The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 594.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MARCH, 5 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order as to number of insertions, will in all cases be continued until countermanded, and no advertisement can be withdrawn without an order in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.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 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.

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.

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, Albermarley Road, Kensington, and 89 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.

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.

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.

IMPORTANT ANOUNCEMENT

THE GREATEST DRAPERY SALE

EVER HELD IN BALLARAT.

Important Announcement.

CRAWFORD'S PREMISES NOW OPEN.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

IMMENSE TRANSFER SALE

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Snow & Room

Have purchased the Entire Stock of

DRAPERY,

FURNISHINGS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS,

&c., &c.,

At a Heavy Discount, from

Mr. A. CRAWFORD,

And will offer the whole at less than Importer's Cost.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Stock Transferred amounts to over

£40,000.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SALE NOW ON!

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCE NT.

FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH

OF BARGAINS.

CRAWFORD'S.

MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS.

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT.

SNOW & ROOM,

PROPRIETORS.

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.

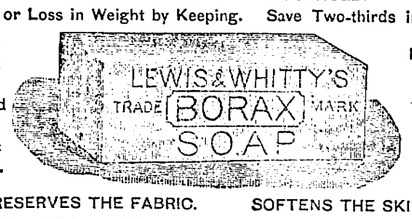
17 & 19 COLLINS ST. EAST. ALLAN & CO. Melbourne.

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 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, etc.

Allopecia Baldness The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY COMOTROPHIS

COMOTROPHIS CO. Ballarat Vic.

All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

SPECIALTY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, AND JOINT DISEASES.

128, COLLINS STREET ST.

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 Dru
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

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

FOR SALE,

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

For Sale,

120 ACRES of LAND at Graveyard Hill, Mount Cole. HARRIS and TROY.

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

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 our 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. 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.
3m.Ap.23.87.

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.

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.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Now that the work of harvesting is approaching completion supplies are coming forward more freely. So far, however, wheat is not being largely delivered, the price apparently not tempting farmers to rush the market. Several small lots changed hands during the week at our figures, and 40 bags realised 3s 6d. bags in. The deliveries from Horsham district continue heavy, local wants being mainly supplied from that source. Flour is again easier, trade being brisk at the present quotation, L8 12s 6d per ton for locally milled. A good quantity is also coming down from Dimboola. Bran and pollard have suffered a corresponding fall, but owing to the scarcity of feed there is a strong demand. There is no improvement in the Horsham wheat market, which is stagnant, the selling price being 3s 2d per bushel. The Dunmunkle market all through the season, strange to say, has ranged higher, and the quotation is now 3s 4½d, whilst the market has an upward tendency. The St. Arnaud market is firm at 3s 4d. In this district oats remain unchanged and a fair amount of trade is being done. A forty bag lot sold on Friday at 2s 6d bags in, and a lot of fifty bags realised 2s 6½d bags in. The supply of potatoes from Warrnambool has fallen off, and loads now in command L4 10s. Fresh butter is scarcer, and has risen to 1s 5d per pound, and hams and bacon are also poorly supplied and are dearer. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 6d per bushel, bags in; oats, 2s 6d to 2s 7d per bushel, bags in ; pollard, 1s per bushel ; bran, 10½d per bushel ; flour, L8 12s 6d per ton ; potatoes, Warrnambool, L4 10s per ton ; hay, sheaves, L3 per ton ; trussed, L3 5s per ton ; straw, 25s per ton ; chaff, 4s per cwt; onions, 7s per cwt ; butter, fresh, 1s 6d to 1s 6d per lb ; butter, potted, 1s 1d per lb ; hams, 11d per lb ; bacon, 9d per lb ; cheese, 6d to 7d per lb; eggs, 10d per dozen.

The following are the Landsborough quotations :—Wheat, 3s 8d ; oats, 2s 6d ; peas, 3s; flour, £10 ; bran, 1s ; pollard, 1s.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Business very fair:—Oats, 2s 7d to 2s 8d; Cape barley, 3s ; English 3s 9d to 4s 1d ; wheat, 3s 6d to 4s ; peas, 2s 9d to 2s 11d; manger hay, L3 to L4 ; sheaves, L2 15s to L3 5s ; straw, 30s to L1 15s ; new potatoes, L3 to L3 10s.

MINING ITEMS.

New Kong Meng, Majorca, Feb. 26.—Set-off completed for south crosscut off main reef drive. West prospecting drive extended a total distance of 970 feet ; country still hard. The drive referred to in last week's report is in fair repair, so better progress may be expected. No change of any note to report. Yield (company), 303oz. 10dwt.

New Victoria Company, Waterloo, Feb. 25.—Yield of gold for the week :—No. 1 tribute, 9oz. 9dwt. ; No. 2. tribute, 5oz. 15dwt. ; making a total of 26oz. 4dwt.

Saxon Consols, Waterloo. Feb. 25—The top chamber of No. 2 balance shaft is now being constructed, and in about three weeks' time we expect to reach the wash in deep ground. The No. 1 west drive has reefed, and two drives have been started off this drive northwards. A drive has also been started southwards. Yield of gold for the week, 16oz. 4dwt.

South Victoria Company, Waterloo, Feb. 25 :—Prospecting at No. 3 shaft is being carried on.

Waterloo Company, Waterloo Flat, Feb. 25. Nothing fresh of any importance ; washdirt faces looking much about the same. Gold for week, 17 oz. 3dwt.

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.

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
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

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.
3m.Ap.30.87.

NEXT VISIT—
THURSDAY, MARCH 3RD, 1887.

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.
1m.J.23.8

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Gold Mining Lease Declared Void.

ATTENTION is directed to the *Government Gazette* of the 25th February, 1886, page 581, in which it is notified that the undermentioned lease has been declared void :—

ARARAT DISTRICT. RAGLAN DIVISION.

No. 1059 ; dated 7th May, 1884 ; W. Iredale and another ; 9a. 1r. 27p.; Beaufort.

G. W. LANGTREE,
Secretary for Mines.

Office of Mines,
Melbourne. 28th February, 1887.

NOTICE is hereby given that a LOCAL LAND BOARD will be held at the Court House, Beaufort, on SATURDAY, the 19th MARCH, 1887, commencing at 12 o'clock noon, for the consideration of the undermentioned applications :—

Applicants must appear in person.

65th SECTION LAND ACT 1884.

1. George Maguire, Langi Kal Kal, 20a. 0a. 0p.
2. William Spicer, Raglan, 20a. 0r. 0p.
3. Arthur Spicer, Raglan, 20a. 0r. 0p.
4. Susanna Pitcher, Raglan, 20a. 0r. 0p.

MISCELLANEOUS.

5. Residents of Raglan apply for extension of the Beaufort, Raglan, Charlton and Eurambeen United Gold-field and Farmers' Common to include the unappropriated land within the boundaries of the old township of Raglan.

J. J. BLUNDELL, Land Officer.
District Land Office,
Ballarat, 3rd March, 1887.

Application for the Transfer of a Victuallers' Licence.

I, the undersigned, hereby give NOTICE that I intend to apply to the Licensing District Court of Raglan and Burrumbeet at its quarterly sitting, on the 16th day of March, 1887, for the TRANSFER of my victuallers' licence for the premises known as Carver's Hotel, in future to be known as Maher's Farmers' Hotel, situate in Neill street, Beaufort, to DENIS MAHER, of St. Enoch's, gardener ; and I, the said Denis Maher, hereby agree to accept the same under the duties and liabilities of the Licensing Act 1885.

Transferor—GEORGE CARVER.
Transferee—DENNIS MAHER.

Dated at Beaufort this 26th day of February, 1887.

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.

NOTICE.

FOR the prompt despatch of business all orders in future to be addressed to HENNINGSEN and KLUNDER or H. P. HENNINGSEN, the Publisher

Public Notice.

POISON is laid on BLYTHE VALE ESTATE, Streatham.

Frances Ritchie.

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 MARCH, 1887, for the following works :—

NORTH RIDING.

Contract No. 425.—Clearing, trenching, fencing, and earthwork at the Beaufort Cemetery.

Contract No. 426.—Cutting channels in the Fiery Creek.

Contract No. 427.—Applications for position of caretaker of Fiery Creek water channel.

Contract No. 428.—Cutting 2 miles, more or less, of drains at the heads of the Fiery Creek.

EAST RIDING.

Contract No. 327.—Cutting pipe-track from the new reservoir to the main road Snake Valley.

WEST RIDING.

Contract No. 213. — Clearing, forming, and metalling 40 chains of the Mount William road, west of Pretty Tower, Spring.

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

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. H. JACKSON,
Shire Engineer.

Ripon shire Offices,
Beaufort, 25th February, 1887.

SATURDAY, 5TH MARCH, 1887.

CLEARING SALE BY AUCTION,
AT
Nickols' Auction Rooms, Neill street, Beaufort.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS will sell on the above date, as under,
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and EFFECTS, comprising—Chairs, tables, safes, couches, carpets, pictures, iron bedstead, paliasse, joiner's tools, and a large assortment of very useful sundries, sent for Sale Without Reserve. Terms—Cash. Sale to commence at one o'clock p.m.
W. E. NICKOLS, Auctioneer

Australian Natives' Association.

ALL those Gentlemen who have SIGNED the REQUISITION for a Charter, also others favorable to the movement, are requested to MEET in the ante-room of the Societies' Hall, Beaufort, on THURSDAY NEXT, at 8 p.m.

BUSINESS—Preliminary to opening branch.

J. B. PROWSE, Convener.

THE
Ripon shire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1887.

AFTER all the cutting and trimming to bring the total amount within the limit, occasioned by the various prospecting boards when making their recommendations, it appears now to have been a vast waste of time to mislead hundreds of men who applied for assistance to enable them to prospect for gold in half-worked out or new country. To a great many persons it seemed rather too good a thing to be believed, yet it was hoped, that there were nearly L80,000 to be distributed as aforesaid; to the former it will not seem so, but to others who were confidently expecting to receive the full amount recommended by their district boards, the astonishing announcement that barely L28,000 is the total amount that can be distributed amongst the seven districts, and from this the expenses incurred by the boards are to be paid, has fallen like a thunderbolt. The Government has, to our mind, pursued a very objectionable course in allowing the boards to go to work before the actual amount at disposal on their recommendations was made known to them. And it moreover seems an unjustifiable act to further curtail the amounts recommended, or to ask the boards to reconsider them with a view to their reduction. If the latter course is to be adopted, there will extra expense incurred by the boards, and this will have to be deducted, besides annoyance and ill-feeling occasioned on the part of companies or individuals who have been fortunate enough to secure recommendation for assistance from the prospecting vote. The conclusion generally arrived at, and it seems to have been a fair one, was that the prospecting vote was to be dealt with solely by the prospecting boards. But it seems that the decree was otherwise. A considerable time elapsed between the voting of the amount and the election of the boards, and in the interim the Government allegation is that some L50,000, or a least half the vote had been expended in diamond drills. But as to how the vote has been drawn upon we have nothing to guide us but the bare statement. It may transpire that "a drill had been sent here and another there in order to keep the interested parties quiet," perhaps for political motives; even as Mr. Bell is reported to have said that "Ballarat must get something of the L28,000 now available, or they would not be quiet." The Government must acknowledge that they are in a very peculiar straight, brought about by their own shilly-shallying, and they will have speedily to right themselves, or the "hornet's" nest will be raised about their ears, and things will get a little more mixed for them they at present imagine. It is time Governments were taught a hard lesson about being faithful to their promises. Dilly-dallying with a struggling people, and especially with an important community like that engaged in the mining industry, is not to be carried on with impunity ; and if, as in this instance, which may be only one of many to follow, we are told one thing, led to believe that thing is to be an accomplished fact up to the last moment, and then all hopes and anticipations are to be frustrated by an excuse, such an unpalatable pill will be prepared for that Government that will occasion some difficulty in swallowing. Another instance of similar action occurred in respect of the agreement with the Messrs. Chaffey Bros., and the action of the Government in not fulfilling their part of the compact (although they may blame Parliament for a little of it) has been and always will remain a serious loss to the colony. It is not less important that mining should be liberally dealt with. What has made Melbourne? The gold that was obtained in various parts of the country. What is ruining the country? Nothing but selfishness and octopus-like drawing of everything and anything to an already too crowded and unhealthy centre. Statistics in the Victorian year book for 1885-6 give the estimated value of the gold raised in the colony as L2,940,872 ; and beside this, the L80,000—or less than a 30th—is a small enough sum to expend in encouraging the gold mining industry, which, although stated to be on the wane, has not yet produced half the wealth the colony is reported to possess.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 13oz. ; New Victoria, 33oz. ; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 16oz.: Saxon Consols, 10oz.

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, 3rd March, 1887 :—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Feb. 25	27	£3 4 8	£10 1 1
„ 26	41	8 16 6	4 16 4
„ 28	41	7 9 1	6 0 5
Mch. 1	154	13 8 8	5 18 3
„ 2	97	8 19 4	8 5 10
„ 3	31	4 19 0	7 19 0
Totals	391	£48 14 7	£43 1 5

Our report of the proceedings of the Beaufort Police Court on Monday last will be found upon the fourth page of to-day's issue.

The business in the Police Court on Monday last occupied over two hours of time in disposal. The chief causes were from Waterloo and were mainly debt cases. We were pleased to see such a full attendance of J's.P., and it was quite interesting to witness the features of the eager crowd of some eighty individuals who presenced themselves during the proceedings, probably to hear how it would go with the four respectable-looking young men who were charged by police-Constable Hede with disorderly conduct. The police have keenly watched the actions of a certain few who occasionally come into Beaufort from Waterloo, and had determined to make it a caution to rowdy individuals if they can once catch them in the act. It is to be hoped that the heavy fines inflicted in the cases of Francis, Cameron (2), and Graham will have a salutory effect upon their future behavior.

The whole of the police court attendants on Monday, including the justices, enjoyed a round laugh when Mr. J. P. Gilloch was giving evidence as to the conduct of four rowdies who visited his house on the 8th February last. "The General," as Mr. Gilloch is now familiarly called, with a great effort, consequent upon his enormous bodily proportions struggled into the witness box and fixed his eyes on Mr. Minchin with a soberness or graveness that evoked a smile, whilst the clerk administered the oath. "The General" kissed the book with all due solemnity, and turned first to the bench and then to Sergeant Woods. "You're name's Gilloch," said the Sergeant. "It is," was the reply. "Do you remember the evening of the 8th February ?" "I do, perfectly well." What happened on that—at least, first of all do you remember any of those—those larrikins coming to your house ?" "No, I don't remember 'em ; Yes, I think that gentleman next the end (Francis) was one on 'em, but I couldn't swear to him." "Well, now tell the Bench what you remember taking place on the night in question." Mr. Gilloch then drew himself up, and, with a certain degree of volubility, narrated the circumstances of the nocturnal visitation of four gentlemen ; of the expressions used towards himself ; of the epithets directed against a "bald-headed old beggar ;" and of the practical character their pugilistic propensities would be able to assume with any sanguinary individual in Beaufort." The statement was accompanied with violent physical exertions of the witness in order to emphasize the words, which caused a burst of merriment all through the court.

We have received from the office of the Government Statist, the Victorian Year Book 1885-6. It contains, as usual, a large amount of valuable statistical and graphical information, and has a coloured map of the colony showing all the railway lines open, in course of construction, and authorized up to date.

A very praiseworthy idea has originated in the family of Mr. M'Donald, of the Blue House, Beaufort, by which the Ladies' Relief Fund has benefited. It appears that the children of Mr. M'Donald some time ago arranged with their friends that all visitors to their garden should place one penny in a money box as "footing money," the same to be given away in charity. By this means the sum of 5s has been raised, and Mrs Stewart, the secretary of the Ladies' Fund, wishes us to acknowledge the liberality of the children.

Before leaving Beaufort, Mr. A. Andrews promised a pictorial window for the west end of the Church of England. Since his departure the gift has arrived, and has now been inserted. The window, which is in three sections, is a pretty one, each section having a central figure representing one of the apostles, and the three apostles chosen are Peter, Paul, and John. The toned light now admitted through the coloured glass is a great improvement on the old steady white glaring light, and it is much noticeable because the congregation are compelled to face it. The window is of glacier glass—a kind of gelatine substance which adheres to the ordinary window glass. The work of fixing it was willingly undertaken by Misses Richardson and Davies, and those ladies are to be highly complimented on the neatness and accuracy displayed in the work entrusted to them. The appearance of the interior of the edifice is now greatly enhanced.

We would remind our readers that Mr. W. E. Nickols will hold a miscellaneous sale at his rooms to-day, as advertised.

Whilst the goods train which meets the 12.5 train here was shunting on Thursday last, an accident, which might have been more serious, occurred. The gatekeeper at the Lawrence street crossing had swung the gates open to allow the engine to pass, but failed to throw over the hoop to keep the gate open. The consequence was that the gate was blown inwards, and the engine, coming into contact with it, smashed it to splinters. One of the head lamps of the engine was slightly damaged.

In reply to the request of the Ararat Mining Board the Mining Department instructed Mr. Murray, the Geological Surveyor, to visit Beaufort, and enquire into the grievance respecting office-days of the Mining Registrar of the Raglan division of the Ararat district. For a great part of Thursday Mr. Murray was engaged taking evidence as to the requirements of this division, and although his opinion is not definitely given, it was understood to be favorable to an alteration of the present system of three days a week.

In our last issue, our contributor "Tomahawk adverted to something to which his attention was drawn relative to the supply of religious publications on the Free Library table. The remarks made have been effectual in organising a search among the newspapers in the "members reading-room," when five or six different specimens of this class of literature were discovered—from the "Ballarat Churchman" to the "Harbinger of Light" and "Liberator." We are requested to call "Tomahawk's" attention to the fact that on payment of the annual subscription of L1, in quarterly instalments of 5s, he will have no cause for further complaints on the supply of religious prints.

An advertisement appears in another column calling a meeting of Australian natives for Thursday next, in the ante-room of the Societies' Hall, Beaufort. The necessary number of signatures have been obtained to the requisition to the board of directors of the Association for a charter to open a branch here, and the meeting is for the purpose of arranging preliminaries and offering an opportunity to others to become pioneer members of the Beaufort branch. The advertisement specially reminds all who have signed the requisition to be present, and we hope to see a large attendance. The Association is a benefit, patriotic, and debating society, and offers considerable advantages to members in the way of mutual improvement, of which the young men of Beaufort should gladly avail themselves.

The time would seem to have arrived for the Railway Commissioners to take into consideration the construction of a double railroad between Ballarat and say Stawell. The necessity for such a course is daily becoming evident. The "Ararat Advertiser" remarks in support of this opinion, that "just at the present time more trains are running daily than at any previous period. No less than from thirty-eight to forty trains run in and out of Ararat daily on the main line, exclusive of the Portland traffic. These start at all hours ; indeed trains are running all day and night. Large quantities of wheat are being sent down from the Wimmera district for sale in the metropolis or shipment to the European markets. On the Portland branch line the traffic, too, has largely increased, and those railway authorities who were so loud in their prophecies that the line never would prove a profitable one, must feel contemptibly insignificant when an allusion to the line is made in their presence. Scarcely a week passes when the special trains do not considerably outnumber those provided for on the time-tables." At Beaufort, there is frequently a block, and trains are seldom up to time in arriving. Two up-trains have been seen here awaiting the arrival of the down train, in order that the "line clear" might permit them to go on.

The Postmaster-General proposes to open the inland parcels-post on the 1st July next, and the officers of the department are engaged in framing the regulations of the service. The rates are to be 9d for the first 2lbs, and 3d for every second lb up to 7lb, which will be the limit of weight carried. The cost of a parcel weighing 7lb will be 2s. The department does not intend to interfere with the existing carrying companies, and this point has been fully considered in the determination of the rates. The service is to be made as efficient as possible, but the department does not propose to take any responsibility in respect of the parcels carried. A staff of competent officers is to be provided, and the service is to be placed under the control of Mr. Springhall, now of the Stores department, who will also take charge of the parcels-post with the United Kingdom, India, and the East. No definite action has yet been taken with reference to the establishment of an intercolonial parcels-post. Mr. Derham is prepared to introduce the system, and is awaiting information on the subject from the Governments of the other colonies.

The Customs receipts for the months of January and February have been prepared. The net revenue for January was £200,148. The average estimate was £183,471, and the excess of the receipts over the estimate was therefore £16,677. The revenue for February was £212,843, or, deducting drawbacks and repayments, £7,449, £205,394. The estimate was £183,471, so that there is an excess for the month of £21,923. The net revenue for the seven months ended January 31 was £1,357,738, as against £1,286,164 received in the corresponding period of the preceding year, or an increase of £71,574. The excess of revenue over the estimate for the seven months was £73,373. The principal increases are in spirits, tobacco and cigars, sugar, and ad valorem duties. The principal decreases are in dried fruits, colonial spirits, colonial tobacco, etc.

The rainfall as registered at Beaufort by Mr. W. McFarlane, for the month of February, was 1.26 inch.

The Melbourne correspondent of the "Ararat Advertiser" writes :—"Up to the present the prophecies of the knowing ones have fortunately come to naught. For months past we have had the most gloomy predictions with respect to the occurrence of earthquakes in Australia. And these have not been confined to Victoria, but have spread over all the colonies. Further, the precise locality of the severest shocks have been fixed at the different cities in which the prophets dwell. Thus, one was sure that Sydney was to feel the direst effects, while another was equally as certain that the close of 1886 was to see some of the loftiest buildings of Melbourne topple over. Most people laughed these predictions to scorn—up to the time of the recent severe electric disturbances. Then they changed their tune, and on that particular day and night, on which peal after peal of thunder followed each other in quick succession, were heard to admit that perhaps after all there might "be something in it." It is reported, too, that one band of religionists called a hurried prayer meeting, so that, as one member remarked—"If the last dread call really did come they might be found ready." With calmer weather confidence has of course been restored. But there are still those who shake their heads gloomily, and have spent lots of their time hunting up information as to the length of the intervals between the eruptions of Etna, Vesuvius, and other of the world's volcanoes, with a view, I presume, of dragging Buninyong, Warrenheip, and other Australian extinct volcanoes into a table of comparisons."

Mails for despatch per R.M.S. Carthage will be closed at the General Post Office as follows :—Parcels, 2 p.m., Wednesday, March 9 ; money orders, 4 p.m., Thursday, March 10 ; registered letters, 11 a.m., Friday, March 11 ; ordinary letters, packets, and newspapers, at 1.30 p.m., Friday, March 11. On Friday, March 11, late letters, bearing stamps to value of full postage and late fee will be received as under at General Post Office :—From 1.30 p.m. to 2 p.m., fee 3d ; from 2 p.m. to 2.30 p.m., fee 6d ; at Spencer street railway station, up to time of departure of train (4.5 p.m.), 1s. Letters, etc., must be posted in Beaufort by 8 p.m. on Wednesday.

DROWNED IN BEAUFORT PARK LAKE.

The body of a woman apparently forty-five or fifty years of age was observed floating on the surface of the water of the above lake last evening about six o'clock, by a wood-carter named Wilson. The police on receiving information, proceeded to the spot and brought the body into town, where it was identified by two or three old residents, as that of Mrs. Anne Stevenson, wife of Thomas Stevenson, carpenter, of Raglan. The body appears not to have been more than twenty-four hours in the water. Deceased is said to have arrived from Ballarat on Thursday evening, as she was observed on the station platform, but the fact of her being in the vicinity of the Park at all is unaccounted for. An inquest will be held to-day.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for—Miss F. Burridge, M. Briody, M. Callahan, Mr. J. Dawson, Miss Gordon, John Gobbi, Jno. Hendry, R. McGregor, J. W. Miller, L. McNamara, W. Provis, J. T. Smythe, S. Stephens, Mrs. G. Smith, Helen Smith, J. Sutherland, J. Wright, Mrs R. Westbrook, E. Whitie.

WEATHER FORECASTS

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, 4th March, 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Staits.—Fine, easterly winds, tending to north. Highest temperature observed at Melbourne observatory during the day, 71·1.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Fine, easterly winds, tending to north.

LAWYERS IN TEXAS.

A Stockton lawyer was at San Francisco the other day, and watching a large funeral wind slowly along to the hills, he was accosted by a tall fellow, whose sunburnt face was eavesboarded by the tall brim of a slouch hat. "Could you tell me," asked the stranger politely, "whose turnout that is ?" "Yes, sir," answered the man sharply. "Thank you. And whose is it." "The undertaker's." "Ah ! And may I ask who the corpse was ?" "You may." "Thank you." And who was he ? "A lawyer," "A ——" The stranger paused as if doubtful of his ears, looked at the law man earnestly, and asked in an eager you-don't-say-so sort of voice : "Did you say a lawyer ?" "Yes, sir ; a lawyer." "H'm, that's strange." 'I don't see anything strange about it,' retorted the attorney, slightly nettled. 'Well,' exclaimed the other, suavely, 'you see we don't bury lawyers that way down in Texas, where I came from.' 'No ?' 'No, when a lawyer dies there we put him in the third story of a vacant building, you know.' He paused with aggravating calmness. 'Well ?' 'And we go up next day, and the corpse is gone.' 'Gone ?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Gone where ?' 'That's the mystery,' replied the Texan, shrugging his shoulders ; 'nobody knows where.' 'Why, that's the strangest thing I ever heard of.' 'Yes,' said the mild Texan, 'but that ain't the queerest thing about it either.' 'No ?' 'No. There's a terrible smell of brimstone left in the room.' They parted with mutual dislike.

A MARRIAGE MANIA.

William Jones Sargant died at the State Asylum, Kolomazoo, Mich., on November 23, where he was incarcerated for several weeks for a peculiar mania. He was one of the most noted bigamists the country ever saw, but was not much heard about until his arrest at Jackson, Michigan, where he had married a young woman for his twenty-sixth wife. Sargent was a man of fine address, and was well educated. His vocation, that of a commercial traveller, gave him peculiar advantages to gratify his remarkable mania. He had been in trouble twice previous to his final arrest, but he managed to clear himself. At the time of his last arrest his conduct led to the belief that he was insane, and he was sent to the asylum. After his incarceration the full story came out. It was learned that he had wives and children by the score in Michigan and other States, and that no less than 11 unsuspecting girls had married him in Canada. During the many years he lived with so many wives he never by word, act, or in writing betrayed to one wife that he had others, and he never was suspected of infidelity. When examined by the physicians it was discovered that Sargent when one wife was brought to his mind by some circumstances was insane. On all other subjects he was sane. The superintendent of the asylum says it was the most remarkable case of mania ever known.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[BY "TOMAHAWK."]

A friend of mine handed me the following on Monday last :—CHRONICLES OF THE SLEEPERS. CHAPTER I.—It came to pass in the reign of King Diado, who held sway over the Nation of Sleepers, that the great men who were chosen by the northern portion of the country to be members of the "Sanhedrim," agreed with one great business man named Kanwi to do certain work, in the region round about Watery mountain, in order to give the thirsty people water to drink, for the sum of 1000 pieces of silver. And furthermore the Sanhedrim approved of the action of its two members, and allowed the work to proceed. Furthermore, certain acute men watched the works, laughing in their sleeves, until the work was completed, and louder laughed they when the water ran not down the flumes and earthworks, for they had rolled away the few stones that had obstructed the mouth of the everlasting spring, and caused the water to flow in streams, sparkling and fresh, in another direction. And so endeth chapter I.

Mr. Thomas Walker, councillor of Ballarat, is aggrieved because so many excursions have taken place on the railways. He argues that these excursions take money out of Ballarat. No doubt they do, Mr. Walker. But almost in the same breath, Mr. Walker propounds a scheme which, if carried out, will make Ballarat so much more attractive that other and smaller towns may allow their money to go out from their midst in order to help Ballarat. Now Mr. Walker, give a town a show. Neither Ballarat, Melbourne, Sandhurst, or any other place must be taken to represent the colony, and although "decentralisation" is right enough in its way, let other people be judges of their own requirements.

But the foregoing suggests to me something that might be done in Beaufort. We have here a pretty reserve, a pretty lake, and a cool resort in summer time. A good deal of money has been expended on it, and if every combination of persons uses that park for means of gain it is only fair that such should contribute something towards its further improvement. For instance, on a certain day the reserve is closed to the public, and if the public requires to refresh itself by the rippling waters of the lake on that day (being a holiday) it has to pay for the privilege. Now, if we know that some small percentage of our money is going to put a few more conveniences for the public, and towards improving the reserve in other ways, we shall not grumble ; but if it is only to be a general division between individuals, and the balance "fixed" at interest, must we be blamed if the more pleasurable and attractive conveniences at Ballarat, suggested by Mr. Walker, entice us thither ?

A gra-and sarmon, as the old Scotch lady would describe it. First, he da-angled his right hand, then he da-angled his left ; next he stompit his right fut, then he stompit his left, an'—oh ! it was a gra-and sermon. But that to which I'd refer was spoilt through bad ventilation. Now, this may seem rum sentiment ; but such was the case at the Primitive Methodist Church last Sunday evening, on the occasion of the visit of our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Cherbury. That gentleman's fame had preceeded him, and the people who knew him and the people who didn't flocked to hear him. The building was crowded, and in the space of a very short time, an almost insufferable closeness pervaded the interior, in spite of all the mighty efforts of "those ventilators" and the closing of the doors. Under these circumstances, no matter how eloquent and impressive an orator may be, the extremest religionist will weary under a discourse lasting fifty-nine and a half minutes (by my "Waterbury)—a few seconds longer than we are accustomed to—and it was with an immense sigh of relief that I banged my shilling and a half-penny (I hope the venerable and good-tempered deacon won't contradict me this time) in the box when it came round. The choir did their part of the performance splendidly, the anthem in particular proving a musical treat. It is a pity, though, that such an excellent lot of talent should waste its sweetness (not on desert air) but on the end of the church instead of letting the congregation have the full benefit of it. By-the-bye, the Baptist part of the community felt rather "queerious" at the Primitive Methodist people jumping their old pastor ; but it could not be helped, as their leading spirit who arranges everything was in town with the fire-fighters, so they accepted the inevitable, and rolled up in a body to welcome him though in a foreign pulpit.

I heard, the other night, a really good joke about one of our worthy "local" divines : a good man and true, "prosperous in all his dealings ; abundant riches in gold and silver are his, and he rejoices in large possessions of the fruits of the soil." He was planned to convey words of hope and wisdom to the people of one of our little outlying towns. When the hour was approaching, he girded up his loins—no he didn't; he harnessed up his horse and betook himself to his flock, with his heart and soul aflame with the sweetness of religion. Duly arriving at a certain little church he entered the vestry and at once looked up some hymns and marked his portions of Scripture to read as a foundation for the thread of the comforting discourse he had prepared. By the time the little bell had stopped ringing, he was ready, and with softly-measured step, drooped head and reverent mien, he opened the door leading to the main building. The church seemed deserted, only one or two persons were present. The organist was there, so was the verger, as also——. He turned to mount the steps of the pulpit, and, lifting his head, beheld a brother local divesting his hands of a pair of gloves. Beating a hasty retreat to the vestry, the worthy local was followed by the occupant of the pulpit, and the two faced each other in mutual surprise. "Brother J., what doest thou here, occupying my place in the pulpit to-night ?" "Do not be angry, Brother W., if I have mistaken my plan," said Brother J., con-

The Riponshire Advocate.

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Der Deutscher's Maxim.

Dhar vas vat you call'a maxim
 Dot I hear de odder day,
Und I wride id in my album,
 So id don'd could got avay;
Und I dells my leetle Yawcob
 He moost mind vat he's about:
"'Tis too late to lock der shtable
 Vhen der horse he vas gone oudt."

Ven I see ubon der corners
 Off der shtreets most efry night,
Der loafers und der hoodlums,
 Who do nix but shvear und fight,
I say to mine Katrina:
 "Let us make heme bright and gay:
Ve had petter lock der shtable
 So our colts don't got avay."

Vhen you see dhose leedle urchins,
 Not mooch ofer knee-high tall,
Shump righdt into der melon patch,
 Shust owf der garden vall,
Und vatch each leetle rascall
 Vhen he comes back mit hees "boodle,"
Look oudt und lock your shtable,
 So your own nag don't shkydoodle!

Vhen der young man at der counter
 Vants to shpeculate in shtocks,
Und buys hees girl some dimond rings,
 Und piles right oup der rocks,
Look oudt for dot young feller:
 Id vas safe enuff to say,
Dot der shtable it vas empty
 Und der horse vas gone avay.

Dhen dake Time by der fetlock;
 Don'd hurry droo life's courses;
Remember vot der poet says,
 "Life's but a sphan"—off horses;
Der poy he vas der comin' man;
 Be careful while you may;
Shust keep der shtable bolted,
 Und der horse don't got avay.

—*C. F. Adams.*

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY,

BY

HAROLD STEPHEN Esq., M.P.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

(All Rights Reserved.)

CHAPTER XXI.—(CONTINUED.)

"And so I am. But how did you find it out? I never saw you before in my life."

"By means of this," replied the Professor, extracting a photograph from his pocket-book, and handing it to his companion.

"My photograph! How on earth did you you get it? And why did you get it?" Mr. Johnson began to feel uncomfortable again.

"Did not my name recall anything to your mind?"

"Why, no—yet—yet—by Jove, I remember now! You must be the son of that old Tredegar, the friend of Sir Charles North."

"I am."

"I remember well enough. We prepared a deed for him, and I took it to him for execution. It was a piece of secret service. I was with Freeman and Truelove at the time."

"Your memory is accurate, sir. I only wish that it had not been."

"What do you mean?" said Sumner—or Johnson, as we will continue to call him.

"I mean that your memory is likely to cost me a fortune," replied the Professor. Then he added, significantly: "If it had happened that that deed had not been executed, I should be a wealthy man—and be in a position to befriend those who befriended me—" this with marked emphasis.

Johnson was no fool, he saw the position at once.

"I see," said he. "I wish I could help you. Unfortunately I cannot see my way at all."

"If, for example, it should happen that you were not able to recognise your signature—"

"No use, sir!" interrupted Johnson. "I couldn't do it."

"There is a good bit of money to be made that way," continued the Professor, "whereas in the other event, there's not a stiver to be got from anybody."

"Look here, Mr. Tredegar," said Johnson with an assumption of dignity, "I am a gentleman, I am; and I'm astonished at your venturing to make such a proposal to me. Damme, I'm reg'lary astonished, sir!"

The Professor bit his lips. What could be the meaning of this extraordinary access of virtue? The man was certainly a rogue. He winced when first accused of bearing a false name—could it be that he had committed some crime and feared detection if he presented himself as a witness? In pursuance of this train of thought, the Professor asked him whether he would object to give evidence in London.

"Not I!" was the unexpected answer. "I'm pretty full on Australia as it is, and I mean to go home soon now. Just get put up to something good here, and, when I've realized on that, I shall clear out at once."

"You have been fortunate then?" asked the Professor, who was beginning to despair of landing his fish after all.

"So, so," was the reply. "I've got enough to satisfy me, anyhow; and I'm bound to make a good bit more out of the spect I told you of."

"Then no money would tempt you—"

"Sir," again interrupted Mr. Johnson, with indignation; "if we are to continue friends, I must beg you to stop trying it on with me! A nod ought to be as good as a wink, and when a gentleman tells you he's not on, you ought to take 'no' for an answer."

"Well, I beg your pardon," said the Professor, wearily. "You will excuse me now, my niece must be waiting."

"All right, say no more about it. I'll join you as soon as I see you come out—there's no reason why we shouldn't be friends if you stop trying it on, you know."

Stephen Tredegar was baffled, but not beaten. He had two strings to his bow, either of which might help him to victory. There was the certainty that some disgraceful secret existed in the man's life, which, if discovered, would place him at his (the Professor's mercy; and there was the chance that he might be snared through his evident admiration for Alma.

The secret could only be discovered after the expenditure of time and labor—the other string was available at once. He determined that Alma should, if necessary, be forced to tolerate the man, and even encourage him. A pleasant prospect for our little heroine.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT HIS MERCY.

For a time the Professor's scheme worked admirably. Mr. Johnson was indefatigable in his attentions to Alma, and she, poor child, learnt to tolerate him. The man was vulgar, but not stupid, and, as soon as he had definitely made up his mind that she was worth winning, he set himself to work systematically. He saw that she had been bred up as a lady, and he noticed that she winced more than once at certain of his actions. He thoroughly despised the ridiculous affectation which shuddered at, for example, the use of a knife in eating peas; but he was perfectly aware that such prejudices existed, and that Alma shared them. So he taught himself, with infinite trouble and pains, to conform to the fashion.

The professor watched and applauded, going the length of offering advice, when he found that it might be offered without wounding the susceptibilities of his new friend.

"My dear fellow," he said one day, "you and I, as men of the world, know that nothing is more absurd than the vagaries of fashion; but women are different. To be in the *mode* of their class is a necessity of their existence, and the wise man, knowing this, will never offend them by opposition. I should like to sit with my feet on the table, but I dare not do it—even my own niece would leave the room if I were guilty of such an atrocity. No, sir, if you wish to govern women, concede all the minor points, they will leave the rest to you readily enough. Now, Alma, though not a lady of fashion, has been educated with a view of her taking a high place in society at some future time, and she has all the prejudices of her class. If you wish to stand well with her, you must pander to them, however despicable they may appear to your eyes."

"Ain't I doing it, sir?" asked Mr. Johnson, snappishly.

"Do I ever enjoy a meal now, through watching and thinking whether I ain't making a mistake? Tell you what it is, there's many a time I'd sooner be eating rice with chopsticks like a bloated Chinaman."

"It is doubtless disagreeable, but most necessary. As I said before, Alma has been brought up in the expectation of succeeding to a large fortune, and educated accordingly. You know if I am successful in my suit against Sir Charles North, I shall come into some ten thousand a year, and every penny of that will go to that child after my death."

"But you may live longer than she," was the graceful rejoinder. "You're as tough as leather, you are; and I shouldn't wonder if you hung on till you are ninety."

"I shall give my niece twenty thousand pounds on the day of her marriage, if she marries to my liking," said the Professor.

"Would you really, now?" asked Mr. Johnson, eagerly.

"Certainly. But what is the use of talking, I fear that wretched deed of transfer cannot be upset; although I have not the slightest doubt that my father was mad when he executed it."

"And can't you prove that?"

"I am afraid not. You see, I claim under a will made some time after, and it would be hard to make a jury believe that his madness existed only for a time. No, my lawyer says that most certainly he was mad, but doubts the wisdom of attempting to prove it. That was the reason I asked you about your signature. You would be only acting justly, if illegally, in repudiating it."

"Why yes, it seems so," said Mr. Johnson, thoughtfully, scratching his head with the point of his knife. "Well, look here, let's have no more beating about the bush—you give me your niece and a bond for twenty thousand, and I'll do it!"

"You will?" asked the Professor.

"I will!"

"It's a bargain, then. Of course I can't force the girl to marry you, but I will do my best, and you must fight your own battle as well as you can."

Brought up in the seclusion of a German village, Alma was used to loneliness, and to the companionship of those beneath her in station. But what a difference was there between Grabenthal and Snob's Gully. In the one, she was surrounded by magnificent scenery, and quaint memorials of the past, which recalled to her imagination the gallant days of chivalry, and spoke to her with a power which the native of a new country cannot realise. In the other, Nature's fair handiwork had been blotched and scarred, till the very hills stood up, blank and bare, as monuments of all the baser passions of mankind.

In Grabenthal, she lived in a bright, happy home, with every comfort, and many luxuries, at her command in Snob's Gully, her home was a rude public-house, which boasted no comfort nor luxury of any description whatever.

There she was respected and loved by every one with whom she came in contact; here she was galled by the familiarity of her own sex, and outraged by the coarse admiration of such men as Mr. Johnson.

Her life was literally a burden to her, and even the callous Professor could not but notice the palor of her cheek, and the langour of her movements. The slight glimpse of the higher life amidst her equals, which had been offered her on their voyage from England, had created in her a yearning which daily increased as the hardship of her fate became more unendurable.

Of her brother she had received no news since her arrival in Australia, and her only friend, Grace Harvey, had now also deserted her. She pined and fretted herself into a state of listless melancholy, which bade fair to render her a plastic tool in the hands of those who were plotting her ruin.

It is necessary here to explain that shortly after her arrival in Snob's Gully, Alma had written to Grace Harvey, and begged an early reply. This letter the Professor undertook to take to the post, and carefully refrained from doing so. He then purloined one of Grace's letters, which had been received by Alma whilst they were at Forest Creek, and proceeded to indite a reply, admirably imitating Grace's handwriting. This reply he enclosed to an agent in Melbourne, requesting him to post it there. It was to the effect that the Harveys having, by the death of a relative, succeeded to some property, were about to sail for England.

It arrived in Snob's Gully on a day which had been more than usually trying to Alma, for it rained heavily, and Mr. Johnson had seen fit to bestow his companionship upon her throughout the morning. She hurried to her room to enjoy the treat in solitude; read the letter, and, with a low wail of anguish, sank down upon the floor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SILVER CREEK.

"I say, old chap," said Dart Tredegar to Bertie Leracorte, "suppose we do a little business on our own account?"

They were lying on the grass, under the shade of a box-tree, enjoying an after-dinner smoke; whilst their constant companion, Seth, was tormenting a magnificent kangaroo dog, which Bertie had purchased from a wandering digger.

They had now been at Forest Creek for over two months, but were as far off success in their search as ever. Grace Harvey had written twice to Sir Charles North, and Bertie had answered her very fully, acting in the matter, so he said, as Sir Charles' secretary. Of course, Grace had been unable to give them any news of Alma; and, in her last letter, she had hinted that she suspected the Professor of purposely concealing her address.

The search for the gold robbers had proved equally ineffectual; so that the whole party were depressed, and almost despairing success. Sir Charles, however, still persisted in rambling about the diggings, accompanied by the detective, and asking questions of every new arrival. He had made sundry incursions into neighboring gold fields, and was absent, on some such errand, when Dart made the remark which opens this chapter.

"What do you mean?" asked Bertie, in reply.

"I have just got wind of a new rush, some forty miles from here. Let's go over, and take up some ground on our own account."

"That's jest my notion!" exclaimed Seth, abandoning the dog, and throwing himself on the grass at their feet. "Thur ain't no sense in foolin' around here no longer."

"We have no money of our own," continued Dart, "and I don't like to be dependant upon another, even when that other is as good a fellow as that dear old Sir Charles. I say, let's try to make some for ourselves."

"But the search?" said Bertie.

"Will go on just as well without us. Sir Charles and Burrows do not require us in the least."

"It'll go on a darned sight better," said Seth. "It's jest nigger foolishness keepin' all tergether, when thur's twice the chance by dividin' yer men."

"As far as Mr. and Miss Tredegar, and the man, Sumner, are concerned, I admit," said Bertie, "that we can be of little use; but, you forget that I am on a quest of my own, which cannot be pursued in my absence."

"Hain't yer got jest ez good a show over yonder ez here?" asked Seth. "This yer location is about played out, ez fur ez we are consarned—best up sticks, 'n' prospect somewheres else."

On the return of Sir Charles, this project was discussed in full conclave. The old gentleman, very naturally, opposed it vehemently: but was eventually talked down by Seth.

That impudent young gentleman, was, in point of fact, the master of them all. His shrewdness and wonderful knowledge of life, combined with his quaint humor, and his apparent utter forgetfulness of his extreme youth and lowly birth, combined to form a whole which was utterly irresistible to Sir Charles North; while Dart and Bertie readily followed the lead of their generous patron.

So it was agreed that the three juniors should proceed to try their luck at the new rush, whilst Sir Charles and the detective continued their search through the diggings.

The said rush could hardly be dignified by that name at the time of their arrival, for there were not more than one hundred men on the ground.

The scene was eminently picturesque. The auriferous land lay in a gully, widening out into a flat. On the one side, the ascent to the summit of the mountain range was gradual, and vegetation abounded; on the other, an immense wall of granite frowned down upon the little valley, warning the presumptuous gold seekers that, in that direction, at least, their quest would be futile.

A creek, still running, though its waters were yellow and turbid, wound through the gully, and on its banks were pitched the tents of the miners, usually on the ground they had pegged out as their claims.

Our friends lost no time in camping next to the last previous comers, and, without waiting to set up their tent, at once marked out as much land as the law permitted; being guided in their selection by an old digger, with whom Dart had struck up an acquaintance at Forest Creek, and who, indeed, had "laid him on," as the saying is in digger parlance.

This gentleman was a "Forty-niner;" that is to say, he had been one of the pioneers of the Californian gold fields in 1849, and he was held in great respect accordingly.

"Got a prospect of three pennyweights to the dish this arternoon, we did," said he to our friends, after tea, and when they had settled down for a comfortable smoke and a yarn. "Ourn aint noways considered a better claim that this yer of yourn, so I don't think you'll have much cause to regret follorin' my advice, ignerunt as I am."

"What? Ignerunt! You ignerunt, uncle?" exclaimed that wily young rascal, Mr. Seth Perkins. "I shed like ter know, ef you're ignerunt, is thur anybody knows anythin' at all! All the boys up to Forest Crik allowed yer lay over the huil bilen' of 'em in knowledge of gold-mining, and now you let's on yer ignerunt! That's what I calls style, uncle Peter, and so I don't deceive you."

Uncle Peter—known by no other name or title—could not help the smile of satisfaction which stole over his face; but he severely requested Seth to get out for a young whelp, and wondered what the world was a-coming to when brats of boys lectured their elders as bold as brass, and gave as much lip 'as if they were Markisses or Gran'ooks.

"Why was this place called Silver Creek?" asked Bertie, when Seth had made his peace.

"Well, ye see," began the old man, "the chap as prospected here fust was a kinder poetickel cuss, an' he give it the name cos he sez the creek was for all the world like a streak o' silver runnin' through the gully. The pipple at the station over yonder calls it the Devil's Dyke, by reason of that there wall of rock, which, I'm bound t' admit, du look uncommon like as if the devil had pitched it there to stop trespassin'. But Johnny Carrol—that's the chap's name—sez it's a sin and a shame, an' so it's Silver Crik diggin's—the gold's more in the line o' that Crik than silver, I guess. Ho! Ho!"

The old gentleman seemed so much pleased at this last remark, which he evidently regarded in the light of a first-class witticism, that our friends felt in duty bound to laugh also, and this incited him to further outbreaks; till, at last, he rolled, rather than walked, out of the tent, declaring that if he stayed inside much longer he should "bust."

They were up with the sun in the morning, and, after a hurried breakfast, set to work.

The first thing to be done was to clear the ground of timber, and this they found no easy task; for the undergrowth was thick, and huge creepers wound around every shrub or tree that was available for the purpose. Nevertheless, they went to work manfully, and, by nightfall, had made a respectable impression on the jungle; but their hands were blistered, and their backs and limbs ached to such an extent that they felt it would be entirely impossible to resume their labor on the following morning.

Seth, who officiated as cook, and lent a hand at the clearing when he was not busy with his pots and pans, was in his glory, and came out most uncommonly strong that evening, having the field all to himself; for Dart and Bertie were too utterly fagged to be able even to cut up their tobacco.

The history of the first day was the history of many days with our young friends, but at last the time came when they were able to wash out their first dish of wash-dirt, and they were rewarded for their labor, for behold! at the bottom lay a tiny shining heap, which Uncle Peter, who had the dish, averred to amount to five pennyweights at the least.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MAD AS A HATTER.

Mr. Lascelles senior, did not particularly enjoy himself on his voyage out from England. Harry was by turns moody, disconsolate, or irascible, and utterly declined to take any part in the amusements with which the other passengers sought to while away the time.

He had fully made up his mind that Alma was a deceitful, heartless little flirt, but none the less did the image of that young lady present itself to him in such alluring colors that his love for her increased rather than diminished. At some times he would gnash his teeth and curse his own folly until he became as great a nuisance to himself as he was to anyone else on board.

It was his most objectionable habit to wander all over the vessel at the most unreasonable hours of the night, when, if addressed, he would so snap and snarl in his replies that at last his madness was fully established, and even the sailors gave him a wide berth in passing. Thus, long ere they reached the line, Mr. Harry Lascelles was virtually sent to coventry by every one, except the captain and his unfortunate father.

Mr. Standish Lascelles, a jolly, cheery old gentleman, was at first pained, and then seriously alarmed; for he, too, began to doubt his son's sanity. Harry had been hitherto such a merry, careless, good-humored young fellow that it seemed impossible he could so suddenly develop into a moody misanthrope, unless through the action of disease on the brain. Long and earnest were the consultations which the unhappy father held with the ship's medico, but the question remained as far from solution as ever.

The doctor, a young Irishman who had only very recently acquired the right to kill or cure, admitted his want of practical acquaintance with the subject, and declined to pronounce an opinion to Mr. Lascelles. In the captain's cabin after hours, when he and one or two other choice spirits were assembled together for convivial purposes, he did not hesitate in the least, but openly stated that Mr. Harry Lascelles was as mad as a hatter, adding that he expected to have to put him in a straight-jacket before long, and shave off those curls of which he seemed so inordinately vain.

As they neared Australia, Mr. Harry Lascelles' mood took another turn, and he became as boisterously gay as he had hitherto been moodily taciturn. He would laugh loudly, yet bitterly, without apparent reason, and indulged in buffooneries which appeared extravagant even on board ship, where very great licence is allowed in that direction. Then he flirted indiscriminately with all the young ladies—or rather made clumsy efforts to flirt—which were usually repelled, almost with indignation, by the objects of his temporary adoration. If his conduct during the first part of the voyage had been so eccentric as to cause doubts as to his sanity, this latter phase sufficied to remove them entirely, every soul on board believed, with the doctor, that he was as mad as a hatter.

During the day or two that the ship remained at Melbourne prior to going on to Sydney, Harry disappeared altogether, and did not come on board until the anchor was weighed. He was popularly supposed to have been on a prolonged spree, but even his father did not venture to question him on the subject. The real truth of the case was that he had felt that peculiar need for a hard gallop which will be well understood by those who have been accustomed to pass a great part of their time in the saddle. He had hired a nearly thorough-bred horse and ridden madly away—he neither knew nor cared whither. When he returned the horse to the stables, after having had it away for two days, it was in such a state that nothing less than a ten-pound note would satisfy its owner.

But Mr. Harry Lascelles went on board cured. His mad ride had done for him what no medicine could have effected—it had calmed him, and he was now able to take a more rational view of his position with regard to Alma Tredegar, and decide upon a definite course of action for the future.

By the time they had reached Sydney he had made up his mind to wait, and endeavour in the meantime to find out what had become of the young lady.

How gladly his father had welcomed this change may well be imagined, and, when Harry proposed that they should not delay in town but proceed onward to the station at once, the old gentleman was in the seventh heaven of delight, and once more congratulated himself upon the possession of a son in every respect worthy of love and admiration.

To be continued.

ORANGE-PEEL, when thoroughly dried or baked, is a capital thing for lighting fires; it burns fiercely and gives out an intense heat.

The Prodigal Son.

PRODIGAL son—"Really, father, I don't mean to be extravagant. I am easily lead and impulsive; so I throw a good deal of money away."

Father—"Yes, you need some one to keep you in cheque."—*The Rambler.*

The latest duel in France recalls the fact that last year Messieurs Clachet and Labarbe, two gallants of the boulevard, fell out over the merits of an actress. Seconds were consulted, and it was decided that the combatants should be locked in a dark room with loaded pistols, and take their chance, on the understanding that neither was to fire until five minutes after they were shut in. The dark room told on Clachet's nerves, and after half-an-hour of waiting for a sound and peering into the gloom, he exclaimed "Let us be friends; I fire in the air," suiting the action to the word by blazing up the chimney. A shrill yell followed, for that thoroughfare had been already thought of by M. Labarbe, who was some yard or two up what he thought was the road to safety. Luckily, the seconds, alive to a joke, had omitted the bullets.

They drink beer in a curious manner in Spain. A correspondent of the *Hanover Courier* relates how his guide, a Frenchman, by name of Laboisse, proposed to visit a brewery, operated by a firm with a German name. It was notable for its cool accomodations. The weather was very warm, and a cool spot as well as a cool fatherland's draught was not to be despised. As they entered they were confronted by some Andalusian peasants in their picturesque costume. They had evidently come in to the celebration of some patron saint's festival, and wished to gratify their curiosity with regard to the new strange drink styled "cerveza." Two bottles insecurely corked were brought, a large and a small one, also a soup dish, into which Laboisse poured the contents of the larger, which had a beer-like color. The contents of the smaller bottle followed, the fluid being of a pale, lemonade color. Laboisse stirred up the mixture before him with as much solicitude as though concocting a pineapple punch. This was the custom of the country. The beverage, which savored more of flat lemonade than of beer, was then drunk out of small glasses.

Flowers From Scotland.—The following verse was written on the outside of an envelope containing a collection of dried flowers from the grave of Robert Burns, that were sent from Scotland to John Boyle O'Reilly:

This case has nothing contraband,
Only pressed flowers from Burns' land;
His gowans, bluebells, ferns, and hollies,
A poet's and a lover's follies,
Let case and seal arrive unbroken!
Receive, oh, friend, a heartfelt token!

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A STRANGE STORY.

By R. P. WHITWORTH.

The story I am about to relate is a strange one. Is it true? I do not know. Judged from the stand point of every day experience, I should say that it is impossible that it could have happened, and yet, marvellously and totally unaccountable as it seems and is to me, I cannot but believe it to be positively and absolutely a fact. It is one of those things which cannot be explained, and which will not be explained away.

We live our visible life, as it were, passing over a narrow bridge lying between two immeasurable gulfs, that behind us being the irrevocable past, and that before, the inscrutable future. What these gulfs contain, what is called the unseen world, whether anything or nothing, tangible or intangible, science tells us nothing about. Do, then, the disembodied spirits of the dead ever return to earth. Let my story tell what I think, and cannot but believe.

Many, very many years ago, when I was a young man, little more than a youth in fact, just come from England to seek my fortune in this fair land of Australia, I had made up my mind to become what was the summit of so many ambitions, a squatter. I must tell you there were two of us, myself and my cousin, Jim Welsh, a son of my father's sister. He was of about the same age as myself, and I was deeply attached to him, as he was to me. We had been at school and college together, and I mention this latter to show that we were both tolerably well educated, and therefore not likely to be imbued with the superstition and fanciful credulity that so often go hand in hand with ignorance. As I have said, we were deeply attached to each other, a case of Damon and Pythias, or Orestes and Pylades, or, better still, of David and Jonathan.

We had come out in the same ship, and had vowed never to separate, but to stick together through good and ill. We had heard and read in England of the free wild life of the cattle kings, of the boundless plains, and breezy downs, and grassy glens of the land of the Southern Cross, and our hearts swelled high with hope that we too, some day, should become, as they were, lords of the soil.

But to become squatters, it was necessary for us to know something about squatting. We were fairly well provided with funds, and had some good letters of introduction, and acting on the advice of a gentleman who had known Jim's father, we determined, before venturing into a business of which we knew nothing, to go, for a time, on a station, and gain colonial experience. Sheep we would have nothing to do with. The life on a sheep run did not suit our ideas. It was too tame a kind of thing for us. It lacked the spice of romance attendant upon cattle breeding. There was none of the headlong gallopping through the crashing timber, and down stony defiles and steep gullies, the camping out beneath the giant gum trees in the solemn bush, the cracking stockwhips, the cabbage-tree hats, the blue shirts, the breeches and boots, and the other glories that render the life of a stockman so desirable—on paper.

Therefore, on a cattle station would we go. There was no great difficulty in the matter. There were plenty of squatters who would willingly take us on their runs, and "break us in"—for a consideration, of course. One of these offers we accepted. It was on the station of a gentleman named Macgregor, a canny old Scotchman, which was situated on the upper part of the Goulburn river in Victoria, and which embraced some seventy thousand acres of good open forest country, carrying about eight thousand five hundred head of cattle.

We went to work in right down earnest to learn the business, and I may fairly say that we succeeded admirably. We were both tolerably good horsemen to begin with, and as old Macgregor was a rigid and exact man, who would have his work done thoroughly well, and as we were anxious to learn, we, ere long, were turned out really good bushmen. So much so that after we had been with the old gentleman a little over two years, he proposed to us that we should take the sole charge of the station during a visit which he proposed to take to the old country.

Nothing could have suited us better. Young, ardent, our own masters, with work that we took a delight in, we jumped at the offer, and ere another month, he had departed on his home trip, and we were installed in the large comfortable house of our employer, practically "bosses" of the situation, and certainly, monarchs of all we surveyed, for the nearest house was Carfrae's, over the ranges some twenty miles away.

Our house, as we considered it, was a wooden structure, of many rooms, having a wide verandah round three sides. It stood on the crown of a swelling down that formed the home paddock, and that sloped away past a small creek that formed one of the affluents of the Goulburn, to the foot of a range of hills about five miles away, and that shut in the view to the north. Through this range, and exactly opposite the house, was a dip or gorge, known locally as "Macgregor's Gap," and being the sole means of communication that existed between our peaceful valley and the feverish world whose heart throbbed so fiercely outside.

Most of the house was closed, for there were far more rooms than two bachelor's could possibly use. We each had a bedroom, entered from the front verandah, and our common sitting and dining room lay between the two, and was as well our office, smoking-room, library, and music-room, for Mr. Macgregor had a good selection of books, and a splendid pianoforte and harp for the use of his two daughters, who had accompanied him home.

Our household consisted solely of our two selves, Alec. Payne, the head stockman, who slept over the stables, an ugly and hot-tempered old Scotchwoman named Meg, who cooked and did for us generally, who lived somewhere in unknown parts at the back of the house, and who claimed to be distantly akin to the "Maister," and tyrannised over us accordingly, and a singularly handsome colley slut named Fly, who located in spots, indifferently in mine or Jim's bedroom, at her own sweet will and sovereign pleasure.

The station hands had their huts at considerable distances, and we rarely saw any of them, except when they came to the house for rations, or on other business.

Halcyon days, indeed, were those we passed in the soft, sweet Australian spring. Fishing in the Goulburn, shooting in the hills, kangarooing on the flats, with plenty of healthful employment to keep us from rusting, who could have been happier than Jack Alleyne, that was myself, and Jim Welsh, the managers and residents of the Gap Station.

But our time of unalloyed happiness was not to last. The blacks took to spearing our cattle. Why they did it we could not tell, for we had always treated the few who had shown up on the run with the utmost kindness. Where they came from we could not conjecture, for there were practically none belonging to our immediate neighbourhood. None, in fact, of any account, nearer than the Warrigal tribes of Gippsland.

They were ferocious and mischievous enough we knew, but we could not imagine that they would leave their native haunts so far away the southward, and cross the all but inaccessible fastnesses of the main range to do us an injury. We could not account for their presence, we could find no reason for their acts, unless, indeed, they were some wandering tribe who had been badly used by the white man somewhere, and were revenging themselves indiscriminately on friend and foe alike.

But there was the unmistakable fact. We were first made aware of it by Alec. our head stockman, riding up to the house in hot haste one forenoon with the intelligence. He had, so he informed us, been out to one of the cattle camps, and returning by the foot of the hill had came across blood marks on the grass. Following them up he had found the remains of a young strawberry heifer, one of our choicest breed. The blacks had carried off some of the flesh, and had left the rest to the hawks. Was he sure it was the blacks who had done it? Quite sure. There was no mistake about that, for he had seen the mark of the spear thrusts. He had ridden up to the house as fast as he could, to see what was to be done.

What was to be done? Ah! that was a poser.

Find the marauding scoundrels. Just so. But where to find them? Where to look for them? They were miles away, no doubt, gone this way or that, who could tell? It was our first experience with blacks, that is to say with mischievous ones, and we were completely at a loss how to act in the emergency. Jim and I, calling Alec. to our counsels, sat up late that night discussing the matter, although with but little result further than that we determined to keep a strict look out for the thieves in future.

We might as well have saved ourselves the trouble. Do what we could, ride to and fro on the run, early and late, as we might, we never could come across them. Had we had native trackers we might probably have found their trail, and hunted them off, for the blacks have a wonderful instinct, and a natural love for this bloodhound kind of work—it is strange, indeed, how the partially civilised aboriginal takes a cruel delight in tracking and, it may be, slaughtering his own countrymen, even those of his own tribe, but so it is—but we had no trackers, and were totally unacquainted with the bushcraft and the thousand and one shifts and tricks of these cunning denizens of the woods and wilds for concealing themselves and eluding pursuit.

But of their presence we had ample proof, for hardly a day passed that we did not get reports of fresh outrages. Not content with slaughtering an occasional beast for food, they had, as is their wont, taken to spearing our cattle indiscriminately, and for sheer love of bloodshed. Who could tell how soon they, treacherous and vindictive as they were, would fly at higher game, and would take to killing human beings as well as cattle. At all events we went continually armed, we and the stockman too, with revolvers, and should doubtless have given good account of some of them, could we have found them, which as I have said, we could not.

Then for a time came a cessation of hostilities, as it were. They seemed to have quitted our part of the country for we had no further alarms, and were just beginning to congratulate ourselves in having got rid of our troublesome visitors, when almost simultaneously we heard of no fewer than three fine young head of cattle being found slaughtered in widely different parts of the run. We were at our wit's end, but clearly something must be done, and at once. This kind of thing could not be permitted to go on. But how to prevent it!

Why the wretches had elected to commit their depredations on our run, or whether they had extended them to other parts of the district we did not know. Again we held a council of war, and again we felt ourselves powerless to cope with the evil. We felt certain that the blacks were about in force, but whether they were camped in the dense bush that bordered our run, or whether, as was most likely, they had their head quarters in the rugged mountain ranges to the northward of us, we were unable to say. It is as certain however that they were not located on the run, as, had they been, we should have been sure to have fallen in with the marks of their fires, if not with the ruins of their wurleys of branches of bark. We sat late in the night without having arrived at any settled plan of operations, further than that Jim Welsh had expressed his determination to ride over to Carfrae's the following morning, and consult with our neighbour as to what had best be done.

Perhaps that was the best thing after all, for Mr. Carfrae had been a long time in the colony, and might reasonably be supposed to be better acquainted with the habits of the savage tribes, and the best method of dealing with them than we. Still, I felt a strange, and altogether unaccountable repugnance to letting Jim go. A singular vague premonition of evil which would not assume any tangible shape and which eluded my mental grasp at the same time as it would not be laughed away.

After an early breakfast, Jim saddled his horse, and prepared for a start, ridiculing my groundless fears and attempts to induce him not to venture. His argument was unanswerable "Our plain duty is clear," he said, "we have already lost something like a score of our prime cattle, we have been totally unable to put stop to the mischief, and unless we take some decided step there is no telling what the result will be."

I could not contradict this, of course, and could only advise him to be careful, and to keep as much as possible in open country.

"Never fear," he replied cheerfully, "I am well armed, and the black scoundrels have too wholesome a terror of the white man's thunder and lightning to venture within cooey of me."

Notwithstanding this, it was with a sinking at my heart that I saw him tighten his girths, vault into the saddle, and canter gaily over the grassy stretch of the home paddock in the direction of the gap. I watched him until he was out of sight, shading my eyes with my hand, from the bright rays of the morning sun, and then I turned into the house with something like a sigh, determined to drive away my uneasy thoughts by writing long letters home.

In vain, the inspiration would not come. I blundered and bungled through my correspondence for two hours or more, and then gave it up in disgust. I was ever haunted by the shadow of a nameless, formless fear, a hidden terror, that, like the "Dwellers on the Threshold" of which we read, I had no distinct comprehension, but which was, none the less, there.

It was a clear warm day, the silence was almost oppressive, and by-and-bye, lulled by the faint but ever present hum of the bush, I fell into a light but troubled slumber. My dreams, if dreams they could be called were, as my waking thoughts had been, "without form and void," yet dimly shadowered by a presentiment of impending ill.

I know not how long I slept, but all at once I was roused from my unrest, by a long, loud, half howl, half wail of a dog, so weird, so inexpressibly sad, that it seemed to turn my very blood to ice. I awoke with a start, and went out at the open door.

As I stepped out upon the verandah, Fly, our collie dog came whining and crouching to my feet, and crouched tremblingly behind me, as if in mortal terror.

At the same moment my eyes were blasted with a new Gorgon. Coming slowly up the path, not twenty yards from me, and gliding rather than walking, was a *form*, the form of my cousin, Jim Welsh, whom I had seen start for Carfrae's some hours before. Pale to lividness, shadowy, ethereal, with a look of pain on his erstwhile handsome face, and a crimson blotch of blood welling from a deep gash in his breast.

I stood as it turned to marble, powerless to move, powerless to speak, powerless, almost, to think. Was I still dreaming? No. There he was, plainly palpable before me. I felt my eyes dilate. I felt my hair stiffen on my head. I felt my heart throb as if it would burst, and still all I could do was to gaze entranced and spell-bound in silent, nameless horror. My breath came fast and thick, and as *it* came nearer and still nearer, with a supreme effort I gasped rather than spoke "*Jim!*"

The form waved its hand in the direction of the gap, a smile spread over the anguished countenance, and then *it* slowly melted into air.

Was I then mad? No, no, a thousand times no, although it was surely enough to have driven me so. I was as sane as I am now. What it was, or whether it was, I did not, I do not speculate. I only know that I saw it. I tell you I *saw* it. For a time I stood incapable of motion or reasonable thought. Then came the reaction. With a hoarse, harsh half laugh, half sob, I bounded forward to where *it* had stood. There was nothing, I might have known that. I did know it. I ran round to the stable, hastily saddled a horse, snatched up my revolver, mounted, and hatless, coatless, as I was, gallopped down the home paddock. Where was I going? I hardly knew. I had but one feeling, one idea, that of bitter vengeance on the perpetrators of this foul deed, for that a foul deed had been done I knew only too well.

I headed for the rocky bluffs that formed the Gap, and bathed in perspiration, and with the hot fire of hatred at my heart, sped across the intervening down. Did I think of danger, of death perhaps, to myself? No, Revenge! Revenge!

Soon I reached the Gap. All still, all silent. The grim walls hemmed me in on either hand, but told me nothing. Deeper and deeper into the gloomy defile I passed, deeper and deeper still, but nothing. Not a sight, not a sound save the clatter and ring of my horse's iron shod hoofs over the rough boulders. I dismounted, and slowly led my horse over the rugged track for it was unsafe to ride. More dismal, more wildly solitary grew the scene, a quarter of a mile, half a mile, a mile, and then—

At last. There he lay. Yes, there he lay. All there was left of him. Of my friend, so dear, true hearted, handsome Jim. Dead! Dead! Alas! Alas! Dead! Dead! Killed by a spear thrust, treacherously hurled from behind a rock, as he was riding, or probably leading his horse, through the defile. A spear thrust which entering his back, had come out at his breast, and had cleft his heart in twain. There, at my feet, on his back, with a smile on his pallid lips, gazing blindly into my face with glazed eyes, as if in mockery of my unutterable woe.

Do I feel shame in saying that the tears fell hot and fast from my eyes upon that cold face, that my kisses were impressed on that lifeless hand, which had never before met mine save in the warm grip of friendship? Not I. A man sheds tears but seldom, but when he does, they are, as it were, tears of blood.

How long I stood looking wistfully into the face of my dead friend I know not. I felt my heart throb almost to breaking. I felt my brain whirl into dim unconsciousness, and then, kind heaven sent relief to my overcharged feelings. The grim defile, the body beyond, *It* at my feet, seemed to swim round me. All earthly things were blotted out, and I fell forward in a swoon, and all was dark.

. . . . .

But the awakening, oh! the awakening.
But the awakening, oh! the awakening.

I found myself lying on a couch in the front room of our house. I awoke as it might be after a heavy sleep and I knew not where I was. For a time I lay only partially conscious, yet still entirely conscious of strange forms I knew around me. Alec. Payne, Doctor Rae from the township, and a female with a face strange to me, stood round my bed.

I lay, dimly trying to gather up the tangled threads of memory, which seemed to have been woven into a kind of inextricable confusion. I tried to raise my hand, and it fell back on the counterpane, seemingly as heavy as lead. And then, I spoke, or rather, as it seemed to me, someone else appeared to speak my thought, so weak and gasping was the voice.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"Thank God," ejaculated the Doctor, "the worst is over. Mind and memory are returning."

"For a time I lay still, trying to think of the meaning of what he said, and then, as in an instant, the tide flowed. It all came back to me. All, all. The mysterious visitant, the gloomy gorge, the dead body of my friend at my feet.

I had as they told me, been found lying across the corpse of Jim in the gap, found by Alec. Payne, who had from a distance seen me galloping wildly in that direction, and who, suspecting something was wrong had followed on foot. I had been ill, very ill, nearly at deaths' door, down with a violent brain fever, for days', ever since, but, thank God, the danger was past. As for the apparition I had seen, Dr. Rae discoursed learnedly on psychology and kindred matters, proved to his own satisfaction, doubtless—that at the time I saw it, or was supposed to have seen it, I was under the influence of incipient brain fever, induced by worry and work and the trouble consequent on the ravages made on our stock by the blacks. He persuaded me that it was all fancy, imagination, the outcome of a heat oppressed brain, all the rest of it, by which scientists try to explain the unexplainable.

Perhaps he was right. I do not know, common sense would tell me that he was right, and that it was only in my own disturbed brain and mind that fatal vision had been. That is, no doubt, a sufficiently lucid explanation, but for all that, I say, as Shakespeare says

"There are more things in Heaven and earth
 Horatio
Than ever you dreamt of in your philosophy."

I say with regard to the spirit or ghost, or what you will, of poor murdered Jim Welsh, my cousin, and my heart's friend, as I have said before—I saw it.

The decipherers of the papyri which have been brought to Vienna from El Fayoum, have learned from one of them the existence of a town in lower Egypt, all trace of which seems to have disappeared for the last 1,200 years. The document is a papyrus, a little over 4ft. long by 1ft. wide, containing a marriage contract in Greek, and is well preserved. The date is not given, but Professors Karabacek and Wesseley believe it belongs to the early part of the sixth century. The bridegroom was named Theon, the bride Maria. She had a fortune of her own amounting to 100 gold pieces, and the future husband engages to find for her food and clothing, and everything suitable for "an ordinary legitimate wife." There are witnesses and a notarial certificate. All the parties are described as belonging to the town of Justianopolis. The editors declare that they can find no mention of this place among any lists of the towns, etc., of Lower Egypt.

Forty varieties of rice are grown in Burmah, the latest additions to the territories of Great Britain. These range in hue from white to black. Burmah also produces many other kinds of edible grains, one of which is known as Job's Tears. According to Dr. Thomas Moore this grass derives its name from the large, round, shining fruit it bears, in which can be traced some resemblance to tears. It occurs in Japan as well as the Asiatic continent.

SUPPLEMENT.

The Farmer.

Benefit of Good Stock.

Breeders of improved varieties of live stock can justly lay claim to the title of public benefactors. The estates and farms on which high-class studs of horses, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, or herds of pigs are maintained are centres of wide-reaching influence of a description advantageous to the whole district in which they are placed. At present we will refer only to the distinct gains that are derived from the breeding of pedigree cattle, which are such as to prove the accuracy of the old saying, that "Agriculture is the mother of commerce." The owner of a herd derives pleasure and, if the operations are skilfully and judiciously conducted, profit from its management, and he has also the satisfaction of seeing the impress of his stock on the cattle of the country around him. Landed proprietors, therefore, by breeding good cattle not only benefit themselves and their tenants and neighbours, but are the means of even still further developing a trade in live stock that is beneficial to another class, as well as to large towns and districts dependent on them for their supply of milk and beef.

An admirable illustration of the truth of these remarks is to be found in the county of Cumberland, and doubtless the circumstances we have mentioned were forcibly brought home to the minds of many who attended the recent sales in that part of the country. The wealth of cattle produced in Cumberland and Westmoreland was one of the features that distinguished the Carlisle meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England six years ago. It is very prominently alluded to in the report of the show written by Mr. Finlay Dun, who rightly traced it to the herd of Shorthorns belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Bective, Lord Lathom, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Mr. S. P. Foster, Rev. T. Staniforth, Mr. J. Hetherington, Messrs. Ashburner, and others. Mr. H. J. Little, in his report of the Cumberland and Westmoreland farm prize competition, was equally emphatic in praise of what he calls the greatest boast of these counties—"the Shorthorn cattle, with which every homestead is crowded." Mr. Little, in his instructive report, observed :—"The breed appears to have made its way till all others are in danger of vanishing before it. Even on the smaller farms the blood has generally been kept pure, and though no pedigree be recorded, the use of certified bulls has so long been adhered to that a breeder need be in no uncertainty about their unstained character. The result is probably the grandest race of cattle which, apart from show and fancy herds, can be found in any quarter of the kingdom. It must not be supposed that with these admirable cattle the milking properties of the herd are neglected or despised, as is too frequently the case with amateur breeders. On the contrary, great attention is everywhere paid to this important point of farm economy, and in many cases we found a combination of flesh and quality with good milking properties which was as pleasing as it was unusual."

It was at that time generally considered that the Cumberland and Westmoreland farmers had so long borne up against the depression because they relied so largely on stock. And although the fall in values has now reached them, and hit them severely, yet their case would have been much worse if they had not had their cattle to fall back upon. In order to find a convenient outlet for young stock, the auction marts at Corkermouth and Whitehaven were established, and these have led to a considerable trade, buyers coming from great distances in search of the useful cattle that can there be obtained. The trade of these towns is thus promoted, and to the pedigree herds can be traced substantial advantages to many classes.

The instance we have cited could be repeated as regards other breeds and other districts, but enough has been said to show how much the breeding of good stock, when carefully managed, can contribute to the prosperity of the country. There are many other counties that are suitable for the industry, and it is to be hoped that the landed proprietors in these will follow the example of the northwestern counties of England. The present are not times when any means of benefiting agriculture and trade can safely be neglected.—*Live Stock Journal.*

When so many visitors from Australia were in Calcutta, at the time of the exhibition, a proposal was brought forward to establish a company for the special breeding of horses for the Indian market in Western Australia. The idea then was to gradually acclimatise the horses for India by breeding them in the coolest parts of the colony, moving them down after a certain period to a somewhat warmer climate, and finally keeping them, the last year of their stay before shipment in the hot climate near the western coast. This scheme was never carried out, principally owing to the somewhat exaggerated ideas of the promoters with regard to the assistance they ought to receive from the Indian Government. But private enterprise has stepped in to carry out for itself something similar to what this company proposed to do. Mr. H. G. B. Mason, who is said to own a tract of land in Western Australia nearly as large as Ireland, is about to establish a stud farm on a large scale, more especially with the purpose of supplying the Indian remounts, although the breeding of other stock will be carried on.

The Lancet mentions, on the authority of two Russian journals whose names are not familiar to us, the deaths of two persons of extraordinary age in Russia. One is that of a man named Sribny, in the province of Pultowa, at the age of one hundred and seventeen. The other is that of a woman one hundred and thirty years old, named Anna Kubova, in the province of Baku. It is difficult to judge of the evidence on which these assertions of extraordinary longevity are based, but the ages would still be wonderful if we made allowance of ten years for possible error in the first case and twenty in the second. It is stated that the eldest son of Scribny, at eighty-two, was less active than the father in his one hundred and sixth year.

Further exploration in Masai Land will be necessary in order to learn whether there is an active volcano in East Africa. Dr. G. A. Fischer, formerly of Zanzibar, has published in Germany a narrative of the journey he made in 1883 at the instance of the Hamburg Geographical Society; and he declared that twice in the course of the trip he saw smoke rising from the summit of the volcanic mountain Dongo Ngai, a peak seven thousand feet high. Several of his companions testify to the same effect.

A new method of treating small-pox with ether and opium, the ether being administered hypodermically and the opium by the mouth, has recently been tried in Paris with remarkable success, even in very severe cases.

Sketcher.

The Color of the Eyes.

Gray eyes are not at all of the mischievous or dangerous class. There is the calm, clear, gray eye that reasons as well as feels, that belongs to the brilliant talker, who is never thinking how she may ensnare you, rarely lighted by passion, but full of the steady fire of friendship, and ever awake to the behests of duty. When the master comes she makes the sweetest and truest of wives, but woe to the dunderhead who thinks he can tame her.

> Let the blue eye tell of love,
> And the black eye of beauty,
> But the gray soars far above
> In the realms of duty.
>
> Ardor for the black proclaim,
> Gentle sympathy for blue,
> But the gray may be the same,
> And the gray is ever true.
>
> Sing, then, of the blue eyes, love,
> Sing the hazel eye of beauty,
> But the gray eye is crowned above,
> Radiant in the realm of duty.

There are two kinds of hazel eyes, the dark hazel with a blue shade and the light hazel, in which green, yellow and blue all mingle, sometimes another of the shades predominating. These were the eyes of Cleopatra. They indicate brain, temper, spirit and passion. She who looks through such luminous windows, can purr like a cat and soothe you into submission, or she can spring like a panther when the occasion calls for it, and rend you. The Southern creoles often have such eyes. But the dark hazel belongs to a woman of a different temperament. She inspires a platonic sentiment, is useful, agreeable, intellectual, never talks too much or too little and never gossips.

> Graceful and tender, loving, and kind,
> The wide world o'er you will not find
> Eyes that so firm the heart can bind.

Brown eyes are often confounded with hazel, but they form a separate class and have a softness and beauty peculiarly their own. They often go with light hair and fresh, fair complexions, and are full of laughing brightness. Others of more decided brown go with black hair and a dark brilliant complexion.

> Thy brown eyes have a look like birds
> Flying straightway to the light.

The poets have praised blue eyes more, perhaps, than any other kind.

> Those eyes
> Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky
> Whose azure depths their color emulates.

The large, light blue eyes, with the golden eyelash and the faintly traced brow are the type of purity and peace, while the dark lustrous blue eye, full of emotion, as it may be, is steadfast and true to the very bottom of its limpid depths. This kind often goes with the rarest face on earth—the beauty with jet black hair and a complexion pale and colorless, but clear as parian marble.

> Black eyes most dazzle at a ball,
> Blue eyes most please at evening fall:
> The black a conquest sooner gains,
> The blue a conquest best retains.

Helen of Troy had blue eyes, and Homer, gives Juno, Minerva and Venus eyes of the same hue. Although novelists and poets have usually associated the tragic spirit with passionate black eyes, they are not borne out by the facts of actual life. Lucretia Borgia had blue eyes and blonde hair, so had Mme. Brinvilliers, the most beautiful and most devilish woman of her time. Joan of Arc was a gray-eyed blonde, Mary, Queen of Scots, had gray eyes, and Elizabeth had gray eyes and red hair. Black-eyed women are more apt to be passionate and jealous than their blue-eyed sisters, but they do not hold their passions long and are not so vengeful in spirit.

And green eyes, what can be said of them? They are usually very handsome, and full of love and sincerity. Dante's Beatrice had green eyes that shone like emeralds.

> And in her tender eyes
> Just that soft shade of green we sometimes
> see in evening skies.

The Spaniards greatly admire green eyes. They are not bewildering like the blue, dangerous like the gray, passionate like the black, nor affectionate like the brown; but they are the eyes that see visions like the poet, and they love to dwell, apart from the earthliness about them, in realms of imagination.

Men's eyes are not often so striking or so beautiful as women's, but a man who possesses fine eyes has a good inheritance. Great leaders have usually good eyes. Washington's eyes commanded respect and submission. From youth to age he was never treated with familiarity by those who were near him. At least not a second time. Governor Morris once slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, in fulfilment of a bet he had made, but when Washington turned his eyes on him Morris almost sunk to the ground, and most abjectly apologized. Napoleon had the same keen glance out of his gray eyes, that searched to the very bottom of one's heart.

A French writer on temperance topics, Mons. J. B. Leriche, says that one of the best drinks ever tasted by man can be made from honey. The process of manufacture is simple: a mixture of honey and water in certain proportions being boiled down to one third of its original bulk, and then placed in casks to ferment. After fermentation ceases it is bottled, and we are told "it may be taken for madeira, then later on it is like old brandy, and finally it becomes a pure alcohol." It seems strange that a beverage of this character should be so highly praised by a person who is distinguished for his writings in favor of temperance.

Mons. Louis Pasteur recently stated that since October 26, 1885, three hundred and fifty patients had been treated for rabies by his new method, with a successful result in every case but one. Another exception to its uniform success must now be added, as one of his patients has died of wolf-bite since he made the statement we have mentioned. A movement is on foot, strongly supported in scientific and medical circles, for the establishment of a permanent hospital at Paris in which both foreigners and Frenchmen suffering from the bites of rabid animals may receive treatment according to Pasteur's system of inoculation.

Although the use of vaseline in food preparations has recently been forbidden by the health authorities in France, some doubt exists as to whether this substance is really harmful. A French chemist has administered it to dogs in large quantities, and these animals appeared to suffer no injury from it and, indeed, increased in weight while the experiment was going on.

Some carefully conducted experiments have been made in Dublin by Mr. Gerald Stoney, F. R. S., on the quantity of energy expended in propelling bicycles and tricycles at different rates. His conclusion is that "the bicycle or tricycle is probably the most economical way of using human muscles."

Science.

Strange Things About Light and Heat.

By Bishop Clark.

There are some things connected with the phenomena of light and heat to which the attention of the reader may never have been directed. Light may exist without heat, as appears in the case of phosphoric substances, which are self-luminous. Heat may also exist without light, but only up to a certain limit—all solid substances becoming luminous when heated as high as 977 degrees, Fahrenheit. Gases require a much higher degree of heat before they become incandescent.

No explanation has been found of the familiar fact, that, while both the light and heat of the sun pass unimpeded through glass, artificial heat is intercepted by this transparent medium. It is a little strange that the heat of an ordinary fire should pass freely through a layer of rock-salt, when it is unable to penetrate a pane of common glass; and it is worth observing that while the hot rays of the sun pass through glass with such perfect freedom, they cannot find their way back by the same channel. The warmth once inclosed in a hot-house, cannot escape by the process that allowed it to enter the building; it must first heat the glass panes in the roof; as it would any other substance, in order to get out again.

At first thought it is difficult to see why the rays of the sun should pass through the atmosphere without heating it at all; and yet, if it were not so, the temperature on the top of Mount Blanc would be higher than it is in the valley of Chamounix. But it is still more extraordinary that the rays of the sun should pass through a cake of ice without melting it at all, as is the case when the thermometer stands a little above zero. That the rays of heat actually penetrate the ice is shown by the fact that a lens of ice may be used for setting fire to inflammable substances.

If it were possible for us to rise above the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, we should see nothing but an intense and sharply-defined ball of fire, while everything else would be wrapped in total darkness. There could be no *diffusion* of light without an atmosphere, or some similar medium for it to act upon; but if the air about us extended to a height of 700 miles, the rays of the sun could not penetrate it, and we should be left in darkness. At the depth of 700 feet in the ocean, the light ceases altogether, one-half of the light being absorbed in passing through only seven feet of the purest water.

Light itself is colourless, and therefore, strictly speaking, it is never seen. The process by which it makes objects visible, when it falls upon them, is very interesting and wonderful, and yet it is a matter about which comparatively few persons ever concern themselves. Why is it that in a room in which everything was absolutely destitute of colour so long as the shutters were closed, the moment that the sunlight is introduced we see such varieties of crimsons and greens and browns and yellows, elaborate patterns on the walls and carpeted floors and draperies and pictures of every shade and hue? "That is simple enough," you may reply. "When the room was dark, of course there was nothing to be seen; but as soon as it is light, everything becomes visible, and each in its own special colour." But why is one thing red and another blue? This red curtain had no redness about it when the room was dark—it was absolutely without any colour at all. It had nothing more or less but a *capacity* for redness, and that capacity was determined by the singular fact that when the sun's rays fell upon the curtain it at once absorbed all but the red rays, and if these were excluded from entering the room, while all the other rays were allowed admittance, there would not be a red thing to be seen. Why it is that certain substances absorb one set of colours and other substances another sort, nobody can tell.

It seems to be a very commonplace thing to say that the light makes objects visible by reflection; but has the reader ever thought just what this implies? If it were possible to make a *perfectly* smooth surface, it would be invisible. But, as a matter of fact, nothing is perfectly smooth, and it is the little roughnesses on the surface which break up the rays of light, and thus render the object visible to our senses. Wonderful deceptions are produced by the use of highly polished mirrors, with the most startling and magical effects.

The experiments of our modern photographers have revealed to us extraordinary chemical properties in the sun's rays, while some of these rays are entirely destitute of this peculiar power. It has also been discovered that there are rays of light outside of the solar spectrum, and which are invisible to the human eye, just as there may be vibrations in the atmosphere too high or too low to produce an audible voice.

It is a mooted question whether the sunlight falling upon an ordinary wood-fire retards the process of combustion. This is a popular notion, and its certainly looks as if the fire burned more feebly when the sun shines full upon it, and it is now alleged by scientific men that there may be some such influence produced by the action of the chemical rays.

One would hardly have supposed that such subtle and volatile elements as light and electricity, after having been produced, could be stored away for future use; and yet it is well known that a strip of paper, prepared after a certain fashion, and exposed for half an hour to the rays of the sun, may be corked up and, if kept in the dark, retain its luminousness for a considerable period of time. The same property may be imparted to paint, and it has been proposed to apply this to practical uses. What a weird look one of our country villages would have on a dark night if all the houses were painted with this phosphorescent pigment!

The expansive and contractile power of heat and cold is one of the most irresistible forces of nature. Bunker-Hill monument is 221 feet high, built of solid granite, and every day it oscillates to and fro, as the heat of the sun expands the eastern and western sides. If the iron rails on our roads were not allowed free play at the ends, they would curl up like a snake. The tall and massive walls of stone buildings, when they have fallen away from the perpendicular, are righted and restored to their proper position by connecting them with metallic rods, which, after they have been expanded by heat, in the process of cooling draw the walls together with an irresistible force. We are all familiar with the application of the same principle in the hooping of oil-casks, and the tiring of wheels. It is one of the anomalies of nature, that, while the cold contracts every other substance, water—although it also contracts up to a certain point—is actually expanded by freezing. This is one of the most striking indications of a wise and beneficent provision, as it is all that prevents our ponds and rivers from freezing solid to the bottom. To show the power of this expansive force, I would mention that a brass sphere, one foot in diameter, has been torn asunder by the expansion of a cubic inch of water, inclosed in the centre and then frozen.

It is a familiar and yet it always strikes us as a marvellous fact, that worlds may have been for years in existence, the light of which has not yet had time to reach our earth, and that we may still continue to see the light of stars that have been for a long time extinct.

What is to be the destiny of our world, after the sources of light and heat are exhausted, as of necessity in process of time they must be? The earth may be very old, but as it had a beginning, so it must, sooner or later, have an end.

Nature.

An inspection of the different species shows the marked diversity in the structure and appearance of the woods, and one is quickly relieved of the general impression that they are all alike. Examined microscopically, the differences in structure are sufficient for identification of the species, and at the same time enable one to judge of the suitability of a particular wood for definite uses. So little has been done generally in the microscopical study of the woods for engineering, architectural, or mechanical purposes, that but few are aware of the variety in form and structure of the wood cells, ducts and special fibres which make up the woody tissue of the different species. An expert can readily determine whether a certain wood, used for railroad ties, will sustain the service of a trunk line, or is only suitable for a branch of limited traffic. In the coniferæ, which includes the pines, cedars, larches, red woods, spruces and firs, as a rule, each layer of growth only has two kinds of wood cells called tracheids, one of thin walls and a large lumen, and the other of thick walls and a small lumen; when the former predominates, making nearly all of the layer, the wood is generally soft, as in the white pine (pinus strobus, L.) the cedars, redwoods, spruces and firs. When the thick walled cells form one-fourth to one-half of the layer, the wood is much harder, as in the long leaf yellow pine (pinus palustris, Mill), pinus mitis and the larches. On the thinned walled cells of all the species of the coniferæ are dome like or lenticular markings, principally on the sides parallel to the medullary rays. The thick walled cells are often marked on the sides at right angles to the medullary rays. The coniferæ have more or less resinous products, and the presence or absence of the upright resin canals aid in distinguishing the genera, while the form and character of the medullary rays, the presence or absence of resin ducts, the character of the cells, enable the species to be identified. In the alburnum or sap wood, the starch is confined to the cells around the resin canals and in the cells of the medullary rays. The cellular structure of the oaks, chestnuts, hickories, ashes, walnuts, maples, beeches, birches, and magnolias is far more complex and more highly differentiated than that of the conifers; beside the wood cells, there are ducts, vessels and special cells containing starch in the alburnum or sap wood. In nearly all the species of the first five orders mentioned, the ducts grow in concentric rows, in the first of the season's growth; those which form later may be inclined through the layer of wood cells, becoming smaller as they approach the outer portion. In the live oak, the ducts run radially through the ring, and the small fibres are nearly solid, giving the wood great hardness, making it so valuable for ship building.

Erastus Brooks writes as follows of the big trees of California: The big trees, so famous in the country and the world over, where they are known, were the object of our last visit after leaving the Yosemite Valley. It cost a ride from six o'clock in the morning to six in the evening, with rest of little more than an hour. One-half of the ride, first from the valley and then to the big trees, made a double climb of about three thousand feet above the sea. These high climbs, even with six horses, mean but about two miles an hour, and the descent is less than five miles. We rode in about twelve hours forty-four miles, but only those who have traversed the Rockies and the Sierra range can know what work it is to get over the roads built upon the sides of the mountains, and so narrow that there is no room to pass, and, fortunately, no people who want to pass, except at the station for changing horses. But to the big trees. The land granted to the State covers four sections and the whole is under the control of a so-called "guardian," or caretaker, who knows how to profit by his place in the sale of cones, seeds, works in the wood, canes, etc., cut from the monarchs of the forest, dead and living. There are several hundreds of these monarchs and cutting or maiming them in any way is forbidden by law. But the law has not been respected, and when the curious thousands and more come each year, the law is not likely to be obeyed. We visited the largest of the number first, "the Grizzly Giant," at Mariposa Grove, half burnt up years gone by the fire fiends, who, as herders of sheep, campers or trampers, set fire to the woods. Three-fourths of all the big trees have been thus scorched or burned. Many of them, which seem wholly dead in their lower trunks, flourish at their majestic tops. The Grizzly Giant is thirty three feet in diameter, and the next in size is the "Wamona," measuring twenty-eight feet in diameter. The circumference of the first was, by our hasty measurement, ninety-five feet, and under the great limbs of the Wamona we rode with our six-horse team and twelve people, the tree covering the four-seated stage, and more than the height and length of two of the horses and the long and high stage coach. This passage-way had been cut from the body of tree.

The trunk of the big tree we visited at Pueblo, on our way to the Pacific, had, before being cut down, the modest age of three hundred and eighty-eight years, and a circumference of only twenty-eight feet, but it cost two hundred and fifty dollars to cut it down in June, 1883. It was and is the oldest landmark of the country, and to add to its elevation we are assured that fourteen men hung upon one limb and thirty-six persons were massacred while camping near it. Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, Wild Bill and other Indian Scouts are among those who were familiar with the past history of this monarch of the forest at Pueblo; but the Pueblo tree was as a pigmy compared with the great giants in the United States Park at Mariposa we have just left.

Mr. R. A. Rolfe, writing in the *Gardener's Chronicle* on the relation between flowers and insects, points out that Dr. Watts, the great hymn writer, indulged in poetic license when he said that the bee

> "gathers honey all the day
> From every opening flower."

As matter of fact, bees visit comparatively few kinds of flowers, there being many sorts which produce no honey, and others which secrete it in such a manner that the industrious insects cannot get at it.

According to Dr. E. Bonavia, a correspondent of the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, the lemon is much more valuable as a febrifuge than is commonly supposed. He thinks it ought to be more extensively employed in medicine, especially in India, where, when compounded with an extract from the Kbatta orange, lemon juice is as effective as quinine in the treatment of simple intermittent fever. Just at present the demand for lemons is so small in comparison with the crop that much of the fruit has gone to waste in Sicily.

A New Zealand mushroom, which grows on the trunks of trees, is exported in large quantities to China, where it is used in the preparation of soups. Its botanical designation is Hirneola polytricha. When dry, the mushroom becomes shrivelled up, and is as hard as horn; when wet, it is soft and elastic, almost sub gelatinous. It grows in compact gregarious masses. The exports average over a hundred tons a year, worth probably not less than £50 a ton at the place of shipment, and much more in China.

One would hardly suppose that seeds would grow better for being frozen, yet according to the experience of a number of European botanists, the seeds of many New Zealand plants will not germinate readily until after they have been exposed to the action of frost. There is reason also to believe that Himalayan seeds are improved by similar exposure to a low temperature.

Boys' Column.

Poor Dick.

It was a sultry summer afternoon. Nothing could be heard in the fields but the song of birds and the "click-click" of the mowing machine. The perspiration rolled down the foreheads and cheeks of the men. They held no conversation with each other. Probably they thought it cooler to be quiet. Nothing broke the stillness of the air, excepting the birds and the mowing machine. "Click-click" steadily went the latter. Suddenly the piteous howl of a dog was heard; the machine stopped; the driver jumped off the seat and the other men ran to the spot. Poor Dick! Those big, sharp teeth had cut him down almost as completely as they cut the hay. There he lay, his legs all bleeding and the front ones nearly severed. He moaned and looked up at the men as if asking them for help. One of them caught hold of him, but he howled and snapped at him.

"We might as well put him out of his pain," said one. "I'll go to the house and get the gun." He started off on a run and soon disappeared.

The men remained in the same place. The horses at the machine stood quietly. The poor dog no more took notice of the presence of the men, who spoke in low tones, seeming to sympathize with him.

Soon the man who had gone to the house returned with a gun. He reached down and stroked Dick ? perhaps tenderly then he moved off a short distance. A man went to the horses heads, to hold them, and the one with the gun took aim—he pulled the trigger. Dick gave his last howl and after a short struggle was out of pain. They picked him up and laid him under a tree, covering him with hay. That evening they buried him there. Two little girls planted flowers on his grave, and it took them a long time to get used to the loss of their playmate Dick.

A Merchant Navigator's Voyages.

"Voyages of a Merchant Navigator" is the title of an interesting little book which has just been published by Harper & Bros. The author is H. W. S. Cleveland, and the man whose adventures he relates was the late Richard J. Cleveland, a resident of Salem, Mass., who, during the last ten years of the last century, and up to the year 1820, was actively engaged in the merchant service, owning and sailing vessels on his own account. It is an interesting fact that this Richard J. Cleveland was of the same blood as the present President of the United States, the Rev. Aaron Cleveland, of Norwich, Conn., the great grandfather of the latter, being the brother of Stephen Cleveland, the father of the man whose life story is told in this book.

Richard J. Cleveland, being born in 1773, was a young man at the time that the wars of the French Revolution commenced, and the succeeding period of twenty years, when all Europe was at war, with one brief interval, was the harvest of the American shipowner. The United States being the only neutral nation possessed of much shipping became the carrier for all Europe, and great fortunes were made by the bold adventurers who had money and ships and were prepared to take their chances freely. One of these was Richard J. Cleveland, who appears to have been a man singularly bold in conception and able in execution, and not too scrupulous in the means he adopted to attain his ends. Wherever there was money to be made there he would go, and if it became necessary for him to change his nationality temporarily, he did not hesitate to do so, becoming a Frenchman, a Dane, or an Englishman as occasion served.

His first trip of importance was taken in 1799, from Havre to the Isle of France, in a little cutter of about fifty tons, which he had loaded up with goods such as he thought would sell at his destination. He also carried despatches from the French Government. He, however, never completed this voyage, for putting in at the Cape of Good Hope the British officials there smelt a rat, and detained him. They thought it highly improbable that so small a vessel should start on so long a voyage merely for the purposes of trade; so they would not allow him to proceed, but bought out his vessel and cargo at a rate which gave him a handsome profit. We next find him at Canton, undertaking a voyage to the northwest coast of America to buy furs, and in this trip he met with many adventures; but the voyage was successful, and yielded him a large sum. He is found next on a voyage from Isle of France to Denmark, and when this was completed he started for Chili and Peru, where he thought he saw a chance of great profits. This trip also ended prosperously, although it was attended by many difficulties, and he reached his home in Salem after several years' absence, the possessor of a fortune of £17,000, with which he proposed to retire and spend the rest of his days in comfort.

Like Robinson Crusoe, however, he was impelled to go to sea again, and his next essay was most disastrous. After this he gained and lost two or three fortunes, but we must reserve the remainder of his adventures for the readers, who will not fail to peruse this most interesting book, which is far more thrilling than many a work of fiction. Richard J. Cleveland died in 1860, aged 87, after such a life of adventure as has fallen to the lot of few men to pass through.

Indications of the existence of the crater of a volcano at the bottom of the sea, between the Canary Islands and the coast of Portugal, have recently been discovered. A steamer engaged in laying a telegraph cable in this part of the ocean, in latitude 39 degrees 25 minutes north, longitude 9 degrees 54 minutes west, found thirteen hundred fathoms under the bow and eight hundred fathoms under the stern, showing that the ship was over the edge of a deep submarine depression. "Off Lisbon," says Mr. T. Mellard Reid, of the Liverpool Geological Society, "and up to the edge of the soundings, there are great inequalities, which no doubt are due to a chain of mountains in the ocean."

The opinion sometimes expressed that medical men enjoy comparative immunity from infectious diseases, in consequence of the frequency of their exposure, is shown to be erroneous by English statistics, which indicate that "the death rate of medical men, aged over twenty years, from scarlet fever, is nearly four times the average rate of other men of the same age, from typhus more than twice, and from dyptheria nearly four times." These figures forcibly illustrate the perils to which physicians are constantly exposed.

There is but one passage in the Bible where the girls are commanded to kiss the men, and that is in the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

Miscellaneous.

Healthy Occupations.

The first place among healthy occupations is held by ministers of religion, the death rate of this class being 555. Next we have gardeners and nurserymen, who stand at 599; farmers and graziers, 631; agricultural laborers, 701; schoolmasters 718; the other trades which follow closely on these being grocers, coal merchants, paper manufacturers, lace and hosiery manufacturers, wheelwrights, ship builders and shipwrights and coal miners. The figure of mortality for all these trades is under 775. On the other side, that of the unhealthy occupations, the first place is held by the trades which are concerned in the manufacture and distribution of intoxicating drink, which as is well known, entail many temptations to use it to excess. The list of unhealthy occupations is headed by the class of inn and hotel servants, whose figure mounts up to 2,205, being nearly double that of the medical profession. The highest places next to them are held by the general laborers in London, and by costermongers, hawkers and street sellers, the former class with 2,020, and the latter with 1,879. It is probable that both are largely made up of broken men, the wrecks of other callings. Innkeepers, publicans, spirit, wine and beer dealers follow with a figure of 1,521 and brewers with 1,361. In support of the belief that these high rates of mortality are chiefly due to alcoholic excess, Dr. Ogle has compared with them the mortality assigned to diseases of the liver, the organ through which such excess chiefly declares itself, and has obtained results which are entirely in harmony with those of the trade returns. Next to the trades concerned with alcohol, the highest rates are furnished by occupations, which involve the breathing of dust—other than coal dust—and especially of a sharp and gritty character, or largely composed of mineral matter; next, those in which there is exposure to lead poisoning, as with plumbers, painters and filemakers. The earthenware manufacturers, who are much exposed to mineral dust, have a figure of 1,742; filemakers, who work upon a leaden cushion, reach 1,667, and plumbers and painters, who are also exposed to lead, reach 1,202.

The Misanthropist.

He lived like a hermit, crab-like in his gilded shell of a mansion, and said he was a misanthropist. He devoted his entire time to gloomy forebodings, and was never so happy as when drawing gruesome comparisons between the times that were and the times that are. He would pinch a cent, deprive himself of the common necessities of life, and preach sermons on the subject of economy to the veriest beggar who applied at his area door for food. Across the way lived a little widow, whose sole delight in life was to bring up her only child—a sweet little girl—as a sunbeam. The misanthropist detested the child, her glow and warmth, her red cheeks, round limbs. Her merry laughter was saw-teeth to his ears; and her appearance of a bright summer morn when the sun shone brightest, when the birds sang sweetest, and when the sky was bluest, was an eyesore to him as he drew his dingy curtains apart and looked forth from his cheerless room upon the loveliness of nature in her gayest robes.

Some men begrudge human kin the light of supreme bliss because the song, the light and gaiety are choked out of their natures by the weeds of misanthrophy. This was the sort of a man my hermit-like Crab was. He hated to see a single human being enjoy life, because he had tasted of the sour. The cup may have been of his own brewing; the misanthropist's generally is.

Day after day the gloomy man sat in his dull room, brooding on days gone away back into the dusty musty past. Day after day he conjured black nights of woe and shadows of despair as he chewed the cud of discontent and advertised himself to the world as a hater of mankind, a genuine specimen of the real misanthropist and—

* * * * * * *

A grand transformation scene has taken place. The misanthropist has gone away. He is here, yet not here. From the windows the cobwebs have been dusted. The green grass has been cleared away from the area steps and the milkman flirts with the rosy-cheeked waiting-maid through the bars of the gate.

The little widow lives in the grand mansion; the owner of the mansion is daily trying to win the widow's lassie to call him "papa" and—another misanthropist's frail structure goes to smash; and another mystery remains unsolved.

The late Marquis of Waterford, among numerous accomplishments, excelled as a boxer, and of his aptitude in this art he was justly proud. He never picked his men; he used to fight coalheavers, dustmen, hodmen, fellowship porters, and others of that ilk, and then gave them a Bank of England plaster, and if he ever was caught napping and met a superior bruiser, great was his superior's reward. But sometimes an insolent jarvey obtained all the thrashing and no reward, as the following anecdote will show:—The marquis on one occasion hailed a cab rather early in the morning, and directed the cabman to drive him to St. James's Square, the residence of his uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh. When he arrived at his destination he handed the cabman half-a-sovereign, but cabby, in the most insolent manner, demanded more. "All right," said the marquis, and slipping into the house by means of a latch-key, he quickly donned his uncle's episcopal robes and, returning to the door, quietly asked what the cabman required. The jarvey, not recognising the marquis, and thinking to frighten the clerical swell, gave him some choice Billingsgate, whereupon his lordship in his new character knocked cabby down. Amused at the idea of having to fight a parson, cabby sprang up and went for his man in good style; but the sham prelate foiled every blow, and returned his deliveries with such vigor that at last the cabman, thoroughly beaten, and believing that he had the devil in lawn sleeves for an opponent, jumped up on his cab, and was glad to "hook it."

A Watchmaker's Epitaph.

As one of the "Curiosities of Literature" connected with watches, we may cite the following, which can be seen in the churchyard at Lydford, Devonshire, England:

> Here lies in a horizontal position
> The outside case of
> George Routledge, Watchmaker.
> Integrity was the main spring and prudence
> the regulator of all the actions of his life;
> Humane, generous, and liberal,
> His hand never stopped till he had relieved
> distress;
> So nicely regulated were his movements that
> he never went wrong,
> Except when set a-going by people who did
> not know his key;
> Even then he was easily set right again.
> He had the art of disposing of his time so
> well
> That his hours glided away in one continued
> round of pleasure,
> Till in an unlucky moment his pulse
> stopped beating.
> He ran down Nov. 14, 1801, aged 57,
> In hopes of being taken in hand by his
> Maker,
> Thoroughly cleaned, repaired, wound up, and
> set a-going
> In the world to come, when time shall be
> no more."

It is probable that the young lady who aspires to be admitted to the ranks of the legal profession does not reflect that the gratification of her ambition would only make her a bar-maid.

Humor.

Why He [illegible]

> He ambles up the street full [illegible]
> And stops before a cottage [illegible]
> Showing a youth with love-lit [illegible],
> Frail dudelet legs and light [illegible] hair.
>
> She meets him on the front [illegible],
> A maid—an houri—O so sweet!
> Her eyes are dark as good plum jam,
> And number sevens are on her [illegible].
>
> They pass within the cottage cool,
> He sits him down upon a chair:
> And soon upon his sawbuck legs
> He dandles her with fondest care.
>
> But all at once he turns quite pale,
> And frightened, looks down at [illegible],
> And then he lifts his head again
> And four fond loving optics [illegible].
>
> He sees within her melting [illegible]
> No look of censure or surprise;
> He tries to draw a deep, full [illegible],
> But chokes and coughs—[illegible]
>
> She kisses these scintillant [illegible]
> Aquick from off his pallid [illegible],
> And urges him in anxious [illegible]
> His deep and awful woe to speak.
>
> Why does he turn his face away?
> Why is that pained look in [illegible]?
> Why does he let those charms [illegible]
> Pass vainly and unheeded by?
>
> Why does he gently, firmly rise,
> And push her from his [illegible]
> And, sea-sick, speed him through the door?
> Because she'd eaten Limburg cheese,
> And had a perfume round her [illegible]
> That e'en would stop a wild [illegible].

A little incident took place at a well known watering-place the other [illegible] that indicates the opening up of a new and promising industry. The regular [illegible] Saturday night hop was in progress, and [illegible] room-full of melancholy girls [illegible] with one another, when the [illegible] approached a solitary young man [illegible] smoking on the balcony and said [illegible]:

"Fine evening. Won't you step [illegible] the ball-room?"

"No, thank you," said the young [illegible] guidly.

The landlord looked discouraged, but after awhile he returned and said:

"Shan't I introduce you to some [illegible] young ladies?"

"I guess not," and the young man [illegible] another cigar. The landlord sighed heavily and went away. In a quarter of an hour he tried it again.

"Dance—don't you?" he asked.

"Sometimes."

"Can't I introduce you to Miss [illegible] the—ahem—the millionaire's [illegible] splendid waltzer?"

"Not this evening—'bliged to you."

In about an hour the landlord turned [illegible] again. He was desperate. In a voice [illegible] with emotion he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but you would [illegible] immense favor on me by dancing [illegible] evening."

"Not a kick," said the young man.

"The fact is," explained the [illegible] stretcher, "you're the only young man we've had here during the season. It's hurting my business the worst way. Now if you would only——"

"Tell you what I'll do," said the guest thoughtfully. "I came down here [illegible] away from girls, but I'll sign a contract to dance two waltzes and a square dance per evening as a stand-off for my board. How does that strike you?"

"You'll take 'em out rowing moonlight nights, won't you?" said the hotel-man.

"That'll be extra—throw in the use of a saddle horse, and I'll go you one moonlight per week."

"And sit two in a ham——"

"Never!" shouted the young man. [illegible] do I'll be ——"

"All right!—all right!—don't get excited. I accept the terms. Come right in to the office and sign the contract." And the instrument was duly executed as hereinbefore agreed, except that for and in consideration of a bottle of wine at dinner the contractor agreed to throw in five standard-quality hugs during the waltzing per each evening.

There is a very prominent business man who always wears a very demure expression of countenance, although he is fond of a joke. One day he walked into Smith's hat shop and soberly inquired whether the house made discounts to pastors. Mr. Smith himself was at hand to assure him that they did, and would allow him the usual twenty per cent. off. The solemn man then said he would like a becoming hat. Several were shown him, and after a good deal of thought and enquiry he finally selected one marked £1, which Mr. Smith said he would sell him for sixteen shillings. The solemn man put it on and contemplated himself for some time in the mirror. Was the hat becoming to a man in his profession? Mr. Smith was confident it was. Would his congregation be likely to take any exceptions to it? Mr. Smith was confident they could not. Then the solemn man looked at himself once more, and, after making another inquiry as to whether it would be sure to please his congregation, produced his sixteen shillings. Then he started out. At the door he paused and inquired again: "They can't find any fault with it, can they?" "Most certainly not," said Mr. Smith, confidently. "Because if they do," said the solemn man, as his hand was upon the door-latch, "they can go to h——l."

"**Kin I get** a hundred ossifers to be on hand at our church next Sunday night?" asked a perturbed appearing colored man at police headquarters the other day.

"For what?"

"Gwine to be trubble up dar, sah."

"Of what sort?"

"Waal, mebby you know Julius [illegible]? Julius was one of de ushers up dar, an' he got de bounce kase he was short on collecshuns. He's boun' to her revenge, an' he says he'll make trubble."

"What's his scheme?"

"He's gwine to walk in an' sot down on a front seat wid a chestnut bell on his west, an' ebery time de preacher says de whale swallered Jonah, Julius am gwine to ring de bell on him."

"And that will create trouble, eh?"

"Sartin it will, Captain. De preacher won't stand it, nor de congregashun won't stand it, an' Julius will git broke right in two an' dat chestnut bell jammed into his ear. Better send a hundred ossifers up to rescue de corpse."

He Jibbed.—A Ballarat man owns the champion "refuser" of that part of the country. One day the animal stopped in front of a drug shop and declined to progress. In vain his infuriated owner hammered his ribs and twisted his tail. At last, exasperated to the pitch of emotional insanity the driver jumped out of the wagon, rushed into the shop and bought a pint of turpentine. Half of this he poured on the horse's tail, borrowed a match from a bystander and set it on fire. The horse gave one wild snort and made a straight streak of dust into the perspective. The farmer gazed after the equine comet for a moment until he realized that his wife, family and a load of fresh eggs and butter were in the wagon. Hastily emptying the rest of the turpentine on the bosom of his pants he cried to the same bystander:

"Make haste and give me another match—I want to catch him!"

Soypronia asks:—Did people in olden times know anything about sleighing? Yes; the ancient warriors used to go out slaying in their scythe-armed chariots

sulting the same; "but I do not think I have—no; see, I am right, but you should have gone to C——." Brother W. looked, and satisfied himself that it was as Brother J. had said. "Dear, dear," he exclaimed, "how very absent in mind I am getting; and"—thoughtfully—"unless I go by the first train in the morning a whole day will be lost to me." And the little flock in the valley of C—— are still waiting for their shepherd.

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.]

WATER SUPPLY.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

Sir,—Mr. Vox Populi is right in saying that I am rather ancient. Once the excrescence bearing my name was a hole in the ground, from which the crystal fluid you are now so anxious to obtain for the old women of Beaufort to breed ducks with, flowed unpolluted and unvexed by shire councillors down to the sea. True; Rip Vanwinkle-like I have awoke to the fact that not only ducks, but drakes also, have been and are still being fattened by the way in which our contracts are let and managed, notwithstanding that we have a contractor who boasts that he saves the ratepayers £1000 a year (and himself as much more). But all the ironical ink you may waste won't prevent me from asking the ratepayers to take a peep at this last prodigy of our worthy councillors, and, whilst christening the little stranger, count up the actual cost of their promising god-son:—

Six hundred feet timber, at 6s. ...	£1	16	0
Tressle work for same ...	2	0	0
3 day's work for 7 men, at 7s. ...	7	7	0
Gives a total cost of	£11	3	0

Subtract the same from £50—contract price—and the balance of £38 17s. appears a fat little worm for the early birds to pick and carry from the shelter of my leafy retreat on a Sunday morning!!! A little more and I am done. If the council will appoint a committee to examine this work and report thereon, I shall be satisfied, and will thunder no more; but if not, I will have the question asked by a Member of Parliament, in his place in the House. Then we shall see what action the Government will take, who have been hoodwinked into this expenditure.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

MOUNT COLE.

BEAUFORT UNITED COMMON.

A meeting of the managers of the above common was held on Thursday, when Messrs. Browne, Humphreys, and Wotherspoon were present.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

REPORTS.

The secretary reported as follows:—Balance in bank to credit, £32 19s 3d; cash in hand, £3 10s 8d; making a total credit of £36 9s 11d. Fees received to date for current half-year, L15 19s 4d; unpaid fees due on stock branded by the herdsman, L3 8s 0d; total assessment to date, £19 7s 4d; percentage due to herdsman, £10 8s.

The herdsman reported that 2000 sheep and 136 head of cattle passed through the common during the past month, and that he had seen all the commonage bulls recently.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Secretary for Lands stating that the application for extension of the common at Raglan will be referred to the Land Board for consideration and report, and that the place and date of sitting will be duly notified.

From the Rabbit Inspector, forwarding a notice to destroy rabbits, and directing attention to some undug burrows on the common, between Messrs. Drew and Dunn's selections. The herdsman stated that he had visited the locality with the rabbit inspector; saw 6 burrows, but no rabbits. The place is thickly covered with ferns, scrub, and dead timber, which require to be burnt before the burrows can be effectually got at, but it would not be safe to fire it until more rain comes. It was resolved that the rabbit inspector be informed that the Managers will take action to exterminate the rabbits as soon as the weather will permit the scrub and dead timber to be burnt with safety to the adjoining property.

From Mr. Samuel West, of Sailors' Gully, complaining about the commonage bull breaking into his paddock and destroying his property; also claiming £1 damages for same.—Resolved, that Mr. West be informed that the bull complained of was bought at the request of the residents of Sailors' Gully, and if he persist in demanding damages the managers will sell the bull.

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment:—Herdsman, L8; secretary, L2; office rent, 19s 6d. Total, £10 19s 6d.

The meeting then adjourned.

A social, under the auspices of the Hope of Beaufort Lodge, I.O.G.T., takes place in the Societies' hall on Tuesday evening next.

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.

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.

"A MIRACULOUS SALVE."—For the cure of ulcerated Bad Legs, Boils, Abscesses, Scrofula, Sinuses, Swollen Glands, Tumours, Ulcers, Burns, Scalds and Skin diseases of all kinds. "CLARKE'S MIRACULOUS SALVE" is superseding everything. Its curative properties are wonderful. Sold everywhere in pots at 1s 1½d, 2s 9d, and 4s 6d each. Proprietors, the Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE GAUNTLET.

An Imperial rescript, bearing the date of 20th August, 1854, and the signature of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, abolished forever, within the realms of the whole Austrian Empire, that terrible punishment known as running the gauntlet. Terrible indeed it was; a cruel and barbarous remnant of those dark and dismal times, called the Middle Ages. I record the details of the last infliction of the torture, for the benefit of those who still cling with a strange fondness even to the worst legacies of bygone centuries.

On an autumn morning, in the year 1851, the garrison of the fortress of Theresiustadt, in Bohemia, was formed in a large square on the spacious place before the residence of the commandant. In the middle of the square drawn up in a file, stood a company of the Rifle Battalion—three hundred strong—to which the culprit belonged. They were unarmed, each private being provided with a switch, and placed at a small distance from his next man. At the tenth stroke of the clock the drums were beaten; and amidst a silence deep and oppressive, the prisoner was marched into the square.

He was a remarkably fine-looking man; tall, powerful and well formed. His handsome features, to which a black moustache gave a bold and martial expression, showed forth in the full glow and vigor of manhood, only they were of a deathly paleness.

He was a non-commissioned officer, and during the campaign in Italy in 1849, had distinguished himself in such a manner that his senior officer recommended him for promotion; but unfortunately there was a fatal impediment in the way. This was his own passionate and violent temper. Harsh and brutal to his subordinates, and morose and stubborn to his superiors, he was so much hated by the men that there was not a private in the regiment who had not sworn to have revenge. He never made one friend, nor did he care to have one. Strict in the performance of his military duties, he always went his way, reserved, proud, solitary. Innumerable were the punishments he brought upon the men; for however slight the offence, he never passed it over.

His officers respected but did not like him; his evident lack of humanity rendering him an object of doubt rather than good will. Moreover, there was a vague rumor that he had once struck at his own officer in the midst of a hand-to-hand encounter with the enemy. It, however, never took a clear shape; the officer having been killed in the action, no formal investigation of the matter ever took place; besides, it occurred in the great victory of Novara, at which he greatly distinguished himself, old Field-Marshal Radetzky with his own hands affixing the medal on his breast. But the rumor, together with the knowledge of his violent and tyrannical temper, caused his name to be erased from the list of those non-commissioned officers recommended for promotion.

When this was made known to him, he became even more sullen, more rigid, and more cruel than ever, but always performed his own duties with the same immutable strictness which he enforced on others.

A few weeks previous to the dread punishment which he had now to undergo, he was mounting guard in the outworks with some twenty or five-and-twenty men of his company. It was a chilly, rainy night; and when the sentries were relieved, they were glad to stretch themselves—wet as they were—upon the floor near the large stove in the guard room. The floor not being very clean, and the white uniforms being wet, it was no wonder that the dirt adhered to them with a tenacity which defied all exertions to get it off, when the men were roused by their sergeant to prepare again for guard. The more they tried to rub it off their clothes, the more he lent a helping hand by the vigorous application of that then sad equipment of every Austrian officer—the stick. Whilst he was so occupied, cutting away at the men with his powerful arm, the door opened, and the officer on duty entered the guard-room.

"Attention!" commanded the sergeant; and saluting his superior, made the usual report that nothing worth remarking had occurred. The officer, a young ensign, fresh from the military school, and almost a boy, took no notice of this important news, but asked the sergeant in a brisk and somewhat impervious manner, "what he was striking the men for."

The sergeant, feeling annoyed as this interference, gave a surly and unwilling answer; and when the young officer rebuked him, in a manner both haughty and severe, the passionate man, losing all self-control, lifted up his hand to strike his officer.

It was but one fatal movement. The uplifted hand never descended; it was arrested by a dozen powerful arms. He was felled to the ground, disarmed, and in half-an-hour afterwards was in irons, a prisoner in the casemates.

Lifting the arm against a superior in these days was considered a capital crime. In this case it had been committed whilst both officers were on duty, and the Austrian military laws were—and, indeed, still are—the very last in the world to be trifled with. The following day he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be shot. When the sentence was forwarded for ratification, it happened to be the Emperor's anniversary day; the capital punishment was commuted, and the criminal ordered to run the gauntlet.

A cruel act of grace was this commutation! When the sentence had been announced, he had remained cold and impassible: not a muscle of his proud face stirred. He did not fear death; he had looked at it in the face many a time without flinching; and to die in the open air, pierced by a dozen balls—a soldier's death—why should he care much for that? But when he was informed that, instead of this, he had to run the gauntlet twice through his company, after having been previously degraded, he trembled for the first time in his life. He knew many a soldier who had thrice run the gauntlet through a whole battalion and not been any the worse for it; he knew of some who had married afterwards, and brought up families of children; and he was fully aware that the extent of the terrible torture depended entirely on the dispositions of the men. Dreadful reflection! Above all he thought of the shame, the dishonor; and his proud heart was well nigh giving way.

On the evening previous to the punishment, the Second Rifle Battalion of Kherenhuller Infantry would have been unfit for service; they were drunk. They had got up a carouse in joy and honor of the coming day. But in the morning they were sober enough. The drums ceased to beat as soon as the prisoner had arrived in the middle of the square; his escort fell back. He stood alone near the right wing of his company; there was a dead silence; not a sound was to be heard from the thousands gathered on the spot. The commanding officer read the sentence to him for the second time. This done, he exhorted the men, according to custom, to dismiss all feelings of compassion, and do their duty. The Colonel went through his part of the formality in a quick and hurried manner, as it unwilling to perform it. So he was; he knew but too well that, in this instance, there was no need for exhortation. These preliminaries over, the prisoner was delivered into the hands of the provost.

When the latter tore off from his uniform the marks of his military rank—throwing them, together with his gold medal, at his feet, the face of the unfortunate man became purple, and the dark eyes flashed fire. When he was stripped of his coat and shirt, and placed at the entry of the terrible street through which he had to pass, he became pale again. Two soldiers went ahead of him; they marched backwards with their bayonets presented to his breast, so as to force him to keep measure to a drum which brought up the rear. This drum was muffled, and its slow and dismal beats sounded like the music of a funeral procession, which, indeed it proved to be.

When he received the first stroke, his features assumed an expression of pain, and his firm-set teeth slightly quivered. This was, however, the only sign of feeling he made. Crossing his arms over his breast, and pressing his teeth close together, his proud face remained henceforth immoveable. His merciless enemies enjoyed but an incomplete triumph after all; they might slash his body to pieces, but his proud indomitable spirit they could not break. The blows descended upon him with fearful violence. After the first dozen blood came; but never did he utter one single exclamation of pain; never—not even with a look—did he implore mercy. An expression of scorn and disdain was deeply set on his face, as pale as death. When he at length reached the left wing of the company his lacerated back presented a fearful spectacle. Even the most exasperated of his enemies might well have been satisfied now; if it had been possible, the commanding officer himself would have interfered on his behalf; but this was not even to be thought of; the sentence had to be carried out. They faced him right-about; he had to make his way back again.

There was one formality connected with this punishment, which was a cruel, barbarous and shameful mockery: the delinquent had to thank his executioners for the tortures he had endured.

When the victim had arrived at the file-leader of the right wing of the company, the dreadful punishment was at last over, he threw one last look, full of contempt, at his tormenters. Then he was seen staggering like a drunken man towards the commanding officer. His eyes, swollen with blood, beamed with unnatural brightness, his respiration was short and painful; touching his head with his right hand, in military salute, he said in a voice that came out from his throat with a rattling sound, but which nevertheless, was distinctly audible all over the place, "I have to—thank your honor for this exquisite punishment," and then fell down and expired at the Colonel's feet. He was the last victim in the Austrian army of the punishment of the gauntlet.

"GAZETTE" NOTICES.

Contracts accepted for supply of forage to police at Beaufort.—Hay and straw, Neill Macintosh; oats and bran, P. M. O'Connell. Ditto for Skipton, Isabella M'Alder. Snake Valley.—Oats, D. M'Kenzie; bran, hay, and straw, Geo. Douglas. Ditto for Buangor.—Oats and bran, P. M. O'Connell; hay and straw, T. Woodrow.

Gold-mining lease declared void.—W. Iredale and another, 9a. 1r. 27p., Raglan Division, Ararat district; Beaufort.

Auctioneers to whom licences were issued during the month of January.—W. E. Nickols, Chas. Hadland.

Temporary reservation of land revoked.—Beaufort—Site for racecourse, and recreation purposes (partly).

Court of Mines will be held at Beaufort on Wednesday, 16th March instant.

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 2s. 6d. per bottle. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road London.

How to ferret out a preparation of a trick, is by substituting any other Schnapps for that of Wolfe's schnapps, will require very little intuition. Just let one try the genuine invigorant; and, familiar with it's taste, they will soon discover the difference. It is impossible to give to the common gin that delicate smell, that fragrant touch, that aromatic, soft and velvety taste that constitute the chief elements of this great tonic cordial.

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 Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by John Brown & Sons, Boston, U.S. European depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London.

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.

A WOMAN FROM AUSTRIA.

Near the village of Zillingdorf, in Lower Austria, lives Maria Haas, an intelligent and industrious woman, whose story of physical suffering and final relief, as related by herself, is of interest to English women. "I was employed," she says, "in the work of a large farmhouse. Overwork brought on sick headache, followed by a deathly fainting and sickness of the stomach, until I was unable to retain either food or drink. I was compelled to take to my bed for several week. Getting a little better from rest or quiet, I sought to do some work, but was soon taken with a pain in my side, which in a little time seemed to spread over my whole body, and seemed to throb in my every limb. This was followed by a cough and shortness of breath, until finally I could not sew, and I took to my bed for the second, and as I thought for the last time. My friends told me that my time had nearly come, and that I could not live longer than when the trees put on their green once more. Then I happened to get one of the Seigel pamphlets. I read it, and my dear mother bought me a bottle of Seigel's Syrup, which I took exactly according to directions, and I had not taken the whole of it before I felt a great change for the better. My last illness began June 3rd, 1882, and continued to August 9th, when I began to take the Syrup. Very soon I could do a little light work. The cough left me, and I was no more troubled in breathing. Now I am perfectly cured. And oh, how happy I am! I cannot express gratitude enough for Seigel's Syrup. Now I must tell you that the doctors in our district distributed handbills cautioning people against the medicine, telling them it would do them no good, and many were thereby influenced to destroy the Seigel phamphlets; but now wherever one is to be found, it is kept like a relic. The few preserved are borrowed and read, and I have lent mine for nine miles around our district. People have come eighteen miles to get me to buy the medicine for them, knowing that it cured me, and to be sure to get the right kind. I know a woman who was looking like death, and who told them there was no hope for her, that she had consulted several doctors, but none could help her. I told her of Seigel's Syrup, and wrote the name down for her that she might make no mistake. She took my advice and the Syrup, and now she is in perfect health, and the people around us are amazed. The medicine has made such progress in our neighborhood that people say they don't want the doctor any more, but they take the Syrup. Sufferers from gout who were confined to their bed and could hardly move a finger, have been cured by it. There is a girl in our district who caught a cold by going through some water, and was in bed five years with costiveness and rheumatic pains, and had to have attendant to watch by her. There was not a doctor in the surrounding district to whom the mother had not applied to relieve her child, but everyone crossed themselves and said they could not help her. Whenever the little bell rang which is rung in our place when somebody is dead, we thought surely it was for her, but Seigel's Syrup and Pills saved her life, and now she is as healthy as anybody, goes to church, and can work even in the fields. Everybody was astonished when they saw her out, knowing how many years she had been in bed. To-day she adds her gratitude to mine for God's mercies and Seigel's Syrup." MARIA HAAS.

The people of England speak confirming the above.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"Whittle-le-Woods, near Chorley, "December 20th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—Mother Seigel's medicine sells exceeding well with us, all that try it speak highly in its favor. We had a case of a young lady that had been troubled many years with pains after eating. She tells me that the pains were entirely taken away after a few doses of your medicine.—Yours truly,

"Er Peel."

AFTER SEVERAL YEARS.

Stoke Ferry, January 9th, 1884.

"Gentlemen,—I have used Seigel's Syrup for several years, and have found it a most efficacious remedy for Liver complaints and general debility, and I always keep some by me, and cannot speak too highly in its praise.—I remain, yours truly,

"Harriet King."

THE EFFECTS HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL.

"Ilford Road Dispensary, Dunkinfield, May 3rd, 1884.

"Dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the sale of your Syrup and Pills increases here continually. Several of my customers speak of having derived more benefit from the use of these than from any other medicine.—Yours very respectfully,

"Pro. Edwin Eastwood, J. B."

WANTED, LAD, to make himself generally useful: must be able to ride. Apply

WM. SMITH,
Butcher,
Beaufort.

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—Good Buggy MARE, 4 years-old, iron grey color; fast trotter. Apply to C. Vowles, Beaufort.

SUBSCRIBERS WANTED for the WEEKLY NUMBER of the FAMILY HERALD, at the publishers' price, 2d.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
Bookseller, &c., Beaufort.

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.

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

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.

Wotherspoon Bros

AND CO.

Are now offering the balance of our

SUMMER GOODS

At prices that will be found

FAR BELOW ANYTHING IN THE TRADE.

:o:

CALL AND INSPECT THE

BARGAINS in PRINTS, at 2½d, 3½d, 4d, 5d, per yd.
BARGAINS in DRESS STUFF, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, and 6s 6d per doz. yds.
BARGAINS in CALICOES, 1s 9d, 2s 6d, 3s 6d, and 3s 9d per doz.
BARGAINS in FLANNELS, 8d, 10d, 1s, 1s 2d, 1s 3d, 1s 4½d.
BARGAINS in SHEETINGS, 7½d, 9d, 10d, 1s, 1s 2d.
BARGAINS in SHIRTINGS, 3d, 5½d, 7½d, 9d.
BARGAINS in TOWELLINGS, 3½d, 4½d, 6d, 7½d.

We will also offer some sterling value in our

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT,

Well worthy of Buyer's attention, viz.:

A Job Line of Men's Felt Hats, at 1s.
A Job Line of Men's Straw Hats, at 4d.
A Job Line of Men's Tweed Coats, at 7s 6d.
A Job Line of Men's Trousers & Vests at 9s 6d.
A Job Line of Men's Holland Coats, at 2s 11d.

TRY OUR SUITS, MADE TO ORDER,

BY THE BEST TAILORS. STYLE AND FIT GUARANTEED.

A Splendid Stock of Men's Shirts, Hats, Ties, Collars, Braces, Socks, Mole Trousers, Dungaree Trousers and Jumpers, Portmanteaus, Travelling Bags.

All our MILLINERY will be Sold, regardless of Cost,

BOOTS. BOOTS.

A Large Stock of our well-known make; also some very cheap lots, viz.:—25 pairs Men's H.N. Laceups, at 7s 6d; 30 pairs Men's H.N. Laceups, at 9s 6d. Three trunks of Assorted Boots and Slippers from 1s upwards. 12 Boot Trunks very cheap.

: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.

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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.

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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.

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GEORGE H. COUGLE,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

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ALEX. M'DONALD

Continues to sell off every article in Stock at PRICES that

CANNOT BE BEATEN!

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ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

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

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,

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.

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.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

BOOKSELLER,

STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFORT.

BEAUFORT POLICE COURT.

Monday, February 28, 1887.

(Before Messrs. Cushing, Prentice, and Wetherspoon, J.'s.P.)

DRUNKENNESS.

Police-constable Martin, of Waterloo, proceeded against Nicholas Trounson (who surrendered to bail) on four separate charges, arising out of a case of drunkenness. Defendant pleaded guilty to being drunk, and was fined 5s. To a charge of using obscene and profane languarge, he said he remembered nothing about it, and "he supposed he was guilty." The bench thought the sum of 20s, inflicted as a fine, would provide Trounson with a better memory. For resisting the police in "the execution of his duty," and doing damage to part of the officers clothing, Trounson was ordered to pay 40s fine and 15s damages. For using insulting and obscene language to Mr. C. J. Leadbeater defendant was fined 10s; and cost of cab, 1s 6d. In all, £4 11s 6d.

(Mr. C. J. Leadbeater, J.P., here took his seat on the Bench.)

ROWDYISM.

John Graham, John Francis, Peter Cameron, and Benjamin Cameron, all of Waterloo, were charged by Constable Hede with having on 8th February last, behaved themselves in such a manner as seemed likely to cause a breach of the peace. The constable stated that on the evening of the 8th February he was on duty, and observed the four defendants going into a certain house, behaving very noisily. He went to the house and ordered them out. Subsequently they carried on their noise—shouting and swearing, using the most filthy and obscene language they could command—down the streets, and visited two or three hotels, offering to fight any man in Beaufort. Mr. Gilloch said he could only recognise one of the defendants; because it was dark when they came to his house, and called him all the bad names in the vocabulary. The one he recognised was Francis, who was the rowdiest of the lot. Mr. Thos. Thompson, landlord of the George hotel, also gave evidence is support of the charge, in so far as his house was visited by the defendants. They were "three-quarters thick." Three of the defendants pleaded guilty, but Francis said he was not guilty. The Bench, however, thought it was a case of "six of one half-a-dozen of the others," and upon the evidence fined Francis £3 and 6s costs, in default 14 days; and each of the other three £1 and 6s costs, in default seven days' imprisonment.

TRUANTCY.

Truant-officer Usher charged Daniel Mulcahy with offending against the compulsory provisions of the Education Act, in not sending his boy, Thomas Mulcahy, to school the requisite number of days in the quarter ended September 30th, 1886. Second offence, defendant having been summoned last July on a similar charge. Fined 5s, and 2s 6d costs.

Luke Curran was likewise charged by the truant officer, and a fine of 5s and 2s 6d costs was inflicted.

Jas. Lithgoe was fined 2s 6d with 2s 6d costs for a like offence.

DEBT CASES.

Michal Flynn v Patrick Barrett.—No appearance of defendant. Claim for L2 12s 9d, goods; order for amount and costs 5s.

Flynn v. J. Miles.—No appearance of defendant. Claim for L20 0s 5d; order for amount and costs 5s.

Flynn v. Carolin.—No appearance of defendant. Claim for L2 11s 3d; order for amount and costs 5s.

Flynn v. W. Greenwood.—Claim for L4 1s. Defendant pleaded that he was an uncertificated insolvent, and plaintiff had no right to trust him. The bench informed Mr. Greenwood that as the debt had been contracted since his insolvency, he would have to pay it, together with the amount of 7s 6d costs.

Shaw v. Barrett.—No appearance of defendant. Claim for L1 6s 10; order for amount and costs 5s.

John Bell v. R. Welsh.—Claim for L2 19s, board and lodging. No appearance of defendant. Order for amount and costs 2s 6d.

Joseph Frusher v. John Hill and Buchanan.—Claim for L6 5s 3d, goods. Defendants who were represented by Mr. Hill, paid L4 9s 6d into court, and disputed an item of 18 lbs of mutton, which was delivered in a state unfit for consumption, and another item. A length of time was taken up in controversy between the plaintiff and defendant and the bench respecting the agreement made to deliver and take delivery of the meat, defendant submitting that he told Mr. Frusher's brother that the meat was bad and that he would not pay for it. Frusher had "put the meat on a teamster's waggon perfectly fresh," and sent it out to the mills of defendants; but defendants said it was "stinking" when it got there. Plaintiff was not going to hold himself responsible for any arrangement his brother had made to allow defendants for the meat. Hill said plaintiff was not authorised to send the meat out in strangers' carts, but might, if pressed, forward by defendants' own conveyances. The Bench allowed the objection of Mr. Hill, and gave an order for 4s 6d, and costs 12 6d.

W. Schlicht v. Mrs. McDougall.—No appearance of defendant. Claim for L6 18s 7d; order for amount and costs 5s.

Schlicht v. Morgan Evans.—No appearance of defendant. Claim for L4 14; order for amount and costs 5s.

Schlicht v. Thomas Bath.—Claim for L2 9s 7d. Defendant acknowledged the debt, and had paid L1 on account that morning. Order for amount and costs 5s.

The Court then adjourned.

£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.

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.

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

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To Let,

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

WORTH TRYING!

—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, also a Guaranteed Cure for Snake Bite, if promptly and persistently applied.

Sold in 1oz. vials, 1s 6d; and 2oz. vials, 2s 6d.

Prepared only by C. Chapman & Co., Manufacturers of all kinds of Eucalyptus and Botanic Oils, Middle Creek.

Wholesale Agents—For Beaufort: Messrs. Hawkes Bros; for Ballarat East: Mr. John King, wholesale druggist, 47 Bridge street; for Ballarat West: Mr. Walter Cornell, wholesale druggist, Sturt street; for Ararat: Messrs Dawson & Co.; and Retail from all chemists and respectable storekeepers.

Two Testimonials selected from One Hundred and Fifty.

Amphitheatre, Nov. 27th, 1886.

Mr. C. Chapman. Sir—I have suffered from Neuralgia for the last ten years, finding no relief from anything. I tried medical advice, but it was of no use to me. I have used your Australian Foliage Balsam since, finding instant relief as soon as I apply it, and I do not now suffer any pain. I am thankful there is such a preparation for so terrible a complaint. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial. I remain, yours respectfully,

MRS. SARAH J. MILLS.

Buangor, January 20, 1887.

Mr. C. Chapman. Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of your Australian Foliage Balsam, it being most valuable in cases of Rheumatics, from which I suffered very acutely for many months, that and limejuice internally curing me when all other medicines had no effect. You are at liberty to make use of this if you think proper. Yours faithfully,

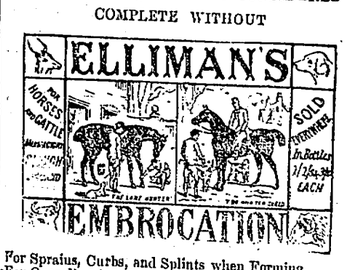
ROBERT HORNSBY.

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.

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,

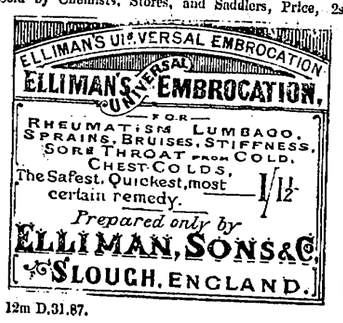
"Dec. 3rd, 1878.

"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



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Of Every description executed at the "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE, Lawrence-street, Beaufort,

And "TRIBUNE" OFFICE, East Charlton.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

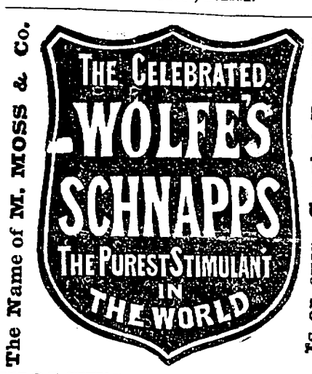
MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,

Prepared on the shortest notice

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.

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.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

£1 ORDERS.

Some Unprincipled Traders, to obtain a meanly increased profit, will deal in imitations, while others go so far as to Re-fill Wolfe's Bottles, and sell them as Genuine.

As a protection against these FRAUDS, and in order to ensure the Destruction of the Wrappers, there are Packed in the large size Bottles a number of ORDERS on the Agents, to pay the finder of them

ONE POUND STERLING.

These are being Cashed daily

1000 ORDERS,

Representing the sum of

£1000,

Have been found and Cashed.

THE PUBLIC

SHOULD BE CAREFUL NOT TO HAVE

IMITATIONS

OR

Some Cheap Inferior Article

Palmed off on them as the GENUINE

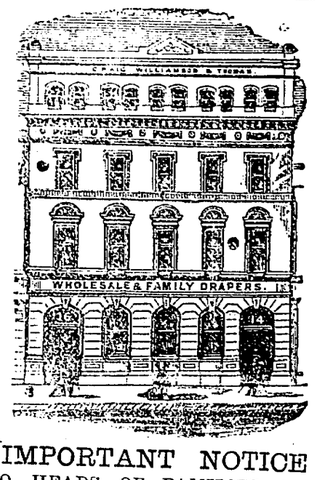
Wolfe's Aromatic

SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.

THE

ONLY SPIRIT

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.



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.

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.

VICTORIAN ALMANAC, 1887.
PUNCH ALMANAC, 1887.
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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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Advances made on Consignments.

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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,

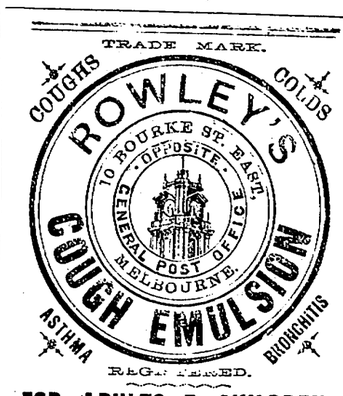
BALLARAT EAST.

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 LONALDSON, 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, Ballara West.—[ADVT.]

TRADE MARK.



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.]

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 opius circulation in the parts affected, thence peedily and effectually it ensures a cure.

Piles, Fistulas, and Excoriations.

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 for 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 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.

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME patients suffering from nervous affections 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, 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, L1 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine,

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

182 COLLINS-STREET EAST Melbourne.

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.

"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, 1889.

"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 between 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. The 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 sooth and strengthen the nerves and system generally, give tone to the stomach, elevate the spirits, and in fact render the patient sensible of a total and most delightful revolution in his whole system. Thousands of persons have testified that, by their use alone, they have been restored to health after all other means have proved unsuccessful.

Indigestion and its Cure.

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

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

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

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

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

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, Buramboen, 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

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The Riponshire Advocate.

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MELBOURNE 24 MAR 87 PUBLIC LIBRARY

he "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

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

ubscribers who do not receive their papers regularly t an early hour of the morning would much oblige y immediately forwarding their names to the office of paper, Lawrence street, in order that such errors may ectified. We are most desirous of securing for our ribers a regular and early delivery, but it will be sible for our measures to prove effectual, unless e warned by them when neglect takes place.

dvertisements sent in without a written order as to umber of insertions, will in all cases be continued l countermanded, and no advertisement can be drawn without an order in writing, delivered at the s by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.

dvertisements for this paper cannot be received after lock on the evening previous to publication.

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

rders to discontinue subscriptions to the paper must writing, delivered at the office and for the current ter.

ommunications of a literary nature must be addssed to the Editor, and must bear the signature and dress of the writer—not necessarily for publication, t as a pledge of good faith. An observance of this e will be the means of preventing disappointment to tributors.

All advertisements coming under the heads of Wanted, sing Friends, For Sale, Rewards, if not exceeding enty-four words, will be inserted to] o shillings d sixpence.

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

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

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

WATERLOO COACHES.

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

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

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

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.3 m.

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

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

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

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 dvantage—they will participate in the Bonus to e 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 59 Altar street, Ballarat, Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the most approved Continental and American principles. Special Lace for Belts for Irrigation Purposes. A Large Stock of the Premier Belt Lubricant and well-seasoned Belt Laces Kept in stock.

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.

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.

IMPORTANT ANOUNCEMENT

THE GREATEST DRAPERY SALE

EVER HELD IN BALLARAT.

Important Announcement.

CRAWFORD'S PREMISES NOW OPEN.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

IMMENSE TRANSFER SALE

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Snow & Room

Have purchased the Entire Stock of

DRAPERY,

FURNISHINGS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS,

&c., &c.,

At a Heavy Discount, from

Mr. A. CRAWFORD,

And will offer the whole at less than Importer's Cost.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Stock Transferred amounts to over

£40,000.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SALE NOW ON!

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH

OF BARGAINS.

CRAWFORD'S.

MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS.

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT.

SNOW & ROOM,

PROPRIETORS.

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 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, 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.

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 Dru
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

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

FOR SALE,

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

For Sale,

120 ACRES of LAND at Graveyard Hill, Mount Cole. HARRIS and TROY.

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 Beaufo 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. Artcial 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 an 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 a.m., where all necessary information can be given

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. Drillette Prints, 9d a yard; reduced to 2s 11d a doz. French Navied Cloths, 1s, reduced to 5½d. French Lawns and Cambrics in stripes and figures, 8¾d, 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, 3¾d 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.
3m.Ap.23.87.

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.

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

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Very little change has been experienced in the produce market during the past week, though an easier feeling has been experienced in wheat. Two or three sales of small wheat have been effected, and holders have accepted a lower rate than was given last week, one lot being parted with at 3s 4d per bushel. The Wimmera district very largely controls local prices, and during the last fortnight a large quantity has been landed at 3s 3½d and 3s 4d per bushel. Flour is also a little easier, a large quantity having changed hands at L8 10s per ton. There is also a big demand for bran and pollard at last week's rates. At Horsham there is no alteration in the value of wheat, a fair quantity being delivered at 3s 2d per bushel, and at St. Arnaud the market is firm at 3s 4d, whilst at Donald an improvement is apparent, sales being made at 3s 5d. A fair amount of business has been done in oats in this district. One lot of 60 bags changed hands at 2s 6½d, and 30 bags realised 2s 7d; whilst a prime lot of 50 bags, for seed, realised 2s 9d bags in. Warrnambool potatoes have come forward in large quantities, and have been taken up at a trifle under late rates. Hay continues to be delivered up to requirements at from L3 per ton. In dairy produce hams and bacon are ruling higher, the market being barely supplied in consequence of the difficulties of curing during the long-continued spell of hot weather we are experiencing. Fresh butter is also very poorly supplied, and 1s 6d is readily obtained; whilst good potted is much enquired for. Eggs are plentiful and have eased to 9d per dozen.

Wheat, 3s 5d per bushel, bags in; oats, 2s 6d to 2s 7d per bushel, bags in; pollard, 1s per bushel; bran, 10½d per bushel; flour, L8 10s per ton; potatoes, Warrnambool, L4 5s to L4 10s per ton; hay, sheaves, L3 per ton; trussed, L3 5s per ton; straw, 25s per ton; chaff, 4s per cwt; onions, 8s per cwt; butter, fresh, 1s 5d to 1s 6d per lb; butter, potted, 1s 1d per lb; hams, 1s per lb; bacon, 9½d per lb; cheese, 6d to 7d per lb; eggs, 9d per dozen.

The following are the Landsborough quotations:—Wheat, 3s 8d; oats, 2s 6d; peas, 3s; flour, £10; bran, 1s; pollard, 1s.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Business very fair:—Oats, 2s 7d to 2s 8d; Cape barley, 3s; English 3s 9d to 4s 1d; wheat, 3s 9d to 4s; peas, 2s 9d to 2s 11d; manger hay, L3 to L4; sheaves, L2 15s to L3 5s; straw, 30s to L1 15s; new potatoes, L3 to L3 10s.

MINING ITEMS.

New Kong Meng, Majorca, March 4.—There is no change to report in the workings. An accident to the piston of winding engine at No. 2 shaft will delay the works a couple of days. Yield—Company, 250oz. 18dwt.; tributors, 21 oz. 7dwt. One day lost, Miners' Association holiday.

New Victoria Company, Waterloo, March 4.—Yield of gold for the week:—No. 1 tribute, 36oz. 11dwt.; No. 2. tribute, 10oz. 15dwt.; making a total of 53oz. 6dwt.

South Victoria Company, Waterloo, March 4.—Shaft sunk 30 feet; crosscutting country east and west.

Waterloo Company, Waterloo Flat, March 5. Gold for the week, 14oz. 10dwt.

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

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.

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.

12m.J.23.8

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.

3m.Ap.30.87.

NEXT VISIT—

THURSDAY, APRIL 7TH, 1887.

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
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

Application for the Transfer of a Victuallers' Licence.

I, the undersigned, hereby give NOTICE that I intend to apply to the Licensing District Court of Raglan and Burrumbeet at its quarterly sitting, on the 16th day of March, 1887, for the TRANSFER of my victuallers' licence for the premises known as Carver's Hotel, in future to be known as Maher's Farmers' Hotel, situate in Neill street, Beaufort, to DENIS MAHER, of St. Enoch's, gardener; and I, the said Denis Maher, hereby agree to accept the same under the duties and liabilities of the Licensing Act 1885.

Transferor—GEORGE CARVER.
Transferee—DENNIS MAHER.

Dated at Beaufort this 26th day of February, 1887.

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA.

SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT.
THURSDAY, MARCH 24th, 1887,
SHOW NIGHT.

Return Visit of the Celebrated Australian

PAYNE FAMILY

OF MUSICIANS,

Winners of Ten First Prize Gold Medals, who will give another of their grand and incomparably superb CONCERTS, the artistic and charming renditions of which have attained for them such a great name.

Mr. Payne ... ... Tenor
Miss Lizzie Payne ... Soprano, Violiniste, & Pianiste
Miss Nellie Payne ... ... Soprano & Pianiste
Miss Maud Payne ... Contralto, Violiniste, & Pianiste
Mr. W. Payne ... ... Baritone & Flautist

Million Prices—3s, 2s, and 1s.
Doors open at 7.30 p.m.; commence at 8.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

MESSRS. ALLAN & GOVE

Of the American Studio, 95 Swanston St, Melbourne, Beg to announce that they have OPENED their

FLYING BRANCH

OPPOSITE THE POST-OFFICE, BEAUFORT,

And intend remaining here for positively FOUR WEEKS ONLY, being due elsewhere early in April.

OUR STUDIO having been built to our order is replete with every necessity, including a really first-class light. This, together with the fact that the Studio is under the management of Mr. F. G. Salter, late of the "Elite" Photographic Company, George st, Sydney, and the Royal Studio, Kearney street, San Francisco, enables us to guarantee that all work will be equal to any procurable in the colonies.

OUR SPECIALITY.

3 highly-finished Cabinets for 5s; 6 for 8s.
3 highly-finished Carte de Visites for 3s; 6, 4s 6d.
Our Old Bed Rock Price List still the rage.

Gems, 30 for 1s 6d; D. Gems, 2s 6d per doz.; Minths, 3s 6d per doz.; Carte de Visites, 3s 6d per doz.; Cabinets, 12s 6d per doz.; Copying and Enlarging—We make a speciality of this class of work, and those who have old faded pictures which they prize, should not miss the opportunity of having them enlarged, of all our pictures are guaranteed never to fade, and our prices defy competition.

Come at once as our stay is limited to FOUR WEEKS.

ALLAN and GOVE'S
No. 2 Flying Branch, Opposite Post-Office,
Laurence Street, Beaufort.
FRED. G. SALTER, Manager.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

FRESH TENDERS are invited for the erection of Signal Box at Horsham.

Particulars at the office of the Engineer for Existing Lines, Spencer street, and at Ballarat, Beaufort, Ararat, Stawell, and Horsham stations. Preliminary deposit, £10.

Tenders, accompanied by the necessary preliminary deposit, and endorsed "Tender for Horsham Signal Box," must be deposited in the Tender Box, Secretary's Office, Spencer street, Melbourne, at or before Twelve noon of Monday, 21st March.

No tender will necessarily be accepted.

By order of the Commissioners.

P. P. LABERTOUCHE,
Secretary for Railways.

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, MARCH 12, 1887.

We are compelled through pressure upon our space to forego our leading article for this issue. In another column, however, we publish an article by Mr. J. F. Watkin, respecting water supply, and a perusal of the same by our readers will be found very interesting.

Tea and public meetings were held at Carngham last Tuesday evening, in connection with the Presbyterian Church, when 100 persons sat down to tea, and a larger number attended the latter. A sumptuously spread set of tables were presided over by Misses L. and A. Murray, Cameron, Mary Douglas, J. and G. Meekison, C. McCallum, E. Brown, J. Ringin, and K. Scott. The funds were provided by contributions entirely from the young people of the church. The Rev. J. S. Drummond, pastor, presided over the public meeting, which was addressed by the Rev. M. Hutchison, and other gentlemen. The choir, consisting of Misses McDowell and Ruddock (2), and Messrs. Nicholl and Black (of Ballarat), contributed some pleasing anthems, and Mr. Tindall gave a reading. Songs, duetts, and quartettes were rendered in finished style by various ladies and gentlemen. Votes of thanks to all who contributed to the success of the entertainment were passed at the close of the meeting.

The annual prize distribution in connection with the St. John's Church Sunday school, Beaufort, took place last Sunday afternoon. The school was well attended by the merry little boys and girls, who, guarded by their teachers, behaved themselves excellently well, considering the oppressiveness that prevailed within the four walls of the school. The Rev. C. M. Lowe, incumbent of the church, officiated at the distribution, and as each little one came up for his or her reward, a few well-chosen words were addressed, exhorting them to do even better next time. A great many children wore slightly disappointed countenances at finding that they were not called upon; but they will have another opportunity during the current year to work hard and attend regularly, and the result they will find most gratifying. The children of the Main Lead Sunday school were likewise treated, but in this case, on account of the efforts of the teachers to raise the funds, almost every child received a gift and went home happily.

We would direct attention to the advertisement of Messrs Allan & Gove, of the American Photographic Company, in another part of this issue.

Universal use and popular approval have indissolubly established the fame of Wolfe's Schnapps.

We would direct attention to the alteration that has been made by Mr. Cougle in his advertisement in this issue.

A man, whose appearance was anything but gratifying to the sight of pure minded men was charged at the local Police Court on Monday last with being a rogue and vagabond. His name was Nicholls, but he bore the alias of Robertson, and probably represented himself to be a hardly-dealt-by individual. He is known to have made several excursions in this district, begging for hospitality and all Christian kindness, afterwards turning tail upon his entertainers by endeavoring to bring scandal upon members of the families who befriended him. It is pleasing to know that there are not many such identities extant, or truly deserving cases would come off very badly. We think the bench took a very lenient view of the matter when they only sentenced the rascal to six months in gaol.

The alarm of fire was sounded on Saturday night last, at about 10 o'clock, and the agility of our firemen was excellently displayed as they rattled their hose-reel along Neill street to a four-roomed cottage, occupied by Mrs. Glasson, widowed daughter of the Rev. H. Heathershaw. It was here found that one of the back rooms was on fire, and the flames were rapidly getting a hold on the light frame-work of the structure, a large portion of the lining and wall-paper having already been burnt. The furniture was quickly and carefully got out of the other rooms, and the fire cleverly subdued before a great extent of damage was done. Mrs. Glasson and one or two friends were in another room at the time the fire broke out, and cannot in any way account for its origin, as there was no fire in the room. The furniture was not insured, and it is therefore a fortunate circumstance that only about 5s worth of crockery was broken. About £5 will cover the damage. Great credit is due to the Brigade for their smartness; but on future occasions, it would be well if the public let them have plenty of room, so that they may not have their efforts obstructed or interfered with.

Another musical treat is in store for the residents of Beaufort and surrounding districts, as the Payne Family have arranged to give them another opportunity of witnessing the extraordinary musical faculties they possess, for they have secured the Societies' Hall for Thursday, March 24, the show night, when they will render one of their popular concerts. The favorable impression that these gifted musical artists created on the occasion of their first visit here will be long remembered by all who were present, and doubtless there will be a crowded house on the 24th.

In connection with the Hope of Beaufort Lodge of the I.O.G.T. a social was held in the societies' hall on Tuesday night last. A large number of friends attended, and music, singing, recitations and dancing were indulged in to the delight of all present. The following programme was gone through without a hitch, several debutees acquitting themselves creditably:—Song, "Three Hunters," Mr C. W. Tompkins; song, "Darby, take me home again," Miss Rankin; song, "A mother is the best friend," Miss J. Muir; song, "Rather," Mr. Tompkins; sketch, "Silly Set," Misses Edwards (2), and Bessie Ison; song, by Mr. Oakes; duet, "Gipsy Countess," Miss Nettleton and Mr. W. H. Elliott; recitation, "The Life-boat," Mr. A. A. Trompf; song, "Forget," Miss Frusher; song, "Sailing," Mr Elliott; song, "Dublin Bay," Mr Hill; song, "Maid of the Mill," Mr. Elliott. The ladies who accompanied the vocalists were Misses R. Jackson, Cowans, Nettleton, and Frusher; whilst Mr C. W. Tompkins made an efficient master of ceremonies, and Mr Elliott an able conductor. Mr Ingram's string band provided music for the dancing.

Considerable interest was taken on Thursday morning last in a boat race for a small stake, which was arranged between Messrs Sinclair and Hosking and Messrs Robertson and J. Wotherspoon, jr., to be rowed on the Beaufort lake. A company of spectators, in which the ladies were on an equality with the male portion to the number of about 35, lined the east portion of the banks, and after the preliminaries were gone through, Mr. McKiech, the starter, sent the boats off to a fair start, Sinclair's slightly leading. The course was for three-quarters of a mile, and when half the distance was accomplished, the outside boat, occupied by Robertson and Co., led by nearly his boat's length. Here, however, a turn took place round a stump, and Sinclair's boat being on the inside, got a lead of about two length's and a half. The boats were steered well, and rounded in smart time, a good race ensuing to the winning post, Sinclair and Hosking coming in victors, half a boat-length away from number two. We understand that the losers are not yet satisfied, and a match is on the tapis for next week over a straight course.

We would remind pedestrians that nominations for the various handicaps to be run at Easter, in connection with the Beaufort Athletic Club, close next Saturday.

The depositions taken at the magisterial inquiry, held by Mr. Jas. Prentice, J.P., last Saturday, will be found on our fourth page, together with the finding of the magistrate.

A second accident at the Beaufort railway, which resulted in the destruction of a gate, occurred on Tuesday night. The driver of the 11.30 train lost control of his engine coming down the bank, and consequently overshot the station. No. 26 gate was not open, and the train, a very heavily weighted one, dashed through it with tremendous force, sending splinters in all directions. Strange to say, the gate demolished was one that arrived the day before from Ararat, to replace the one broken as reported in our last issue.

The Beaufort Agricultural Society's fourteenth annual exhibition will be held on the Society's ground on the 24th of the present month, which day has been gazetted a holiday within the north riding of the Shire of Ripon. From what we have been able to gather, it is probable, given fine weather, that this will be the best show that has taken place for a long time. The Secretary desires us to draw attention of horse owners to the fact that the trophy given for competition by the proprietors of the "Riponshire Advocate," as a special prize in the horse sections, is now on view in the window of Messrs. Hawkes' Bros. shop. Owners should observe the excellence of workmanship in this trophy, and they will acknowledge that it is a beauty.

The "Australian Sketcher" for the 24th March will contain a colored supplement, entitled "The last dip of the season," being a seaside study. It is a fine example of figure drawing and printing. Two girls, wearing neat bathing dresses, are enjoying the last day among the waves; the one having just taken a "header" into the water, and the younger being about to jump from the spring-board. Persons requiring copies will please leave instructions with Mr. H. P. Henningsen, as extra copies must be bespoken.

We were very much surprised to hear on Tuesday last that Mr. H. J. Wilkinson, manager of the Bank of Victoria here had been informed from head quarters that he was to proceed almost immediately to Ararat, to fill the vacancy caused by the regretted death of Mr. Benbow, in the branch of the bank at that place. We cannot speak too highly of Mr. Wilkinson, as a gentleman in private life or in his public capacity. In both circles he has, during his short residence here, engrafted himself into the hearts of the people; and whilst we regret to part with him, we congratulate our sister township upon acquiring his services in its midst. Mr. Taylor, at present temporarily occupying Mr. Benbow's position at Ararat, will fill the similar capacity in Beaufort, but whether permanently or otherwise we cannot at present say.

It was mentioned at the Council meeting on Thursday, that in future holidays must not be applied for if the day required happens to be council day. The committees of any public movement will please bear this in mind.

"GAZETTE" NOTICES.

J. A. Panton, Esq., P.M., has been appointed a licensing magistrate for the Licensing districts of Elmhurst, Lexton, Majorca, Scarsdale, Carngham, Skipton, Raglan and Burrumbeet, and chairman of bench for Majorca and Lexton.

The arrivals by sea for the month of January are stated at 11,176; the departure by the same, 7,688; excess of population by arrivals, 3,488.

His Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Executive Council, has made the following alterations in the regulations for the Victorian militia:—Part II.—General Regulations for the Permanent and Military Forces.—Paragraphs 8 and 9 are cancelled, and the following new paragraph is inserted in lieu thereof:—If the Military Commandant or any other officer under his command at any time neglect or refuse or carry out and give full and complete effect to the preceding regulations, or if the Military Commandant or any officer under his command from any cause become or be unable to perform his duties under his engagement, the Minister of Defence may, if he think fit, recommend to the Governor in Council that the said Military Commandant or such officer (as the case may be) be suspended or removed, and he may thereupon be removed by the Governor in Council.

Application for lease under section 20 Amended Land Act 1878.—Wm. Wilson, 61a. 3r. 9p., Lexton.

County Court sittings—Beaufort, Wednesday next, 16th.

Court of Mines will be held at Beaufort on Wednesday, 16th March instant.

Tenders will be received up to Monday, March 21st, for the erection of signal boxes at Burrumbeet, Trawalla, Middle Creek, and Dobie's statious.

Public and Bank Holiday.—Thursday, 24th March, has been proclaimed within the north riding of the Shire of Ripon.

REGULATIONS OF THE RAILWAY COMMISSIONERS.

The following regulations for the granting of leave of absence from time to time to employés in the railway service, have been confirmed by the Governor in Council, and gazetted:—

1. The following holidays shall be held as common to the whole of the department, viz., Christmas Day, Good Friday, Easter Monday, and the Queen's Birthday.

2. For the purpose of these regulations, the officers and employés of the department are divided into three classes, as shown by the schedules attached hereto.

Class 1.—Officers and others on Yearly Salary.—After one years' service, ten days' leave of absence to be granted, and one day additional for every year of service up to 21 days, exclusive of gazetted holidays and of the four holidays held to be common to the whole of the department.

Class 2.—Artisans and Others.—After one year's service, 7 days, and one day additional per annum up to 14 days, exclusive of the four holidays held to be common to the whole of the department, but inclusive of gazetted holidays.

Class 3.—Laborers and Others.—After one year's service, 4 days, and one day additional per annum up to 7 days, inclusive of gazetted holidays, but exclusive of the four holidays held to be common to the whole of the department.

3. Any officer or employé may be retained on duty, if necessary, on any of the days specified as holidays, whether gazetted or otherwise, but in such case he will be granted some other day in lieu thereof.

4. Employés engaged in the workshops of the department will be required to take the holidays to which they are entitled during such time as the workshops are closed.

5. Leave will be granted as may be convenient, but not in the traffic branch during November, December, and January. All applications (to be endorsed by the officer in charge) much reach head-quarters in sufficient time to be dealt with before the leave is actually wanted. Heads of branches may instruct employés to take their leave whether required at the time or not, and, if declined, the privilege will be forfeited.

6. Annual leave shall not be cumulative, and will lapse if not applied for within the twelve months in which it is due.

7. Applicants must apply for the full period of leave to which they are entitled.

8. When compatible with railway requirements, employés will be allowed leave for a day or two (if necessary), with pay, to vote at elections.

9. If any officer has been in the public service at least twenty years, and have not been reduced for misconduct, the Commissioners may, with the sanction of the Governor in Council, on the recommendation of the Minister, grant him leave of absence for a period not exceeding twelve months—six months on full pay and six months on half pay; but for such period of absence such officer shall not be entitled to receive any increase of salary.

10. Militiamen obtaining leave of absence for the purpose of attending drill, shooting matches, &c., shall have the period so absent deducted from their annual leave, or shall have such leave granted, business permitting, without pay.

11. The holidays of officers and employés appointed before the Victorian Railway Commissioners Act 1883 came into force shall not be reduced, notwithstanding anything which may appear to the contrary under these regulations, and any increase in their holidays shall only be made at the rate of one day per annum for every additional year of service from the time these regulations come into force.

WEATHER FORECASTS

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, 11th March, 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Staits.—Moderately fine, but unsettled and thundery weather; variable winds. Highest temperature observed at Melbourne observatory during the day, 83·1.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Moderately fine, but unsettled and thundery weather; variable winds.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for—Miss Burridge, Miss M. Cannson, Mr. J. Dawson, Wm. Dutton, Mrs. Jeanie Fox, Wm. Green, Wm. Hayden, Miss M. Maher, Mr. Moodie, A. McGregor, L. McNamara, Mrs. R. S. Stephens, J. Sutherland, Mrs. Westbrook, Edmund Whitie.

RIPONSHIRE COUNCIL.

Thursday, March 10th, 1887.

Present—Crs. Oddie (president, in the chair), Lewis, M'Kenzie, Murray, Wotherspoon, Cushing, Beggs and Adams.

MINUTES.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Railway Commissioners, approving of the department's paying a moiety of the cost of increased water supply. Received.

From Lands department, notifying the excision of 3a 1r 20p. of land from the reserve set apart for racecourse and recreation purposes. Received.

From department of Agriculture, asking if Council are of opinion that legislative action should be taken to exterminate the sparrows, and to state, if so, what provisions a law on the subject should contain.—In opinion of this Council legislative action should be taken by enforcing the use of poisoned wheat or other means. Cr. Beggs desired his dissention to be recorded.

From Ballarat District Benevolent Asylum, requesting to be communicated with before any cases are sent from this district, as frequently the asylum is so full that room cannot be made for them. Received.

From department of Water Supply, replying to letter of 21st February, asking to be informed if the engineer is of opinion that the drainage from allotment 38, Beaufort, would be likely to contaminate the water in the race running through the allotment, in the event of the block being sold with a reservation of only one chain along the race. Referred to engineer.

From H. P. Henningsen, asking for the remission of rates on an untenanted cottage.—Not customary to remit rates.

From Gerald Halpin, calling attention to the bad state of the Back road from Beaufort to Raglan, and asking that the unmade portions of the road be attended to before the winter sets in.—Referred to the engineer with instructions to attend to it.

From T. R. Oddie, forwarding plan of Wongan, showing reserve and margin of the lake, adjoining his property, and land leased from the Government, stating that he wished to purchase a piece of road described therein.—Council has no objection to the Government dealing with it as they think proper.

From W. K. Shaw, applying for a renewal of licence for the Waterloo Mechanics' Institute and free Library, for holding entertainments.—Granted.

From 13 ratepayers of Snake Valley, calling attention to an obstruction on the road and water reserve, caused by Mr. Thomas Burdett, at Green Hill, Carngham.—To be dealt with in Engineer's report.

WATER SUPPLY FOR WATERLOO.

On the motion of Crs. Wotherspoon and Beggs, the Standing Orders were suspended and a deputation from Waterloo was introduced.

Mr. Flynn brought the subject forward, and requested the Council to take into consideration the matter of joining them for the purpose of getting a water trust formed in accordance with the provisions of the new Irrigation Act, to supply the wants of that portion of the north riding. It was also intended to seek the co-operation of the Lexton Shire, as part of Waterloo was in the south riding of that shire. At present there were about 2000 residents in the district, including the portion referred to outside of the boundaries of Ripon, and there were not half-a-dozen persons who had a bucket of fresh water to drink. They had been a long time agitating for a water supply, and if the deputation were successful in securing the co-operation and assistance of this council, they could then go to the Lexton Shire Council with a similar request. What they desired in the way of assistance was that the Riponshire Council should vote a sum equal in proportion to ratable property to the amount offered some time back by the Lexton Shire; that a water trust be formed, and each Council should be represented on it by one of the members for the riding. It was then proposed to borrow the balance from the Government, which would be about one-third of the amount required to work a satisfactory scheme to supply their necessities.

In reply to questions, Mr. Flynn said the residents were willing to submit to be rated; that the money borrowed from Government would be so small that the interest on it would be very trifling; that it was thought that as the Beaufort supply was getting short it was a favorable opportunity to go in for a comprehensive scheme to supply both towns; the water in their present dam was polluted by the drainage from houses in the vicinity, and was unfit even for cattle; their proposal was ot tap the unused Wimmera springs for a supply.

Mr. Rankin stated that on two occasions during the last thirty years supplies of water had been brought to Waterloo via Chute, through races constructed by miners, and no opposition was offered. He thought if the Councils of Ripon and Lexton assisted, they would get all they wanted.

A lot of time was taken up in reading portions of the Irrigation Act, and a little confusion was the consequence. Eventually Cr. Lewis moved "that the deputation be requested to embody their requirements in a memorial to the council, so that the Lexton council can be communicated with."

Cr. Murray seconded the motion, which was carried.

The deputation thanked the council and withdrew.

REPORTS.

The Engineer reported as follows:—With respect to a road at the Green Hill, Carngham, that Mr. Burdett requests to have opened, I find that the road is stopped by a piece of Crown land occupied by Mrs. Quinn, and the shire council has no power to interfere with her fences, but they can place the matter in the hands of the Crown lands bailiff or the Lands Department. The Government plans do not show the position of the road, if any, that passes through the land occupied by Mrs. Quinn. The traffic that would go along the road that Mr. Burdett asks to have opened, used to go through purchased land, along a track that Mr. Burdett has fenced off; but as the track had been in the interrupted use of the public for more than 15 years, it is very questionable if he had any right to stop it, and if the public could not force their way through. I estimate the cost of repairs to the Shire Office, including iron roof, painting, &c., at about L70. The pipes for the Snake Valley water supply have been delivered on the ground, and the contract for cutting the pipe track will be let to-day. The contracts generally are being with satisfactorily, but I find great difficulty in getting the metal broken to the proper guage. Since the last Council meeting I accompanied Crs. Lewis and Beggs, to Mt. Cole to see what better provision can be made for supplying the people living on the Fiery Creek with water. Cr. Wotherspoon was prevented from attending by ill health, and Cr. Thomas was from home. We examined the creek in several places, and walked along it for some miles near the heads. We found a nice stream of water running through Raglan, and all the way along the creek past Eurambeen. This is entirely due to the drains that were cut several years ago, confining the water from the springs into a narrow channel, and preventing it from spreading over the large swamps of damp, rich black soil, and being lost in the deep beds of peat and sand dykes, that would have swallowed it all, before it could reach half way to Raglan, especially in a dry, hot season like the present one. Previous to our visit the water had all but stopped running at Raglan, in consequence of the drain being filled with drift sand and the water running into the swamp and being lost, but as soon as the drain was partly cleaned out, the creek was kept running. It is at this place that it is intended to cut a new and deeper channel. Although the present drain does good work, it is evident from the almost tropical vegetation and general appearance of the ground, that if they were cut deeper and others made into the numerous branch gullies, the supply of water would be greatly increased. Nearly every branch gully has a spring, but the water is all lost in many of them in the deep soil; but if drains are cut the water will run in a continuous stream to the creek. It is believed that by this means an ample supply of water can be obtained to keep the Fiery Creek running with a good stream, while at the same time there will be an abundance to supply the Beaufort water race from the springs that come off the mount at higher levels. We visited the work that was being done to bring Smith's spring round the side of the mount into the Beaufort water race, and found the work well advanced, and when the water was turned on two or three days after, it ran round very quickly, fully answering the purpose intended. As the weather had got cooler, and slight showers of rain had fallen, it was found unnecessary to continue raising the water from Smith's spring, and it was allowed to run back again down its natural channel; but the water from some smaller springs still runs along the new race and very materially increases the supply in Beaufort; indeed, if it had been necessary to spend as much money to obtain this addition to the supply as it cost to do the whole of the work, the money would have been well spent.

Mr. Councillor Lewis reported in a letter the president, respecting Smith's spring:—As the appointment you had with the rabbit deputation in Melbourne prevented you from joining us on the day, when Mr. Jackson, myself and Mr. Beggs inspected the head springs and Fiery Creek, I will give you the benefit of my observations. There was plenty of water in the Fiery Creek on that morning from its source as far as Eurambeen, and the supply can be very much increased if the Council see that a caretaker looks after it for a year. It requires opening up and to be made wider and deeper in the channel a little above Raglan. Apart from the head springs now used for the race, I am satisfied that there is plenty of water for all concerned provided the present channel is duly attended to. Without a caretaker the stream is liable to continual interruptions by little dams that are formed. This interference wastes the water and allows a large quantity of sand to gather in the channel at each obstruction, which spoils it for the next season, causing much unnecessary expense to clear it again, besides the annoyance of the want of water supply to residents down the Creek. We made a thorough inspection of all the springs. Although Smith's spring was entirely carried to the head of Fiery Creek it would make no difference to the residents on the creek, for nearly all the water from the numerous springs finds its way to the low grounds above Raglan, and it only wants tapping to cause a fine stream to flow permanently. The only resident who would suffer any inconvenience if the whole of the water was taken away from the head of Smith's spring would be Mr. Richards, who bought Mr. Tunbridge's house and land. He has a small pipe of water running to his house and garden. By the present arrangement only a portion of Smith's spring would be diverted, and plenty would be left to his pipe. The whole creek is on a reserve until it reaches the junction of Smith's spring with Fiery Creek, so no one has a right to interfere with its course. In justice to the plan of the north riding members, who tried to augment the race by diverting Smith's spring to the head spring; they at the same time had cleared the channel of the whole Fiery Creek, and on Monday, when we followed it close to Eurambeen, a nice stream was running so far, and had been for a day or two previous. The only immediate work required is the attendance of the caretaker and a larger cutting above Raglan, where there is a great waste of water. The other part of the plan could be executed at other times.

Re Shire offices—Cr. Lewis moved and Cr Cushing seconded "that the repairs be proceeded with." Carried.

The report was then received and adopted.

FINANCE.

Ridings Accounts—Moneys available for expenditure for year ending 30th September, 1887. (The balances are before making payments this 10th day of March.) North riding—L192 5s. 2d. East riding—L926 8s. West riding—L414 3s. 4d.

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
Joel Tompkins, commission ...	1	3	6
Arnall & Jackson ...	8	7	1
Henningsen & Klunder ...		14	0
Deputation expenses ...	12	12	0
J. Whittle, com. dog registration	4	0	0
Rabbit Suppression, &c. ...	15	5	7

The Ripon Shire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Maternity.

I hold two dainty little feet
  Clasped in my warm and loving hand;
So soft and pink, they sure must be
  Two rose-leaves blown from fairyland.

I hold a wee and helpless form
  Pressed closely to my happy heart—
My, baby! mine of right divine—
  The right of pain—a mother's part.

O beauteous life! so fair and new,
  That yesterday was blent with mine!
O wondrous soul! so lately sprung
  A sparklet from the Source Divine!

God's precious gift, you come to me
  Embodied in this little form;
My soul accepts its happiness
  As flowers the sunshine soft and warm.

My brow seems decked by coronet,
  The fairest earth has ever seen—
The diadem of motherhood—
  'Tis Nature's hand that crowns me queen.

What realms are opened to my sight!
  I tread the regions of the blest;
And all because this little form
  Lies folded helpless on my breast.

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY

BY

HAROLD STEPHEN, ESQ., M.P.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

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CHAPTER XXV.

ALSATIA IN THE BUSH.

It is a singular fact that blind Fortune usually seems to extend her favors to those who least deserve them. Thus in racing, for example, the world is every now and then astonished by the news that Mr. So-and-so has won an enormus sum of money through the victory of some rank outsider—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred Mr. So-and-so turns out to be a professional bookmaker, whose arrangements were such that, in any event, he could not possibly lose. Rarely does it happen that such a stake is won by an outsider, although outsiders are very much more addicted to speculations which, if fortunate, would have some such result.

At all games of chance, the same rule obtains—the winners of unusual amounts are, almost invariably, men who make play a business, and are untroubled by scruples as beset the honest player. [I remember two cases in point which are worth recording. X. was a gentleman holding a good position in a country town. He gambled recklessly and so extensively that he could not pay his losses. At last—having also borrowed as much money as he could, and gone into debt to local tradesmen—he went down to Melbourne with a view to effect an exchange into another town. The night he arrived, he was introduced to two travelling Englishmen of fortune. After a visit to the theatre and supper at a certain club, X, the Englishmen, and one or two more sat down to play poker. X began with five pounds and rose from the table with twelve hundred! The second case is even more remarkable: Z, a really clever fellow, had become almost a professional gambler. His brother, a merchant in a small way, wishing to get rid of him sent him to England, with enough money to keep him respectably for a month or two. In London he obtained admittance into a second-rate club, and, very soon afterwards, won over four thousand pounds at loo. He did not stay in England.]

Rogues of all kinds have a blind belief in "luck," and, more often than would be thought possible, neglect precautions for their safety which they would have taken had they not cherished this belief. Hence it is that people, on reading the evidence in a criminal trial, are apt to wonder at the stupidity of the criminal, who might, by the exercise of a little care, have rendered detection impossible. He trusted to his "luck," with as blind a fatalism as a disciple of Mahomet.

I was guilty once of translating the Latin proverb "*Fortes fortuna juvat*," by "Fortune favors the Forties," and I am not sure that my version is not more true than the original.

[The term "Forty" is used in Sydney to distinguish a class which is rapidly disappearing, namely, the old convict.]

We have seen that, whilst the honest folk of our history utterly failed to obtain the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of those of whom they were in search, our "heavy villain," the Professor, lit upon his man by accident, we shall now see how another piece of luck befell him.

Having found Sumner, it became of the first importance to him to cover his trail, so that emissaries from the other side might not be led, through him, to the same discovery. It is true, he was not yet aware that Dart and Sir Charles North had themselves come out to Australia; but he felt perfectly certain that someone was on the ground on their behalf, somewhere; and, until he knew who that someone was, it behoved him to be doubly cautious. At the onset fortune befriended him.

On his arrival at Snob's Gully he had given his name as "Fredegar;" but the landlord, being, as we are aware, very much fuddled at the time, had entered it on the slate as "Fred Eager;" and so he continued to be called by all but Johnson, who of course knew better.

When Alma was addressed as "Miss Eager," she was too indifferent to correct the mistake, and the Professor did not omit to warn her that, for reasons which he promised to explain when he had more leisure, it would be advisable to acquiesce in the change for the present.

To Johnson he told the truth, knowing that gentlemen too well to dread betrayal on his part; for, even before their compact, he calculated that, as nothing could be gained through treating with Sir Charles North's party, it was in the highest degree improbable that he (Johnson) would seek to communicate with them.

Thus, unless actually brought face to face with one who knew them, discovery of the retreat, to which Alma and the Professor had betaken themselves, was rendered almost impossible.

But that contingency was also provided for, and the Professor soon found the means.

In the heart of the ranges, about fifteen miles from Snob's Gully there was a settlement, the like of which is still existing on the borders of the colony. It was nothing less than a modern Alsatia—a home for every lawless ruffian, cattle-stealer or bushranger, where he might rest secure from the prying eyes of the police, and honest people in general.

It consisted of a public-house, two or three stores, a blacksmith's shop, and ten or twelve huts; and, to the uninitiated, presented much the same appearance as any other township in the less settled districts of the colony.

It was to this infamous place that the worthy Professor, after consultation with Johnson, determined to betake himself with his unfortunate niece. Johnson, it appeared, had resided there for some time, and boasted of relations with the inhabitants, which would ensure any friends of his a hearty welcome.

"Besides," he added, "I will go with you myself. I've got nothing much to do for a month or two, and it's a splendid place to do a bit of courting."

"Will not my niece take fright when she sees the people?" asked the Professor. "It would be awkward if she were to cut up rough at the onset and insist upon being taken away."

"Don't you alarm yourself," replied Johnson. "She might live there a year, and never see anything different from what she'd see in any small up-country township. I'll let the boys get an inkling of the lay we're on, and they'll keep quiet enough when she's around. Besides, its the home of most of 'em, and they don't want rows there, they get quite enough of that sort of thing abroad."

"We ought to get a hut for ourselves," said the Professor, "and then there will be the difficulty about a servant."

"Just you leave all that to me. I'll ride over to-morrow, and see about everything. There's nearly always a hut vacant, mostly furnished, and I know a young girl there who'll suit well enough as servant, and hold her tongue to, which is more than most women can do."

A day or two later found them installed in their new home. Johnson had purchased a wagonette and pair of horses, so they were enabled to leave Snob's Gully without furnishing any indication of their intended movement.

For a while the change was very pleasant to our heroine. Alsatia (so will we term the settlement) was very different from a digging's township, and her eye was gladdened by a sight of the real "bush," in all its original glory.

There had been no attempt at clearing, for none of the inhabitants were tillers of the soil; but still one or two of the huts boasted of small gardens, for the most part devoted to the cultivation of vegetables, but still graced by a few flowers, and flowering shrubs.

Also a bright, pebbly creek danced merrily through the village, and the place looked peaceful and happy.

Their hut contained four rooms, and was quite luxuriously furnished by comparison with other such abodes in the bush. It was the property of the landlord of the inn who, knowing that his customers liked comfort, and were usually able to pay for it, had spent some money in making it look attractive. Then the professor had laid in such a store of delicacies as were obtainable at Snob's Gully, and even a supply of novels, which comprised almost the entire stock of a travelling hawker. So, altogether, the girl felt more contented than she had been since they had left Melbourne. Here, at least, she was free from the noise and riot of the public-house; and the even more offensive familiarities of the flaunting handmaidens who condescended to wait upon her.

The servant—procured for her by Johnson—was a really pretty, modest-looking girl of about fifteen, handy and capable, and apparently good-tempered. The poor girl had lived in Alsatia since she was a child, and had probably never even seen an honest person before. In her eyes, the world was divided into two classes—the oppressors, and the oppressed.

The latter, goaded to desperation by their wrongs, were compelled to fight for life, and were, she thought, fully justified in deploring the former, whenever they had a chance. Her father had died in gaol, and her mother continued to live on in Alsatia, acting as housekeeper to such gentlemen as were unprovided with womankind of their own, and otherwise occupying her time by taking in washing.

The girl (her name was Susan Brodie) had an elder brother, of whom she spoke with loving pride. He was, in her eyes, a perfect hero—by the world at large he was regarded as an unmitigated ruffian.

Of course it had been necessary to coach this maid for the part she had to play; but the task was not so difficult as might have been anticipated. From her earliest years she had been taught the art of holding her tongue. Even in Alsatia it was not always advisable to let your neighbours know what "lay" you were on, and Susie was quite accustomed to have a certain line of conversation chalked out for her from which she was never to depart under any provocation whatever. Talleyrand's maxim that speech was given to man to enable him to conceal his thoughts, was well understood in Alsatia, and Susie was a pupil who would have charmed even that prince of deception himself.

Nevertheless she was a good-hearted, even affectionate girl, and, at first sight, she acquired a liking for Alma, which speedily developed into love. For her part, Alma found great consolation in the society of her little handmaid, she had been entirely dependent for companionship upon those beneath her in station, so she found no difficulty in unbending such as a young lady of more fastidious training might have experienced.

The one discordant element in Alma's life was the constant presence of Mr. Johnson, *alias* Sumner. He lived nominally at the inn, but almost the whole of his time was spent at the cottage, where, at last, he became such a nuisance, even to the Professor, that that gentleman was obliged to remonstrate with him, and point out that charming as his society might be in the main, it was quite possible to have too much of a good thing; and that his extreme pertinacity in urging his suit was likely to defeat this object, by making the girl view him in the light of a nuisance.

"You see, my friend," he added, "young girls like to be alone sometimes. They have work to do which cannot be done before a visitor, and, even when a girl loves, she does not always desire the company of the beloved object."

"Dashed if I can make 'em out at all," exclaimed Johnson, who had too much wit to be offended. "I thought I could not come too often, but, since you seem to think I had better hold off a bit, I tell you what I'll do: I'll take a run down to Snob's Gully and see how the claim is getting on—got a half share in the best claim in the gully, you know. Maybe I'll be away for two or three days, and, when I come back, I'll take care not to call in too often."

The Professor highly applauded this resolution, and Alma clapped her hands with delight, as soon as she heard the news.

"Now we will enjoy ourselves!" she said to Susie when they were alone. "Whilst he was continually coming in and out, I never could get a moment to myself. I don't like that man at all. Do you, Susie?"

Susie opined that he was rather a shy lot, and no great shake anyway; and added that, when he was gone, they could pay a visit to the caves in comfort.

These caves were situated a mile or two away, and, according to Susie, were the most wonderful and most beautiful caves in the wide world.

The girls made up their minds to spend a long day in exploring them at the very earliest opportunity.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN THE CAVES.

It was a magnificient morning when Alma and Susie set out upon their excursion to the caves. The Professor had somewhat ungraciously given his consent to the trip, but absolutely declined to make one of the party—not very much to the disappointment of either of the girls, who would have felt sadly incommoded by the presence of such veritable kill-joy.

They had provided themselves with a basketful of sandwiches and a bottle of milk, and tripped along the mountain path as merrily as two little fawns.

By this time, Susie was entirely in Alma's confidence. She had learned all about Grabenthal, and Frau Werther and Gustl—of whom she was inclined to be jealous—and above all, she had received full particulars of the deliciously romantic meeting with Harry Lascelles, under the walls of Schloss Rabenstein.

The talk was a new revelation to this child of the bush, and she was never weary of asking questions about the strange land where the mistress had passed her youth. The love affair, though of course intensely interesting, seemed commonplace to her by the side of those wonderful description of ancient castles, and old world peasantry. Susie had been the confidante of many a love affair, being indeed the repository of such confidences from half the young men of the village, who in the enforced absence from the beloved object, turned eagerly for sympathy to the only person in Alsatia who was likely to afford it. Nay, she had even had a love affair of her own, but it ended unhappily, she said, with a sigh, the young man being compelled to leave her for such a long term of years that the engagement was broken off. (She did not say that he was undergoing a sentence of seven years hard labor on the roads for horse-stealing.)

"Oh, my poor Susie!" exclaimed Alma, when she heard this pitiful tale. "And is it broken off for ever? Why did you not wait?"

"Well, you know, Miss," began Susie, nervously twitching the corner of her apron, "you see, miss, it was so long to wait, miss, and mother said I ought to do much better, miss; and, after all, I've quite got over it, miss."

"You wicked girl! you never could have loved him at all."

"Oh, yes but I did, miss," replied Susie, eager to vindicate her character. "I did love him very much, and I cried like to break my heart when he was took—that is to say, miss, when he had to go, miss."

Susie had very nearly made a mistake, and she determined to extricate herself, so she began lying at once.

"He rode off, miss, on a bay mare with a star and four white stockings, and his swag was rolled up in a blue blanket, and strapped tight down like a kid, miss, because the mare, which was bred by Barney Brallaghan, the blacksmith, was real wicked, and bucked awful when she began. And Johnny—that was his name, miss—he had on a cabbage-tree and a jumper, which I worked the front of myself and—"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Alma, "don't please talk so fast. I can't understand you one little bit. And, after all, it is a lot of nonsense. How could a horse wear stockings? And who ever heard of strapping kids on to saddles? And how could a man wear a tree on his head—a cabbage-tree, I think you called it?—Don't talk such stuff to me, if you please, in future. I believe you only did it because you knew you had behaved badly to that young man."

Susie stared, open-mouthed, whilst Alma delivered this tirade, which she did with considerable vehemence; and then, as it dawned upon her that her young mistress was in earnest, she broke out into a laugh, which changed into a wail as she caught the expression of the young lady's countenance.

"I didn't go to do it, miss!" she sobbed out. "I didn't remember you was a newchum, and that you didn't understand our talk—which rubbish it do sound, the way you puts it, miss."

Alma blushed, for she called to mind her first experience of colonialisms, as they fell from the lips of Harry Lascelles, and she took Susie's hand very tenderly.

"Don't cry, dear," she said. "It was all my fault. I should not have been so stupid as to forget that you use many expressions which I do not understand. Come now, you shall explain to me what you meant. To begin with:—what is a cabbage tree?"

Susie smiled through her tears, and gave the requisite information, and the storm passed over.

The path wound around the side of a steep mountain, and was overhung by dense masses of foliage, so that the blazing sun was often hidden from view, and caused them no inconvenience. Alma was charmed with the many brilliant wild-flowers, and delicate ferns with which the mountain was covered; and, as she inhaled the rich perfume of the "bush," and listened to the twittering of the smaller birds; the cooing of the wild pigeons, the mad laughter of the laughing-jackass, and the joyous carol of the magpie, she thought that a walk through Paradise could scarcely be more delightful.

Presently the path trended suddenly downward, and, after a sharp turn, they found themselves at the entrance to the caves.

Before them rose a huge wall of granite, stained here and there a rich brown, whilst ferns and tufts of grasses peeped out from many a fissure. Low down there was an opening half concealed by shrubs which Susie said was the entrance. It looked so dark that Alma was afraid to go, but Susie had no such scruples, and readily plunged into the gloom, whither, after a moment's hesitation, Alma followed her.

For some yards they walked along a narrow passage, in a species of twilight, and then, suddenly, they stepped out into broad daylight.

"There!" exclaimed Susie, "what do you think of that?"

They were standing in a vast amphitheatre of rocks, which narrowed in towards the summit, but still left a sufficient opening to flood the place with light. The floor was covered by huge boulders, heaped together as they may be seen on the sea-shore. The blue-gray of the granite, stained by rains, and flecked with mosses and ferns, presented every hue of the rainbow, under the rays of the sun, which at that time was plainly to be seen through the opening at the top. It was a wild, mysterous place, not in the least like the cavern Alma had expected to see. She thought to find stalactites and stalagnites, such as she had seen in Germany, and, for a moment, she was disappointed; but soon she was compelled to recognise the solemn grandeur of the scene, and she readily responded to Susie's desire that it should be appreciated.

"It is magnificent—but terrible! It looks as if it had been the scene of some fierce combat of Titans, who had hurled those rocks about in savage wrath. It is wonderful—wonderful!"

Susie wondered what Titans were, and how it could be possible for them to heave such huge masses of stone at one another! but she refrained from questioning—the very ignorant always do so refrain—everything around them is a mystery, and they are content to plod on in their ignorance.

"Shall we lunch here?" she asked, when she thought she had allowed her young mistress sufficient time to admire.

"If you please," said Alma. "Anywhere will do. I am not hungry. "I—I—" here, much to her own surprise, and greatly to the dismay of her attendant, Alma began sobbing hysterically, and was fain to seat herself on a boulder, and rest her head on Susie's shoulder.

"What is the matter, miss?" asked the frightened girl.

"I—I don't know," sobbed Alma. "I was so happy just now—and now—oh, this is too foolish! I think it is this awful stillness that frightened me, and yet I do not feel frightened, nor unhappy—I—cannot tell how I feel!"

Susie was seriously alarmed, Hysteria was a species of disorder which found little favor amongst the denizens of Alsatia; such symptoms of it as occasionally appeared being invariably attributed to excess in the use of stimulants. She had seen drink-sodden females "carry on," as she termed it, much after the same fashion as Alma was now doing; but, as the ladies in question were always either drunk, or suffering a recovery from a debauch, she could perceive no analogy between their cases and that of her young mistress.

Susie pointed out sundry fissures which, she said, led into other caves, for the most gloomy and uninteresting, and, she added, there was another entrance on the opposite side of the mountain.

They then had lunch, a perfectly delightful repast, although it consisted merely of sandwiches and milk; then Alma set to work to gather a nosegay of ferns and such flowerets as had their habitat in the cavern.

Suddenly she was startled by a crash of thunder, followed by a jagged flash of lightning which seemed to strike the ground almost at her feet.

"Quick, miss!" cried Susie—for Alma had clambered many yards up the rampart of rock. "Come back at once! The rain will be a-comin' down in torrents afore you could say 'knife.'"

It was one of those violent thunderstorms which are peculiar to the Australian summer, and, as Susie had said, Alma was scarcely able to get under cover before the rain fell in almost a solid sheet of water into the cavern.

The girls took refuge in the fissures, and for awhile enjoyed the magnificent spectacle in silence. The peals of thunder swelled to enormous volume amid the rocks, and reverberated and returned again, till the roar became perfectly deafening. Then the lightning flashed, as it seemed, into the heart of the cavern, flooding it with pale blue light, which dazzled the eye until it became painful look upon.

At last Susie, the practical, suggested that they should make a nest and sleep till the storm was over.

This suggestion by no means pleased Alma, who—although she was more than half-terrified—would not withdraw from the fascination of this wild war of the elements. But for the contemplation of such a scene, companionship is by no means necessary, or even desirable when the companion is one of those unimaginative people who cannot even comprehend the emotions excited in the higher nature, so Alma bade the girl sleep if she could, whilst she herself would look on, for awhile, at any rate.

Susie, nothing loth, coiled up behind a huge rock, and, in a very few minutes, was in the land of dreams.

Gradually the thunder and lightning passed away, but the rain still descended in torrents. The scene had lost its charm, and Alma wished that she could follow her companion's example. The outlook was inexpressibly dreary, so she determined to explore. Susie had told her that the fissure, in which they had sought shelter, was but the passage way to a cavern of large extent, which was, however, dark and uninteresting, the little light filtering through cracks and crannies in the rocky roof. But Alma was weary of waiting for the rain to cease, and decided that any change of scene could only be for the better.

For some twenty yards, she walked in ever-increasing gloom, when she was surprised to see a red reflection on the gigantic wall, whilst a faint murmur, as of whispered conversation, fell upon her ear.

She stopped, and half-turned, with the intention to awaken Susie, but, curiousity, that bane of woman-kind, laid its grip upon her, and she determined to find out something more before she retraced her steps. So, with beating heart, she crept slowly onward, pausing at every moment to listen.

For a moment or two she stood bewildered, but then she started violently, and eagerly listened, for she had heard the name of Lascelles.

"So this young Lascelles is going to take charge this trip?" asked the taller of the two men.

"Yes, the captain's down with fever an' ague, an' he's got promotion. Nice job he'll have of it, eh?"

Here they both laughed—that hoarse, gutteral laugh, which seems so peculiarly the property of a villainous nature—and Alma shuddered.

"What is to be done?" asked the first speaker, when their horrible mirth had subsided.

"It's jest the surest thing you ever was in, old man," replied the other. "You know old Rigby?"

"The ole man of the mountain, yer mean?"

"Yes—him. The escort camps at his place, and we'll tackle 'em there."

"Blow me if I can see any sense in that move. Why not go at 'em in some gully?"

"Becos we don't need to risk nuffin, or show at all. At Rigby's they allus camps in the big room. The gold's all stacked in the middle of the floor, and my nobles sleeps all around it. Well, that room's built on piles, and under them piles we creeps an' cute a way a board. Then one on us crawls up through, and hands down the boxes, all quiet and comfortable, to his mates underneath. The escort snores away, thinkin' it's all right, cos they've got one man sleeping across the door, an' another across the winder. We've got a cart outside, a quarter of a mile off, and away we bowls with the swag, makes fur this blessed ole cavern, and divides it fair amongst all hands."

"It looks righteous, but I'm blessed if I see how we'n a-goin' to cut through no floorin' board without waking' of 'em up."

"Easy as shellin' peas. Jemmy the Nut 'ull manage that. He's got saws as 'ud cut through steel, and doesn't make no more noise when their greased than a cat walkin' on a carpet."

"But if any of 'em should be awake?"

"The hole 'll be cut under one of the beds, so the chap as goes in 'll be able to look about afore he tackles the swag. Rigby's got a old uniform, too, fur him to put on, so, if he's seen, he won't be discovered all in a minute, and the werry first thing as ever he does 'ull be to collar their shootin' irons an' cutlashes."

"Is Rigby in it?"

"'Course he is, but he don't run no risk. Bless yer, he's right as ninepence."

"Well, I'm on. How many of us is there to be altogether?"

"Must have a dozen. Yer see, it's a rare big pile, an' we aint a-goin' to throw sich a chance away. If them escort chaps does wake up and show fight we must have enough to lick 'em."

"When is it to come off?"

"They'll be at the old man's on Tooseday night—that's fower clear days. We meet here at one o'clock on Toosday sharp. Bring yer weppins and a good hoss, and a leather walise to carry your share o' the swag. That's all, and, as the storm's over, I guess we'd better hook it."

Alma—pale, trembling, and with palpitating heart, and panting for breath—listened, and remembered every word of this conversation; then, as the men strode away, she sank to the ground, and lay there half-fainting; till she was startled by Susie's voice calling her from the outer cavern."

It flashed across her mind that, as she was approaching the rock, behind which she had concealed herself, she had heard a voice—which she had learned afterwards to distinguish as that of the shorter of the two villains—call the other man "Brown," and ask him whether he had been to Alsatia yet to see little Susie! The girl had said she had a brother—could this Brown be he? If so, it would be madness to take Susie into her confidence. No—she must hold her peace, until she arrived at home, and told her uncle.

But here a fresh difficulty suggested itself—If she told him all, might he not be tempted to let the affair take its course, in his dislike for Harry Lascelles? The life she had led, since her arrival in Australia, had weakened her confidence in the Professor; and, at least, where Harry was concerned, she would not trust him. It may be asked how it happened that she was so certain that the "young Lascelles," alluded to by the men, was identical with our friend Harry. I am unable to account for it. Women possess the gift of instinct, which often serves them more effectively than does the reason of their lords and masters. Alma never doubted for one moment; and I may as well admit at once that she was right.

She accounted to Susie for her absence by saying she had gone a little further up the passage, lain down, and fallen asleep. —Even that good little girl could tell a fib on occasion.

CHAPTER XXVII.

M'CORKLE'S ADVICE.

Harry Lascelles, with his foot on his native heath, was a different being a few weeks. Affairs at the station had been gradually going wrong, ever since the first discovery of gold. Shepherds and stockmen had deserted; had been replaced by others, who, in their turn, as soon as they had accumulated a few pounds, had made off, and so things had gone on, until, at the time of their arrival, Mr. Lascelles and his son found the overseer in despair. There remained on the station only two or three "old hands," assigned convicts, who did not dare desert, but whose labor was almost worthless.

For awhile, therefore, Harry had his hands full of work, and could spare no time brooding over his love affairs. But, when order was restored, and the regular work of the station went on as usual, the old fit came on him with renewed vigor, and he became as great a nuisance as he had been during the voyage from England.

Mr. Standish Lascelles, worried beyond endurance, puzzled his wits to find a remedy for what he had now learned to regard as disease; and, having no one else to commune with, consulted his overseer.

(*To be continued.*)

Oddities in Wills.

Simple a matter as it really is, lawyers have not always been successful in drawing their own wills. Lord St. Leonards, High Chancellor of England, who as, Edward Sugden, was the most eminent chancery lawyer in England, and who, with a number of law books, one particularly with a very elaborate chapter on drawing wills, drew his own will, and it required an expensive lawsuit and a decision of a court of chancery to give it proper effect. The will of Lord Westbury, another Lord High Chancellor, drawn by himself, met with the same fate. I could give many similar instances.

There have been devises to animals or for their benefit which have been valid to cats, dogs, horses, and even parrots. Not unfrequently people have undertaken to show their spite and hatred, and sometimes their humor, in wills.

The will of Lord Pembroke in the seventeenth century has several items of that kind—for instance: "I give nothing to my Lord Saye, and I do make this legacy willingly because I know that he will faithfully discharge it unto the poor. Item—I give up the ghost."

Lord Bacon had no property to leave, but he left a regular executed will, in which he bequeathed his name and memory "to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and the next ages." Shakespeare left an elaborate will, which contains a clause that has puzzled the Shakepeareans not a little.

"I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture." Why did he only give Ann Hathaway his second best, and not his best bed? Nothing else did she get, and the world has sought in vain to know the reason why.

Lord Nelson left a will, drawn just before the battle of Trafalgar, by which he bequeathed Lady Hamilton and her daughter to his king and country, but neither king nor country accepted the legacy, and they both came to want, Lady Hamilton dying in abject poverty.

Napoleon in his will left a handsome legacy to a wretch named Chatillon, who had attempted to assassinate Wellington.

The will of Rabelais has this clause: "I owe a great deal; the rest I give to the poor." His last words when dying were: "I go to see the great Perhaps." A famous French abbe had this pithy clause in his will: "To my steward I leave nothing, because he has been in my service for eighteen years."

It is not unusual for a man to leave all his property to his wife, with the proviso that if she marries again she is to have only what the law allows her. I have drawn a number of such wills. Gov. Morris, the celebrated American statesman, did not treat his wife so. He had married very late in life Ann Randolph, a cousin of John, of Roanoke, a woman much younger than himself, and with whom he lived very happily. He bequeathed a very handsome income to her, and then provided that in case she married again the income should be doubled.

A soldier or a sailor is allowed to make a nuncupative will—that is, a will by word of mouth, by which personal estate may be disposed of, but you, being a civilian, must make yours in writing. It don't matter much what the writing is on—it may be on a slate, or a table top, or even a wall, though it is advisable that it is advisable that it should be on paper or parchment. You may write it and sign your name in pencil if you like, but it is better to do it ink.

You may make your will in Choctaw, if you happen to understand that language, or it may, as Hamlet says: "be writ in the choicest Italian"; you may write it in shorthand, or in abreviations, or in cipher, so long as you leave the key behind you. Courts are not martinets as to the spelling, and if your orthography is not perfectly ultra, they will not mind it, if they can make it out. If you wish to drop into poetry, even that is permitted, as the following case of a valid will shows:

I give and bequeath,
When I'm laid underneath,
To my loving sisters most dear,
  The whole of my store,
  Were it twice as much more,
Which God's goodness has granted to me.
  And that none may prevent
  This, my will and intent,
Or occasion the least of law racket,
  With a solemn appeal,
  I confirm sign and seal,
This, the true act and deed of Will Jacket.

It seems strange that in so small a country as England, and one which has been civilized so long, there should be found any new plants at this late day; yet a species of lichen, hitherto unknown to occur in Britain, was recently discovered in Westmoreland. Calicium Roscidium is its Botanical name.]

A French physiologist has ascertained that very poisonous extracts may be obtained from edible mushrooms, by treating them with chloroform or various ethers. He calls these poisons, cryptomasines. To their presence may be attributed the fatal effects which sometimes result from eating fungi which are ordinarily perfectly wholesome.

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No. 16.

BROOMBIE SHOOTING

By BUNYIP.

"Mister——" said my Lacklan river friend, at whose station I had just arrived on my way up to the Bogan river, "I can promise you some sport out on my back blocks—broombie shooting—if you would like to rest your horses for a few days. The broombies are beginning to play sad havoc with my water holes, and as there is every prospect of a dry season we are going to drive them out."

"And what are "broombies?" the reader will ask? They are wild horses, which run in thousands out on the almost boundless plains constituting the back country of the Lachlan and Murrumbidgee, at the time I am writing of unfenced, and to a very large extent unstocked, save perhaps for a few months in the winter, when the owners of stations on the frontage used to take advantage of the crab-holes and cowals or swamps being full of water to send their sheep out to spell their frontage.

I thanked my host for his kindness, and as my saddle and packhorse (for I followed the occupation of a drover) would be none the worse for a few days rest and feed before facing the long journey before them, I gladly accepted his invitation.

"You've been over my back country?" inquired my host with a knowing look.

Now he, being an old overlander himself, and much given to fossicking about for free grass when travelling with his stock, naturally concluded that I was troubled with a similar weakness.

"Well," I said, "I must admit the soft impeachment. I have been over your back country when bringing sheep across from the Darling to the Murrumbidgee in the winter."

"I thought so," he replied with a smile, in which there was much meaning. "Old stagers like you and I don't always keep the road, do we?"

Now, my friend was a keen and shrewd man of business in his own partiular way, and I was a drover, getting my living by driving stock from stations to market, so I replied it was my duty when in charge of stock on the road to do the best I could for them, and deliver them to the Melbourne agents in creditable condition.

"Quite right," rejoined my host. Well, you know the Boree water hole? I've made a trap there, and as most of the smaller holes are failing, the horses are beginning to come in pretty thick, and as it is my main stand by for the summer, I must thin the broombies out as much as I can. It is a pity, mister, to see such fine horses shot down and left for the dingoes, hawks, and crows to fatten upon, but what can you do with them?

"I quite agree with you I replied," I once tried my hand at trapping, and breaking some of them in, but it was a failure.

The next morning at daylight all hands were astir, and after breakfast, blackboys were despatched on horseback to the neighbouring stations, some of them thirty miles away, with invitations to the hunt. The stockmen, with their blackboys started out on the run to bring in the horses, and select those wanted for the back blocks, and my host and I had a quiet ride out to see some blacks who were shepherding some stud sheep of his.

"Good day Nanny," said my friend to the gin who was looking after the flock for her lord and master, "whereabout Tommy? "Tommy yan-away look out 'possum" replied Nanny, "bye-and-bye come back."

We looked over the sheep which were in splendid condition, when my friend asked Nanny if she wanted anything. Gentle reader, did you ever ask a blackfellow or his better half if they wanted anything, without receiving an answer in the affirmative? Nanny *did* want a good many things, rations, tobacco, calico for a dress, and numerous other articles.

"All right," said the master' "I'll tell the storekeeper. At the name of that station official, Nanny uttered but one word and that was *gammon*! She viewed her master's promise to tell the storekeeper in the same light as a deputation to a cabinet minister does his promise to consult his colleagues—as a quiet way of shelving the question. However, we said good bye to Nanny and returned home, but my host did not forget his promise to his lady shepherd, and the storekeeper despatched the necessaries to Nanny forthwith much to her delight, and more to her surprise at her master's thoughtfulness. Meanwhile, preparations were being made, dampers baked, beef boiled, rations of tea and sugar weighed out by the storekeeper, horses selected, rifles cleaned and bullets cast. In the evening friends began to arrive and everything was ready for an early start the following morning. Most of those invited were informed of the rendezvous and as all were concerned in the destruction of the horses the muster out back was likely to be well attended. That evening the house was full of visitors, mostly young men—native Australians—and great was the yarning, of course, about horses, the one topic uppermost in everyone's mind. Great were the feats narrated about buck-jumpers, and more about country races. Pedigrees were traced, and as many points discussed as might have evolved another Godolphin Arabian. Those social bush gatherings are always pleasant, this one was particularly so. There was much quiet good humoured chaffing, all taken in good part, with the average amount of "blow." Anthony Trollope had not visited Australia in those days, so the colonial propensity to blow had not received the prominent publicity it did after his arrival: but our visitors, and, in fact, most young bush horsemen, could generally perform with perfect ease on horseback all the feats they "blow" about. We all went early to bed as the start had to be made by daylight, the Boree water hole being fully twenty miles back. Next morning, long before sunrise, the cook had breakfast under weigh, the blackboys had the horses in the yard, everyone was gathering his traps together, and shortly after sunrise a start was made. It was in the month of November, and very hot, but there was a full moon; our object in starting so early was to get out to the Boree before the heat of the day and spell our horses for the night's work. The trap was a strong stockyard fence, made of young pine trees on forks, with a long wing running out at an angle from the water hole. We camped for the day some little distance away. By dinner time our party was largely increased, and we numbered some thirty odd horsemen, blacks and whites. We had to keep back in some scrub as much out of sight as possible. The time was passed lounging about, sleeping, talking, and smoking until sundown, shortly after which the horses usually come out on to the plains. Our horses were saddled and tied up to trees, and our blankets and provisions put together in a heap. The day before, the bullock driver was despatched with a dray and four steady old bullocks to the Boree to drag away the slaughtered horses into the scrub, and cart their tails and mains into the station, for our host was a careful man, and never let anything go to waste. Shortly after dusk, as "the broad moon was circling into sight," the wild horses were showing out on the plain from the opposite side. We waited silently for nearly an hour, when the whole mob appeared to be there.

"Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide."

Unfortunately through the gloaming, I could not take such particular notice in this instance of the leader of the mob, as Byron's hero "Mazeppa" had the leisure to do when lying tightly bound on the back of the dead wild steed in the forest of the Ukraine. The leader of the mob was evidently ill at his ease; endowed as all wild animals are, with keen instinct, he snuffed the air, paused, and with his troop made a sort of reconnoitering tour round the plain, but the pangs of thirst overcame their discretion, and they once more wheeled and made for the trap, where they had been accustomed to water unmolested for some time previously. The leader scented and snuffed about, following the edge of the lagoon around, until the mob were well within the wing and inside the trap, when the horsemen silently and as quietly as possible came out from the scrub. There was no hurry, or bustle, as that would have spoilt all, until we got within the wing of the trap. The horses by this were trying to break away, but the poor victims were secure; a volley of stockwhips kept the terrified creatures jammed in towards the other end of the enclosure, while long pine saplings were fixed up at the entrance in such a manner as to render any attempt at escape hopeless. By the time all this was done, the moon was high in the heavens—a clear cloudless night such as is only experienced in those warm districts. Leaving some mounted black boys to watch the gateway, we hobbled our horses some distance away and set about getting tea. This finished, we made preparations for shooting the horses. Some three or four crack shots of the party undertook the office of executioners. "And then, began a murder grim and great." At almost every crack of a rifle a horse fell; few were but wounded; the marksmen were cool and collected and in no hurry, and in less than two hours, every horse was down—upwards of forty The slaughter over, we lay round the camp fire, some yarning, others who could, sleeping, and so passed the short remainder of that summer night. At daylight breakfast was speedily discussed; then was commenced the work of cutting off the hair from the manes and tails which was put into flour bags brought out by the bullock dray. This done the horses were dragged away by the bullocks into the scrub some distance away, an occupation which took the team the best part of the day to perform, and the battue was over. There were really some magnificent horses shot; it seemed wanton destruction, but what was to be done? They increased so rapidly in those free pastures, untrammelled by fences, enjoying the range of the country, and destroyed so much valuable water not by merely drinking it, but by pawing and rolling in it, and were too wild to attempt to drive them to market. Many of our visitors started direct for home, the rest returned to the station where we spent another pleasing evening during which more yarns were told, until bed-time. Early next morning after breakfast, the visitors departed for their several homes and I resumed my journey to the Bogan. Jogging along for a few miles I called as a station on the Lachlan the owner of which I knew well He had for his guest a "Bush Missionary"—and invited me to stay for dinner as his visitor was travelling in the same direction as myself, and he said he was good company. I thankfully accepted his kind invitation, and hobbled my horse out in a bend of the river, and going inside the house, was introduced to the family and missionary. After dinner we saddled up and my clerical acquaintance and I started on our journey. Now a bush missionary is usually, (so I have found him) very good company on a journey; full of varied experiences gained during constant travelling and meeting with all classes. He keeps his theology for proper occasions, and does not introduce it into travelling conversation. Thus, we travelled on together for several days, always finding a hospitable welcome, till we came to a wayside hotel on the Belar Creek, called the "Pine Ridge," kept by a Frenchman. This hotel had been a day or two before the scene of a tragic occurrence resulting in the death of a notorious bushranger of the name of Rutherford, who had for some time been the terror of that part of the country, and whose effigy now graces the hall of the wax-works in Melbourne. This man, after being hunted off the Macquarie river by the Police, was making across to the Bogan, and at mid-day, called at the Pine Ridge, hung his horse up at the rail in front of the house, and walking into the bar, asked the landlord for a glass of brandy. After he had drank it, he said "Have you any money in the place?" "Oh, yes," said the landlord quite unsuspecting who his visitor was, any amount." "Then shell out," said Rutherford, at the same time drawing a revolver which he had concealed, "I'm Rutherford."

"Glad to see you' said the Frenchman quite politely and unconcerned, but my wife has the key of the cash box; I'll go for it."

"I'll go with you," said Rutherford, so with revolver in hand he accompanied the landlord through the bar to the back door. They had to cross a small yard to the kitchen where the wife was. Along one side of this yard was a sapling fence, upon which was hanging a saddle and bridle. No sooner had they stepped outside the door than the landlord suddenly exclaimed,

"Whose new saddle is that?"

Rutherford turned to look, and in an instant the Frenchman had his arms round him. They were both powerful men, and in the scuffle Rutherford's revolver went off, whether intentionally or otherwise was never known, and the ball lodged in his own stomach. He dropped instantly and the landlord who was joined by his wife and a boy saw he was mortally wounded, and carried him into the bar. The boy was at once despatched on Rutherford's horse to Cannonbar on the Duck Creek, twenty five miles away, for the police, and the next morning the police magistrate who resided

SUPPLEMENT.

The Farmer.

Commenting upon a competitive exhibition of preserved eggs the *Field* says that one set was placed in an hermetically sealed tin vessel, closely soldered down, and were inaccessible to the judge. The first prize went to a lot described as "packed in good sweet bran with the thin end downwards." The eggs, when broken, proved very good, and perfectly free from odour or taste in the white. The second prize was awarded to those "rubbed with a mixture of beeswax and oil, and packed in salt." The third to a set "rubbed well with mutton dripping, and packed in dry clear lime perfectly air-tight." Amongst the commended were a second set packed simply in sweet bran, and another preserved in "Frigiline." Amongst the failures we may notice a set packed in wet lime, which had set into a concrete, from which the eggs had to be excavated. Two lots were in preparations of saltpetre, salt, water, quicklime, &c., in which they were described as keeping any time, but the specimens were unfortunately putrid in both. It is to be remarked that in almost all cases the prizes have gone to the eggs which have been preserved in a simple and eminently practical manner. No plan appears superior to putting them in dry salt, without any other precaution—a system not followed by any competitor on this occasion, the first prize, as we have stated, going to a set in dry sweet bran, and the second to those that had been waxed before placing them in the salt, which appears to add to the trouble without any corresponding advantage. No liquid process was successful on this occasion, though in previous contests eggs preserved in a milky emulsion of fresh slaked lime and water have done well; the troublesome additions of salt, cream of tartar, saltpetre, &c., adopted by the competitors on this occasion not proving satisfactory. If we might suggest a practical plan for use where there is a summer supply of eggs that are required to be kept for winter use, it would be to take a box of convenient size and have the bottom fastened with greased screws or nails that would draw; this should receive eggs, which should be placed end downwards, and covered with salt as collected. The box, when full, should be placed in as cool a place as possible, and the eggs, when required for use, taken out by inverting the box and removing the bottom; thus those first put in would be the first used, and a good supply of pastry and kitchen eggs would be available for winter use. Those examined at the Dairy Show had been three months in the office in Fleet Street, thus it is obvious that the test was a severe one, and that the eggs would have kept much better in a cool larder. As regards the new laid eggs, the competitors at the Dairy Show have much to learn. The eggs to win must match in size and colour; they must be fresh, and be of fair average size for the breed. Stale double-yolked eggs, those that are dirty, and do not match, have no chance in such a competition.

Working Butter by hand.

Mr. George Barham, in the course of an address at the Tring Show, said he was very much surprised to see that in the Vale of Tylesbury, noted as it was, and had been, for some of the finest butter in the world, all, or nearly all, the butter was made and worked by hand, but he must impress on them the importance of not doing that. Whatever they might have been for years accustomed to do, he asked them to give it up now. Some great battles had been fought with very simple weapons—many of them with the old smooth-bore—but no general would now dream of fighting without arms of precision. Where they had some of the finest cattle in the world, the finest pastures, the cleanest and prettiest dairymaids, and everything as it should be, why not give up the one or two points which tended to keep the quality of the butter back? It seemed to him so offensive that butter should be made by hand. If any one at the breakfast table brought the butter in their hands instead of on a plate they should feel inclined to throw it at them. (Laughter.) But many of the dairymaids there had been fumbling the butter about for about twenty minutes. They seem to think it absolutely necessary not only to work it, but to weigh it by hand, pinching pieces off, or putting others on till the weight was made up. If they would not give up the practice of their grandmothers, he would beg of them to prepare the hand for it. He had seen them abroad put their hands into cold water, but he should like them to do as they did in Denmark, viz., dip their hands into hot water, then into cold, and then rinse them in butter-milk.

Farming in Holland.

The Dutch farmer is continually fertilising his farm of thirty or forty acres, and this process repeated for some centuries, with no crop to drain the substance of the soil except grass, makes it rival if not surpass in fertility the famed banks of the Nile. He consequently mows four or five crops of hay a year, and gets as many tons of good hay from each acre mowed. This he carefully packs away in the barn, where it can never get wet.

Our people would naturally inquire: Where does his living come from? It does look strange to the cotton planter, or corn planter, or wheat raiser, but he has solved the question, just as Tennessee will do in the near future. He makes it from his cattle. Thirty cows in milk the whole year round, for he has a breed that refuses to "go dry," and one that has surprised the world with her immense yield of milk. After an experience of several hundred years he has learned to make the best cheese that is made in any quarter of the globe; it is known the civilized world over.

For this cheese he has a fixed, certain and remunerative market, and sells it each week and pockets the cash. His cattle have become almost as well-known as his cheese; consequently the increase of the herd are sold at the most fancy prices. He makes butter as well as cheese; he makes cheese from milk after the cream is taken off, though its quality is not ranked as the best. These cattle support the thickest population in the world, and have made of these Hollanders the richest farmers on the globe. Every farmer keeps his carriage, his wines and his Schiedam schnapps, and lives in a most elegant and tasteful brick residence. His land is worth not less than £130 per acre, and, though he wears wooden shoes, he has never learned that others are more comfortable, and if he does make his wife work hard she declares she prefers it, and expresses contempt for any one who does not know how to keep clean stables and make good butter and cheese.

Sketcher.

Dining at a Chinese Restaurant.

I went with my friend. At 8 o'clock in the evening we entered the restaurant of Mong Sing Wah, at 18 Mott street, New York. Mong Sing Wah is termed the Celestial Delmonico of New York, and his place is patronized by those Chinaman who are on the home-stretch of their fortune making in this country and are anticipating their early return to the homes they left behind them in Canton and Hong Kong. But to the dinner. There was a portion of it before us, and so, carrying out my friend's injunction, I took up my chop-sticks with an air that was intended to convey to the other customers present the idea that I was a proficient in their use, and had, in fact, eaten with chop-sticks all my life. These instruments of gastronomic nature are about the size of a lead pencil and are made of hard, black wood. Two of them are furnished to each person at table. Despite my efforts at nonchalance, I discovered that I was in a bad box. I did not know how to eat with my lead pencils any more than a baby would know how to properly handle a fork. A kind-hearted Chinaman at the next table took pity on me and showed me how to handle them. It is not at all difficult after you get the hang of it. You must hold one of the sticks rigidly, letting the upper end project over the hollow of the hand, as a school boy holds his pencil, and gripping it firmly between the first and second fingers and the ball of the thumb. The other is held lightly, as a good penman holds his pen, between the first and second finger and the ball of the thumb. "Chow-chopsney" was the first dish we tackled. It is a very palatable stew, made of bean sprouts, chicken gizzards and livers, calves tripe, chagon fish dried, pork and a number of other ingredients. "Chop-seow" was the next course. This is a perfumed roast pork. After being roasted, the pork is hung in the smoke of various aromatic herbs, which are burned under it. This gives it a most delicious flavor. Like everything to eat in a Chinese restaurant, the pork is cut into small and thin slices, so that it may be conveniently handled with the chop-sticks. No bread is ever served with a Chinese dinner, the place of the "staff of life" being taken by boiled rice, or "fan," as it is called by the Celestials. Nobody can cook rice like Chinese. When they set it before you, it is beautifully white, dry and nutritious, every grain being thoroughly cooked. It is not mushed together, but every grain is separate. "Sans-sui-goy" means fish, and the manner in which it is served at Mong Sing's restaurant would make your own chefs of Young's or Parker's green with envy. It is baked in a sort of brown sauce that possesses almost every heavenly flavor, and one can go on eating it forever, apparently, without tiring of the taste. The average Chinaman uses very little flavoring in his food; consequently at this Mott street cafe we were given only one condiment, called "seow," which is a sort of mild half-cousin to our well-known Worcestershire sauce. The dinner over, we washed it down with quite a number of cups of "tung-ta," as tea is called in the Celestial language, and not quite so many drinks of "no-ma-deo," or Chinese liquor, which is distilled from rice and poured over figs and prunes to give it a sweet, fruity flavor. It is served in odd little tea-cups and is a most insidious imbibation. The cups do not hold much more than a tablespoonful and while you are drinking "no-ma-deo" it tastes so mild, sweet and harmless that you do not imagine it can do you any harm. But suddenly the intoxication comes upon you like a thunderclap, and you must either stop drinking "no-madeo," or else be willing to stagger homeward. My friend ordered "yeu-ti," and the waiter brought a small tray of cigarettes. Well, the dinner was over, our hunger was appeased, and the cost was only about 2s. 6d. for the two.

"Now come and get shaved by my Chinese barber," said my friend, and a few minutes later we entered the "tonsorial palace" of See Chung, at 22 Mott street. This, to the uninitiated, is even a more novel experience than to dine at a Chinese restaurant. I doubt if there is any barber in Boston who would understand how to use such an assortment of razors as See Chung keeps on hand. First, the Chinese barber lathers the face of his customer with a toothbrush, and then he goes at the beard with a broad, short-bladed razor, set in its handle like an axe. After scraping away with this instrument for a while, he changes it for a much narrower and lighter blade, until, when he comes to shave the nose and the inside of the ears, he uses a thin, flexible bit of finely tempered steel, which is only about as broad as a toothpick. I will confess that it makes a novice a little bit nervous to have this glittering little piece of keen steel go waggling about the delicate tissues and fibres of the ears and nasal organ, but if you did not see it, you would never know that it was being used upon you, so light is the touch of the artist who is manipulating it.

How the Russians Keep Warm.—The Russians have a great knack of making their winters pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly built houses, where all doors and windows are double, and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls. There is no damp in a Russian house, and the inmates may dress in doors in the lightest garb, which contrasts oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out. A Russian can afford to run no risk of exposure when he leaves the house for a walk or a drive. He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots lined with wool or fur, which are drawn over the ordinary boots and trousers, and reach up to the knees; he next cloaks himself in a top coat with a fur collar, lining, and cuffs; he buries his hands in fingerless gloves or seal skin. Thus equipped, the Russian exposes his nose only to the cold air, and he takes care to frequently rub that organ to keep the circulation going. A stranger would often get his nose frozen if it was not for the courtesy of the Russians, who will always warn him if they see his nose "whitening," and will, unbidden, help him to chafe it vigorously with snow. In Russian cities, walking is just possible for men during the winter, but hardly so for ladies. The women of the lower order wear knee boots; those of the shop-keeping class seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs.

Kissing an Ancient Book.—The book on which all the kings of England, from Henry I. to Edward VI., took the coronation oath, is in a private library in England. It is a manuscript of the four Evangelists, written on vellum. The original binding, in a perfect state of preservation, consists of two oaken boards an inch thick, fastened together with thongs of leather.

Science.

Welding by Electricity.

According to the *Electrical World*, Professor Elihu Thomson, of the Thomson-Houston Electric Company, has invented a method by which metal wires can be welded together without the application of external heat, but simply by passing strong currents of electricity between the joints of the two pieces to be welded. The apparatus used is exceedingly simple, and consists of a pair of metallic clamps, by means of which the ends of the wires are gripped and held so as to touch each other. The clamps are made of heavy section, so as to be good conductors, and are electrically joined by a spiral of a few turns of thick copper bar, which forms the secondry coil of a transformer. The core of this transformer consists of a circular ring of iron wires, and the primary coil occupies about a sixth part of the circumference. It is wound in the same way as the coils on a Gramme ring. A machine producing alternating currents, and a suitable rheostat, by which the strength of the current can be varied, complete the apparatus. Since the secondary coil and the heavy metal clamps present hardly any resistance in the secondary circuit, the current therein is very large, and raises to a high temperature the protruding ends of the wires to be welded, so that, practically, the ends fuse together. Professor Thomson states that his invention is not confined to copper wires, but is also applicable to other metals, viz., German silver, steel, iron, and brass. Some borax or other flux may be used, but it is not essential.

The advantage of electrically welding joints on this principle is that the joints are homogeneous, and of the same thickness as the rest of the wire. Where the conductors to be soldered together are large, as in Edison mains and all mains for direct supply, one of the main difficulties has been that the external heat applied to the joint runs back along the conductor and into the protecting tube almost as fast as it is applied, thus making the operation very tedious. With Professor Thomson's apparatus no such difficulty need be expected, even when joining the heaviest bars, as the heat is localized to the fraction of an inch on either side of the joint. The invention should also be very valuable in joining the ends of steel band saws, as the metal need not be heated along any distance on either side of the joint, thus keeping the temper and finish of the saw the same. When the pieces are very large, Professor Thomson suggests the use of outside heat in addition to the heat applied electrically.

A New Material for Railroad Ties.—A foreign technical paper, with an unpronounceable name, says that a new and important application of ozokerite has been recently discovered in Russia. It is now used for making ties on the Transcaspian Railroad, which has already passed Oschabat and nearly reached Merv. The process of manufacture is very simple and inexpensive. Kyra, the local name for ozokerite, is found there in thin layers of seven-inch thickness. In its primitive state, it contains a certain percentage of decayed matter. To remove this, the ozokerite is melted in large caldrons, the refuse sinks to the bottom, and the pure ozokerite collects at the top. This purified ozokerite, melted and mixed with 75 per cent. of limestone and 25 per cent. of fine gravel gives a very good asphalt, which is pressed in boxes shaped like railroad ties. Nothwithstanding the high temperature, which reaches 48 degrees R. (140 degrees Fahr.) the ties retain their shape and hardness. These asphalt ties are used all along the road, except at the ends and centre of every rail, where as yet wooden ties are employed. In this way about £170 a mile is economised.

Vertical Wind Pressure.—One of the strangest of cyclone freaks is recorded by a correspondent of the Pittsburg *Despatch*. The scene of it is at Washington Court House, O., and concerns an "apple tree with long spreading, heavy branches, perhaps extending to a height of twenty-five feet. It is a tree of perhaps twenty-five years' growth, and, undoubtedly, has roots as stout and almost as wide-spreading as its boughs. Its trunk is not less than fifteen inches in diameter; it was a thrifty, vigorous tree without an unsound branch, and the family have for years driven their high top buggy beneath its branches, for it shades the driveway into the yard. A short and stubby man cannot now walk under it without ducking his head. Does the reader imagine it was uprooted? That might, indeed, seem possible, but it is not true. Without breaking so much as a twig of its foliage, the atmosphere drove that tree right down two and a half or three feet into the ground. The hole enlarged about the base of the tree as it now stands shows how much larger is the base that has been forced beneath the surface."

A patient suffering from malignant pustule, died recently in Guy's Hospital, London. He was employed on a wharf, in handling of foreign hides, and undoubtedly contracted the disease from the hide of an animal which had been affected with the disease known by the French as charbon, by the Germans milzbrand, but by English speaking people as anthrax. The patient noticed a pimple on the back of his neck, which in twenty-four hours became greatly enlarged, and the glands of the neck were swollen. The surgeons removed the enlarged pimple at once, but without avail, the man dying in about four days from the time he first noticed the pimple. This disease may also be contracted by the bite of an insect, a fly for instance, which has been feeding upon the carcase of an infected animal. The microbe of the disease is a bacillus (Bacillus anthracis), and was observed in the blood of cattle as long ago as 1849 by Pollender, although its importance was first recognized by Davaine in 1850.

The passage of the Suez Canal, which until recently occupied from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, can now be made in sixteen hours for vessels fitted with the electric light apparatus. This important advance is the result of a very interesting report by Commander Hector, of the steamer Carthage, belonging to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and addressed to the directors. This report was written after the Carthage made the first continuous passage, under the authorization of the Canal company, given the first December 1885. The Carthage arrived at Suez after a run from Port Said of eighteen hours. The actual running time was sixteen hours, there having been two delays caused by impediments in the channel; the mean speed being 5·43 miles per hour.

Boiler Corrosion.—M.M. Klien and Berg have communicated to the Societe Chimique de Paris a note in which they state that the internal corrosion of steam boilers is greatly increased by the presence of organic matters in the water employed. This is not exactly news; but organic matters are frequently placed in boilers to prevent incrustation and it is necessary to discriminate between those which are injurious and those which are harmless. MM. Klein and Berg have discovered that sugars of all kinds intensify the action (they do that in ships), while glycerine and mannite have no effect.

Cheap Writing Paper.—Paper of a very good quality can be cheaply made of seaweed. The weed is boiled with carbonate of soda, and the filtered solution is treated with sulphuric acid, yielding a substance that has more viscosity than starch or even gum arabic, and that can be profitably employed in textile fabrics.

Traveller.

A Famous River.

Here is a description of the Rhone: "For all other rivers there is a surface and an underneath, and a vaguely displeasing idea of the bottom. But the Rhone flows like one lambent jewel; its surface is nowhere, its ethereal self is everywhere, the irridescent rush and translucent strength of it blue to the shore and radiant to the depth. Fifteen feet thick, of not flowing, but flying water; not water neither—melted glacier, rather, one should call it; the force of the ice is with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the continuance of time. Waves of clear sea are, indeed, lovely to watch, but they are always coming or gone, never in any taken shape to be seen for a second. But here was one mighty wave that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it, constant as the wreathing of a shell. No wasting away of the falling foam, no pause for gathering of power, no helpless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper, and, while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue, gentian-blue, peacock-blue, river-of-paradise-blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it forever from her snow. The innocent way, too, in which the river used to stop to look into every little corner. Great torrents always seem angry, and great rivers too often sullen; but there is no anger, no disdain in the Rhone. It seemed as if the mountain stream was in mere bliss at recovering itself again out of the lake-sleep, and raced because it rejoiced in racing, fain yet to return and stay. There were pieces of wave that danced all day as if Perdita were looking on to learn; there were little streams that skipped like lambs and leaped like chamois; there were pools that shook the sunshine all through them, and were rippled in layers of over-laid ripples, like crystal sand; there were currents that twisted the light in golden braids, and inlaid the threads with turquoise enamel; there were strips of stream that had certainly above the lake been millstreams, and were looking busily for mills to turn again; there were shoots of stream that had once shot fearfully into the air, and now sprang up again laughing that they had only fallen a foot or two; and in the midst of all the gay glittering and eddied lingering, the noble bearing by one of the midmost depth, so mighty, yet so terrorless and harmless, with its swallows skimming instead of petrels, and the dear old decrepit town as safe in the embracing sweep of it as if it were set in a brooch of sapphire."

Mexican Girls.—The rich are so very rich that they have no ambition; the poor so desperately poor that they have no hope to speak of. The daughters of the wealthy pass their lives in vacuity; those of the poor are so poorly fed and dressed that they nearly all look hunger-bitten and ill developed. There are no lyceums, debating clubs, dramatic associations, public lectures, pic-nics, or any athletic sports in which the women can join. They are as completely without good shape as any set of women I ever saw. I doubt if there are a dozen good forms in the city, and as to legs and feet—Apollo, bless us! the stockings of an average Hoosier girl would go twice around for a Chihuahua belle. A resident physician tells me that the health of the higher class women is wretchedly poor. Very few of them can nurse their own children. They usually marry at from fifteen to seventeen, and are care-worn at twenty-five. This physician attempted to introduce bicycles, but the young ladies had neither strength to manage nor persistence to master them. A few hammocks were sold here, but the feeble things nearly broke their necks in getting out of them. A really plump, vigorous, healthy woman of the wealthy classes is a rarity, though many of them have a sort of languid beauty.

Ponder these things in your heart, and the next time you see a beautiful senorita swinging in voluptuous languor (on the top of a cigar box) in a gorgeous hammock, with delicate wreaths of smoke circling from her pretty rosebud lips, you will know her for the printed humbug that she is. As to real beauty, that which satisfies the heart of the natural man, I can find more of it in one class of Indiana high school girls than in the whole state of Chihuahua—if this city is a fair specimen.

Night Fishing in the Monterey Bay.—The fascination of a bright light for fish is stated to have been first discovered by whalers, who noticed that the fish fairly swarmed wherever the glare fell from their trypot furnaces. The Monterey fishermen have reduced the system to a nicety, and the way in which their nets swarm when beached is ample evidence of their success. When the luring is done on a large scale it requires half a dozen boats, and the sight at night is full of interest. All but two or three of the boats are fitted with a metal basket at stern or bow, and in this a brilliant fire of pine knots or oil-saturated wicking is kindled and kept burning by constant replenishing from a stock of fuel carried in the boats. The fire is started when the craft are a half mile off shore, and they are slowly pulled into the beach, three or four pretty close together and on even terms. Behind the flaring lights and extending a considerable distance on either side of them is a deep net, dragged by a boat at either end and bellied out until it forms almost a half-circle, of which the lighted boats are the centre. Around the latter all the fish within sight seem to gather, bent on investigating the strange brightness, and their curiosity keeps them about the lights until the boats are beached and the two extremes of the net reach the shore. Then the united force haul in the richly-freighted meshes, bringing with them all the gathered fish, from the tiniest minnow to the biggest cod. Hundreds and hundreds of pounds are taken at a single haul, and by lively work the same water can be dragged twice in a tide with equally profitable results. The catch is promiscuous, and the fishermen are kept busily employed until train time, sorting and boxing the different varieties.

Why People Were buried.—When people began to bury their dead they did so in the firm belief in another life, which life was regarded as the exact counterpart of this present one. The unsophisticated savage, holding that in that equal sky his faithful dog would bear him company, naturally enough had the dog in question killed and buried with him, in order that it might follow him to the happy hunting ground. Clearly, you can't hunt without your arrows and tomahawk; so the flint weapons and trusty bow accompanied their owner to his new dwelling place. The wooden haft, the deer sinew bowstring, the perishable articles of food and drink, have long since decayed within the damp tumulus; but the harder stone and earthen ware articles have survived till now, to tell the story of their crude and simple early faith. Very crude and illogical, indeed, it was, however, for it is quite clear that the actual body of the dead man was thought of as persisting to live a sort of underground life. A stone hut was constructed for its use, real weapons and implements were left by its side, and slaves and wives were ruthlessly massacred, as still in Ashantee, in order that their bodies might accompany the corpse of the buried master in his subterranean dwelling. In all this we have clear evidence of a very inconsistent, savage, materialistic belief, not indeed in the immortality of the soul, but in the continued underground life of the body.

Ladies' Column.

Babies.

"Horrid little Babies!" eh! Well. It is the fashion to despise babies now a days. In fact, this is the age of contempt—contempt for all the things of which poets sung in by gone times. After a beautiful love song, which has been copied into a paper, we find the comment: "Carry them out on two chips." Should any man serenade his lady-love he would be the laughing-stock of his acquaintances. Married men are congratulated by their friends on the absence of their wives, and married women are supposed to like to go alone to theatres and play girl again. "Pooh" and "Bah" are the expressions that greet any assertion to the contrary; and love for parents, fondness for home, delight in nature's beauties, are too generally regarded as affectations.

I heard a man say one day: "A woman's most wretched moment is when she finds her daughter is able to cut her out with the men in society."

"You know nothing of a mother's feelings," I answered. "A good wife gives up all that, a good mother rejoices in her daughter's attractions."

"Oh? keep that goody-goody talk for Sunday-school books," sneered the speaker; "you know better."

Under such circumstances, who can wonder that the scoffers have fallen foul of babies, and regard them as miserable little nuisances? that your philosophers falsely state that "very intellectual people never have large families?" or that many a fashionable man feels that the nursery and the nurse's arms are the places for his child, and the ball-room the place for its mother?

An excellent caricature that I smiled over the other day shows two ladies playing guitars, surrounded by admirers who are gazing with rapt admiration into their faces; at a little distance sits an anxious-looking man, to whom a maid with a baby carriage is whispering:

"The poor little fellow seems very sick. Shall I take him to missus?"

"Oh, no, on no account!" cries the father; "she must not be interrupted; take him into the house, and I'll follow you."

This is what they would have us believe motherhood has come to in these days. Perhaps it has, in such society; but, thank Heaven! there are hosts of quiet, home-loving women yet, and let heartless folk mock as they will, each of these mothers could tell you what *her baby* is to her—what a comfort when she is sad; what a pleasure when she is merry; what a treasure at any time! Tired! Why, if she is ever so tired, how it rests her to "take baby." What a thing it is to hold it close to her in the quiet night, to feel its little hand holding tightly to her thumb and to be awakened by its crows as it tangles its hand in her hair. You can buy almost anything with money, but just try to buy her baby of the proud mother who loves it truly! *Try*—that is all!

You may make young folks sneer at love and old folks doubt all honor and honesty; you may make romance a thing to be mocked at, and turn the word "sentiment" to a sneer; but you cannot change the hearts of women to their babies, as long as they are not too fashionable to hold them in their arms, and be all that Heaven meant a woman to be to her own child.

Club Life for Women.

London leads in the matter of women's clubs, which are numerous and flourishing. The first club exclusively for ladies in London was started in 1876. It was the work of a clergyman's widow, who perceived that women, like men, would be glad of a permanent address, and an accessible stopping place where they could command refreshments and the advantages of a temporary dwelling in a central part of the town, when required by business or pleasure. Its members now number nearly two hundred. The entrance fee is two guineas, and the annual subscription the same, with the privilege of introducing lady members of the family, at one guinea each. The Sommerville club is more for working women. There is no entrance fee, and the annual subscription is five shillings. Debates, lectures, and entertainments, are held once a week, on all subjects except theology, which is strictly forbidden. This club was opened in 1878, and has proved immensely popular. The Alexandra is an exclusive club, started in 1884, from which men, even as guests, are rigorously excluded. The standard of eligibility is that which would secure admission to her majesty's drawing-rooms. It started with two hundred members, and now numbers five hundred. An entrance fee of two guineas, an annual subscription of the same for townspeople, and one pound ten shillings for country members, furnishes the fund on which it is kept up. The Alexandra and Victoria clubs furnish bed-room accommodation for ladies who wish to dress for the evening or make a longer stay. The Albermarle, which takes its name from the street in which it is situated, is limited to six hundred members, one half of each sex. Five guineas is the annual subscription. Gentlemen must be twenty-one years of age, and ladies eighteen, before they can be admitted. It has been established about ten years, on its present footing. Dogs and gratuities to servants are prohibited, and smoking privileges are confined strictly to certain specified rooms.

RECIPES.

Corn Starch Cake.—Whites three eggs, half cup of butter, half cup milk, one cup sugar, one cup of flour, three quarters cup corn starch and one teaspoonful baking powder. Cream your sugar, butter and corn starch, add milk, eggs beaten stiff, then flour and baking powder, and flavor with teaspoonful almond.

Brighton Rocks (curly peters).—Seven cups flour, rub into two cups sugar; two cups butter, three cups currants, one nutmeg, four eggs, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little hot water, with quarter cup sour milk. Mix into a stiff batter and punch off into cakes about the size of eggs.

Lemon Cheese Cakes.—One pound sugar, a little more than a quarter pound of butter; six eggs, leaving out the whites of two; juice of three lemons and grated rind of two. Melt all together in a jar.

Gelatine Jelly.—One box gelatine, one quart boiling water, a sliced lemon and a piece of stick cinnamon (let dissolve) two cups brown sugar. Strain all and pour into moulds.

Boiled Frosting.—One pound white sugar, one cup water, boil to a ropey syrup, take off the stove and stir in the whites of four eggs well beaten.

Miscellaneous.

Changes of Half a Century.

After an interval of more than fifty years, (says O ive· Wendell H·l e) I propose taking a second look at some parts of Europe. This will give my readers as well as the writer, a vacation to which we both seem entitled. It is a Rip Van Winkle experiment which I am promising myself. The changes wrought by half a century in the countries I have visited amount almost to a transformation. I left the England of William the Fourth, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir Robert Peel; the France of Louis Phillipe, of Marshal Soult, of Theirs, of Guizot. I went from Manchester to Liverpool by the new railroad, the only one I saw in Europe. I looked upon England from the box of a stage coach, upon France from the coupe of a diligence, upon Italy from the chariot of a vetturino. The broken windows of Aspley House were still boarded up when I was in London. The asphalt pavement was not laid in Paris. The obelisk of Luxor was lying in its great boat, in the Seine, as I remember it. I did not see it erected; it must have been a sensation to have looked on, the engineer standing underneath, so as to be crushed by it, if it disgraced him by falling in the process. As for the dynasties which have overlaid each other like Dr. Schliemann's Trojan cities, there is no need of moralizing over a history which, instead of Finis, is constantly ending with "What next?"

With regard to the changes in the general condition of society and the advance in human knowledge, think for one moment what fifty years have done. I have often imagined myself escorting some wise man of the past to our Saturday Club, where we often have distinguished strangers as our guests. Suppose there sat by me—I will not say Sir Isaac Newton, for he has been too long away from us, but that other great man, whom Professor Tyndall names as next to him in intellectual stature, as he passes along the line of master minds of his country from the days of Newton to our own—Dr. Thomas Young, who died in 1829. Would he or I be the listener, if we were side by side? However humble I might feel in such a presence, I should be so glad in the grandeur of the new discoveries, inventions, ideas, I had to impart to him, that I should seem to myself like the ambassador of an emperor. I should tell him of the ocean steamers, the railroads that spread themselves like cobwebs over the civilized and half civilized portions of the earth, the telegraph and the telephone, the photograph and the spectroscope. I should hand him a paper with the morning news from London to read by the electric light. I should startle him with a friction match. I should amaze him with the incredible truths about anæsthesia, I should astonish him with the later conclusions of geology, I should electrify him by the fully developed doctrine of the correlation of forces, I should delight him with the cell doctrine, I should confound him with the revolutionary apocalypse of Darwinism. All this change in the aspects, position, beliefs, of humanity since the time of Dr. Young's death, the date of my own graduation from college!

I ought to consider myself highly favored to have lived through such a half century. But it seems to me that in walking the streets of London and Paris I shall revert to my student days, and appear to myself like a relic of a former generation. Those who have been born into the inheritance of the new civilization feel very differently about it from those who have lived their way into it. To the young and those approaching middle age, all these innovations in life and thought are as natural, as much a matter of course, as the air they breathe; they form a part of the framework of their intelligence, of the skeleton about which their mental life is organized. To men and women of more than three score they are external accretions, like the shell of a mollusk, the jointed plates of an articulate.

Number Seven.

The frequent recurrence of the number seven in the scriptures seems to indicate that there are associated with it certain events, that it may be termed the prophetic, representative symbolic number consecrated in the Holy Scriptures and the religion of the Jews and other nations, by many mysterious events and circumstances.

The Old Testament informs us that God completed the work of creation in seven days and set apart the seventh day to be a day of rest for all mankind.

The slayer of Abel was to be punished sevenfold and the slayer of Lamech seventy and seven fold.

Of every clean beast Noah took into the ark by sevens and took with him seven souls when he entered the ark. After seven days the waters were upon the face of the earth. The intervals between sending out the dove the second and third times were seven days, and in the seventh month the ark rested on the mountains of Ararat.

In Pharoah's two dreams he saw seven well favored and fat kine and seven ears of corn on one stalk, rank and good, and seven ears blasted with the east wind, which was followed by seven years of great plenty and seven years of famine.

The children of Israel were commanded to eat unleavened bread seven days and to observe the feast of unleavened bread; seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses.

The seventh month was signalized by the feasts of trumpets and the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles.

Seven weeks was the interval between the Passover and the Penticost.

The seventh year was observed as the Sabbatical year, and the year succeeding seven times seven years as the year of jubilee.

Seven days were appointed as the length of the feasts of Tabernacles and Passover.

Seven days for the ceremonies of the consecration of the priests.

Seven victims were to be offered on any special occasion.

When Abraham and Abimelech wanted to confirm an oath, they took seven ewe lambs of the flock.

Jacob served Laban seven years for each of his daughters.

Delilah bound Sampson with seven green withes and wove the seven locks of his hair in the web.

Seven priests, bearing seven trumpets, passed round the walls of Jericho seven days, on the seventh day passing round seven times, and it fell.

Nebuchadnazzar had the furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, to burn the three Hebrew children, and was driven from among men to the beasts of the field until seven times passed over him.

Elisha commanded Naaman to wash in Jordan seven times and be cured of his leprosy.

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason.

In the New Testament the Savior commanded to forgive an erring brother not until seven times, but seventy times seven, if he repented.

In Revelations of St. John we read of seven churches, seven spirits, seven stars, seven seals, seven lamps, seven golden candlesticks, seven angels, seven vials and seven last plagues.

A notion once prevailed in England with some people that the seventh consecutive son born had power to cure certain diseases.

A Sprain is apt to be neglected. Rest and soothing applications, or even cold water will be sufficient to bring matters straight very soon; but remember, many a one has become a cripple for life, from neglecting a sprained foot or ankle.

Humor.

A Tale of a Needle.

[Mrs. Amanda Brown, of Atlanta, ran a needle into her thumb twenty-eight years ago, and last week it came out just under her ear.]

Once, upon a luckless night,
Lay a needle, sharp and bright,
Waiting for some barefoot wight.

Came a babe all clothed for bed—
Came with slow, uncertain tread,
By the hand of mamma led.

"Ow!" and "wow!" the infant cried;
"Gracious me!" the mamma sighed,
As she saw the crimson tide.

Yet, though peal was piled on peal,
Mamma could not find the steel;
Which the baby seemed to feel.

Long that needle travelled through
Baby's system, yet she grew
Same as other babies do.

Years in quick succession fly;
Baby weds, and by-and-by
Other babies prattle nigh.

Centuries in silence flow—
Centuries a score or so.
Generations come and go.

Through them all this needle ran,
Now just let some Georgia man
Beat this whopper if he can.

The following "lament" is intended to illustrate that phase of negro character in improvising songs to suit particular incident. Before the construction of the Richmond & Alleghany Railrood, along the towpath of the old canal, when the basin at Richmond was usually filled with boats from the upper James River towns, it was no unusual thing on warm moonlight nights for the decks of these boats to be occupied by a happy and thoughtless crowd, when the "pinkatink" of the banjo, the shuffling of many feet, and loud guffaws might be heard in the near neighborhood. In the present instance, however, the musician is alone, and is supposed to accompany his melancholy solo with a banjo. It will be observed, too, that the winding up of the song is unexpectedly sudden. This was caused by an irritable and unsentimental business man who slept in his office on the basin bank, and being annoyed by the singer as he would have been at the noise of dogs or cats, got up and threw a brick at him:

(With accompaniment for banjo.)
Oh! oh! Dat rale-rode is a-comin'!
(Tank arank adank!)
You gwine to hear dem kyars a-hummin'
(Rank atank arank!)
Wid dar rodes and dar tunnels
Dey is bustin' up de cunnels.
(A pankatink, a punkasink, a ponkatink!)
Oh! oh! I tole you'so,
Dis ole cunnel's bound for to go!
(A rinkatink, a rankatink, a ronkatink!)

Oh! far'well de banjo and de boat-horn!
(Tank arank adank!)
When de kyars git here de will be gone!
(Rank atank arank!)
I hope de mus'-rat cut all de banks
And de freshet wash 'way de sills and planks!
(A pankatink, a punkatink, a ponkatink!)
When de cunnel bed is dry,
Den I'll tell you all good-by!
(A rankatink, a rankatink, a ronkatink!)
Den I will be mighty soon
Hank'rin' arter some more 'coon!
(A pankatink, a punkatink, a ponkatink!)
And before de trees all blossom,
I'll be eatin some good 'possum!
A rinkatink——————!!!)

Then the singing ceased, and the so dived down in the cabin as sudden bullfrog in a mill pond. After hanging the banjo on a nail, and cautiously poking his head through the hatchway and looking around, he observed to himself: "I wonder who's dat flingin' dem things 'round here anyhow?"

Two Women and a Mouse.

"Frances," said Aunt Pennifeather in a terrible whisper, "are you asleep?"

I started from the bed, "Oh, no; what do you want?"

"I hate to have you get up," said she, peering over the bannister at me, as I peered up at her, "but there's something in the bed. I think it's a mouse."

Now Aunt Pennifeather has an uncomfortable degree of moral courage, as all her friends know, and in that strength of spirit that holds its own against grief and pain, or the great mysteries, she is magnificent, but confront her with a creeping thing and a child could lead her.

"Why didn't you double him up in the bedclothes?"

"It has got in the pillow case, Frances. Oh, don't let him out!" jumping upon that throne of necessity, a chair.

"Don't scream, Aunt Pennifeather, I have the end secure, but it isn't as plump as a mouse. I believe it's a bat. I'll take him to the window and shake him out."

But the thing wouldn't shake out, and as the children were now aroused, scurrying round in their night-gowns and uttering little squeals, and their father shouted from below, "What's the row, Fan?" I concluded to take the object to him. The Captain jumped out of bed and seized a cane. I filled the bath-tub with water, while he passed his hand quickly over the protuberance, but it stuck fast.

"Shake, Frances."

A dark thing fell into the water and was instantly submerged by a blow from the cane. It rose defiantly. Another blow with the stick.

"Hold it under the water," shouted somebody.

"Is it dead?" squealed Aunt Pennifeather behind the crack of the door.

"Dead?" roared the Captain; "is has been dead a hundred years. Take your old black kidglove and don't try to pass it off for a wild animal down here."

He Did Surprise Her.—A gentleman living in the Northwestern part of the city has two very smart children, Charley, aged seven, and Maudie, just passed five. The other morning Maudie said to her brother.—

"Charley, now you mus' do somefin to s'prize me."

"What for?" queried Charley.

"Just because," was the feminine, but illogical answer.

Twenty minutes later Maudie, half whimpering and half laughing, complained to her mother.—

"Ma, I told Charley he mus' do somefin to s'prize me, and he's gone and et all my cake."

A dispute about Religion.—Two persons in a country hotel in Kentucky were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine who happened to be present while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed: "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

A Florida negro who was nipped by a shark says the sensation was "sunthin' like a feller gwine to stick a lot of red-hot spikes inter yer foot to make ye own up to what dem chickens went to."

M. Carrigan, surface men, ER ...	6	0	0
Do. horse hire ...	5	0	0
Isaac Storey, surface work ...	8	0	0
Mark Muir, surface man, WR ...	8	0	0
M. Meehan, surface work WR ...	8	0	0
Do. horse hire ...	3	7	6
James Lynch, labour ...		13	4
William Wise, blacksmith ...	1	3	9
Wm. McGavin, stove-pipe ...		3	6
John Whitfield, surface work ...	14	0	0
Joseph Whitfield do. ...	6	12	0
W. McFarlane, do. ...	8	0	0
R. Gibson, caretaker water race	8	0	0
T. J. Brown, work Middle crk.	2	0	0
G. Carver, painting ...		13	4
Taylor Brierly, work Fiery crk	6	0	0
J. J. Nicholson, painting ...	1	13	0
A. G. Corbett & Co., lead, etc....	19	0	3
David Esplin, carpentering ...	3	9	0
W. Edwards, paint ...	12	13	8
Broadbent Bros., freight ...	5	12	1
Hawkes Bros., ironmongery ...	9	12	5

CONTRACT ACCOUNTS.

West Riding—J. F. Watkin, £180.

East Riding—J. Blyth and Co., £226 11s 7d.; Walter Wright, £16 19s 6d; James Madden, £100; Peter Page, 10s.

North Riding—J. F. Watkin, £10; W. C. Pimblett, £18 10; J. Fraser, £25.

RABBIT SUPPRESSION.

The President reported the result of the deputation to the Minister of Lands respecting the fencing in of the Mount Cole forest, as reported in this journal a week or two back. Report received, and thanks of the Council voted to the deputation for their services.

TENDERS.

The following tenders were accepted on the recommendation of the Tender Committee :—

NORTH RIDING.

Contract No. 425.—Clearing, trenching, fencing, and earthwork at the Beaufort Cemetery.

Morris Brothers ... L15 15 0

Contract No. 426.—Cutting channels in the Fiery Creek.

Morris Brothers ... L29 10 0

Contract No. 427.—Applications for position of caretaker of Fiery Creek water channel.

Tenders not opened. Recommended that caretaker be not appointed until early next season.

Contract No. 428.—Cutting 2 miles, more or less, of drains at the heads of the Fiery Creek.

W. C. Pimblett ... L60 0 0

EAST RIDING.

Contract No. 327.—Cutting pipe-track from the new reservoir to the main road Snake Valley.

Jas. Whittla ... L19 4 0

WEST RIDING.

Contract No. 213. — Clearing, forming, and metalling 40 chains of the Mount William road, west of Pretty Tower, Spring.

Bradshaw and Cairns ... L189 15 0

MOTION ON NOTICE.

Cr Thomas' motion re the water trust, of which notice was given at last Council meeting, lapsed through the non-attendance of the mover.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Cr Murray said that this council should as far as practicable, follow in the footsteps of other municipalities in a celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. At the same time he thought the Council might obtain as a memorial of the event a framed photograph of her Majesty to hang in the Council room, a copy of the picture taken some 20 years ago, which was admitted to be the best ever taken of the Queen, he believed could be obtained. He would move in addition to the suggestion, that the members of each riding form themselves into committees, with power to add to their number, to initiate and carry out some scheme of celebration.

Cr. Cushing seconded, and the motion was carried.

The Council then adjourned.

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.]

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to correct an error in your last week's issue, regarding the sum of 5s, handed to the Ladies' Benevolent Society. The said sum was the proceeds of a girl's bazaar, got up principally by Bella Rogers, Agnes Edward, and myself, to which we invited our young friends; and charged 1d for admission. The balance left over we handed to the Ladies' Benovelent Asylum as being the most desirable way of disposing of it.

I am, yours truly,

ADA MCDONALD.

[Our paragraph was constructed from information received from a reliable source. We are, however, glad to be corrected; and, at the same time, compliment the young ladies on their efforts to promote a lively interest in works of art and loveliness, and on their charitable action of disposing of the net proceeds.—ED.]

A QUESTIONABLE VERDICT.

To the Editor of the Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—"Found drowned"—in the name of humanity, Christianity, law, and justice—should have been the verdict in the unfortunate case of drowning in our park last Friday. Nothing but ignorance of facts and arrogance could have decided it was suicide (which was the verdict returned), as there was not one tittle of evidence, or presumptive evidence, pointing to such a cause; but instead, all the surrounding circumstances and negative evidence would point to many other causes except suicide. Where the body was found is a legally authorised bathing place, 4ft. 6in. depth of water. The unfortunate woman must have walked half-a-mile around the side of the lake, passing places where there are at least 15 feet of water, before arriving at the bathing-house, which is the only one in the district. But I will not enlarge on the many reasons and facts which point to an accident in this case. I sincerely regret that our laws give the power to any man to inflict lasting pain pon the already afflicted friends, denying the right of christian burial so deas to us all, and making null and void any provisions for families that might accrue to them through a natural death. But we have great reason to thank our Creator that no canting, arrogant sycophant, even clothed in the majesty of law, can doom a never-dying soul to overlasting perdition. I have no doubt but the decision will be brought before the Attorney-General; if so, I hope he will take such steps as will prevent in future such a gross miscarriage of justice.

I am, yours &c.,

HUMANITY.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[BY "TOMAHAWK."]

A new chemist! Truly such an enterprising young man deserves supporting. I can't understand it. Twenty-five years in this part of the country without seeing the necessity for a third pharmacist; but—er—what did you observe, Mrs. Tomahawk? Those drains! Oh, yes; but I'll leave them alone this week, and give the new chemist a chance! ! !

It is rather amusing to hear an "expatiation"—that's a good word—containing a few illustrative remarks that are as far fetched as it is possible for them to be; and in my humble opinion—and what I dropped down to in the early days when I was on the local preaching rackets with a view to "taking orders"—its time to cut it short when one has got to do such things. If I explain to you what I then thought, perhaps it will illustrate what others now think. I got into the habit of believing that people who knew a great deal in scientific matters seldom or never came near the church, and those who knew nothing were innocent enough to believe anything that was told them. But one day I was bowled out. A smart young man who was studying for an engineer brought his books to me and explained that either the book was wrong or I had made an ass of myself. I was willing to confess to the latter; and that fact, ever afterwards, militated against my speechifying, so I soon gave it up. But people don't easily swallow these scientific jujubes. Very recently a full congregation listened to their pastor who was preaching on "Faith." During his remarks he hurriedly introduced the subject of telegraphy by way of illustration. "You know friends," said he "when you write a telegram, and hand it in at the office, you have every confidence that your message will be delivered in due course to the person to whom it was addressed. But how the words are transmitted, you haven't the slightest idea. Out of all the persons present to-night, not one can tell how that message goes." He paused and looked around, exulting in the shot. Near the front was a well-known post office official, whose presence arrested his thoughts. "Well," said the parson, "there may be ONE out of the audience who can tell." A laugh from a fair-haired young man, whose eyes followed the preacher's actions, induced the latter to add "or two. Yes, friends, there may be two." Signals were sounded in two or three other places. Apologising for the hastiness of his remarks, the man of "stompits" and "dingle-dangles" concluded—"I observe that by some strange coincidence all our telegraph operators are here to night; but I venture to say that there are not more than a dozen persons present who know how those telegrams are sent!"

I was aroused from my slumbers very early on Thursday morning, and reminded that the great champion two-oared soft-goods boat-race was about to take place. The race that had enslaved the minds and tongues of the people for weeks. Mrs. Tomahawk and I, and all the other little axes, got dressed in haste and were soon on the aquatic battle-field. The "soft-gooders" had not arrived, but the spectators had, and every spot of vantage was occupied. When at last the great oarsmen did appear and were in their boats, or rather ships, stripped to the buff, the excitement was intense. They took their preliminary "canters," and some striking and novel styles of rowing were exhibited, not to be found described in any books, but purely original, and in a manner that is only known to the "soft-gooder." The race itself was unique, every muscle called out to fight, and every pound put on from start to finish. Eventually the "best" looking crew got in first, much puffed, with blistered hands, heavy perspirations, and loud cheering. A lot of money changed hands over the race. I got quite excited myself and lost threepence. Mrs. T. won it; so I'll not mind, (I'll get it out of her in a day or two to buy a plug of Tobacco). Why the stakes themselves were actually one pound a side. But, seriously, now this has roused all the old boating feeling that used to predominate in our young men, I would suggest to the park committee that the money now available for purchasing boats be expended on a couple of light outriggers, which I am confident would be largely patronised, as I know from experience that to pull a race in those heavy pleasure-boats is a real back-breaking job. I have not the slightest doubt, if the young men only promise the committee support, they could be induced to carry out this suggestion without any trouble. Now, boys, look to it. "Nothing venture, nothing win."

The Ararat Mining Board met on Tuesday last. Mr. Joseph Frost was elected chairman for the ensuing year. Amongst the correspondence was a letter from the members for the Raglan division, offering no objection to the applications of W. P. Schlicht at Trawalla, and P. Ninham at Raglan. The original surveys having been modified, these applications were granted. Mr. Browne moved, and Mr. Humphreys seconded—"That this Board would suggest to the Hon. the Minister of Mines the advisability of endeavoring by an Act of Parliament to introduce a provision on a similar basis to clauses 386, 387, and 388 of the Local Government Act 1874, so as to enable prospectors sent out entirely at the expense of the Government to enter upon private lands to prospect for gold under an order from the Minister of Mines issued on the recommendation of any of the prospecting boards, and that compensation for any damage done by such prospecting operations be paid out of the prospecting vote. As it is a well-known fact that the Crown lands in new country are of very limited extent, and that a large amount of auriferous country is locked up from the prospector, thereby retarding the discovery of new gold-fields, we are of opinion that, if such a law could be made, it would open up a larger field for prospecting operations, help to develop the auriferous resources of the colony, and probably make the prospecting vote the success it deserves to be; moreover, it would relieve Government prospecting from the operation of the Mining on Private Property Act." Carried unanimously.

WATER SUPPLY.

(BY J. F. WATKIN.)

In 1856 there were granted, by the local court of the Raglan division, permits for diverting water from the springs in Mount Cole to the following companies, viz,—1st, Yam Holes Hill Co.; 2nd, the Ballarat Company; 3rd, the London Company. These permits were granted under a clause in the Mining Act of 1853, which gave power to miners by virtue of their miners' rights to divert water for mining purposes from any lake, river, or spring, etc., to be held in such a manner and under such regulations as might be thereafter made by the mining board or such other body thereafter appointed to deal with the same. The mining board was instituted by a subsequent Act, and bye-law 13 of that board contains the regulations under which water-rights were granted and held. Since that time water rights have been granted under lease for 14 years only. The Yam Holes Hill Company cut a race from Mount Cole to the Surface Hill, and carried on sluicing operations for some time. The Ballarat Company cut a race into the Main Lead as far as Muggeridge Gully, and sluiced at various points from Mitchell's Gully to Golden Point. The London Company cut a race into the Main Lead and did some mining work, but from want of sufficient water or some other cause their works were abandoned. Some time after the Raglan Waterworks Company purchased the first and second rights with the races, dams, and other properties belonging to the Yam Holes Hill and Ballarat Companies. After carrying on business for some time, this company was wound up and the property sold to the Phenix Company. This company mined with varying success on their own account for some years, and sold water to many other companies. Finally, in '73 or '74 they (the Phœnix Co.) sold their rights, races, and all mining property connected therewith to the Railway Department and the Shire Council of Ripon. During the period from the granting of the water rights in 1856 until the works were taken possession of by the Railway Department and the Shire Council, the right to divert the water was never legally disputed. At the time the races were constructed, there was no channel from Raglan to the mount, and no water ran there in the summer. When the races were being constructed in April of 1857, there was no water within two miles above Raglan towards the mount. The The race was sometimes cut away, and the works and property otherwise damaged; but it was always done in a surreptitious manner, so that evidence could not be procured for prosecution. Should it be thought advisable to initiate a comprehensive scheme for supplying this district with water, there are many thousands of acres of land on the coarse of the Fiery Creek, on the ranges between Mount Cole and Beaufort, and from Charlton Gap to Waterloo and Trawalla that would be peculiarly adapted for irrigation, and would, if water was plentifully supplied, maintain a large population. There would also be a better chance of prospecting shallow ground for gold; and of working shallow ground already known, to supply in sufficient quantity, water for Beaufort for domestic and irrigation purposes; to supply the railway; to keep a sufficient stream running down the Fiery Creek in summer; to supply water for domestic and irrigation purposes on the course of the race to Beaufort, and from Charlton Gap to Trawalla, it would be necessary to construct the following works:—

To cut a channel when required, from Eurambeen to Mount Cole, following each branch creek to its source, as was done in the Middle Creek waterworks. It is estimated that between Raglan and Mount Cole and on the top of the mount there are 500 acres of land continually saturated with water from the springs, covered with tropical vegetation, and in hot weather this gives off in evaporation enormous quantities of water, which delays the water in its course indefinitely. If the channels before mentioned were cut, the large amount of water so lost in evaporation would be saved—a quantity which it is estimated would be equal to the amount taken into the present water race and that which flows into the Raglan Creek;—in fact, would double the supply. As the present water supply race for Beaufort has (between Stony Gully and the head of the Main Lead) so very small fall, being under 2 ft. to the mile, the water being three days in reaching Beaufort from the mount, and there being no opportunity for making reservoirs near Beaufort, it would be necessary to construct a new channel from Beaufort to the mount, beginning say 20ft. above the present race at the head of the lead, and continuing parallel to to the present race to Beaufort, thereby giving an opportunity for making reservoirs, 20ft. banks in every gully between the head of the lead and Beaufort, which could be drawn off when required, in rotation, into the lower race, and thereby giving Beaufort an unlimited supply. Should the water in the race be insufficient, or be required in another direction, or on any other account, in continuing the new channel from the mount to the head of the lead, a much larger fall could be given, say of six or seven feet to the mile, which would bring the water into Beaufort in a quarter of the time it now takes—say in 18 hours. This would save three quarters of the water now lost through evaporation and percolation, and through the greater declivity would prevent to a certain extent the growth of waterweed in the channel, and the water, being a so much shorter time in transit, would be delivered so much purer in Beaufort and other places. The new channel to the mount would top the Charlton gap, from whence a race of 8 or 10 miles could be cut to Waterloo, and the elevation would be such that any quantity of reservoirs that might be thought necessary could be constructed. A great desideratum would be, in every case, a sufficiency of storage reservoirs, as the amount of water brought by the races would be limited only by the capacity of the races and reservoirs. Should the channels up the Fiery Creek be cut and kept in repair, the water should be pure at Raglan both on account of the size of the stream and the great speed at which it would travel, on account of the fall being so great—about 300 feet from the head of the race to Raglan.

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.

A WOMAN FROM AUSTRIA.

Near the village of Zillingdorf, in Lower Austria, lives Maria Haas, an intelligent and industrious woman, whose story of physical suffering and final relief, as related by herself, is of interest to English women. "I was employed," she says, "in the work of a large farmhouse. Overwork brought on sick headache, followed by a deathly fainting and sickness of the stomach, until I was unable to retain either food or drink. I was compelled to take to my bed for several week. Getting a little better from rest or quiet, I sought to do some work, but was soon taken with a pain in my side, which in a little time seemed to spread over my whole body, and seemed to throb in my every limb. This was followed by a cough and shortness of breath, until finally I could not sew, and I took to my bed for the second, and as I thought for the last time. My friends told me that my time had nearly come, and that I could not live longer than when the trees put on their green once more. Then I happened to get one of the Seigel pamphlets. I read it, and my dear mother bought me a bottle of Seigel's Syrup, which I took exactly according to directions, and I had not taken the whole of it before I felt a great change for the better. My last illness began June 3rd, 1882, and continued to August 9th, when I began to take the Syrup. Very soon I could do a little light work. The cough left me, and I was no more troubled in breathing. Now I am perfectly cured. And oh, how happy I am! I cannot express gratitude enough for Seigel's Syrup. Now I must tell you that the doctors in our district distributed handbills cautioning people against the medicine, telling them it would do them no good, and many were thereby influenced to destroy the Seigel phamphlets; but now wherever one is to be found, it is kept like a relic. The few preserved are borrowed and read, and I have lent mine for nine miles around our district. People have come eighteen miles to get me to buy the medicine for them, knowing that it cured me, and to be sure to get the right kind. I know a woman who was looking like death, akd who told them there was no hope for her, that she had consulted several doctors, but none could help her. I told her of Seigel's Syrup, and wrote the name down for her that she might make no mistake. She took my advice and the Syrup, and now she is in perfect health, and the people around us are amazed. The medicine has made such progress in our neighborhood that people say they don't want the doctor any more, but they take the Syrup. Sufferers from gout who were confined to their bed and could hardly move a finger, have been cured by it. There is a girl in our district who caught a cold by going through some water, and was in bed five years with costiveness and rheumatic pains, and had to have attendant to watch by her. There was not a doctor in the surrounding district to whom the mother had not applied to relieve her child, but everyone crossed themselves and said they could not help her. Whenever the little bell rang which is rung in our place whensomebody is dead, we thought surely it was for her, but Seigel's Syrup and Pills saved her life, and now she is as healthy as anybody, goes to church, and can work even in the fields. Everybody was astonished when they saw her out, knowing how many years she had been in bed. To-day she adds her gratitude to mine for God's mercies and Seigel's Syrup."

MARIA HAAS.

The people of England speak confirming the above.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"Whittle-le-Woods, near Chorley,
"December 26th, 1883,

Dear Sir,—Mother Seigel's medicine sells exceeding well with us, all that try it speak highly in its favor. We had a case of a young lady that had been troubled many years with pains after eating. She tells me that the pains were entirely taken away after a few doses of your medicine.—Yours truly,

"Er Peel."

AFTER SEVERAL YEARS.

Stoke Ferry, January 9th, 1884.

"Gentlemen.—I have used Seigel's Syrup for several years, and have found it a most efficacious remedy for Liver complaints and general debility, and I always keep some by me, and cannot speak too highly in its praise.—I remain, yours truly,

"Harriet King."

THE EFFECTS HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL.

"Ilford Road Dispensary, Dunkinfield,
May 3rd, 1884.

"Dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the sale of your Syrup and Pills increases here continually. Several of my customers speak of having derived more benefit from the use of these than from any other medicine.—Yours very respectfully,

"Pro. Edwin Eastwood, J. B."

WANTED, LAD, to make himself generally useful: must be able to ride. Apply

WM. SMITH,
Butcher,
Beaufort.

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—Good Buggy MARE, 4 years-old, iron grey color; fast trotter. Apply to C. Vowles, Beaufort.

SUBSCRIBERS WANTED for the WEEKLY NUMBER of the FAMILY HERALD, at the publishers' price, 2d.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
Bookseller, &c., Beaufort.

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.

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

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. 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.

Wotherspoon Bros
AND CO.

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SUMMER GOODS

At prices that will be found

FAR BELOW ANYTHING IN THE TRADE.

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CALL AND INSPECT THE

BARGAINS in PRINTS, at 2½d, 3½d, 4d, 5d, per yd.
BARGAINS in DRESS STUFF, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, and 6s 6d per doz. yds.
BARGAINS in CALICOES, 1s 9d, 2s 6d, 3s 6d, and 3s 9d per doz.
BARGAINS in FLANNELS, 8d, 10d, 1s, 1s 2d, 1s 3d, 1s 4½d.
BARGAINS in SHEETINGS, 7½d, 9d, 10d, 1s, 1s 2d.
BARGAINS in SHIRTINGS, 3d, 5½d, 7½d, 9d.
BARGAINS in TOWELLINGS, 3½d, 4½d, 6d, 7½d.

We will also offer some sterling value in our

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT,

Well worthy of Buyer's attention, viz.:

A Job Line of Men's Felt Hats, at 1s.
A Job Line of Men's Straw Hats, at 4d.
A Job Line of Men's Tweed Coats, at 7s 6d.
A Job Line of Men's Trousers & Vests at 9s 6d.
A Job Line of Men's Holland Coats, at 2s 11d.

TRY OUR SUITS, MADE TO ORDER,

BY THE BEST TAILORS. STYLE AND FIT GUARANTEED.

A Splendid Stock of Men's Shirts. Hats, Ties, Collars, Braces, Socks, Mole Trousers, Dungaree Trousers and Jumpers, Portmanteaus, Travelling Bags.

All our MILLINERY will be Sold, regardless of Cost,

BOOTS. BOOTS.

A Large Stock of our well-known make; also some very cheap lots, viz.:—25 pairs Men's H.N. Laceups, at 7s 6d; 30 pairs Men's H.N. Laceups, at 9s 6d. Three trunks of Assorted Boots and Slippers from 1s upwards. 12 Boot Trunks very cheap.

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INSPECTION INVITED.

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Continues to sell off every article in Stock at PRICES that

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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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HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFORT.

SUICIDE AT BEAUFORT.

A magisterial inquiry was held at Schlicht's All Nations Hotel on Saturday afternoon last, respecting the death of Anne Stevenson, whose body was taken out of the Beaufort Park lake on Friday evening, 4th March. The following depositions were taken before Mr. J. Prentice, J.P.:—

Thomas Stevenson, carpenter, Raglan, deposed on oath—Have seen the body of deceased, and identify it as that of my wife, Anne Stevenson. Saw her last alive on Wednesday morning, 2nd inst. She arose at half-past six and got my breakfast before I went to work; was not aware she was going from home that day. My daughter Agnes told me when I returned from work at night that her mother had gone to Ballarat to see some friends and to visit the doctor. She had been suffering from some internal complaint for several years, and had occasionally gone for treatment to the Ballarat Hospital. Had never noticed anything peculiar about deceased to lead me to infer that she was not sound in her mind. She was fifty-seven years of age on the 3rd February, and was the mother of eight children, six of whom are now living. Would never believe that deceased had deliberately done away with herself. She was moderate in her habits, and so far as I know there was nothing preying on her mind, I was not surprised at her going to Ballarat. Was informed of her death on Friday night at ten o'clock.

Agnes Stevenson, daughter of previous deponent:—I am unmarried, and reside with father at Raglan. Have seen deceased, and identify the body as that of my mother. She left home on the 2nd inst, about half-past 10 a.m., to go to Ballarat. Told me not to mention to the others that she was going to see the doctor, but, she said she did not feel exactly in her usual health. I have been constantly at home during the last eight months, and have not noticed any appearance of derangement in her manner or conversation. Was not aware of any circumstance that would occasion her any anxiety. Deceased told me not to be anxious if she did not return on Thursday, as she would be sure to be home by Friday. Her habits were temperate—that is, I have known her to take a drink of spirits, but not to excess.

Alice Day, wife of Timothy Day, licensee of the Commercial hotel, Beaufort—Knew Mrs. Stevenson, and identify her in the deceased. She came to our hotel about 9 o'clock on the evening of the 3rd inst., and asked me for a bed. Deceased said she had just come by the express train from Ballarat, as she had missed the ordinary train. I accommodated her with lodging. Did not notice anything unusual about her manner. She said she was too tired to go home that night, but did not complain of being poorly. She asked that the door might be left unfastened, as she intended to start home early in order to reach there about eight o'clock. Saw nothing of her afterwards, but heard her tell my little boy about six o'clock next morning to say that she had gone. Was only in her company on Thursday night about ten minutes, but noticed nothing strange in her conversation.

James Bourke, mounted-constable, stationed at Beaufort, deposed to finding the body near the baths. "Found some articles of dress on the bank. The body was in about 4ft. 6in. of water, and from its position was of opinion that deceased had entered the water from the platform, of the bathing house. There were no footprints on the sand or in the vicinity to lead me to imagine that entry had been made from the banks of the lake. From the appearance of the body as found by me in the water, the same not having been divested of the clothing or boots, I should not think deceased went there for the purpose of bathing. There were no marks of violence on the body nor anything to indicate that a struggle for life had taken place."

The magistrate said that from the evidence given he could not come to any other conclusion but that deceased had gone to the lake with the intention of committing suicide. He had endeavored by questions to elicit some information respecting the soundness or otherwise of deceased's mind during the last occasions she was seen alive; also to find if possible a clue by which her action might be attributed to a consequence of drink; but in all this he had failed, and the conclusion come to was the only one open to him. His verdict was:—"I am of opinion, from the evidence adduced at this inquiry, that the deceased, Anne Stevenson, on the 4th day of March, 1887, at the Beaufort Park lake, committed suicide by drowning."

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Insufficient clothing and exposure to damp and cold, produce many diseases of the skin, and greatly aggravate the sufferings of the delicate and scrofulous. The utmost relief is obtainable in such cases by using Wolfe's remedies. The Ointment applied to the part affected, restrains all insidious inflammation, while it soothes, cleans, and renders healthy any ulcerations or sores which have destroyed the skin, and show little disposition to heal. This Ointment purifies the blood, renders the local circulation vigorous, and represses excessive irritation. Holloway's Pills are particularly serviceable in all strumous disorders, because they strengthen the stomach, improve the digestion, excite a proper action in the liver, and act as alternatives and aspirents.

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 2s. 6d. per bottle. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road London.

How to ferret out a preparation of a trick, is by substituting any other Schnapps for that of Wolfe's schnapps, will require very little intuition. Just let one try the genuine invigorant; and, familiar with it's taste, they will soon discover the difference. It is impossible to give to the common gin that delicate smell, that fragrant touch, that aromatic, soft and velvety taste that constitute the chief elements of this great tonic cordial.

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.

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

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

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To Let,

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

WORTH TRYING!

—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, also a Guaranteed Cure for Snake Bite, if promptly and persistently applied.

Sold in 1oz. vials, 1s 6d; and 2oz. vials, 2s 6d.

Prepared only by C. Chapman & Co., Manufacturers of all kinds of Eucalyptus and Botanic Oils, Middle Creek.

Wholesale Agents—For Beaufort: Messrs. Hawkes Bros; for Ballarat East: Mr. John King, wholesale druggist, 47 Bridge street; for Ballarat West: Mr. Walter Cornell, wholesale druggist, Sturt street; for Ararat: Messrs Dawson & Co.; and Retail from all chemists and respectable storekeepers.

Two Testimonials selected from One Hundred and Fifty.

Amphitheatre, Nov. 27th, 1886.

Mr. C. Chapman. Sir—I have suffered from Neuralgia for the last ten years, finding no relief from anything. I tried medical advice, but it was of no use to me. I have used your Australian Foliage Balsam since, finding instant relief as soon as I apply it, and I do not now suffer any pain. I am thankful there is such a preparation for so terrible a complaint. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial. I remain, yours respectfully,

MRS. SARAH J. MILLS.

Buangor, January 20, 1887.

Mr. C. Chapman. Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of your Australian Foliage Balsam, it being most valuable in cases of Rheumatics, from which I suffered very acutely for many months, that and limejuice internally curing me when all other medicines had no effect. You are at liberty to make use of this if you think proper. Yours faithfully,

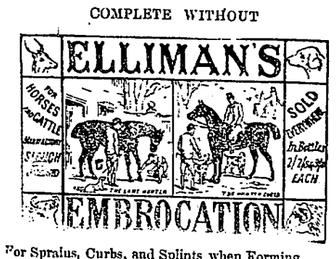
ROBERT HORNSBY.

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.

NO ENGLISH STABLE IS CONSIDERED COMPLETE WITHOUT



For Spraius, 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.

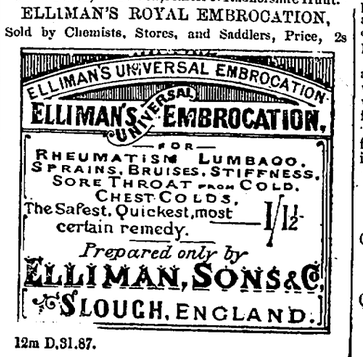
"Dec. 3rd, 1878.

"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



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ON REASONABLE TERMS

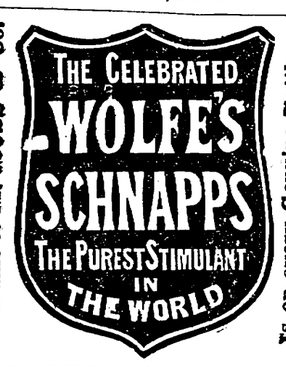
MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,

Prepared on the shortest notice

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.

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.



WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

£1 ORDERS.

Some Unprincipled Traders, to obtain a meanly increased profit, will deal in imitations, while others go so far as to Refill Wolfe's Bottles, and sell them as Genuine.

As a protection against these FRAUDS, and in order to ensure the Destruction of the Wrappers, there are Packed in the large size Bottles a number of ORDERS on the Agents, to pay the finder of them

ONE POUND STERLING.

These are being Cashed daily

1000 ORDERS,

Representing the sum of

£1000,

Have been found and Cashed.

THE

PUBLIC

SHOULD BE CAREFUL NOT TO HAVE

IMITATIONS

OR

Some Cheap Inferior Article

Palmed off on them as the GENUINE

Wolfe's Aromatic

SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.

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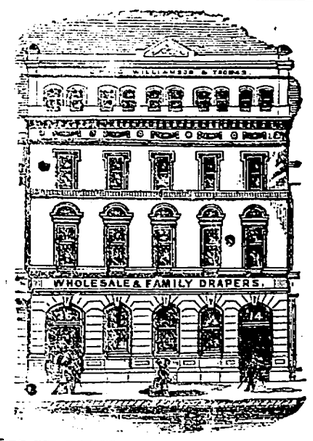
ONLY SPIRIT

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.



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.

Wanted,

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

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VICTORIAN ALMANAC, 1887.
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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.

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The Latest Publications in Song Books, "Australian Melodist, No. 16," &c.

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WARD & LIPMAN,

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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,

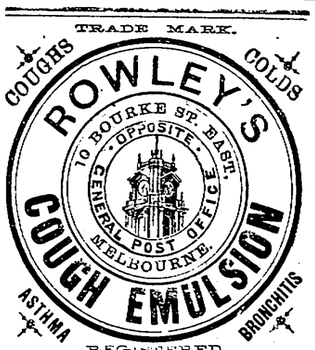
BALLARAT EAST.

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 LONALDSON, 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, Ballara West.—[ADVT.]

TRADE MARK.



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.]

Holloway's Ointment.

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

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

Bronchitis Diphtheria Colds Coughs Sore Throat and Shortness of Breath.

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

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

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

Gout and Rheumatism.

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

Piles, Fistulas, and Excoriations.

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		Sore Heads
Chilblains	Lumbago	Tumours
Chapped Hands	Piles	Ulcers
Corns (Soft)	Rheumatism	Wounds
Contracted and Stiff Joints	Sore Nipples	
	Scalds	

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

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME patients suffering from nervous affections 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, 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, L1 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine,

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

182 COLLINS-STREET EAST Melbourne.

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,

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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.

"For the Blood is the Life."

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

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

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

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

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

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1887.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

"Gentlemen,—Some ten years ago my wife became lame with ulcerated legs. I tried every recommendation for a cure, and also a large number of doctors (some of these very clever men with diseases of the kind), but to no effect. After being in this state for between 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 produces 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 those 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 sooth 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	Strictures
Female Irregularities	Tic-Doloureux
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Venereal Affections
Headache	Worms of all kinds
Indigestion	Weakness from whatever cause, &c., &c.
Liver Complaints	
Lumbago	

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

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

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 Caraghan.

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

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

The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 596.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 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 5 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.

WATERLOO COACHES.

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

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

From the Railway Hotel, Beaufort, to Waterloo at 9 a.m., 12 noon, 4.5 p.m.

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

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

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

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

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 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.

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.

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.

IMPORTANT ANOUNCEMENT

THE GREATEST DRAPERY SALE EVER HELD IN BALLARAT.

Important Announcement.

CRAWFORD'S PREMISES NOW OPEN.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

IMMENSE TRANSFER SALE

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Snow & Room

Have purchased the Entire Stock of

DRAPERY,

FURNISHINGS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS,

&c., &c.,

At a Heavy Discount, from

Mr. A. CRAWFORD,

And will offer the whole at less than Importer's Cost.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Stock Transferred amounts to over

£40,000.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SALE NOW ON!

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH OF BARGAINS.

CRAWFORD'S.

MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT.

SNOW & ROOM,

PROPRIETORS.

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 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, etc.

Allopecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY — COMO COSMETIC

COMO ROOMS CO. Ballarat, Vict.

All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

SPECIALTY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, AND JOINT DISEASES.

128, COLLINS STREET ST.

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 Dru
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

MELBOURNE AGENTS

FOR THE

RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE

MESSRS. GORDON & GOTCH

COLLINS STREET WEST

FOR SALE,

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

For Sale,

120 ACRES of LAND at Graveyard Hill, Mount Cole. HARRIS and TROY.

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

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 long list of prices, our object is to clear stacks of stock, 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, 44d 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 44d, worth 1s. About 100 pieces of Oddments varying from 44d 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 Naited 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.

3m.Ap.23.87.

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.

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.
L. YOUNGHUSBAND,
Wool and Produce Manager.

Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins Street west

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Business continues to be fairly brisk in the produce market, and a good quantity of all kinds of produce is being brought in. A good supply of wheat has come down by rail from the Wimmera district, and several parcels of locally grown grain have changed hands at a slight advance on last week's quotations. Flour remains at L8 10s per ton, at which figure it commands a ready business. At Horsham a slightly better feeling is apparent, and though a good quantity of wheat has been sold at 3s 2½d per bushel, farmers generally are holding back in anticipation of better prices. Wheat still maintains its late rise at Donald, 3s 5d being given for all forward, and at St. Arnaud a similar advance is now observable, and sales are being made at 3s 5d. In this district oats have seen a fair amount of business, without any change being observable in late rates. One lot of sixty bags changed hands at Maroona at 2s 6d, bags in. There is a good demand for bran. The market was glutted this week with potatoes from Warrnambool, and the price fell to L4 per ton, many carriers declining to accept this, and going on. Hay is being taken up freely, and straw is being liberally purchased for feeding stock. In dairy produce there is not much change. Fresh butter is scarce at 1s 6d per lb, and a load of potted in to-day was readily cleared at 13d. Eggs continue to be well supplied.

Wheat, 3s 5d to 3s 6d per bushel, bags in; oats, 2s 6d per bushel, bags in; pollard, 1s per bushel; bran, 10½d per bushel; flour, L8 10s per ton; peas, 3s 4d; potatoes, Warrnambool, L4 per ton; hay, sheaves, L3 5s per ton; trussed, L3 19s per ton; straw, 25s per ton; chaff, 4s per cwt: onions, 8s per cwt; butter, fresh, 1s 6d per lb; butter, potted, 1s 1d per lb; hams, 1s per lb; bacon, 8d to 9d per lb; cheese, 6d to 7d per lb; eggs, 10d per dozen.

The following are the Landsborough quotations:—Wheat, 3s 8d; oats, 2s 6d; peas, 3s; flour, £10; bran, 1s; pollard, 1s.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Business quiet:—Oats, 2s 7d to 2s 8d; Cape barley, 3s; English 3s 10d to 4s 4d; wheat, 3s 9d to 4s; peas, 2s 11d to 3s; manger hay, L3 to L4; sheaves, L2 15s to L3 7s; straw, 35s to 40s; new potatoes, L2 10s to L3.

MINING ITEMS.

Saxon Console, Waterloo, March 12.—The drive from No. 2 balance shaft is in 52 feet, all hard reef. North drive is across the crabhole and has reef in face, with a little fine gold in the wash. In the south and west washdirt drives we have good payable gold in both faces. Four machines of dirt gave a yield of 14oz. 10dwt. of gold.

Waterloo Company, Waterloo Flat, March 12.—The wash in main drive going west from No. 4 still of a very favorable appearance. There is about 18 inches of nice soft reef in bottom of drive, which is gradually rising as the reef advances. Water decreasing considerably, showing that the drive is getting across the run of deep ground, and coming on to the western reef. Gold for the week, 9oz. 2dwt.

South Victoria Company, Waterloo, March 12.—Shaft sunk 30 feet; driving west. Country is dipping west, and looks promising.

New Kong Meng, Majorca, March 12.—Mr. John Griffiths, the newly-appointed mine manager, reports:—I took charge on Monday, 7th, and since then work at No. 1 shaft has been regularly carried on. At No. 2 shaft, work resumed; advantage being taken of the stoppage to overhaul the machinery thoroughly. It will be a few days before the men get into the faces. Yield from No. 1 shaft, 12Soz. 9dwt.

"A MIRACULOUS SALVE."—For the cure of ulcerated Bad Legs, Boils, Abscesses, Scrofula, Sunray, Swollen Glands, Tumours, Ulcers, Burns' Scalds and Skin diseases of all kinds. "CLARKE'S MIRACULOUS SALVE" is superseding everything. Its curative properties are wonderful. Sold everywhere in pots at 1s 1½d, 2s 9d, and 4s 6d each. Proprietors, the Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

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.

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 has had fitted up in the most modern style, and fully supplied with an entire new stock of Drugs and Chemicals; also, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of PATENT MEDICINES, HAIR, TOOTH, and NAIL BRUSHES, and PERFUMERY.
2m.J.23.8

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.
3m.Ap.30.87.

NEXT VISIT—
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1887.

On Sale
AT
JEREMIAH SMITH'S
TIMBER YARD,
CORNER OF LIVINGSTONE & WILLOBY STREETS—
American shelving boards
Do lumber do
6 x 1 T and G Scotch flooring
6 x ½ do do lining
6 x ½ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 cut pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
⅝in., ¾in., 1in., 1¼in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.
NEXT TO POLICE STATION

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA.
SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT.
THURSDAY, MARCH 24th, 1887.
SHOW NIGHT.
Return Visit of the Celebrated Australian
PAYNE FAMILY
OF MUSICIANS,
Winners of Ten First Prize Gold Medals, who will give another of their grand and incomparably superb CONCERTS, the artistic and charming renditions of which have attained for them such a great name:
Mr. Payne ... ... Tenor
Miss Lizzie Payne ... Soprano, Violiniste, & Pianiste
Miss Nellie Payne ... ... Soprano & Pianiste
Miss Maud Payne ... Contralto, Violiniste, & Pianiste
Mr. W. Payne ... ... Baritone & Flautist
Million Prices—3s, 2s, and 1s.
Doors open at 7.30 p.m.; commence at 8.

PHOTOGRAPHY.
MESSRS. ALLAN & GOVE
Of the American Studio, 95 Swanston St., Melbourne,
Beg to announce that they have OPENED their
FLYING BRANCH
OPPOSITE THE POST-OFFICE, BEAUFORT,
And intend remaining here for positively FOUR WEEKS ONLY, being due elsewhere early in April.
OUR STUDIO having been built to our order is replete with every necessity, including a really first-class light. This, together with the fact that the Studio is under the management of Mr. F. G. Salter, late of the "Elite" Photographic Company, George st., Sydney, and the Royal Studio, Kearney street, San Francisco, enables us to guarantee that all work will be equal to any procurable in the colonies.
OUR SPECIALITY.
3 highly-finished Cabinets for 5s; 6 for 8s.
3 highly-finished Carte de Visites for 3s; 6, 4s 6d.
Our Old Bed Rock Price List still the rage.
Gems, 30 for 1s 6d; D. Gems, 2s 6d per doz.; Mouths, 3s 6d per doz.; Carte de Visites 7s 6d per doz.; Cabinets, 12s 6d per doz.; Copying and Enlarging—We make a speciality of this class of work, and those who have old faded pictures which they prize, should not miss the opportunity of having them enlarged, of all our pictures are guaranteed never to fade, and our prices defy competition.
Come at once as our stay is limited to FOUR WEEKS.
ALLAN and GOVE'S
No. 2 Flying Branch, Opposite Post-Office,
Laurence Street, Beaufort.
FRED. G. SALTER, Manager.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

FRESH TENDERS are invited for the erection of Signal Box at Horsham.

Particulars at the office of the Engineer for Existing Lines, Spencer street, and at Ballarat, Beaufort, Ararat, Stawell, and Horsham stations. Preliminary deposit, £10.

Tenders, accompanied by the necessary preliminary deposit, and endorsed "Tender for Horsham Signal Box," must be deposited in the Tender Box, Secretary's Office, Spencer street, Melbourne, at or before Twelve noon of Monday, 21st March.

No tender will necessarily be accepted.

By order of the Commissioners.
P. P. LABERTOUCHE,
Secretary for Railways.

Beaufort Mechanics' Institute and Free Library.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the members is appointed to be held at the Institute on MONDAY, the 28th instant, at 8 p.m.
D. G. STEWART,
Hon. Secretary.
Beaufort, 12th March, 1887.

MISS NETTLETON
(Late of A. Crawford's, Ballarat)
Begs to inform the Ladies of Beaufort and surrounding district, that she has opened business as
Milliner, Dress and Mantle Maker:
And trusts by efficient work and moderate charges, to merit a share of their patronage.
DRESSES and MANTLES made to Order on the Shortest Notice. Good Fit Guaranteed.
Note the Address—Next Mr. G. H Cougle, Draper, Havelock street, Beaufort.
3m.Jn.18.87.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

W. E. NICKOLS (at the request of the committee) will sell at the Victoria hotel, on SATURDAY, 26th MARCH, 1887, at 4 p.m. the following PRIVILEGES in connection with the Sports to be held on Easter Monday:—
No. 1 Publican's Booth.
No. 2 Publican's Booth
Refreshment Room
Bazaar Booth
Fruit Booth
Entrance Gates.
R. A. D. SINCLAIR,
Hon. Secretary.

Beaufort General Cemetery.

£2 REWARD.

THE above reward will be paid for information leading to the conviction of the person who removed the cross from off the grave of the late F. R. Scharp.
By order,
J. W. BROWNE, Secretary.
18th March, 1887.

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.

TAYLOR—WARD.—On the 14th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. C. M. Lowe, William George, son of George Taylor, Esq., of Middle Creek, to Sarah Anne, second surviving daughter of Robert Ward, Esq., Lake Goldsmith, near Beaufort.

THE
Riponshire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1887.

THAT which appears to be the absorbing question of the hour is the one having reference to the celebration of Queen Victoria's jubilee; and many and various are the proposals ventilated in the press in different parts of the colony as to the best and most lasting form the commemoration shall take. In Melbourne, without doubt, the 21st day of June, 1887, will be a day long to be remembered. The illuminations and pyrotechic displays resorted to on the occasion of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit will be as nothing compared to the brilliancy and splendour of the Queen's jubilee. In the history of Australia, no page should be more beautiful or more interesting than that which will refer to the special event of this year. If we as Victorians required a special reason for entering heartily into the spirit and practical part of the celebration, we can look to our own history as a colony, whose first settlement dates back to about 50 years ago, and whose growth and development has been coincident with the happy reign of our most noble and gracious sovereign lady Queen Victoria, after whom the colony has been most appropriately named. There are comparatively few persons living and in the colony at the present time who can remember the early settlement of Victoria, and this is to be deeply regretted, as a most fitting tribute to Her Majesty upon the auspicious occasion of the celebration of the jubilee of her accession to the British Throne would be the publication of a complete and authentic history of the colony of Victoria, from which might be compiled a school History of Victoria, a book which our Education department without doubt stands very much in need of. The growth and development of this colony and its many resources have been rapid and sure, surpassing in a magnified degree the most sanguine anticipations and expectations of the oldest colonist. Of course a great amount of the prosperity of Victoria, in fact its chief source of wealth, lay in its mineral discoveries of the early days, and it is much to be regretted that there are no indications of our being able to signalize the jubilee by a general revival of the mining industry. Notwithstanding this, and many little or great blunders, as the case may be, that may have been made in political circles, we have a great deal to be proud of, and to congratulate ourselves upon. Distinguished as the colony's growth has been, there has existed, and still exists, a current of prosperity which we have every reason to be thankful for. The task of developing new country, of building up a new nation, is not a light one, but only one verdict can be given as to the manner in which it has so far been accomplished in our case. Under all circumstances, then, we are justified in taking measures to make the jubilee celebration as effective as possible. We do not need to make a parade of loyalty. We are necessarily loyal to the Throne because the the Throne is only the outward and visible symptom of the Empire of which we are, ourselves, a component portion. But by properly celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Her Majesty's accession, we shall bring ourselves in useful communication with our own brief, but notably eventful past, and we shall gather fresh hope and fresh strength for the future.

But how are we to celebrate the jubilee in Beaufort. At the last Shire Council meeting, it was resolved that the members for each riding of the Shire should form themselves into committees for the purpose of celebrating the event. These committees have power to add to their number. Now, as far as the north riding is concerned, a fitting celebration may be arranged, by a combination of all the friendly societies, in conjunction with the councillors. Some programme of an attractive character could be drawn up, and the proceeds of the day's rejoicing (if any) could go to the further improvement of the Beaufort Park. This is merely a suggestion, and as the time is very short it would be as well to call a meeting to discuss the most feasible method of celebration.

Wednesday last was Licensing Court day; but nobody would have thought so, on putting in an appearance at the Court House. And for this a reason should be forthcoming. There was at least one case to hear—that of the transfer of a licence—and the district inspector of licensed houses, Mr. Parkinson, journeyed from Ballarat to be present at the hearing of the case. The clerk of the court had quite forgotten all about licensing day, and the Bench was conspicuous by its absence. In the interests of the public we ask, who is at fault for this state of affairs? Is it necessary for the clerk to acquaint the licensing magistrate that there are cases down for hearing? If so, was that duty performed? And is it the duty of the magistrate to attend when called upon? then, if he was called upon, why was he absent? The inspector returned to Ballarat by the 1.40 train, whilst the police here, under the provisions of the Licensing Act cannot interfere in respect of that house for which the transfer of license was needed.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 10oz.; New Victoria, 62oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 16oz.; Saxon Consols, 13oz. The Waterloo tributors have given up.

A sad spectacle was witnessed on Wednesday, on the arrival of the 12.5 train. A young woman named Margaret Daring, of Buninyoug, was committed, as a lunatic, to the Ararat Asylum, by a Ballarat Bench on Wednesday morning, and was being conveyed to the asylum in charge of a constable. The benighted victim to the loss of reason was in an apparently felicitous state, and indulged her vocal powers, accompanied by gestures indicative of time-keeping, whilst a whole crowd of youths kept up a continuation of laughter and apparent enjoyment of the painful sight.

At the Beaufort Police Court on Monday, before Messrs. Jas. Prentice and J. Wotherspoon, J's.P., Wm. Schlicht sued Wm. Greenwood, sen., for £5 18s 3d, goods sold and delivered. The defendant did not appear, and an order was made for the amount, with 2s 6d costs.

On Thursday next the Beaufort Agricultural Society will hold their fourteenth Annual Exhibition. Under the able secretaryship of Mr. John Humphreys we are glad to hear that so far as arrangements are concerned this year the show will be a decided success, and it remains with the public to make it financially so. In years that are gone, the class for whom these exhibitions are specially got up has taken but little interest in them, but it is pleasing to observe an alteration of feeling towards the movement.

St. Leon's circus performed here on Thursday night.

Mr. Belling, dentist, of Ballarat, notifies elsewhere that his next visit will be on Wednesday, April 6th. The change in the date, from Thursday, is owing to the occurrence of the Easter holidays.

The "Nhill Free Press" has reached us in an enlarged form, as issued by the new proprietary, and is a decided improvement.

Enthusiastic poultry fanciers are apt at times to overdo the business of inducing farmers to spend money in poultry. Such at surdly wild stories as are frequently printed concerning poultry profits do great harm. They bring into poultry culture the very people who ought to keep out of it. They drive away the practical farmers, who see nothing but nonsense in the glowing statements. Why not be reasonable? Poultry keeping will never make up for poor farming, laziness, or bad management. The farmer who turns his old farm into a hen yard will fail in nine cases out of ten. The hen will save no country or section; but she will help to save. Her proper place on the farm among the stock is as a helper, and not as a principal. The egg product of the country can safely be increased by 50 per cent. without greatly reducing the price. The more prime poultry offered the greater the demand. Farmers and their wives frequently complain to visitors of the difficulty of securing fresh meat in the spring and early summer. While they complain, a few poor hens are standing about the yard, utterly unable, by reason of their owner's heedlessness, to supply the needed food. There are two things in the poultry business that are absolutely sure. No hen of any breed will lay when eggs are wanted, unless she is taken care of. The descendants of a hen that has been carefully bred for a special service will do far better work than any collection of scrubs.—"Exchange."

Mr. W. E. Nickols, under instructions from the committee, will offer the booths in connection with the Athletic Club Easter Gathering as per advertisement.

The Buangor races were held on Tuesday last. Trethowan's Chivalry won the Trial Stakes, with Frazer's Chester and Thompson's Lady Bird second and third respectively. The Buangor Handicap was won by Kay's Archduke, Welsh's The Andes being second, and Robertson's Antelope third. Mr. Linton's May won the Handicap Trot, Thompson's Tommy Dodd second, and Sutherland's Scylla third. The Hurdles were carried off by Womersley's Stockman, with M'Kenzie's Zox second, and Ferguson's Miller third. The Selling Hack Race resulted in Glover's Annie coming in first, Croft's Dick Turpin second, and King's Glenburnie third. A Welter Handicap, won by Welsh's The Andes, concluded the programme.

At the Ararat Agricultural Show held on Wednesday last, Mr. Taylor, of Middle Creek, secured first prize in section 3, class A, for oats (short). In class E, dairy produce, Mrs. Exell, of Stockyard Hill, obtained second prize in section 1, fresh butter; second in section 2, potted butter; second in section 3, cheese. Mrs. Grange, of Buangor, got first prize in section 2, same class.

An interesting event, in the form of a marriage ceremony, took place at the residence of Mr. Robert Ward, at Lake Goldsmith, on Monday last, when Mr. William Taylor, of Beaufort, took unto himself, for better or for worse, for richer for poorer, a wife in the person of Miss Sarah Ann, second surviving daughter of Mr. Ward before mentioned. After the outward forms and ceremonies had been gone through, under the direction of the Rev. C. M. Lowe, a large party of the friends of the bride and bridegroom sat down to a capital wedding repast, when the healths of the newly married couple were drunk over and over again, and an enjoyable time was spent. At evening when the sun was set, the assembly began amusements of all descriptions and dancing, the latter being indulged in till daybreak, when a start was made for Beaufort to catch the 9 o'clock train to Ballarat. On the station platform there was great fun; showers of rice, old slippers, split peas, etc., seemed as if it was intended to fill the compartment occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Taylor as they departed to spend their honeymoon.

A public meeting was held in the Middle Creek Hall on Friday, 11th inst., to arrange for the Middle Creek school children's annual picnic. There was a fair attendance of parents and others interested. Messrs. Thomas Kane and Donald M'Donald were again elected secretary and treasurer respectively, and a committee was formed to make necessary arrangements for holding the treat. It was determined to hold the picnic on Wednesday, April 13th, when a good day's enjoyment is anticipated.

On Thursday afternoon, as Messrs. Wotherspoon, Humphreys, Vanderstoel, and Jackson (shire engineer) were inspecting the site for the proposed alterations to the boat-house at the Park lake, their attention was arrested by a strange and sudden dash of light, in a westerly direction of the heavens. The phenomenon had the appearance of a brilliant meteor, and having finished its course, the streak of fire formed itself into a ball, which to the naked eye appeared nearly as large as the moon. This ball suddenly burst, to all appearances immediately over the Presbyterian Church, and a streak of fire shot out from it earthwards with a loud report. The sky was very clear, and a line of a greyish smoke seemed to take the place of the streak, and hovered about for some fifteen minutes. Subsequently, a series of reports from the same direction, resembling the discharging of heavy artillery, was distinctly heard, followed by a succession of slight earth tremors, which continued for some seconds. A similar occurrence happened near Melbourne some years ago, when a meteorite which, after striking the earth, bounced a distance of two mile. A portion of this latter is now in the Melbourne Museum. The latest phenomenon was observed at Ballarat, Stawell, and Talbot. The local paper at the latter place remarks that "several people witnessed the sight from the railway station at that place. The sky was perfectly cloudless and the sun shining brightly, when at the time mentioned, a substance descended from the heavens in a westerly direction, and fell apparently about Lexton. It is described as if a flaming brand was thrown, and left a track of smoke behind it, the substance travelling much faster than the smoke which ascended in puffs and gradually died away. The object was a startling one, and caused many conjectures as to its origin and meaning."

In every place where there is a post-office pillar or letter box there is attached a notice informing the public that "Letters, &c, containing money or valuables should not be posted here, but taken to the post-office to be registered." This of course is tantamount to saying that the safe transit of money or valuables is ensured upon registration. We regret that recently a case occurred in which a letter, registered and posted at Beaufort for delivery at East Charlton, containing a sovereign as a birthday present for a youthful relative, did not meet with the expectations of either party as regards safe delivery. The old fashioned way of despatch was resorted to, that is, placing the coin between two pieces of card, so cut as to admit it, the cards then being placed in the centre of the letter. The letter duly arrived at its destination, but, although the impress of the coin was visible, the sovereign itself was non est. The matter was duly reported to the post-office authorities, and we are glad to hear that they are endeavoring to discover the "expert" who so cleverly abstracted the money. The public have great faith in the post-office, and that that faith may be increased or warranted we hope the thief will be brought to light.

The annual meeting of the Mechanics' Institute and Free Library is called for Thursday night week, the 27th instant, at 8 o'clock.

The Beaufort Rifle Club are about to inaugurate an open competition to be held in Beaufort some time in November. At the monthly committee meeting held last week it was resolved that enquiry should be made as to the management and conduct of these gatherings in other towns, and a sub-committee was appointed to take the matter into consideration, and report at a future meeting of the club. The sub-committee have held a meeting, and discussed the pros and cons impartially, arriving at the conclusion that in the interests of the club, and for the benefit of the town and district, it is advisable, if it can be found practicable, to inaugurate a series of competitions among riflemen from all parts of the colony. As a preliminary step, Messrs. Archard and Harris were appointed an enquiry committee, and will ascertain the opinions of other clubs as to the best descriptions of targets in use, with a view to obtaining two more than those at present erected at the Beaufort ranges. Further, they have been instructed to make enquiry as to the amount of support that can be relied upon in the district in the matter of prizes to be competed for. This having been done, the sub-committee will draw up their report, and submit it to the members, together with a draft programme of events. It is proposed to make the affair as elaborate as possible, the competition to last four or five days. As this is a laudable enterprise, and will be a large extent benefit the district, we urge its most impartial consideration upon all who are in a position to support it.

We take this opportunity of finally reminding our readers that the concert to be given in Beaufort by the Payne family of musicians will take place next Thursday evening, the Beaufort Show night. Amongst the numbers to be rendered will be Hart's "Bells." Commenting on their performance of it the "Gordon Advertiser" says:—"This was their masterpiece if any opinion may be given as to the relative merits of the different selections when all were so excellent. The vocal imitation of the sounds of the different bells were so well done as to have quite a sublime effect."

Our Waterloo correspondent writes:—The Waterloo Free Library Committee held its monthly meeting on Monday last, after confirmation of minutes of previous meeting, accounts were gone into and the following passed—C. Rankin, L5 17s 8d; M. Flynn, L19 1s 10d; Librarian, L2 13s; Pawson and Hall (painters), L15 4s; license for hall, L1 1s. During the month the hall has been painted, spouting and pipes have been placed, and a 400-gallon tank fixed. The remaining portion of the business was of the usual routine character. Probably the next business of the committee will be to fence in the ground, if they can only devise methods of raising the funds for such purpose, and, judging from the past, there is no doubt they will succeed.

We have heard it suggested that the Jubilee in Beaufort should be commemorated by the residents subscribing to a building fund for the increase of the present Mechanics' Institute and Free Library, the same to have the inscription in front for Her Majesty's Jubilee.

An advertisement in to-day's issue notifies the opening of a new business in Beaufort. Miss Nettleton, late with A. Crawford, Ballarat, desires the ladies of the town and district to entrust her with a share of their orders in dress and mantle making.

The trustees of the Beaufort cemetery are offering a reward of £2 for information leading to the conviction of the rascal who removed a memorial mark in the shape of a marble cross from the grave of the late F. R. Scharp. For some time the cross was missing, but has now been recovered. It is to be hoped the offender will be caught and severely punished.

How to ferret out a preparation of a trick, is by substituting any other Schnapps for that of Wolfe's schnapps, will require very little intuition. Just let one try the genuine invigorant; and, familiar with its taste, they will soon discover the difference. It is impossible to give to the common gin that delicate smell, that fragrant touch, that aromatic, soft and velvety taste that constitute the chief elements of this great tonic cordial.

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, 17th March, 1887:—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Mar. 11	26	£5 6 2	£8 14 8
,, 12	80	10 4 0	4 8 6
,, 14	35	5 15 6	18 4 5
,, 15	59½	18 5 2	13 4 8
,, 16	16½	4 1 11	3 18 1
,, 17	53	8 5 4	81 10 2
Totals	270	£52 18 1	£80 10 6

Surprise has been expressed in mining districts (writes the "Argus") in view of the fact that the Minister of Mines has allotted the sum of L47,005 out of the prospecting vote of L80,000 after publicly stating that there was only L37,000 available for distribution. Mr. Gillies explains that the vote for this year was reduced by the payment of about L11,000 expended last year in excess of the amount voted by Parliament for the development of gold mining in 1885-6, but on a re-consideration of the whole question he has decided to ask Parliament to make a special grant equal to the sum taken from this year's vote on account of last year's prospecting operations, so that the vote of L80,000 may not be burdened with the extra expenditure of last year; and in the confident belief that Parliament will approve of his proposal, Mr. Gillies determined to distribute the remaining balance of the L80,000, which sufficiently exceeds the aggregate amount allotted to the mining companies to cover the expenses of the prospecting boards.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for—Miss Burridge, M. Coleman, J. Dawson, G. Davis, J. Dunn, W. Dutton, Jeanie Fox, Wm. Green, Mr. Hayden, J. Hine, T. Hatton, D. Haynes, Henry Jennings, R. Kerr, P. Newling, J. Sutherland, S. Stephens, Ed. Whitie, Mrs. R. Wallace.

"GAZETTE" NOTICES.

Issue of new licences approved.—G. H. Hatfield, junr., 20a, Scarsdale; W. Daniel, 10a, Scarsdale; John Howard, 12a, Amherst; Charlotte Young, 20a, Amherst; Emily Young, 14a, Amherst; Ben. Palmer, 20a, Scarsdale; H. M. Prince, 3 for 20a each, Raglan; C. C. Tucker, 9a, Raglan.

WEATHER FORECASTS

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, 18th March, 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Straits.—Fine, with south and south-easterly winds. Highest temperature observed at Melbourne observatory during the day, 68·8.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Fine, with south and south-easterly winds.

St. Patrick's day was not observed as a holiday in Beaufort, but to-morrow will be observed as a holy day in church.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[By "TOMAHAWK."]

It's strange what will happen to a man in Victoria! Here, everyone has been abusing me, right and left; and they have gone further, and abused somebody else, thinking, I presume, that "somebody else" is me. Ha! ha! they were never more mistaken in their lives. But, Mr. Editor, I had hoped, that a few personalities introduced into my contributions would result in a social good, and had made up my mind to desist, only dealing with those points which were of general application, and generally enjoyed, as a break in the monotony of newspaper reading. But I shall go on, so long as I am permitted and so long as gossippers give my pen the food."

Mrs. Tomahawk and her mother were invited out to tea the other evening, when, amongst other scandal, "Tomahawk's" little chips were discussed. Mrs. T., dear—(only sometimes)—creature, did not let the cat out of the bag as to authorship, but entered into the spirit of the thing, and abused her liege lord and master right and left. I did not think "ladies" would call a man old enough to be their father by such unpalatable names. "Fool." "idiot," "ass," "larrikin," and other choice gems too numerous to mention were showered on my devoted head. It appears that I trod on some of these young ladies' threepenny-pieces—I beg pardon, corns at different times, hence the beautiful epithets. For one reason I like this: it shows me that my literary efforts are not wasted, and that somebody does read your paper, if they only borrow it to cut "chips" out of; but for a better reason—that backbiting might be suppressed—I don't like it at all.

The townspeople are all complaining of the dullness and depression that seems to overhang this place; but instead of meeting it with a bold front they seem to sit down and gaze on the gathering mist with despair. Rouse yourselves, ye citizens! there is a future in store for Beaufort, and that future is "quartz." What has become of that agitation for the diamond drill? Is it asleep, or dead and cremated? Agitate again, and have the drill here at all cost and hazards, and I have every confidence that expectations will be more than realized. If there are any "doubting Thomas's," I just refer them to the Government geologist's report on this district. As for the old identities, their belief in quartz is firm, and if some good man would only start the ball, plenty of others would help him to push it. Rouse yourselves and see to it.

I have travelled some in my time, and am quite surprised to find that a town having pretensions like yours cannot raise a brass band. You have a band, certainly—the ear-piercing fife and the rattling drum,—but for want of a teacher the well-meant efforts of its members sometimes get mixed, and everyone plays a tune of his own, much to the agony of the victims who happen to be within ear-shot. Now a brass band could easily be raised, and if supported by the public, after say six month's practice, would contribute very largely to the enjoyment and pleasure of the townsfolk of an evening by giving open air concerts at stated periods. I believe the A.N.A. are about starting a branch here, and, as this society is everywhere to the fore, perhaps they may move in the matter.

St. Leon's circus has been doing it grandly. Arrived here on Thursday at about 2 p.m., put up their rigmarole, gave a very fair performance, packed up their traps and cleared out with L74 10s. No wonder they are pleased to say they will come back again! All they spent in this town was harmless. A few pounds of lollies as a blind! I didn't go; 2s. (the lowest price) was too high for me. And yet others, if what I hear is true, are often seen at these places, occupying the higher-priced seats, and at the same time depend upon charity for their children's bread.

THE PROSPECTING VOTE.

The awards of the Minister of Mines, on the recommendation of the Prospecting Board have now been made known, and the following list for the Ararat district shows what amount will be apportioned. As the full sum recommended by the prospecting boards cannot in some instances be expended during the current financial year, 1886-7, and as it is desired to give effect to as many recommendations of the boards as possible, the amounts awarded to the companies marked with asterisks have been reduced to such an extent as can be expended within the financial year. In all these cases the unappropriated balance will be a charge against the vote for 1887-8, and the local prospecting boards will record them with their other recommendations.

ARARAT MINING DISTRICT.

Residents of Ararat, £500; Eaglehawk Extended, Armstrongs, £500*; Bowden, Watson, and others, Cathcart, £100; Heather Bell Company, Cathcart, £200; Eastlake and others, John Woods' Lead, Stawell, £100; Scotchmans United, Stawell, £500*; Anthony and others, Stawell, £100; Cross Reef Consolidated, Stawell, £500*; Borough Council, Horsham, £250*; Bryson and M'Nab, M'Ewan's Reef, Stawell, £100; Sloanes and Scotchmans Company, Stawell, £500*; Henry Walker and party, £150; J. Frost and party, Deep Lead, £250; Rowe, Goodlet and party, from Racecourse to Black Ranges, £150; C. Kerchner and party, £150; New Perthshire Company, Stawell, £500*; Jenkinson and party, £150; Liddient, Pooley, and party, £150; Saxon Consols, Waterloo, £500*; Wotherspoon and others, Beaufort, £250; Long Gully Prospecting Company, Waterloo, £250; residents of Raglan, Raglan Flat, £500; Jas. Law, on behalf of 21 miners, Frenchmans, £250, total, £6650.

Allotments made by the Minister of Mines from the Prospecting Vote for the Ararat Mining District:—

Pleasant Creek division ...	... £3650
Raglan division	... 1450
Ararat division	... 1300
Barkly division	... 250
Total	... £6650

The total amount recommended by the Prospecting Board was L10,686, the reductions made by the Minister being as follows:—

Pleasant Creek division ...	... £2536
Ararat division	... 1000
Raglan division	... 500
Total...	... £4036

The Ripon Shire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

A True Lover's Knot.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

My lady love, sweetest and best,
A ribbon I'll buy for your breast,
And tie in a true lover's knot.
Shall it be like a rose in a bow?
Or shall it be white as the snow?
Pray what would you like, or like not?

Or, lady love, gentle and fair,
Shall it be like the gold of your hair,
Twined into a true lover's knot?
Bright blue, like the blue of the skies?
True blue, like the blue of your eyes?
Or the tender forget-me-not?

If you were an Irish *colleen*
I'd buy you a ribbon of green,
The green of the shamrock, I wot;
If you were a Scotch lassie!
The tartan would gallantly tie—
Tie into a true lover's knot.

Or, were you a Dutch maiden fair,
Then orange alone you should wear;
True orange, so splendidly bright;
But, darling, the color for you
Isn't tartan, or green, or blue,
Isn't rose, or orange in hue;
It is white; it is bridal white.

O, will you wear white as my bride?
She answered, with love and with pride:
"*O, fairest of all, the white bow!*"
Then soon rang the wedding bells clear,
And friends from afar, and from near,
Wore bride favors, white as the snow.

Novelist.

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY
BY
HAROLD STEPHEN, ESQ., M.P.
OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

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CHAPTER XXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

This gentleman, a canny Scot, named M'Corkle—all overseers of stations, be it remarked, are Scotchmen—listened attentively, smoked two pipes, and drank three glasses of whisky and water, and then delivered his opinion.

"Aweel, Master Lascelles," he began, "I canna say I like the seemptoms. If he is na clean daft a'ready, he'll gang the gate, gin he stays here much longer. I'm not deeposed to accept the responsibeelity of advising ye, but I maun admeet, if he was my son, I'd just kick him oot o' the hoose."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "What should I do that for? The boy's as good as gold."

"Turn him oot to earn his living—hard work is the pheesie he needs."

"Impossible, I could not do it. Why, he would only laugh at me, and then I should be compelled to laugh too. No, no—that scheme won't do at all."

"Vara weel. Speak till him, then. Tell him to go away and amuse himself—get drunk—play billiards, an' go to the deevil as sune as he can."

"No good, he wouldn't do it.

"Then he's a *rara avis in terris*," replied M'Corkle, who prided himself upon his Latinity. "I cannna ca' to mind a seemilar case; but hae na the young gentleman got some sense left? Tell him he'll o'ny get warse gif he does na fight against his melancholly. Tell him to tak' peeck and shovel an' gang awa to the diggin's. Thats where he ought to be."

"By George, there's some sense in that, M'Corkle," said Mr. Lascelles. "A spell at the diggings would do him good; and, I'll tell you what—I've a deuced good mind to go with him myself!"

"The Loord forbid!" ejaculated Mr. M'Corkle, piously.

"What the deuce do you mean?" asked Mr. Lascelles, testily.

"The lad maun gang awa' alane, wi' naebody to remind him o' the past. Gin ye pairseest in gaein' wi' him, he might sae well bide at home."

"Perhaps you are right—I'll speak to him to-night. Will you take another glass of whiskey?"

"'Deed an' I wall," replied Mr. M'Corkle, taking the hint for his dismissal. "An' then I'll just send him in t'ye.

Harry accepted the suggestion very readily, and his father was pleased to see that he looked even cheerful, whilst making preparations for the journey. He determined to proceed first to Melbourne, and leave his after movements to be decided by circumstances.

Almost the first person he met, upon his arrival in that town, was a certain Captain Fortescue, whose acquaintance he had made in Sydney, where that gentleman had been stationed with his regiment. They dined together, and, in the confidence begotten by a good dinner and generous wine, Harry told his story, or as much of it as was necessary to account for his presence in Melbourne.

"You have come over to see a little life on the diggings," said Captain Fortescue. "Come with me, join us, and, if you don't mind a good deal of hard riding, and exposure to the weather, I can promise you enough 'life' to satisfy you even if you had the appetite of a gargantua."

"And who are 'us'?" asked Harry. "Have you left the army?"

"Sold out twelve months ago. I am now commander of the gold escort from Forest Creek. It luckily happens that I want a lieutenant at this moment, and, if you like, you can have the billet. It is a rough life but glorious fun, I can tell you."

Harry jumped at the offer. It was just the sort of thing he wanted—plenty of excitement, and plenty of hard riding—he was quite effusive in his thanks to Captain Fortescue, and agreed to hold himself ready to start at any moment.

After one or two trips, the captain fell ill, as stated by the conspirators in the cavern, and upon Harry fell the duty of taking charge of the escort to Melbourne. He was be this time delighted with the life, and, apparently, quite recovered from his love fever.

The prescription of Doctor M'Corkle is as effective in such cases as Weston's Wizard Oil is in most of the other ills that flesh is heir to.

CHAPTER XXVIII

RE-UNITED.

"Here's a letter for you, miss," said Susie to Alma shortly after they had returned from their expedition to the caves. "Barney Brallaghan, the blacksmith, see your uncle give it to him for you about an hour ago."

Alma opened the envelope mechanically, her mind being busily occupied in devising some means for making Mr. Harry Lascelles acquainted with his danger; but she was startled into attention. The letter ran as follows:—

MY DEAR ALMA,

I have received a sudden call to Snob's Gully, and shall perhaps be compelled to go on to Forest Creek. In such an event I shall not be home for four or five days at the least. I have, therefore, arranged with Mrs. Brown, Susan's mother, to sleep in the house until my return.

Your affectionate Uncle
STEPHEN TREDEGAR.

Not home for four of five days, and the attack is to be made on Tuesday! thought Alma. What should she do? What could she do? There was no post to Alsatia, the very existence of the settlement being almost unknown to the Government. Should she engage a special messenger? She feared to run the risk; for, although she was far from suspecting the true character of the residents of Alsatia, she instinctively felt that they were untrustworthy; and the interests at stake were of such vital importance that nothing ought to be left to chance. She argued that the attractions of a horse race, or a debauch in some wayside shanty, might prove too alluring for her messenger, and perhaps cause delay which would be ruinous. At last, she determined to go herself, and summoned Susie to her aid.

"Susie," she said, "how far is it to Forest Creek?"

"A very long way, miss, nigh seventy mile, I've heard say.'

"Do you know the road?"

"Lor bless you, no, miss! me know the road? Why I ain't been nowhere since we come here to live, and that's more'n ten year ago."

Here was a poser. Alma had intended to make use of Susie as a guide, for she knew how hopeless it would be to set out alone. It was not, however, necessary that they should go as far as Forest Creek—it would be sufficient if she could meet the escort before it arrived at the place where the attack was to be made.

"Do you know a man named Rigby?" she asked.

"The old man of the mountain?"

"Yes."

"He comes here sometimes. I seen him, though I don't know him, not to speak to. He's a awful old chap to look at. Beard right down to his belt, and eyes that pierces like a gimblet. Bad lot he is every way you take him."

"He keeps a public-house, does he not?" asked Alma.

"Yes, miss. Leastways it's a shanty on the Melbourne road, not far from here."

"Have you ever been there?"

"Once I went over with my brother Bill, miss."

"You know the way, then?"

"Yes. It's not hard to find, once you're over the range. I 'spose it's maybe fourteen miles to ride; but if you go through the caves you can git there in six or seven."

That was sufficient. Alma determined to start early on Tuesday morning, and lie in wait on the roadside, a mile or two above the old man's shanty, until the escort passed.

Remembering that, in all probability, Susie's brother was one of the originators of the plot, and reflecting that, if that were the case, he would almost certainly pay a visit to his sister in the course of a day or two, she now sought to divert suspicion by telling the girl that her uncle had promised to take her there on his return from Forest Creek, and asked her if she would like to accompany them.

"Oh, wouldn't I!" exclaimed Susie, joyfully. "I'd like to go anywheres with you, miss; but I dunno as mother would like it."

"Then don't say a word about it till my uncle comes back," said Alma. "We will leave it to him to talk to her. I don't think she will refuse him, at any rate."

"No, sure-ly not, miss," said Susie. "My word, I'll say nothing about it till he comes back."

During the next three days Alma underwent such torments of anxiety that in after years she could not recall the time without a shudder. Her trouble was increased by the advent of Susie's brother, who, as she had anticipated, turned out to be the taller of the two ruffians she had seen in the cave. Susie was immensely delighted to meet him, but (Alma thought) she seemed half afraid, and she was certainly singularly reticent as to his adventures during his absence.

This Mr. Bill Brown spent the major part of his time carousing at the inn, and the quiet village was completely upset, for the men gathered round him, and late at night might be heard whooping and yelling as they made their way to their homes.

Alma noticed that mysterious conferences also took place, in which most of the men joined; and she began to suspect that not a few of them were concerned in the plot to rob the escort.

On the Monday Mr. Bill Brown took his departure, accompanied by two or three others, and that night there was peace.

Soon after breakfast on Tuesday morning Alma called Susie, and proposed a walk up the mountains. To her surprise the girl hesitated, and suggested that they had better postpone their excursion till the following day.

This led Alma to think, and she soon arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Bill Brown had, to some extent at least, made a confidante of his sister. She was grieved at this, for she had learned to like the girl, who was of a singularly sweet disposition, and appeared to be really attached to her mistress. The thought, also, that she would be making Susie the unconscious instrument of her brother's betrayal, was by no means pleasant, and, altogether, Alma had a very uncomfortable task before her. But she dared not flinch, so she, with an assumption of carelessness, asked why Susie did not want to go out that day.

"Well, you see, miss," said Susie very much embarrassed, "it do look uncommon like rain, miss, and—and—"

"And you are afraid of a wetting? Well, I am not, and so I shall go alone if you do not care to come with me."

That was not to be thought of for a moment; Alma alone might wander anywhere, and Susie was reluctantly compelled to consent to accompany her. Accordingly, shortly afterwards, they set out, provided with luncheon, as was usual with them when they went on such excursions.

Much manœuvering was needed to get Susie to point out the path which led to the main road; but, at last, Alma had the happiness to find herself seated under a tree on the side of a hill, with a full view of the track along which the escort must travel in its way to the establishment of the Old Man of the mountain.

To say that Susie was uncomfortable, by no means expresess the state of mind to which the poor girl was reduced. For hours she had led Alma up and down the hills, in the hope that fatigue would cause her to return home; but all in vain, and, in sheer desperation, she had led her to the road; supposing that she was only gratifying a whim, and that her mistress would then consent to leave the neighborhood.

Alas! poor Susie was doomed to disappointment. Alma seated herself under a tree, and, taking from her bag a small drawing-block, deliberately began to make a sketch of the scene.

It was late in the afternoon—the sky was over-blended, and the sun was invisible, so Susie could not tell the time—the escort would pass about sundown, and then what complications might not ensue? Susie was not acquainted with the details of the plot, and had taken it into her little head that the escort was to be "stuck-up," after the orthodox fashion, somewhere in the neighborhood of Rigby's.

In a perfect fever of anxiety, she asked Alma the time.

"Half-past-four," replied Alma, after looking at her watch—it was then actually a quarter to six, but the deception was justifiable under the circumstances.

"Don't you think, miss," said Susie, "as we're a long ways from home, and the clouds looks threatenin', don't you think you'd better finish that there drawing another time?"

"No, I do not, Susie," replied Alma, apparently engrossed in her work. "It is a lovely evening, and it won't be dark for hours yet."

"But it's going to rain, miss," said Susie, despairingly. Indeed, as she spoke, a huge drop fell splash upon the drawing-block, and Alma was obliged to look up.

"So I see," she said. "Let's get under shelter while we can." As she said this, Alma gathered up her drawing materials, and then, to Susie's consternation, deliberately ran down the hill, and ensconced herself in the burnt out hollow of a huge tree which extended its limbs right across the road.

Susie was in despair. What could she do? The rain was already coming down after a fashion that promised a steady downpour for perhaps an hour, and, for aught she knew to the contrary, her brother and his associates might come up at any moment.

She stood bewildered for a minute, and then ran down to her mistress.

An hour passed almost in silence, both the girls were too excited to converse. Susie felt that further remonstrance was useless, for the rain continued to pour down without a sign of cessation, and was resigned to her fate; consoling herself also by the reflection that, after all, the escort might not come up before they started for home, and that it was also by no means certain that the attack would be made within their hearing.

At last, amid the steady splash of the rain, a rumbling noise became audible, and, a moment later, two troopers came round the corner at a hand-gallop. Following them, one of the gold-carts, drawn by four horses; then more troopers, and, last of all, Harry Lascelles riding alone.

Alma, breathless with excitement, rushed out into the road, and, with a wild cry, of "Harry!" fell on her face almost under the hoofs of his horse.

Harry pulled up so suddenly as to throw the animal on its haunches, jumped out of the saddle, and, in a moment, was by her side.

The episode had passed unnoticed by the troopers, who were soon out of sight; but Susie, half-mad with anxiety, reached the young lady almost as soon as her lover.

"Alma!" exclaimed Harry, raising the girl, and straining her to his breast. "My darling! You here! Tell me, am I mad?"

Alma could not answer, but she blushed rosy red, and smiled so sweetly, that Harry needed no other assurance.

"Let me take her, sir!" exclaimed Susie. "You just ride on, and I'll attend to the young lady."

Harry turned, and would have replied, but Alma had recovered herself by this time, and withdrew herself gently from his arms.

"This is an old friend of mine, Susie," she said. "The friend of whom you have heard me speak so often—Mr. Harry Lascelles. Be good enough to leave us alone for a few minutes."

Susie, utterly bewildered, stammered out a few words, and retired to the burnt tree; whilst Alma and Harry sought shelter under a spreading box-tree, behind the trunk of which they were concealed from the view of the girl.

"My darling!" exclaimed Harry, taking her in his arms, "if you knew how I have suffered!"

"Yes, Harry?" said Alma, smiling and crying at the same time."

"Why did you leave me without a word—without a line?"

"Oh, Harry!" interrupted Alma. "We must not stay to talk now, dear. You are in terrible danger!"

"What do you mean you little goose?" Question emphasized by a kiss.

Alma hurriedly narrated her adventure in the caves, and told of the trouble she had had to communicate with him, and concludingly implored her lover to ride on at once, and, on no account, to stop at that dreadful house.

"And leave you alone in the bush at nightfall?" asked Harry.

"You must, dear. Besides, I am quite safe. We are not far from home, and Susie knows every inch of the way."

Was ever mortal placed in such a position before? Duty demanded that he should at once take means for the defence of the enormous treasure entrusted to his care; yet Harry Lascelles lingered. It seemed horrible to him to leave a delicate girl in the bush, with no other companion than a mere child like Susie, and yet, it must be done!

"Where shall I find you, dear, when I return?" he asked, at last.

"We live in a village called Alsatia, but there is no post there. I suppose our nearest post-town is Snob's Gully. You will write to me, will you not?"

"Write to you, little one? I'll be with you myself as soon as a letter could reach you. But it is dreadful to leave you now!"

"Oh, but you must!" exclaimed Alma. "You must! Do not stop another moment, but gallop after your men?"

"They will not go far—indeed, here come some of them. They missed me, you see, and came back, as I knew they would." As he said this, Harry held her tight to his breast, and covered her face with kisses; till the little maid, for very shame, drew back half-frightened at his vehemence.

Then, without taking another look, she ran towards Susie, calling her to come home at once.

Harry Lascelles took the rein of his horse which a trooper had caught and brought to him, and mechanically vaulted into the saddle. He, too, dared not look back; so he jammed his cap down over his eyes, stuck his spurs into the horse, and galloped madly away.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ESCORT ROBBERY.

On rejoining the escort, which he found waiting for him about a mile farther on, Harry at once summoned the troop-serjeant to a council of war. That worthy—an old soldier who had seen service in his day—took matters very coolly.

"As for going on, sir," he said, "and camping in the bush, that is simply impossible. The horses are nigh dead beat already, and those bushrangers would sure to follow and attack us."

"So I thought myself," said Harry, "besides, we should be at their mercy if we were camped out. I suppose we must stop at Rigby's."

"Ay, and give them the biggest peppering they ever heard of."

"The men had better be told at once."

"I think, sir, it would perhaps be best to speak to the drivers first. Both of 'em have seen a good bit of fighting in their day, and their advice might be worth having."

Completely inexperienced as he was, Harry naturally felt anxious to avail himself of the experience of others, and he readily consented to admit the drivers to the council.

These men—Americans, like most drivers in those days—had been in California in '49, and fighting came as natural to them as eating and drinking. They were attired like bandits, and looked ferocious enough to scare an ordinary bushranger into fits.

The leader of the two on being made acquainted with the position almost laughed for joy, and, turning to his mate said:

"Seems like ole times, pard?"

"You bet!" replied the other with a grin of delight.

"We thought it would be best to wait for them at Rigby's," said Harry.

"That's yer sort!" exclaimed Driver No. 1, otherwise known to the world as "Zack." "Lay fur 'em, an' fetch 'em jist as they think they thinks they're a-going' ter rake the pot. It's beautiful—beautiful!"

Mr. Zack was so pleased that he actually began to dance a species of hornpipe in the mud.

"Well, I conclude it will be best to let them alone until one or more of them are in the room," said Harry.

"Tell yer what," exclaimed Driver No. 2—Dan Blossom by name—"my idea is, let the chap come up an' collar our pistils; then up we jumps; he sings out, his mates comes up to help him, an' then we ken jist bowl 'em over like they was ten-pins."

"Too dangerous," replied Harry; "we could not tackle them unarmed."

Dan looked steadily at his commander, sighed deeply, expectorated, and then condescended to explain.

"Hain't all on us got two pistols or revolvers?"

"Yes, I believe so," replied Harry.

"Wa-al, one weppin lies outside the bed, unloaded, for them skunks ter collar, the other is jist gripped in our fists, and soon's the room's full on 'em we lets drive."

"By George, it is a good idea!" exclaimed Harry.

"Bully fur you, ole hoss," said Zack to his fellow-driver. "I reckon we've jist got them fellurs, sure."

The troop-sergeant condescended also to express his approval, and so it was decided.

"Now tell the men," said Harry, "and let us ride on quickly, to make up for lost time."

"I'd not say a word about it if I was you, sir," said the sergeant, "until we are going to bed. Some of them would be sure to betray themselves by their manner, if any of the bushrangers were lurking about."

"Which you kin bet yer life some on 'em will be lyin' around, in the bar or elsewheres, an' mebbe try to make our men drunk," said Zack. "Our fellers are right enough to fight, I think, but most of 'em ain't been under fire, an' 'ud be sartin sure to look nervous."

(*To be continued.*)

Australian Tales and Adventures.

No. 17.

FIFTY LASHES.

By ATHA.

CHAPTER I.

A full summer moon overhead, casting bars of soft sheen athwart the trees in the public Domain, Auckland, New Zealand.

On a rustic bench, beneath the wide-spreading branches of a giant Kauri pine, sat a half-caste Maori girl, and by her side a tall handsome youth, wearing the dark-blue uniform of Caversham's Horse.

No Spanish beauty could boast a more glorious beauty of face and form than Kiora Selby. Her mother—daughter of the old Maori Chieftain, Te Puke, fell in love, and married one Tom Selby, a sergeant in the 6—th regiment, and with her hand came many broad acres in the most fertile valleys of the Waikato, which the old soldier soon converted into a good payable estate. While Kiora was yet a child her mother died, whereupon Tom Selby bought a snug villa outside the city, and sent his daughter to a boarding school until she became old enough to take charge of his household.

"And so you are going to morrow, Charlie!" she asks timidly, at the same time toying nervously with her companion's palm between her own shapely hands. "Must it really be to-morrow?"

"Really and truly, Kiora," he answered. "The horses were put aboard early this evening, and we sail to-morrow at daylight."

"How dreadful this war is," she says in a low tone.

"Ah, dreadful, indeed, my darling, but we must not stand idly and see those mad fanatics, the rebels, murder and plunder innocent people. Since Rewi was driven out of Waikato, the Government have done all in their power to induce the dissatisfied Maoris to lay down their arms, and live at peace with their Pakeha neighbours, but you see it is of no avail. Tipore and his crazy brother have roused the Taranaki tribes to open rebellion, and by so doing have unfortunately prevented one Charles Stanton from enjoying his Christmas dinner under the same roof as Kiora Selby."

"Dear Charlie, no one can regret that misfortune more than poor Kiora," she answers softly.

Charlie laughs lightly, then stoops downward until his moustache reaches Kiora's ripe red lips, and—well, the moon only knows what took place, for he was watching them. His Moonship sees many things that lovers wot not of. On this lovely evening, there was no exception to the rule, for he observed close by where Charlie and his companion billed and cooed at each other, the form of a man, crouching low down behind a thick scrub, which completely hid him from the eyes of those he was evidently watching—a man with a pale, vile-looking face, which peered out at them from the screen of foliage with a savage gleam in his eyes. The apparel of the eaves-dropper was similar to that worn by the girl's companion, save that he had three narrow golden stripes upon his coat sleeve at the wrist, which bespoke the man a non-commissioned officer. During a long chat, such as lovers usually indulge, the watcher never stirred from his bent position; but listened to every word uttered with a greed that was only born of deep and absorbing interest. It was only when Kiora rose to depart that he drew further into the shade, and in so doing made a noise which attracted the girl's attention.

"What was that, Charlie?" she cried, nestling herself close to the side of that gentleman, and gazing round in alarm.

"What is the matter, dear?"

"Did you not hear a rustling noise? It sounded close by that bush there," she said.

"Sweet Kiora, you are filled with strange fancies to-night," he said gaily. "First it was a shooting star, big with evil portent for us. Now it is a noise as of some lurking assassin. Pooh, my girl, there is nothing—save perchance some grasshopper looking for its mate."

"Oh, Charlie, I would give all I possess in the world to prevent you going to Taranaki," she said, with sudden energy.

"Nonsense. Why?"

"Because I have one morbid fancy that when we part to night it will be for ever."

"My darling, I——"

"Listen to me, Charlie. Do you believe in dreams?"

"Dreams, certainly. I believe they are dreams, nothing more."

The maiden nestled her small head—crowned with a coronet of glossy raven hair—closer to his breast, and looking up at him with her large eyes, said:

"I had a terrible dream the night before last—a dream in which I saw what took place as plain as I can see those trees before me now."

"What did you see, Kiora?"

"An encampment of armed men, situate on the margin of a lovely lake, and surrounded on every hand by high rugged hills, treeless and barren in the extreme," she responded, in a low hushed tone. "Beyond the tents on a green patch of sward, my dream disclosed a solid square of glittering bayonets, in the centre of which were three posts standing upright. On those cruel stakes a man was being tied hand and foot to be flogged like a slave. My God, it was terrible."

The trooper put his arm about the slender form of his companion, for she had begun to shiver like one in a ague fit.

"Did you recognise the features of the unfortunate fellow at the triangles?" he asked presently.

"I did."

"And you knew him?"

"Yes."

"Who was he, Kiora?"

"Yourself, Charlie! Oh, the unutterable anguish depicted there! Oh, the misery and the despair, and the sickening dreadful blows that fell upon my ears like some shuddering horror too great for mortal heart to bear! Yet I was compelled to gaze until the dreadful work was ended. Then I heard a loud shout away towards the cliffs, and looking thence, beheld a great horde of Maori warriors rush like a mighty avalanche upon the square of armed men, and shiver it into a hundred fragments. Then all became chaos and confusion, intermingled with shouts and cries, and a vision of the man who had been degraded mounted upon a saddle and bridleless horse, his bare and bloody back glistening conspicuously above the crowded *mêle* until tossed to and fro like a worthless waif, it went down amid the tide of battle, and I saw it no more."

Charlie Stanton stood silent for a moment. A feeling of some nameless dread began to steal over him at Kiora's recital, but he shook it off, and replied in a bantering way:

"Dreams are all my eye, sweetheart. Indeed, it has been said by certain crusty old bachelors that dreams are like ladies, they follow the rule of contrary. Come hold up your head, my dear, I shall return to you 'ere the new year is many weeks old, with all my honors. Think upon me."

"I fervently trust you may, dear Charlie," she replied. Then, suddenly lifting her head:

"Charlie, I want you to make me a promise—a solemn promise."

"Certainly, dear Kiora. What am I to promise?"

"That you will refrain from taking one drop of intoxicating liquor until you return to Auckland."

"You little tyrant," he cried, laughingly. "You would like to set a trap for me. You have your tea without stint—which the doctors say is rank poison—and yet one is to be deprived of his glass of grog, simply because that giddy head of yours has been running too much on wars and rumours of wars. But, sweet Kiora, let us change the subject. How lovely the night is."

They went out into the soft glow, arm in arm—she pleading for his promise—he, laughingly, resisting her. Onward down the green slopes, strewn with murky shadows, that seemed to swallow them up and leave no trace behind.

By-and-bye the lurking figure came forth from his lair, and stood up in the full light of the moon—a tall dark man, about thirty years of age, face sallow and closely shaven, disclosing a wide, sensual mouth and strong determined jaw, filled with firm white teeth.

"So here you are, Sergeant Clement Exley, playing the spy," he muttered, apostrophizing himself, a sinister gleam in his eyes the while. "Why, who would have thought the ring doves would select this spot for their senseless chatter?—almost under my nose. Humph! My limbs are racked with cramp. Confound them both. What the devil can there be about this weak puling dandy, that she must prefer him to a better man. Aye, one, who cares more for her than he does."

He stood with folded arms a moment, watching the direction they had taken.

"There ye go, Charlie Stanton, with the whip hand of me, but take care, my lad, I don't checkmate you. For ten years you and I have been what modern society calls friends, Charlie; but modern society little dreams how I hate your friendship. It has robbed me of many things I had set my heart on, even the love of this proud wench—who has thought fit to treat my advances with scorn and insult, since you have taken the field, Charlie, *mon cheri*. Well, well, I am content to bide my time, Kiora Selby. Dreams have been fulfilled ere this. I have the cue, my weak-minded spark, and it shall go hard, but I will use it to advantage when opportunity offers."

He followed in the wake of the lovers with a slow and meditative step, his head bent, and his hands clasped behind his back.

"If my friend Stanton has one pet vice above another, that vice is drink," he muttered, pausing in his walk. "Not a sot, who loves to tipple alone, until he is speechless, oh, dear no; but one of your gentlemanly, social souls, who cannot say nay when it is placed under his nose. Let him promise if he will, he cannot resist it. I have studied the man. Twice has he risen to the rank of sergeant since the corps was formed, and each time degraded to the ranks again through the love of good liquor. So, so. Charlie, all's fair in love and war. Therefore I'll bait my line and angle for you my friend. Once landed, I see my way clear to *la belle* Kiora, and her broad acres."

Sergeant Exley, of Caversham's Horse, increased his pace, crossed the park, and entered the street; thence his walk became slower, until he reached Shortland Place. Here he halted, and stood watching the front of a pretty villa on the opposite side of the way.

There must have been something very attractive here to engage the sergeant's attention, for he remained on the spot close upon two hours.

He was still waiting and watching, when a young man issued from the house, humming a favorite opera air.

"Hollo, Charlie! well met, dear boy. Where have you been?" cried Exley in a surprised, yet pleasant tone.

"Just run over to bid the Selbys goodbye," replied Stanton. "But what are you doing down this way, Exley?"

"Ah, taking a walk under the moon to view the city. I guess we shan't have another opportunity of viewing the spires of Auckland by moonlight for some time to come. Truth is, Charlie, I'm glad to have met you."

"Why?"

"Because I was just making my way to the Albion, where I've promised to meet one or two jolly fellows, to take a parting glass. You will join me of course."

"My dear Exley, nothing would give me greater pleasure, but——"

"But what?"

"The truth is," stammered Charlie, "I have made a promise not to touch liquor of any kind until I return from Taranaki."

"Phew," whistled the Sergeant. "I'm sorry for that, inasmuch as you will miss a bowl of the best punch, and one or two of the most comic dogs in New Zealand. Good night."

Sergeant Exley turned upon his heel, but Stanton caught him by the arm.

"Hold hard, Exley. We sail early in the morning; it's almost morning already, therefore I'm with you. I can accompany you without breaking my word, eh?"

"Certainly."

And the angler went in with his intended dupe, and brought him forth in the grey light of the dawning day, staggering, uproarious, and with his promise shattered to the winds.

CHAPTER II.

There are few scenes in New Zealand more grandly rugged than the Ohan Valley, Taranaki, the spot where the Volunteers had formed their bivouac on the 24th of Dec., in anticipation of meeting the rebel Maoris.

It was Christmas Eve, the time night, a calm lovely night, with moon and stars studding the dark blue canopy of heaven.

The camp was composed of six hundred rank and file of the Auckland Rifles, together with one troop of Caversham's Horse. The latter had pitched their tents on a small hill adjacent to where the commissariat stores had been piled and covered over by a large tarpaulin. Of the sixty men of the troop, ten of their number had been told off as guard, under the charge of Sergeant Exley. The supply of grog and provisions were only limited, and needed but one sentry at a time to keep watch and ward over them. There were six quarter casks of rum standing in a row, flanking the stores,—a terrible temptation and dangerous in the extreme to any poor tippler who chanced to have charge in the still dead night, with no eye looking on.

This idea appeared to have taken possession of the sergeant, for he called the guard together about the watch-fire, and said:

"Comrades, I need hardly remind you of the general order issued this morning. We are under martial law here on the field. Colonel Bartopp, as you all know, is a very strict officer, and will punish the slightest neglect or carelessness with severity, mind that, and above all remember that any man found tipsy while on duty, will most assuredly go to the triangles. You understand?"

They appeared to understand very well that drunkenness would be punished only with the lash, and they glanced towards the rum-puncheons, and thought the sergeant a worthy fellow to concern himself about their welfare. There were others about the fire who did not belong to the guard. One, a short, broad shouldered, jolly-looking fellow, who had evidently seen more of the ocean than *terra firma*, if one might judge by his gait and his conversation. His name was Bob Cable, and while the sergeant warned his men, was deeply intent attempting to balance a camp-pot on the rough nose of a magnificent water-spaniel at his side.

This experiment with the dog appeared equally interesting to another individual, viz., a bare-legged Maori lad about fourteen, who stood by with mouth agape.

The boy, who answered the *nom de place* of "Sanfly," was one of that gender known as a camp fag and general knock-about amongst the troopers. He could speak English pretty well, so far as lying went, and was withal one of the most mischievous young vagabonds in Maoriland.

As the night waxed apace, there arose a keen wind, which made the air biting cold, and set the whole tents shivering like so many sheeted ghosts under the moonlight. The Maori lad, prowling about for some place of shelter for the night, found a snug corner beneath the tarpaulin which covered the stores, and then retired to rest without more ado. The party round the fire gradually thinned, until only two persons remained by it,—Charles Stanton and Bob Cable. It was easy to perceive that a warm and sincere friendship existed between these twain, yet no two men were more opposite in person and disposition. The one handsome, gentlemanly and refined in bearing, but weak and yielding to pusillanimity. The other coarse, plain of person, yet obstinate and determined as a bulldog. How came these opposites to be friends? Simply through one little act of kindness. At the storming of the Maori stronghold "Te Ranga," Bob Cable lay bleeding to death outside the enemy's trench, from a severe gash in his side received during the attack. The Volunteers were repulsed, but at the risk of his life Charles Stanton walked coolly out to the trench, and brought in the wounded man upon his back, amidst a perfect hailstorm of Maori bullets. It was a gallant, kindly act, and Bob had often spoken his gratitude in language more forcible than polite.

And here they sit by the fire, with the dog between them, and a small flask of rum, which has been emptied to the dregs in fighting their Waikato campaign over again.

Presently there is a call for number four of the guard. Charlie Stanton rises hurriedly, wishes Cable "good-night," and answers "Here."

It is his turn for sentry, and he is marched over to relieve the man posted on the stores.

Silence now reigns throughout the camp, save for the wild screech of the pelew out yonder by the lake.

Sanfly crouched under the friendly covering of the tarpaulin, is suddenly awakened from his rosy dreams by the sound of voices in the vicinity. The Maori noiselessly lifts one end of the covering and peeps forth. Sergeant Exley is standing with a pannican in his hand, talking to the sentry in a low earnest tone.

"Indeed Charlie, I see no great harm in a glass of grog on such a cold night. We are not in town where it could be easily obtained, therefore one must get it by stealth. Of course you are on sentry, and can prevent my taking any, but I must say a small half-pint out of one of these casks would never be missed."

"Perhaps not," answered Charlie Stanton, carelessly, "Pray do as you please, you have command of the guard; but I say, Exley, what about that lecture you gave us respecting general orders, and Colonel Bartopp's stern discipline?"

The sergeant laughed in a quiet way, and replied. "Wait until you're promoted again, Charlie, then adopt my plan. One side for the men, the other for your friends. Surely you were not impressed with my caution. Lord, I feel inclined to roar sometimes at all the fuss and humbug put forth in orders-general or otherwise. Red tape and bunkum. Bunkum and red tape to the end of the chapter. I'll bet Colonel Bartopp has not retired to his tent without a skinful of good liquor. Why then should we, comrade, who have to watch through the long night in this sharp wind, not whet our whistle when it is here ready at our hand?"

"Bravo, Exley! Very well argued. My orders are to allow no one to meddle with the commissariat except the quarter-master, but I repeat, you are my superior officer, and—there are the casks."

"Good. This fellow here seems a little apoplectic, we will bleed him."

"With all my heart, but how will you do it, through his bunghole?" cried Charlie, laughing.

"No! Only a bungler would go to work that way. See here, I have a gimlet. Now, keep watch while I *spile* this fellow's frontispiece."

Clement Exley cast a triumphant look at his companion ere he went down on his knees to bore the rum puncheon. Had the good-natured incontant dupe seen that look, he would have thought twice before hobnobbing with the subtle and crafty scoundrel before him. But Charlie Stanton, measuring the man by his own standard, saw nothing in it save a good fellow in want of a nobbler, and who had pluck enough to hazard his sergeant's stripes for it.

Crawling from his lair as silently as a serpent, Sanfly beheld Exley holding the pannican over a thin stream issuing from one of the casks. How the liquor hissed and gurgled as it spouted into the pot! When the utensil was full, Charlie held his thumb to the hole until the sergeant plugged it up again.

"Now, comrade, take a nip."

"After you," said Charlie, modestly.

"The girls we left behind us," and the sergeant put the liquor to his lips, but he did not drink any.

"I'll give that pledge with all my heart," responded Charlie, in proof of which he almost emptied the pannican at a draught. It took away his breath for the nonce, but that was nothing—the night was cold.

"What do you say, shall we refill the goblet, Stanton?"

"By all means, Exley, and the pot was replenished.

"I did not expect we were going to have such a jolly time in general," said the sentry, seating himself on one of the puncheons, with the can of rum between his knees, "Come, Clem, take a sip and pass the decanter."

In a short time the measure was again empty, and once more refilled. The fiery spirit was at least twenty degrees over proof, and soon began to tell upon the troopers.

"We must be cautious, comrade, and not arouse the sleeping guard," said the sergeant, as Charlie became rather noisy. "It is now past midnight, and I don't expect the visiting officer before four o'clock."

"Oh, bother the visiting officer—pass the nappy, Clem."

"I suppose you don't mind my relieving you when your two hours are up, Charlie?"

"Not at all. I am content to remain here until daylight, providing you leave me the gimlet. Here's your health, Clem, and may you live to be a general."

The sergeant watched him with glistening eyes. "Steady, comrade, you will be tipsy," he said.

"I! nonsense. Here, hold my carbine, the pot is empty."

One p.m. by the sergeant's watch, and the sergeant's companion is growing thick of speech and rather prosy. In another half-hour the poor dupe is staggering about, moralising to the empty air, like one of Congreve's heroes. He will have another sip of the liquor, and he has his way, for he is beyond reason now. The rum has mastered him completely; anon he is nothing but a grovelling bundle of humanity, his laugh cracked, sense gone, and talking—ye Gods! such rubbish and ribaldry, that the sergeant grows disgusted and leaves him alone in his glory.

The officer of the night begins his rounds earlier than was expected. At three a.m. the Commissariat Guard turned out at his summons, and was dismissed as correct.

"How many sentries have you, Sergeant Exley?"

"Only one, Captain!"

"I will visit him."

It was usual for two men of the guard and the noncommissioned officer in charge to accompany the officer when visiting the sentries. Exley called two of his comrades, who conducted the captain over to the stores, but of course there was no one to challenge their approach.

"Halt," cried the officer, "how's this? where is your man, sergeant?" he asked in a tone of surprise.

Before the question could be answered, the Maori lad emerged from his hiding, and pointed out the dark inert form of the tipsy sentinel stretched upon the floor fast asleep. A light was brought from the tent and they tried to rouse him, but in vain. There appeared no need to inquire how the man got drunk on his post. The leaking cask, the gimlet, and the pannican half full of liquor on the ground beside him, told its own tale plainly.

"This is a very unfortunate matter," cried the sergeant, with well-feigned regret in his tone. "What is to be done, sir?"

"Done! why your duty, Sergeant Exley, of course," responded the captain, "Carry the poor devil to the guard-tent, and put another man in his stead. "I'll report to Colonel Bartopp on my return. Good-night!"

Morning came with its rosy blush tinging the hill-tops and kissing the sleeping encampment into renewed life. It found Sergeant Exley pacing moodily before the guard-tent where his unfortunate victim lay slumbering off the fumes of intoxication.

"Is this but the prelude to *her* dream?" he muttered. "Gad, it would seem so. Here are the circle of hills around, bare and treeless overlooking the valley below. Yonder the Ohan Lake gleaming in the early sun like a burnished shield. What more? Shall the curtain rise to-day upon the first act of the dream?—the formed square, and the man tied to the triangles? We shall see. Charlie Stanton, it would have been well had then or I never seen Kiora Selby. Poor wretch, sleep on. When thou wakest thou wilt see the *cat* ready. And now to snatch an hour's rest."

He turned into the tent, and at that moment the voice of Sanfly was heard calling for Snap, the retriever, who ran frisking towards the lad in great glee, and the pair raced down the hill towards the tent occupied by Bob Cable.

(*To be continued.*)

Never read by twilight, moonlight, or on cloudy days.

Economical Cookery.

One of the greatest troubles with young housekeepers is the meat. We are so apt to get too much, especially where the family is so small. One pound of steak, three or four for a stew and a four or five pound roast is a great plenty for a family of three. If the object is to get breakfast quickly, as it is with me, I try to have potat

SUPPLEMENT.

Farmer.

Sheep Poisoned by an Arsenical Powder Dip.

The mails from South Africa bring tidings of another of these wholesale poisonings of sheep that have happened from time to time, filling the minds of the farmers with consternation in the localities where they occur. This time it is a farmer in the Bloemfontein district, whose stock has been so ruthlessly destroyed, and to the extent of nearly 1000 sheep! The particulars of the case must be of interest to all owners of sheep. The dip used was one of the best known of the class distinguished as powder dips (arsenical), and has long had the reputation of being prepared with great care. We believe the farmer used it with some degree of confidence, in face of the printed statement with each package to the effect that this powder dip might be used with perfect safety if the directions were followed. Unfortunately, the results have contradicted this. The directions were followed with ordinary care, yet nearly 1000 of the sheep dipped were poisoned. How did this occur? It appears the sheep were suffering from scabs, and twice dipping at an interval of a fortnight was considered desirable. A large dipping tank was used that contained some solution of the same dip held over from a previous dipping. This was added to in usual manner, and the flock was dipped. Owing to the hot weather or some other cause, this dipping caused some soreness, and inflammation of the pelt (or skin of the animals), but much attention was not paid to it. The sheep were dipped a second time as recommended in the directions accompanying the dip, with the result that afterwards nearly one thousand of them died, and in great agony, caused, as has since been proved, by the absorption of arsenic through the skin. The case appears to be somewhat analogous to that which occurred at Berwick-on-Tweed some years since, when 850 sheep were poisoned. The moral of these disasters (for shocking they must be called when they might be so easily avoided, and with so much advantage is obvious)—viz., that even the best prepared poisonous dips are too dangerous to be fit for use upon animals. Some thirty years since there was sufficient reason to use poisons of various kinds for sheep-dipping, for at that time no really efficient, yet at the same time safe, remedy had been discovered; but we have progressed since then, and one of the boons science has contributed to agriculture is that of thoroughly efficient, yet absolutely safe means of exterminating each of the numerous insect pests that infest sheep and cattle, be they in the shape of ticks, lice, flies, or the resulting disease of scab, mange, or itch, and thus delivering farmers from the anxiety and loss that have always been inseparable from the use of poisonous mixtures.

Comparative Prices of Wool.

The following statement is taken from the *Economist*:—During the current series of colonial wool sales recently held in London, prices have sustained a further decided advance, and the rise established in wool during the past four months is very considerable indeed. According to a circular issued by Messrs. J. L. Bowes and Bros., of Liverpool, the advance in that period in clothing wool averages 50 per cent., in lustre kinds 27 per cent., and in carpet and blanket descriptions 22 per cent. Some of the defective and inferior clothing wools have, however, advanced as much as 75 per cent. since the lowest points touched in April last. The advance in clothing wool, Messrs. Bowes state, follows upon two years' depression in this class, owing to the uncertainty as to the continuance of the fashion for women's dress fabrics, which, in 1876, changed from the stiff cloths made from lustre wools to the soft goods made from Australian and River Plate merino. This fashion, which ruled without dispute until 1884, then partially gave way to mixed or stiffer cloths which, however, do not appear to have taken any decided hold upon the popular taste, and the sharp rebound in merino wools mao be accepted as an evidence that soft cloths are to have a further lease of favor. This would indicate a continuance of the depression in worsted wools, and also in those used for carpets and blankets, for the latter suffer from the competition of the large quantity of English worsted wool, which, when no longer wanted for the Bradford trade, becomes available for carpets, &c.

A Great Cattle Range.

According to the New York journals, the great plateau between the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra, comprising the territory of Utah and the state of Nevada, is destined to become the greatest cattle range in the United States. Immense tracts of land, some embracing nearly 250,000 acres, have already been purchased and owners of large herds in Texas and the South-Western States are looking for ranges in this wide section of natural pasture-land. The pressure of settlers who wish to engage in agriculture, and found homes upon the lands in the great fertile plains of the West and South has begun to crowd out the cattle rings, who have for years monopolised the largest part of the states which by nature are better fitted for the raising of crops than the pasturage of herds. A hegira has begun of cattle men towards the West, which bids fair to aid materially in the development of those great sections of the United States which have hitherto been left almost exclusively in the hands of Indians and peripatetic goldhunters.

Cause and Effect.—My French hairdresser tells me that false hair is dearer than ever. "I suppose," I remarked to him, "that the speculators who look forward to a change in the fashion are 'bulling' it?" "No; the cause is the rage for morphine in the *grande monde*." "What connection is there," I asked, "between that drug and chignons and false braids?" "This connection; that taking morphine leaves in a short time the head as bald and bare as a billiard-ball. Many of my customers are nearly bald from this cause. Morphine also loosens the teeth, so that it is as good for the dentists as the capilliary artists."

Overdrawn.—We waste words, nowadays, and do not understand the charm of simplicity. Take the old ballads of any people, and few adjectives will be found. The singer says: "He laughed; she wept." Perhaps the poet of a more advanced age might say: "He laughed in scorn: she turned away and shed tears of disappointment." But nowadays the ambitious young writer must produce something like this: "A hard fiendish laugh, pitiless and scornful, forced its passage from his throat through the lips that curled in mockery at her appeal; she covered her despairing face and a gush and whirlwind of sorrowing agony burst forth in her irresistible tears."

Science.

One of the most interesting facts observed by Professor Nordenskjöld in the Arctic regions was the absence of any geological evidence that glaciers covered Greenland or Spitzbergen in former ages. "We have never seen," he writes, "in Spitzbergen or in Greenland any boulders even as large as a child's head. There is not the smallest probability that strata of any considerable extent, containing boulders, are to be found previous to the middle of the Tertiary period." Commenting on these statements, Mr. James Croll, the author of the well-known work on the relations between climate and time, remarks: "That Professor Nordenskjöld may not have seen in strata boulders larger than a child's head may be perfectly true, but that there actually are none is a thing utterly incredible." Mr. Croll insists that a glacial state of things is the normal condition of the polar regions, and there could not have been any long geological age during which they were free from snow and ice.

A Boy with Cat's Eyes.—A case with this heading, says the *Lancet*, is reported as now exciting the attention of the occulists of Chicago. Mrs. Quinn, of 471 Wells Street, recently visited the State Eye and Ear Infirmary in company with her son, who possesses the peculiar power of seeing in the dark. One of the surgeons, Dr. Charles F. Sinclair, called in several other occulist to examine the anomaly. The boy was taken into a dark room, and various tests were applied. The eyeballs glistened like balls of fire. The larger portion of the iris is missing, only a small portion being visible on the outer side of each eye. When taken into a dark room an immediate expansion takes place which enables the boy to see perfectly. A strong light blinds him, and from this same peculiarity the boy is able to see objects at a distance with much more clearness than those close at hand. It seems to be a case of coloboma of the iris and choroid, with defective development of the pigment, and perhaps with a hyper-sensitive retina.

A Great Charge.—An extraordinary projectile has been prepared at the Royal Laboratory for the trial of the new submarine gun, and has been sent from Woolwich in the *Earl de Grey and Ripon* steamer, for Pembroke, where the trial is to take place. The shot, if such it can be called, is nearly as long as the gun, and bears a strong resemblance to the Whitehead "fish" torpedo. It was fully charged with several thousand pounds of gun-cotton before leaving the arsenal, and the doubts which have to be solved by the experiment are not only whether the projectile can be sent an effective distance under water and in the desired direction, but whether a compound so sensitive as gun-cotton will stand the shock of discharge without a premature explosion.

A Strange Clock.—A clock has recently been patented, which in appearance consists of a tambourine, on the parchment head of which is painted a circle of flowers corresponding to the hour signs of ordinary dials. On examination two bees, one large and the other small, are discovered crawling among the flowers. The small bee runs rapidly from one to the other, completing the circle in an hour, while the larger one takes twelve hours to finish the circuit. The parchment membrame is unbroken, and the bees are simply laid upon it; but two magnets are connected with the clockwork inside the tambourine, moving just under the membrane, and the insects, which are of iron, follow them.

The Roman Commission on the influence of woods in malarial disease has reported that there is absolutely no foundation for the accepted notion that the partial or complete clearing of marshy wooded tracts is productive of malaria. On the contrary, the sanitary condition of such districts is usually improved by removing the woods. "Nothing but drying the soil," says the Commission, "will diminish the malaria." There is no evidence to show that its prevalence has been lessened anywhere by the planting of trees.

A correspondent of *Nature* suggests that the leaf-eating ant may have something to do with the absence of trees from the Pampas, or great treeless plains of South America. These ants are about a quarter of an inch long, and of a steel-blue colour. They abound in the region of the Rio de la Plata, where they may be seen "running along the beaten paths to their nests, each ant carrying the yellow petals of some plant similar to the butter-cup." The spoils are taken to their under-ground nests.

A remarkable stalactite cavern at Fabriana, some thirty miles southwest of Ancona, which was known to the inhabitants of that part of Italy as long ago as the beginning of the seventeenth century, has recently been re-discovered, after having been forgotten, by the scientific world at least, for a long period of time. It is over seven hundred and fifty feet long, and contains many stalactites of great beauty in form and colour.

A Test of Death.—At a recent meeting of the Société Medicale d'Ameins, M. Lessenne mentioned the following as a sign of death. After pricking the skin with a needle the puncture remains open, just as when a piece of leather is pricked. On the living body, even if the person were hysterical, the pin-prick closes at once, and does not leave the slightest trace.

Mr. R. H. Scott, President of the Royal Meteorological Society of England, finds that the station on Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is the only mountain post at which the observations are of any particular value in forecasting the weather. Other mountain stations are maintained elsewhere, but, as yet, they have furnished very little information of practical use.

The height of Kilimandjaro, the great snowy mountain of East Africa, is usually estimated at 18,800 feet. The highest point attained by Mr. H. H. Johnston, on his recent expedition, was 16,315 feet. There is very little vegetation above the height of 13,000 feet, but he saw three elephants above that altitude.

A well-known tree in some parts of British India, commonly known as the Mohwa, and botanically as *Bassia latifolia*, secretes sugar in the petals of its flowers, and the suggestion is made that possibly the trunk would yield a sweet sap like that obtained from the sugar maple in this country.

An island on the west coast of Norway, at the mouth of the Hardanger Fjord, is the site of a gold-mine which is now being industriously worked by an English company. The gold occurs in quartz. One nugget was found in 1862, but no more until twenty years later.

A grant of an amount equal to one hundred pounds has been made by the British government for the purpose of carrying on observations on Ben Nevis, the highest mountain in Scotland, as to the occurrence of earth tremors, or minute shocks of earthquake there.

A New Boat.—It is stated that M. Goubet, a French engineer has invented a new type of boat which is destined to revolutionize naval tactics. This *bateau-poisson*, as it is called, is designed to place torpedoes under the very keels of ships.

An example of ancient dentistry, consisting of dental bridge-work made by the Etruscans in the fifth century before Christ, has been discovered in some tombs near Civita Vecchia by Dr. J. G. Van Marter, of Rome.

Health.

Health Foods.

The day is cold and dark and dreary indeed when one does not find in an exchange a fresh theory upon the proper kind of food for human consumption, together with authoritative directions for its proper preparation. The amount of unadulterated ignorance displayed by some of these writers would be more startling to the careful reader were he competent to pronounce judgment with certainty, but the fact is that the world moves so slowly in the matters of diet and medicine that there is to-day not one authority on either whose words are believed by a very large constituency. One crank will tell you that bread made from white flour is like lead in the stomach, and should be discarded entirely, the coarse meals—rye, corn and oat—being used instead of it. Another will enlarge on the value of mush-gruel and porridge from oatmeal, rye or corn meal, and will prove to his own satisfaction that mush is the only fit food, in connection with fresh fruit, for the human stomach. Then comes the oracle who says that mush is not even fit for animals and is poison to the human race. He tells you to eat fermented bread only after it has been baked two days, and says that rye and oatmeal stirred up in water and baked in thin layers make the only bread fit for eating. He tells you that meat is very bad for you, particularly in summer, but if you will eat it, confine yourself to certain kinds.

The soft-brained vegetarian hops into the ring with his war cry against meat food, and tells you that rice, sago, tapioca, vegetables and fruits are the proper diet, and the only one to insure health and long life. To him all flesh is poison, fish, fowl or beast. Like his predecessors he has winter and summer diets. The meat man comes along with his forcible demonstrations that meat and wheat bread in winter and fish in summer, with a select list of vegetables, constitute the only truly healthful list of regular tri-daily visitants to the stomach of the people. There are various side issues, such as milk diet, rare or burned meats, boiling, baking, frying, steaming etc., which enter into all these arguments to some extent, and the careful student of these wonderfully formed theories on diet is at last driven to the desperate course of the man who believed everything he read, and cut off, one by one, each separate article of food and drink, until he had reached a point where water and dried pea flour were the only things he consumed. He had read an analysis of water which proved it to be full of disease germs and poisonous animalculæ, and learned from another source that peas contained so much starch that any preparation thereof consumed for a certain time would turn the stomach into the laundry attachment. This capped the climax; the weary seeker after a healthful diet burned the scrap book which he had filled with dietetic theories and lived thereafter upon everything which pleased his palate, regardless of consequences. While it is true that some people thrive upon food that would sicken others, and quite as true that certain breads are unwholesome, certain meats harmful, and certain modes of cookery sure to render the food indigestible, the sensible portion of the world's inhabitants have come to the conclusion that the correct way to feed is with such diet as is most desired by the individual. All feel at times the desire for a change of diet, and there are few who cannot secure this at will—certain very palatable dishes are undoubtably very unwholesome—but there is no master so arbitrary and imperious as the human stomach, and so long as there is a world with people in it, this must remain a fixed fact, so that until the millenium arrives people will eat what they please, dietetic theorists to the contrary notwithstanding.

To the Ladies.

The importance of physical culture can scarcely be over-rated. The hair, the teeth, the eyes and the skin, are subject to the influences of digestion, and is not the latter to be almost controlled by diet, bathing and fresh air? People go all the year with the pores of their skin clogged, and they rave over the benefit to be obtained at the water cure, simply because they do there what they neglect at home—bathe regularly, systematically and particularly. It is, of course, absurd to prescribe certain baths as infallible cure-alls. What will do for a robust person will kill a frail one; but the general rule of frequent and judicious bathing may be laid down. Then comes fresh air. The windows of a house should be numerous and opposite, and there should be patches of God's sunlight on the floor instead of the æsthetic gloom so depressing to the young, who are to be carefully trained. The writer would urge gymnastic exercises first, ahead of Greek and Latin, and a romp in the green fields before any number of volumes of lore. Let the young people drink in the blessings of health within easy reach. Last week the writer overheard a very much dressed damsel conversing on the street corner with a youth. "I scarcely know what it is to walk," she said, "and I do so dislike exercise." The close observer took in the cramped features, the heavily powdered skin, with the sallow color looking through; observed the tightly drawn face veil which pinned down the eye-lashes, and shuddered as the eye fell upon the pinched waist and narrow shoulders; and this passed for good looks! A girl need not be coarse to be vigorous, nor masculine to have muscles. Her shoulders should be thrown back, her eye keen and her color good. It is a crime to lose one's teeth at forty; a disgrace to have constant headache at twenty; an indigestion is no more a part of earthly lot than is small-pox. Go to any lunch party, and watch the delicate women tax their stomachs; and yet they wonder why they are not well. True, we may inherit certain organic troubles from indiscreet ancestors, such is the inconvenience of entailment; but we can stop further transmission. Bad breath ought to be looked upon as worse than soiled hands, and yet you would scarcely excuse a lady the latter neglect.

Value of Sanitary Precautions.

According to the *Annals of Hygiene*, they have not had a case of smallpox for one year past in Philadelphia. If the Health Officer of the city receives in his morning mail notice of a case of smallpox (suspected), he at once sends word to the vaccine physician of the district to visit the suspected house and neighborhood, and vaccinate all who are not evidently well protected, by this operation, against the disease. The agents of the board are at once dispatched to thoroughly disinfect the suspected premises, and to inquire into and insist upon the premises being placed in proper sanitary conditions. Later in the day the proper officer, when he reports, is sent to investigate the nature of the case reported. The result is that, whether the case be smallpox or not, vaccination and disenfection are secured. The neighbors of the doubtful case are sufficiently frightened to cheerfully submit to the necessary precautions; and as a grand and glorious result, this great city has passed one whole year without a case of smallpox. This can be said of very few large cities, if of any, in the world. There never has been a time in the history of this city when her preparations to battle with this disease were so good, and we see that we have accomplished that which sanitarians always tell us can be accomplished. We have dirty water at least; we have badly paved streets; we want sewers; but we have not had smallpox. We emphasize this fact, because it is encouraging to those who labor for the public good, and it is the presentation of such facts that will enable us to convince the people of the beneficence of sanitation.

Boys' Column.

Boys Who Became Famous.

By David Ker.

STRUCK DOWN IN THE DARKNESS.

A black, bitter winter night, the hoar-frost of which stood white and thick on the beards of the soldiers who came tramping in from their cold night-watch, stamping their half-frozen feet, and striking their benumbed hands hard against each other.

War was raging in every part of England, King Charles and his nobles battling with the Parliament and the people. Among the other places that were being fought for was the old town of Leicester, and it seemed now as if a few days more must decide which party was to have it.

The cutting wind that had been blowing fiercely all day had lulled about nightfall, and all was deadly still; but ever and anon a red flash broke through the darkness, and the deep boom of a gun told that the enemy was on the watch.

Those in the guard-room were hardy and practised soldiers from the picked men of Cromwell's army—all except one. That one was a tall, brown haired, rather coarse-featured lad of eighteen, with a strangely wistful look in his large, deep, earnest eyes, like one who was always seeking something which he could never find.

He had little about him as yet from which his componions could have guessed that he was to grow into one of the famous men of the world; but even these rough soldiers had already begun to notice that he was thoughtful beyond his years, fond of asking strange and searching questions, and always eager for every chance of doing any one a good turn. Was there a hurt to be bandaged, a sick man to be tended, a ration of bread to be shared with a hungry soldier, a prisoner in need of a kind word to cheer him up, the young recruit was foremost of all: and he was already known among his comrades by the name of "Helpful John."

The strain of this rough camp life was evidently beginning to tell upon him, for his face looked pale and thin, and his eyes shone with a feverish light: but he was putting on his steel cap as briskly as ever to go forth to his duty, when one of the men interfered.

"Tarry, friend John; thou art willing, but will without strength is naught. Thou hast been sick, and thou art not overstrong even now; wherefore I will take thy turn of watch for thee, even as thou didst take Repentance Brownrigg's but a week ago."

And before John had time to remonstrate, Salvation Hawkins had gone forth with his long pike in his hand into the cold black night.

To and fro he paced, straining his keen eyes into the surrounding gloom for any sign of danger, and keeping time to his measured tramp by humming under his breath the grand old battle psalm with which Cromwell's "Ironsides" had so often turned to flight the hosts of the enemy:

"The mighty Lord is on my side,
I will not be dismayed;
For anything that man can do,
I will not be afraid.

"The nations, joining all in one,
Did compass me about;
But in the name of God the Lord
I will them all root out."

A flash—a crack—a whiz through the still air—and poor Salvation Hawkins lay dead on the frozen ground, with his white face turned upward to the cold, starlit sky.

Many a grim visage softened into sadness when the corporal's guard that had come to relieve the sentinel brought back his lifeless body; for he had been a warm-hearted comrade as well as a brave soldier, and there were few there for whom he had not done some act of kindness.

"And it was *my* work that he was doing!" cried young John, with a pang of generous regret at the thought of another man having died for him.

The words were heard by the captain of the battery, who had just come up—a sturdy old "Miles Standish," who could fight as well as pray, and who fought none the worse for having prayed first; just the man, in fact, to serve for a model (as he afterwards did) for Mr. Greatheart, whom we all know in the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Young man," said he, solemnly, "assuredly the Lord hath great things in store for thee, since He hath thus redeemed thy life from destruction. To His name be the glory!"

The old warrior was right; for in after days "Helpful John" did such work as will preserve so long as the world lasts the name of John Bunyan.

Having Some Fun—"Now, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Charlie to his companions, who had assembled one bright moonlight evening for sledging, snowballing, and fun generally.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "Who's got a saw?"

"I have. So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them; and you and Fred and Nathan each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use saws, axes, and shovels could be in the play. But Charlie was a favourite with all, and they fully believed in his promises, and were soon back again for the fun.

"Now," said he, "Widow Bradley has gone to sit up all night with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that unless she could get some one to saw it to-night, she would have nothing to build a fire with in the morning. Now, boys, it will be just as easy to saw, split, and pile up her wood as to make a snow-man on her door-step, and the surprise of the first will be better than that of the last. What say you, boys?"

One or two of the boys objected, and could not see the fun; but the majority went for it with the inward satisfaction and joy that always results from well-doing.

It did not take long for seven smart, healthy boys to split and pile up that load of wood, and also to shovel a good path from door-step to wood-pile. They felt great pleasure and satisfaction over their fun; and then all went to a neighbouring carpenter's shop, where shavings could be had for carrying them away, and each brought an armful. Then they went home with light and joyous hearts.

The next morning, when the poor weary widow returned from the sick bed, and saw what had been done, she was astonished, and tears of gratitude ran down her cheeks. She wondered who had done the kindly deed and when afterwards told, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" would have richly repaid them, could they have heard it.

A Signal.—A Berlin correspondent, describing the tavern frequented by laboring men, says that if any man not dressed as a workman enters one of these places, he is sure to be regarded with ill-will, founded on suspicion that he may be a government spy employed against the Socialists. In some of these taverns red placards are posted warning guests to refrain from political discussions, and one innkeeper has devised an ingenious plan of telling his regular guests when all is safe, in his opinion, and when there is danger. He has a large snuffbox on the table, the lid of which has two colors. If the red side is turned towards the guest, it means "all right," while the black side means caution."

Ladies' Column.

Supplying a Want.

Now, girls, don't chafe at the monotony of country life, but stay at home on the farm. Don't rush to the city, which is overcrowded, for the tempting prizes are only for the few. We can think of nothing more wretched than the condition of some poor girl in a large city without home or friends, seeking for something to do. Find it at home among those who know you, and know what you can and cannot do. Learn to do something, it matters not what, better than any one else. There are abundant opportunities on the farm—ten chances there for one in the city. Look into the average farm-house and see what a woman's kingdom is and what work awaits her. Turn your thoughts to things near you, not far off. You have no taste for household work? If you can make of it nothing but the most tiresome drudgery, hire some drudge to do it, and devote yourself to the bees, or to the garden, or to the dairy, and learn all you can about it. There is a mine of undeveloped wealth in the dairy. It ought, on the small farms, to be the pride of the women of the household. Instead of trying to design carpet patterns to sell at £5, try to make just such butter as sells at two shillings and sixpence. You can do it. Do it. Then every woman might have a small piece of ground in early berries or fruits which your neighbors do not raise, but will in time buy of you, especially if you live near a small city, or even a village. Next, there are the chickens. The world is clamoring for more chickens and fresh eggs. Supply this want. In this way you can earn money enough, and more than enough, to pay for the house-girl, and employ a man to do the heavy work for you. Use your brains as well as your hands, for naturally you are better managers than men. But, whatever you do, do not come to a town in search of employment. It is bad for the boys to come, but it is worse, far worse for the girls. Again, we say to them, stay at home.

Pleasant Kitchens.

The kitchens of to-day, at their best, delight the hearts of housekeepers. These pivots of household comfort are furnished with every convenience. There are the commodious range, the reservoir of hot water, the stationary tubs with hot and cold water faucets in each tub, the sink with water pipes in and out of it, the wide brick or stone hearth affording ample facility for necessary uses thereof. The wood-work is finished in its own colours, and is easy to keep and easy to to clean; there is ample closet room—closets for ironware and tinware, and a place for everything needed. Often the panels of the doors are ornamented with appropriate designs, if the owner's purse is heavy, and as the cook must spend the most of her time in the kitchen, it is made as agreeable an apartment as possible. Linoleum and oilcloth are less preferred for floors than narrow strips of black walnut and Norway pine laid alternately and finished in oil. This kind of floor never wears out, is easily cleaned, and does not show grease spots. The kitchen in first-class country houses is even pleasanter than in city houses, for here it need not be on the ground or partly under it to economize in the price of building lots. A reservoir on the top of the house, filled from the drainage of the roof or by a forcing-pump, gives hot and cold water in the kitchen and all over the house. The windows of the kitchen look out on pleasant landscapes, and are so protected by netting that the flies cannot pass through them when they are raised. There is nothing to prevent the kitchen from being made a pretty room. Its moist air is very good for plants, and where the window-room can be spared for them, they add greatly to the attractiveness of the room and cheerfulness of the inmates. Appropriate pictures are by no means out of place in the kitchen, and a hanging shelf of books is a graceful addition to its furnishings when one is waiting for the bread to bake or the folks to come to dinner.

A Woman's Opinion.

For my part, I admire the man who wears a carefully cultivated mustache. Of course, there are noodle-heads who are prouder of their mustaches than a peacock is of its new feathers, but they are not the ones I endorse, and they really do bring the mustache into disrepute. There are few faces which are not improved by a carefully-cultivated mustache, and I think when a mustache signifies anything at all it is something creditable. Of course, there are mustaches which are as void of expression as the moss on a dead log, and I don't mean that every mustache is an advocate for its wearer, but most are. Some men's faces remind me of a royal Bengal tiger, and all such are very wise to wear a mustache, which they usually can do. The stiff, brusque, military mustache always adds dignity to its possessor, and the man who can wear an iron-gray mustache should be, I think, an object of envy to his sex. The mustache brushed back and up, I don't like. It makes a man look too flippant. The mustache clipped even with the lips gives a man a sinister air. The extravagantly long mustache is a sure indication of inordinate vanity, and the pointed mustache is an exhibition of pitiful snobbery. The most interesting mustache is the young man's first, and the most delightful is the silky mustache of the young man of about twenty-five. It is possible, however, that the young lady of the day may have a different opinion in regard to the matter.

A Mock Auction.

By introducing a mock auction, a hostess can provide an evening's pleasant entertainment for her guests. It must be understood that no money is called for, the hostess providing each guest with from fifty to one hundred white beans, which are supposed to represent a shilling, and all the bidding is done with them. It will be necessary to provide beforehand the articles to be sold, which should each be wrapped in paper, or so disguised that no one may know what he is bidding for. The auction is much more interesting and the bidding more spirited if each package is found to contain one little thing of trifling value, although some should be of an amusing character. I attended one a short time ago, where the daughter of our hostess was quite an artist; a number of the parcels were found to contain trifling sketches made by her. So the bidding became quite exciting, each one hoping to get some specimen of her handiwork. A sign might be displayed in some prominent place, saying: "No mutilated beans received." As everybody generally gets some little souvenir, all are satisfied and usually well pleased with their evening's amusement.

Miscellaneous.

The Rejected MS.

I climbed to the editor's sanctum,
And found him there sitting alone,
With paste-pot and scissors before him,
And ex's around him all strewn;
His hands were thrust deep in his pockets,
Dishevelled and long was his hair;
'Bout his lips was a thinking expression,
His eyes had a far-away stare.

I trembled as soft I approached him,
Felt a weakness creep into my knees,
And my voice grew so faint I scarce heard it,
As I said: "Here's a poem; read please!"
His eyes wandered back from the distance,
And calmly my person did note;
One hand was withdrawn from his pocket
And seized my poor lay by the throat.

'Twas a minute—methought 'twas a cycle—
Ere the editor opened his lips;
But the words he spoke when they parted
Cast over my hopes an eclipse:
"'Tis rhyme without reason—'tis rubbish,
Each Ed. in the basket would throw it;
Don't fool 'way your time with the Muses,
Believe me, you'll ne'er be a poet."
* * * * *

"Rejected! the deuce—you don't mean it!
'Tis better than many I've writ."
Didn't know you! Ah, that is the reason
The editor saw nothing in it.
No matter how good the production,
If it comes from a pen that's not known,
Ten to one 'tis never accepted,
But in the waste-basket is thrown.

"Let's have it! I'll copy it over,
And send it as one of my own,
And I'll bet you the oysters at Cable's
'Twill not in the basket be thrown!"
Next week the poem that was "rubbish"
When a name unknown did it head,
Appeared in large type in *The Critic*
With a tribute of praise from the Ed.

Nerve-Stretching—Many people think of the nerves as something intangible, somewhat as they think of nervous diseases, as mainly imaginary, and have little sympathy with the sufferer. But the latter are terribly real, and the former are quite as substantial as the blood-vessels, and like them, the larger ones are surrounded by tough elastic walls. Their office is two-fold; to communicate sensation from the circumference to the centre, and force from the centre to the circumference.

No part of the system is so frequently and variously diseased, but the disease may be of such a character as not to show at all to the eye; or the acutest pain may mean only that the nerve is pressed on and irritated by some hidden cause, as when the bony canal through which a nerve issues is unduly narrowed by age, or as when rheumatism enlarges the bony matter of a joint. In such cases, as the cause is permanent, no medicine can effect a complete cure.

Years ago the plan was adopted of severing the painful nerve, but as the nerve soon grows together again, the relief is but temporary. Then the plan was improved upon by cutting out a portion of the nerve. A more durable relief was obtained, but we have the impression that it tended to the disintegration of the nerve. Finally, it was found that the nerve could be rendered insensible by forcible stretching.

The sciatic nerve is the largest in the body. It issues from the network of nerves near the end of the spinal cord, and is distributed to the muscles of the thigh. The following case illustrates relief by stretching:—

The patient's pain was so severe and constant that he was confined to the bed most of the time after admission to the hospital. Nerve-stretching was tried. The nerve was cut down to and lifted up by the finger, and subsequently was grasped by the whole hand and drawn strongly, first downward and then upward, with sufficient force to raise the entire limb from the table. Soon after the operation the patient began to improve, and in a few months was as strong and healthy as he had ever been. When last heard from he had no return of the sciatica.

The Paint Brush.—A word of warning concerning the dangers of the paint brush. A common practice among water-colour artists is to put the brush to the mouth, in order that they may with the tongue get a fine point, and it is argued that this method must be often resorted to in delicate painting. Moreover, artists frequently contract the habit of holding several brushes in the hand not actually engaged in painting, so as to have them in readiness when required, and it often happens that the brushes, from not having been properly cleaned, contain a certain amount of dried paint on the handles. Now, it is well known that we are not all constituted alike, for some persons can do with impunity what others could not venture upon without fear of serious consequences. This is the case with regard to the handling of paint brushes, for although in the majority of instances no ill effects may arise, still there are some people, and especially girls, with such delicate and absorbent skins, that the injurious effects of the dried paint on the brush is conveyed to the system by the mere process of handling, and blood-poisoning of a more or less severe character is the result. It would be well, therefore, not only to avoid placing the brush in the mouth, unless thoroughly cleansed in clean cold water, but also to take care that all paint is removed from the handles of the brushes before putting them away after use. By carefully adopting this practice and by occasionally sucking a lemon while engaged in the studio, no bad effects are likely to happen, and what has hitherto been considered a pleasant occupation will not prove injurious to health as it has done on one or two occasions recently.

The Turn of the Tide.

The harbor lights are dim with smoke
Which hangs about the under sky,
And wraps the simple fisherfolk
In lurid mist as they go by.
Along the shore the wind blows free,
Keen twilight kisses the wan sea
Far out: steer thither, watch with me
The tender stars come out on high.

The sky is deepening overhead;
The sail flaps loose; the wind has died;
The water laps the boat like lead;
Faint ripples splash against the side,
And shimmer with unearthly light;
The harbor lights are out of sight
We drift into a starless night,
Together on the ebbing tide.

How still—how strange—the tide is slack,
We eddy round—we drift no more,
What swell is that which sweeps us back
To where the gathering breakers roar
About the pale unlighted land?
Can any tell if we shall stand
Safe in the morning hand in hand
Upon the steep and rock bound shore?

When Mamma Was A Little Girl.

When mamma was a little girl
(Or so they say to me),
She never used to romp and run,
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an apple tree.
She always kept her hair in curl—
When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl
(It seems to her you see),
She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
Nor drink her papa's tea.
She learned to knit "plain," "seam," and "purl"—
When mamma was a little girl.

But granma says—it must be true—
"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!
Your mamma, dear, was just like yov,
When she was grandma's little girl!"

Humor.

There was one man [illegible] didn't take kindly to a late railway a[illegible] America by which a dozen or [illegible] trunks were smashed and their conten[illegible]. When the passengers were notifi[illegible] exhibit their checks and make a state[illegible] damages this man exhibited his [illegible] [illegible] rass and declared that nothing less th[illegible] would make him whole.

"Pretty valuable trunk," [illegible] ked the official.

"Yes, sir; I was going [illegible] for a year."

The passengers gathered [illegible] wrecked car to identify what had be[illegible] and as the parcels were handed [illegible] numbers of the checks were called [illegible] ty soon out came a thin, lean, [illegible] d carpet bag which did not seem to contain more than a shirt and a pair of socks, and as the number of the check was called the official consulted his list and remarked [illegible] m:

"This is your baggage, [illegible]"

"Y-e-s, I think so."

"That's the £100 trunk [illegible] ng to Europe with you?"

"Y-e-s, that's the one."

There was a general lau[illegible] his expense, during which he retreated [illegible] the passenger car. Some one presently [illegible] him how he came to make such a "m[illegible]" and he replied:

"Why, don't ye know, I supposed the car and every thing in it had [illegible] a smashed to bits. I never did have it [illegible] show in these railroad smash-ups."

In Stonewall Jackson's Corps.—Speaking of Gen. Stonewall Jackson's peculiarities," said an ex-Confederate, [illegible] sir, a whole book might be written a[illegible] m. One time—I never shall forget it—we were on a forced march in Virginia. I [illegible] hungry as a wolf, and I had begun t[illegible] tired of the Confederacy. Fighting [illegible] principle was all well enough, you kn[illegible] I am drifting from my story. W[illegible] were marching along. I was a lieu[illegible] and I had not been very long with [illegible] division of the army and but few of the officers were known to me. Well, the rain was pouring down. One of my waggons got stuck fast in the mud. Oh, but I was mad, and I couldn't help swearing. Pretty soon an old fellow came riding along.

"Say,' said I, 'you needn't sit there looking at that waggon. Get down and help the men haul it out.'

"He got down wi[illegible] protest, put his shoulder to [illegible] tugged away. I didn't pay [illegible] attention to him, aside from [illegible] doing his duty. After a [illegible] the waggon was rolled out, I fel[illegible] sorry that I spoke so harshly to the old fellow. Well, to make a long story short, I'll bet you the drinks that you can't guess who that old fellow was."

"I'll take you," said one of the company. "He was Stonewall Jackson."

"No, sir; he was [illegible] Ben Bailey, a noted chicken peddler. [illegible] bring us the drinks."

Mr. H. Hoxie, of the Missouri Pacific Railway, is a hard [illegible], and very round shouldered. On[illegible] a brakesman called on him with a letter [illegible] for a pass in his pocket, leaving [illegible] wide open as he entered the office, [illegible] ing his hat on his head in true brakesman style. In a loud voice he called out: "Is H[illegible] in?" At this the general manager looked up from his desk and replied: "Yes sir, Mr. Hoxie is in." The brakesman took his letter out of his pocket, grabbed the corner of the envelope between his thumb and forefinger, and sent the missive spinning and [illegible] upon his superior's desk. Hoxie looked [illegible] in amazement, and said: "Now, young [illegible], would it not look better for you, w[illegible] coming into a gentleman's office, and [illegible] ally so when asking a favor, to rem[illegible] hat, wipe your feet, and inquire, [illegible] voice, 'Is Mr. Hoxie in?'" The [illegible] manager a moment, asked for his letter, got it, went out closed the door, and in a moment marched in [illegible], closed the door softly after, wiped his feet, put his hat under his arm, and, in the most polite manner possible, inquired: "Is Mr. Hoxie, the general manager in?" "I am Mr. Hoxie," replied the general manager, "what can I do for you?" "You can go to h—l, you round shouldered son of a gun," retorted the brakesman: "I don't want none of your favors—I'm from Texas."

Tommy Learned It—"Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Tommy Seasonby.

"Sometimes one way sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain. They came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag."

"No, my dear," put in Mrs. Seasonby, "that wasn't the reason."

"But my darling," said Mr. S., "don't you suppose I know. You are mistaken. That was the reason."

"No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans—"

"Mrs. Seasonby, I say it was because—"

"Peleg, you know better. You are only trying to—"

"Madam, I don't understand that your opinion was asked in this matter, anyway."

"Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus."

"See here, you impudent—"

"Put down your cane, you old brute. Don't you dare bristle up to me, or I'll send this rolling pin at your head, you old—"

"Never mind," interrupted Tommy, I guess I know how wars begin."

Three of us, being Deacon Richard Smith of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, the Fat Contributor, and myself, fished off the dock at Elk Rapids for [illegible] long weary hours and got one perch weighing 3 oz. When we started for the hotel each of us put a hook in the mouth of the victim, threw the poles on our shoulders and we stepped off softly and sadly. There was a little old man from Louisville on the hotel verandah as we came up. He had fished and bobbed, and bobbed and fished, for two weeks without getting a bite.

"Gentlemen," he said, as we came up, "did you all hook that perch at once?"

"At once," we replied in chorus.

"All pull at once?"

"At once."

"That's all I want to know. If it takes three big able-bodied liars five hours to hook a little fish like that I'm going where an old man and a Christian can have some sort of a show! Landlord, how much do I owe you?"

And he was gone in two hours.—*Detroit Free Press.*

At a house in Yea, where a minister was boarding, the servant-girl was anxious to anticipate everything in her work that any one wished her to do. She had always "just done it," or was "just doing it," when any order was given. This amused the young divine greatly, and on one occasion he thought to nonplus the girl by a ruse. "I don't think Eliza has washed my bible since I have been here," he said to the mistress in a low tone, but designed to be overheard by the girl. A few minutes later, the mistress said to her in the presence of the clergyman:

"Eliza, have you washed Mr. Blank's Bible?"

"No, ma'am, but I've got it in soak."

A Leading Part.—"Have you ever had any experience, sir" asked the dramatic agent who was about to book an applicant. "Yes, sir, I used to play the leading part in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'" "The leading part, sir? What part do you mean by that?" "Why, sir, I was the man who had to lead in the dogs." [illegible] name was not taken.

EUROPEAN ITEMS.

The applications for shares in the Federal Assurance Company exceed the amount of called-up capital required, namely, £500,000. The shares have been allotted.

Dr. J. Cameron Lees, who has accepted the pastoral charge of the Scot's Church, Collins-street, Melbourne, has been appointed Dean of the Order of the Thistle.

At a consistory held in the Vatican on Thursday his Holiness the Pope preconised, or formally proclaimed, the Most Rev. T. J. Carr as Archbishop of Melbourne. Dr. Carr has already been invested with the pallium or insignia of his office.

Mr. J. W. Downer, the Premier of South Australia, the delegate for that colony to the Imperial Conference, was presented to Her Majesty the Queen on Thursday. His wife and niece were presented by the Duchess of Buccleuch.

Mr. J. W. Downer intends at the Conference to raise a discussion on the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister in England and the colonies.

The Australian delegates will have a preliminary meeting amongst themselves prior to the assembling of the Imperial Conference. Sir Samuel Griffith and Mr. Alfred Deakin arrived in London on Thursday.

The Australian section of the London Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday declined to adopt motions respecting the subvention of a cheap cable service and the withdrawal of the subsidies to the present Anglo-Australian mail services.

Mr. J. W. Downer, the Premier of South Australia, has had an interview with representatives with the P. and O. and Orient Companies on the question of the Anglo-Australian mail service, and he believes that a fair compromise with the Australian Governments is probable.

MINING RIOTS IN SCOTLAND.

Serious mining riots in Scotland are reported by our London correspondent in his letter of February 11:—"The miners of Lanarkshire who had been out on strike for some time broke out into open riot at the commencement of the week. A great meeting of miners from all parts of the county was held at Hamilton on Monday, and when it broke up a number of men from the western districts marched home through the villages of Stonefield and Blantyre. A baker's van which they met outside Stonefield, supplied the first opportunity of carrying into practice the theories which some of their counsellors had taught, and, in a spirit of wanton destructiveness, they emptied the van of the bread with which it was loaded, and kicked the loaves along the road. More serious work soon followed. In the village they broke open with great violence and pillaged the shop of a grocer and spirit dealer. The authorities, entirely unprepared for such lawlessness, had made no special provision to meet it, but the chief constable of the county made all haste to the scene of the disturbance, the Riot Act was read, and the mob dispersed. On the following day the rioting was renewed with greater fury than ever. The men began to congregate about the premises of a licensed grocer, and at a signal from someone, the mob at once tore down the shutters, smashed the windows, and entered the place. Barrels of whisky were rolled away from the shop, broken open, and the contents divided. The shop was literally sacked, and scarcely a single article has been left in it. The police on the spot were entirely overpowered, but they were soon reinforced by a large number of men, with whom was the honorary sheriff substitute. Sheriff Birnie, who had arrived on the scene, at once read the Riot Act, after which the police managed to clear the streets more effectually. A force of mounted police was also sent for, and during the whole day they patrolled the streets with drawn swords. In the march they were subjected to a good deal of abuse from the crowd, who hooted and groaned, and threw stones. It was deemed advisable, on the part of the storekeepers, after what had transpired, to keep their places of business shut the whole day. Consequently there was not a shop open. At 2 o'clock the police, who were scattered about in different places, and who were brought together when necessary by conveyances, received the announcement that an attack was being made upon the co-operative store in Dixon's-row. The mounted police at once rode to the spot, having to encounter showers of stones on the way, and found a large mob endeavoring to enter the premises. With the aid of the policemen on foot, who had driven up in a waggonette, the mob were driven off, but not without trouble. Missiles of every description were thrown at the guardians of the law, and a number of them sustained rather severe injuries. However, they managed to preserve the store intact, though the men continued to loiter about the premises during the day. About 5 o'clock a troop of the 4th Hussars arrived from Glasgow, and soon routed the rioters. During the whole night the village was patrolled by the soldiers and mounted police. Rioting was renewed again on Wednesday, but the police and soldiers were in sufficient force to prevent much damage being done.—"Argus."

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.

£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.

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.]

A WEEKLY HALF-HOLIDAY.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—Whilst conceding that there is something in the statement that every man should know his own business best, it must be admitted that there are times and seasons when a departure from the usual routine of business life should be made, and, indeed, could be made with the most advantageous results. The same assertion is applicable to the combinations of persons for individual or public good. It is universally granted that variety is charming, and to bring about a variety in business the rule is to give and take, to suffer inconvenience and at the same time to cause an existing inconvenience to disperse. And in the existence of any organisation, which has for its aim and object a healthful exercise and useful increase of judgment and power, what departures are intended should be viewed from the standpoint of their relationship to, and bearing upon, the wants and requirements of the business community. What direction these departures should take it is not mine to dictate; but might I suggest that a considerable improvement could be made in the direction of an alteration in the hours of employment in all of the business places of Beaufort. I do not mean to indicate recourse to the eight-hour system; I do not approve of that altogether; but mean to say that it is neither healthy nor profitable to employé or employer to continue the present system of long days of toil without a break for recreation and recuperation once during the week. To this end I would respectfully suggest that steps be at once taken to obtain a regular weekly half-holiday. At present the hours of employment are from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m., with an aggregate cessation of of one hour and a half for two meals—dinner and tea. At present, each day but one is accounted for by 9½ hours employment (exclusive of meals); the sixth day (Saturday), the record of 12½ hours is made; making a total of 60 hours per week, an average of 10 hours per day—an hour per day at least longer than any other town of importance in Victoria—and two hours per day longer than four-fifths of the whole of the other towns. But here we are so situated that the extremes of winter and summer are severely felt, and relaxation for half-a-day—say from one o'clock—is not too much to ask and not too much to give. If granted upon no other condition, the three-quarters of an hour allowed for tea could very well be waved for 5 days, and this would almost make up for the half-day. I do not wonder at Beaufort being called a "dead hole"—and until something in the direction suggested is agreed upon, it will remain a "dead hole" to the end of time. I will not trespass on your space to point out all the advantages to be derived from the existence of a weekly half-holiday; but I may just say this:—Our rifle club is just now feeling the effects of the shortening days, and as I believe that it is their intention to hold a competition which will last a whole week, and to continue the same as an annual event, the granting of the holiday will give our riflemen an opportunity to perfect themselves, so as to hold their own against all comers, and at the same time create a deep and lasting interest in all local movements, which is greatly to be desired. If the business people will take it into their own hands, without waiting for overtures on the part of the employés, and try it for say six or twelve months, I have not the least hesitancy in saying they will find it to their advantages. Theory is all very well; but an ounce of practice is worth pounds of it. Hoping to see something done,

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
EMPLOYE.

BOATS FOR THE PARK LAKE.

To the Editor of the Riponshire Advocate.

Sir—In looking over Tomahawk's "little chips" in your paper of the 12th instant, I see a chip about a boat-race on Beaufort-park lake, and he wants the young men, as he calls them, to try and get the boat committee to buy two new small boats for racing. Now, sir, I think one of his chips must have struck him on the head and put him a little bit off, for may he not as well suggest that the council should get a few race-horses for a few other people? If he thinks we old fogies are going to sit down and let the committee buy two racing-boats for half-a-dozen young swells, he is getting out of his reach. We want a boat that we can take our families out in for a little pleasure. He talks about his "little axes," but I don't think he has any—whoever heard of an axe coming from a tomahawk?

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
HATCHET.

P.S.—Did the lads who won the race pay for the loan of the public boat for the time they had it in practice and during the race?—H.

THE SPARROWS.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—Are sparrows becoming birds of passage? The reason I ask this question is—I had them in multitudes last week in my garden, and wherever a grape was ripe they would have it. This week, strange to say, I did not see a single sparrow about. I noticed the same thing last year, not only here, but in my travels through Majorca and Maryborough. This is a fact worth noting by the Horticultural Society, if not previously known.

H. P. HENNINGSEN.

THANKS.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—I am directed by the Waterloo Water Supply Commmittee to express through your columns their cordial thanks to Mr J. F. Watkin for the report given by him in your last issue, as to the best method of supplying the whole of the different districts with water.

I am, Sir, yours &c.,
W. K. SHAW, Secretary.

RENEWAL REGISTRATION CHARGES.

The following communication respecting the charges for renewal of miners' registrations, has been received by the clerk of the Ararat Mining Board from the Department of Mines and Water Supply:—

Melbourne, 2nd March, 1887.

SIR,—Referring to your letter of the 2nd ult., enquiring whether Mr. Minchin, the mining registrar at Beaufort, can legally make a charge for renewal registrations, I have the honor by direction to inform you that Mr. Minchin considers that the bye-law which directs that a renewal of registration be made without any charge, is *ultra vires*. Section 71 of the Mining Statute (sub-sec. xiii) gives the board power to make a bye-law "for imposing on such registries *such reasonable* fees as may be necessary." There must, therefore, be *a fee*, however small. I therefore concur in Mr. Minchin's view; and have to ask you to call the board's attention to this matter with the object of having the bye-law repealed to this extent, and a new one passed imposing a fee of 1s for renewal of registration—a very small one indeed, considering the large privileges conferred. I have also to point out that the mining registrar is paid for his trouble by fees, and that no competent person could be found to undertake the responsible position unless suitably remunerated.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
C. W. LANGTREE,
Secretary for Mines.

PRESSING GRAPES AND MAKING WINE IN CATALONIA.

(By Consul Scheuch in the "American Mail.")

The value of wine in Catalonia being generally based on the deepness of the color, bruising by the feet is preferred (as strange as it may seem) to any wine-presses, however perfect, for besides the advantage the first method has over the second, of more completely airing the must, foot-bruising breaks up more complotely the outer skin of the grape in which the coloring matter is contained. The pressing is done either with bare feet (the men walking for hours and hours around in a small circle), which is preferable, as neither the seeds of the grape, nor the stems, which contain a great amount of tannin, are broken, or with hemp sandals especially made for the purpose.

If wooden fermenting-vats are used, the bruising is done in tubs from three to five feet wide and two feet high. When the pressing is finished, the juice and stems are taken to the fermenting-vat, either by running them off from the press direct, when the press-tubes are located higher than the vat, or in dippers, &c. When the vats are of masonry, the pressing is done on a platform of loose boards on top of the vats, the must running into the vats through the cracks. The stems and seeds and skins are also let down into the vats by raising one of the boards, care being taken that they spread out uniformly on the bottom of the vats, for which purpose the boards are lifted successively over, one after another.

As stated above, foot-bruising is preferred to the use of any mechanical press. These are, however, known and also used, two kinds being manufactured in Barcelona, and many of English, German, and Belgian make are offered for sale.

Must undergoes two fermentations, the rapid or tumultuous and the slow. The first takes place in the vats after coming from the press. In Catalonia these vats are generally made of wood, while in the rest of Spain, as I understand, earthern vats are commonly used. The wooden vats are easily set up, and cleaned without difficulty. They are filled to within eighteen inches of the top, thus avoiding the spilling of the wine, when in complete fermentation the "head" is formed. The size of these vats differs, being proportionate to the quantity of the crop, for if, as is desirable, the fermentation is to take place simultaneously in the entire liquid, the vat should be able to be filled in 24 hours.

In Catalonia the wines are more appreciated the drier they are; that is to say, the less unfermented sugar remains and the greater amount of coloring matter they contain. After the tumultuous fermentation the wine is decanted into casks, where it undergoes the slow fermentation. In many parts of Catalonia this decanting is still done in pails, whereby the wine often sours or loses aroma on account of coming in contact with the air too long. Pumps, siphons, and sail-cloth hose are daily coming in more use. The slow fermentation in the casks, which lasts six months, is the last process, and the wine is fit for the market.

In the above description I have given preference to the methods of making wine by the smaller wine-growers and farmers, so characteristic of Catalonia.

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.

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

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 2s. 6d. per bottle. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road London.

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., shouldlose 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 Vendorsin boxes at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each. Proprietor, Page D. Woodcock Lincoln, England.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—Al suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almos immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown-Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozengest 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 Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by John Brown & Sons, Boston, U.S. European depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London.

WE SHOULD BLOT OUT DISEASE IN ITS EARLY STAGES.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and in fact the entire glandular system; and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives a relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted:—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling, attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the morning, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the sides and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from an horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys highly coloured, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation at the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn at the dreadful disease progresses. In the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are accompanied by a cold sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against the latter agonising disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipiency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system. Ask your chemist for Seigel's Curative Syrup.

"East-street Mills, Cambridge-heath,
"London, E.C., July 24th, 1882.

"Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to add my testimony in favour of our valuable Syrup as a curative agent, I had suffered for some length of time from a severe form of indigestion, and the long train of distressing symptoms following that disease. I had tried all possible means to get relief, by seeking the best medical advice. I had swallowed sufficient of their stuff to float a man-of-war, so to speak, but all to no avail. A friend of mine, coming on the scene in the midst of my sufferings, brought with him a bottle of your Seigel Syrup; he advised me to try it, stating he felt confident it would benefit me. Being weary of trying so many drugs, I condemned it before trial, thinking it could not possibly do me any good, but ultimately determined to take the Syrup. After doing so for a short time it worked such a change in me that I continued taking it for nearly two months, and I then felt thoroughly cured, for I have discontinued its use for fine weeks, and feel in the best of health, and can partake any kind of food with ease and comfort. I am therefore thankful to you that, through the instrumentality of your valuable medicine, I am restored to the state of health I now enjoy.

"Yours truly,
"To Mr. A. J. White." "W. S FORSTER."

"Waterloo House, London Stile, Chiswick,
"February 17th, 1882.

"Messrs. White and Co., London.

"Gentlemen,—It is with great pleasure that I add my testimony to the wonderful effects of Seigel's Syrup. For years I have been suffering from bilous attacks, which began with giddiness; then a mist would come before my eyes, so that I should not be able to recognise anyone or anything at the distance of a yard or two from my face. This would be followed by excessive trembling of my knees, so that I could not stand without support; after which a severe headache would occur, lasting often two or three days. I have tried various remedies for these distressing symptoms, but until I tried Seigel's Syrup I had no relief. Since then I have had excellent health in every respect, and if ever I feel a headache coming on, I take one dose of the Syrup, which arrests it. Hoping that this testimonial may be the means of inducing others (who suffer as I used) to try the Syrup, as I feel sure they will receive speedy benefit and ultimately be cured, I beg to remain, yours faithfully,

"A. H. Horton."

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.

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.

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

S. J. TAYLOR
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. 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.

Wotherspoon Bros AND CO.

Are now offering the balance of our

SUMMER GOODS

At prices that will be found

FAR BELOW ANYTHING IN THE TRADE.

:o:

CALL AND INSPECT THE

BARGAINS in PRINTS, at 2½d, 3½d, 4d, 5d, per yd.
BARGAINS in DRESS STUFF, 3s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d, and 6s 6d per doz. yds.
BARGAINS in CALICOES, 1s 9d, 2s 6d, 3s 6d, and 3s 9d per doz.
BARGAINS in FLANNELS, 8d, 10d, 1s, 1s 2d, 1s 3d, 1s 4½d.
BARGAINS in SHEETINGS, 7½d, 9d, 10d. 1s, 1s 2d.
BARGAINS in SHIRTINGS, 3d, 5½d, 7½d, 9d.
BARGAINS in TOWELLINGS, 3½d, 4½d, 6d, 7½d.

We will also offer some sterling value in our

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT,

Well worthy of Buyer's attention, viz.:

A Job Line of Men's Felt Hats, at 1s.
A Job Line of Men's Straw Hats, at 4d.
A Job Line of Men's Tweed Coats, at 7s 6d.
A Job Line of Men's Trousers & Vests at 9s 6d.
A Job Line of Men's Holland Coats, at 2s 11d.

TRY OUR SUITS, MADE TO ORDER,
BY THE BEST TAILORS. STYLE AND FIT GUARANTEED.

A Splendid Stock of Men's Shirts. Hats, Ties, Collars, Braces, Socks, Mole Trousers, Dungaree Trousers and Jumpers, Portmanteaus, Travelling Bags.

All our MILLINERY will be Sold, regardless of Cost,

BOOTS. BOOTS.

A Large Stock of our well-known make; also some very cheap lots, viz.:—25 pairs Men's H.N. Laceups, at 7s 6d; 30 pairs Men's H.N. Laceups, at 9s 6d. Three trunks of Assorted Boots and Slippers from 1s upwards. 12 Boot Trunks very cheap.

: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.

:o:

HAWKES BROS.

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

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

:o:

Clearing out Balance of

SUMMER GOODS.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!
IN DRAPERY, CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES.

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Suits to Order! Suits to Order!!
Style and Fit Guaranteed.

INSPECTION INVITED.

GEORGE H. COUGLE,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

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ALEX. M'DONALD

Continues to sell off every article in Stock at PRICES that

CANNOT BE BEATEN!

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ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

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

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,

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.

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.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
BOOKSELLER,
STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,
HAVELOCK-STREET BEAUFORT.

RELIGIOUS JUGGLERY IN ALGIERS.

(ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.)

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy sends us the following communication from Algiers:—Last night an extraordinary religious ceremony was celebrated here by the Aissaoui, a fraternity numbering among its members Arabs, Nubians, and Kabyles. The scene of the rite was the open courtyard of a house in the Arab quarter of the town. This court—entrance to which was obtained by a dark, narrow vestibule opening from the street—was paved with red tiles, surrounded by columns supporting horseshoe-shaped arches, which in turn upheld an upper gallery, the pillars of which were connected by a stone balustrade breast-high. On this occasion the tiles were covered by matting, over which was spread a Persian carpet. In the centre stood a low table, on which a tall candle burnt, and on it also were an urn filled with burning coals, a naked sword, a spear, and the leaf of a prickly pear. In an apartment looking on the court some venerable chiefs in turbans and snowy burnous—grave, dignified, silent—sat cross-legged on low couches. In the court, seated in like manner and forming a semicircle round the table, with its solitary light and grim weapons, were about 20 men, serene-eyed and mostly white-bearded. In the gallery above, veiled Moorish women looked down upon the scene. On a rope suspended from the columns swung an oil lamp. The court-yard was crowded with dark-faced Arabs and Kabyles, who presented in the half light a picture no words can paint.

At a sign from the master of the ceremonies, who was seated in the semicircle, those surrounding him began to beat tambours, the sound of which fell in rhythmic measure. To this was pleasantly added a monotonous chant, rising and falling with equal cadence. Occasionally and suddenly there broke from the women above a wild cry, having nothing plaintiff and little human in its tones, appealing like the notes of a trapped bird, uncanny as laughter heard in sleep, the while an Arab boy, seated by the urn, flung incense from time to time into the burning coals until a heavy flagrant smoke filled the air. When the beating of the tambours had continued for about 15 minutes, an old man sprang from amongst the spectators into the semicircle, with all the gestures of a maniac—jumping into the air, flinging his hands wildly about, and swaying his head to and fro in a manner that would have seemed grotesque had it been less painful to witness. By degrees, and with some difficulty, an attendant removed his turban, scarf and short jacket. The tambours now beat more violently, the chant became more vigorous and the incense heavier than before. The old man's face was deathly pale, his eyes were glazed and fixed, his scattered grey hairs stood up as if from fright. His frantic movements gradually increased; and, when he had arrived at the crisis of his frensy, the sword lying on the table was passed to the chiefs, who, blessing it, handed it back. The master of ceremonies then presented it to the fanatic, who, seizing it with a frantic cry and waving it several times over his head, plunged (or seemed to plunge) it into his neck. The blade would not penetrate. Placing the handle of sword against the shoulder of one near him, he leaned on the point; but with like effect. having bared his waist, he then caught the sword at the hilt and point, and struck his body with the edge of the blade several times, howling and gesticulating the while; but the skin seemed uninjured. He next struck the point upon his side; but no traces of blood were visible. Finally, he placed one foot upon the burning coals holding it there for a couple of minutes, and then removing it, apparently without injury. After this his gestures became more frantic; he howled and jumped into the air, until he suddenly fell into the arms of two men.

Meanwhile two young men had, with piercing cries, jumped into the circle, and, each with his arm around the other's waist, swayed their heads backwards and forwards, gently at first, but with ever-increasing violence, until their chins touched their chests and the backs of their heads touched their backs. Their strong frames trembled in every limb, their dark faces became distorted. Nothing more terrible can be imagined than the appearance they presented. In due time one was given a red-hot shovel, which he received with frantic yells and gestures of delight, rubbed his fingers repeatedly, and licked it again and again, crowing after each act with savage glee. The other was then presented with a spear, which he suddenly stuck into one eye, but with no apparent injury or pain. He then took the spear, and resting it against his stomach, struck the handle with a large stone; but though the stone broke, the spear never penetrated beyond the skin. Presently these men fell down, exhausted. Others, in the course of the evening came forward in like manner. In the midst of his contortions one of them took a live scorpion, held it between his teeth, and then ate it with apparent relish. He likewise took a mouthful of the prickly pear and chewed it; but no blood came from his mouth. This man and another who performed the same feat roared like beasts, and in taking mouthfuls of the prickly pear thrust forward their heads and snapped at it instead of using their hands, which were free, to convey the leaf to their mouths. Later on, two others took long sharp needles, and, having heated them in the flame of the candle, stuck them in their tongues and cheeks.

The actions I have mentioned were repeated by others; the spectators sitting tranquilly by—those in the semicircle beating their tambours and chanting incessantly, the Arab boy burning incense, the women crying shrilly from above. Each of those taking part in the spectacle sprang suddenly from the ground where he had been sitting silently; each used the same gestures, and having performed his part, sank hopelessly to the ground. A few minutes served to restore them to their usual composed demeanour; they calmly took their places amongst the spectators, to all seeming neither injured nor fatigued. By the permission of an Arab chief, I was permitted to test the genuineness of the weapons, and can vouch for the sharpness of the sword and spear. I know the scorpion was living, and that I could not handle the leaf of the prickly-pear.

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.

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

To Let,

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

WORTH TRYING!

—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, also a Guaranteed Cure for Snake Bite, if promptly and persistently applied.

Sold in 1oz. vials, 1s 6d; and 2oz. vials, 2s 6d.

Prepared only by C. Chapman & Co., Manufacturers of all kinds of Eucalyptus and Botanic Oils, Middle Creek.

Wholesale Agents—For Beaufort: Messrs. Hawkes Bros; for Ballarat East: Mr. John King, wholesale druggist, 47 Bridge street; for Ballarat West: Mr. Walter Cornell, wholesale druggist, Sturt street; for Ararat: Messrs Dawson & Co.; and Retail from all chemists and respectable storekeepers.

Two Testimonials selected from One Hundred and Fifty.

Amphitheatre, Nov. 27th, 1886.

Mr. C. Chapman. Sir—I have suffered from Neuralgia for the last ten years, finding no relief from anything. I tried medical advice, but it was of no use to me. I have used your Australian Foliage Balsam since, finding instant relief as soon as I apply it, and I do not now suffer any pain. I am thankful there is such a preparation for so terrible a complaint. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial. I remain, yours respectfully,

MRS. SARAH J. MILLS.

Buangor, January 20, 1887.

Mr. C. Chapman. Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of your Australian Foliage Balsam, it being most valuable in cases of Rheumatics, from which I suffered very acutely for many months, that and limejuice internally curing me when all other medicines had no effect. You are at liberty to make use of this if you think proper. Yours faithfully,

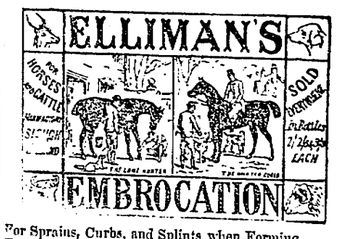
ROBERT HORNSBY.

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.

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.

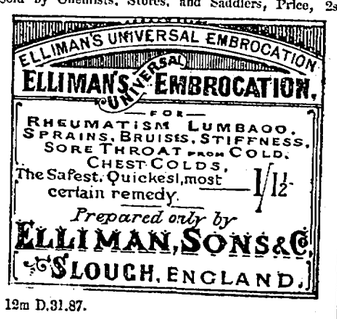
"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1. 1879.

"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



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BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

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

Prepared on the shortest notice

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.

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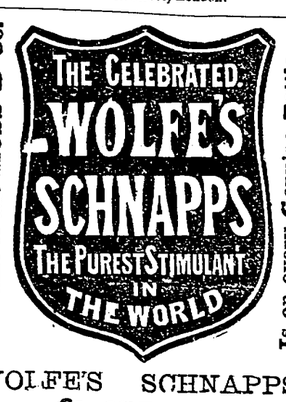
The Name of M. MOSS & Co.



Is on every Genuine Bottle.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

£1 ORDERS.

Some Unprincipled Traders, to obtain a meanly increased profit, will deal in imitations, while others go so far as to Re-fill Wolfe's Bottles, and sell them as Genuine.

As a protection against these FRAUDS, and in order to ensure the Destruction of the Wrappers, there are Packed in the large size Bottles a number of ORDERS on the Agents, to pay the finder of them

ONE POUND STERLING.

These are being Cashed daily

1000 ORDERS,

Representing the sum of

£1000,

Have been found and Cashed.

THE PUBLIC

SHOULD BE CAREFUL NOT TO HAVE

IMITATIONS

OR

Some Cheap Inferior Article

Palmed off on them as the GENUINE

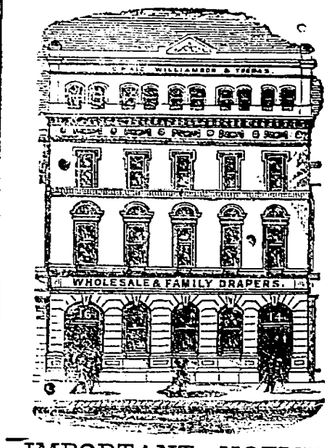
Wolfe's Aromatic

SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.

THE

ONLY SPIRIT

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.



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.

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.

VICTORIAN ALMANAC, 1887.
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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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WARD & LIPMAN,

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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,

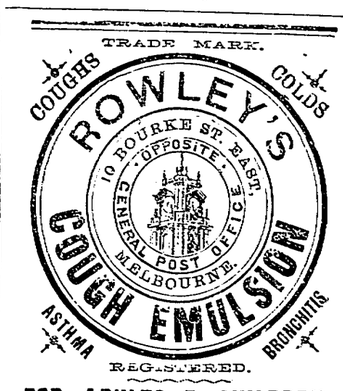
BALLARAT EAST.

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, Bal arat 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, Ballara West.—[ADVT.]

TRADE MARK.



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.]

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

Piles, Fistulas, and Excoriations.

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 kidney

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

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

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London: also by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the Civilized World, in boxes and Pots. The small 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.

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME patients suffering from nervous affections 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, 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, LI 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine,

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

182 COLLINS-STREET EAST Melbourne.

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.

"For the Blood is the Life."

CLARKE'S
WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

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

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

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

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

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 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 between 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 curious 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 sure 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 humour 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 inlets, 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 sooth and strengthen the nerves and system generally, give tone to the stomach, elevate the spirits, and in fact render the patient sensible of a total and most delightful revolution in his whole system. Thousands of persons have testified that, by their use alone, they have been restored to health after all other means have proved unsuccessful.

Indigestion and its Cure.

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

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

Ague	Piles
Asthma	Rheumatism
Bilious Complaint	Retention of Urine
Blotches on the Skin	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptom
Female Irregularities	Tic-Dolo[illegible]
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.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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

Office: Lawrence Street, Beaufort

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

The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 597.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WATERLOO COACHES.

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

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

From the Railway Hotel, Beaufort, to Waterloo at 9 a.m., 12 noon, 4 5 p.m.

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.3 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.

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, Noill 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 dvantage—they will participate in the Bonus to e 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.S7.
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.
Balaram, Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the Delaney Road, Kensington, and 59 Mair street, Ballarat.
FRANK VIAL, Universal Leather Belt Factory,
Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

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.

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.

IMPORTANT ANOUNCEMENT

THE GREATEST DRAPERY SALE EVER HELD IN BALLARAT.

Important Announcement.

CRAWFORD'S PREMISES NOW OPEN.

I PORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

IMMENSE TRANSFER SALE

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Snow & Room

Have purchased the Entire Stock of

DRAPERY,

FURNISHINGS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS,

&c., &c.,

At a Heavy Discount, from

Mr. A. CRAWFORD,

And will offer the whole at less than Importer's Cost.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Stock Transferred amounts to over

£40,000.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SALE NOW ON!

IMPORTANT ANNOUNC E NT.

FORTY THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH OF BARGAINS.

C R A W F O R D ' S.

MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS,

STURT STREET,

BALLARAT.

SNOW & ROOM,

PROPRIETORS.

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.

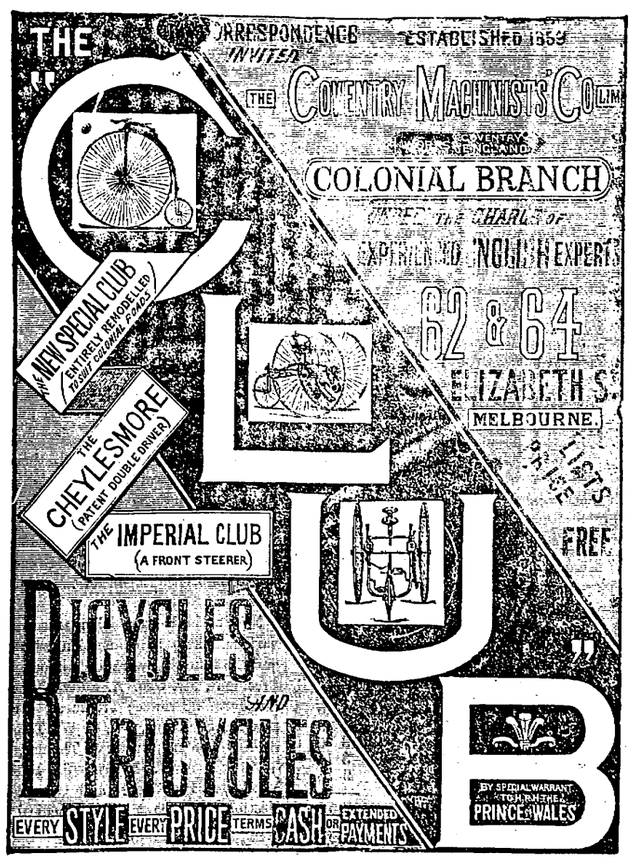
BORAX SOAP

Can be used in Hot, Cold, Hard or Brackish Water.
CLEANSES, HEALS, AND PURIFIES THE SKIN.

THE 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, 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 STREE ST.

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 e 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.
BERKELEY & TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggists.
ELLIOTT BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
NEW ZEALAND AGENTS.
KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & Co., Wholesale Dru
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

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

FOR SALE,

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

For Sale,

120 ACRES of LAND at Graveyard Hill, Mount Cole. HARRIS and TROY.

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 Beaufo 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. Art cial 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 an 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.

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. 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.
3m.Ap.23.87.

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.

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

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

A steady business was done during the past week in the produce market, but wheat continues to be brought forward slowly, growers apparently not being tempted by the rates now ruling, and quite content to take their chances of a rise in value. We have only heard of one small sale of local wheat at 3s 6d per bushel, bags in, but a good quantity continues to come down from the Wimmera district, being landed at 3s 5½d. There is a good demand for flour, bran, and pollard at last week's rates. At Horsham wheat has improved in value, but very little is coming forward. Sales are being made at from 3s 3d to 3s 4d per bushel. Wheat continues to advance at Donald, where 3s 6d was given on Friday—a figure which induced a good deal of business; and at St. Arnaud the tone of the market was firm, last week's rate, 3s 5d, being fully maintained. In this neighborhood oats have been almost neglected. One lot of 50 bags changed hands at 2s 6d, bags in, at Maroona. Cape barley is now being freely enquired for for planting for green feed. Warrnambool potatoes have come forward fully up to requirements. Hay has been well supplied, but straw, which has been bought largely of late for feeding stock, is now becoming very scarce, and an advance may be looked for. Fresh butter has been scarce, and has advanced to 1s 8d, and good potted is readily taken up at 13d. Eggs are not quite so plentiful, and are worth 1s. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 5d to 3s 6d per bushel, bags in; oats, 2s. 5d. to 2s 6d per bushel, bags in; pollard, 1s bushel; bran, 10½d per bushel; flour, L8 10s per ton; peas, 3s 4d; potatoes, Warrnambool, L4 per ton; hay, sheaves, L3 5s per ton; trussed, L3 10s per ton; straw, 25s per ton; chaff, 4s per cwt; onions, 7s per cwt; butter, fresh, 1s 8d per lb; butter, potted, 1s 1d per lb; hams, 1s 1d per lb; bacon, 9d to 10d per lb; cheese, 6d to 7d per lb; eggs, 1s per dozen.

The following are the Landsborough quotations :—Wheat, 3s 8d; oats, 2s 6d; peas, 3s; flour, £10; bran, 1s; pollard, 1s.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Business quiet :—Oats, 2s 7d to 2s 8d; Cape barley, 3s; English 3s 10d to 4s 4d; wheat, 3s 9d to 4s; peas, 2s 11d to 3s; manger hay, L3 to L4; sheaves, L2 15s to L3 7s; straw, 35s to 40s; new potatoes, L2 10s to L3.

MINING ITEMS.

New Victoria Company, Waterloo, Mrch 19.—Yield of gold for the week :—No. 1 tribute, 62oz. 9 dwt.; No. 2. tribute, 17oz. 6 dwt.; making a total of 79oz. 15dwt.

New Royal Saxon Consols Company, Waterloo, March 19—Engine delivered on claim Contractors busy removing remainder of machinery; expect all to be on the ground next week, when erection will be proceeded with.

New Kong Meng Company, Majorca, Mch 19.—No. 1 shaft.—All the works progressing satisfactorily, without anything fresh to note. No. 2 shaft—Repairs finished, and all the men in their proper faces on Sunday night; since then the works have been carried on regularly without intermission. Yield—Company, 306 oz. 3 dwt.; tributers, 20 oz. 11 dwt.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Insufficient clothing and exposure to damp and cold, produce many diseases of the skin, and greatly aggravate the sufferings of the delicate and scrofulous. The utmost relief is obtainable in such cases by using Wolfe's remedies. The Ointment applied to the part affected, restrains all insidious inflammation, while it soothes, cleans, and renders healthy any ulcerations or sores which have destroyed the skin, and show little disposition to heal. This Ointment purifies the blood, renders the local circulation vigorous, and represses excessive irritation. Holloway's Pills are particularly servicable in all strumous disorders, because they strengthen the stomach, improve the digestion, excite a proper action in the liver, and act as alternatives and aperients

"A MIRACULOUS SALVE."—For the cure of ulcerated Bad Legs, Boils, Abscesses, Scrofula, Stumy, Swollen Glands, Tumours, Ulcers, Burns' Sealds and Skin diseases of all kinds. "CLARKE'S MIRACULOUS SALVE" is superseding everything. Its curative properties are wonderful. Sold everywhere in pots at 1s 1½d, 2s 9d, and 4s 6d each. Proprietors, the Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

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.

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 has had fitted up in the most modern style, and fully supplied with an entire new stock of Drugs and Chemicals; also, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of PATENT MEDICINES, HAIR, TOOTH, and NAIL BRUSHES, and PERFUMERY.

2m.J.23.8

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.
3m.Ap.30.87.

NEXT VISIT—
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1887.

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
Cedar table legs, all sizes
Trench 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

Beaufort Mechanics' Institute and Free Library.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the members is appointed to be held at the Institute on MONDAY, the 28th instant, at 8 p.m.

D. G. STEWART,
Hon. Secretary.

Beaufort, 12th March, 1887.

MISS NETTLETON
(Late of A. Crawford's, Ballarat)

Begs to inform the Ladies of Beaufort and surrounding district, that she has opened business as

Milliner, Dress and Mantle Maker:

And trusts by efficient work and moderate charges, to merit a share of their patronage.

DRESSES and MANTLES made to Order on the Shortest Notice. Good Fit Guaranteed.

Note the Address—Next Mr. G. H Cougle, Draper, Havelock street, Beaufort.
3m.Jn.18.87.

BALLARAT TURF CLUB.
AUTUMN MEETING.
Easter Monday, April 11, 1887.

Maiden Plate	... of	20 sovs
Handicap Hurdle Race	... of	75 sovs
Easter Handicap ...	... of	75 sovs
Public Auction Stakes	... of	50 sovs
Handicap Steeplechase	... of	100 sovs
Trial Stakes	... of	20 sovs

Holiday Excursion Fares.
Trains to Course every 20 minutes.

Nominations to be made to Secretary at Craig's Hotel before 8 o'clock p.m. on Monday, 28th March, 1887.

A. M. GREENFIELD, Hon. Sec.

BEAUFORT.

SATURDAY, 2ND APRIL, 1887.

SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION AT THE Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort.

To commence at Two o'clock p.m.

FREEHOLD FARM.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS has received instructions from Mrs. Pitcher, executrix of the will of Wm. Pitcher, late of Raglan, farmer, deceased, to sell all that piece of LAND being allotment 12c, in the parish of Eurambeen, containing 39a. 3r. 35p.

TERMS AT SALE.

AFTER the above, on account of Marks Kozminsky, Esq., all those pieces of LAND being Crown allotments 15B, 17 and 18A, in the parish of Colvinsby, County of Ripon, containing 25Sa. 2r. 28p., or thereabouts, securely fenced, now in the occupation of Mr. Kimpton. And also all that piece of AGRICULTURAL LAND, being part of Crown allotment 33 of section C, in the parish of Woodnaggerak, containing 174a. 2r. 20p., on which is erected a comfortable dwelling-house, stables, &c.; securely fenced, and now in the occupation of Mr. David Anderson.

The Auctioneer would call attention of parties wanting farms to the above, as the owner having no further use for the land, will sell on

TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

W. E. NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

Tenders

ARE invited for RE-BUILDING TRAWALLA WOOLSHED (lately burnt down), principally carpenters' work. Plans and specifications may be seen at the Town Hall hotel, from the 26th to the 31st inst. Tenders to be sent to Alex. Wilson, Esq., Mount Emu, Chepstowe, by Monday, 4th April.

H. H. JACKSON, Architect.

Ararat District Prospecting Board.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the above-named Board are now prepared to receive applications for assistance from the Prospecting Vote for the financial year 1887-8. All such applications to be sent in not later than 31st May, 1887, addressed to the Clerk at Ararat. By order,

FRED. LOWE,
Clerk to the Boar

Ararat, 24th March, 1887.

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, MARCH 26, 1887.

A meeting of the Board of Advice for the School District of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon was held on Saturday afternoon last Present—Messrs. Browne (in the chair) Welsh, M'Donald, and J. Humphreys (correspondent). The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed, and the following correspondence was dealt with :—From the Education Department re money voted by Parliament, £4500, to be expended under the direction of the Boards of Advice, stating that the amount covered all expenses for tree planting. From Head Teacher, Waterloo school, stating that no junior assistant teacher had been appointed in the room of Miss Isabella Kennedy, transferred.—Correspondent stated that he had written to the department on the subject. Subsequently a letter was received notifying the appointment of Miss Anderson, of Bacchus March. From same, stating that there existed a grievance in the want of shelter sheds or a verandah at the back of school building.—Referred to the department. From head teacher, school 857, asking that certain repairs might be effected to school property.—Two members of Board to visit the school for inspection of requirements. From J. Kane, asking permission to use the old school building at Middle Creek for a social gathering on 13th April next.—Permission granted. From truant officer, with returns for December. It was resolved to prosecute the following parties for non-attendance of children :—James Traynor, William Provis (two cases). It was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Browne, seconded by Mr. Welsh, that £20 of the money available for expenditure for the school district (north riding) ending June 1887, be expended in tree planting in the Beaufort State school grounds, and that Messrs. Welsh, Humphreys, and the mover be empowered to carry out such works before the end of June. The meeting then adjourned.

We have received the "Crown Lands Guide" published by the authority of the Hon. J. Ballance, Minister of Lands, New Zealand. This is a compendium of valuable information respecting the land system of that colony.

A full account of the shocking accident which occurred last Saturday evening at the New Victoria No. 2 Tribute Company's mine, will be found in our fourth page. The finding of the Coroner was "accidental death." The funeral of deceased took place soon after the inquiry, and was largely attended. Parker's death being very much regretted by those with whom he had been for a long time associated.

The annual meeting of the members of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute and Free Library will be held on Monday next as per advertisement.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, —; New Victoria, 75oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 13oz.; Saxon Consols, 22oz. The Waterloo tributors have given up

At a meeting of the Ararat District Prospecting Board, held at Stawell on Wednesday last, some important business was transacted. One item specially affecting this division, re boring operation being carried out on Raglan Flat, for which £500 had been allocated on the principle of £ for £, was dealt with by the passing of the following resolution, moved by Mr. Browne, seconded by Mr. Burton:—"That this board notices with regret that the condition of £ for £ contribution has been added by the Minister to the sums granted respectively for boring at the Raglan Flat and the plains south of Ararat, and also for prospecting the country near Mount Zero, as in none of the above cases did the applicants offer, nor did this board recommend any pro rata contribution. Moreover, this board is of opinion that, taking into consideration the amount of free boring that has been and is now being done chargeable to the Prospecting Vote for 1886-7, it is most unfair to attach any contributing expenditure to the grants referred to; and that to insist upon such contribution will be tantamount to striking these cases out of the list of recommendations. This board would, therefore, strongly urge the Minister of Mines to rescind the conditions attached to the grants in question." It was also resolved that in the event of no notice being taken of the above resolution, a deputation from the board shall wait upon the Minister One other subject of general interest arose out of correspondence from the Mining department by which it appeared that public notice should be given that all applications for assistance from the Prospecting Vote for 1887-8 should be forwarded addressed to the clerk of the board at Ararat, suggesting that 31st May should be the date fixed. It was decided that applications should be invited, without fixing the date, which can be agreed upon at a future meeting.

The talented Payne family of musicians and vocalists gave an entertainment in the Societies' Hall Beaufort on Thursday night, when they were met by a crowded audience. The company consists of Mr. Payne, tenor; Miss Lizzie Payne, soprano, violiniste and pianiste; Miss Nellie Payne, soprano and pianiste; Miss Maud Payne, contralto, violiniste and pianiste; Mr. W. Payne, baritone and flautist. The first mentioned young lady was suffering from a bad cold, and for her Mr, Payne asked that the audience would be a little indulgent. The programme commenced with a part song "The Bells," which was a real masterpiece of imitative song, the intonation of the bells with the accompanying ring being realistic and beautiful to listen to. In response to an encore, an excellent rendition of "Steal away to Jesus," as sung by the Fisk Jubilee singers, was given. Mr. W. Payne sang "The British Lion" fairly well, his voice not being so well adapted for solo as for chorus singing. As a violiniste, Miss L. Payne gave a selection with such excellent effect that she was loudly encored. Later on she and her sister Maud gave a violin duet from "The Carnival of Venice." "Sobbing," as the programme announced, was a humorous quartette, for which a repetition was was called for but not given. Song, "A cup of tea," brought Miss Nellie Payne out, and in this and as a substitute for her elder sister in the second part, when she gave "Hearts," she proved herself to be a promising favorite. She possesses an extraordinarily sweet soprano for one so young, and what is of more value still, she is learning to use it with the greatest effect. The "Village chorus" was a lively quartette, and the laughing chorus was very amusing. An instrumental quartette by Mr. W. Payne and his sisters evoked quite an ovation of applause. A Welsh carol "The old year is dying" was well rendered, and a flute solo by Mr. W. Payne, was loudly applauded. The "Flower Girl," by Miss Maud Payne, and a violin solo by the same young lady showed that her position in the family would be difficult to fill. A song and chorus "Darling, do you miss me," by Mr. Payne and family, "Comin' thro' the Rye," by Miss L. Payne, and a part song, "Call John," completed the programme of a very enjoyable entertainment. As usual, however, the boobies took up their accustomed position at the rear of the hall, and made several noisy interruptions. There is greater cause for complaint in this instance, as they were carrying on almost under the eyes of the sergeant of police. There was one man, who can easily be recognised by his voice, who should feel ashamed at the very thought of being guilty of such disrespect for himself and want of consideration for others. For his future good behavior we hope that this remark will be sufficient.

Tenders are invited in another column for the re-erection of Trawalla Station wool-shed.

At the conclusion of the Australian Natives' meeting on Thursday night, Mr. Wheal announced that the delegates of the board present had decided, in consideration of that being the first branch opened since the conference, to give a trophy of the value of £2 2s. for the member of the new branch who secured the enrolment of the largest number of members during the first twelve months. We are privately assured that the trophy will be a handsome one.

On Thursday evening next the third anniversary of the girls' friendly society, in connection with St. John's Church, will be celebrated by social in the schoolroom.

The various privileges in connection with the Easter Monday sports will be disposed of this afternoon, at 5.30, at the Victoria hotel.

Mr. Nickols advertises an auction to be held at the Golden Age Hotel, on Saturday, 2nd April.

A handicap rifle match will be fired by the local club on Wednesday next. Entries close on Tuesday night.

In another column will be found an abreviated programme of events to be run off at Ballarat on Easter Monday next. Nominations must be made before 8 o'clock on Monday evening next, 28th instant.

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, 24th March, 1887 :—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Mar. 18	33	£7 11 4	£6 10 8
,, 19	40	6 7 8	14 5 4
,, 21	48	14 11 2	22 9 8
,, 22	12	2 9 3	18 6 5
,, 23	29½	6 12 1	3 14 6
,, 24	14½	3 18 11	2 4 1
Totals	177	£41 10 5	£67 10 8

We would again notify that the date of Mr. Belling's next visit to Beaufort will be on Wednesday, April 6.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for John Corkhill, R. Churchill, M. Coleman, Mrs C Campbell, James Dunn, J. Dawson, Mrs. Fox, Thomas Flowers, W. Green, John Helyer, Mr. Hayden, Mrs. Henry Jennings, John M'Millan, John Mayhow, P. Newling, Arthur Steers, and Mrs. R. Wallace.

AUSTRALIAN NATIVES' ASSOCIATION.

OPENING OF THE BEAUFORT BRANCH.

A meeting of persons interested in the formation of a branch of the Australian Natives' Association was held in the Societies' Hall on Wednesday night last. Endeavors had been in progress since the Christmas holidays to form a branch, and met with a good measure of success, in so much that the requisite number of intending members was obtained, and the requisition for a charter to open a branch forwarded to the Board of Directors. In response to this, Messrs D. J. Wheal, Vice-President of the Board of Directors; R. T. Hager and W. I. Allen, members of the Board, and C. Wainwright, secretary, were deputed by the Board of Directors to open the branch. The meeting was somewhat late in starting, owing to several other meetings being on the same evening, but a little after 8 p.m. Mr. D. J. Wheal opened the proceedings, by stating that it gave him great pleasure to be present at the opening of the first branch since the new Board of Directors was appointed by the conference in February last. One of the first things he was called upon to do was expressed regret on behalf of the new President F. J. Connelly) at his absence. He would most certainly have been here that night, but probably owing to the fact that he will going to Mount Gambier to open the first branch in South Australia, he could ill spare time now to come all the way from Sandhurst. Then there was Mr. A. J. Peacock. In connection with Association matters that gentleman's name was very popular; but some business matters which he must needs attend to on the third Wednesday of the month prevented him from being with them that night. He had, however, several telegrams—from Ballarat City, Ballarat West, and Ballarat East branches, and Ararat branch—congratulating the natives of Beaufort upon their resolution to form a branch in their town. [This announcement was received with applause. Later on a similar word from Mr. Peacock was likewise received.] Then Mr. Wheal went on to speak of the objects of the Association. The benefit portion was that which bound the members together; the national objects was to encourage that love on the part of natives for the land of their birth, which they must have noticed was so strongly shown by the pioneers of Australia for the country in which they first saw the light; to foster an interest in all affairs which aimed at the progress of Australasia as a nation. The mutual improvement plank was one which they would readily acknowledge to be the most valuable to young men. Of the advantages to be derived therefrom, he need scarcely remind those present, as he had been informed that many of them had belonged to the improvement association that until recently existed is Beaufort. There were two or three special matters to which he would refer before going on to the opening business. One was with reference to the older people who were not natives. Until recently numerous people believed that their Association was intended to drive the older men—the pioneers of Australia—to the wall. No greater mistake was ever made. The time was not yet ripe for Australian natives to do that; but they must bear in mind that the time must come when the whole responsibility of conducting the affairs of this great southern nation would devolve upon the native population, and they must be prepared to step into the places vacated by those who had laid the foundation—the solid groundwork upon which the Australian Nation was to be built. Another matter was the position of other friendly societies. And here he would like to take the opportunity of expressing the sincere thanks of the Board, and of the meeting, to the Order of Rechabites who had shown great friendliness in permitting them the use of that hall on their own quarterly meeting night (applause). Wherever benefit societies existed and the endeavor was made so start a branch of the Natives Association, it was only natural that those societies should at first be rather suspicious concerning them. But the feeling was not so rampant now as in the earlier days of the Australian Natives' Association. There meetings were always open. There was no secrecy in connection with the conduct of their business no signs or pass-words, no insignia or grips; but always a feeling of strong brotherly love existing between members. Other friendly societies in different parts of the colony were working in unison with the natives, and he trusted that there would always be the most friendly relations between the same in Beaufort. Before proceeding to declare the Beaufort Branch open, he asked if any were present wishing to join those who had already signed the requisition, and if so, they had an opportunity, after which they would proceed to business.

Three or four new names were added, making the total number of signees to be 31, the announcement of which was received with loud and prolonged applause.

The Chairman (Mr. Wheal) then asked the secretary the board (Mr Wainwright) to read the requisition, and also the dispensation granting permission to open the branch, after which the Chairman, amidst rounds of applause, declared the formation of the Beaufort Branch, No. 71, of the Association open for the conduct of business.

Nominations were then received for the various offices in connection with the branch, and the following were unanimously chosen :—President, Mr. Geo. A. Eddy; Vice-president, Mr. Jas. B. Prowse; Treasurer, Mr. Geo. H. Cougle; Secretary, Mr. C. W. Tompkins; Assistant Secretary, Mr. E. J. Thomas. Committee—Messrs. A. J. Morris, J. Parkinson, C Vowles, P. Broadbent, and George Loft. The election of three trustees, medical officer and auditors was postponed until the first meeting of the Branch, the committee to bring up a report respecting the medical appointment.

Mr. W. I. Allen then duly installed all the officers into their several positions, delivering words of encouragement and sound advice, and at the same time exhorting all the members to work in harmony, and promote the success of the new branch. Each of the officers briefly returned thanks.

Mr. R. T. Hager then addressed the meeting briefly on the working of the Association, and said that the members should never allow any cliques to exist; and if any ill feeling cropped up to stamp it out at once. They would at times find that the proceedings at their meetings were a little flat, it was then that the ability and tact of members were put to the test, and they should make an effort to rouse themselves. One thing was very necessary—never to allow themselves to get bad on the books, or to get so far behind in their subscriptions as to be afraid of the amount that was due, for in such cases their was a tendency to disconnect themselves with the branch, and consequently the Association.

Mr. Claxton, as a member of the Ballarat City Branch spoke a few words of congratulation, and Mr. Lugg, of Burrumbeet, expressed great pleasure that the natives of Beaufort had taken this step. He was sure it would succeed, and he would very often, he assured them, be present at their meetings.

Mr. Wainwright also spoke a few words of encouragement to the members of the new branch.

During the evening the chief ruler of the Rechabites entered the hall, and Mr. Wheal invited him to take a seat upon the platform, which act was vociferously cheered.

The Chief Ruler (Mr. Wilson) acknowledged the courtesy shown him.

It was then decided that the Branch should meet at the Societies' Hall every alternate Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, the next meeting to take place on the 5th April.

The meeting then separated.

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 DRUM AND FIFE BAND.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—I see by your issue of the 19th inst. that "Tomahawk" finds fault with the performance of the Beaufort Drum and Fife Band, and goes on to say that a brass band might be raised among the members of the A.N.A. Perhaps "Tomahawk" belongs to that body, and wants to have a finger in the pie, as if he has not got "pi" enough without it. Let him get a brass band by all means, and if they get on as well as the drum and fife band for the time they have been at it, I don't think any right-thinking person will throw dirty water on their efforts. I have often heard an old adage that you must creep before you walk. Now that is what the drum and fife band is doing. Wait a little longer, Rome was not built in a day, and you cannot expect perfection in a few weeks. They will improve in time, and who knows but they might excel in their playing even more than Tomahawk does in some of his jottings. If he could suggest some means of getting a competent teacher for the drum and fife band, he would confer a great obligation on all the members of the band, as well as on

"B. FLAT" FLUTE.

THE BOAT QUESTION.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—In your last week's issue I noticed "Hatchet's" outburst of overwhelming grief in reference to the boats in the Beaufort Lake. He regards "Tomahawk's" suggestion, viz.: "That the Park Committee provide a couple of outriggers for racing purposes" with a "dog-in-the-manger" sort of feeling, and seems to think the outriggers would be for the special use of half a dozen "young swells." He also has the boldness to suggest that the Council provide racehorses for "other people." Now, sir, my opinion is, that the "young swells" of Beaufort re quite able enough to provide light craft of heir own if they require it, without "Hatchet's" assistance, monetary or otherwise, But I do think it would be waste of money to provide a racehorse for "Hatchet," as I'm sure a wooden rocking-horse would be far more appropriate for the poor old "fogie." I'm sorry he does not regard the athletic portion of the community with a more favorable eye; but like most selfish fellows, would rather die a hermit than see other people enjoy themselves. But I'm sure the "young swells" will be only too happy to subscribe enough to give "Hatchet" and his family an afternoon's pleasure on the lake in a pleasure boat. In answer to his impertinent query, whether the "lads" paid for the boat or not, if he is really so ignorant of the Beaufort "lads'" principle, he can gain the necessary information by calling on the Park Secretary any day between the hours of 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. (Sundays excepted).

Hoping sir, that I have not encroached too far on your valuable space, I am, yours, &c.,

SHINGLING HAMMER.

Beaufort, 23rd March 1887.

[We have eliminated the remarks touching upon the residence of our correspondent signed "Hatchet," as they are evidently directed against a supposed writer. For the information of "Shingling Hammer," we may state that he is a much older resident of Beaufort than he to whom the uncalled-for remarks in the above letter point. We have since received a second communication on the above subject; but it would be positively absurd to publish what is almost a literal repetition of the foregoing remarkable concoction. Besides, in this issue, at any rate, we cannot afford the space that its insertion would occupy.—ED. R.A.]

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.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[BY "TOMAHAWK."]

I observe by your last week's edition that "Hatchet" has stolen a march on somebody's grindstone, and got himself sharpened up to have a cut at something or somebody. When I made the suggestion about the boats, I didn't study any "young swells" in particular, but our young men in general. As for getting a pleasure boat, "Hatchet" must surely be a foreigner, or he would know that we have already two pleasure boats on the lake. As for that sarcastic question contained in his post scrip, if he had made enquiries of the gentleman who has the letting of these boats, he would have saved himself a lot of anxiety and worry on that account. O! by the bye, if they are going to have another contest, as I believe, just let me ask them to include it in the Easter Monday programme, and confer a benefit on the public.

With all due respect to Mr. Henningsen's enquiry anent the sparrows, I would ask him how he could expect any sensible sparrow, after hearing the various destructive measures, suggested at the last Shire Council meeting, to eradicate him, to remain here? No, never! sooner leave the premises; and he left accordingly.

I read your leading article last week very carefully anent the Queen's Jubilee, and your suggestion about a history of our own colonies to be published for the use of State schools as a celebration of the great event, is a real good one and worthy of the consideration of our legislators; and it is a thing that is wanted bad enough, goodness knows. I am glad to note that our own townsfolk are loyal, and are going to celebrate the jubilee in a befitting manner. They intend holding sports and a concert, the proceeds to go to various things, the principal one being the building of a new addition to the Mechanics' Institute in the shape of a public room where anyone can go and have a quiet talk, smoke, read, game of chess or draughts, etc., etc. It can also be used as a public committee meeting room. As the cost is estimated at £100, I have no doubt that donations will be solicited and obtained easily.

Your correspondent "Employe" has just hit the right nail on the head about the half holiday question, and if the employers could only be induced to grant it, the half-day would be a great boon. He makes a very elaborate calculation showing the hours of labor, but I think he only takes one shop to work on, as there are plenty of others who would benefit by a half holiday, who do not put in nearly so many hours as those calculated. Anyhow I am not going to argue about the hours, but would like to see the question taken up again, quietly and kindly, and not like the last time. A reasonable understanding between master and man is the most satisfactory way of getting over the difficulty; and a calm, deliberative agreement, arrived at between the employers themselves, to be strictly adhered to.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

The following are the handicaps for the principal events on Easter Monday :—

EASTER GIFT, 100 yards.

W. Perkins, Ballarat, 2yds.
A. Drummond, Horsham, 3yds
D. Whitecross, Irrawarra, 4yds.
H. Faucett. Dunkeld, 4yds
J. H. Meekwood, Nhill, 4yds
J. F. M'Grath, Balmoral, 4½yds
J. T. Wood, Melbourne, 4½yds
G. Pierce, Geelong, 4½yds
E. J. Weber, Wedadallah, 4½yds
N. M'Lean, Coleraine, 4½yds
J. S. Leehane, Warracknabeal, 4½yds
C. F. Doney, Ballarat, 4½yds
F. Townsing, Amphitheatre, 5yds
T. J. Leehane, Horsham, 5yds
E. Crosier, Cardigan, 5yds
J. Campbell, Ballarat, 5yds
A. M'Donald, Ararat, 5yds
M. Reidy, Springbank, 5yds
J. A. Hosking, Beaufort, 5½yds
C. Jenkins, Portarlington, 5½yds
A. E. Keys, Linton, 5½yds
W. England, Ballarat, 5½yds
C. Marston, Ballarat, 5½yds
J. Squires, Ararat, 6yds
J. Pobjoy, Ballarat, 6yds
J. Lyons, Springbank, 6yds
N. Drummond, Horsham, 6yds
T. Fraser, Waterloo, 6yds
G. H. Steveus, Crowlands, 6yds
J. Gaw, Ararat, 6½yds
J. Shields, Stoneleigh, 6½yds
T. White, Beaufort, 7½yds
J. Stevens, Beaufort, 7½yds.

BEAUFORT CUP, 200 yards.

W. Perkins, Ballarat, 4yds
A. Drummond, Horsham, 6yds
D. Whitecross, Irrawarra, 8yds
H, Fawcett, Dunkeld, 8yds
J. H. Meekwood, Nhill, 8yds
J. S. Leehane, Warracknabeal, 9yds
N. M'Lean, Coleraine, 10yds
F. Townsing, Amphitheatre, 10yds
E. Crosier, Cardigan, 10yds
T. J. Leehane, Horsham, 10yds
A. M'Donald, Ararat, 10yds
C. F. Doney, Ballarat, 10yds
W. Marney, Ballarat, 10yds
J. Campbell, Ballarat, 11yds
M. Reidy, Springbank, 11yds
A. E. Keys, Linton, 11yds
C. Marston, Ballarat, 11yds
W. England, Ballarat, 11yds
J. Squires, Ararat, 12yds
J. Pobjoy, Ballarat, 12yds
T. Fraser, Waterloo, 12yds
S. J. Mazzuchelli, Stawell, 12yds
J. Spencer, Egerton, 13yds
J. Gaw, Ararat, 13yds

FIERY CREEK PLATE, 440 yards.

W. Perkins, Ballarat, 6yds
T. J. Leehane, Horsham, 12yds
D. Whitecross, Irrawarra, 14yds
H. Fawcett, Dunkeld, 14yds
J. H. Meekwood, Nhill, 15yds
E. J. Weber, Wabdallah, 15yds
H. Grellet, Great Western, 15yds
A. M'Donald, Ararat, 16yds
A. M'Lean, Coleraine, 16yds
G. Pierce, Geelong, 16yds
E. Crosier, Cardigan, 16yds
W. Woulda, Talbot, 17yds
S. J. Mazzuchelli, Stawell, 18yds
J. Gaw, Ararat, 20yds

HURDLE RACE, 100 and 200 yards.

J. Lawson, Daylesford, 2, and 3yds
A. M. Corkindale, Nareen, 5, and 8yds
J. H. Mackwood, Nhill, 5, and 9yds
H. Fawcett, Dunkeld, 6, and 10yds
E. J. Weber, Webdallah, 6, and 10yds
N. M'Lean, Coleraine, 6, and 10yds
W. Woulda, Talbot, 7, and 12yds
J. T. Woods, Melbourne, 7, and 12yds
C. Wood, Beaufort, 7, and 12yds
W. Marney, Ballarat, 7, and 12yds
N. Drummond, Horsham 8, and 14yds
J. Campbell, Ballarat, 7, and 12yds
G. Caldwell, Beaufort, 10, and 18yds

J. M'KEICH, HANDICAPPER.

BICYCLE RACE, One Mile.

Edward Jewell, Ballarat, scratch.
A M. Dawson, Geelong, 20yds
A. E. Trengove, Geelong, 50yds
D. Jewell, Ballarat, 50yds
A. Audas, Brunswick, 60yds
W. Cooper, Yendon, 65yds

The Riponshire Advocate.

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A Symbol Rose.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

She sends me to choose her a half blown rose,
For the soft, black braids of her silken hair!
The loveliest blossom that buds and blows,
Were scarcely fitting for her to wear,
My lady Honora, she is so fair.

Here in the rosery flourish a score;
How shall I choose one where all are sweet?
This Marshal Niel, brimming and bubbling o'er
With sunshine, and honey, and scent were meet,
But—yellow roses imply deceit.

And here is a dainty one, white as cream,
Half blown, and smelling like Araby blest!
But not for my hopes would I have her dream
Its fatal significance I had guessed—
"Faultless—but cold as the heart in thy breast!"

What if I cull her this Bon Silene,
Flushed like the morning with heart of gold?
But scorn and arrogance lurk, I ween,
In every satin and superb fold—
And Nora is neither disdainful nor cold.

Ah! here is one, pink as her finger tips!
She has kissed its bright petals to richer glow!
For only the touch of her scarlet lips,
Sweet as the gardens of Gul, I know,
Could kindle and color a rosebud so.

So this is the blossom I choose for her,
Nor guess, nor care, what its meaning be,
If only its passionate breath may stir
The depths of her young heart, fancy free,
And waken its sleeping chords for me!

Novelist.

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY,

BY

HAROLD STEPHEN, Esq., M.P.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

(*All Rights Reserved.*)

CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"Perhaps you are right," said Harry. "They must not be allowed to drink, at any rate. How do we know that the liquor will not be hocussed?"

"Stop it at once, captain," said the serjeant. "Call them all into the big room, and order in a case of bottled beer. Then tell them that they may have as much beer as they please free, but that any man seen drinking spirits will be discharged on the spot. Besides, they are all dead tired, and will be only too glad to get to bed as soon as they've had their supper."

In less than twenty minutes they pulled up at the establishment of the old man of the mountain, known equally well as Rigby's or the mountain hut.

It consisted of two or three slab huts bark roofed, and connected by verandahs and covered passages.

Since the escort had made it a halting place Rigby had taken out a publican's licence, and had erected, for their special accommodation, a weatherboard room, built on piles, about twenty feet long by twelve in width. He had also put up extensive stabling, and laid in a good stock of liquors. The place looked comfortable enough, and was a favorable halting-place with the troopers, although the landlord himself was morose and repulsive in the highest degree.

The arrival of the escort had evidently been expected, for supper was laid and ready even before the horses had been taken round to the stables. But they did not begin until the gold carts had been unpacked, and the iron boxes containing the gold carefully stacked in the centre of the large room. Then two troopers remained in charge whilst the rest sat down to supper.

Harry had not forgotten to order a cask of bottled ale to be taken to their room, and had instructed the men as agreed upon. There was one or two grumblers, of course, who had counted upon whisky or rum hot, after their wet ride; but the drivers backed up their leader, and their influence, being Americans, was sufficient to silence the malcontents.

After supper the men lounged about in the verandah smoking, but were soon called in by Harry, who, under the pretence that he proposed to make a very early start the next morning, ordered them to bed.

When all were assembled in the large room, Harry, as briefly as possible, made them acquainted with the proposed attack, and the plan he had decided upon for their defence.

Like the sergeant and the drivers, the men received the news with evident satisfaction. Most of them, on joining the escort, had expected to have a little fighting to do, and had hitherto been disappointed. They were not blood-thirsty, but hungry for glory and for the reward which would certainly follow if they conducted themselves bravely, and succeeded in saving the gold, and arresting or shooting down some of the robbers. They readily concurred in the wisdom of the scheme suggested by Dan Blossom, and at once set to work to withdraw the bullets from the pistols which were to be used to deceive the bushrangers.

The room contained four beds, which were allowed to the commander, the sergeant, and the two drivers; the troopers lying on the floor wrapped in their blankets and rugs.

It was decided that only three of the men should attack the robber, who, according to the plan overheard by Alma, was to come up through the floor and seize their weapons. As others came up, or burst in at the door or windows, more troopers were to take part in the fray, whilst Harry, the sergeant, and the drivers would hold back until, at least, a fair number of the bushrangers were in the room, and then shoot them down with their revolvers.

It may be imagined that none of the troopers felt much inclined for slumber; but still more than one succumbed, and fell asleep before the faint grating noise began, which those who were watching recognised as the action of a saw through the flooring.

The noise proceeded from under the bed of the sergeant, which had been placed across the door, whilst the other beds were under the three windows. Harry gently raised himself on his elbow, and peered out through his window. It was a bright moonlit night—the escort making it a rule to travel, if possible, whilst the moon was at, or near, the full—and he could see the figures of several men under the verandah, evidently waiting until the opening was cut, and their comrade had effected an entrance.

At last the sawing ceased, and, a minute later, the head of Mr. Bill Brown peered out from under the sergeant's stretcher.

It was past midnight, and all was still; save for the snoring of those of the men who had been unable to keep awake, which served not a little to add to the bushranger's sense of security. The room was dimly lit by a candle, stuck in a rude lantern, which depended from the rafters overhead; but Mr. Brown had quite sufficient light for his purpose, and at once set to work.

Crawling, barefooted, from bed to bed, he gathered up all the pistols and cutlasses he he could find, and laid them carefully in a heap under the seargent's bed, from whence they were immediately removed by a confederate.

Then he slowly approached the gold, chuckling inwardly at the success which had apparently hitherto attended his operations.

Harry now coughed loudly, and, at this signal, which had been previously agreed upon, three of the troopers sprang up, and threw themselves upon the bushranger.

Mr. Bill Brown, taken unawares as he was, was still a formidable customer, and would doubtless have given some trouble; but, whilst two of the troopers grappled with him, the third threw a rope over his shoulders, and, in a minute, he was thrown violently to the ground with his arms tightly pinioned to his sides.

He had been too surprised to call out, but the noise of the scuffle had given the alarm, and one or two of the bushrangers came up through the hole in the floor, as fast as they could—to meet, each man, with similar treatment, ere he could gain a footing in the room.

Hitherto no shot had been fired, the troopers refraining according to orders, and the bushrangers fearing to hurt their friends; but as they crowded in through the doorway, Harry and the two drivers fired a volley, which caused the downfall of one or two, and a momentary stoppage. But they had gone too far to retreat now, and, urged by the cries of Bill Brown, and the others who had been bound by the troopers, they rushed madly on, and soon all were engaged in a deadly hand-to-hand conflict.

Then began one of those horrible struggles, in which even the wounded and dying take part, rending with their teeth, like savage animals, when other means of offence fail them.

Having discharged one chamber of his revolver, Harry, forgetting that he had five shots left, called to his men to come on, and rushed forward to meet the marauders. He succeeded in warding off the blow of a cutlass, which was aimed at his head by a huge red-bearded man, who led the attack, and then found himself grappled by two or three at once. In such a combat no man could help his neighbor, and it would have fared badly with our young friend, had not the red-bearded man ordered his companions to leave him to deal with the youngster, as he called him. In the arms of this giant, Harry was but a baby, and soon he was thrown heavily to the floor, whilst his antagonist fell with the whole wait of his body upon his chest.

Now, of all present in that room, Zack and Dan Blossom were probably the only individuals who had ever taken part in such a *melee* in a confined space. Dan had been thrown down in the first rush; but Zack had kept quietly in the background, and from thence emptied his revolver at the crowd. He then picked up a pistol, which had been thrown aside by one of the troopers, and was just in time to save Harry's life; for the red-bearded man had gripped him by the throat, and would infallibly have throttled him, had not a bullet from Zack pierced his brain.

That was the last shot fired. The crowd, swaying, interlocked in each others arms, surged violently to and fro, and Zack had no chance to reload, so he drew from his boot a formidable bowie-knife, and plunged into the thick of the fight.

Suddenly a bright glare lit up the scene, and tongues of flame shot up through the flooring at the far end of the room. It was evident that some rubbish underneath had caught fire, and a general stampede took place at once, all thought of fighting being forgotten in the more imminent danger that menaced all hands alike.

The bushrangers made for the bush, and disappeared, whilst the troopers busied themselves in dragging out the wounded and bound men from the now blazing room.

Rigby, yelling like a demon, brought wet blankets, and flung them on the roofs of the adjacent buildings, having hurriedly cut away the covered passage which led to the burning room. Fortunately, a strong wind blew the flames away from the other buildings, and soon all danger was over.

The sergeant, making out a list of casualities, found that one trooper and two bushrangers had been killed outright, two troopers and two bushrangers had received dangerous wounds, and not one man present had come out unscathed. There were also two prisoners, unhurt—there had been three, but Bill Brown had somehow succeeded in escaping—and the commander, Harry Lascelles lay insensible.

At break of day, the escort set out under the command of the sergeant, the gold-boxes having been discovered, intact, amidst the mouldering *debris* of the fire. They took with them the two prisoners, and Mr. Rigby, whose virtuous indignation, at being supposed to be capable of participating in such a plot, was as fine a piece of acting as ever was witnessed off the stage.

Harry Lascelles, still unconscious, was put to bed in the only guest chamber of which the mountain hut boasted; and the other wounded men were accommodated with blankets on the floor of the dining-room; the establishment being left in charge of two troopers, until the police arrived, which could not well be before noon.

CHAPTER XXX.

WATCHING AND WAITING

Professor Stephen Tredegar's hasty departure from Alsatia had been occasioned by a paragraph in a Melbourne paper: to the effect that it was understood that Sir Charles North, Bart., was about to return to England in order to float a company to work several valuable claims which he had secured in the Forest Creek district, where he was at present residing.

This was the first intimation that the Professor had received of Sir Charles's presence in Australia, and, coupling the fact of his approaching departure with the absence of Mr. Johnson *alias* Sumner, and the singular reluctance of that gentleman to accept a bribe, Mr. Tredegar could not help suspecting that they had been in communication.

The thought that Johnson had been merely playing with him, maddened the wily man of the world, and he determined that, if his suspicion proved to be well-founded, he would take a terrible revenge, and stop at no means to secure Johnson's silence.

However he found that worthy at Snob's Gully, and learned by enquiry that he had not left there, so he was, for the moment, non-plussed. Could they have met there? That, he ascertained, was highly improbable, and then the question arose whether they had communicated by letter.

On this point he was unable to obtain any satisfaction. Johnson had received and posted letters, but of the addresses of these latter the postmaster had taken no notice. All that could be done was to wait and watch.

Johnson, for his part, seemed pleased to meet the Professor, and made many inquiries after his niece, winding up by an assertion that he would bring matters to a head on his return to Alsatia, in a few days' time.

The man was either in earnest, or else a cleverer actor never trod the boards of a theatre; still Stephen Tredegar determined not to lose sight of him for one moment until news of the departure or Sir Charles North came to hand.

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The newspapers were right. Sir Charles was about to proceed to England, but not for the reason given. It is true that he had invested largely in mining property, and proposed to form a company on a large scale, but the real cause of his departure lay in a letter he had received from his solicitor, urging him to return without delay, as it was just possible that the case would come on for trial within a few months, and then his presence would be absolutely necessary.

The detective, when informed of this change of plan, expressed his approval, and added that he would even be able to get on better in Sir Charle's absence, as he could then pursue his inquires without attracting as much notice as was inevitable when he was accompanied by a baronet.

Sir Charles then rode over to Silver Creek, and found his friends there in high spirits. They were rapidly making a fortune, and had become so entirely engrossed in the pursuit of gold-seeking that they had no thought for anything else, and seemed absolutely indifferent about the objects which had originally led them to the diggings.

"At any rate we're going on now, sir," said Dart; "we shall be rich men in six months. You never saw such gold in your life! Seems to lie around loose, only waiting to be picked up."

"And it is such a glorious life, Sir Charles," said Bertie with enthusiasm. "We are up before daybreak every morning, and hard at work till nightfall; but we like it. The work is hard, and we go to bed stiff and sore, but then you should see us eat! Seth, here, who is the cook, swears it takes him all his time to keep us going."

"Thet's-so," said Seth. "A digger Injin ain't so much ez a sarcumstance alongside you fellers. I seen two of them polish off a buffler, bones an' all, in two days, but I'd back you agin 'em."

"And where, pray, did you ever see digger Indians?" asked Sir Charles, who was always ready to encourage the boy. "I though you said you had been raised in New York!"

"Which I were, an' I don't go back on what I said, nohow; but I 'spose a party may be raised in New York, an' yet travel around in the West ef he likes? I spent more'n two years in Vissouri and California, an' I jest guess I seen more Injins, Digger, an' Pyate and Pash, than thur is white men in this camp."

"Well, boys," said Sir Charles, "what do you think about my going to England?"

"We shall be sorry to lose you, sir," said Dart, "but I suppose you ought to go, and I'm sure we ought to stop here, anyhow."

"Ye'd be about ez darnation galots ez ever crawled ef yer did go away till this claim's played out," said Seth.

"Hold your tongue, imp!" exclaimed Bertie. "Cut away and get supper ready. Run up to the store and get some canned fish, and a couple of bottles of whisky—we must entertain Sir Charles properly."

Sir Charles smiled as he heard this order. He remembered the turtle soup, the venison, the game, and the wines of civilised life which had so often been considered necessary to entertain him in former days, and was obliged to confess to himself that he could not call to mind one single luxurious meal to which he had sat down with such an appetite as he would have presently for the humble fare of the Australian bush. How he would have scorned damper, salt junk, canned fish, tea without milk, and very far from first-class whisky in former days; and now he actually felt himself growing hungry at the mere thought of them.

Be sure that when the table was spread he did the fare full justice, and failed not to compliment the cook, although that young man's share of the work had been nothing more onerous than the boiling of a can of tea, and the frying of some Johnny-cakes.

Before they retired to rest—we cannot say "went to bed," for beds there were none in the camp—Bertie took Sir Charles apart, and, with much stammering and hesitation begged him to call upon Miss Grace Harvey before his departure.

"To be sure I will," exclaimed Sir Charles She is just the kind of girl I like—and, in deed, I'm not at all sure I shall not propose to her, before I go. Do you think she would have me?"

Bertie saw that his secret was discovered, and laughed, blushing like a girl. "You had better ask her, sir," he said. "I know she likes you very much."

"But you think she likes a certain Bertie Leracorte better, eh?"

"I do not think so, Sir Charles," said Bertie, gravely. "But I hope so."

"That's candid anyway. My boy, I wish you luck; and I don't mind telling you that I think the young lady does like you, not only better than me, but better than anyone else in the wide world."

"How good you are!" exclaimed the young man. "God bless you, Sir Charles, I wish there were more like you. And now, having confessed my weakness, I am not ashamed to ask you to give her this nugget. It comes from our claim, and would make a pretty brooch, I think. I could have it set for her, but perhaps she might refuse it then."

"I'll do your commission willingly, my boy," said Sir Charles; "and I'll do more, I'll tell the young lady what a true-hearted lad you are, and how dearly you love her. Let us join the others now, we must to bed early, for I have no time to lose, and shall have to be away before daybreak.

Ere the week was out, Sir Charles North sailed for England; and the news of his departure reached Snob's Gully exactly ten days after the outrage at the Mountain Hut.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE GERMAN DOCTOR.

Alma was still abed, when Susie burst into her room, shortly after daybreak, with the news that an attack had been made by bushrangers upon the escort at the mountain hut.

"They stayed there then, after all!" exclaimed Alma, pale with fear.

"Yes, miss—why shouldn't they? They always stay there," she replied, wonderingly.

Alma saw that she had nearly betrayed herself, and hastened to explain that she had understood Mr. Lascelles to say that they proposed to travel farther that night, and camp out in the bush. "Did you hear any of the particulars?" she added.

"There was a terrible fight miss, and the house caught fire in the middle of it, and was burnt to the ground. Leastways that part was burnt where the escort was."

"Did the bushrangers conquer?"

"No, miss, the troopers were too many for 'em."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Alma, fervently.

Susie looked as if she would like to say something on that head; but she refrained, remembering that her mistress' lover was in charge of the escort.

"Do you know if anybody was hurt?" asked Alma, as she hastily dressed herself.

"Why, lor bless yer, miss," said Susie, "some on 'em was killed, let alone hurt!"

"How terrible!" exclaimed Alma, "Oh, how shall I find out whether Harry escaped unhurt?"

"I can't say, miss—I wish I could. The gentleman as told me didn't know nothin' about who was killed or hurt. He came away afore they pulled out the bodies.

Alma perceived at once that one of the bandits, seeing that they had lost the day, had made for Alsatia without delay; and she naturally (and rightly) concluded that this must be Susie's brother. She carefully concealed her suspicion, however, and contented herself by telling Susie to hurry on the breakfast, as she was terribly hungry.

She had made up her mind to conduct her enquiries in person, and visit the scene of action without delay. The resolution was but natural. Alma was no strong-minded female, and could not have volunteered for hospital duty if her life had depended upon it; but the suspense was too intolerable for passive endurance, and she knew that she could obtain no further news for many hours, as none of the Alsatians would venture near the Mountain Hut whilst there was a probability of being brought into contact with the police.

Meanwhile, for aught she knew to the contrary, Harry might be lying there wounded—perhaps dying—without even a friendly hand to lift a glass of water to his lips. She *would* go; and, if (as was probable) Susie declined to accompany her, she made up her mind to essay the journey alone.

Now Susie had, as in duty bound, made her brother acquainted with the strange meeting between Alma and the commander of the escort; and it immediately occurred to that astute gentleman that the ready reception, which he and his companions had met with at the hands of the troopers, had been owing to some warning conveyed by the young lady to her lover.

He accordingly subjected Susie to a rigid examination, with a view to find out whether she had betrayed their secret; but found that the girl had nothing to tell. She reminded him that she herself had been in ignorance of the place where the attack was to be made, and added that she had spoken no word on the subject to her mistress, who had also, she was positively certain, not communicated with anyone else since the departure of her uncle.

Mr. Bill Brown sighed, the problem was too deep for him; but he cautioned Susie to be very careful in speaking of the affair, and added that, if Alma desired to go out to the Mountain Hut, she should at once agree to accompany her.

"Good gracious, Bill!" exclaimed Susie.

"You see, this affair is bound to send all the cursed traps in the district prowlin' around these ranges; and they're sure to come here. It's not half a bad line to show them we're so respectable that a real young lady lives among us. You go over; and, if any of the traps asks where you comes from, tell em; and say you're come with your mistress to look after her lover."

It resulted that, when Alma had announced her intention, Susie willingly agreed to accompany her; and even suggested that it might be as well to take over some linen for bandages, and any salves and plaisters they could procure at the stores.

Alma thought this advice so good that she at once set Susie to work to scrape some lint, whilst she herself proceeded to the stores, and purchased a quantity of diachylon plaister, some Fryer's Balsam, and some pots of healing salve. On her return, she made up a small parcel of clothes for herself, and directed Susie to do the same, stating that it might be possible that they would be compelled to remain for the night at the Mountain Hut. Then the two girls set out, this time choosing the shorter route, which lay through the caves.

All these preparations had occupied some time, and they had a walk before them of seven miles, or more, through rough, hilly country, so that it was past midday before they reached their destination.

They found the Mountain Hut crowded with people, and the greatest confusion prevailing. A detachment of police, in charge of an inspector, had arrived some half an hour previously, accompanied by the coroner, and a surgeon. It might also be said that everyone, within a radius of five and twenty miles, who possessed a horse, and had no special reasons for avoiding the police, had ridden over to inspect the ground, and talk about the outrage.

The coroner had lost no time in empannelling a jury, and the inquest was just begun, when Alma and Susie arrived. Under other circumstances, their advent would have excited no little attention; but, as it was, everybody was too busy with the great sensation of the hour to notice them, and they walked unheeded into the building.

Addressing herself to a mounted constable, Alma asked if he could inform her whether Mr. Lascelles, the commander of the escort, was among the wounded.

The constable glanced at her with amazement, and took off his cap as he replied—he shortly afterwards succeeded to a barontcy through the death of an older brother. "I am sorry to say, miss, that Mr. Lascelles was wounded in the conflict last night. He lies in this room, and the surgeon is with him now."

It was no news to Alma, with the prescience of love she felt that Harry was wounded, and she was in no wise surprised at this confirmation of her suspicions. The calmness with which she received the information rather astonished the young trooper, who had built up a nice little theory, not very far removed from the truth, respecting the relation between the commander of the escort and this beautiful young lady; which theory was in a moment scattered to the winds, as it were, by Alma's seeming indifference.

"May I go in to see him?" she asked, presently.

(*To be continued.*)

Australian Tales and Adventures.

No. 17.—(*Continued.*)

FIFTY LASHES.

By ATHA.

CHAPTER III.

Colonel Bartopp, an old Indian officer, and moreover a strict disciplinarian, was one of the last men in the army to pardon any serious breach of duty in the men under his command.

According to the veteren there could be no crime so heinous as disobedience and neglect in the field before the enemy. The lives of a thousand—nay ten thousand men, may rest upon the care and watchfulness of one sentinel.

The General Orders that evening contained the convening of a Court Martial for next day at noon, which in due course assembled, and the culprit was brought before it to answer the charge of being drunk on duty. Charlie Stanton was not sober, and answered the questions put to him in a hazy way, which only made his guilt appear all the more culpable in the eyes of his judges.

Once only during the proceeding, and when Sergeant Exley was giving his evidence, he put up his hand as if about to rebut the statement, but the president commanded him to be silent; and so he remained until the proceedings terminated.

Then came the verdict, "Fifty Lashes!"

There was neither time nor season for any other mode of punishment.

Not a man in the camp but felt sorry for the unfortunate prisoner. Yes! there was one—but even he *appeared so.* Shammed sympathy with his dupe, and received credit for being a good fellow.

Our friend Bob Cable, looked askance at the sergeant and shook his rough pate. "I cannot understand all this palaver about strapping Charlie up at the gangway," he said. "We're not sodgers, leastways not regulars. Damme, I'll see Colonel Bartopp. There's something in the wind that's not fair and above board." And away marched Bob, accompanied by Sanfly to the commander's tent. The veteran was in no humor to listen to anybody. The Court had decreed, and punishment must follow. Therefore, Cable and the Maori were sent to the right-about in double quick time. "A pretty story, indeed to come here and tell me that the prisoner was aided and abetted by the Sergeant of the Guard," cried the old officer, as he dressed for parade. "Egad, these fellows would swear a priest out of his robe, if need be. It won't do though, if discipline be not maintained, the service will go to the devil. Bugler, sound the assembly."

The sun was just beginning to dip behind the lofty peak of Egmont, as the men formed up on parade, to witness the punishment. On a wide level patch of grassy land at the base of the hills, the triangles had been fixed, under the superintendance of Jack Staples, the Drum-Major, who now stood by with two drummers, each with a brace of *cats* under his arm. Around these Colonel Bartopp formed his men into a compact square. Then the prisoner was escorted into it by a file of armed men. Stanton's face is pallid like that of a corpse, and the perspiration hangs on it in great beads; otherwise, the unfortunate fellow appears unmoved. Yet, a close observer would have noted the tight compression of the man's mouth, which plainly bespoke a courage to bear the coming punishment bravely. Within the square stands the Colonel facing the prisoner; on the left the Surgeon of the Force, and on the other side, where all eyes may see him, Fred. Heywood, the Adjutant, who unfolds a parchment and reads therefrom the finding of the Court, and the punishment awarded. The reading ended, the culprit strips and is tied hand and foot, to the triangles, without a word.

All is ready.

The drummer takes off his coat, picks up the cat and gives it a preliminary whisk through the air. The Doctor, holding his watch in the palm of his hand to time the blows, looks to the flogger and calls:—"One." With a whistling sound the knotted cords fall heavily athwart the bare-back of the poor wretch, leaving a dark crimson stain from neck to loins.—"Two." Again the lash descends, leaving the streak wider and of a deeper crimson. "Three." Charlie Stanton shudders, and is observed to clutch the poles to which he is fastened, with a convulsive grip. "Four, five, six, seven, eight," calls the monotonous voice, and the cat whisks and whistles and falls upon the man's white skin, until twenty-five lashes have been administered, and the blood begins to flow. Some of the men forming the front face of the square turn away their heads from the sight of such a degrading spectacle, others beg leave to retire until the scene is ended.

The second drummer, a tall burly fellow, had taken up the cat to proceed with the flogging, when Bob Cable, who could brook the sight no longer, rushed from the ranks rifle in hand, and bounding to the triangles, felled the unoffending drummer like an ox—with a smart blow straight from the shoulder.

"Take that, you son of a lubber, and be d——d to you," he shouted, hoarse with passion.

Colonel Bartopp stared aghast at the presumptuous intruder for fully the space of a minute or more, utterly unable to ejaculate a single word.

"You——, you audacious scoundrel. What do you mean by interrupting the proceedings of this parade!" thundered the old fellow majestically, when he did find voice. "How dare you, sir! What is your name?"

"My name is Bob Cable, yer honor," replied he, wheeling about defiantly towards the Colonel. "This man whom you are degrading beyond hope of redemption, risked his life to save mine. I can't forget that. Better to have given me leave from parade when I asked for it, for damme, I am not a-going to stand by and see ye murder him, let the reckoning be what it may."

The Colonel felt apoplectic at the fellow's cool effrontry, and began to stutter, but could get no further for his life.

"If you fancy this sort o' fun, gen'men, I cries halves," continued Bob. "Here am I, an old sea dog, not worth much I reckon, but to be moored alongside o' these posts. Tie me up. I'll take 'tother twenty-five—and welcome; only cast the poor lad adrift. Cut him adrift messmates."

"Fall back, sir," cried the Adjutant, advancing with his drawn sabre. "March, or I will cut you down this moment."

"By the Lord, the mutinous rascal shall have the benefit of a general Court Martial for this," roared the Colonel, purple in the face, with pent up passion.

"Well, I am ready," replied the obstinate Bob in a sarcastic tone. "Have a turn at me without the Court Martial. Don't make two shows over it, for I can tell ye my mates, I don't care for the performance." See here, he cried, lifting his serge jumper and disclosing four medals penned to his vest beneath. "These things were given me in the Crimea and in India by one of the strictest Admirals in the whole British Navy. But I'll be d——d if *he* ever keelhauled a man for taking a glass of grog. Come now."

At the beck of Colonel Bartopp, a dozen men advanced to seize the refractory volunteer.

"Stand by mates," cried Bob fiercely, at the same time poising his weapon for attack, "I have no wish to harm any of you. Not a bit of it, but I mean to have Charley cast adrift, or damme, I'll let daylight through some one."

Everyone who heard the determined ring of his voice, felt certain that the man was using no empty threat.

At this point the prisoner lifted his haggard face towards his friend, and said—"Give up the rifle, Bob. Don't get yourself into trouble on my account. It's no use now, old fellow. The worst is over. Come, hand it over comrade, and submit to the guard—do, for my sake."

The pleading voice of the sufferer had its effect upon the stubborn Bob at once.

"Ay, ay, all right, Charlie," he cried, at the same time handing over his rifle to the guard, who forthwith led him out of the square.

Once more the drummer takes his stand, and again the terrible *cat* whistles and falls upon the offender's back, until the whole of the severe flogging has been administered. Then Charlie Stanton is cast loose from the triangles.

"Colonel Bartopp, I have a boon to crave," he says modestly, folding his arms upon his naked chest.

"What is it? Speak."

"This man, whom you have sent to the Guard, pray pardon him, Sir."

"Very well. I'll see. A determined rascal, but I'll see. Anything else?"

"Only this, Colonel. Yonder Sergeant Exley, is a treacherous villain."

"Tut! the Sergeant only did his duty."

"Nay, he did more, Colonel Bartopp."

"Enough Sir," and the Commander waves his arm in token of there being no further parley allowed on the matter. While he is turning, about to give the order for the men to break into open columns—there comes suddenly the sharp crack, crack, crack of rifle shots close at hand. Before the Colonel can mount his horse, or ascertain the cause of the commotion, a great irregular horde of Maori warriors are seen rushing down the hillside head long.

The Volunteer scouts are overtaken, swallowed up for an instant, and left mangled in the rear of the flying host, who slacken not their frantic career, until they have dashed themselves against the solid square, rent it asunder, and there remained a vast mixed up undistinguishable mob, who fill the air with shouts, and yells and curses.

The rebel Chieftain, Manganite, with his herculean front towering above the struggling mass, clears a lane right and left of him, as if the volunteers were so many dried reeds.

Amidst the din and the roar of voices, the Chief's horse battle cry is heard and answered by his followers on every side. The Maoris have pierced the ranks of their enemy through and through, until the latter, deprived of the Colonel and most of their officers, fight sturdily in groups of tens and twenties. Nowhere is the rebel shout so loud and daring, as round a small ring of volunteers led by a half-naked man on horse-back. This man appears to bear a charmed life. Steel and lead, alike leave him scatheless, while round him on every side his comrades go down and bite the dust.

"No quarter, kill the Pakeha," roars the Maori giant and his followers. A brave cheer answers it from the devoted few around the rude horseman. In vain Manganite casts himself against the little circle. In vain Te Kooti and the chief combined, try to break it. Now here—now there—advanced—forced backward—now lost amongst overpowering numbers—the bare backed horseman keeps his seat, and his front to the rebels.

Those of his comrades who have divided and split in the first irresistible rush of the foe, now draw together round him and follow his lead. Discipline there is none. Like the great struggle at Inkerman, it is a hand to hand contest against odds, and as at Inkerman the odds are beaten and routed, but not before Charlie Stanton has been unhorsed and trampled underfoot.

CHAPTER IV.

It was early morning following that determined attack on the camp of the Volunteers. Out yonder, among the high ridges, forming the coast wall, the defeated Maoris have halted to gather together the stragglers, and to rest the wounded. A small army is here, but they are a bruised and battered host, exhibiting wounds and blood and dust on every hand.

They have made one of the hated Pakehas a prisoner. The chiefs hold council what they shall do with him.

The captive is none other than Sergeant Exley. In the final rush the rebels had borne him along with them in their retreat, and here he stood amongst the scowling savages,—dejected, hopeless, with the lowering doom of a speedy and cruel death awaiting him.

It has been said by one who knew these peculiar people well, that for cool, deliberate cruelty, for stubborn hate and revenge, no race on earth can surpass the Maoris; indeed there is no stronger feeling in the bosom of a warrior than that of retaliation. In the hour of victory he has been known to show mercy to his captives, but in defeat never.

At that disaster which befell the 1st. Waikato Regiment at Nangiti, Major T——, who fell into the hands of his foes, offered Tareta five thousand pounds to spare his life. This sum would have bought up the land for which they were fighting over, but the chief refused the offer with indignation. Fortunately Major T—— escaped, while they held council as to his mode of death.

No man in New Zealand knew the cruel nature of his foes better than Sergeant Exley. He knew that after their sore drubbing they would not have given him his life for lands or money.

Te Kooti came forward and ordered the captive's hands to be untied.

"Will the Maori allow me to ask him a question?" said Exley, looking at the chief.

"Speak, and be brief," replied the savage.

"You have decided to kill me?"

"Tut, the Maoris are not murderers. Your life is ours by right of battle," answered Te Kooti.

"Granted. Te Kooti is a warrior, he would not like to die the lingering death of a dog?" cried Exley.

"No! Te Kooti will die with his meri in his hand, and his breast to the Pakehas," he answered proudly.

"Then I would claim a soldier's death at your hands," responded the captive, eagerly, "Blindfold me here, place your men, and so let the bloody work end."

The chief smiled—turned on his heel without reply, and beckoned to half-a-dozen warriors, who came forward at once. At a sign they led him away beyond the trees to a clear space, on which stood half-a-dozen roofless whares.

There was a glorious view from this spot. The ocean in all its immensity, like a vast round mirror framed by the blue horizon, and dotted with ships that appeared no bigger than a toy. Away to the rear gleamed lakes, with sombre forests and mountains piled up to the roof of heaven.

The gaze of the wretched captive looked not upon this sublime scene. To his vision there was nothing beyond a tall strong post, standing like the broken column in some old churchyard, and to which his enemies led him and tied him fast with strong cords of raw flax.

The unfortunate sergeant did not submit to the shambles without a struggle. With that dogged bull-dog courage inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race—be they good or bad—he stood at bay and fought them with his fists, until hacked and bleeding from their meris, he was dragged to his doom.

"Ye cruel fiends of hell, kill me at once," he cried, in agony of spirit; and these were the last words uttered by Clem Exley on this earth.

He was hoisted bodily to the apex of the post, and his foes retreating twenty paces distant, took their muskets, and pierced his body with bullets.

. . . .

Lift up the curtain on another scene.

It is a Maori village, situated five miles beyond the scene of the late conflict. The natives here are friendly to the Pakeha, and have given up their ten whares to the dying and wounded Volunteers.

On a bed of fern in one of the huts, our friend, Charlie Stanton, lies weak and helpless as an infant. There has been a long dark sleepless dream upon him, a dream of agony and thirst unbearable, with mocking phantoms jibbering at him in his helplessness, then a change to quietness, and sleep that seemed of death.

Opening his eyes to a knowledge of things mundane, Charlie sees the place filled with stalwart forms stretched about him torn and mutilated. By his side there is one man with a bandage round his body from the loins to his neck. This personage is propped up against the wall, looking intently at him.

"Oh, blow me into a lee scupper-hole," he cries, trying to raise his hands. "Why, bless my old top-lights Charlie, I thought you was on your beam-ends. Just try and reach me your fin, boy."

Charlie smiles and attempts to put out his hand, but fails.

"Is that you, Bob?" he asks.

"Ay, ay, mate, here we are like eels in a pot, only not so frisky," answers Bob Cable. "How do you feel?"

"Queer," replies the patient, looking about him in a hazy sort of way. "I say, Bob, what's all this about? Where are we?"

"Well, I reckon we're in Pukelima, so the Maoris call it," replies Bob.

"Have we been here long?"

"About four days, Charlie!"

"And you, Bob? You are wounded?"

"Only a bullet-hole in my hull, mate, but Lord bless you, that's noffiin, so Jack Parker the surgeon says; but avast Charlie, here he comes."

The doctor entered the whare, followed by several assistants, and two Maori women. The men's wounds are dressed, after which Stanton doses off into a deep refreshing sleep.

At the end of a week, Charlie and Bob are so for recovered as to be able to sit up and converse.

"How did you get that ugly hole in your side, Bob?" says Charlie.

"Blowed if I knows mate. When the rebels came bearing down upon us I seized my rifle, and joined the game. It happened that I was tussled by the side of old Colonel Bartopp in in the scrimmage. The old fellow had a dozen Maoris round him, and fought like a bear, but they broke his figure-head, and down he went like a smack in a gale of wind, with your humble servant on top of him. We lay together half the night, all at sea. By-and-bye I heaves up a bit, and finds my arm broken and a hole in my bulwarks that you might have put a marlin'-spike through."

"Was the Colonel killed?"

"Bless you, no. He rounds to all at once like. 'Who's that?' says he. 'Bob Cable, your honour,' replies I. 'Cable? ah, I remember,' he says, and with that he catches me by the claw. 'Bob Cable, you are a gallant fellow, and if you and I live through this night, damme, I won't forget you,' he says. 'Well, I hopes you won't Colonel, but what's the row?' says I. 'You have preserved my life, and, by gad, sir, Tom Bartopp will prove himself grateful,'" says he, in a humble way. "And, splice my top knot, if he wasn't as good as his word. When we were being removed, next day, in the same waggon, he shakes hands with me, and, what do you think? He leaves this big gold watch in my fin. I was going to refuse it, when he began to splutter like he did when I defied him on parade. 'D—n you sir!' he cries, 'put it in your fob this minute, or by the Lord, sir, I'll flog you as sure as my name's Bartopp.' The surgeon galloped up, and told him he wasn't to talk, or it might be fatal to him, but he told Jack Parker to go to the devil, so I kept the watch to please the old gem'man. Isn't it a boomer?"

Charlie Stanton gains strength day by day. Two of his wounds are are very serious, but he is able to crawl out of his roost betimes for an hour or so.

One morning the Doctor visits him, and says that he must be removed to Taranaki. Charlie wonders to see two or three strange people with the good surgeon, who by his directions, wrap the patient carefully up in soft rugs and convey him to a roomy yet easy carriage that stands without.

For some hours poor Charlie appears as if his old night-mare were coming over him, until he is driven to the township, and conveyed to bed within the principal hotel, then he opens his eyes.

Before him stands Kiora Selby. Her deep love for him had brought her to Taranaki—nay, more—she had gone in person to the Volunteer camp, and obtained sick-leave for her wounded lover, and thus had him conveyed to where she could nurse him. Now the worst had come, she bowed down her head where he lay, and thanked God that the evil was past, and while she knelt, the wounded man's arm stole round her.

"Ah, Kiora, in my misery and the lasting degradation which has fallen to my lot, it were better I had been slain!"

"Hush, Charlie!"

"I have prayed to die," he murmured, with some emotion—"prayed that I might go out of the hurly-burly, before the full sense of my shame came back upon me with returning health."

She raised her head, and nestled closer to him.

"That was a sinful, wicked prayer, dear!"

"Ay, Kiora, I am but a coward after all," he said. "Full of sin and selfishness, I feel this moment, more than ever I did before, that I am unworthy your love."

"Do not say that," she cried, "your love has not been tested yet, Charlie, but in the future——"

"I have been degraded like a slave. What has the future to do with me, Kiora?"

"Everything," she answered fervently. "Atonement, self-sacrifice, the will and the courage to prove yourself a man, before God and the world. That is your future, Charlie, and with the help of heaven it shall be my love shall aid you to secure it."

He spread wide his arms—

"Come to my heart, brave Kiora. I am weak indeed, but I will be strong, my girl."

"And resolute, Charlie!"

"Ay, and resolute," he answers. "You shall see." And Charlie Stanton kept his word.

In conclusion, I would just draw the reader's attention to a short paragraph which appeared in the *Auckland Times*, six months after date.

Married, at St. Stephen's-on-the-hill, by the Rev. Canon Davit, Charles Seconda Stanton, to Kiora, only daughter of T. Selby, Esq., J.P., of this city. No cards."

A Kurdish Brigand at Short Range.

On my visit in 1855 an incident took place which will show how law and order went on while the Turk sits gurgling the smoke through his water pipe. On the beach I came across a fellow in a picturesque costume, and with one of the most fiendish faces it has ever been my chance to gaze upon. It was Mephistophelian, but then Mephistopheles was a gentleman, and there was nothing of that kind in this case. Pure malignity could be traced in every line of the visage I had before me. Being alone, and not knowing a word of the language, I made signs to him that I wanted to sketch, and he like most Easterners I have met had no objections, and willingly stood for me. To be made into a picture seems to touch whatever vanity there may be, and this brute had a touch of that in him. While the sketching was going on, our interpreter came ashore with some others of our party, and at my request inquiries were begun as to who my model might be.

He stated that he was a Kurd, and had come down from the mountains about some business. He cracked, picked, and ate walnuts while the sketching and questioning went on. He had a small gun, which rested on his arm. Talking to him about it, the interpreter chanced to ask why he had not a sword or a dagger; to which he replied that he did not require them; it was not his way of doing things.

"What things?", was the natural inquiry.

"Of killing people."

"Oh, you kill people, do you?"

"Yes."

"How do you kill them?"

"I stand concealed behind a rock on the road, and wait till travellers come up, and when they are close I shoot them."

"What for?"

"To get whatever they have."

"Then you rob all that you kill?"

"Yes."

"How many have you killed in your time?"

"Thirteen men and three Russians."

Why he placed the Russians in a different classification was, unfortunately, not cleared up. I regretted afterward that this point was left so, but at the moment such a trifle did not seem of any importance in comparison to the astounding disclosures this piece of humanity was making. All the time there was a well-pleased simper on his face, while he nibbled away at the walnuts. The simper I suppose, resulted from the satisfaction he felt that his picture was being made.

"Where are you going when you leave Batoum?" the interpreter continued.

"When my business is finished, I will return to the mountains again."

"What will you do there?"

"Oh, please God, I hope to shoot the first traveller I see, and take whatever he has."

First Customer (to barber)—"Have you got anything that will take the curl out of hair, barber?" *Barber*—You bet. That electrical elixir of mine will do it." *Second Customer* (to same barber)—"Have you got anything that will make hair curl, barber?" *Barber*—"You bet. That electrical elixir of mine will do it like a charm."

SUPPLEMENT.

The Farmer.

Management of Breeding Ewes.

I would now draw attention (says "A Practical Farmer" in the *Agricultural Gazette*) to the important subject of the treatment of breeding ewes during the period of gestation. Any abuse to the animal at this time means a very serious loss to the owner. Among the numerous modes of abuse we note:

1. Improper dieting.
2. Insufficient food.
3. Want of regular exercise.
4. Too much crowding and knocking about when close to lambing.
5. Over-feeding before lambing.
6. Dogging or startling ewes by a careless shepherd.

As lambing approaches you want carefully to avoid too high condition, and yet to guard against poverty. If I think my ewes too fleshy, I rather stint them than otherwise for about a week before lambing. To any which are undoubtedly too fat, I give a dose of opening medicine, maybe three days before we expect them to lamb: it reduces the liability to inflammation and straining. After the ewe has quite recovered from the effects of lambing and is out of danger, I believe the better you feed the better results you will have in the lamb. One great difficulty I had with my shepherd at first was to keep him from overfeeding the ewe from the time she had recovered from what I would call the labor. No sooner had she satisfied herself with her lamb than he began to give her all manner of good things. This is a great error (and my herd saw it). Until six or seven days are over I don't think danger is past. You don't want a bursting udder for two newly-born lambs, much less for one; you only cause uneasiness to the ewe, and if you don't hand milk in such a case the ewe may go in the wrong direction. Ewes treated on this system will drop the finest of the lambs, big and strong and healthy, a good color, full of firm flesh, able to stand exposure almost at once—you will have no little white cripples and no nursing to do, nor warming at the fire; that is, comparatively speaking, your ewes will get over their troubles easily, and your skin buyer will not find his presence required as much as when he visited you in the four-course days.

Cheap Silage.

Last June, having an over-eaten first crop of clover and rye grass that was thin, I determined to try an experiment. On a Monday I began by a mowing machine, and cut the lot, and carried four loads, and stacked it, to the surprise of all the neighbourhood. "What a fool," they said, "it will either fire or rot." On Tuesday it was wet, on Wednesday fine, which dried the grass. I carried four more loads. Thursday wet. Friday I finished carrying three loads after drying. In the end the first four loads were splendid dark-green and sweet; anything would eat it. Pigs eat and like it much. Second lot good, darker in colour; third lot not so good as second, darker, but good, and the stock eat it readily, but not so greedily as the first day's get. Now for the process. We made a stack 7ft. by 11ft. It settled over a little; drove three stakes under; got some very strong gear chains, and three old oak beams, from an old saddle frame, about 16ft. long, and used them as you will see by sketch sent. I also put a water-spout conductor in the centre of stack to test the heat, which rose to 150 deg.

The Size of Jersey Cows.

The following is taken from a pamphlet entitled "Numerous facts about Jersey Cattle," published by the American Jersey Cattle Club: "An objection to Jerseys often heard from persons not well acquainted with the breed is that the cows are small—too small to suit farmers generally. While it is true that there are many small Jerseys, it is also true that there are many of good size; and any breeder can, with a little effort, build up a herd large enough for any dairy purposes. It is by no means unusual for Jersey cows to weigh over one thousand pounds when in working order. Mr. Burnett states that the average weight of the entire milking herd at Deer-foot Farm is about 1000 lb. In other cases where breeders have given special attention to size the average weight of herds is as great. Mr. C. E. Brown, of Nova Scotia, who owns Nabritza (No. 5820), states that her usual weight is 1500 lb., and she has weighed 1650 lb. at times. Her dam, Branitza 5383, was bought by Mr. Brown in May, 1876, when in very low condition, although she had a good frame and then weighed 790 lb. She had been half-starved all her life. She was then put on a generous diet, served in June, 1876, and until March, 1877, when Nabritza was dropped, the dam was steadily gaining. In November, 1877, Branitza weighed 1120 lb., in fair order—a gain of 330 lb. in an adult cow. This gain while breeding seems to have given an impetus to the calf. Nabritza weighed 187 lb. when two months old, 595 lb. at eight months, 725 lb. at twelve months, 1055 at twenty months, 1290 lb. at three years, and 1540 at four years of age. An own sister of this cow habitually weighs 1050 lb., and a son two years old weighed 1200 lb."

Fair prices are realised for German horses by German breeders. During the last yaar over 1,400 horses were exhibited for sale at Suttgardt, the highest price realised being £130, and the lowest £2 15s. The number of horses at present in Wurtemburg is set down at 96,885, and the bulk of the better class are sold for export to Switzerland. The Franco-German war of 1870 spoiled the export trade in horses. The French bought largely in Wurtemberg and other German States, but now they seldom appear as buyers. Indeed, since that disastrous event it would accurately describe the situation to say that the Gaul has no dealings with the Teuton.

It appears that there is a great scarcity of draught horses in New Zealand. Since the commencement of large importations to Sydney some four years ago, no fewer than 12,000 horses have been sent thither from Lyttleton alone. Even this large number does not fully represent the loss to the colony, for many farmers who, in consequence of the low price of grain, gave up cropping, also gave up breeding horses, and their brood mares went the way of their working teams—to Sydney. The Sydney buyers, in fact, took the very pick of the stock, both as regards age and quality.

Miss Ethel—"Have you and George had a quarrel, Clara?" *Miss Clara*—"No, indeed. It is getting too near Christmas for me to quarrel with George, dear fellow."

Sketcher.

Henry Ward Breecher Abroad.

Twenty-three years have elapsed since Mr. Ward Breecher paid his last visit to Scotland. On that occasion he preached once in Glasgow, having among his auditors in Mr. Batchelor's church a young Frenchman who has since risen to a position of the highest distinction as a critic in Paris, and who, from the recollection of that discourse in Glasgow has unhesitatingly pronounced Mr. Beecher to be the greatest sacred orator of our century. But it was the address he delivered in our City Hall in 1863 which attracted the greatest attention, and which is no doubt best remembered. It was delivered for the purpose of turning the tide of public opinion in the old country respecting the civil war then in progress in America, and no orator ever had a more difficult task to perform. Mr. Beecher triumphed over evey obstacle. Men who had heard the best efforts of O'Connell pronounced them inferior to the work achieved by the pastor from Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher tells us that when struggling to secure a hearing he felt like a shipmaster attempting to preach through a speaking trumpet on board ship with a tornado on the sea and a mutiny among the men. The interruptions, though not so bad as those he was to meet with a few days later in Manchester, were at first incessant. For about an hour he did battle with the opposing host of sympathisers with the South. But his subject had been judiciously selected for a Glasgow audience—in was the relation of slavery to working men the world over, and the felicity of his retorts, together with his unfailing good humor, at last made him master of the audience. "After they were once stilled at Glasgow," he himself has since written, "you would have thought we were in a revival." In the same reminiscence he adds that the questions put to him in our City Hall were the shrewdest of any that he encountered during his visit to Britain. The versatility of Mr. Beecher is remarkable. The author of the best history of the American newspaper press names him as one of the two greatest editors America has produced. His platform power entitles him to even greater distinction in that department of effort. These things have been merely accidents in his life, for his great work has been that of a preacher. Mr. Spurgeon, sharing the view of the French critic calls Mr. Beecher "the Shakspeare of the modern pulpit." Nor is this so great an exaggeration as some might suppose. Leaving out of sight the doctrinal peculiarities to which many may be disposed to take exception, there can be no question that as an example of the secret of public dynamics—of the most efficient methods of pulpit ministrations—the preacher who appeared yesterday morning in Elgin place Church may be studied with enormous advantage by most of the contemporary ministers of the gospel. Few in the great congregation, attracted to hear the Brooklyn divine, ever listened to an hour's pulpit talk of equal power. It was the talk of a man who has been an omnivorous reader, who has studied everything except theology, though his seeming contempt for that is not by any means contempt for the science of religion, but only for that form of it which is borrowed from the scholastic period. But he has studied men as well as literature—studied them in parlors and shops, in the streets and on the ferryboats—and he has thus secured a command over his audience which is simply perfect. The most important elements of his power are unquestionably to be found in his lofty idealism and his emotional responsiveness. It is not by logical processes, but rather by rapid intuitions of his imagination, that he arrives at his conclusions; but there is always at the helm a saving common sense, which keeps him in touch with the least imaginative and the least emotional of his hearers. In his loftiest flights he preserves a solid sobriety and a quality of level headedness which make him the most practical of preachers, and to achieve this with a temperament that is evidently impetuous, and a burning enthusiasm, is indeed one of the rarest of gifts. What the most of preachers would do well to note and imitate is, however, another quality which shines conspicuous in Mr. Beecher's pulpit work. We refer to the intense humanity which imparts the greatest charm to all that he utters. Those who have heard him in that pulpit where he has officiated regularly for forty years have always been struck with the intimate relation in which his preaching stands to the life of his people; and those who have had the privilege of hearing him will be able to appreciate this feature of his work. It is evidently his great aim to be one with his hearers—entering sympathetically into their difficulties, not imposing imaginary and disheartening standards of life and conduct; but with each new standard supplying a motive that may encourage them to persevere on a higher level of living. He takes them into his confidence, strikes into the real current of their thinking and speaks indeed as if speaking out of their thought. Had we more of this humanity in the pulpit we should hear less of the lapsed masses. Mr. Beecher has found the greatest secret of popular power in his sympathy with every kind of mind. He is able to help men because he believes in man, and it is in this aspect of his work that other preachers may benefit by a study of his methods.—*Glasgow Mail.*

In the face of the impossibility of learning anything about everything the civilized mind has wisely ceased to attempt it. For the first time it has become palpable to the reading public that general human knowledge has outgrown all individual capacity—that the future is to specialism and that all specialism requires natural qualifications of a high order. There is a general recognition that in the remote future each of us must be content to learn only certain facts out of many millions of classes of facts; and for this change the newspaper is preparing mankind. The future will be something very different from the present—the world will be divided—like the republics of the ants—into various working classes, each pursuing studies the rest must ignore the methods of, whilst recognizing the results; but all these different pursuits must ever depend for their value upon each other as closely as the labors of the physician depend upon those of the chemist-to-day. Of general increase in knowledge we will only be able to judge by occasional encounter with facts, and then, perhaps only vaguely, as an ant may judge the nature of what it touches for the first time with its antennæ. If the newspapers survive the popular book, it will certainly be a "survival of the fittest."

"I say, where did you get that frightful gash in the cheek?" "In shaving." "Didn't you give the donkey a barber a slap in the face?" "Oh, dear, no; I treated him at once to a bottle of Rudesheimer wine." "What a silly, good-natured fellow you must be. I confess I don't understand it." "But I do—I shave myself."

Traveller.

The Lost Island.

It is unnecessary for me to recount the circumstances, which, in 1871, had for over two years made me an inhabitant of the Island of Aurora, a small, but most fertile island in the New Hebrides group. The island was uninhabited up to the time of my presence upon it, and my life, though lonely, as might be expected, was not devoid of a certain kind of interest. During the early days of my sojourn there I chafed considerably at the long hours and my thoughts often reverted to the old life upon which I had turned my back for ever. But time mollified my feelings and gradually I grew content with my singular surroundings. Bounteous nature provided for my simple wants and I spent the days in roaming over the island and in fishing from my rough canoe at some distance from the shore. The island was clothed in the everlasting green of a dense tropical shrubbery, while the cocoanut, palm and banana trees, which were numerous, added variety to the enchanting scene. Aurora was about nine miles in length and some three or four in breadth, while from the water's edge on all sides it gradually sloped to the summit of a well wooded hill. Without possessing any knowledge of geology I could readily see that the island was of volcanic origin. From the appearance of the coral reefs it was evident that a number of upheavels had taken place. In many places the coral had been thrown up to a great height, the volcanic rock being plainly to be seen cropping out in large quantities among it. Had I possessed the requisite knowledge I should doubtless have been able to give the world a mass of information on many points in that branch of science, which, however, were unsolvable enigmas to me. My greatest pleasure was, however, found in fishing. The little bay was well stocked with the bonito and other specimens of the finny tribe, and many an afternoon I spent in this fascinating employment. Of course, I fished only for the excitment of the sport, and having taken my fish, I would carefully remove him from the hook and return him to his native element little the worse for his momentary removal therefrom. One lovely day I entered my canoe, and paddling far out into the bay, prepared my tackle, and was soon endeavouring to tempt the scaly beauties with the dainty morsels I threw overboard for their delectation. But the sport was not exciting, the fish were unusually shy, and bites were scarce and infrequent. Becoming tired of the paucity of amusement, I secured my line, and curling myself in the bottom of the boat, was soon asleep. I must have slept soundly for three or four hours when I was suddenly awakened by a violent rocking of the boat. The sea was still calm and smooth, but the water had assumed a hard, fixed appearance, and as I peered into the depths, it looked more like a mass of liquid glass. Several times I noticed the strange commotion which had awakened me, huge waves passing towards the shore, and rolling higher and higher over the glistening sand. I had never witnessed anything like it before. The sun was shining in the west from a cloudless sky, and on sea and land there was that air of peaceful serenity which is only experienced amid such scenes. At length I headed my boat for the shore, and was leisurely paddling back, when suddenly I saw rise from the hill in the centre of the island a huge tongue of flame, enveloped in a dense mass of smoke. I gazed with awe upon the unwonted sight. Higher and higher leaped the flames which belched forth from the mountain, upon whose summit I had only that morning wandered, unconscious of the demon which lay beneath my feet, waiting for the moment in which to spring forth with devilish fury. But to that I gave no thought at the time. In the presence of such a scene I was too insignificant even for my own thoughts. I was speechless, spell bound. To my dying day the scene can never be effaced from my memory. While every fibre of my being was strung to its utmost tension, I suddenly felt myself raised in air upon the bosom of a giant wave, which rolled majestically by as if disdaining me. It moved grandly towards the shore, swept over the shell-strewn sands, covered the trees, and passing ruthlessly over the burning mountain, enveloped the whole island in its strange embrace. I waited breathlessly to see what effect would be visible when the wave would have passed. But I waited in vain; it never receded, and my poor home was forever hidden beneath the waters of the smiling, but treacherous Pacific. The idea of seeing one's home vanish from his sight is anything but a pleasant one, under any circumstances. Fortunately, I was unable at the time to realize my position. My home buried in the ocean's depths, and I, alone, without food or drink in a small canoe, while around me the declining sun shone upon the vast expanse of waters which shut me from the world. I was, however, too dazed and horrified to think of these things. I was incapable of action and my boat drifted as it pleased. How long I floated aimlessly about I know not. Days must have elapsed, but I scarcely felt the pangs of thirst or hunger. I sat motionless, with my eyes fixed upon what seemed to be the spot where I had last seen Aurora's sloping shores. One morning I saw land before me. The sight revived the love of life which is within us all, and for the first time I took up my paddle and made for the shore. As I drew near enough to discern, I saw that the banks were lined with natives eagerly watching my approach. A new danger awaited me. I was aware that many of these islands were inhabited by tribes of savage cannibals, and I wondered if I had survived my recent perils, only to appear at some horrid orgie, served up as one of the principal courses of the feast. I had stopped paddling, hesitating whether I should go on or not, when I saw two men spring into a boat and come toward me. In my emaciated condition flight was impossible, and I calmly awaited their approach. With the calmness of despair, I took note of my surroundings. The island before me was larger than the one upon which I had lived, but here, also, I saw smoke issuing from the crater of a large volcano, and I mechanically wondered if, some day, it too, would not disappear. On coming closer to me, I saw that the men had long hair, which was curiously twisted in locks round pieces of bark; and that from their ears were suspended large tortoise shell rings. They came alongside, and looked with evident astonishment upon the white man, who had come to them so strangely, but there was nothing in their demeanor to alarm me. I endeavored by signs—which the volcano assisted—to make them understand how I came to be there, and they invited me, by gestures, to return with them to the shore. It was thus I became an inhabitant of the Island of Tanua, where I have ever since lived in peace and contentment.

A dispute has arisen as to the height of the iron tower which is to be the feature of the Paris Exposition in 1889. It was originally proposed to run it up fifteen hundred feet, but it is objected that it would dwarf every other structure in Paris. A test is to be made by sending up a captive balloon to the proposed height and suspending therefrom four cables, which will represent the four edges of the tower, flags being affixed to mark the positions of several stories. All the estimates for the construction have just been completed. The cost is to amount to 7,500,000 francs, the State contributing 1,500,000 francs and the contracters furnishing the remaining 6,000,000 francs, in return for which they are to have the revenues derived from the tower for the next twenty years.

Ladies' Column.

About Finger Nails.

"Few people understand how to cut their nails," said the young lady manicure. "A knife or scissors should never be used. I trim and shape the nail with a small file, and then carefully smooth down and bevel the roughened edges with emery board, which keeps them from breaking and trains them to a symmetrical growth. Another important point where people neglect their nails is in allowing the skin to grow out on the base of the nail. This should be carefully pushed back with a blunt instrument at least once a week. I soak the hands of my customers in tepid water a few minutes before I do this, so as to soften the cuticle. This is necessary as otherwise it is liable to break. It requires great care, as the base of the nail, which is very sensitive, may be bruised or the delicate edge of the skin broken. Another place where care is needed is at the sides of the nail, where it leaves the fingers. Lack of attention to this either hardens the end of the finger or produces the untidy and painful hang-nails which disfigure so many hands. In filing the nails the file should always be drawn from the finger and toward the end of the nail."

"What are the hardest things to overcome in operating on hands that have been negleted?".

"There are several things. Mothers sometimes make a practice of cutting their childrens' nails almost square with a pair of scissors. That hardens the end of the finger and produces a misshapen nail. It can be overcome, however, in time. By filing the nail from the sides, it can be narrowed by degrees to that filbert shape which is considered the height of beauty. The finger will still be blunt, but even that will be remedied to some extent. Then we have the people who bite their finger nails off close. They are hard customers to deal with. The nail is deformed and brittle, and care has to be taken in dealing with it. Manicures use a preparation to stop the biting and then correct the other defects by degrees."

"With whom do you do your best trade?"

"Well, here, in —— so far, it has been mostly with society ladies. I have had very few customers from the working classes yet. Suppose that is because they have not yet learned that there is a manicure in the city. In New York, however, we treated fully as many working girls—that is, those who did work hard and wearing upon the hands—as any other. The hands of such persons must of necessity be hard to keep in order, but there is no one who appreciates the beauty of a nice hand and pretty nails more than they. That makes them good customers, too, for they appreciate how much you do for them. Do you know there are several diseases of the finger nails?" she asked.

"Well, there are. One is called onychia parasitica, which is much to be dreaded. It acts upon the nails by thickening and drying them. They lose their polish and grow rough and brittle. With a powerful glass the little parasites which cause the trouble, can be seen growing among the component parts of the nail. The nail has a dirty brown color, streaked with lines of a darker color, and the nail is raised up and thickened. The disease is rare, and can only be treated by a skilful physician.

"The white specks on the nail, which we were told as children indicated gifts, are really a nail disease, resulting, I think, from slight diseases. Hang-nails are where the nail adheres to the cuticle, and proves more than anything else the use of the manicure's art. Hypertrophy often afflicts the nails, causing an excessive growth and a dull, yellowish color, and often produces extreme pain from ingrowing nails and other irritation. This can be remedied by a skilful manicure, but cannot be cured."

Table Cover.

A cover for the dining table, to put on when the white cloth is not in use, is very desirable, but as it must be large it is difficult to keep it from being expensive. A serviceable cover is made of gray linen floor cloth with a broad edge of Turkey red calico, and a fringe knitted of fine gray twine. One that is handsomer for evening use, if the dining-room has to serve the double purpose of being family sitting-room also, is made of a square of double width flannel, or any thick, wide wool goods. Put half a width of velveteen all around the square, and outside of that a broad band of the flannel. A large tassel on each corner is sufficient finish, but a handsomer fringe, of course, is an addition. For a dark or high coloured cloth, the fringe may be crocheted of ecru macreme cord with a scalloped heading.

Do You Know?

That hot, dry flannels applied to the face and neck is a very effective remedy for a "jumping toothache."

That fruit or dust stains on table linen or other white cloths may be removed by soaking in a weak solution of oxalic acid.

That after tea has been steeped in boiling water for three minutes a large proportion of the valuable constituents are extracted.

That the most effectual remedy for slimy and greasy drain pipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipe.

That plaster of paris ornaments may be cleaned by covering them with a thick layer of starch, letting it dry thoroughly, and brushing it with a stiff brush.

Many of the readers have inquired from time to time about washing silk knit or crocheted articles, mentioning some particular one that had become soiled through wear. The following method will answer for anything made up of knitting silk. Dissolve a moderate quantity of white castile soap in warm water. Squeeze the articles through the water, never rub, until they look clean, rinse in clear cold water, and lay in a coarse towel. Roll the towel up with the articles inside and twist until they are nearly dry. Stretch in shape and leave in a dark room till nearly dry. Take a soft piece of flannel and rub in one direction until perfectly dry. Never use an iron.

Hot water is the best thing that can be used to heal a sprain or bruise. The wounded part should be placed in water as hot as can be borne for fifteen minutes, and in all ordinary cases the pain will gradually disappear. Hot water applied by means of cloths is a sovereign remedy for neuralgia and pleurisy plains. For burns or scalds apply cloths well saturated with cold blue-water, keeping the injured parts covered from the air.

Boys' Column.

A Patriotic Goose.

By Hope Howard.

When our ship was down on the Potomac during the war we kept a number of geese on board, which we fattened for our table. A lame one among them attracted the attention of the sailors, who made a pet of it, and by degrees it came to have the liberty of the ship.

It made its way into the officers' quarters, winning their regard as well. When they were talking together it would wake up, with that movement of head and neck peculiar to the goose family, place itself between them, look from one to another as if studying their meaning, interject a "Qua, qua" here and there, and fill up the pauses with a gibberish which was irresistibly funny, and was always received with shouts of laughter.

The goose seemed to catch the subject of our talk. If it were serious, as indeed it often was in those dark days, all its intonations would be in a corresponding key, deep and guttural. If, on the contrary, we were discussing affairs of business, it would exhibit all the importance and circumstance of thorough business knowledge, giving advice objecting to propositions, till we were almost inclined to think the spirit of Rothschild was within the goose. But when we were spinning yarns, and relieving the tedium by some jolly stories, then the goose was in its element. It would fairly screech, and its gabble-gabble nothing could subdue. We came to look upon it as a familiar spirit as well as a disinterested friend.

We often threw it off the ship to give it a swim, and the first time with misgivings, thinking it might go ashore and escape us, but it always returned to the ship after a short absence.

After it had been with us some time it seemed to languish, and we thought it felt the loss of its goose-kin, and the goose-ponds with their growth of fungi, and the daily promenades with the flock, and the military drill. Who knew but it was the captain of one of those trainbands which we meet in our country rambles, every head and neck stretched out, as if all were bent on some grave and absorbing purpose? Sometimes when its head dropped, and we seemed to detect an expression of melancholy in the eyes, we thought it might be dreading a court-martial for desertion, and consequent punishment.

After holding a council of war over it, we agreed, painful as it would be to us, to part with it. We were about to leave on a three weeks' cruise to provision ships and gun-boats along the line. We engaged a farmer, opposite whose homestead our ship lay, to care for it, and bidding it an affectionate farewell, sent it ashore at the last moment before we set sail.

Our round of duty completed, we returned to our old anchorage. The Potamac was at that time swarming with ships of every size and build. We would have thought it only a practised eye which could select one from many others gathered there. Judge of our surprise when, arriving within sight of the farmer's house, we discovered our pet about mid-way between the shore and ship, making for us in hot haste. Its joy seemed so ecstatic that at times it rose in the water and flapped its wings, making the spray rise like a water-spout.

When taken on board it went from one to another of the officers and crew, running its head into their hands, qua-qua-quaing, gabble-gabble-gabbling, and saying in unmistakable language that it preferred a sea life to that on shore; that the time it had lived with us had convinced it that a life on the ocean wave and the society of the ward-room had elevated it above the corn-crib and the goose-pool, and its aspirations were for companionship of a higher kind, and a possible Admiral's rank in the bright future.

Ant Lore.

"Stop, do stop, Hallie! See what you are doing! I'd try to be less awkward, if I were you."

"He's kicking up a dreadful dust," said Elmore.

"He's destroying a whole city with all its wealth, and may even be killing whole families, babies and all."

Both boys looked at Uncle Frank in a horrified way, and then looked quietly and curiously at the ground.

"It's only an old ant hill, uncle."

"Only an ant hill! And what is that but a city of many thousand people, a few hundred times smaller than you, it is true, but alive and capable of feeling and planning and working."

"I believe you about the numbers—just see them swarm! But weren't you joking about the wealth of the city? I don't see any banks and stores."

"There were banks and stores, nevertheless and all this year's crops and goods in them."

The boys looked, rather than asked what kind of goods were in an ant hill.

"There was stored in that city what was worth as much to its owners as your own father's stock of groceries and bank account to him—wheat seed, crumbs of bread, grain and sugar, shreds of meat, dead bugs, etc., enough to last all winter. Suppose you take all the provisions out of Melbourne?"

"Well," said repentant Hal, "I'll bring them my pockets full of wheat and things, and that will pay them all back."

"All, perhaps, but the trouble of assorting and storing them."

"Storing? Storing? Do they go to that trouble?"

"Does your papa in his store mix flour and hams, and coffee and groceries together? Fancy these ants mixing crumbs of bread, grain, dead flies, bits of sugar or apple, and dried insects all together! They have a place for everything, and put every thing in its place."

"But what about the babies?"

"Don't you see those white things they are carrying away?"

"They are grains of rice, I suppose."

"They are nothing of the kind, but baby ants being carried to a place of safety."

"I'd hate awfully to be one of their babies, and get nothing for breakfast but dried bugs and coarse weed seeds."

"Mistaken again. Their babies are fed on the sweetest and richest of milk."

"Can these fellows carry milk, too, or have they milkmen as well as banks and stores?"

"Better than that; they keep their own cows—the aphis, a kind of plant louse, which exudes drops of honey-like fluid just adapted to baby ants. They watch these creatures—sometimes they shut them up to keep them from running off—and milk them by pressing the body with their forefeet."

"I'll watch what I kick after this."

"And remember God made the ants as well as you."

Of the goldenrods I noted four species, including the white—which might appropriately be called silver-rod—and the blue-stemmed. The latter (solidago cæsia) is to my eye the prettiest of all that grow with us, though it is nearly the least obtrusive. It is rarely if ever found outside of woods, and ought to bear some name (sylvan goldenrod, perhaps) indicative of the fact. As a rule autumn flowers have little delicacy and fragrance. They are children of the summer; and, loving the sun, have had almost an excess of good fortune. With such pampering it is no wonder they grow rank and coarse. They would be more than human, I was going to say, if they did not. It is left for stern winter's progeny, the blossoms of springtime, who struggled upward through the snow, and are blown upon by chilly winds—it is left for these gentle creatures, at once so hardy and so frail, to illustrate the sweet uses of adversity.

Miscellaneous.

What the Old Man Said.

"Well, yes, sir, yes, sir, thankee!
So so, for my time o' life;
I'm pretty gray, and bent with pains
That cut my nerves like a knife:
The winters bear hard upon me;
The summers scorch me sore;
I'm sort 'o weary of all the world:
And I'm only turned three-score.

"My old father is ninety,
And as hearty as a buck;
You won't find many men of his age
So full of vigor and pluck.
He felled the first tree cut in the place,
And laid the first log down:
And living an honest, temperate life,
He's the head man of the town.

"But you see, when I was twenty, or so,
I wanted to go to the city:
And I got with a wild set over there,
That were neither wise nor witty.
And so I laid the foundation, sir,
Of what you see to-day,
Old little a-past the prime of life,
And a general wasting away.

"'Taint natural fever, this, sir;
It's one no doctor can cure.
I was made to bear strong burdens,
Ox-like and slow, but sure;
And I only lived for my pleasures,
Though I had been Christian bred:
I lived for self, sir, here's the end,
Crawling about half-dead.

"Well, well! 'twon't do to think on't.
I try to forget my pain,
My poisoned blood, and shattered nerves,
My wreck of body and brain.
Only I saw you drinking just now,
Drinking that devil's drain;
There's where I liked to have stepped into hell,
And gone by the fastest train.

"You don't like my blunt speech, mebby;
Well, 'tisn't the nicest cut;
Only, when a man's looked over the brink,
He knows what he's talking about.
And with his eyes wide open,
He's walked straight into the flame,
And nothing less than the mercy of God
Has turned his glory to shame.

"Then, when he says there's a drunkard's hell,
You'd better believe it's true.
I've fought with the devil hand to hand,
And tested him through and through.
We know, who've bartered body and soul,
What body and soul are worth;
And there's nothing like to a drunkard's woe
In all God's beautiful earth.

"Wife, children! Haven't I had them?
Yes!
No man has had sweeter than I:
But children and wife are dead and dust—
Why, what could they do but die?
Don't ask me to tell of them, because
It blots out God's mercy even;
And it don't seem sure, though I've left my cups,
That my sin can be forgiven.

"I tell you it's hard for a shattered hulk
To drift into harbor safe;
And I feel sometimes, with my threescore years
Like a hopeless, homeless waif.
But there's one thing certain: I've overcome;
And I'll fight while I draw a breath,
When I see a fine young fellow like you
Go down to the gates of death.

"You'll laugh, perhaps, at an old man's zeal;
I laughed in a young man's glee;
But God forbid, if you reach threescore,
You should be a wreck like me!"

Only an Incident.

A few evenings ago, writes a Queenslandlady, the conversation turned upon suitable times and places for courtships. I said I had once been an accidental eye-witness—shall I call it?—to a proposal on the railway.

"Oh, tell us! Please do let us hear!" exclaimed ten young voices and two mature ones.

I was sitting on a train about to leave Toowoomba, for Brisbane, when a bridal party came on, and one of the bridesmaids occupied the vacant seat by my side. The coach was crowded, and her special escort could not find a seat, but contented himself by standing in the aisle by her side, conversing about the events of the day.

It became dark, and I closed the book I had been reading, and leaned my head on the window, and closed my eyes, simply to rest them. Nothing was farther from my thoughts than to be an eaves-dropper, but so in the event I proved to be; for in the darkening twilight the absorbed couple, supposing me to be asleep, settled into "love's low tone," each word of which struck upon my ear clear as a bell, for in his earnestness he leaned on the back of the seat in front of us, his face, as you can picture for yourself, forming with the lady's ear and mine an equilateral triangle.

In a free country, and on a public conveyance, I did not think it necessary to remind them of my presence. Presently he bent a little closer, and whispered,—

"You must know by this time what my attentions to you mean. May I hope that I may claim you as mine?"

After a little pause she said,—

"I am very sorry, but I am afraid that our paths through life will have to diverge."

He expostulated of course; then, heaving a deep sigh, walked away.

The twilight deepened, and I still rested my eyes. After a while the disconsolate lover returned, and renewed his suit, saying,—

"I have spent fifteen wretched minutes. Can you give me no hope?"

Her voice in the gloaming sounded like music to him, I have no doubt, as she answered,—

"I have been thinking over what I told you. No one knows what will be in the future, and perhaps our paths may converge."

Just then the whistle blew for my station, and gathering up my possessions, I was preparing to depart, when he exclaimed joyfully,—

"Do you get off here? Allow me to help you out with these."

With shining eyes he took my satchel and parcels, and helped me off, even controlling himself so far as to bow respectfully as I left.

On looking back, I could see the lady in my seat at the window, and the happy lover sitting by her side. The whistle blew, and the train started, and—the curtain fell.

Mistakes in Nomenclature.—The following is not without satirical reference to our Australian fashion of substituting vulgar and commonplace names for localities formerly known by euphonious aboriginal appellations. David Dudley Field takes exception to the nomenclature of American geography. He says "there may be a great deal of fitness or unfitness in names. To begin with, our continent was misnamed. In selecting the name "America" a great wrong was done Columbus. The continent should have been called "Columbia." Now Americans are trying to make amends by singing "Hail, Columbia." Just think of some of the wretched names selected for places in the United States. We have Tombstone, You Bet, Pop Corn, Cut Shin, Raw Hide, Skunk Lake, Dirt Tub, Jug Tavern, Sawdust, Cow Skin, and Cut Off. Almost as bad taste was displayed in copying such old names as Babylon, Memphis, Cairo, Troy, Utica, and Syracuse. It would have been much better to have preserved more of the nomenclature of the red men. Nothing could be more appropriate and pleasant to the ear than Mississippi, Oneida, Michigan, Monongahela, Susquehana, Mohawk, Idaho, and Wyoming.

Humor.

Stories of Lawyers.

Mr. —— told a story about a lawyer the other night which is a legal lunch classic, but which derived a great deal of novelty from a singularly humorous description of the hero. He said this lawyer was rather given to the bottle, and, indeed, he was in the habit of going on protracted sprees. A great many lawyers do. I know lawyers who go on a spree when they lose a case; and I have known some to go on the spree every time they get a fee, never knowing how long it might be before they got another. But there is something rather novel and original about the proclivities of Mr. ——'s hero. He never knew when he started on a spree where it would end. It always began in Sydney, but he often sobered up in Melbourne, or Adelaide, or Brisbane, or somewhere miles from home. He was always prepared for it, however, and whenever he sobered up he immediately hung out his shingle and started practicing for enough money to take him back to Sydney, which he always reached ultimately.

He got on a "bust" once, and when he came to the end of his tether he found himself sobering up in Mudgee. Having but one suit of raiment, he hung up his shingle outside the door of his room in the hotel, and went to bed while his costume was being renewed for wear. He was in the depths of slumber when a knock aroused him. He requested the knocker to enter, and a Gulgong man, in somewhat rough attire walked in.

"Are you a lawyer?"

"Yes," he answered, from the pillow.

"I've got a case for you."

He sat up in bed, drew the bedclothes around him in an instant, and assumed an interested air.

"State your case."

"Well, you see I rented a field for grazing from a man. I put a horse on it and the horse died."

"Indeed! Well?"

"Well! Hain't I got a case against that man?"

"Unquestionably. But tell me, what did the horse die of?"

"You see, a snake bit him and he died."

"Ahem!"

"Can't I sue the man for the value of the horse? He hadn't any bizness to go and rent me a field with snakes in it, had he?"

"You're right, sir, perfectly right. Do you want me to take up the case?"

"Yes, of course."

"Ahem! What—what amount—what fee do you propose to offer?"

"Well, I haven't got any money. I'll give you—I'll give you half the value of the horse."

"Very good. What, may I ask—what do you consider is the value of the beast?"

"It wasn't very young. It had been kicked by a mule, and it had fallen down a shaft, and it had been fifteen or sixteen years drawing quartz from a mill. Well, it wasn't—well, I should say it was worth about £3."

The lawyer gently lay down in bed and prepared to go to sleep. He gave one last look at the client.

"Good morning. I am engaged for the snake."

A well-known lawyer in town had once a case which developed immense importance for a man who is now a millionaire, but was at that time poor. This was a suit brought against him about a piece of land. The defendant had engaged to give the lawyer one-third of the property as a fee, contingent. In the District Court the case went for the plaintiff, but on appeal the decision was reversed and the defendant won. The lawyer took the third. A few days after the decision the client came in, looking troubled.

"Look here, that fellow's sued me again about that land."

"On what grounds?"

"An old grant or something; I don't know. I want you to defend me."

"All right."

"Yes, but I don't want to put up any money. How much will you take?"

"One-third."

"One-third!" yelled the client "Geeminy; another suit cleans me out."

It Was Cheaper.—A nice man, who is a widower and has a good big fortune, has been devoted of late to a pretty girl at Pott's Point, who just now is up in the Blue Mountains. Their friends have been pretty well satisfied that wedding cake was to be one of the toothsome treats of the near future, but a little thing happened the other day, that may postpone that sort of joy. The widower journeyed up to see his sweetheart, who is staying at one of the hotels. Instead of climbing into the stage at the railway station, walked over the stony road to the hostelry. He was tired and over-heated when he reached the piazza where the radiant fair one awaited him. "Oh, why did you walk?" she exclaimed, and was evidently expecting some gallant response, when the old widower catching for his breath, ejaculated, "It was cheaper." The young woman dropped him then and there. Possibly it might not have been so bad, but the unfeeling wretch had spoken loud enough to be heard by a dozen other guests on that piazza, and that, of course, was criminal beyond forgiveness. He returned to the station by the next train homeward bound, and he rode. The cute lover waits until after the wedding to do his preaching on economy.

The festal board with dainties groaned
So did the Summer boarders,
As 'round it they all sat enthroned
And wrestled with their "orders."

My sister's son—a bright eyed boy
Of four, a roguish sinner—
He watched her every art employ
To cut her steak for dinner.

But all in vain her strength she spent,
Producing no impression—
The knife blade scarcely left a dent
After a lengthly session.

It chanced that he had lately seen
How reeks are sometimes treated,
And keeping this in memory green,
The lesson he repeated;

For, with a drawl, and dancing eyes,
Loudly and clear he asked it,
To her confusion and surprise,
"Mamma, why don't you blast it?"

Husband (reading)—"Alexander leaves Sofia for good. He"——*Wife*—"John, I've told you repeatedly never to read me a line about those horrid actors and actresses."

The *Daily News*, of Munich, tells a story illustrative of the queer freaks of the late mad King of Bavaria. He had an excellent valet-de-chambre, whose services he prized greatly, but who one day committed some petty fault that threw the quick-tempered monarch into such a tempest of fury that he beat him with his fists and said: "Get out! I don't want ever to see your face again." The man went as rapidly as he could. Then the king had a succession of valets, each of whom seemed worse, more stupid and incompetent than his predecessor, until the king was frantic all the time. The Baron Schneider, Chief of the palace, urged him to take his old valet back again, but he refused on the ground that his dignity would not permit him to do so, when he had said he wished never to see the man's face again. Then the baron had a happy idea. "Very well, your majesty," he said, "you need not see his face again. We will make a blackamoor of him." To that the king assented cheerfully, and thereafter, until his death, he was faithfully served by an apparent negro, who was, however in reality a native of Munich, his old white valet.

T. Laurie, Ballarat, 70yds
L. Scharpe, South Yarra, 85yds
J. M'Keich, Beaufort. 90yds
F. Moran, Ararat, 90yds
E. J. Loft, Beaufort, 110yds
T. A. Archard, Beaufort, 140yds
P. Broadbent, Beaufort, 150yds
J. Driver, Beaufort, 230yds

BICYCLE RACE, Two Miles.

E. Jewell, Ballarat, scratch.
A. M. Dawson, Geelong, 40yds
A. E. Trengove, Geelong, 90yds
D. Jewell, Ballarat, 90yds
A. Audas, Brunswick, 115yds
W. Cooper, Yendon, 120yds
T. Laurie, Ballarat, 130yds
L. Scharpe, South Yarra, 150yds
M. T. Dwyer, Ballarat, 160yds
J. M'Keich, Beaufort, 180yds
E. J. Loft, Beaufort, 220yds
T. A. Archard, Beaufort, 252yds
J. Driver, Beaufort, 400yds

BICYCLE RACE, Three Miles.

E. Jewell, Ballarat, scratch.
A. M. Dawson, Geelong, 80yds
A. E Trengove, Geelong, 130yds
D. Jewell, Ballarat, 130yds
A. Audas, Brunswick, 180yds
W. Cooper, Yendon, 200yds
T. Lawrie, Ballarat, 220yds
L. Scharpe, South Yarra, 230yds
J. M'Keich, Beaufort, 280
T. A. Archard, Beaufort, 330yds

GEORGE LOFT
R. A. D. SINCLAIR } HANDICAPPERS.

Acceptances for Easter Gift, Beaufort Cup, Fiery Creek Plate (2s. each), Hurdle Race, and Bicycle Races (1s. each) must be in by Monday, 4th April. Pedestrians must send colors.

R. A. D. SINCLAIR, HON. SEC,

BEAUFORT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S FOURTEENTH EXHIBITION.

The weather was not all that could have been desired on Thursday last, the date fixed for holding the fourteenth annual exhibition in connection with the Beaufort Agricultural Society. During the previous night the wind rose to almost a gale, and the day broke with no abatement of it, and from a very early hour people were greatly in doubt as to what kind of a day it would be. Some prognosticated rain before the afternoon had passed, but happily their prophecy concerning the weather was far from being fulfilled. All day the wind blew strong from north east, sending clouds of dust through the town; but inside the enclosure there was nothing extraordinary to complain of. The judges and stewards of horse stock were the most inconvenienced, their duties occupying a very long time, and the inactivity attaching to their onerous task caused them to feel unpleasantly cold. The exhibits were on the ground in good time, and arrayed to the best advantage. The very meagre exhibition of agricultural implements and machinery, as also of vehicles, was much commented upon. With some, these sections of a show prize-list are very attractive items, but probably the time of the year militated against a large entry. The waggonettes were good specimens of of workmanship, especially those which took first and second prizes. Sheep were not exhibited in large quantities, and the condition was poor. This is no doubt attributed to the dryness of the season experienced in the past. There was only one section in which there were more than two exhibits. In class A, grain, the samples shown were first-class, the wheat being heavy weight, clean, and plump. The oats, though not numerous, were all that could be desired, and, as the weights given below will show, the order of merit was keenly contested. The sample of Tartarian oats, exhibited by Mr. H. Gordon were not so heavy as either first or third prize-takers, but the cleanliness and quality of the grain influenced the judges in their decision. In English barley there was only one exhibit, and in Caps barley two, and two in perennial rye grass. The sheaf hay forwarded by Mr. Topper left nothing better to wish for, and Mr. Neill McIntosh ran him very closely for first prize. In the section for trussed hay Mr. G. Pearson carried off both honors, his exhibits being excellent. The poorness of the potato crop in this district afforded no opportunity for a keen contest in section 3, class B; and Mr. P. Russell's exhibit was the only one for the carrots section. Mangolds showed one exhibit, but this was not considered worthy of first honors. Mr. John Wotherspoon exhibited two excellent collections of vegetables, which were deservedly awarded first and second honors, although the only two exhibits entered. The same gentleman also took first honors for the best collection of fruit. The exhibits in dairy produce sections were very unsatisfactory as regards numbers of exhibits, and the best produced fresh butter shown left plenty of room for improvement. The potted butter was good though rather salty; and what is said of fresh butter might be very well applied to cheese. Hams were very scarce indeed, but the exhibit by Mrs. Cushing deserved first prize, as did that of Mr. Greenwood for flitch bacon. The specimens from the swine herd were good all through; but the exhibits of poultry, with the exception of that of Mrs. Cushing for turkeys, were far below what one might expect in an affair of this description. In the horses and cattle sections the lack of quality in other exhibits was atoned for. Messrs. Ross and M'Gregor were conspicuous for quality and quantity of their exhibits, and as was expected carried off a large share of the honors. Waverley, the prize-taker in section 1, is in every way a horse suitable for a district like this. He is an imported stallion, and the celebrated Scotch horse Kintyre was his sire. Next to him stood Mr. P. Gordon's Gallant Scatchman, also an imported horse, springing from good stock; whilst Ross and M'Gregor's Governor was placed in a third position. Between these three horses the judges had considerable difficulty in deciding. There were nine entries. For colonial-bred entire Ross and M'Gregor were to the fore again with a very pretty son of the imported sire Landsman. He was in splendid condition, and the most active of the four shown. In draught mares nothing could touch McQueen Bros' Lady of the Lea, and Princess Royal, both being beautiful specimens of horse-flesh. The former mare is by Commodore, and the latter by Champion. There were fourteen entries in this section. For two-year-old colt there were only two entries, but they gave the judges some trouble to decide as to the superior animal. The same remarks apply to the yearling colt section. Out of 9 fine-looking draught geldings, a dark bay, owned by Mr. H. Gordon, secured the first place, and Mr. John Fraser's staunch pair of plough horses were not to be approached. In both sections for draught geldings or fillies, M'Quinn Bros. exhibited the best animals, whilst the judges had no difficulty in awarding the special prize of a silver cup, the gift of the proprietors of this paper, to R. Kirkpatrick for a son to Time o' Day. In the hunter section only three the jump, Kirkpatrick's being the only one to clear it. For backing, two beautiful horses entered by Mr. Lewis, attracted much attention to the spectator the awards were a foregone conclusion. The judges decision, however, was a surprise to a great many. For best pony Ross and M'Gregor entered a pretty little stallion—a very valuable animal. Another difficulty of judging lay between Mr. M'Millan's bright bay. The judges decided, however, that Mr. M'Millan's was the most useful for all purposes and awarded the prize accordingly. In miscellaneous exhibits, nothing was exhibited worthy of special attention. A number of entries were made of fancy-work and painting, some of which were worthy of recognition. A number of sheep hurdles were exhibited by Mr. W. E. Willox, which were greatly admired, the exhibitor found a ready purchaser so that he was not called upon to remove them from the ground. The principal result of the show is considered very satisfactory. Great praise is due to the indefatigable secretary and committee for the excellent arrangements made and for the way in which they were carried out; also to the judges, with whose decisions little complaint was made. Mr. Jas. Cowans catered for the lunch in his usual excellent style, and a large number of persons patronised the marque at luncheon time. Three toasts were proposed and replied to, viz., "The Queen," "Parliament," which brought Mr. Williamson, M.L.C. to his feet in responding, and "The judges of the show."

The following is the prize-list :—

Special Class for Sheep.

L2 for the best Long-woolled Ram, any age over one year.—R. Kirkpatrick.

L1 10s for second best do., G. Pearson.

Certificate of merit for third best do., C. Davies.

L2 for best Long-woolled Ewe, any age one year, J. Pitcher.

L1 for second best do., W. Sutherland.

Certificate of merit for third best do., J. Pitcher.

L2 for best Merino Ram, any age over one year, Beggs Bros.

L1 10s for second best do., Beggs Bros.

L2 for best Merino Ewe, any age over one year, Beggs Bros.

L1 for second best do., Beggs Bros.

Certificate of merit for third best do., W. Smith.

L1 for best five fat Long-woolled Wethers, W. Smith.

Class A.—Grain.

L2 for best eight bushels Wheat, Hugh Gordon, 68½ lbs.

L1 10s for second best do., L. J. Berriman, 66¾ lbs.

L1 for third best do., Minchin Lewis, 66¾ lbs.

L2 for best eight bushels Tartarian Oats, Minchin Lewis, 45½ lbs.

L1 10s for second best do., Hugh Gordon, 43½ lbs.

L1 for third best do., G. Taylor, 45 lb.

L2 for best eight bushels Short Oats, M. O'Brien, 52 lbs. 2 oz.

L1 10s for second best do., Geo. Taylor, 52 lb.

L1 for third best do., Minchin Lewis, 51 lb.

L1 for best four bushels English Barley, G. Davis

L1 for best four bushels Cape Barley, G. Taylor

10s for second best do., M. O'Brien

L1 for best four bushels Perennial Rye Grass, M. O'Brien

10s for second best do., H. Gordon

Class B.—Roots, Hay, Fruit, &c.

L1 for best sample of Sheaf Hay, not less than one cwt., G. Topper

10s for second best do., Neil M'Intosh

L1 for best sample of Trussed Hay, not less than 1 cwt., G. Pearson

10s for second best do., G. Pearson

L1 for best cwt. potatoes, W. Sutherland.

10s for second best do., Wm. O'Brien.

L1 for best cwt. Carrots, P. Russell.

10s for second best do., P. Russell.

5s for second best half-dozen roots of Mangolds, L. J. Berriman.

L1 for best collection of Vegetables, J. Wotherspoon.

10s for second best do., J. Wotherspoon.

L1 for best collection of Fruit, J. Wotherspoon.

Class C—Dairy Produce.

L1 for best 4lb. Powdered Butter, put up rolls as usually sent to the market, and in without any print or private mark, P. Russell.

10s for second best do., Mrs. Exell.

5s for third best do., D. Mulcahy.

L1 10s for best 25lb Salted Butter, made by the exhibitor, D. Mulcahy.

L1 for second best do., H. Cushing.

10s for third best do., J. Lynch.

L2 for best Cheese, not less than 50lbs weight, Mrs. Lynch.

L1 for second best do., Mrs. Exell

10s for third best do., R. Kirkpatrick

10s for best Ham, Mrs. Cushing

10s for best Fitch of Bacon, G. Greenwood.

Class D—Agricultural Implements

L1 for best Single-furrow Plough, R. Kirkpatrick

10s for second best do., C. Stewart

L1 10s for best Double-furrow Plough, C. Stawart

L1 for second best do., P. Russell

10s for third best do, L. J. Berriman

L1 for best Set of Harrows, G. Taylor

L1 10s for best Waggon for farm purposes, D. Mulcahy

L1 for second best do., Purcell and Sons

10s for third best do., H. Cushing

L1 for best Dray for farm purposes, Thos. Liston

10s for second best do., G. Topper

L1 for best Seed Dresser, G. Taylor.

L1 for best Chaffcutter, G. Davey.

10s for second best do., Dingle, Laverick, and Co.

L1 10s for best Reaping Machine, D. Mulcahy.

L3 for best Reaping and Binding Machine, Hugh Cushing.

Class E.—Swine.

L1 for best Boar, large breed, W. Smith.

L1 for best Sow, large breed, W. Smith.

10s for second best do., W. Smith.

L1 for best Boar, small breed, R. Kirkpatrick.

L1 for best Sow, small breed, W. C. Thomas.

10s for second best do., W. Smith.

10s for best Dorking Cock and Hen, F. Beggs

5s for second best do., W. C. Thomas

Class F.—Poultry.

10s for best Black Spanish Cock and Hen, G. Topper

5s for second best do., L. Grant

2s 6d for third best do., G. Topper

10s for best pair of Turkeys, Mrs. Cushing.

5s for second best do., R. Kirkpatrick

2s 6d for third best do., W. C. Thomas

10s for best pair of Ducks, W. C. Thomas

5s for second best do., W. C. Thomas

2s 6d. for third best do., Thomas Liston

10s for best pair of Geese, G. Taylor

5s for second best do., Mrs. Audas

Class G.—Horses and Cattle.

L3 for best Entire Horse, Ross and Macgregor's Waverley

L2 for second best do., Peter Gordon's Gallant Scotchman

L1 for third best do., Ross and Macgregor's Governor.

L2 for best Colonial-bred Draught Entire three years old, Ross and Macgregor's Landsman.

L1 for second best do., Kenneth McKinnon's Time o' Day.

L2 for best Draught Mare, McQueen Bros' Lady o' the Lea

L1 for second best do., McQueen Bros' Princess Royal

10s for third best do., M. Kelly

L2 for best two year old Colt, J. McKenzie's King Roderinck.

L1 for second best do., D. Mulcahy.

L1 for best Yearling Colt, McQueen Bros.

10s for second best do., J. McKinnon.

L1 10s for best Draught Gelding, H. Gordon.

L1 for second best do., A. and J. Gillespie.

10s for third best do., Morgan O'Brien.

L2 for best pair of Plough Horses, John Fraser.

L1 for second best do., Hugh Gordon.

10s for third best do., J. Lynch.

L1 for best Draught Gelding or Filly, under three years, McQueen Bros.

10s for second best do., Alex. Bain.

L1 for best Draught-bred Gelding or Filly, under two years, McQueen Bros.

10s for second best do., W. E. Sutherland.

Special Prize by the proprietors of *The Riponshire Advocate* of a Silver Cup, value L3 3s, for the best foal, progeny from any horse advertised in *The Riponshire Advocate* in the year 1885, R. Kirkpatrick, foal to Time o' Day.

L1 for best Draught-bred Foal, Hugh Gordon.

15s for second best do., Alex. Bain.

10s for third best do., McQueen Bros.

L2 for best Hunter, R. Kirkpatrick.

L1 for second best do., G. Thompson.

L1 for best Hackney, William Lewis

10s for second best do., H. Beggs

L1 for best Delivery Horse, M. Kelly

10s for second best do., G. Davis

L1 for best Buggy Horse, J. Wotherspoon

10s for second best do., W. Loft

L1 for best Pony under 14 hands, Wm. Millan

L1 10s for best Bull (any breed), George Taylor

10s for second best do., W. Smith

L2 for best Dairy Cow, Ross and Macgregor

L1 for second best do., G. Greenwood

10s for third best do., T. G. Archard

Class H.—Miscellaneous.

L1 10s for best Waggonnette, C. Stewart

L1 for second best do., Pimblett Bros.

10s for best collection of Jams, William Smith.

5s for second best do., W. C. Thomas.

7s 6d for best collection of Cut Flowers, Miss McFarlane.

5s for second best do., W. C. Thomas.

10s for best home-made Bread, loaf not less than 4lbs., R. Wilkins.

5s for second best do., T. Liston.

2s 6d for third best do., Mrs D. McKenzie.

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.

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

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.

☞ £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.

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.

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'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" Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by John Brown & Sons, Boston, U.S. European depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London.

WE SHOULD BLOT OUT DISEASE IN ITS EARLY STAGES.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and in fact the entire glandular system; and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives a relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted :—Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling, attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the morning, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pain in the sides and back? Is there a fullness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from an horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys highly coloured, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn at the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are accompanied by a cold sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against the latter agonising disorder. The origin of this malady is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipiency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system. Ask your chemist for Seigel's Curative Syrup.

"East-street Mills, Cambridge-heath,
"London, E.C., July 24th, 1882.

"Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to add my testimony in favour of our valuable Syrup as a curative agent, I had suffered for some length of time from a severe form of indigestion, and the long train of distressing symptoms following that disease. I had tried all possible means to get relief, by seeking the best medical advice. I had swallowed sufficient of their stuff to float a man-of-war, so to speak, but all to no avail. A friend of mine, coming on the scene in the midst of my sufferings, brought with him a bottle of your Seigel Syrup; he advised me to try it, stating he felt confident it would benefit me. Being weary of trying so many drugs, I condemned it before trial, thinking it could not possibly do me any good, but ultimately determined to take the Syrup After doing so for a short time it worked such a change in me that I continued taking it for nearly two months, and I then felt thoroughly cured, for I have discontinued its use for five weeks, and feel in the best of health, and can partake any kind of food with ease and comfort. I am therefore thankful to you that, through the instrumentality of your valuable medicine, I am restored to the state of health I now enjoy.

"Yours truly,
"To Mr. A. J. White." "W. S FORSTER."

"Waterloo House, London-Side, Chiswick,
"February 17th, 1882.

"Messrs. White and Co., London.

"Gentlemen,—It is with great pleasure that I add my testimony to the wonderful effects of Seigel's Syrup. For years I have been suffering from bilous attacks, which began with giddiness; then a mist would come before my eyes, so that I should not be able to recognise anyone or anything at the distance of a yard or two from my face. This would be followed by excessive trembling of my knees, so that I could not stand without support; after which a severe headache would occur, lasting often two or three days. I have tried various remedies for these distressing symptoms, but until I tried Seigel's Syrup I had no relief. Since then I have had excellent health in every respect, and if over I feel a headache coming on, I take one dose of the Syrup, which arrests it. Hoping that this testimonial may be the means of inducing others (who suffer as I used) to try the Syrup, as I feel sure they will receive speedy benefit and ultimately be cured, I beg to remain, yours faithfully,

"A. H. Horton."

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.

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

S. J. TAYLOR
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. 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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A Job Line of Men's Felt Hats, at 1s.
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A Large Stock of our well-known make; also some very cheap lots, viz. :—25 pairs Men's H.N. Laceups, at 7s 6d; 30 pairs Men's H.N. Laceups, at 9s 6d. Three trunks of Assorted Boots and Slippers from 1s upwards. 12 Boot Trunks very cheap.

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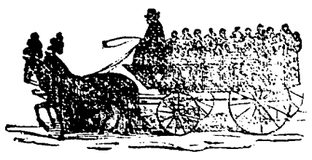

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HAS the honor to intimate to the public of Ballarat and the surrounding district that he has COMMENCED BUSINESS at the above address, with
AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF
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Also, a large and carefully selected 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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MINING FATALITY AT WATERLOO.

Information reached Beaufort late on Saturday night last that a man named Stephen Parker, a braceman at the New Victoria No. 2 Tribute Company's mine, had met his death in a very shocking manner. At this mine, as at all others, the poppet heads are erected over a divided shaft, and a cage travels up and down each, as required. At about 20 minutes to 10 o'clock a signal was given to the engine driver to heave up to the surface the cage that was at the bottom of the shaft. As this cage ascended, the other one descended on the opposite side of the partition. But when a short distance had been traversed the descending cage stuck in the shaft, and the rope slackened. This caused some uneasiness to the driver, who immediately stopped the engine, and went in search of the braceman, who could be found nowhere. Taking a lantern Smith (the engine-driver) went to the shaft and lowered the light to see what caused the obstruction. He was dismayed to see the leg of a man jammed between the cage and the outer wall of the shaft. Having obtained assistance from the men below and from the off-men in the township the body was extricated, and discovered to be that of the braceman, Parker. The features were not easily recognised, but deceased was known by the clothing he wore. The neck was broken, and the head and face badly gashed and bruised and covered with gore. An inquiry into the circumstances attending the death of Parker was held on Monday afternoon, at Mrs. Frusher's Waterloo hotel, Waterloo, by J. C. Thomson, Esq.; Mr. Stewart, Mining Inspector, and several members of the company being present. Stephen Parker was 33 years of age, born at Sheffield, and has been about 15 years in the colony. He was unmarried, and said to be the son of Ebenezer Parker, a manufacturer, of Sheffield. Depositions were taken as follows:—

Thomas Forster, miner, living at Waterloo, on oath—Was down the mine of the New Victoria No. 2 Tribute Company on Saturday night, 19th inst. Came into the chamber on bottom level, and saw John Francis putting blunt picks into the truck. Francis knocked three-and-one for the truck to be hauled up to the surface. Almost immediately after the signal was answered, the engine stopped for a second or two, and then the truck went away. Three or four minutes afterwards the engine-driver came to the shaft and called out—"Come to windlass shaft." Went to windlass shaft, and Smith called out—"Come up at once; Parker's fast in the shaft." Was pulled up, and John Francis was pulled up afterwards. All of us went to the main shaft where Parker was fast. Francis got on the rope, and slid down to the cage. Gave him a light, by which I could see Parker's one leg sticking up between the cage and the outer side of the shaft. I asked Francis how he was, and he replied that Parker was fast, and it was impossible to get him out at once without cutting away the centres and skids. Assistance was obtained, and we set to work to do as suggested. It took about hours to release deceased. When Parker was brought to the surface he was dead. Parker was jammed at about from 10 to 12 feet from the surface. Saw the body, and noticed the nose and head covered with blood, but have not seen the body stripped. Parker was braceman.

To Mr. Stewart—The signal three-and-one was to heave up to surface slow, and was used to indicate tools or men going up. I am captain of the shift. Saw Parker when we went on at 4 o'clock that afternoon. Parker was quite sober. I believe the shaft is 120 feet deep to the bottom.

To Constable Martin — Did not hear Parker's voice just before the accident.

To Mr. Stewart—Could have heard deceased if he had called out to us down the shaft. From first seeing the position of deceased, the latter gave no sign of being alive.

James Smith, engine-driver, New Victoria No. 2 Tribute Company's mine, on oath—Knew deceased for a number of years. He has been about here all that time. He came into the engine-room on the 19th inst. about a quarter past nine, and remained there about twenty minutes. I was at work. Heard the knocks—three-and-one—from below. The signal means "heave the cage to the surface carefully." Started to comply. Deceased went out of the engine house just after the knocks, before I started to wind. The descending cage stuck shortly after starting the engine, about 12 feet from the surface, and the rope slackened. I took up the slack, put the break down, and went in search of the braceman. Searched for some time and lastly down the shaft. Lowered a light and saw one of deceased's feet between the cage and the shaft. Called out to those below to go to the windlass shaft, and I hove two men up—Francis and Foster. I then went for and got assistance, and by this help Parker was got out. I then went to the engine room, and have not seen the body since.

To Mr. Stewart—Am not positive, but I think deceased had a light with him. Sometimes he came to the engine-room and left the light out side. Have a clear view to head of shaft from the engine room but did not see deceased or the light approach the shaft. There was no mistaking the signal, and cannot say that deceased misunderstood them. Deceased was perfectly sober, so far as I noticed. He never complained of illness. He had been a week off work prior to Tuesday last 15th inst.; since then he had been to work every shift. I should refuse to work with a braceman who was under the influence of drink.

William R. Greenwood, miner, working in Saxon Consols Company's mine, on oath—On night of 19th I was summoned from Martin's public house by Enginedriver Smith, and arrived at the shaft of the New Victoria No. 2 Tribute Company's mine, about twenty minutes to 10 o'clock, slid down the rope on to the covers of the cage, which was lowered about 16 feet or less. I observed deceased stuck between the bottom of the cage and shaft. Saw it was impossible to get him out without entering the other shaft and cutting away the skids and centres. This took about a couple of hours. I saw the body. Deceased's face was bruised and torn beyond all recognition. Mr. Firth and myself brought the cage into the opposite shaft, and released the body. Deceased's neck was swollen a great deal. The cage had decreased by the head and shoulders, one arm being below and the other cramped up above. The space between the cage and the shaft ordinarily was about an inch and a half on each side. The body had jammed the cage over, thus giving only three and a half inches space at most, for the body. Life was extinct.

John Francis, miner, on oath—was the first who slid down the rope, and got through the cover of the cage. I thought Parker was alive when I saw him first; I may have been mistaken. He was not alive when taken out, and his neck was broken.

Mr. Stewart gave evidence that the mine did not come under the meaning of the Act No. 783, 1883, referring to signals, which says a shaft must be 150 feet (see Rule 13, section 8, Mining Machinery). He was under the impression from an examination of the body, that deceased was leaning over the shaft. The neck being broken and the back of the head cut and bruised led him to believe that the cage struck the deceased while in this position.

The Coroner entered his finding thus:—"Stephen Parker met his death accidentally on the night of the 19th March, 1887, by being jammed between the cage and the shaft of the New Victoria No. 2 Tribute Company's mine, Waterloo.

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.

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Mr. C. Chapman. Sir—I have suffered from Neuralgia for the last ten years, finding no relief from anything. I tried medical advice, but it was of no use to me. I have used your Australian Foliage Balsam since, finding instant relief as soon as I apply it, and I do not now suffer any pain. I am thankful there is such a preparation for so terrible a complaint. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial. I remain, yours respectfully,

MRS. SARAH J. MILLS.

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Mr. C. Chapman. Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of your Australian Foliage Balsam, it being most valuable in cases of Rheumatics, from which I suffered very acutely for many months, that and limejuice internally curing me when all other medicines had no effect. You are at liberty to make use of this if you think proper. Yours faithfully,

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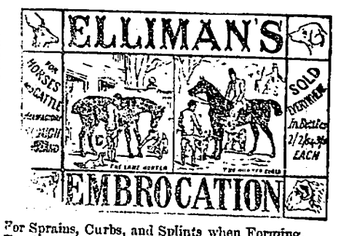

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"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I think it very useful. RUTLAND,
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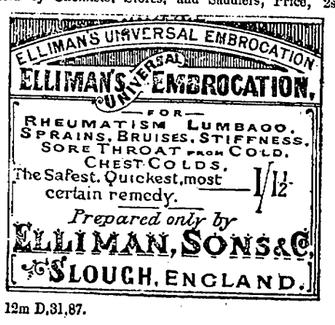

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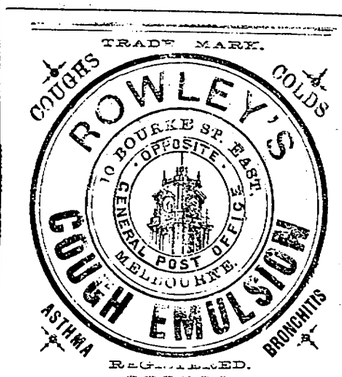

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THERE is no medicinal preparation which may be so thoroughly relied upon in the treatment of the above ailments as Holloway's Ointment. Nothing can be more salutary than its action on the body both locally and constitutionally. The Ointment rubbed 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.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

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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.

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LOUIS L. SMITH.

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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

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It Cures Old Sores
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Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face
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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.

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"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 that kind), but to no effect. After being in this state for between 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."

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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.

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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.

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Asthma	Rheumatism
Bilious Complaint	Retention of Urine
Blotches on the Skin	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptoms
Female Irregularities	Tic-Doloureux
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
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