzzled reptile's face, screamed aloud, and fainted—just in time to be caught in the manly arms of Dick Nugent, who had darted forward to the rescue, after the beast, with a vengeful snap at the shining silk, had glided silently away into the fern.

As a matter of course this little incident created quite a commotion in our party, a commotion that did not subside until we had settled down quietly to our lunch, or dinner, or what not, in that solemn tabernacle under the shady watties by the creek, although I observed by the merry twinkle in my wife's eyes and by certain—well, I won't say winks—but rather feminine telegraphic signs, that the little episode of the snake, so far as Dick Nugent and Kate Forsyth were concerned, had not, even in the unwonted scare, been altogether unnoticed.

God bless them both; they are man and wife now, and, although I am getting on ahead of my story, I can't help saying so.

But I don't altogether think that it was the snake incident that induced her to say yes to the gallant fellow's suit. No, indeed I don't. It was rather, I think:

(To be continued.)

HE FAILED TO SET THE TACKS.

A wag, sauntering along a Boston street the other day, was accosted by a man who stammered, as follows:

"Can you t-t-

SUPPLEMENT.

A Justice with an Eye to Business.

There is a justice of the Peace in Earlville who will make his mark in the world some day. A couple of overzealous lawyers in his court got into an argument the other day. One offered to bet the other $50 to $10 on a point of law, and the bet was quickly taken. The Justice became the stakeholder, and when the money was put up he promptly fined both lawyers for contempt of court, and appropriated the fund to pay the fines.—*Yorkville Record.*

Farmer.

GRAPE ECONOMY.

CHAPTER III.

DRY GRAPE.

In Oriental countries, the economic value of the dry grape, from which even wine is sometimes made—by simply steeping the grape in water—far exceeds in importance the conversion of the ripe grape into boiled wine. In western countries the use of the dry grape is second only in importance to the conversion of the ripe grape into alcoholic wine, and there is some prospect of its leading here, too, as in the east. The European, American, and Australian trade in currants and various forms of raisins is annually increasing in value, and thousands of tons are annually manufactured for the various markets. The experience of California and South Australia here has been remarkable. Raisins in California are easily secured, and the steady increase of the home product, which good judges pronounce to be superior in appearance and quality to the foreign one, will probably lead before long to the importation of this fruit ceasing altogether. It is said that 1,291,500 boxes of raisins were imported into the United States last year, while the comparatively diminutive crop from California amounted to only 30,000 boxes. Yet even that, the *New York Tribune* remarks, is a decided gain over previous seasons, though but a stepping-stone to the enterprise in this line which this State seems likely to develop. The introduction of the Alden dryers in this industry has shown noteworthy results, the difference in favor of this over the old methods of curing being, it is claimed, 40 dollars per ton of raisins. Visitors to the Centennial Exhibition had opportunity to see the beautiful samples of this preserved fruit in the California collections, the superior quality being recognised at a glance, and suggesting the famed "layer" of Spain and Turkey. California is also becoming known for the fine Zante currants, a small grape now largely imported.

Of South Australia, Dr. R. Schomburgh, curator of the Adelaide Botanical Gardens, writes:—"It is a gratifying fact to observe that our first sample of Zante currants sent to Melbourne are considered by our neighbors as of most excellent quality, superior, cleaner, and of better quality than that of the imported ones. And we in South Australia till now have thought little of them. The proverb, 'A prophet is not thought much of in his own country,' is here applicable. We produce an article which is considered superior to that we import, and yet very little has been done in the culture of the Zante currant and raisins. If we consider that the annual import of dried fruit into the Australian colonies is generally more than £120,000, and as we know that our climate is in every way favourable to these productions, is it not surprising that no more attention has been paid to these sources of profit? I would strongly recommend all the vignerons especially the smaller ones, having from one to three acres of vineyards, to graft all the worthless kinds of grapes with Zante currant, Sultana, and other raisin grapes. It is gratifying to me to have added something to this extensive branch of industry by the introduction of the Sultana grape, which is regarded by the vignerons with extreme satisfaction. I may say that from information received, probably more than two-thirds of the 1100 grafts I distributed last year have grown; and this valuable raisin, which commands the highest price in the European markets, may be considered as established in the colony."

CURRANTS AND RAISINS.

The principal seats of industry in these are the countries round the basin of the Mediterranean Sea, and the modes of preparing them there are thus stated by the best authority on the subject:—"Raisins are grapes allowed to ripen and dry upon the vine. Sweet fleshy grapes are selected for maturing into raisins, and such also as grow where they are sheltered from cold winds. The bunches are pruned, and the vine is stripped of its leaves, when the fruit has become ripe; the sun then beaming full upon the grapes, completes their saccharification, and expels the superfluous water. These are muscatels or blooms. The raisins called *lexias* are plucked, cleaned, and dipped for a few seconds in a boiling lye of wood-ashes and quicklime, at 12 deg. or 13 deg. of Beaume's areometer. The wrinkled fruit is lastly drained, dried and exposed in the sun upon hurdles of basket-work during 14 or 15 days. The finest raisins are those of the sun, so called; being the plumpest bunches, which are left to ripen fully upon the vine, after their stalks have been half cut through. Valentia raisins are prepared by steeping them in boiling water, to which a lye of vine stems has been added. Corinthian raisins, or currants (Corinths), are obtained from a remarkably small variety of grape, called the black Corinth. They are principally grown in Zante, Cephalonia, and Patras. '[Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts," &c.] Grapes and currants are also dried in those parts in a kiln.

American ingenuity, however, has created labour-saving machines, which are transferring the seats of the industry from old to new localities. The ordinary mode of manufacture, derived from the old seats of the industry, has been to thin the grapes when ripe and allow them to remain exposed to the sun to drive off some of the superfluous water. Then the bunches are picked, cleaned, dipped for a few seconds in boiling lye of wood ashes and quicklime, and finally allowed to dry in the sun on hurdles for 20 days or longer, care being taken to prevent the dews and insects from injuring the fruit. This process has been almost universally superseded in America by the Kelly Fruit Drying process, by the Alden or Pneumatic Process, and by Gardiner's Universal Fruit Desiccator. By means of Mr Gardiner's machine he claims that the fruit may be dried and fitted for the market in one day, avoiding damage to which the fruit is liable by the long sun-drying process, and saving much labour. The machinery is a tin cylinder, ten or more feet long, heated from the inside by steam. It is made to revolve slowly, and the fruit, which has first been ground to a pulp, is allowed to drip on it from a perforated trough placed immediately above it. The fruit dries in a very perfect manner, preserving all the colour, flavour, and sweetness of the original. The process may go on until the cylinder is coated an inch or more in thickness, when it can be removed by dividing it with a knife and peeling off as from an orange. It is then rolled up, and is ready for use or shipment. Fruit thus preserved has been taken to sea, and exposed in open boxes through the tropics both ways, without any injury to its preservation qualities or taste whatever. The utility of this machine is not restricted to the drying of fruit or berries, but any vegetable can be ground to a pulp, or any juice can be condensed in the most perfect manner. When it is desired to use the condensed fruit, a little water is added, and allowed to stand a short time, then cooked as fresh fruit, when it will contain almost its entire natural taste. The Hon W. P. Watson, President of the Oregon Agricultural Society, is joint owner, and contemplates visiting California shortly to introduce this machine to the fruit-growers of that state. One advantage it possesses over any other machine is that the size of the fruit is no object, as it will use small as well as large fruit. The only object is that the fruit should be ripe.

The following account of the Alden process has been specially contributed to the columns of an Australian journal, at the request of the writer of this work, conveyed through the journal, and is from the pen of a gentleman deputed by an Australian colony to America specially to note improvements in machinery, &c.:—

The pneumatic or Alden process may be briefly described as a method for maturing and preserving animal and vegetable substances in part through evaporation, and in part through chemical binding of their organic moisture, by exposing the same to a current of heated and humid air, increasing in humidity and decreasing in heat as the evaporation proceeds, the current of air moving in the same direction with the articles to be treated.

The principal part of the apparatus as described consists of a vertical chamber or shaft, 20 to 25 feet high, and 3 to 5 feet square, containing a series of frames, one above the other, four and one quarter inches apart, covered with wire netting, and moved upward all together by endless chains. The heating stove is placed under this chamber, from which currents of air, heated to any required temperature, pass up through and around the frames. On each frame is spread ten or twenty pounds of fruit; the lowest frame is first placed in the chamber directly over the heat at the bottom of the shaft, where it remains from two to six minutes. It is then moved up four and a quarter inches, and another frame of fruit is placed beneath it. At regular intervals, the whole series of frames are moved upward four and a quarter inches, and a fresh frame is put on beneath them, until the frames are all in, containing (if apples) 15 to 30 bushels of fruit. At this time, the shaft being full, one frame is taken off at the top, and another is put in at the bottom, at regular intervals, varying with the variety of the fruit treated, and the thickness of the slices or pieces. Each bushel of apples contains about forty pounds of water, which is seized by the ascending air, and passes with it up, through, and around the fruit as the moisture is taken gradually from it, enveloping it to the last in a cloud of vapor.

The pores of the fruit are thus kept open, free for the circulation and exit of vapour, until all the free water is removed, the remainder (16 per cent.) being held as hydrate. It is well known that fruit will not mature, ripen, or sweeten up in strictly dry weather, nor in cold wet weather. The Alden evaporated fruit follows the law of nature in this respect. It does not become, therefore, a dried fruit in the ordinary acceptation of that term, but it is preserved in its own concentrated juices, and will keep for years in any climate. The flavour is retained, and the development of glucose, or grape sugar, is perfect.

The best form of building for working three to five of the Alden evaporators, is a balloon-framed three-story building, about forty by thirty feet, twenty-eight feet high. The fruits vegetables, &c., are received, prepared (peeled, sliced, &c.,) and put into the evaporators on the floor, and passed upwards through the machines to the third floor, where they are removed and thrown down through openings to the second story to be packed.

In California, if a fruit-grower has an evaporator of his own he receives the following returns:—Of grapes suitable for the purpose into raisins, each ton will bring £11 at 5d. per lb for the raisins. The best varieties of grapes for making raisins are the muscat, the large, the seedless sultana. Currants made by the Alden process are very superior to the sun-dried Zante kind, and they are free from grit. Five evaporators will turn out 3000lb. of perfected raisins every 24 hours.

The usual price in California for one of the improved Alden evaporators is £200, including a very high royalty. If any responsible person is willing to enter into the business of making these evaporators, he should communicate with the "Alden Fruit Preserving Company of California," whose address is 126, Montgomery-street, San Francisco; and I am sure he can make most favourable arrangements. The invention has been patented in the Australian colonies.

RAISIN FOOD.

In Oriental countries where so much travelling is done by means of caravans over thousands of leagues of land, raisin food—being simply the ripe grape roughly dried and compressed—forms one of the chief sources of sustenance. Hardy Turkoman, Persian, Arab, and Afghan traders subsist on it, the meals generally consisting of a few dates, kishmish (raisins), and a little water. Nor is the ampler meal of any respectable Moslem at home considered complete without the usual plate of kishmish. Date food has gradually crept into the English market, and there is hardly a grocer without a supply of it. And it is possible that the tasteful raisin food may also be created by a good, though ordinary quality sold cheap. If an acre can produce so many thousands of pounds of raisins, [From 3000 lbs. to 30,000 lbs., see ante, Chapter II.,] there is no reason why the price of the article should not be very much lower than at present, and yet leave a handsome profit. Use and custom restrict the common consumption of a nutritive article of diet, and to borrow an idea from an Arab, alcohol itself is Arabic, and means the eye-enlightener, being a product of the laboratory of Arabian alchemists—or a Turkoman—may seem folly to an Englishman or an Australian. The pernicious, as well as filthy practices however, of smoking tobacco was obtained from dirty Indian savages, while the mild and useful properties of tea came to us from the despised "heathen Chinee." In tea, coffee, and dried fruits generally, we have borrowed from the East, why should we not also in raisin food.

RAISIN PICKLES.

These are either hot, or sweet, and are Indian preparations. They are made both in the same way, except that the hot has a handful of ground chillies (red pepper) added. The mode of preparation is as follows:—

Select fine plump raisins, wash them, and in every pound of hot spiced sugar syrup, put in a pound of raisins. Boil the raisins well in the syrup, then bottle with a due admixture of spices, sliced almonds, and pistachio nuts. This is the sweet pickle. For the hot, add a handful of ground dry chillies. The pickles are ready immediately for eating. It may also be mentioned here, that there is hardly one of the numerous highly-prized Indian chutneys into the composition of which raisins do not enter largely.

RAISIN SWEETMEAT.

The use of raisins in ordinary minces is well known: we propose, however, to place a purely Indian dish before our readers here, who must be rather tired of sweet minces from the confectioner's shop:—

Melt a pound of clarified butter in a saucepan on the fire. When the butter is sufficiently hot, put in a couple of tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir briskly till the flour begins to brown. Add a pound of spiced sugar syrup, and a pound of raisins, and stir about. The raisins must be previously washed and cleared of stones. Put out the mass then in shallow dishes, and let it stand to cool. A pint of milk may be added in the process with the effect of improving the flavour of the sweetmeat.

CONCLUSION.

We have ended our enumeration of the various uses to which the fruit of the vine can be applied, and its purity preserved, based upon scientific, historical, and experimental facts. We have seen it in its green, its ripe, and its dried state; and find that several of these uses are such that they may become popular, creating industries which may profit both the vine-grower and the seller of the made articles, and add to the economic wealth of a country. We have specially directed attention to pure, unfermented wines, and raisins, which both together are probably yet destined to take the place of fermented, alcoholic wine in the estimation of sober mankind. Some of the uses enumerated may be such as to merely gratify the palate; but consciously or unconsciously the gratification of the sense of taste is always very much sought after by the young, while others older are probably not much wiser in this respect. At all events, they can appreciate a really well-made dish, relish a condiment, and sip a sherbet. We would only urge a trial on a proper scale of most of these uses, being assured that they will prove profitable to all concerned in their production as well as consumption.

Not Jealous.

"Oh, Charlie, tell me true," she said,
And the golden head dropped low,
While a tremulous flush crept into her cheek,
Kissed by the firelight's glow—
Tell me, I shall not be jealous, dear,
Am I the first to fill your heart,
Or has another more lovely than I
Formed of your life a part?

"In the long ago, ere our lives had met,
It must have been. Come, confess.
'Tis no sin. Your share I freely forgive.
For her loss I'll make redress.
By added affection. Tell her name,
And the shade of her eyes and hair.
Why did you part? Did you feel regret?
Was her beauty dark or fair?"

"Dark, my love, but memory recalls
Its glow in the twilight haze
How it shone to comfort! In that old time
She was the light of my days.

"My nut-brown love! she'd have died for me
With her fragrant breath on my lips,
My soul grew calm as the busy world
Grows still 'neath the sun's eclipse.

Many lovers adored. She was kind to all.
You may guess how it ended—in smoke.
Fiery love burns slowly but surely away,
Its ashes 'twere sin to invoke.

'I met her yesterday on the street.
Grant me your pity, her balmy breath
Dead longing revived, but I thought of you
And fled as one flees from death.

"What! tears, my darling? Light of my home,
Don't shrink in the shadow so far.
You asked for the truth, which I frankly gave,
And you're jealous of my cigar."

ALICE DENISON.

Her Picture.

"What you looking at, gran'pa?" asked a bright, golden-haired little girl one morning.

'Her picture, lass.'

"What makes you look at gran'ma's picture so much? Can't you 'member how she looked when she was 'live?"

"Yes, lass, but it fades away; fades so quickly my heart is unsatisfied. I can see her in the picture here and look at her a long time."

"What makes you want to so much, gran'pa? The face is old and wrinkled—"

"No, no, lass! You don't see! The face is fair and round, and the roses come and go in her cheeks like they always did when I looked at her long."

"Why, gran'pa! Her cheeks are wrinkled and sunk in and—"

"What's the matter with thee, lass? Don't I know her face? I can see it as plain as the day I kissed it first in the orchard path long, long ago. Them's dimples you see in her cheeks, lass. Roguish dimples that always laugh to gladden the heart that sees them. And that rose in her hair—"

"Where, gran'pa? Let me see."

"There, on that side, lass, where the curls shine like gold."

"Why, gran'pa, it's all straight and gray—"

"No, no, lass. Don't I see them! They looked just that way when I first loved her, lass. They never changed. I saw them every day till she died, every day for fifty years, the same golden curls. When your mother was a wee babe she ... with them, lass, and fill her little fingers with the golden rings. Pretty rings, lass, prettier rings them golden curls made than ever a princess wore, my—"

"Prettier, than mine, gran'pa?"

"Prettier than anybody's. There never were any like hers before nor since, never anywhere. And when she, smiling as she do now—"

"Why, gran'pa, she ain't smiling. She's looking as straight—"

"There, there, lass; you don't see. I say when she was smiling as she is now, and the dimples danced and her eyes sparkled and she shook her queenly head, them golden curls would always fall like glittering rings, and she was beautiful as an angel—look at her now, lass."

"Why, gran'pa, she's just the same all the time. I'll go and ask mamma."

And she ran away to tell them, with great tears in her eyes, that grandpa said grandma hair in the old picture was prettier than hers.

They left him alone with her. To him she was never old. He sees the face of the long ago, the fairest of all to him.

He holds the picture so that the sunbeams will fall among the golden curls, and gazes with all of a lover's pride upon the vision of beauty. Unconsciously his hand brushes the picture as if stroking back one of the straying curls his fancy sees. He kisses it again and again, murmuring the fond love names, and whispering words no other on earth must hear. His heart is thrilled with the passion spell. His soul is free from the thrall of years and lives in its own immortal youth. The form that he knows so well, and the face that is fairest of all, have never changed in all the years to love's sweet idolatry.

The angel that smiles from the golden curls and the spirit that worships in dateless youth are joined in a heavenly mystery. Seeing not as mortals see, knowing not as mortals know, yet somewhere this side the eternal shore they wander on in a limitless way.

Scarlet Fever in the Cow.—Dr. James Cameron has reported the results of observations tending to show that cows may suffer from a peculiar, hitherto undescribed, infectious disease, and that consumers of milk of these cows may get scarlet fever. His attention was attracted to the subject by an outbreak of scarlet fever which occurred in a certain district in and near London. It was found that the families in which the fever appeared used the milk from a certain dairy, the cows of which were affected by the peculiar disease in question. The disease is not exactly a new one, being known to farmers as "sore teats," "blistered teats," etc., but its nature has not been recognized. In veterinary text-books it is spoken of as "erythema mammillarum." Dr. Cameron believes it to be a specific contagious affection occurring usually in the first instance among newly calved cows, and capable of being communicated to healthy cows by direct inoculation of the teats with virus conveyed by the hands of the cowman. The disease may continue from four to six weeks, and is characterized by general constitutional disturbance, a short initiatory fever, a dry, hacking cough, sometimes quickened breathing, sore throat in severe cases, discharges from the nostrils and eyes, an eruption on the skin round the eyes and hind quarters, vesicles on the teats and udder, alteration in the quality of the milk secretion, and well-marked visceral lesions.

As it is admitted, we believe, that scarlet fever may be disseminated by milk, the importance and interest of Dr. Cameron's observations are at once apparent.

Scarletina has been described by Professor Borlow as affecting the cow, but the clinical description given is more like that of purpura hæmorrhagica.—*Medical Record.*

Sketcher.

Tracing a Bank Note.

Some years ago I was a resident in New York. One day a gentleman who announced himself as the British consul at that port, entered my office, saying that he wished to speak with Mr. M.——.

"That is my name," I replied.

"Pardon me," said the consul, "but I was under the impression that Mr. M.——, whom I am desirous of seeing, was an older man than you are."

"Ah, it is my father, then you want. Unfortunately he is confined to the house by indisposition. Can you communicate to me the nature of your business, and it may be in my power to attend to it in his absence?"

"I am obliged to you," said the consul. "Well," he added after some slight hesitation, "I should like to speak to you in private for a few minutes, if convenient."

"Certainly."

Having showed the old gentleman into an inner room I requested him to be seated and waited for him to broach the matter concerning which he had come.

Without preface, the consul took out from a pocket book a twenty pound Bank of England note, handed it to me, and said,—

"I believe this note passed through your father's hands about two months ago."

"Very possibly," I replied, rather surprised at the question; "but I can ascertain for a certainty in a moment." Summoning a clerk I desired him to get me the rough cash-book. On looking over its pages I soon came across an entry regarding a Bank of England note, the amount, date and number of which corresponded with that before me. "I find," I said, "that this note was in my father's possession at the time you mention. But may I ask the object of your inquiry?"

"It is this: Some fourteen months since this note was abstracted from a letter posted at Glasgow for Aberdeen. Nothing was heard of the stolen money until five weeks ago when the note was stopped on the being paid into the Bank of England by a firm of private bankers. They stated that it had been received by one of their customers in the ordinary course of business, The customer, when applied to, said that it had been remitted to him by a Mr. M—— of New York. I have therefore been instructed by my government to trace, if possible, the note during the period it was in this country. Can you inform me from whom your father had it?"

"Easily," I said, referring to the book before me. "It was bought from a Mr. White, who has an exchange office in Wall-street. But I fear you will find it very difficult, if not quite impracticable, to carry the matter further, since it is the usage with brokers to buy English bank notes offered for sale without asking any questions, being aware that, even if they have been stolen, the innocent holder can legally enforce the cashing of them."

"That is true. I agree with you that it is most unlikely that Mr. White will be able to let me know who the person was from whom he bought the note; however, I shall call upon him without delay, since it is just possible that he may have it in his power to afford the information I seek."

Then, after thanking me for my courtesy in the matter, the consul took his leave, and presumed that I should hear nothing further concerning the matter.

Some months later, however, I was dining one day when the consul entered the room. Recognising me, he came over to the table at which I was seated and took a chair beside me. In the course of conversation he said:—

"You recollect the circumstance of my calling on you some time ago with respect to a stolen Bank of England note?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, after all, I was successful in tracing the note."

"How was that?" I enquired.

"When I left your office I went to that of Mr. White. He referred to his books and found that he had changed the note for the manager of one of the agencies of the Central railroad company. I then called upon the gentleman. He had no recollection of the indi... whom he had received the money, and, disappointed, I was leaving the establishment, when a clerk interposed, and, addressing his employer, said:—

"'Mr. Suydem, we had the note in question from a man who bought a through ticket for Chicago. He came in to inquire what was the fare that city. I told him. He said that he would go by our line, but that he must first change some English money at a broker's. I informed him that this was quite unnecessary, as I would take it in payment for his ticket at the current rate of exchange. To this he agreed, and thus the note came into our hands. Why I remember the transaction so clearly is that the man's name was a rather unusal one—Blenkiron, and I had to ask him how he spelled it. Mr. Blenkiron mentioned incidentally that he was going west to fill a situation in a large manufacturing establishment, but he did not mention the nature of the business nor the name of firm which had engaged him."

"Furnished with these particulars," continued the consul, "I met the difficulty of putting myself in communication with the man in this way. I wrote to him, stating the information I sought, and addressed my letter to him at the Poste Restante, Chicago. At the same time I caused advertisements to be inserted in two of the leading daily newspapers in that city, notifying Mr. Blenkiron that there was a letter for him at the head post office. Well, some days afterwards I had a reply to my communication, informing me that the writer had received the bank-note from an uncle in Bombay, whose address he gave me. This information I forwarded to the postal authorities in England on whom, of course, devolved the duty of pursuing all further inquires with respect to the matter, and for some little time thereafter I heard nothing more about the business. However, subsequently I learned the sequel of it. The Mr. Blenkiron resident in Bombay, when communicated with, stated that the note had been sent to him by a merchant in Glasgow. That merchant had received it from a tradesman in the same place; that individual in his turn, had taken it from a clerk in one of the branch post-offices in that city, in payment of his account. Thus, finding, the theft of the money having been brought home to the clerk in question, he was duly tried and convicted of the offense."

This was the consul's story, which struck me as rather curious one. It is said, with justice, that the strength of a chain is simply the strength of its weakest link. In this case some of the links of the chain of circumstances which had rendered it possible to trace the people through whose hands the stolen banknote had passed had been of the slightest, and had threatened on more than one occasion to part. Yet, by a concurrance of purely fortuitous events, they had not done so; but, on the contrary the chain had held together so strongly as to bring an offender to justice after so long a period had elapsed since the commission of the crime that the criminal doubtless supposed himself quite safe from detection.

The first African city lighted by electricity was not Algiers or Cairo, but Kimberley, with forty-two Brush lamps, each of 2000 candle-power. The current is also utilised there for the killing of dogs, a step suggesting the execution of death sentences by the same means, as proposed in America and in France by M. Charson, a member of the Senate.

Apricot Cream.—Stew twelve canned apricots with half a pound of sugar, strain through a sieve and let them cool. Mix them with half a glass of water. Pass this mixture again through the sieve and add sugar if it is not sweet enough; pour it into a mould and heat it by placing it in a pan filled with boiling water. Serve in custard cups.

Science.

Drying up of Siberian Lakes.

The rapid drying up of lakes in the Aral-Caspian depression, in so far as it appears from surveys made during the last hundred years, is the subject of a very interesting and important paper contributed by M. Yadrintseff to the last issue of the *Izvestia* of the St. Petersburg Geographical Society Two maps, which will be most welcome to physical geographers, accompany the paper. One of them represents the group of lakes Sumy, Abyshkan, Moloki, and Tchany, in the Governments of Tobolsk and Tomsk, according to a survey made in 1784. The other represents the same lakes according to three different surveys made during our century, in 1813 to 1820, in 1850 to 1860, and finally in 1880, and it shows thus the rapid progress of drying up of these lakes. There are also earlier maps of Lake Tchany, which represent it as having very many islands (Pallas estimated their number at seventy), but they are not reliable. As to the map of 1784, no cartographer, accustomed to distinguish "nature-true" maps from fancy ones, would hesitate in recognising it as quite reliable as to its general features. It is also fully confirmed by the ulterior detained surveys dating from the beginning of our century. It appears from this series of four maps, dating from different periods, that the drying up has gone on at a speed which will surely appear astonishing to geographers. The group of lakes consisted of three large lakes—Sumy, Abyshkan, and Tchany, with a smaller lake, Moloki, between the two latter. Lake Tchany (the largest of the three) has much diminished in size, especially in its eastern and southern parts; but the greatest changes have gone on in the other lakes. Whole villages have grown on the site formerly occupied by Lake Moloki, which had a length of twenty miles at the end of last century, and now is hardly three miles wide. Of Lake Abyshkan, which had a length of forty miles from north to south, and a width of seventeen miles in the earlier years of this century, and whose surface was estimated at 530 square miles, only three small ponds have remained, the largest of them being hardly one mile and a half wide. The drying up has been going on with remarkable rapidity. Even twenty-five years ago there were several lakes ten and eight miles long and wide, where there are now but little ponds. Lake Tchebakly, which was represented in 1784 as an oval forty miles long and thirty miles wide, has an elongated irregular shape on the map of the beginning of our century; it measures, however, still forty miles in length, and its width varies from seven to twenty miles; while several small lakes to the east of it show its former extension. Thirty years later we find in the same place but a few small lakes, the largest of which hardly has a length and width of three miles; and now, three small ponds, the largest of them having a width of less than two miles, are all that remain of a lake which covered about 550 square miles a hundred years ago. The same process is going on throughout the lakes of West Siberia, and throughout the Aral-Caspian depression. No geologist doubted upon, but we cannot but heartily thank M. Yadrintseff for having published documents which permit to estimate the rapidity of the process.

P. K.

"Can Imagination Kill?"

This is, perhaps, hardly the correct form of question that the *British and Colonial Druggist* puts to itself in discussing the death of the young woman at Hackney under circumstances in which Keating's insect powder largely figured. As the powder appears by Dr. Tidy's experiments to be perfectly harmless, the suggestion is not unnaturally made that the deceased, who was possibly of a hysterical, highly imaginative turn of mind, took the powder in the full belief that by its means her death might be accomplished. The writer of the article in our contemporary, we think wrongly, brings forward two remarkable instances of what may be regarded as practicable jokes with melancholy terminations. In the case of the convict delivered up to the scientist for the purpose of a psychological experiment (the man was strapped to a table and blindfolded, ostensibly to be bled to death; a siphon containing water was placed near his head, and the fluid was allowed to trickle audibly into a vessel below it, at the same time that a trifling scratch with a needle was inflicted on the culprits neck; it is said that death occurred at the end of six minutes), fear must have played no inconsiderable share in the fatal result, and we do not know whether all the vital organs were in sound condition, though they were presumably so. The old story of the case of a college porter is also one in point. The students entrapped him into room at night, a mock inquiry was held, and the punishment of death by decapitation decreed for his want of consideration to the students. It is small wonder that, under the dominion of fear and belief in the earnestness of his tormentors, the sight of an axe and block, with subsequent blindfolding and necessary genuflexion, a smart rap with a wet towel on the back of his neck should have been followed by the picking up of a corpse.—*Lancet.*

With reference to the recent catastrophe by which the King of Bavaria and his physician lost their lives, *Science* notes that Dr. Gudden is a sad loss to science, for he was one of the most noted authorities in the sphere of nervous and mental diseases. He has also been at the head of a laboratory in which investigations of the fine anatomy of the brain, spinal cord, and sense-organs have been carried on. He has given his name to a manner of studying the connections of the nervous system, which is as ingenious as it has proved fruitful of results. His method consists in extirpating a sense-organ or other part of an animal when young, and then allowing the animal to grow up. At death the animal is examined, and the fibres which have failed to develop will thus be marked out as the paths of connection between the extirpated sense-organ and the brain-centre. For many years he had been at work on the problem as to the mode of connection between the retina and the brain, but his results are not yet before the public.

A conference was held by the National Fish Culture Association recently at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Sir Albert K. Rollitt, M. P., presided. The chairman, in delivering the presidential address, stated that the Association had made a great impression upon the public as to the necessity for remedial, protective, and other measures in the interest of our fishing industries and population. The Association was doing work which many other nations and colonies thought it expedient and economical to do upon a much larger and more expensive scale. He therefore thought the public ought to support it liberally in order to enable it to carry out the work which could not be left undone without serious danger to one of the greatest industries of this country. Mr. Oldham Chambers then read a paper upon "Carp Culture," which was followed by the Rev. C. J. Steward with a paper upon "Marine Temperatures and their Influence upon Fishs," and Mr. Willis-Bund with a paper upon "The Influence of the Weather upon the Migration of Fish." After the several papers had been fully discussed, the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman for presiding.

A Pair of electric eels (*Gymnotus electricus*) arrived the other day at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition Aquarium from British Guiana, but have since unfortunately died. They were very fine specimens, and measured 4½ inches in length, their normal size being 6 feet. They require a temperature of 75 deg., and provided the water is maintained at this standard they will live and thrive in captivity. The water should not be too deep, and must be kept clean.

Ladies' Column.

Woman's Opportunities.

A number of years ago a popular song was in vogue, the spirit of which may still survive the wreck of time: "Why don't the men propose?"

The statistics of the Old Bay State Commonwealth answer why a hundred thousand more or less of the male sex make no matrimonial offers, simply because that amount represents the excess of feminine over the masculine gender; and when it is considered that many of the latter remain bachelors through inability, or other causes, to support a wife, the number swells to greater proportions.

What woman is there who can tell whether she will be numbered with this hundred thousand who cannot be wived? The question, then, is a very important one to all women, young or old, especially to those of a larger mental calibre, who loathe and abhor dependence.

"How we can acquire the heart of bread-winning, retaining the feminine graces of character distinguishing the true woman, and still compete successfully with the male sex?"

There are a certain portion, however, who feed their souls on "trifles light as air," whose aspirations never arise above dress and beaux, who will vainly stretch their eyes to look into the future for the ships that too often fail to come in.

"No lover at all had the maiden gay,
She wore no engagement ring;
But she bought a fiddle and learned to play
And thus had a bow on the string."

But what feeling, sympathetic heart is not touched when a young woman bravely essays to break the shackles of dependence, and strives to win in the battle of life, even under adverse circumstances. One of these inquiring minds thus unburdens her heart in an influential New York city journal, as follows:

"You will become a public benefactor to many an ill-paid woman, or some younger woman, who is just starting in life to earn her own living, to answer the following questions: Are not lithography, modelling in clay or wax, wood-carving, chasing in gold and silver, easily learned, and profitably pursued by women? Are there no public colleges for teaching these and other fine arts? Does the Cooper Institute teach any of them? Are there no charitable boarding-houses in New York or Brooklyn, where respectable women may board gratis, or for a small sum, while learning a trade or profession? I should like to know how long a time it would take for a person of average capacity to perfect herself in these or kindred arts and what wages may be earned in any of them."

These queries are copied because they sound the key note to the whole subject. It is unnecessary to say that no colleges or cheap boarding-houses exist specially to assist women, young or old, in the general sense. No royal road to learning is opened up in this particular highway to favor the feminine toiler; but on the contrary, while these questions are in a transition state, she may expect less wages for the same work done, be hissed and hooted in the dissection room by the male students, and in all callings were the young men are crowded to the wall, (as for instance in the dry goods trade,) opposition and abuse from the interested parties must be met bravely and persistently to the end.

There is no escape from this conviction, therefore, that women, young or old, must be self-reliant, must endure greater trials, must cultivate greater firmness of character, than males, to achieve success under the present circumstances. First of all, she must maintain at all hazards the innate delicacy of true womanhood. She should give long and earnest thought to that pursuit in life most congenial, but fitted to her individual care, and then, with unyielding, patient persistence pursue it to the end. Then, again, there is another mental quality—too little cultivated by either sex—and that is, the art of pleasing; but as woman labors under adverse circumstances, the advantages are of greater moment—indeed, its power when rightly wielded is incalculable. Where this subtle, wondrous power is made to be felt, the features of a plain face are transformed into angelic sweetness and beauty, so potent that all yield to its sway. If she maintains the integrity of true womanhood through all the intoxicating adulation that follows this irresistable accomplishment, it is difficult to say to what she may not aspire. There are other necessary mental qualities, such as self-possession, and self-control, that are of sterling value—perhaps more difficult of attainment with feminine than with the masculine character, because their impulses are stronger and are more lacking in the practical experiences of life.

What are the opportunities for the one or two hundred thousand women that must remain necessarily single? The answer is that one or two hundred thousand situations are waiting to be filled, as we hope to show in a future paper; but at present suffice it to say, that the application, nor the labor of preparation, can be alone by proxy. Young women may associate together, and form themselves the cheap boarding-house, if necessary; they may substitute for the college course the practical duties of the trade or profession; nay, more, they may claim the same compensation as the male sex for the same work done, if they bide their time. Business men pursue their calling on strictly business principles, paying the market value for labor, *pro tempore*, and thus it is put beyond the power of employer or employe to determine the price for that labor.

There are some vocations more appropriate to the gentler than the sterner sex. Who questions the fitness of the female medical practitioner—with the exception of the disgruntled male student—to attend profession; ally their own sex? But where—save a scattered few—are the practitioners? Who doubts that woman looks as graceful behind a dry goods counter as a flippant, masculine youth? These and kindred questions are suggestive, and prompt the enquiry, does not an advancing civilization, a higher, nobler humanity, demand a reform? As before remarked, the writer will endeavour to point out in a plain, practical way the opportunities that await the earnest seeker.

DAVID W. HEYWOOD.

RECIPES.

Macaroni and Tomato.—If you wish to prepare a quart dish for your table, fill your dish about a third full of macaroni; put it in a saucepan and cover with plenty of boiling water to allow for swelling, and boil twenty minutes to half an hour; it must be soft but quite whole; drain off all the water; stir in a piece of butter the size of a small egg and a small cup of grated cheese, and place in your dish; strain over it a quart of well-stewed tomatoes while hot, and bake half an hour, or until brown; salt and season tomatoes to taste before adding macaroni.

Cold Slaw.—Put three teaspoonfuls of vinegar in a saucepan with a little salt and pepper; beat two eggs very light and mix with a tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of ground mustard. Set the vinegar on the stove and when it boils stir in the mixture, adding half a cup of milk. Cook for two minutes, stirring constantly. Pour the sauce over shred cabbage and let it become cold before serving.

Cabbage Salad.—Shave a hard, white cabbage into small strips; take the yolks of three well-beaten eggs, a cup and a half of good cider vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of thick cream, one teaspoonful of mustard mixed in boiling water, salt and pepper to suit the taste. Mix all but the eggs together and let it boil; then stir in the eggs, rapidly turn the cabbage into the mixture, and stir well. Make enough for two days at once, and it keeps perfectly, and is an excellent relish for all kinds of meat.

Humor.

The Glove of Fantasy.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

I found and pocketed her glove that on the floor laid as I entered. Sweet relic of the one I love, on whom my thoughts are always centred

A chrysalis from which has flown her perfect palm, her finished fingers; an odor that is all its own, so faint and fine, about it lingers.

Shield of a hand I wish were mine! I gaze upon it every minute, and hold it with a clasp divine, as if that little hand was in it.

And then I dream that hand is there, and breathe my vows of loving fervor; the fealty of my heart I swear, and that I only live to serve her.

With life 'tis almost animate, and every dimple in it's moulded—the dimpled hand, I'm grieved to state, that never in my own lay folded!

I bless the kid that lived and died that it might yield this pliant leather to clothe the hand for which I've sighed and shield it from the sun and weather.

I take it with me as I go to call upon her; she greets me kindly, and now this precious glove I show and tell her that I love it blindly.

She looks upon it with surprise. I give the glove an endless kissing. She opens wide both mouth and eyes, "Why that's the glove our black girl's missing!"

Dog-day Rhymes.

BY HOLLIS W. FIELD.

Blow me a breeze from the frigid zone;
Send me a zephyr, a young cyclone,
Straight from the region of summer snows,
Northward from where the cashier goes.

Blow me a breeze from the icy wold
Under the pole star bright and cold,
Where the walrus wears the thickest of hides
And the polar bear on the iceberg rides.

Blow me a breeze from the Greenland mount,
From where ice creams aren't things that count
On the bill of fare, and the Esquimaux
Slips and slides o'er the ice and snow.

But the weather vane points to the torrid belt,
And a man can do nothing but melt, melt,
While he sits in the sunset's after glow
And longs for the season of Beautiful Snow.

Why Should It Be.

The good, the beautiful and true
Have passed away with regret,
But the fellow who slaps you on the back
Has never been shot dead yet.

The hand of death has been laid upon
Kind hearts, that have ceased to throb,
But the man who has been everywhere
Keeps the sexton out of a job.

We miss the man whose hand was warm,
Whose words were full of hope,
But the man who is always hanging around
Is yet unhung to a rope.

We mourn the man of benevolence,
Whose presence brought a thrill,
While the man who says, "I told you so,"
He lives to say it still.

The warrior brave, his deeds are o'er,
Which bards have praised and sung,
Still the man who talks all your buttons off
Yet wags the same old tongue.

The queens, whose fame is earth's heritage,
Are gone, and the nations grieve,
But the woman who enters the church always late
Will be the last to take leave.

The sages of the past are fled,
But their influences we trace,
While the man whose word is, "Isn't it hot?"
Has not gone to a hotter place.

O the good, the beautiful and the brave
Have laid them down their lives.
But the man who can teach an editor much
Gets the shot picked out and survives.

—*Tid-Bits.*

The cashier of a business place had occasion to leave his desk one day, and he called the son of the proprietor, who was at work in another department, to take his place for an hour or two, and instructed him about how to make entries in the cash book, in case any money came in, the receipts on one side and disbursements on the other. The boy's father came in and wanted two dollars, which the son gave him, and when the cashier came back he found an entry in the cash book. On one side was this: "Took in two dollars from a granger with his pants tucked in his boots." The cashier looked at the scrawl in the book and then at the cash drawer, and said, "Well, where's the two dollars?" The boy thought a minute, took a pencil and wrote on the other side of the book: "Pa collared the two dollars." The cashier sighed, and the boy said, "Well, it balances, don't it? What more do you want?"—*Peck's Sun.*

So Acquisitive.—"See here," called out the bar-keeper, "you haven't paid for that drink!" "True," replied the gentleman, who was modestly retiring through the door edgewise, "true, I did not. It is a habit into which I have fallen in my advancing years. It is the last infirmity of noble acquisitive minds to absorb more than they give out." So saying, he gently but hastily closed the door just in time to receive upon its resounding panels a bung starter, lemon squeezer, ice pick, two beer glasses and a decanter. "What promptness and what unanity," said the gentleman, pausing to dry his lips with an absent cuff "That bar-tender must be a human Gatling."

Shorly after after the imposing parade of the G. A. R., a veteran with a homesick look in his eye, was seen leaning against a building on Kearny-street.

"Are you sick?" inquired a sympathetic passer.

"No; not very. I'm only suffering with pharyngitis."

"From hurrahing for General Sherman?"

"No."

"Logan?"

"No."

"Singing 'The Star Spangled Banner'?"

"No."

Declaiming Fred. Emerson Brooks' poems?"

"No! NO!! NO!!!"

"From what then?"

"Drinking bonanza punches, sir."

When She Spoke.—She was a sweet-faced blue-eyed young girl with great waves of golden hair brushed carefully back from a noble looking, snow white brow. Her ruby lips were full and sweet. Innocence itself was in her great blue eyes. Fair and sweet was she in all the purity and guilelessness of fresh young womanhood.

Two young men have long been watching her with eager interest. Her glorious beauty has enthralled them.

"What a superb girl!" said one. "Never was lily fairer! How I would love to hear her speak. No 'sweet bells jangled' could be like words she must utter with lips like those and a face like that."

She spoke. A friend came down the aisle, and said earnestly:

"A cold day, Miss D——."

The full reds lips parted slowly, the beautiful head turned with superb grace, a smile of seraphic sweetness illuminated the noble features, soft and sweet and low was her artless answer:

"Well, I should smirk to twitter! Cold aint no name for it."

he almighty dollars about in this fashion; and besides, charity always begins at home.

Yours to command,

TOMAHAWK.

[If there are no local *amateurs*, for an entertainment, professional assistance may be called into requisition. We believe there is only a difference of £2 between the cost of the imported article and that produced locally, and perhaps it is a matter of opinion which is the better of the two. But our correspondent has touched the right chord in saying that money is being sent out of the town, and with his sentiments we entirely agree.—ED.]

SOCIAL CONDITIONS OF THE CONGO.

The Naples correspondent of the "Daily News" writes:—

In a series of letters on the Congo, Dr. Zinkgraf contrasts the use made by the Latin races of their almost despotic ascendancy over the negroes of the Congo with that made of the same power by the Germanic races. While in the Dutch factories, where hundreds of negroes are employed, all commands are quietly given and as quietly obeyed, and also in the French factory of Hotton and Cookson at Kabinda, the Latin races, French and Portuguese, on the contrary, have constant recourse to the whip. The difference rests in the better understanding of the negro character possessed by the Germanic races. They treat the negroes with strict justice, and do not, like the French, look upon them as mere black things; nor, like the Portuguese, as the plaything of the moment's humour. The longer my stay on the Lower Congo," says Dr. Zinkgraf, "the sadder was the impressions I received in seeing those Europeans using the whip every moment, and behaving in a truly brutal manner. Blows and kicks, pushing of hands under copying presses, to extort confession of some misdeed, whippings almost to death, and often to life-time crippling—all this I have seen often enough. And yet the man who practised such cruelties could be most amiable and attentive to their white brethren, and were always, as one says, gentlemanlike. In their excuse they were accustomed to say that such treatment of the negroes was in harmony with the views of Congo society, and that a lengthened residence on the coast rendered the nerves of Europeans so irritable that it was difficult to maintain self-control when dealing with a race so low in the scale of humanity as the Congo negroes. It will be the chief task of the Etat Independent du Congo to decree laws that will fix the social condition of the negro, and protect him against the rude excesses of his masters. I am quite against the common idea that nothing but cruel whipping, such as draws blood or cripples for life, is considered punishment by the negroes, who would quite as easily be kept in order by solitary confinement, which they hate, or by hard labor, which last means a correction is recommendable from the economical point of view."

Dr. Zinkgraf also enters into the missionary question. He thinks the success of the missionaries in these regions extremely small. The most they have to show in their schools is a negro of more modest behavior, speaking some European language fluently, able to read and write, and rather more worthy of trust than his black brethren, not because he has become a "true Christian," but because he has acquired some knowledge of morality and the principles of truth and justice, which things are the foundations of civilisation, and have no special need of a Divine revelation. By work the negro is brought to this knowledge. It is a work which teaches him his his personal value and the aim of his existence. "This method is far more practicable than an education which relies principally on spiritual means, and is resorted to by the French Catholic missionaries, while the last-mentioned is the method of the English Protestants. The Catholic education tends to accustom to regular and earnest work, and to acquire knowledge which he can turn to practical account, securing to him a position above his idle companions. The English missionaries are apt to think themselves better than others because they consider schools and prayer of the highest importance. I do not wish to criticise these men—they desire to do good from conviction—but I believe that outer form is with them too prominent, and they are quite content if only their school-children can only say a great many verses. To them the negro is too much the 'Christian brother,' with all the pretensions of such a one, and is won by gifts and a comfortable life. A Catholic missionary at Saint Salvador told me that he dare not make his school-children work, because they did not do so in the English mission, and if he insisted on it the children would naturally prefer the English. But in the other Catholic missions the children are kept strictly to work and accustomed to obedience, so that their relations to the whites is more or less that of the negroes in general, while the English missionaries treat them more like pets. The Catholic missionary, well educated and possessing much knowledge of mankind, teaches his religion practically and agreeably to circumstances; while the English missionary, who has often filled a sub-ordinate position in Europe, and is not well educated, revels too much in a constant intoxication of devotion. As to the success of the missionaries in general, it must be said that, considering the sacrifices made and the means employed, it is very small . . . though the missionaries themselves, who look upon their children with the eye of a loving father, may perhaps feel justified in thinking otherwise. But it is not to be supposed that, in the coast districts and in the regions where the negroes have long associated with Europeans, and have been spoiled by them, their social position will ever be changed and improved by the missionaries alone. . . . Before the negroes are capable of adopting the Christian religion truly and with result, their whole nature must have changed, and this can only be brought about by their being kept to physical labor under energetic guidance, so that they may come to acknowledge its value." Dr. Zinkgraf considers the members of the new Congo State to be the men destined to have a true and lasting influence on the social condition of the negroes, which "will be affected not only by the laws of the new state, but also by the new European element that will be brought into the country."

THE ONE THING THAT DID NOT CHANGE.

The Rev. (or Father Daniel, as he was called) was a life-long pastor of a Congregational Church in Massachussets. He was a man of great sobriety of deportment, yet was noted for dry humor, which though chiefly exercised in private, sometimes cropped out in public. His people were fond of him, and when the fiftieth year of his ministry was completed made a grand celebration in honor of the event. He preached a sermon on the occasion, In this sermon he made an extensive review of the half-century that had passed since his ordination. He spoke first of the changes he had witnessed in the town. Then there was one house that had a carpet, no house that had a piano, or even so much as a melodian, etc., etc. Next he spoke of changes in the State, illustrating in a variety of ways the contrast between the Massachussetts of the former times and the Massachussetts of the present. Then he spoke of the country in the same strain, and finally of the world, showing how fifty years had in the cases of both wrought wonderful transformations. 'But,' he added, 'there is one thing my dear friends, that has not changed—that through all these fifty years gone by has been the same. Empires, as I have described, have risen and fallen; kings have been born, and reigned, and are dead; great men have had their day, and passed from the stage, to be succeeded by other great men who in their turn have sunk from view. There is one thing, I repeat, that has not changed' (pause and stillness) 'and that is my salary. It was six hundred dollars fifty years ago; it is six-hundred dollars now.—*Harper's Weekly Magazine.*

EUROPEAN ITEMS.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has decided to spend a week in Ireland in April.

The *Times* one morning stated that Port Hamilton, Corea, has been evacuated by the British.

The staff of Rear-Admiral Fairfax, who is to succeed Admiral Tyron in the command of the British squadron on the Australian naval station, will consist of Captain Hammill, Lieutenant Seymour E. Erskine, and Mr. Pawsey as secretary.

Mr. Whiffen, the official liquidator for the Commercial Bank of South Australia, hopes to pay the English creditors of the bank a dividend of at least 18s in the pound within a fortnight.

The Rev. Dr. Dale and Mr. Henry Spicer sail for Australia in July to represent the Congregational body of Great Britain at the jubilee of Congregationalism in South Australia.

The Day Dawn Block (Charters Towers) Company is about to issue 40,000 fresh shares, to enable it to purchase the interests of the Day Dawn Freehold Extended Company.

Any further decline in wheat was arrested in Monday's market. Mr. Kains Jackson, a leading authority on crops, gives twelve reasons for expecting that still higher prices will be obtained.

The Irish National League is forcing the tenants of Glenbeigh, County Kerry, to refuse to pay the lenient terms offered them by the landlords.

Canada is not at all excited by the menaces and blustering of the New York press with regard to the fisheries dispute. The Canadian journals ridicule the action of the United States Senate in connection with the bill empowering the President to take steps for the protection of American fishermen.

The Bourses of Paris and Vienna are recovering from the panic caused by the recent war rumors.

The colonial wool sales have been opened when Messrs. C. Balmie and Co. and Helmuth Schwartze and Co. offered 8,000 bales at auction. The auction room was crowded, and the mean competing prices were 10 per cent. above the December closing rates. The total quantity available for the present series is 245,000 bales. The shipments by the Hankow, Aberdeen, Tongariro, and Shannon have been admitted, but the shipment by the venger has been excluded.

The applicants for space at the Adelaide Jubilee Exhibition are satisfied with the positions allotted to them.

The Argentine Republic has appointed an official representative in connection with the Exhibition.

The Australian Wine Importers' Company promoted by Messrs. W. B. Collyns and Co., Etheridge goldfield, Queensland, the capital of which is L120,000, have exceeded the amount required. The shares are now being allotted.

The Conquering Hero (Coromandel goldfield, New Zealand) Gold-mining Company, which was recently projected with a capital of L75,000 has been withdrawn from the market.

Representatives of the German Government have been quietly making large purchases of Australian preserved meat in London. They have completely cleared the market, including all shipments on the way.

The French Government have bought five thousand pounds of preserved meat in Chicago.

The German Government have informed Holland that Germany has acquired the sovereignty of the Solomon Islands, North of the Anglo-German boundary line.

Germany is purchasing new territory from the natives. The sale of arms and alcoholic spirits in the islands is forbidden.

Sir John M'Donald, the Prime Minister of Canada, speaking with reference to the recent action of the United States Senate on the fisheries question, declared that Canada would adhere to her legal rights if she had the support of England.

The Arab chief Ras-Aloula is menacing the Abyssinian port of Massowah with a force of 35,000 men. He hesitates, however, to attack the town.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has asked a number of gentlemen to start a voluntary subscription list in the colonies for the purpose of raising funds for the Imperial Institute.

'I know,' said a little girl to her eldest sister's young man, at the supper-table, 'that you will join our Society for the Protection of Little Birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks.'

AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

One cold, stormy night, about twenty-five years ago, a tremendous ringing was heard at the door of the good Dr. J., just as he had composed himself to sleep after an usually busy and fatiguing day.

On opening the door, a man appeared outside evidently greatly agitated in mind.

"Doctor," said he, "I want you to come to our house just as quick as you can. Our little gal is awful sick. I dunno but she'll die. She has swallowed a brass thimble, at least we think that is what's the matter. The thimble's lost and she is dreadful sick. You'll come at once, won't you, doctor?"

"Where do you live?" queried Dr. J.

"Lord! I s'posed you'd know me," was the reply. "I live over on the hill beyond Squire Benton's. It's about four miles over there."

The kind doctor hastily dressed, and ordering his horse, prepared to face the storm. The road to Tim Jones' was a very bad one, and the horse, already tired, seemed little disposed to enter upon the journey with spirit. A dismal and tedious hour passed before the doctor, benumbed with cold and almost exhausted, drove into Tim Jones' yard. There was no friendly light at any of the windows. All was darkness and silence. With some difficulty the doctor succeeded in fastening his horse in a shed, and made his way to the door through the muddy yard, hoping to find a comfortable fire inside, by which he might prepare himself to endure the ride home.

No answer was given to his knock, and while he waited in the blustering wind and sleet upon the doorstep, he began to think there might be some mistake about the house, when suddenly a window was raised, and, a voice said:

"Oh, doctor, is that you? Well, they found the thimble afore I got home, and the gal seems well enough now. She's asleep, and it's a pity to wake her. I guess she's all right. I 'spose there isn't no use yer coming in. The fires out and we've all just gone to bed."

The doctor turned to unfasten his horse and take his weary way home. Just as he was driving from the yard the window opened again, and Tim's voice was heard shouting:

"Hallo, doctor! see here, you won't charge me nothin', will yer, seein' yer didn't come in."

The reflections of the doctor as he drove home may be imagined. Certainly it is bad enough to imagine disease where it does not exist, without making others the victims of our imagination.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Letters, newspapers, &c., are lying at the Beaufort Post-office for James Bygraves, Mr. Baxter, Jas. G. Brebner, Mr. B. Conor, Mr. Mr. Curk, Miss Campbell, Jos. Dawson, Jas. Dunn, John Gobbie, C. Lillies, J. W. Miller, Mary Maibacher, A. McPherson, H. Ramsay, Mr. Russell, John Roycroft, R. Sanderson, Chas. Symes, M. A. Thompson, James Thompson, D. Tudderham, F. W. Vance, Mr. Woodburn, Joseph Whitfield.

ANVICE 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.

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.

DENTISTRY.

MR. BELLING,

Surgeon-Dentist,

LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT,

BEGS to inform the residents of Beaufort and the surrounding District that he may be CONSULTED the FIRST THURSDAY IN EACH MONTH, at Mr. TAYLOR'S, Chemist (late A. Andrews), Neill Street. Mr. Belling brings with him all the latest improvements for the painless extraction of teeth; also, he can guarantee the fitting of ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon his principle NOT TO BE SURPASSED.

Decayed Teeth filled with pearl enamel cement, rendering them sound and perfect.

NEXT VISIT—

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3RD, 1887.

3m.Ap.30.87.

H. DE BAERE,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,

(Major Examination, Vict.)

DESIRES to intimate to the residents of Beaufort and district that he has secured the PREMISES ADJOINING THOSE RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY MR. A. ANDREWS, which he is having fitted up in the most modern style, and intends to plenish with an entire new stock of Drugs and Chemicals; also, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of PATENT MEDICINES, HAIR, TOOTH, and NAIL BRUSHES, and PERFUMERY.

See future advertisement.

3m.Ap.23.87.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

DENMAN MASON has pleasure in announcing that he has taken the premises in Havelock Street, Beaufort, lately occupied by Mr. William Noles, where he keeps a First-class Supply of Cigars, Tobacco, Toys, Confectionery, Fruit, Fancy Goods, &c.

Berlin Wool, Crewel Silk, and Beads keptin stock.

HOT PIES, with tea or coffee, always ready for country visitors.

A fair share of public patronage is requested by Mr. Mason, which he hopes to merit by supplying a good article at a reasonable price

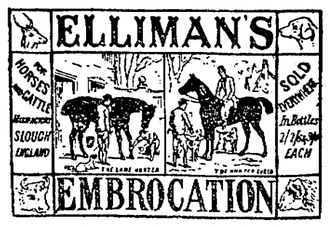
DR. NOLAN

WISHES to inform the residents of Beaufort an district that he now permanently resides i Willoughby street, Beaufort, at the rear of the Shir Hall, where he may be consulted at all hours

FOR SALE,

HAY, Corn, and Produce Business, Machinery and Premises. Principals only. Apply to HARRIS and TROY.

NO ENGLISH STABLE IS CONSIDERED COMPLETE WITHOUT



For Sprains, Curbs, and Splints when Forming.
For Over-Reaches, Chapped Heels, Wind Galls.
For Rheumatism in Horses.
For Sore Throats and Influenza.
For Broken Knees, Bruises, Capped Hocks.
For Sore Shoulders, Sore Backs.
For Foot Rot, and Sore Mouths in Sheep and Lambs.
For Sprains, Cuts, Bruises in Dogs.

SPECIMEN TESTIMONIALS.

From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.

"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1. 1879.

"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I think it very useful. RUTLAND, "Master of Belvoir Hunt."

"Castle Weir, Kington, Herefordshire, "Dec. 3rd, 1878.

"Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in my stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for lumbago and rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.

"R. H. PRICE, Lieut-Col., Master of Radnorshire Hunt."

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION,

Sold by Chemists, Stores, and Saddlers, Price, 2s

12m.D.31.87.

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.

A Chance for the Working Classes of Victoria, and all who wish to Save or Make Money.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

LAVERTON,

THE NEW

AND

Model Suburb of Melbourne.

ALLOTMENTS

£10 & £15 each.

[illegible] per Lot on Deposit.

Balance, 5s. per Lot per Month,

With Interest at 6 per Cent.

Free Deeds to Buyers of 5 lots, and an eleventh lot given into buyers of 10 lots as well as Free Deeds.

Cost of deeds to buyers of any number of lots less than 5, only £2 10s in all.

Title, Crown Certificate, the best in the world and the only title beyond all dispute.

As Land at Laverton is rising in value every day, the Vendors see that consequently the payments are sure to be kept up, and that they will run no risk in giving the very easiest terms which can possibly be desired. They have therefore decided to offer terms which have never before been equalled in the world, viz.:—

5s. per Lot Deposit,

Balance, 5s. per Lot per Month.

As the Price of all Unsold Lots is shortly to be raised to £15 and £20 each, selection should be made at once.

REMEMBER

LAVERTON

IS

Only thirty minutes' by Train from Melbourne,

AND IN THE

Centre of the manufacturing district.

We guarantee that Allotments at Laverton are safer than any Bank, and will pay better Interest.

Send for Plan and full information to

STAPLES, WISE & CO.

111 ELIZABETH STREET.

2m.J.30.87.

Spring Goods.

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.

Are now showing their LARGE SHIPMENT of SPRING GOODS, consisting of—

BLACK and COLORED CASHMERES

DRESS MATERIALS, Newest Shades

LACES RIBBONS COLLARS and CUFFS

DOLMANS STAYS PRINTS ZEPHYRS

CANVAS CLOTH CALICOES SHEETINGS

SHIRTINGS FLANNELS, Etc., Etc.

Do not fail to inspect our SPLENDID STOCK of MILLINERY, which is the Cheapest and Most Fashionable ever seen in the district.

A First-class Stock of MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, TIES, COLLARS, HATS, SHIRTS, Etc. to select from.

All the Rage—Our SUITS MADE TO ORDER from the Best English and Colonial Tweeds.

BOOTS and SHOES, from the Very Best Makers, at Lowest Prices.

WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.,

IMPORTERS, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

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 th TIME-PAYMENT SYSTEM.

HAWKES BROS.

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

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

G. H. COUGLE

Is now showing a Large and Magnificent Stock of New and Seasonable Goods.

NEW DRESS MATERIALS, NEW DRESS MATERIALS. Also a Special Line of Colored Cashmeres in all the Newest Shades.

Prints. Prints. Prints. Sateens. Sateens. Sateens. Muslins. Muslins. Muslins. Laces, Ribbons (new shades), Gloves, Corsets, Hosiery, Ruffllings, Umbrellas, etc. White and Colored Embroidery, Sailor Straw Hats, Cretonnes, etc. Men's, Youths', and Boys' Suits, Trousers and Vests, Coats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Studs, Knicker Suits, etc. in endless variety. Boots and Shoes, from all the best makers, at prices to suit everybody. Suits to Order Suits to Order. Hundreds of Patterns to choose from. A Good Fit and a Stylish Suit for Little Money.

GEORGE H. COUGLE,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

FOR SALE, CHEAP,

A two-horse Delivery WAGGON, with pole, &c.

ALEX. M'DONALD

Continues to sell off every article in Stock at PRICES that

CANNOT BE BEATEN!

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

BEST CUT AROMATIC TOBACCO at H. P. Henningsen's, Havelock street, Beaufort.

WALTER CORNELL.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST,

AND DISPENSING CHEMIST,

(next Horsley Bros. and 2 doors from Lester's hotel,)

HAS the honor to intimate to the public of Ballarat and the surrounding district that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS at the above address, with

AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF

Pure Drugs and Chemicals.

Also, a large and carefully selected assortment of Brushware, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, together with a choice selection of Cut Glass Bottles, Perfume Caskets, Ivory Brushes, Tortoise-shell Combs, etc., suitable for presents.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY DISPENSED,

And promptly forwarded per rail, or otherwise as directed.

The Trade Supplied at Melbourne Prices.

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 ¾ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 cut pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
¼in., ⅜in., ½in., ¾in., 1in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Bread palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.

NEXT TO POLICE STATION

FUNERAL ECONOMY.

Established 1860.

WILLIAM BAKER,

UNDERTAKER,

Lawrence Street, next Post Office, and Neill Street, opposite State School.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country at stated charges.

S. J. TAYLOR

(LATE A. ANDREWS),

Pharmaceutical and Dispensing Chemist,

Neill Street, Beaufort,

BEGS respectfully to intimate that he has received a large consignment of Drugs and Chemicals, Turkey and Honey-comb Sponges, Tooth, Nail, and Hair Brushes in great variety; Soap by best makers, Puff Boxes, and Violet Powder; a varied and choice selection of Perfumery, suitable for presents. Pale Newfoundland Cod Liver Oil, warranted genuine. Italian Castor Oil, pure and tasteless. All the above with many other valuable medicinal preparations and proprietary articles, guaranteed by proprietor to be prepared from drugs of finest quality and chemicals of tested purity and may be most safely relied upon as possessing in the highest degree attainable the respective qualities ascribed to them.

Special personal attention given to the dispensing of Physicians' and other prescriptions and family receipts. Teeth carefully extracted. Homœopathic and patent Medicines and Proprietary articles of all kinds. Every known medicine for Cattle and Horses, including Condition and Worm Powders for Horses. Horse Balls every description; Cleansing, Drying, and other drenches for Cows, etc. Any article not in stock procured on the shortest notice, and with utmost despatch. Country orders receive immediate and careful attention.

SUBMARINE WARFARE.

EXTRAORDINARY VOYAGE OF A TORPEDO BOAT.

A correspondent of the London "Daily News" writes from New York on November 23, as follows:—

The eyes of naval officers in America have been directed for some time past to the exploits of the torpedo boat Peacemaker, which to-day was satistactorily tested in the presence of several hundred naval and military officers, the foreign *attaches*, &c.; also of Lieutenant Zalinski, the designer of the rival torpedo boat Nautilus.

The Peacemaker is the result of the careful studies of Professor J. H. L. Tuck, a well-known mineralogist and mining engineer of San Francisco. His attention was directed to the subject during the American war, and nearly twenty-five years ago he drew his first plans of the submarine craft. He patiently studied the problems involved, and in 1883 laid the details of his invention before several capitalists of New York, who being favorably impressed organised "The Submarine Monitor Company," and subscribed sufficient capital to build a boat, and thoroughly test the merits of Professor Tuck's invention. The contract for building the hull was let to the Delameter Iron Works. Her dimensions are 30ft. in length by 8ft. beam, and 7½ft. depth of hold. Her hull is of ⅜in. iron, lap welded, while she is longitudinally braced with iron straps, and has an abundance of iron knees fore and aft. Her model is peculiar—practically a cucumber-shaped cylinder. Her lower lines are very sharp, with a hollow bow, great fulness of bilge amidships, and an easy run aft. From the bilge up she is planned so as to offer a great amount of lateral resistance to the water, facilitating the maintenance of an equilibrium under all conditions. Her deck, or (more properly speaking) her upper hull, "tumbles home" rapidly, and when the boat is seen floating down to her proper mark she much resembles the keel and bottom of some capsized yacht, the resemblance being further increased by a "dorsal fin," or upright plate of iron, that is rivetted to the ridge of the deck, for the protection of the steering dome and manhole plate from being torn away by collision when the boat rises to affix torpedoes to a hull. The "dorsal fin" is hollowed amidships to fit across the keel of the vessel, steadying the little craft while at work. The pilot looks out through a dome 8ft. high, and 14in. in diameter, with narrow slot lights in circumference, enabling him to scan the surface of the sea when the boat is up; when down he is compelled to steer by compass, the interior being lit with the electric light. The boat is hermetically sealed at every point, access to the interior being afforded through a manhole near the stern. A strong hinged lid fits over it on rubber cushions, and is screwed tight from within. She is a screw propeller, having a Westinghouse vertical engine of 14-horse power. An electric motor was first introduced, but proved an utter failure. The inventor then happily thought of the caustic soda process of generating heat, which has proved eminently successful. The soda is prepared on the tender, and introduced to the boat's generator, which is charged at 420 degrees and has 120 tubes. As a rapid steam raiser the soda meets all expectations, the gauge showing 30 lb in a few minutes, and as high as 140lb has been attained, driving the boat eight knots an hour 40ft. below the surface, the screw making 350 revolutions per minute. Fifteen hundred pounds of caustic soda of 95 per cent. strength runs the boat 5 hours. The boat contains water ballast tanks, compressed air pump and cylinders, and the crew can remain below for 24 hours without inconvenience. A pressure gauge shows the pilot what depth the craft has descended. She is ballasted with pig lead, and deflected by means of fins or side rudders on the quarters, gently descending at an angle of 15deg., and righting readily at any required depth. Her equilibrium is nicely adjusted, and she keeps upright under all circumstances, and is claimed to be a perfect sea boat. Along the deck are laid two fair-leaders, to which eight of the largest sized torpedoes can be fastened. These are buoyed with cork jackets, and covered at their upper ends by magnetised iron, so that they will adhere to the iron or steel bottom of a man-of-war. When the boat has risen as close as possible to the doomed ship (if at anchor, rising across her keel), the action of a piston in the interior releases the torpedoes, and they rise to the hull above and there adhere, while wires attached reel off through a tube, and when the boat has steamed off to three or four hundred yards, the electric button is touched, and the big adversary is hurled into a thousand fragments, her crew being totally unconscious of the danger, as the boat makes no sign on the surface either by bubbles or commotion in the water.

The first successful trial of the boat took place in August, when in the presence of a distinguished company, and with a reporter of the "New York Herald" on board, she dived to a depth of 45ft., and steamed under water for a distance of two and a half miles, being under perfect control, and manœuvring splendidly.

Admiral Porter asserted that with six of these boats he would drive off or sink the most powerful hostile fleet that could attack New York. On August 26 she remained submerged for over 20 minutes, exciting the apprehensions of many of those present; and to show how the little "terror," as she is termed, can mystify the world above, the steamer consort cruised towards her supposed position in an opposite direction to that where she finally rose. It was on that day that she awaited the approach of a big river steamboat, and dived under her while she was running 15 knots an hour, amid the cheers of the passengers.

This afternoon the little craft lay moored alongside a wrecking schooner which was anchored in the stream, and served as a tender. A rushing ebb-tide almost buried the torpedo-boat, which was ballasted till her turtle-back deck at the water's edge. When all was ready a call for volunteers to make the trip was answered by your representative on this occasion and two other press representatives, the largest number that ever descended. I sat in the bow on the compressed air pipes, at the feet of Captain Holland, the pilot, whose head was up in the little steering dome. The engineer and the two other passengers remained aft of the boiler. When candles had been lit, and the engineer was ready, Captain Holland ordered the manhole-plate shut and screwed watertight. Then he rapped twice on the deck, and the schooner's crew let go the tackles. We were off under easy steam. Captain Holland got the boat into position, and then announced he would dive under the schooner. "Hold the candle to the compass," said he to me. Depressing the stern fins, he yelled to the engineer "Full speed!" The boat trembled under the added pressure, and inclining at an angle of 15deg. began to cleave her way to the bottom. The daylight faintly glimmering through the steering dome changed to pea-green, then blue, and at last all was black. The candles alone illuminated the interior, and cast shadows on the grimy pipes and laboring engines. At that sharp, rasping, clanging noise startled us all; the boat was evidently in collision with something. "What's that!" shouted the engineer. "The ebb-tide has swept us against the schooner's anchor chain," said Holland, grimly. We pounded along for an instant, which seemd an age, when Holland, looking at the compass, threw his helm hard-a-starboard, shouted to the engineer to "give her her head," and depressing his fins still more, he shot the boat down and away from the schooner, the only casuality being the loss of our steam whistle. We all breathed more freely. "Close shave, my boy," said Holland, smilingly, changing his fins and causing the boat to rush up to the surface at an angle of 20deg. The water again swashed about the dome, and daylight shone again.

Holland peered through the glass; shifting his levers, he depressed the boat for a dive under a big steamboat conveying the spectators of our evolutions. The boat, under full steam, trembled as she cleaved her way downward, and soon all was dark again. "Steady, ease her, slow!" were the orders to the engineer, as the boat again regained an even keel. "Look at the pressure guage," said Holland in a proud and happy voice. It put a candle to it and found it registering from 45ft. to 46ft. down. "I'm holding her here." said Holland, "under easy steam, under full control of her rudder, and shall presently swing her a half-circle and then rise to the surface." At this depth the pressure upon the hull was evidently very great; the iron deck was sweating, a vapour was perceptible in the air, which, though still ample for breathing purposes, was rather close. Five men and three candles were making inroads upon the oxygen. However, all interest centred in the submarine movements. Putting his helm hard over, Holland, with his eye on the candle-lit compass, brought her head around from south-west to nearly east, and then shouting "Full steam" he, steadied his helm, the boat speedily emerging to the surface astern of the steamboat, and, as we afterwards learned, in a totally different quarter to where the spectators thought we would rise. The Peacemaker dived again, but going down at an easy angle, and running under 120 pounds of steam at eight knots an hour, before Holland was aware of the depth attained inshore, she struck bottom with a violent jolt. Flinging his helm over, and steadying his fins, he shouted to the engineer, "Easy—slow—stop." The boat's nose came up from the mud, and slowly she swung round, when Holland, shouting "Full steam," reversed her fins, speedily bringing the boat to the surface. "I shall make the biggest dive of all now," said Holland, but at that moment the engineer, in a warning voice, announced a leak in a steam-pipe. "Take her in," added he. Holland reluctantly decided to do so, and steering due north by east by compass, as the waves in mid-river prevented his getting his bearings, he soon after sighted the schooner's masts a mile up stream, and we jogged along slowly against the ebb tide. till the welcome cry of "Ease her, back her," and the noise of the footsteps overhead showed we were alongside the schooner. Congratulations were showered on Holland, while his passengers as the result of a voyage extending over 20 minutes, bore important facts that the Peacemaker can safely descend to any necessary depth, there be intelligently directed by compass, and under her own steam could steer under an enemy. Next week she will be taken to Fortress Monroe, on Chesapeake Bay, where the Government has placed a hulk at the disposal of Professor Tuck for submarine torpedo practice.

Professor Tuck is sanguine that he can construct full-sized submarine steamships to navigate such stormy waters as the English Channel, affording immunity from sea-sickness, and doing the passage in absolute security, as smoothly and steadily as in a railroad train, 40ft. below the wave action at the surface.

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A SKILFUL OPERATION.—I think it is my duty to Mr. Cordukes, of the Ballarat Dispensary, Post Office Place, Ballarat East, to publish the following, namely—I have received such skilful, gentle, and successful treatment under his care in the removal of a tumor of over thirty years' growth from my forehead without the use of knife or other cutting instrument, and without acute pain or the loss of one drop of blood. He has done this to my entire satisfaction, and greatly improving my personal appearance as well as adding to my comfort. The style of operation was a novelty to me, and I have no doubt many in this city and its vicinity will rejoice to know where they can, in similar cases, receive relief by the same safe and easy method which it is my duty and pleasure to speak of in the highest terms.—I am, &c., WM. MURPHY, Nightingale street, Ballara West.—[ADVT.]

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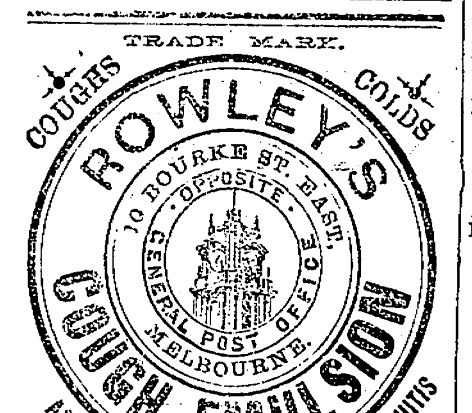

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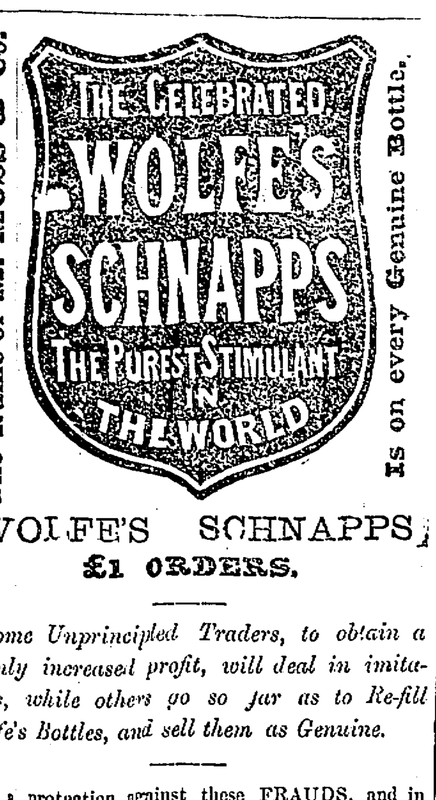

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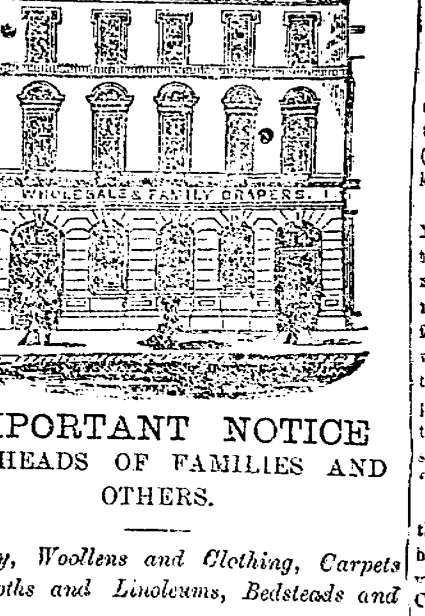

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"For the Blood is the Life."

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 is value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1882.
"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 betwixt 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, expeling all humor 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 Evi.
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptoms
Female Irregularities	Tic-Doloreux
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Veneral 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 through out 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 it and can be had in any language, even in Turkish Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

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