The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 603.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 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 e 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order as to number of insertions, will in all cases be continued until countermanded, and no advertisement can be withdrawn without an order in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.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 7.30 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.M.S.

AGENTS WANTED.
Special Lists for Belts for Irrigation Purposes. A Large Stock of the Premier Belt Lubricant and well-seasoned Belt Laces kept in stock.

PRANK VIAL, Universal Leather Belt Factory, Macaulay Road, Kensington, and 30 Mair street, Ballarat, Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the most approved Continental and American principles.

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.

CRAWFORD'S,

CORNER STURT AND ARMSTRONG STREETS.

Snow and Room,

PROPRIETORS.

Special Lines now showing at Crawford's.

KID GLOVES.

The Elaine (Crawford's registered brand).—4 button, 1s 11d; 6-button, 2s 11d.

Light Fancies.—4-buttons 1s, 1s 11d, 3s 11d, 5s 6d; 6-button 2s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d.

Gents' White Kid Gloves.—Big line 2-button at 1s; also at 1s 11d and 2s 11d.

New Cashmere and Fabric Gloves.—Splendid assortment ladies' and children's. Special line ladies' at 6d; also 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 9d, 2s 6d.

BEAUTIFUL WOOL GOODS.

Clouds, 3d, 6d, 9d, 1s, 1s 6d, and upwards.

New lines opera cloaks and hoods, 17s 6d to 32s 6d.

Children's wool pelisses, 8s 11d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d.

SWISS WORKS.

Jobs at 1s 3d, 1s 9d, and 2s 6d per doz yds; also from 3d to 2s 11d per yd.

Red and white Swiss works, 1¾d, 2¾d, 3¾d, 4¾d.

Sash ribbons, 10in wide, all shades, 6d per yd.

New picot-edge ribbons, wide, 9d per yd.

Ladies' silk neck kerchiefs, 9d, 1s, 1s 3d, up to 3s 11d.

Ladies' satin umbrellas, 3s 11d (good), 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d, to 25s.

LACES.

Extraordinary value in Edelweiss, Torchon, and imitation Maltese; commencing 1d, 1¾d, 2¾d, up to 1s.

LADIES' HAND-BAGS.

Morocco, plush, &c., 1s 6d, 1s 11d, 2s 6d, 2s 11d, up to 25s.

DRESSES.

Costume cloths, wonderful line, at 3s 11d per doz yds; also 5s 11d and 7s 11d; also at 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 6d. and 2s per yd.

New dress tweeds for tailor-made costumes, beautiful textures and colorings, 1s 6d, 1s 9d, 2s, 2s 3d, 2s 9d, 3s 6d upwards.

Winceys, exceptional value, 2¾d, 3¾d, 4¾d, 6d; crisp very wide and heavy, 8½d.

Wool Plaids, double width, 1s 11d, 2s 6d, 2s 11d.

Cashmeres—Colored, at 3s 11d per dress of 7 yds; also 10¾d to 1s. All wool French cashmeres, 44 inches wide, 2s, 2s 6d, 2s 11d, to 4s 6d

Silks—Special line colored Merveilleux at 4s 11d.

Black Merveilleux, extra value, 3s 6d, 4s 11d, 6s 11d.

Colored sarahs, 2s 11d and 8s 6d.

Black and brown Ottoman mantle silks, 5s 6d and 7s 11d.

Check and stripe velveteens, 1s 11d and 2s 6d.

Black velveteens, 8¾d, 1s, 1s 6d, to 3s 6d.

MANCHESTER.

White sheeting, 2yds wide, 10¾d.

Forfars from 3¾d, toilet covers from 9d; Turkish towels, 6d, 9d, 1s, to 3s 6d; table damasks, 8¾d; table napkins, from 1s 11d per dozen.

Nice assortment of doyleys, lervettes, &c.; window hollands, special value, 6¾d; union and linen tickings from 6d.

Heavy wet wove calicoes, 1 yard wide, 2s 11d dozen.

Cotton shirtings, 2¾d; good selection Union and Crimean shirtings.

Blankets—White and colored, from 4s 11d. Crawford's special blanket for this season at 17s 6d is a marvel, and worth 25s.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

10 Bales Dutch Carpeting, 36 inch 3¾d.

Tapestry and Brussels Carpet.—A magnificent stock, still selling at our transfer sale prices, 4s 4d checks.

Linoleums.—Large accumulation of remnants at half cost prices.

Jobs in mats and rugs of every description.—Nottingham and guipure lace.

Curtains—Stylish and cheap.

OUR NEW SHOW ROOM

Is now in full swing, and we are exhibiting many lines of interest to ladies.

Corsets.—We commence with a splendid line at 1s 11d per pair.

We have a special line of underclothing all round at 2s 6d per garment; wonderfully cheap.

Dr. Jaeger's sanitary undergear for ladies we desire to specially mention; also combination in merino.

Mantles, Ulsters, and Shawls—One of the best stocks in Australia; many lines ridiculously low.

Fur capes very cheap.

Special lines of musquash capes at 17s 6d, worth 35s.

Furs and boas—A lovely lot.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT,

Under the new management, is a gratifying success, and our prices for stylish and becoming hats and bonnets are incomparable.

Crawford's half-guinea hats and bonnets and Crawford's guinea bonnets are most charming in design and marvels in price.

TAILORING.

We have a cutter of exceptional merit, and our prices are very moderate.

Gent's trousers to measure, 12s 6d; suits, Special line Ballarat tweed suits to measure, 50s.

Men's Geelong tweed suits—25s, 29s 6d, 37s 6d, 45s.

Gents' and boys' hats and shirts, collars, ties, hosiery, in great variety.

The new Jubilee Hats and caps for boys are very pretty.

Snow & Room

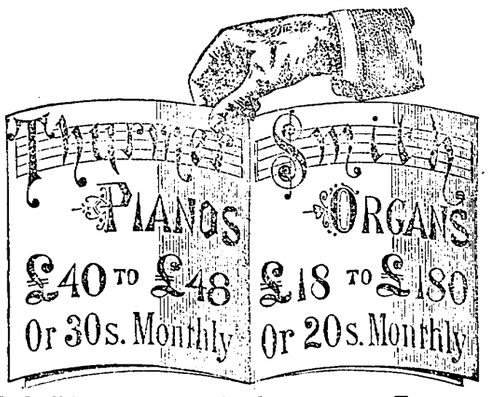
Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchmaker, etc.

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

PIANOS

BY ALL THE BEST MAKERS.

25 per Cent. Better Value than any other House can offer.



A Striking Contrast in Appearance, Tone and Finish to all other Instruments of Similar Price.

BAND INSTRUMENTS BY ALL STANDARD MAKERS.

ALLAN & Co.,

COLLINS STREET EAST, MELBOURNE.

TIME-PAYMENT for all INSTRUMENTS.

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 ECG POWDER BLACKING AND WASHING POWDER STAND UNRIVALLED!

To be had from all Grocers and Storekeepers.

WORKS—FITZROY AND RICHMOND, MELBOURNE.

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.

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. 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, Street, Beaufort, from 1 to 5 p.m.,

And at Mr. E. MILLIGAN'S, Waterloo, from 8 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, 4½ 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 Veilings 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. Drilletto 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: Carnghaun.

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 fair amount of trade has been done during the week in the produce market. Several sales of wheat have been made. Thirty bags changed hands at 3s 4d, bags in; and a large lot was bought in at 3s 1d, bags returned. Flour has been somewhat inactive, but sales are being made at L8 10s. At Horsham wheat is still being sold at 3s 3½d, and at Donald 3s 6d is still given, the same figure prevailing at St. Arnaud. In this district oats remain somewhat inactive. One lot of 50 bags changed hands at 2s 6½d bags in. Bran is in strong demand, and the enquiry for barley for sowing for green feed is yet unabated. Peas are also actively enquired for. Potatoes have come in freely from Warrnambool during the week, but remain at L4 per ton. Hay is fairly supplied. Fresh butter has been brought in somewhat more freely, and is now obtainable at 1s 8d per pound. Eggs continue to be very scarce and readily fetch 1s 6d per dozen. We quote:—

Wheat, 3s 4d per bushel, bags in; oats, to 2s 6d per bushel, bags in; pollard, 1s per bushel; bran, 10½d per bushel; flour, L8 10s per ton; Cape barley, 3s; English barley, none in; peas, 3s 2d; potatoes, Warrnambool, L4 per ton; hay, sheaves, L3 10s per ton; trussed, L3 15s per ton; straw, oaten, 30s to 35s per ton; chaff, 4s per cwt; onions, 6s per cwt; butter, fresh, 1s 8d per lb; butter, potted, 1s 2d per lb; hams, 1s per lb; bacon, 10d per lb; cheese, 6d to 6½d per lb; eggs, 1s 6d per dozen.

The following are the Landsborough quotations:—Wheat, 3s 6d; oats, 2s 9d; peas, 3s; flour, £8 10s; bran, 11d; pollard, 1s.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Business fair:—Oats, 2s 6d to 2s 8d; Cape barley, 3s; English 4s 6d to 5s; wheat, 3s 9d to 3s 10d; peas, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; manger hay, L4 to L4; sheaves, L3 to L3 12s 6d; straw, 45s to 40s; new potatoes, L2 10s to L2 15s.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORT.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, May 4:—

SHEEPSKINS—There is an excellent demand for well-woolled skins, both fellmongers and shippers operating freely. Butchers' fresh-killed skins, 11d to 30d each; large and superior do, to 36d each; country and station skins, 1d to 24d each, and ½d to 4d per pound; lambskins, 2d to 3½d per pound, and 5d to 21d each.

HIDES—A fair supply, principally good-conditioned salted hides. There was a full muster of buyers present, and prices ruled about the same as last week:—Heavies, 3¼d to 3½d per pound; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d; kips, 3d to 3¼d; calf, 3½d to 4¼d.

TALLOW—We disposed of a large supply of country mixed lots and oddments to the local manufacturers at late quotations.

GOLDSBROUGH'S MONTHLY WOOL REPORT.

WOOL—Transactions in this market during the past month have been on a very limited scale, 540 bales only having changed hands since the date of our last summary. With few exceptions the offerings were of indifferent character; nevertheless competition at the auctions was very spirited, and full prices were obtained for all sold, inferior to fair average greasy ranging from 5d to 9d per pound, and ordinary to good medium scoured from 14d to 17d per pound. We learn by cablegram that the second series of colonial wool auctions closed firmly in London on the 22rd ult. Compared with the closing rates of the previous sales, scoured merinos are reported from 2½ to 5 per cent. higher, and superior lambs and crossbreds, both fine and coarse grades, ½d to 1d per pound better; while other descriptions, except inferior lambs, which have declined 5 to 10 per cent., remain without material change. The sales comprise 220,000 bales, of which 120,000 bales have been taken for the Continent, 1000 bales for America, and 25,000 bales passed in and held over, leaving the balance of 99,000 bales for the home trade. The latest telegrams received report a good market, and the prospects of the trade are generally regarded as favorable. Our advices from the pastoral districts continue of the most cheerful description. Feed and water are everywhere abundant, while stock is in excellent condition.

GRAIN—During the month our export trade in wheat to the United Kingdom has been on a limited scale. Our available surplus beyond home requirements is now estimated at about 80,000 tons, half of which it is anticipated will be necessary to supply the demands of New South Wales and Queensland before the close of the season. Our news from the European markets does not warrant shippers at present entering on fresh engagements, but within the last few days, a better feeling, with slightly improved values, is reported from the London market. This, with the present low rates of freight, may induce speculative shipments, but until our farmers have completed their ploughing operations, no large parcels of wheat are available at present market quotations. Deliveries of wheat from the country are now on a very limited scale, and nearly all the large parcels available in store have been purchased for local use within the last few days at our quotations. As our local millers are not heavily stocked, a further improvement in the London market would likely lead to a sharp rise locally. Wheat—Our present ruling rates are 3s 11½d for all good shipping parcels. Our market closes with holders firm, asking 4s. Oats have come forward in large quantities from New Zealand, causing a poor market with falling prices quotations ruling from 2s 6d to 2s 8d for inferior to medium, up to 2s 10d for stout and milling descriptions. Barley—A large business has been done in this grain, maltsters purchasing every good sample fit for malting up to 5s 6d; inferior and feed descriptions, from 3s to 3s 3d. Maize has ruled from 4s 6d to 4s 9d; peas, 3s 6d; and bran, 10d to 11d per bushel.

MINING ITEMS.

New Victoria Company, Waterloo, April 30—Yield of gold for the week:—No. 1 tribute 98oz. 15dwt.; No. 2. tribute, 15oz. 9dwt. making a total of 112oz. 4dwt.

Waterloo—The wash in the face is of a very cementy nature, consequently very little headway is made in opening up the ground. Yield for week, 7oz 13dwt.

Saxon Consols—The No. 2 west drive has been extended 54 feet for the week, making 364 feet from opening; there is still 6 feet of reef overhead. West drive from No. 2 balance shaft has just pricked the wash, which yields fair prospects. From five machines of dirt we obtained 27oz 5dwt of gold.

New Kong Meng Company, Majorca.—Work at both shafts proceeding as usual. No. 2 bore, west prospecting drive—Went through into a strong wash, with a little gold, at 42 feet. Yield—Company, 430oz 3dwt; tributors, 21oz. 14 dwt.

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 Weldon's Patterns.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Gold Mining Lease Declared Void.

ATTENTION is directed to the *Government Gazette* of the 29th April, 1887, page 1182, in which it is notified that the undermentioned lease has been declared void:—

ARARAT DISTRICT. RAGLAN DIVISION.

No. 1106; dated 12th July, 1886; E. R. L. Swifte; 4a. 2r. 35p; Waterloo Flat.

C. W. LANGTREE,
Secretary for Mines.

Office of Mines,
Melbourne, 2nd May, 1887.

EXTENSION TO PREMISES.

TENDERS will be received until and not later than 11 o'clock a.m. on SATURDAY, MAY 7th, for EXTENDING the PREMISES known as the "Riponshire Advocate" Printing Office.

Tenders to be addressed to Mr. H. P. Henningsen, and left at this office as above.

Specifications may be seen and particulars obtained on and after Monday next, 2nd May, at this office.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. P. HENNINGSEN.
"Riponshire Advocate" Office,
Beaufort, April 29, 1887.

SHIRE OF RIPON

TENDERS, addressed to the President, and enclosing 5 per cent. deposit, will be received up till 11 a.m. on THURSDAY, 12th MAY, 1887, for the following works:—

NORTH RIDING.

Contract No. 432.—Building a boat-house at the Recreation Reserve, Beaufort.

Contract No. 433.—Cutting 40 chains of channel for the Fiery Creek at Eurambeen.

Contract No. 434.—Clearing 40 chains of road south east side of Richard's land, Mount Cole, towards the Mount.

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, 28th April, 1887.

Birth.

WILKINSON.—On the 1st May, at the Bank of Victoria, Ararat, the wife of Harold J. Wilkinson—a daughter.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1887.

DURING the next session of the Victorian Parliament, it is not unlikely that the attempt will be made to bring about some kind of educational reform which will meet with more general approval and support than does the Education Act at present in force. No one doubts that reform of some description is urgent, and every day brings forward some new phase antagonistic either to the Act itself or the working of it. The determination which seems to characterise the movements of the Bible-in-State-Schools League, is, however, in some respects, aiming beyond what is actually necessary to meet the requirements of all parties concerned, and in the warmth of advocacy statements are made which appear to an ordinary intellectual being devoid of sound sense and fair reason. The League itself does not appear to observe that its bigotry on behalf of a single desirable object gives rise to a cool and persistent opposition, which undoubtedly will eventuate in upsetting all their plans, and the end of their aims will be as far from being attained when they have reached a certain point, as it was when their advocacy for the introduction of the Bible in State Schools was first commenced. Still it would be absurd to say that they do not seek to introduce a something which is needed to control the moral education of the children placed in the State Schools.

It is urged by many that since the Education Act has been in force larrikinism has grown gigantically, that youthful perpetrators of crime have increased alarmingly, and that the control by parents of their offspring has been reduced to a minimum. It is not so difficult to form a connection of the one with the other, and there are salient reasons that can be adduced to substantiate this charge against the machinery working the Act upon this point alone; but if the matter were thoroughly sifted it would be found that the chief fault does not rest with the Education Act, and therefore it is neither right nor just to lay solely to the charge of the Government that for which they are not primarily responsible. But, having taken into their hands the intellectual (?) training of the young, are they not also responsible for the instillation, or rather the non-instillation of genuine moral precepts and principles into the minds of the children? In a free country like this it is absurd to imagine that there is no more than one mind upon religion. It is not to be expected that all can agree. But upon those topics which affect our universal morality there cannot be two honestly diverse opinions. This appears to be the chief ground for the organisation of the Bible in State Schools League to work upon. It is worthy of consideration, and the first step in affecting an educational reform should be taken in this direction in an undisguised manner. Let the League seek first of all and solely the imparting of morality to the young, and they will be successful. Then having agreed upon this they can, step by step, obtain all that they desire. Immorality undermines the soundest Christian teaching; and the majority of our readers will re-echo the sentiments expressed by the good old Dean Macartney when he says that "he would rather see the children existing in intensest intellectual apathy than that they should become imbued with a feeling of disregard for morality."

There is, however, no occasion to overlook the fact that the intellectual faculties are not to be ignored in pursuit of a moral education for children. Both moral and intellectual training should go hand in hand. Instead of this we have neither the one nor the other under the working of the present Act. And how can there be, while there exists one of the most obnoxious provisions ever inserted in an Act of Parliament, to which even the teachers themselves strenuously object. Only last Saturday a deputation from the Teachers' Union waited upon the Minister of Education urging the abolition of "payment by results," as it was found to be injurious to the best working of the Act. The reply received was to the effect that it was not intended to alter that provision. Upon what grounds is the refusal based? Is the Minister in a position to know better than those who assist to work the Education Act? He does not surely know that "payment by results" affords to those who are dishonestly inclined, a chance to perpetrate a swindle. The teacher suffers if he does not obtain a good percentage of "passes" at the examinations, and is it right for the Government to tempt a small salaried officer? But there is another side to the question. Do the children suffer? Is cramming resorted to at the approach of examinations? In some of our State schools it is well-known that children are terribly backward for their ages, yet somehow or other they obtain their certificates of competency. There are casual instances where children who are dull beyond the average, have been sent home with the information that "they must not return until after the examination," because they will spoil the percentage; or it is reported that "some fever is in the locality of their parents' residence, and it is unwise that they should return—at any rate before the examination," and many other such like excuses are made. None of these schemes are perhaps known to the Minister or his department; but for all that, there is nothing to hinder a teacher from practising his deceit but his own conscience. It is not, however, to expose the scheming that we write this; but that a remedy might be found which will not interfere with the progress of the children in our State schools.

Vast improvements may be made in these directions, and in many others. Still it is preferable to have an entirely new Act than to patch up the present.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 11oz; New Victoria, 70oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 9oz.; Saxon Consols, 50oz.

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, 5th May, 1887:—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
April 29	32	£3 16 11	£13 7 5
,, 30	45	7 6 1	13 11 0
May 2	130	8 0 3	13 12 1
,, 3	122	9 9 1	21 1 5
,, 4	43	8 7 2	8 1 8
,, 5	8	1 5 10	15 2 7
Totals	371	£38 5 4	£84 16 2

Tenders will be received to-day for extension to the "Riponshire Advocate" printing office.

Tenders will be received by the Railway department until Monday next for the erection of a stationmaster's residence at Beaufort.

As showing further evidence of the advantages of irrigation, two excellent pears were exhibited in the town on Thursday last, each measuring 13 inches in circumference, and weighing a trifle over 1lb 5oz, or both together turning the scale at 2lbs 10½oz. The fruit is a specimen of winter pear of the description known as "Easter Beurre," and these two are as sound as possible. Mr. H. P. Henningsen has reason to be proud of his fruit growing. The tree was grafted only 5 or 6 years ago by Mr. Phillips, of Beaufort, and it is a remarkable fact that for 13 years previously not a pear was produced from it. Now, there are two varieties of pears that are produced from the same tree, but of the specimen named the average weight of the pears goes over three-quarters of a pound. Any of our readers who are interested in fruit growing may inspect the pears under notice at this office.

On Monday evening last information was given to the Beaufort police that sometime during that day the tents, owned by two platelayers working on the line near the embankment, three miles distant from Beaufort, had been entered, and a robbery committed therefrom. It appears that Hamilton and Scullen, the platelayers referred to, left their tents as usual on Monday morning, and did not return until after 5 o'clock p.m. On their way to work Hamilton mentioned that he had forgotten his purse, and would have turned back to get it had not Scullen said, "Oh, it will be all right; I never carry mine with me." On returning they noticed that both tents were torn open and clayey footprints were traceable to and from the interior of the tents, and that several things inside Hamilton's tent were turned topsy-turvy. A search was then made for the purse and other articles of value that had been left in the tent, but it was found that all had gone. A similar search was made in Scullen's tent, but only a purse which was kept in a trunk, had been taken. The police instantly took steps to trace the robber, and were to a certain extent successful. The footprints were traceable across the railway line, and it appeared that the thief, whoever he may be, has the habit of dragging one foot along the ground as he walks. The tracks were traced some distance in the direction of Beaufort, and subsequently it was ascertained that a swagman, who limped, and walked as suspected, had changed a sovereign at an hotel here shortly before the departure of the down train at mid-day. Having therefore got a good start he, if he be the man, is for the time being at any rate, safe. Mr. Hamilton lost four sovereigns, some silver and valuables to the extent of £2, but Mr. Scullen has suffered lightly in losing only a few shillings.

A great many neuralgic diseases, when aggravated, become spasmodic, and it is in this particular stage or type of the disease that the great mollifier known as Wolfe's Schnapps asserts its supremacy. It soothes the nerves by its gently diffusive properties, allays irritation by its quieting effects, and toning the system, strengthens the organs, so as to perfect functional action.

The fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort A.N.A. was held on Tuesday evening, the president (Mr. G. A. Eddy) in the chair; seventeen members were present. Two new benefit members—Messrs. Yensch and Coy—were elected, and three candidates for membership proposed. It was urged that members should endeavor to bring their nominees up for reception and introduction at next meeting. The entertainment committee reported progress, and the affair promises to be a great success. Considerable discussion took place with reference to framing a bye-law dealing with half benefits to members, and finally notice of motion was given for next meeting that a bye-law be framed in accordance with rule 21. The amount of £2 10s 6d was received as contributions, and a sum of 10s was passed for petty cash to the secretary. The business on the syllabus was then taken in hand, and Mr. Prowse read his paper on "Tanks and Barrels." There was nothing in the paper to induce spirited criticism, and although members generally failed to appreciate the applications, they freely acknowledged that the paper contained some good suggestions for the improvement of character and usefulness. A vote of thanks was accorded the writer. Next evening will be devoted to "Prepared readings and recitations," and it is desired to be understood that the public are a liberty to attend these meetings if they choose.

Arrangements for the Beaufort "Jubilee Celebration" proceed with satisfaction. The Executive of the Mechanics' Building Committee met on Thursday evening, there being a full attendance, Mr. A. Andrews presiding. Communications were received—from the Girls' Friendly Society, promising their assistance, as requested, in getting up a bazaar and fancy fair to be held in the early part of the month of September; from the various friendly societies, the fire brigade, and the fife and drum band, promising to help in making the proposed torchlight procession an effective and imposing one. It was resolved that, as the fire brigade were the better posted in the arrangement of these sort of things, they should be asked to take the initiative and request the societies to appoint delegates to meet delegates from the brigade and form a procession committee, in whose hands the affair will be entirely left. Mr. J. McKeich, at the request of the Executive, submitted a programme of amusements, which included tugs of war, bicycle racing, pedestrian events and a football match. For the latter, Mr. McKeich said that the local club would proceed to Stawell on the 24th instant, and it was probable that the return match would be arranged to take place here on June 21st. The programme was accepted, and the gentleman presenting it kindly consented to form a committee to carry it out. All the events will be post entry, and an opinion was expressed that this would be an inducement to local athletes. The Executive have now enlisted the services of all bodies who can afford them practical assistance, and each having its separate duty pointed out to it, nothing except unfavorable weather, should prevent this being one of the most successful affairs ever carried out in Beaufort. The Collectors of subscriptions and donations will commence their canvass immediately, and it is believed that the general public will heartily respond to the appeal thus made to them to assist in providing a Jubilee Public Hall in connection with our Mechanics' Institute.

Those farmers who are in need of monetary assistance to enable to surmount temporary difficulties, are requested to peruse McEvoy and Co.'s advertisement in another column.

The Shire Council of Ripon meets on Thursday next, when tenders will be received for various works advertised elsewhere.

Since last issue we have received the following publications:—"Protection in Victoria v. Free-trade in New South Wales," being a reprint of some well-written articles which have appeared in "The Age"; the "Australian Journal" for May; and "Punch" for this week. Copies of either of the latter may be obtained from Mr. Henningsen, local agent.

We would notify our readers that Mr. W. B. Nickols holds a sale of furniture, land and a cottage, at his mart, Neill street, this afternoon.

The designs for the new stationmaster's residence at Beaufort, for which tenders must be in by Monday, show a very handsome structure. It appears, however, that the original intention of the Government has been altered, and the decision to erect a weatherboard building in lieu of brick one, will prove far more satisfactory. The site fixed for the residence is a little to the east of the present station, and is not to be attached. It will contain five rooms, a kitchen, scullery, and bath room. The two largest rooms will be in the front part of the building respectively, 13ft 8in by 12ft and 13ft by 12ft, and there is a wide passage provided for. The building will not be upon a stone foundation, but will rest upon block piles, and will have a very imposing front, facing Pratt street. The present stationmaster's residence will be altered so as to provide the long-needed additional conveniences of a railway station, which have been so often agitated for.

Vacancies having occurred through the retirement of two officers of the Ballarat Battalion of the Victoria Militia, it will be necessary to fill them. It is rumored that Lieutenant Geo. A. Eddy has been promoted to the post of captain, and that he will be appointed to one of the vacant positions.

The Melbourne correspondent of the "Ararat Advertiser" writes:—The spectacle of Mr. Deakin shaking the British lion's beard is a thrilling one, and I confess I would have given much to have witnessed the expression on the faces of the sages, grey with the trouble involved in directing the life of a great nation, when the daring young Australian—the first specimen of the native-born that they had ever seen in such a high and representative position—bluntly told them that "a new race was springing up in Australia who would not allow the interests of a growing nature to suffer with impunity." Listening to the enthusiastic young native, seconded by a fiery speech from his whilom leader, who, though Chelsea born, has an Australian heart, the Tory Ministers must well have conjectured, "What will these dare-devils do when they are a few years older and have two or three millions more of population at their back?" The event has, in truth, a historical significance, for it is the second jar in connection between Australia and the mother country, and as such it will be noted by historians and by statesmen of foreign powers. The first was given when the men of Melbourne marched to Liardet's beach and defied the representatives of the mother country to land a single convict on our untainted shores; the second is the petulant slap in the face, as ungentle as Elizabeth's insult to Essex, which has now been given in the face of the world. It will set the world thinking what is to be the future career of these wonderful young countries springing up in the south land; will they grow nearer and nearer to the mother as they grow in stature, and twine their arms around her and lay their heads upon her breast, at one with her policy, and only anxious to show to the world the example of a united race; or will they not, with the high spirit of youth, be ever like the electrified pith balls, prone to fly off into space, and always apt to break away, as the American colonies did, whenever their purposes or desires are crossed or ignored. None of us can say yet. But certain it is that the Imperial Government is not disposed to modify its policy in the south according to the wishes and aspirations of Australia, and that the cause of Imperial Federation has not been advanced but rather retarded by the "scone" at the Conference.

PROSPECTING FOR QUARTZ REEFS IN BEAUFORT.

It will be remembered that a committee of five gentlemen, residents of Beaufort, applied to the Prospecting Board for assistance to the amount of L500 for prospecting the Dividing range running between Main Lead and Waterloo. Also, that the amount was recommended by the Prospecting Board; but owing to the insufficiency of the sum available to be distributed in accordance with the recommendations, the Premier had reduced the amount to L250; allowing that the balance could be made up out of the next years' prospecting vote. The committee of gentlemen were approved of, they being Messrs. J. Wotherspoon J.P., T. G. Archard, J. W. Harris, T. Vanderstoel, and John Humphreys. These gentlemen lost no time in setting to work, and applications were invited for prospecting the range, with the result that the following six were chosen—Messrs. Iredale (working foreman), Lord, Smythe, Gardiner, Hill, and W. Driver. Last Monday, operations were commenced at point about three miles from Beaufort, between the Main Lead and Waterloo. The work is being carried out in accordance with the recommendations of the Government Geological Surveyor, and the Committee are very hopeful of success. The nearest reef known is at Waterloo, and the present prospecting will extend to Sailor's Gully, southward from Beaufort.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[BY "TOMAHAWK."]

I observe in your last issue that our milk-women have raised the price of the the lactean fluid. Great Scott! what's the matter? Have the cows struck, or has the water supply run short? Considering the dry summer we have had I am inclined to favor the latter. Extremely sorry that it's going to be riz. Shall have to do without my porridge for breakfast now. It is bad enough to pay a long price for whisky, but to pay a big price for milk which you really couldn't squeeze cream out of, if you tried with a hydraulic press, is too bad, and what will it be when we have to pay a big extra price? Don't know; can't grasp it. Will give up—both conundrum and milk. Will in future drink my whisky neat, and beat up an egg for my tea. Mrs. Tomahawk is only going to take half former quantity. Now I will just give our milkmaids a little problem in Euclid. Which is best? to supply the greater quantity of milk at the old price, or half the supply at an increased price. They know their business best, but it strikes me that there will be an opening for an energetic milkman from the country, if the price is increased by our local purveyors. I'll start myself, and milk some of my neighbors' goats, like a few of my friends do when nobody is looking. I will just leave my garden gate open as an inducement to those dear creatures to step in and do a kind action to one who will love them like anything.

The Salvation Army have penetrated the wilds of Mount Cole and have had an extraordinary successful open air meeting at Raglan. Although the night was very cold, the inhabitant could not resist the charms of the clarion sounding trumpet, but flocked in large numbers to see and hear what was going on. Result of collection, some 30s. The army are quite jubilant, and the recognised church better look to its laurels all the more so as the all wise authorities refused the use of hall to the army. In some things, I like the army; they are not greedy; and I am glad that they show firm determination especially in introducing themselves to the notice of people in spite of all the drawbacks thrown in their way. But while on this subject I would just like to say I don't altogether approve of Sunday processions through the streets, and I think if they must have some fresh air before going to barracks it would be just as well for them to have it in front of their building as up in the principal street. I know they like to study the feelings of people, and if it was only hinted that the afternoon's siesta of some of their admirers was greatly disturbed by their efforts to draw people, they might be induced to modify them a little.

In the police court report you had a paragraph headed "Bury that horse." Well that particular one is buried, but there was another situate about a mile from the outskirts of the town two or three days ago that was as good as a dose of Quack's liver pills. The beautiful aroma that filled the surrounding atmosphere for some distance was far from refreshing to the olfactory nerves. I should have liked to deposit all our health officers in a heap pretty near to this horse, and have left them to their own ruminations.

Talking about nuisances, I have had experience with a social one called "borrowing neighbors." Nearly every other hour of the day, I am roused from my meditations by little children coming with "please, mother says, can you lend her some bread till the baker calls?" or "please mother expects company and would you lend her some cups and saucers?" or "please father wants to go to church, could you lend him a white shirt?" or "please, mother would like to have your camp oven as it bakes so nice," and such like requests. It really makes a man forget he is a Christian, especially in these days when it is hard enough to supply one's self, let alone supplying the country.

£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.

STATE SCHOOL NO. 717, WATERLOO.

On Wednesday last the annual distribution of prizes in connection with the above school took place, Messrs. Charlton, Leadbeater, and Cochrane representing the local Prize Fund Committee. The head teacher, Mr. Crooke, stated that there was a very large number of valuable prizes to be distributed—more he understood, than had ever been given before. There were over 230 children present, and, he remarked, it would take a small fortune to provide prizes for everyone. There were 50 good books and other articles for the lower classes, and as many nice little picture books for the infants. They gave prizes for 100 children. The principle upon which they were allotted was that of giving daily marks for regular attendance, good home work, and good school work. Failure in any one of these respects was fatal to a candidate, but he found almost invariably that the best conducted pupils had been the most successful. The unfortunate ones had not been forgotten. The Christmas picnic benefited them all alike, while £1 or £2 worth of fancy articles had been placed in a "lucky bag" as a consolation to those who had not won prizes. Some things in the "lucky bag" were good, others little value, but it was only intended as a solatium for the unfortunate. The prizetakers, of course, got the solid pudding. The following is the prize list, omitting the infant school, where some nice books were given, the presentation being made by Mr. Charlton, who preceded it by some well chosen remarks of encouragement to the pupils:—

6th Class—1, George Leadbeater; 2, Nellie Cochrane; 3, Annie Cochrane; 4, Samuel Jolly; 5, Amelia Frusher; 6, Lily M'Naughton; 7, Louisa Kewley. Special prizes—Louisa Kewley, best liked girl; Richard Jolly, best liked boy.

5th Class—1, Henry Stewart; 2, Nellie Frusher; 3, Alfred Murray; 4, John Cochrane; 5, Violet Leadbeater; 6, Maggie Jolly; 7, Thomas Newey. Special prize, Lizzie Nothnagel.

4th Class—1, Clara Smith; 2, Mary Perkins; 3, Alice Judd; 4, Emily Wills; 5, Clara Murray; 6, Emily Woodhice; 7, Albert Martin; 8, William Rutherford. Special prize, Jane Miles.

3rd Class—1, William M'Naughton; 2, Rachel Trainer; 3, Helena Ross; 4, Richard Jolly; 5, Lily Leadbeater; 6, Helen Martin; 7, Robert Frusher; 8, Willie Lyons; 9, Jessie Fraser; 10, William Rankin; 11, Charles Murray. Special prize, Henry Kewley.

2nd Class—1, May Robinson; 2, Thomas Wills; 3, Esther Crosse, 4, Lillie Vale; 5, Joseph Lyttle; 6, Willie Kneale; 7, Willie Witherden; 8, Arthur Leadbeater; 9, Laura Hinchcliffe; 10, Alex. Ross; 11, Annie Knight; 12, Mary Williams. Special prize, Willie Harris.

1st Class—1, Willie Harris; 2, Sarah Provis; 3, Martha Wooton; 3, Ellen Hinchcliffe; 4, Sarah Scharpe; 5, Charlie Martin, 5, Lizzie Nothnagel, 6, Jeanie Jolly; 7, Lillie Witherden.

Honorable mention—Lizzie Harris, Lena Rutherford, Henry Charlton, Kate Charlton, Christina Jorgenson, Jessie M'Naughton.

BEAUFORT UNITED COMMON.

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

MINUTES.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

REPORTS.

The secretary reported as follows:—Balance in bank to credit, £40 19s 1d; cash in hand, £6 2s 8d; making a total credit of £47 1s 9d. Fees received to date for current half-year, L47 10s 8d; unpaid fees due on stock branded by the herdsman, L8 2s 8d; total assessment to date, £55 13s 4d; percentage due to herdsman, £14 17s 6d. A man is now employed destroying rabbit burrows on the common near Messrs. Drew and Dunn's selections.

The herdsman reported that 4100 sheep and 200 head of cattle passed through the common during the past month; that the bull bought from H. Anderson having taken some disease from which it is not likely to recover, has been destroyed and the carcass burnt according to instructions. He had seen all the other bulls during the month. Mr. J. Conway applies for a special license to depasture large cattle.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From G. Prince, informing the managers that a flock of sheep, said to consist of 2500, have been grazing in and around the township of Raglan.—Mr. Prince to be informed that the herdsman has reported upon, and also attended to the matter.

GENERAL BUSINESS.

It was resolved that a special license be granted to J. Conway to depasture 14 head of large cattle during current half-year.

It was resolved that the Lands Department be urged to carry out the recommendation of the Local Land Board by a speedy gazettal of the old township of Raglan as part of the common.

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment:—Herdsman, L8; Secretary, L2; Hawkes Bros., L1 3s 1d.

The meeting then adjourned.

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

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask your chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere at 2s. 6d. per bottle. Wholesale depot 33, Farringdon Road London.

The Riponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

The World's Way.

At Haroun's court, it chanced, upon a time,
An Arab poet made this pleasant rhyme:

"The new moon is a horse-shoe, wrought of God,
Wherewith the Sultan's stallion shall be shod."

On hearing this, his highness smiled, and gave
The man a golden piece. *Sing again, O slave!*

Above his lute the happy singer bent,
And turned another gracious compliment.

And as before, the smiling Sultan gave
The man a sekbah. *Sing again, O slave!*

Again the verse came, fluent as a rill
That wanders, silver-footed, down a hill.

The Sultan, listening, nodded as before,
Still gave the gold, and still demanded more.

The nimble fancy that had climbed so high
Grew weary with its climbing by-and-bye;

Strange discords rose; the sense went quite amiss;
The singer's rhymes refused to meet and kiss;

Invention flagged, the lute had got unstrung
And twice he sang the song already sung.

The Sultan, furious, called a mute, and said,
O Musta, straightway whip me off his head!

Poets! not in Arabia alone
You get beheaded when your skill is gone.

"ALMA."

An Original Australian Story

by

HAROLD STEPHEN Esq., M.P.

of New South Wales.

(All Rights Reserved.)

CHAPTER XLIII.—(Continued.)

Bill approving of the scheme had undertaken to find men to carry it into execution, and had, for the purpose, placed himself in communication with sundry sailors, with whom he had formerly been associated in acts of crime. He then went on to relate how he had introduced himself to Bertie Leracorte, and the further events in connection with the robbery which are known to the reader.

After the division of the plunder, the party broke up, and dispersed about the country, and Bill had neither heard of, or met, any of them since; except his particular chum, the silent gentleman, who had been with him when he first accosted Bertie. These two had remained together, and proceeded up country. The bulk of their gold they buried in a gully not far from Forest Creek, intending to take up a claim, and bring it in for sale in sufficiently small quantities to lead to the belief that it was the result of their labor.

All went well with them for a time, and then, one morning, Bill awoke to find that his partner had departed, taking with him the remainder of their treasure, together with the banknotes they had received for the sale of such portion as had been disposed of. Bill animadverted on the base treachery of his former friend, and told how he had sought him in vain, until he became so utterly destitute that he was obliged to recur to his old malpractices in order to obtain a living.

He had found a companion in the man who had fallen a victim to Seth, and together they had committed numerous petty robberies before they attempted that which resulted in their downfall.

In compliance with a request from Sub-inspector Ridley, Bill Long gave a list of the names of his associates in the robbery of the Pride of the Ocean, together with such a description of their persons as he could accomplish.

When the deposition had been duly signed and attested, Bob Ridley turned to Bertie and offered his hand. "I congratulate you Mr. Leracorte," he said, "this man's confession completely clears you from all suspicion of having been concerned in that robbery, and I will see that at least that portion of it shall be given the widest publicity. It was generally agreed in the force, after the trial, that you were not guilty, and I am delighted to find that we were right."

"The fact of lying under such a suspicion," said Bertie, "has been at times a grievous trouble to me; and it is hardly possible for me to explain to you the immense relief which this public exoneration has been to me. I owe it all to that boy—God bless him! It was a lucky day for me when I met him in the streets of Melbourne, as friendless as myself, but as light-hearted and hopeful, as if a brilliant future lay certainly mapped out before him."

"We'll give the lad a testimonial," said the magistrate, who left with them. "I'll send the bellman around to call a meeting for to-night."

The meeting was held in due course, under the presidency of the worthy magistrate, and a number of very eloquent speeches were made, all highly eulogistic of the valor displayed by Seth Parkins, to whom they voted an address, which was afterwards illuminated on vellum, and handsomely framed. Furthermore, a sum of money was subscribed, and expended in the purchase of a magnificent gold watch and chain which were presented to Seth, with the address, shortly afterwards.

The confession of Bill Long completely changed Bertie's plans. The capture of Vanderdecken was no longer an object of paramount importance, and he received, with comparative indifference, the announcement that the police had failed to track that wily individual. His one thought now was to sell out his share of the claim, and devote his time to the courtship of Miss Harvey. Dart had made him acquainted with the change that had taken place in the circumstances of the Harveys, and he had, in turn, communicated his own good news, which also had been fully set forth to the world, in the columns of every newspaper in the colony.

Bertie now took council of Uncle Peter respecting the best method of disposing of his interest in the claim; and that individual strongly advised him to throw the affair into a company, by which means he would avoid the necessity for looking after the claim, and still be able to retain a share in it. Acting upon this advice, Bertie wrote to Dart, asking his consent—he could not help wondering why his partner had not yet returned to Silver Creek—and, in reply, he received full authority to act in the matter as seemed best to him.

After consultation with a mining-broker at Forest Creek—the first of the kind, by-the-by—Bertie drew up a prospectus, and the shares were placed upon the market. The extraordinary yields from the claim had excited so much attention, that every share was disposed of within twenty-four hours, and our young friends (including Seth) found themselves in possession of some ten thousand pounds apiece, and a number of shares which had already risen in value one hundred per cent.

These operations were concluded within a week, and then Bertie took leave of Silver Creek, and went to Melbourne, accompanied by Seth.

They were warmly welcomed by Dart and Harry whom they found installed in a furnished house at South Yarra, in custody of a dragon in pettycoats, who officiated as housekeeper. Harry had resigned his lieutenancy in the escort, having now no further need for distraction, and he was daily expecting the arrival of his father, who, on learning of his son's illness, had written to say that he would join him as soon as he could.

The dinner-party at the Brantomes had come off with great *eclat*, even the languid Madame Brantome having warmed almost into enthusiasm at Dart's magnificent singing. He further completed his conquest of the lady by conversing with her in her own language, which he spoke fluently, although decidedly with a stong German accent.

Now, for the first time, Bertie was made acquainted with Dart's love affair, and he no longer wondered at his friend's delay in returning to Silver Creek. Aimee Brantome was, according to this infatuated young man, the most betwitching little darling in the world; of the pocket-Venus type, it is true, but still marvellously beautiful, with a transcendent talent for music.

These statements actually received modified confirmation from Harry Lascelles, the fact of whose affections being engaged elsewhere rendered his evidence unimpeachable, and Bertie was pleased, also, to hear that Dart had made a most favorable impression upon the parents of the young lady, whilst his progress with her fair self was all that could be desired.

As soon as he dared with decency present himself, Mr. Bertie Leracorte rang the bell at Mr. Harvey's cottage door, and was presently confronted by the ancient domestic, who ushered him into the drawing-room.

How his heart beat during the few minutes he was condemned to wait before Grace appeared! He felt it knocking against his ribs at such a rate that he began to be alarmed at the symptoms, and mentally determined to consult a physician without delay, having come to the cheerful conclusion that such an excessive liveliness in his cardiac regions could only be caused by incipient *angina pectoris*.

But he forgot all about it when the door opened and Grace appeared on the threshold, a lovely blush mantling her cheek, whilst her eyes sparkled with pleasure. He was at her side in a moment, and did not leave his hold of her hand until he had installed her on the sofa, and seated himself by her side.

"We were so pleased to hear of that unfortunate man's confession," said Grace, after a first few words of greeting, commonplace in themselves, but bearing a deep significance to the young people. "It must have been an immense relief to you, Mr. Leracorte."

"Indeed it was," replied Bertie, who had made up his mind not to beat about the bush, but to come to the point at once, not knowing when he might again be favored with such an excellent opportunity for declaring his sentiments. "It was a tremendous relief to me, for it not only cleared my character in the eyes of the world, but it placed me in a position to take a step which I had until then not dared to venture upon."

Grace knew what was coming—young ladies always do on such occasions—but she was not a sort of girl to delay in landing her fish after she had hooked it. She could find no pleasure in the torments of another, especially as the other was an individual who, she felt certain, loved her sincerely, and whom she loved in return. So, drooping her head and toying with her handkerchief, she faintly asked what step it was that Mr. Leracorte proposed to take.

Bertie seized her hand and lifted her head up till his eyes met hers, then he bent forward, and audaciously imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

Not one word did either speak, but their secret was out, and a moment later the young man's arm was around her waist, whilst her head reclined lovingly upon his shoulder.

How long they remained in this interesting position, and what they said to each other, when speech had become possible to them, this deponent sayeth not. Like the young woman in the American comedy "Saratoga," I have "been there" myself, and vow I know nothing of what I did or said on such an occasion, therefore how can I be expected to know how other people acted?—and even if I did I would not tell. Lovers always talk rubbish—very sweet rubbish it may be to them—but no writer who respects himself, and such little reputation as he has been able to earn, would venture to put such rubbish in print. Nothing would ever make me believe that even the great Shakespeare himself, in his moments of dalliance with the fair Ann Hathaway, talked anything else but pretty nonsense; and, when I read a love passage, in which the parties concerned are made to converse in epigram, and rounded periods, I invariably conclude, either that they are humbugging one another or that the historian of their loves had never "been there" himself.

Grace and Bertie sat until the door opened, and Mr. Harvey (who had come home for his mid-day meal) entered, and surprised them in the same interesting position.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "What is the meaning of this?"

Grace incontinently fled, hastily kissing her father as she passed him in the doorway, and Bertie was left to bear the brunt of the battle.

This he did right manfully, and comported himself so well that the old gentleman ended in inviting him to stay to dinner, promising, after that meal, to discuss the matter more fully.

Bertie did not return to his friends until midnight, and, when he did, a glance at his face was sufficient to betray his secret.

"You look most disgustingly happy," said Dart. "I suppose you have done the trick, and papa has consented?"

"Is that so?" asked Seth, earnestly.

"Yes—you may congratulate me, for it is all settled."

"And when is the fatal event to come off?" asked Harry, after they had wished him joy, and drank the health of the future Mrs. Leracorte in brandy-and-water.

"In a month. I had hard trouble to get it fixed for such an early date, but Mr. Harvey agreed with me that I ought to lose no time in presenting myself at home, and making peace with the old people, and so Grace consented."

"By Jove, you're in luck, old boy!" exclaimed Dart. "I never thought he would consent to your going home at all. It will be precious hard lines for him to live out here all alone."

"I think he means to console himself," replied Bertie. "He waxed very confidential after Grace had gone to bed, and he had imbibed a couple of glasses of whisky and water, and I gathered from his remarks that there is every probability of a Mrs. Harvey coming to take care of him."

"Who is the party?" asked Harry. "He must be a rare sly old chap to carry on his love affairs so quietly."

"I believe it is a widow—a Mrs. Coulter—the sister of a friend of his."

"Knew dashed well it was a widow," said Harry, "and I know the lady. Her late husband was the chief partner in the firm of Coulter, Plowshare and Co., agricultural implement makers, of George street, Sydney. If old Harvey has made it right with her he has dropped in for rather a good thing I should say."

"I hope Bertie's mother-in-law elect is presentable," said Dart.

"She is all that there is of the most fashionable, as the French say. Old Coulter used to give the sweetest parties in Sydney, and she did the honors in regal style. It is really a most desirable connection."

During the progress of this conversation Seth sat silent, and Bertie, at last looking at him, saw that tears stood in his eyes.

"What is the matter, old chap?" he asked, tenderly.

"I was thinkin'," said Seth, with a faint attempt at a smile, "I was thinkin' what I shall do when you are gone."

"Do? Why you'll come with us, of course! You didn't suppose we were going to leave you behind, did you? Why, Grace would never forgive me if I thought of such a thing."

Seth brightened up wonderfully. "But," said he, "I shall only be in the way. I ain't used to ladies, yer see—I'm jest only a rough bowery boy what finished his eddication in the far West, and I guess I ain't noways the sorter chap to mix around in your class of serciety."

"Your manners are good enough now," replied Bertie—and, indeed, constant association with gentlemen had wonderfully refined the lad. "You must remember that you are now rich and will have to take your place in the world accordingly. I shall see if I can't find a tutor for you, and, after you have been under his care for a few months you will be fit to try a year or two of an English public school. How do you like the programme?"

"First rate," replied Seth. "I'm darned ef I don't learn ev'ry blessed thing that tutor chap kin teach afore we gits to England!"

This speech evoked a general laugh, and they separated for the night, Harry being the only one to whom Morpheus was cruel—for his dreams were haunted by visions of Alma undergoing every imaginable species of torture at the hands of her cruel uncle.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

A very disconsolate little woman, indeed, was Alma when she landed in Sydney. Her belief in the truth of Harry Lascelles had been thorough, and the rude awakening from her dream of love had prostrated her, both mentally and physically. The hateful letter had done its work effectively. The girl had never had much belief in her own power of captivation. To herself, she seemed but a poor, silly, little thing, altogether unworthy of the notice of such a prince among men as Mr. Harry Lascelles. She was, therefore, scarcely surprised to find (as the Professor's forgery had led her to believe) that he had been merely amusing himself at her expense, but there was a brutality about the composition that seemed utterly foreign to his nature. She could understand his trifling with her, whilst his affections were engaged elsewhere; but she could not readily believe that he would degrade himself by such open boasting of his perfidy. Yet, what did she know of men? Her intercourse with the world had been so limited, and, in every fiction she had read, there was, at least, one character who, under the veneer of respectability and honor, concealed a cruel and depraved nature. Harry Lascelles might be one of these, fair to look at, gentle in speech, but cold and dissolute at heart, a whited sepulchre, whose mission it was to bring ruin and destruction upon every innocent girl that trusted him.

At this juncture the companionship of a lady would have been of inestimable value to our heroine, but she was dependent for society upon her uncle, who was kind, but scarcely sympathising, and the maid, Susie, whose experience of life so corrupted her mind that she would not have wondered if she had been told that Mr. Harry Lascelles was a murderer in disguise.

If Grace Harvey had been by her side, Alma would have learned to doubt the authenticity of that fatal letter, its very callousness being overdone to such an extent as to induce suspicion; but, as it was, she had no confidante, and she nursed her wrongs until she fell seriously ill.

They had taken lodgings in an obscure steet in Wooloomooloo, and Johnson was a daily visitor. He had not yet dared to take any steps to secure a passage to England, fearing that, for some time at least, a close inspection would be made of the passengers by all outgoing vessels, and he had disguised himself tolerably effectively.

When it became necessary to call in a doctor, Johnson advised that, if it were possible, they should remove to the country.

"I know of a place in the Blue Mountains where we can remain as secure from pursuit as if we were in Fiji," he said. "It is a small farm not far from Penrith, the property of an ex convict, who would, I am sure, willingly let it to us for a time."

"But we cannot delay much longer," said the Professor. "The case will come on for trial soon, and it may not be possible to get it further postponed."

"I'm not going to risk my liberty for the sake of the case," said Johnson. "I must remain quiet for the present, and, besides, the girl is too ill to travel. I tell you fairly, also, that I am not going into the witness-box unless as her husband, and this delay will enable me to fix that matter up, without having to wait until we get to England."

"You said you would be contented with her solemn promise to marry you," rejoined the Professor.

"Things were different then, and I thought I was safe. I must be sure of my position before I'll stir a step. Have you read the account of that Bill Long's confession? The police will now be on the alert more than ever. Besides, how do I know that that precious nephew of yours, or his chum, young Leracorte, will not be in court when the case is tried and recognise me as soon as I show up! Now, if I am Alma's husband, they will be silent for her sake—so, I don't stir a step till I am married to the girl, and I don't see any better way to bring it about than to take her away to the Blue Mountains where I shall have her to myself and can do the courting business without being interrupted."

The Professor could not fail to see the force of Johnson's arguments, and was fain to submit; so, after the doctor had seen Alma and agreed that a change of air would be beneficial to her, the whole party removed without more delay than was necessary to secure a lease of the cottage.

It was a pretty place, situated in the deep gorge of the mountains amidst thickly timbered country. The house was larger and more substantial than they had expected it would be, and the furniture, though well-worn, was good and sufficient. But of the farm there was no sign. There was an orchard, and a vegetable garden, and a small paddock, but no cultivation whatever—in fact it was a farm in name, the real occupation of its owner being dealing in horses and cattle—most of which, it was whispered, were purchased at very low rates from persons who were never asked for a sale-note.

They had no neighbours—settlement having scarcely yet begun in the mountains—and for their supplies of food they were dependent upon Penrith, which township was situated some fifteen miles distant at the foot of the range. The task of catering was entrusted to an old convict, who had been handed over with the place, and, being purblind and very deaf, could be trusted not to chatter—the more especially as he had been duly cautioned, and being an assigned servant, he dared not risk offending his master.

The change to the pure air of the mountains had a salutary effect upon Alma, and she was soon able to leave her room and wander about with Susie. During the period of her convalescence, Johnson kept much in the back ground, rarely addressing her, and never offering himself as her companion. Herein he acted under the advice of the Professor, who well knew that any display of affection on his part would only excite nausea in the girl, and render their task more difficult.

It was now that Johnson acquired a brilliant idea which, for a time, served to throw dust in the eyes of our young friends in Melbourne. He saw in the newspapers that a barque was advertised to sail, at an early date, for England, and he suggested that the Professor should book passengers in his own name and that of his niece, and also take a passage for him, Johnson. "Then," he went on to say, "you can just go down to Sydney two or three days before the ship sails, and see if you can't procure some people to personate us. It ought not to be difficult as there are always people wanting to go home who would be glad to obtain passages at half rates, for you will need to ask something, in order to avert suspicion. I should, if I were you, make it my business to hang about the door of the ship's agent, and boldly attack anybody who looks likely to want a passage. After all, if you fail, there is no reason to believe that the fact of our not sailing would be discovered, for the passenger list will be given to the newspapers before the vessel casts loose from the wharf, and you can tell the captain and officers not to expect us until the last moment."

So thoroughly did Stephen Tredegar approve of this scheme that he lost not a moment in putting it into execution, and set out for Sydney on the very same day.

Alma received the information of his projected absence for some days with apathy. The coming and going of these people was a matter of profound indifference to the girl. Her heart had been so thoroughly given to Harry Lascelles that she could not learn to forget him, and, having so much to think of, she needed not society. She had nearly recovered her bodily health, but a profound melancholy had settled upon her, and her movements were languid and spiritless—she seemed to take no interest in anything, and would sit for hours with her arms folded, engrossed in a retrospection which only added fuel to the fire that was consuming her.

After the Professor had left, Johnson, who was naturally of a gregarious turn, was fain to turn to Susie for companionship. He found her, poor child, only too willing to converse with, for any interchange of ideas with the old convict was almost impossible, and her mistress now rarely opened her lips except in answer to a question.

Johnson was not ill-looking, and was ready enough in conversation, so that he soon succeeded in making himself very agreeable with the little maid,—in a platonic sense, of course, for he was too wise to make love with the maid whilst wooing with the mistress. He told Susie of his attachment to Alma, and waxed so eloquent in describing his sufferings that he completely enlisted her sympathies, and secured what he felt to be a most valuable ally.

One day Alma was seated on the bank of a creek which ran through the garden, listlessly throwing pieces of stick and bark into the stream, and watching them float away. It seemed to her that life was ended to her—that never again would she know happiness, or even contentment, and she was fast lapsing into that condition of recklessness which prompts a person to take a rash step merely in order to procure some great change.

A twig crackled behind her, but she did not turn her head; she knew vaguely that some-one was approaching, but felt not the faintest curiosity on the subject—the only face she would have cared to see she might now never look upon again except with disgust and abhorrence.

"May I sit down?" asked Johnson—for it was he who had sought her out in this her favorite resting-place.

"If you please," replied Alma, coldly, and without looking up.

"It is not well for you to be so much alone," said Johnson, as he seated himself by her side. "You must remember that you have scarcely recovered from what might have been a severe illness, and your health will suffer if you are not a little more lively and cheerful."

"Lively and cheerful!—" Alma said no more, not caring to betray her thoughts to a stranger.

"You are young, Miss Tredegar, and, if you are not very happy now, you have many years before you in which to make up for it. Forgive me if I appear intrusive, you must be aware of the deep interest I take in your welfare."

Alma looked at him perplexedly—she could not understand this sudden affectation of sympathy in a man, who had recently, at least, seemed purposely to avoid her.

"You are very good," she said with a grave smile.

"I had hoped that you would have perceived that my thoughts were constantly concerned with you—that my life is devoted to your service—but I am not surprised, there is nothing in me to attract even the passing notice of a young girl." This was said with an air of wonderful resignation, and Alma could not feel offended, although it was impossible for her not to divine the intention of the speaker.

"You underestimate your value, Mr. Johnson," she replied. "I should think many a young girl would feel flattered at receiving attention from you."

"But not the only girl whose good opinion is of any value to me!" exclaimed Johnson, passionately—he was really acting very well indeed—quite in the style of the *jeune premier* of modern comedy. "Alma! you will forgive me, I love you—love you devotedly! Dare I hope that in time—"

"It is needless to proceed, Mr. Johnson," said Alma, rising; "I would spare you the pain of further speech, for I may tell you that love and I have parted company for ever. I shall never love, and I shall never marry."

"Surely you cannot mean this!" exclaimed Johnson, as earnestly as if he was not fully aware that the young lady had already given her love to one whom she regarded as unworthy. "May I not hope that in time to come you will change your mind?"

"I shall never change my mind, Mr. Johnson," said Alma. "You will forgive me for leaving you, this conversation is extremely unpleasant to me, and cannot afford you much satisfaction—it were better ended, now and forever."

"Say you forgive me!" said Johnson, seizing herr hand. "Believe that I would not willingly give you pain—I only spake, because, seeing you unhappy, I could no longer keep silent."

"I forgive you, sir!" said Alma, gently withdrawing be hand. "As you say, I am unhappy, and, being so, I can the better smypathise with others."

Johnson thanked her with effusion, and, as she walked away, he assumed an attitude expressive of resignation and despair, hoping that she might glance backwards before entering the house. He was, however, disappointed, and, with an oath, he flung himself on the grass and proceeded to fill his pipe.

"I'll have you yet my lady," he muttered between his teeth. "I don't think I have made a bad beginning, and now we will see what a little pressure of another kind will effect."

He would have been little pleased if he could have read the thoughts of the young girl as she left him. Her mind flew back to another proposal, delivered in a far different sense, and, oh! in such different language! As she contrasted the wooing of her two suitors, she smiled bitterly, and felt that under no circumstances whatever could she give her hand to such a man as Johnson. But, after all, the matter was so absolutely indifferent to her that ere an hour had passed she had forgotten about it, and met her would be lover with as much placidity as if nothing unusual had occurred between them.

The Professor had been fortunate in his speculation, and returned in high glee. He had intercepted an old gentleman at the door of the ship's agents, and had ascertained that he had gone there for the purpose of securing passages for himself and his son and daughter.

The prospect of saving half the passage-money proved too alluring to be refused, merely because the condition was attached that they should, for the once, assume other names, and the bargain was concluded at once. The Professor, relating his adventure to Johnson, added that he had waited until the vessel was fairly out of harbor, and he further produced a copy of the next day's newspaper, in which, amongst the departures for England, appeared the names of Professor Stephen Tredegar, Miss Alma Tredegar, and Mr. Johnson.

"The thing to do now is to bring this under the notice of these young fellows in Melbourne," said Johnson, "and that, I confess, seems to me a poser. We can't post them a paper with the paragraph marked, for they would suspect us at once."

The Professor smiled in that aggravating manner which seems to imply consciousness of superiority. "That has been arranged," he said.

"How the dickens did you manage it?"

"I wrote to Dart Tredegar—here is a draft of the letter."

Johnson read it eagerly, and laughed with delight. It ran as follows:—

"My Dear Sir,

I should esteem it a favor if you would be so kind as to furnish me with the London address of your uncle, Mr. Stephen Tredegar, as he neglected to supply it to me previous to his departure to England yesterday by the barque Eliza Jane. I bought some mining shares from him and his partner—Mr. Johnson who has sailed with him—and I neglected to obtain his address, thinking that either he or Mr. Johnson would be sure to go back to Snob's Gully, where the claims in which I am interested are situated, and I now learn that the transfer may be disputed hereafter, unless a document is signed, which I propose to send to them on receiving your reply.

"I must ask you to address me at the General Post Office, as I am only a visitor to Sydney, and do not care to risk the chance of my letters going astray at the hotel where I am staying.

"I am,
"Yours obedinetly,
"James Russell."

Dart Tredegar, Esq.

"P.S.—You will perhaps remember that you and I were fellow passengers some months ago in the coach from Melbourne to Forest Creek, when you were accompanied by Sir Charles North and another gentleman.

"I address this letter to the care of Mr. Harry Lascelles who will probably know your address, as I saw by the papers that your sister nursed him during his illness."

"That's fine!" exclaimed Johnson, handing the draft back to the Professor. "But why did you put that in about the fellow-passenger business?"

"To account for Mr. Russell's knowledge of the relationship between Dart and myself—he will never remember whether he had such a fellow-passenger or not. You see, the difficulty lay there and in the address, and I think I have got over them tolerably well."

"You fixed it up slick, as the Yankees say. We had better arrange for someone to call for your nephew's answer in case he should ask any questions. It won't do for you to show, for they might have some suspicion and set a watch on the post-office. I'll get the landlord of the pub I stayed at to call for it, and then, if he is asked any questions, he can just say he has stuck it into an envelope, which was left with him, stamped and addressed by Mr. Russell, and that he had not the curiosity to read the address."

These conspirators, it will be seen, left no weak place in their scheme, and it succeeded perfectly; for, in due course, a letter arrived from Dart referring Mr. Russell to the Professor's solicitor, Mr. Thistlethwaite, and inviting him to a renewal of their acquaintance on his return to Melbourne.

To this letter the Professor replied to the effect that Mr. Russell regretted that business took him to New Zealand at once, but that he hoped at no distant date, to meet Mr. Tredegar in Melbourne.

This, of course, closed the Russell correspondence, and removed the last chance of a discovery of the deception.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A WEDDING.

The letter from the fictitious Mr. Russell fell like a bomb-shell in the camp of our friends in South Yarra. After verifying the news it contained by an inspection of a file of the Sydney papers, they entertained no doubt that the Professor and his party had left for England. Of course the first step taken was to inform the police in order that a detective might be despatched by the mail steamer armed with a warrant for the *soi-disant* Johnson, *alias* Vanderdecken. That done, it became a question whether Dart should not avail himself of the same chance, so that he might be on the spot to meet his sister, and, if possible, induce her to leave her treacherous guardian.

Very naturally the young man objected to this proposal. He was deeply engaged in a love-affair, before which every other consideration faded into insignificance. Was it possible that he could tear himself away from the lady without an explanation? And dared he risk declaring himself at this early stage of their acquaintance? He thought she was well inclined towards him, but true love is always diffident, and he feared to ask too soon lest he should be refused. All this, and more, he thought when the question of his going home was first mooted, but he assigned very different reasons for combatting the proposition.

"There is no need for such haste," he said. "We can inform Sir Charles North by letter, and he will take care to board the vessel and present himself to my sister."

"But she will not listen to him," argued Harry Lascelles. "She still believes in the integrity of your uncle, and must, therefore, accept his version of the dispute, which necessarily involves the supposition that Sir Charles North is a swindler."

"Well then," said Dart, "Sir Charles can set a watch over their movements, and take care that they do not disappear again. What harm can possibly result to Alma by remaining with my uncle for a few weeks longer?"

(*To be continued.*)

Australian Tales and Adventures.

No. 22.

THE TRIPLE GHOST.

By Alexander Montgomery.

"What d'ye think, though, of a *triple* ghost?"

It was Jack Martin who put the question, as he leant over the fence of the home paddock at Karamilla station, one blazing Sunday forenoon in December.

Jack—his local capacity of stockman to the contrary notwithstanding—was a gentleman; there could be no doubt of that. Good education—good manners—good heart—but *not* that important something which is so tersely yclept "ballast," and for lack of which—to carry the figure further—the argosy of Jack's existence had suffered greivous and repeated damage, if not actual shipwreck.

But, by a natural compensation, it is not seldom given to these flighty souls to take the world more easily than their fellows, and thus it was that Mr. John Martin, "yarning" there, that morning, with an old blue shirt on his back and an archaic "cabbage-tree" over his good-natured countenance, was as cheerful as if he had not been the son of an aristocratic Lincolnshire rector, and brother to half-a-dozen high-bred young women in far-away England.

If Jack was cheerful, however, his story was not, and the smile of incredulity upon the faces of his listeners soon gave way to that look of breathless fixity which tells of the power of the born *raconteur*. All this was Jack, and, as I was myself one of the listeners aforesaid, I can testify that the story made a deep impression on me at the time. It may not likewise affect you, but at anyrate here it is.

"It was six years ago," said Martin, and just after I'd had that cropper over the wire fence at Carmichael's on the Goulburn. As I've told you before, I was pretty well smashed up on that occasion, and as soon as I could be moved I was sent down to the hospital in Sydney. Here I pulled round at a rate that astonished the doctors—who, between ourselves, don't know everything yet, and so in less than a month I was able to get about again pretty well. Then I bethought me of a fellow who had come into a bit of money while he was working with me on Carmichael's station. Either a Swede or a Norwegian he was—with Halk Bjorren for his name. A decidedly queer fish he was, too, but not a bad sort in the main, and so, as he and I had been pretty friendly, I thought I'd look him up and pay him a visit. I knew his place was on the coast, and I thought a spell in the sea-air would be just the thing for me.

"Well, to cut matters short, another week found me about a hundred miles up to the northward, at a place called—I think—Whandamo. That's something like it, anyhow; and it don't matter much, for it was a miserable dog-hole enough—stuck in the middle of a scrub-covered flat, bordered on one side by low sandhills. Beyond these sandhills was the sea, and, about a mile off along the coast, Mr. Halk Bjorren was domiciled in a hut that looked as if it had been built from the timbers of a wreck. As indeed, perhaps it had, for there had been a good few ships driven ashore thereabouts, from time to time, and the Whandamo people had some curious tales about the ghosts of the drowned, and so forth. At these, of course, I laughed—but not for long!

"I'm not nervous, and I'm not superstitious, but before a week went over my head I got the biggest fright that ever befell me in my life.

"Well, I fossicked Bjorren out, and though he omitted the trifling formality of saying that I was welcome, he made me *feel* it, which was better. Indeed, he was a man who never said much at any time—a strange, tall, lanky, long-nosed, wide-eyed creature, who always suggested to me a sort of Scandinavian version of Lytton's Riccabocca, and who was not without a fair share of Riccabocca's learning either. I know he was well read in the classics, for one thing. Indeed if it had not been for his books, I don't know what he'd have done with himself. He didn't seem to employ himself in anything but mooning about the shore, and, as he didn't volunteer any information on the point, I didn't ask him any questions.

"A dreary shore it was; nothing but sand and scrub as far as the eye could reach. Put me a good deal in mind of old Lincolnshire; but, as you may guess, I didn't like it any the worse for that, and so for a couple of days I wandered about, thinking of old times, and trying to fancy that if I topped the sandhills I should see the spire of Lincoln Cathedral looming far across the fens.

"Well, I think it was the fourth night I'd been at the place, there was a full moon. I was wandering about with Bjorren's gun on my arm when I saw her rising out of the sea, like — but that's what everybody gushes about, so I'll just let it alone. I *will* say, though, that when she was fairly up it was easy to see that she was no Lincolnshire moon, or wasn't shining through Lincolnshire air at anyrate. I was always fond of speculating about the moon, and as I strolled slowly along, I was gazing steadily at her big red orb, when there suddenly rang out behind me a shriek so blood-curdling that I started violently and dropped the gun into a pool of sea-water. Nor did I think of picking it up, for when I turned round, I saw a sight that drove everything else clean out of my head. Within about three hundred yards of me, and running in my direction, was a woman. A small, slight-framed woman, she seemed, with long, dark clothes and naked feet. I could see them twinkle white along the sand as she ran. No!—she was a tall woman, with a white dress, and what seemed to be a knife in her hand. No! I said to myself a second time—wondering with a swift flash of the mind if my senses were leaving me—as I now saw no woman at all, but a *man*, within a hundred yards of me and still running on. A tall roughly-dressed man, with what appeared to be a tomahawk in his left hand—I saw his face distinctly—white as death and fringed with a ragged beard that blew over his shoulder as he came.

"Helplessly I gazed at him, until when he was, or seemed to be, about fifty yards from me, he quickly shifted the tomahawk from his left hand to his right. That broke the spell! There was something so natural and human in the action that my wits came back to me in a moment, and down I stooped for the gun. I couldn't shoot with it now, I knew, but I could use it as a club. Well, boys, I didn't have to use it at all. When I stood up with it grasped by the muzzle in both hands—the man was gone!"—and Jack, with true dramatic art, came here to a dead pause and began slowly to cut up tobacco.

"Gone?" I asked. "Run away again, do you mean?"

"No, sir! Gone!—disappeared!—vanished!"

"Come, come, Jack!" I said, laughing. "That's the stereotyped sort of thing, you know! You should have finished things off with more originality!"

"Don't it strike you," said Jack, gravely, that it's just because I'm telling the truth that I haven't finished off, as you say, in a less stereotyped manner? Were I stuffing you, as we say hereabouts, nothing would have been easier than to give matters a more original turn."

"Perhaps you had some 'hard stuff' with you, and saw double?" said Billy Anderson, the red nosed little cook, who was a thirsty soul, and spoke according to his lights.

"Saw *treble*, you mean!" put in the storeman, who was the wit of the station—"though that's but a *base* insinuation."

Martin shook his head. "No boys," he said. "Strange to say, I hadn't at that time tasted any liquor for over four months. If I wasn't downright out of my mind for about thirty seconds—for it all passed in that time—I saw exactly *what* I tell you, and exactly *as* I tell you."

"Was there nothing that could have concealed the figure?" I asked.

"Nothing. Flat as the palm of your hand for half a mile on every side of me. But hear me out!" and, having lighted his pipe, Jack hitched himself further upon the fence and went on—

"I cannot describe to you how I felt. It seemed to me as if the whole scene around me had suddenly turned unreal and ghastly. The very moon seemed to have changed into some awful thing—some fearful personality, if you understand me—that kept glaring downwards on me as I made the best of my way back to the hut.

"Here I saw something that wasn't at all calculated to steady my nerves. Bjorren was asleep, and apparently dreaming—some awful dream, by the look of him. His hair—very long and shaggy it was—was tossed all about the pillow, and his face was streaming with perspiration. He kicked about, too, and struggled, and at last he cried out something that made me start once more. 'The axe!' he said—'the tomahawk! My God! she's down!' I went over and shook him till he woke. 'What's the matter, old man?' I said. 'Have you been dreaming?' He sat up, shuddering and wiping the damp from his face. 'Dreaming!' he said. 'Yes, thank God it was only a dream!' Then, when he had come round a bit, he told me his dream; and—you may believe me or not, lads, said Jack, slowly and deliberately—"but this is what he told me."

"He thought first, he said, that he saw far back into the early times of the colony, and that three persons, a man and two women, occupied the very hut we were in. It seemed to be known to him at the same time that these were the sole survivors of a shipwreck, and that the man had built the hut out of wreckage. The man, too, he seemed to know, had formed an attachment to the younger of the two women, and thus aroused the deadly jealousy of the other, who was his wife. And now, as the dreamer saw them, a quarrel arose. A quarrel which grew more and more savage, until the injured wife snatched up a knife and attacked her rival, who rushed screaming out of the hut. Across the moonlit sands she fled—after her the maddened avenger with a knife, and after her in turn the faithless husband with a tomahawk."

"Rapidly the second gained upon the first, and the third upon both, until the hunted woman was overtaken, and threw herself down upon her knees, screaming wildly for mercy. She did not receive it! The fury with the knife flung herself upon her rival, and, holding her down by main strength—cut her throat! It was the work of a moment, but, before the murderess could rise to her feet again, the husband arrived upon the spot, and, shifting the tomahawk from his left hand to his right, he drove it fiercely into his wife's skull. Down she went beside her victim, and lay there as motionless—and as dead—as a log. The man, too, remained as motionless, after he had struck the blow, as if he had been turned into stone. For a few moments, that is; then he flung the tomahawk far away across the sand, and, turning round, made for the hut like a madman. Arrived there, he lost not a moment, but, frantic with horror and remorse, climbed upon the roof, made a line fast to the rude chimney, and hung himself!

"Such was Bjorren's dream," went on Jack, after a pause, "and I leave you to guess what effect it had upon me, coming after what I'd seen. And what was more, lads, when morning came we examined the outside of the chimney, and found, sure enough, a piece of rotten old quarter-inch made fast around it. It might have been the remains of the line the murderer hanged himself with, or it might not. You can form your own opinion; all I know is that I've described the matter exactly as it occurred, and that I cleared out of the accursed place that very day. As for Bjorren, concluded Jack, getting down off the fence to depart, "he may be there yet, for all I know. He was just the sort of chap to suit such ghostly work, but one such fright in a life-time's enough for this individual. Why, to this day, I can't bear the sight of the full moon."

This was true enough. We had all noticed and laughed at the peculiarity in question, though whether it had its origin in the manner described is a point which I have never—whatever you, reader, may do—been able to settle to my own satisfaction. A subsequent occurrence, however, induced me to think it possible that the whole story was the morbid emanation of a brain trembling—though we knew it not—on the verge of insanity. Nor is this supposition invalidated by the art with which the tale was told, since it is a matter of common experience that lunatics will sometimes exhibit, in some particular mental direction, a skill and address almost beyond the capabilities of the sane.

* * * * * * *

In the month of February '75, or about fourteen months after hearing the story I have here reproduced, I was on my way to the Wannamilla country, in Queensland, and had got as far as Jelligap, on the Macdonald River. Just before dark, I was smoking my pipe at the door of the little hotel, when two troopers galloped into the township and pulled up for a drink. Their horses showed the marks of a hard ride, and there was soon a little crowd round the hotel door, to know what was the matter. The general opinion inclined to bushrangers, and it was with something like disgust that the Jelligapians learned it was only a lunatic the troopers were after. A man on Colonel Masterman's Varuna station had, it appeared, suddenly gone out of his mind, and, after firing twice at the overseer, had mounted his horse and taken to the bush.

"We're bound to have him before morning, though," said one of the constables. "He was seen taking the track to Donnelly's Fork and that's as good as a rat trap to him."

And so it proved. About eight next morning the troopers rode into the township again with the lunatic—still on his own horse, but bound and handcuffed—between them. Something in the poor creature's face struck me as being familiar. I went closer. Good God!—it was Jack Martin!

"Jack!" I cried. "Jack Martin—you know me, don't you, old fellow?"

He laughed cheerfully. "Oh, yes," he said, "I know you quite well. You're the Angel Gabriel. What have you done with your wings, though? Excuse my not raising my hat, but you see"—with a glance at his bonds—"there are serious mechanical difficulties in the way!"

"Where are you taking him?" I asked the troopers.

"Magistrate and doctors, first, sir—then I suppose, to Brisbane Asylum?"

And to Brisbane Asylum poor Jack went; but he didn't stay there long.

Three weeks afterwards I was in Brisbane, and called to see him.

"Martin?" said the clerk, turning over the leaves of the book. "Martin, John. Ah, here it is! Admitted, 23 February; died, 27th. Four days afterwards, you see."

I did see; and saw, too, that it was better so.

SUPPLEMENT.

Good Stories.

A short time ago a gentleman who lived in a small town not far from Buffalo went the way of all flesh, and the burial ceremonies to be performed over his remains were committed to the charge of the local undertaker. The funeral was quite an important one, for the gentleman was prominent in his own town, and a number of his friends from the city were present. The services were held in the church, but just as the time arrived for taking the remains to the cemetery a severe thunderstorm came up, and it was considered best not to start until the worst of the storm was over. The wait was rather an embarrassing one, but the undertaker was equal to the emergency. Standing on the chancel steps, he shouted so as to be heard in the choir loft at the other end of the building: "The organist will please give us a little music to while away the time." Even the mourners smiled.

It was Horace Greeley's custom on Sunday forenoon to attend Dr. Chapin's church, after which he would saunter down to the *Tribune* office and look through the exchanges. One remarkably cold Sunday he came down to the office after church. The janitor had neglected to build any fires. Mr. Greely went into the editorial rooms, and, his feet feeling cold, he took off his shoes and hung his feet in the register. Presently the foreman came down on some errand of business. It was freezing cold, and there was a cold draft rushing through the register where Mr. Greeley sat immersed in exchanges, wholly oblivious of all sublunary discomforts. "Why Mr. Greeley!" exclaimed the foreman, "what in the world are you doing? There's no fire there, and you'll take your death of cold." "D—n it!" said the philosopher, petishly, "why did you tell me? I was warming myself very nicely."

On one occasion Lord Tennyson was at a garden party, and somebody offered him a sandwich. He was laboriously munching this when the hostess rushed up to him with anxious enquiries about his health and entertainment. "Thank you, madam," he said, "I am eating a sandwich. Are your sandwiches usually made of old boots, may I ask?" Another time he was asked to read one of his poems at a house where there were a party of young girls. He blankly refused, "I shan't!" he said. Presently he noticed that one of the girls was so deeply disappointed that the tears stood in her eyes. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and said: "Would you like to hear me read?" "Oh, yes!" she exclaimed. "Then I will. People say I am a brute, and they are right; but I will read to you." And he took the book and delighted everybody by reading for a long time.

The late Emory Storrs used to tell of an incident which, he said, occurred in front of a hotel in Chicago. An English lord stood picking his teeth in an inconspicuous place beside a stone pillar. A man approached him stealthily and delivered a prodigious stage kick which, while it did not hurt the lord, filled him with much more astonishment than he ever felt before. Then the assailant rushed forward to the lord, and, with profound apologies and expressions of contrition and inquiries as to my lord's condition of body and mind, explained that a mistake had been made. The valiant joker had supposed he was stealing unawares upon his dearest friend. "Ah, yes," said the Englishman, quietly, "but tell me, is your friend fond of that sort of thing?"

It is told of Gambetta, that once, when in the heyday of his power, when he went to some agricultural department to oust a reactionary candidate in favor of one of his friends, he inquired about the agriculturists' wants. "We are sadly in need of rain," "I'll see about it when I get to Paris," promised Gambetta. And his listeners believed in his promise. The record runs that rain came down in torrents a day or two after, and that when the reactionary candidate presented himself he was hooted at. "Let your party do as much for us as Gambetta, and we'll elect you," they said.

A bumptious Englishman was dining at a *table d' hôte* in Boulogne. Seated opposite to him was a German on whose hands were some rings. After gazing at the German, the Englishman said to his companion, in a low voice: "I hate to see a man with rings on." A supercilious sneer was all the German vouchsafed. After a little time the Englishman again said to the lady: "Do you know what I should do with a ring if I had one?" Before the lady could reply, the German leaned across the table, and, in a sulky growl, said: "Wear it in your nose?"

When the learned John Selden was a member of the famous assembly of divines at Westminster, who were appointed to new-model religion, he used to delight in puzzling them with curious quibbles. In one of the debates, these venerable sages were very gravely employed in determining the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho; and one of the brethren, to prove that it could be but a short distance, observed "that *fish* was carried from one place to the other." "Perhaps it was *salt* fish," said Selden, and the remark again threw the parsons into perplexity.

A New Yorker in Boston called a carriage and told the driver to take him to "Whisky Straight." "I don't know any such place," said the driver. "Don't know where it is? It's somewhere near Boston," was the response. "There's certainly no place of that name about here," asseverated the driver. "Well," returned the nonplussed New Yorker, "it's something like that name, anyway. It's some straight drink." "Oh," exclaimed the driver, "perhaps it is Jamaica Plain?" And he hit it right.

"Lord Dudley," says Sidney Smith, was one of the most absent minded men I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself: 'Dine with me to-day and I will get Sidney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere. Another time, on meeting me, he turned back, put his arm through mine, muttering: 'I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street.'"

A group of men at a New York club not long ago were discussing actors, and a new arrival from England, who had been doing the theatres, said he did not see much in Nat Goodwin. The talk went on, and Lady Archibald Campbell, the well-known aristocratic amateur, was named. "Ah, there's an actress, if you like," said the Englishman. "Well," said Howard Paul, who was one of the group, "that is what I call straining at a Nat and swallowing a Campbell."

Sir Walter Raleigh was not always gentle, but on occasions stern as the times required. At Rakele he captured a large body of Irish. One of them carried a great bundle of withes, and Raleigh asked him what they were for. "To have hung up the English churls with," was the bold reply. "Well," said Raleigh, "now they shall serve for Irish kern," and commanded him and the rest "to be immediately tucked up in one of their own neck-bands."

The first time Patmore went to call on him, Leigh Hunt kept him waiting no less than three hours, and his caller, by that time might well have become disgusted not only with Hunt, but with the universal frame of things. Nevertheless, when at length Hunt airily entered, attired in a most alluring costume, the first thing he said was: "What a beautiful world this is, Mr. Patmore!"

Sketches.

Obscure Heroes and Heroines

You pass through a hideous London slum; the oil lamps flare and flicker in the wind, the hoarse hawkers shriek, the ragged children cry shrilly, and from the public houses come the confused babble of laughter and cursing and the rank wafts of acrid smoke. Blowzy women, draggled women, brazen women, drunken women pass you; ugly male nightbirds scowl at you with savage eyes; foul-mouthed young girls—mere children, alas!—salute you with impudent confidence and the night is full of rank odors and bleared lights. You enter a narrow alley, watching carefully the manœuvres of the skulking creatures who slouch around with humped shoulders and evil gaze. A door opens and you are in the midst of a strange assemblage. A bevy of women gather around some long tables and watch you with dull curiosity. Here is one who is pinched with hunger; her thin fingers are knotty at the joints, her hair is woefully scanty, and she looks beaten, bloodless, sorrowful. Here is a bold creature who meets your look with a hard, brutal stare; she has heard the chimes of midnight. Here is a specimen of the ordinary dirty, garrulous trollop so freely produced in the wilderness of London. Here is a mere female animal, a creature without soul, who sits callously glowering at vacancy. A coarse laugh sounds out harshly and then a quiet voice, with the tone of a mellow bell, soars along the low room and instantly the disorder is stilled. You move to the head of the room and you are greeted by a white-haired woman dressed in black. Her eye is like steel, her lips are composed, her forehead is very placid and her manners are the manners of a great lady. She is fit to move in any assembly in the world and her dignity would draw the eyes of men and women wherever she went. Beautiful she has been and the exquisite remains of her fairness remind you of some splendid building grown gray with stress of years. When she speaks, you hear that indefinable accent which is attained only by people who live among ultra refined people from their earliest years. A lady this of the highest breeding. You feel as if you were in the presence of a queen, yet she puts you at ease instantly and falls into conversation with polished grace. Witty she is in a subtle way and her wit is so strangely blended with pathos as to present a unique product of intellectual chemistry. She knows the world, and can flash out an occasional speech worthy of the saloon, rather than of this dingy shed; but the ruling aspect of her face and the essential tones of her voice are those of one to whom the affairs of the world are of small moment. She masters the evil assemblage in front of her, and the boldest slut that ever disgraced her sex is reverential towards the grave, kind lady, whose will dominates all. As you talk, she tells you of her work. This refuge is open every night for the homeless, and her duty is to help those who are poor, to heal those who are sick, to raise with loving, merciful words and deeds those who are fallen. None are too base for this lovely, all embracing charity. Romances in plenty she can tell, and she does so with a soft, matter of fact sweetness. Every form of human wretchedness is known to her, and her eyes are fixed day by day on sights of woe. Does she ever leave that fearful quarter? Never! Think of that, O discontented, puling folk? This lady, who was once beautiful, rich, courted, has given up all for the sake of working beneficently in the weary world, and she passes her days in an appalling London slum. Lords and ladies of her own class see her, but they remain only for a little time; she stays at her post with still constancy, and bears the squalor, the ennui, the loathsome sights and sounds, the recital of wringing records of misery. She is content even to forego her name, and her very identity has perished from the brilliant world that once knew her. "I am Sister Zillah," she says, with a courtly smile, and that is all. Here is one who is an honor to London, to England, to the human race, toiling obscurely in a place where even men of the better class hardly dare venture.

The Circus and Circus People.

The taste for the circus is reviving. In England, the good Prince of Wales does not disdain the ring. The first lords and ladies of the realm advocate equestrian performances, so what more can be said of popular taste? The performers, alas! are dying out. It takes so long to learn the profession. The artist must love it, and work at it night and day. He or she must needs be proficient in all stages of the work. On the dramatic boards a pretty woman with money, a little influence, and even notoriety, with little or no talent, may succeed for a longer or a shorter time, as happens. But the circus rider must have talent and arduous training. No humbug imposes on the public. The artist rises or falls by his or her solid merit alone. Lots of people not only think that they can act on the theatrical stage, but they make others think so. Circus people are clanish, and generally marry in their own profession. A lady rider may marry the ring-master, or the clown. Their children will marry other ring-masters, clowns, or riders in yet other circus troupes. Acrobats and jugglers are the same. They all keep within the ring, so to speak. Circus women are long lived, like dancers. They must keep their muscles constantly in play. Thus they throw off disease, just as water slides off a duck's back. They are abstemious as well. They must keep a clear head. There would be no inebriate asylums if there were only circus folks in the world. The circus people gain electricity from being with horses so much. Hence they are the maddest, merriest people in spirits you can imagine. They are like a lot of children, honest, simple, affectionate. The writer must confess to a liking for the circus. A circus horse knows a good house, and waits for his applause like any other public performer. The lady riders are a world by themselves. They seem to love their profession, which, alas! is not the case with many perfunctory dramatic artists. Then the clown, how droll he is. Are his jokes sometimes aged? Never mind, we laugh all over again. When he fills in time between the tours of the ring, to give space for the panting horses and their riders to breathe anew, I never remember that the clown is only "padding" after all. No, he seems the natural sequence to the rest of the show, quite as much to be admired in his way as the handsome, bespangled rider who flew through the air so gracefully.

"You see," said an English gentleman—who was handling his dinner with a wonderful appetite—to a Scotchman dining at the same table, "I take a great deal of butter to my fish." "Ay," said the Scotchman, "an' a deevlish deal o' fish to your butter, too!"

Health.

The Causes that Lead to it.—The morphine habit usually besets people of moderate wealth—those who are enervated by a life of frivolity and luxurious living. A certain phase of existence is altogether too rushing and too artificial. The lady of to-day tells you she is living on excitement, just living on her nerves. This kind of existence taken in excess soon injures the constitution. Such a woman has no appreciation of the pure, ample, and exquisite enjoyments of nature. She has heard of the soothing and intoxicating qualities of morphine from some dear familiar friend, and like a true daughter of Eve must taste the apple. The pleasant intoxication and freedom from care which follow the use of the pernicious drug form too powerful a temptation to its use for all women to resist successfully. It is very much of the nature of alcohol, as it leaves behind it a sense of depressing debility, which nothing but a fresh resort to the drug relieves. When constantly used it creates an artificial necessity for it use. The abuser of opium begins in small doses, which act as a stimulant and excitant, producing pleasing and dreamy sensations, but in a short time the system becoming habituated to the use of the drug, it fails to produce its pleasant effect. Then the person resorts to increased doses, and so it continues until the system, saturated with opium, only responds to the largest doses, which, if they had been used at the beginning, would have produced death in a few hours. In small doses opium in any form is a stimulant to one not accustomed to its use—to the same person in larger doses it is a powerful and deadly narcotic. Comparatively few persons who indulge in opium to excess are treated in insane hospitals, as many of them are placed in private institutions established for such purposes, but some of the worst cases find their way into insane hospitals, when physicians can be found to certify that the patient is insane. The new law for the commitment of inebriates to insane hospitals unfortunately does not cover these cases. Very often the abuse of alcohol and narcotics, especially morphine and chloral, can be traced in the same individual. These are generally very intractable, and require a long period of treatment, with complete abstention from the use of narcotics for some time. For this reason the restraints of an insane hospital or some special institution for inebriates and opium slaves are necessary.

The Food Question.—Our next door neighbor, after having rigidly dieted for a year, scoffs at the old maxim which bids us always rise from the table hungry, as if the natural instinct of the body were given solely to be disregarded, and to be a constant uneasiness. This ascetic rule is at one extreme of the food question, opposing which we may place the homely old saying, that the way to eat mush and milk was to "sit two inches from the table, and eat till you touch." Science and common sense alike forbid hunger and repletion. The body must be filled as well as fed, physicians tell us, and they state that the underfed absorb a large part of medical practice for the relief of disease from lack of nutrition, among which are "nervous prostration, anæmia, backache, and nausea or sick headache." The symptoms of chronic starvation are found not only among underpaid operatives and shop girls, but in good families, among growing school children, boys fitting for college, society girls, young mothers of families, and working women. Quality of food, with all the heat and force it may contain, will not make up for quantity, and the better educated classes readily deceive themselves, and mislead others, as to the amount of food necessary for welfare. Under the conceit that eating heartily is neither wholesome nor refined, a habit of going without enough sustenance is established, till the stomach grows contracted from want of sufficient victualing, and the result is low tone, and weakness of body and brain. Much of the ill humor, the dullness and flatness of intercourse, the failure in business and literature, is directly traceable to defective nutrition. The mind is slow, or confused, the nerves give way under strain, and that snappishness results which is really a form of hysteria, in men and women.

Long Life.—There is little doubt that longevity is apt to run in families, and yet it is well worth mentioning that many people who attain a great age have come of phthisical families—in some cases both parents have been known to have died of phthisis. It is probable that if a searching personal inquiry could be made, it would be found that such people, wisely warned by the delicacy and early deaths of their relatives, had adopted wholesome and serene conditions of life, holding themselves aloof from dissipation, and as far as possible from the wearing and tearing course of things. Many people, snatching at a "short life and a merry one," get a short life and a sad one, when they might have had a long and satisfying career. The best way to garner no harvest is to begin to reap when the fields are green. The famous physician, Herberden, survived his ninetieth year in health and honor. Instead of starting in life as do many young men, saying, "How many things there are which I want and must immediately have—house, carriage, and everything to match!" and incurring solemn responsibilities without thought of how they are to be fulfilled, Herberden persevered in a quiet country practice till he was thirty-eight, and when he went to London and achieved great success, he still declined court preferment with all its carping worry and gilded dissatisfaction. It is a fact that if our lives were really better worth living than they are, many of them would be much longer. Those who end their days by knife or cord are not the only suicides. Sensuality, ambition, avarice, and emulation have slain their millions.

An Old-Fashioned Recipe.—You want to develope your muscles, my lad? Let me tell you how to do it. Take an ordinary saw-horse and plant it firmly in the middle of the shed. Then take down from its rusty peg an old-fashioned and sharp saw. Go to the woodpile, select a knotty log, one that has excrescences all over it, as though it had suffered from a chronic inflammatory rheumatism, and then lay it tenderly in the jaws of the saw-horse. Put the teeth of the saw anywhere, it makes no difference where, and draw it towards you and push it from you in persistent alternation until the log squeaks and at last drops asunder. That is the best exercise in the world. If our youth would engage in it with more alacrity and enthusiasm they would be fitter to hold public office honestly by-and-bye. You may stigmatize or even execrate it as mere wood-sawing, but it is good exercise, nevertheless, and will tell with great effect on the biceps and, for that matter, everywhere else. It is a little old-fashioned, perhaps, but time has not destroyed its value.

Gray Hair.—That gray hair is not caused by old age is proved by the fact that many persons begin to show gray hairs while they are yet in their twenties, and some while in their teens. This does not by any means argue a premature decay of the constitution. It is a purely local phenomenon, and may coexist with unusual bodily vigor. The celebrated author and traveller, George Borrow, turned quite gray before he was thirty, but was an extraordinary swimmer and athlete at sixty-five. The spot where grayness appears differs with the individual. The philosopher, Schopenhauer, began to turn gray on the temples, and complacently framed a theory that this is an indication of vigorous mental activity. Race has a marked influence. The traveller, Dr. Orbigno, says that in the many years he spent in South America, he never saw a bald Indian and scarcely ever saw a gray-haired one. They turn more slowly than the whites.

Traveller.

Duck Farmers in China.

One afternoon we went on an interesting expedition up the river, and then turned aside into one of the many creeks to the village of Faa-tee, and thence onward in search of one of the great duck-hatching establishments, where multitudinous eggs are artificially hatched. The first we came to was closed, but the boatmen told us of another further on; so we landed and walked along narrow ridges between large flooded fields, in which lotus and water chestnuts are grown for the sake of their edible roots. Both are nice when cooked, but the collecting of these in this deep mud must be truly detestable for the poor women engaged in it. Passing by amazing heaps of old egg shells we reached the hatching house, in which many thousand eggs are being gradually warmed in great baskets filled up with heated chaff, and placed on shelves of very open basket work, arranged in tiers all around the walls, while on the floor are placed earthenware stoves filled with burning charcoal. Here the eggs are kept for a whole day and night, the position of the baskets with reference to the stoves being continually changed by attendants who reserve their apparel for use in a cooler atmosphere. After this preliminary heating the eggs are removed to other baskets in another heated room, to which they are dexterously carried in cloths, each containing about fifty eggs. No one but a neat-handed Chinaman could carry such a burden without a breakage. Here the eggs remain for about a fortnight, each egg being frequently moved from place to place to equalize its share of heating. After this they are taken to a third room, where they are spread over wide shelves and covered with sheets of thick, warm cotton; at the end of another fortnight hundreds of little ducklings simultaneously break their shells, and by evening perhaps a couple of thousand fluffy little beauties are launched into life, and are forthwith fed with rice water. Duck farmers are in attendance to buy so many hundreds of these pretty infants, whom they at once carry off to their respective farms, where there are already an immense number of ducks and geese of various ages, all in separate lots. The geese by the way, are not hatched artificially, owing to the thickness of their shells, consequently they are not so numerous as ducks. Still flocks numbering six hundred to eight hundred are reared, and are provided with wattle shelves on which to roost, as damp ground is considered injurious to the young birds. A very large goose market is held every morning in Canton which is supplied by geese boats, each of which brings two or three hundred birds.

As to the baby ducks, they are fed on boiled rice, and after awhile are promoted to bran, maggots and other delicacies, till the day comes when the owners of the duck boats come to purchase the half-grown birds, and commence the process of letting them fatten themselves. This continues till they are ready for the market, and are either sold for immediate consumption or bought wholesale by the provision dealers, who split, salt, and dry them in the sun. The heart, gizzard and entrails are also dried, and sold separately and the bills, tongues and feet are pickled in brine.

Hunting Seals.—Seal hunting on the ice is another standing source of amusement. During the entire winter these animals keep holes open through the shore ice, but on account of the depth of the snow they are not seen until the mild weather exposes their hiding places. The Eskimo, however, has a way of finding them out before this. He harnesses a dog that has been trained for the work and leads him out to the snow covered field, where the two walk backward and forward, making a zig-zag course over the ice. Probably before long the dog catches the scent, and then takes his master straight to the seal's house. Under the hard thick crust of the snow there is quite a large room, which at the time of the discovery may or may not be occupied; but if occupied, will very soon be vacant on the arrival of the hunters. In either case, the Eskimo ascertains by means of his spear, the exact position of the hole, and then, placing a little pinnacle of snow over it, awaits the arrival of his victim. The native becomes aware of the seal's return by hearing a peculiar blowing noise, and as soon as this commences he thrusts his spear down vertically through the snow into the hole and secures his prey. Sometimes when the snow is very deep the dogs are not able to find the holes, and then it is that the poor Eskimo has his hard times. In the spring, snow disappearing from the ice, the seals are exposed to view. Then the hunter takes another way of getting at them. First of all he notices the direction of the wind, and then, keeping his enemy in it, walks to within four or five hundred yards of him. From there he begins to crouch down and to advance only when the seal is not looking. The wary animal is in the habit of throwing up his head quickly every few seconds and looking about, and so, when within about two hundred yards the native lies down flat upon the ice. It is only now that real sport commences. Seal takes Eskimo, who is able to speak seal perfectly, to be one of his brothers, and indeed there is a great deal of resemblance between the species, for the genus homo is dressed in a seal-skin, and living largely upon its flesh, is similarly odorous. The two lie on the ice for perhaps half an hour, keeping up a sort of broken conversation, part of which is conducted in the ordinary way, and part by means of peculiar gestures, until the Eskimo has crept to within about thirty yards of his outwitted companion. The animal's eye is no sooner turned from the hunter than he presents his rifle and fires. The seal, if shot through the head, is killed instantly; but if hit in any other place defeats his enemy by disappearing through the ice.

Civil Service Examinations in China.—From the first to the last it is all a tremendous effort of memory; each student, as he enters his cell, being searched to make sure that he has not concealed any scrap of paper on which he might have jotted helpful notes, or, possibly worse than all, a minature edition of any part of the classics. Each man may bring his own Indian ink and brushes, but he may bring no paper. To prevent all possibility of fraud, he must, at the last moment, and at an exorbitant price, purchase paper which has been stamped with the official seal. Provided with this, he enters the cell, and then only is the subject of examination announced. These subjects are all themes from the fossilized Confucian classics or essays on the history of China, its laws, its rites and ceremonies. At one of the examinations each man is required to write a poem of twelve lines. Happily for the examiners, the length of the essays is limited—720 characters being the maximum and 360 the minimum, necessary corrections being provided for, in the allowance of 100 characters, which may be marked on the margin. The greatest stress is laid upon excellent handwriting, and as a highly educated Chinaman is expected to be familiar with six different styles of writing, he has a somewhat perplexing choice. He may adopt the ancient stiff characters, or the ordinary free hand characters used in business, or those which are preferred for general correspondence, or the regular character used in printing. The literary man however, selects one known as Kiai-Shoo, which is considered the most elegant.

An American sporting gentleman was recently extolling the intelligence of his dog in a New York club-room, saying his children had actually taught it to read. "That is nothing in comparison with my dog, 'Spot,'" was the quick reply of a brother sportsman, "for my dog has taught my children to read."

Boys' Column.

Boys Who Became Famous.

BY DAVID KER.

THE STORY OF AFRICA.

"Well, I used to think no one could do two things well at once, but that boy seems to to have managed it and no mistake."

So spoke an English traveller who was inspecting one of the great cotton-mills in the west of Scotland, not far from Glasgow. And well might he say so. The lad whom he was watching—a pale, thin, bright-eyed boy, employed in the mill as a "piecer"—had fixed a small book to the framework of the spinning-jenny, and seemed to snatch a brief sentence from its pages every time he passed it in the course of his work.

"Ay, he's jist a wonder, yon laddie," answered the Scotch foreman, to whom the visitor had addressed himself. "We ca' him 'Busy Davie' here, for he's aye read, readin' like ony minister; but he does his wark weel for a' that."

"And does he really understand what he reads?" asked the Englishman, looking wonderingly at the young student's book, which was a treatise on medicine and surgery that would have puzzled most lads four or five years older than himself.

"I's warrant he does *that*," replied the Scot, with an emphatic nod. "There's no a quicker chiel than Davie i' the hail mill.

And then the visitor passed on to look at another part of the works, and forgot all about 'Busy Davie' for the time being.

But he was suddenly reminded of him two hours later, when the mill hands "knocked off" for dinner. Coming back across the yard when his tour of inspection was over, the traveller caught sight of a small figure in a corner by itself, which he thought he recognized.

A second glance showed him that he was not mistaken. There sat "Busy Davie," holding in one hand the big oat-meal "bannock" that represented his dinner, and in the other a soiled and tattered book without a cover, which he was devouring so eagerly that his food remained almost untouched.

The Englishman stole softly up behind the absorbed boy, and glancing over his shoulder at the book, saw that it was written by himself a few years before, describing the most perilous of all his journeys through the wild regions beyond the Orange River in South Africa.

Just as the visitor came up, the little student, quite unaware that the author of the book was standing beside him, read half aloud one of the more exciting passages, following the lines with his roughened forefinger:

"'The progress of our party was necessarily very slow, as we could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the waggons often sank up to the very axle in the loose sand. In some places the heat was so great that the grass actually crumbled to dust in our fingers. More than once our supply of water ran out altogether, and men and beasts staggered onward over the hot, dusty, never-ending plain, with parched tongues and bloodshot eyes, silent and despairing.'"

At the thought of these difficulties, which he himself was one day to meet and overcome as few men have ever done before or after him, the boy's thin face hardened into a look of indomitable firmness which was its habitual expression in after-life. But it softened into a smile the next moment, as he read as follows:

"'In several of the places where we camped our chief food was a species of large frog, called by the natives "mattlemetto," which was kind enough to assist us in our hunts for it by setting up such a tremendous croaking that we could easily find it, even in the dark.'"

Here the boy turned over a leaf, and came suddenly upon a startling picture of a man lying prostrate on the ground, with a lion's fore-paw planted on his chest, and its teeth fastened in his shoulder, while several negroes, with terrified faces, were seen making off as fast as possible in the background.

"How would you like to travel through a country like *that*, my lad?" asked the explorer. "It would be rough work, wouldn't it.

"I wad like weel to gang there, for a' that," answered the boy, "for there's muckle to be done there yet."

"There is indeed, and it's just fellows of *your* sort that we need to do it," said the traveller, clapping him on the shoulder. "If you ever *do* go to Africa, I'll be bound it will take more than a lion in your way to stop you."

The whole world now knows how strangely those lightly spoken words were fulfilled twenty-eight years later, when that boy *did* actually come alive out of the jaws of the hungry African lion, which had broken his arm with its teeth, to finish those wonderful explorations that filled the civilized world with the fame of Dr. David Livingstone.

The Wanderer's Return.

"How cold upon my passion blows the wind,
Over the old sweet fields—so sweet that I
Could wander more, yet for all memory
Not sweet enough. Beloved, ah! have I sinned,
That all but these dumb fields looks so unkind,
And I, without e'en one familiar face,
Must see the darkness in the sunny place,
And set my feet here, wandering still in mind?"
Then glancing up, if heaven might look sweet
Upon his sorrow, one bright star he spied,
But as he gazed his hungry eyes grew dim,
And the star seemed so many worlds from him.
Heart sick, he turned; and in the pool beside,
Lo! the same star was shining at his feet.

Adulteration.—No one can deny that adulteration is a swindle, and it should not be permitted except the manufacturer stamps the character of the article on the package. There is no objection to cotton in woollen cloth, if the article be labelled and sold for cotton mix. Nor is there any objection to chicory in coffee, if people know it is there, and are willing to buy it. We should have some strict laws in this country against swindling adulteration, and heavy penalties for their violation. If a man can't be punished for chopping coffee berries out of chicory, a farmer shouldn't be fined for putting stones in his wool, to make it weigh heavier. Over in England they have a good law, under which government analyzers are appointed in nearly every town, and it is their duty, on application, to analyze, for a small fee, any article the purity of which is suspected. He is required to make a record of this analysis, and to take all precautions against injustice to either seller or buyer. In Germany the inspection service is thorough and searching, and when a merchant is caught handling impure goods, he must either tell where he purchased them or have his shop closed up. In this country we need some such laws.

Miscellaneous.

"Woob Strauss' and His Mother-In-Law.

Dhere vas many qveer dings, in dis land of der free,
I neffer could qvite understand;
Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me
As dhose in mine own faderland.
Dhey gets blenty droubles, and indo mishaps,
Mitoudt der least bit of a cause:
Und, vould you pelief id? dhose mean Yangee chaps,
Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws!
Shust dink of a vite man so vicked as dot!
Vhy not gife der oldt lady a show?
Who vas it gets oup, ven der nighdt it vas hot,
Mit mine baby, I shust like to know!
Und den in der vinter vhen Katrine vas sick,
Und der mornings vas shnowy und raw,
Who made righdt aray oup dot fire so qvick?
Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.
Id vas von of dhose voman's righdt vellers, I been,
Dhere vas nodings dot's mean aboudt me;
Ven der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
Vhy, I shust let her run id, you see.
Und vhen dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some dricks
(A block of her oldt chip he vas, yaw!)
Eef she goes for dot chip like some dousands of bricks,
Dot's all righdt; She's mine moder-in-law.
Veek oudt and veek in, id vas always der same,
Dot voman vas boss of der house;
Budt, dhen, neffer mindt! I vos glad dot she came,
She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss,
Und vhen dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring
Und firevood to sphlit oup und saw
She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anything
Dot's too good for mine moder-in-law.

Telegraphing from Moving Trains.—The Council Bluff Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad has been equipped with the Edison-Gilliland-Smith system of telegraphing between moving train stations. This system consists of placing telegraphic instruments on one car of each train and the use by induction of the ordinary telegraph wire at the side of the track, without interfering with the regular traffic over the wires. By this method all possibility of collisions is done away with, as each train is in constant communication with the stations each side of it. The value of this invention as a preventative of collisions on single track roads cannot be overestimated. With it in use a train may start out for 500 mile run and report every inch of its progress to the dispatcher without stopping. We are yet young as to what can be accomplished by the induction system of telegraphy, but this device reduces the chances of injury by collision on a railroad almost to a cipher. A great future appears to lie before it.

A Significant Motto.—One of the earliest coins in the United States bore the inscription "Mind Your Own Business," and we doubt if any other dictum or maxim was ever put into such active circulation or brought nearer the consciences of such a number of people. The placing of such a phrase in such a place was a stroke of genius on the part of its originator, whether that were Dr. Franklin, as it is thought, or not; for it served not only as a perpetual, but a friendly admonition, even a welcome one, in view of its medium, to many people in danger of forgetting it, and preached its little sermon at every transaction where the coins changed hands, at every jingle in the pocket, at every thought of the wherewithal for daily needs. And what lay sermon is more needed than this brief admonition? What is there that we are, one and all, more likely to forget for want of practice, and of which we may inherit the forgetfulness?

A story told by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung* bears witness to the diplomatic genius of the Czar—at all events, in difficult domestic problems. A short time ago the Czarina appeared in a new maize-colored toilette, the fashion of which called forth the universal admiration of the Court ladies. A few minutes later the young Feodoroffna Ghika was announced. As she came forward to kiss the hands of the Empress it was seen that her dress was the exact counterpart of that of the imperial lady. The Czarina reddened indignantly; the young lady turned pale with fear as she saw the awkward mistake made by the Parisian house from which she had received the new costume. The Czar got rid of the painful situation by a happy jest. "I and my lieutenants," said he "also wear exactly similar uniforms."

What is it to Thee?

"'Twas a Winter day, and white with new snow;
I saw a little maid past the window go,
With a bright, bright hood, and a face fair to see—
But what was it to me?
For I was a boy that looked through the glass,
And nodded to see the little maid pass,
With the scarlet hood and fringe of fur—
But what was it to her?
'Tis Winter; the white snow is new again;
I stand with a woman and look through the pane;
Mayhap like the sweet hooded maid is she—
But what is it to thee?

Odessa and St. Petersburg papers publish a singular document which is nothing less than a formal treaty between one Ljasjkevich, the manager of an estate in the government of Kiev, and a neighboring peasant woman who passed for a very powerful witch. He greatly feared a blight for his crop of beetroot, and for the honorarium of eighteen roubles she undertook to ward off the danger by her magical spells, after May 21. Should the blight re-appear, she was to be bound to repeat the incantations gratis. One portion of the enchantment consisted in the witch's walking over the endangered fields at night in a costume, the meagreness of which may be more easily imagined than described.

Too Many Dogs Spoil the Coat.—The instinct of Newfoundland dogs to save a drowning person has been somewhat painfully tested by an unlucky Frenchman. He was walking in the country with a friend, who possessed a magnificent Newfoundland, and incautiously questioned the truth of the animal's sagacity. The dog's master, vexed at the slur cast upon his favourite, gave his friend a push, and knocked him into a shallow river. Turk immediately sprang in, and, seizing one of the tails of the immersed man's coat, commenced to swim for land.

Unfortunately, another Newfoundland, trotting on the other side of the river, saw the affair, and also came to the rescue. Dog number two immediately seized the other tail of the coat, and wished to swim back to his master. Turk held fast and struggled for his side, and the owner of the coat cried in vain for help. At last the coat gave way, and each dog swam proudly home with a piece of cloth in his mouth, so that Turk's master was forced to plunge in to save his friend.

Pastor: En I says again, bredderen, put not your trust in kings!

Still small voice in congregation: Right yo is, chile, right yo is. Aces is bettah, 'n dat's de reason I'se come ter chu'ch wiyout no obercoat dis mawnin'.

Humor.

The Tadpole sex.

They were a couple of jolly, good-natured looking citizens, and when they got into a Collins street car the other morning, sat down and pulled out a note-book and pencil each, in the manner of scorekeepers at a football game, the other passengers regarded them with some curiosity.

At the next corner a fashionably dressed lady got in and took a seat opposite. Both gentlemen watched her covertly and the taller of the two said gleefully to his companion:

"Six—that's one for me."

"Only five," protested the other.

"Well, it's one for me, anyway," said the first speaker, making a mark in his book.

Pretty soon another lady got in and was seated.

"Three," said the shorter man, eagerly.

"Well—I dunno," said the tall man, reluctantly. "I'll let you have it though."

Another lady entered.

"Nine!" cried the tall man, making another mark in his book.

"Nothing of the kind," protested the short citizen. "Only three—three and a half—anyway."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the other. "I counted nine distinct vibrations. No cheating, you know.

"I won't be counted out," said the short man. "You are trying to go behind the returns.

"We'll have to have an umpire," said the tall man, with a chuckle. "We'll leave it to this gentleman here," turning to a man in the corner.

"What's the question?" asked the stranger, affably, while the whole car, including the conductor, listened eagerly for an explanation of the matter.

"Well, you see," explained the tall man. "I bet my friend a champagne lunch that every woman when she sits down—especially since those big bustles came in—wiggles."

"*Four* distinct wiggles," put in the short man, solemnly.

"Exactly. I contend that they not only sit sideways, so as to give their bustles more room, but they wiggle an average of at least four times in getting seated. We are going out to the end of the road to test the matter. Now you be umpire and stand in on the breakfast, eh?"

"I'll do it," ssid the man in the corner. "Look sharp—here's another getting in!"

"Don't give it away," said the tall man, with a wink at the other passengers, who seemed to enjoy the situation greatly, the newcomer looking somewhat surprised by the idiotically unconscious look and badly concealed grin that greeted her entrance. She went through the usual formula.

"Five," said the tall man.

"Judgment!" said the tall man.

"Three," snapped the short man.

"I'm afraid it's short four," said the corner man, judicially. "I shall have to decide this round a draw.

Another lady signalled the car, who must have left her trunks empty at home, and exhibiting a rear elevation of ninety-six miner's inches.

"Fifteen!" said the tall man, delightedly, "ought to count me two." The short man groaned.

But why harrow the souls of our readers with the details of this exciting episode of wild life in the Victorian metropolis. Suffice it that the whole passenger-list saw the experiment through, and when the terminus was reached the anti-wiggle man had lost by a score of forty-one to six, which goes to prove that at least the female half of our species is evoluted from Darwin's tadpole, after all.

The Biggest Fool.

The superintendent of the Arkansaw Air-line, while sitting in his office, suddenly became aware that he was not alone. Looking around he beheld a smiling face and an outstretched hand.

"This is Major Plumb, I believe!" said the visitor.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, major, you do not know me personally, but of course you know me by reputation. I am J. Harkney Boid, editor and proprietor of the Pepperville *Julep*, the most widely-circulated weekly paper in the State."

"I have never seen a copy of your paper," the major replied.

"Why, my dear sir, I send you a copy every week; but perhaps some one slips in and steals it."

"I don't know about that."

"I wish you would make inquiry, major, as I don't want any one to rob you of the pleasure of reading my journal."

"Thank you."

"Oh, not at all I assure you. By the way, I gave you a notice last week. Wish you had seen it. (Feeling in his pockets). Thought I had a copy with me but I haven't. Fellers at the hotel robbed me. Best notice you ever saw. Called you the grand high-priest of southern railroads. It will make other railroad men mad, but I don't care for that. By the way, major, I came to town on a visit. My wife and children wanted to come with me, but the fact is I haven't the money to bring them. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. Give me a pass for five from Pepperville to this place and return and when I go home I'll send you a dozen copies of my paper containing that notice."

The superintendent gazed at his visitor, and feeling that he was unable to express his contempt, mockingly replied:

"It will give me great pleasure to accommodate you. I recognize in you a man of great worth, and I shall be delighted to serve you. I hope that your trip will be enjoyable."

"Thank you, sir, thank you kindly."

"By the way, have you selected a place where you desire to stop while in town?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, suppose you and your family go to the best hotel and put up as my guests."

"Don't like to impose on you."

"No imposition, I assure you. I am rich, and it does me good to assist my friends. I'll write out the pass."

He scribbled with a pencil, folded up a piece of paper, put it in an envelope, sealed it, and as he handed it to the visitor remarked:

"You needn't open this, but just give it to the conductor. By the way, let me write you an order on the hotel."

Again he scribbled on a piece of paper and sealed it in an envelope. "Now, my dear sir, you are fixed."

"Ten thousand thanks."

"Not at all, I assure you. Must you go? Well, good-

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

At the twelfth half-yearly meeting of the Australian Health Society held in Melbourne on Wednesday, Mr. G. Techow contributed a paper dealing with the above subject. He first insisted upon the necessity for suitable physical exercise for girls of all ages. The muscular strength of women was far below that of men, but the fact was that women had far too little physical exercise. In Victoria over 12,000 women and girls were engaged in occupations which, by the length of their hours, debarred them from recruiting themselves for fresh work by outdoor exercise. In boarding schools, again, the only exercise generally was a formal walk for one hour. There were playgrounds in which hardly one of the girls played, and even tennis was neglected. As for gymnastics, the misfortune was that the subject was an extra, and the consequence was that the very girls who were most in need of it did not join at all. Dancing and swimming could hardly be included among the number of exercises. The one which was least suitable, viz., the monotonous walking, received too much attention, while the others were neglected. With regard to the remedy, he urged the reform of the dress of girls up to the age of 20. At least as long as they attended school they should wear clothing suited for active exercise. A regular system of exercises, both outdoor and indoor, should be taken up into curriculum of all the higher schools. Instruction in swimming should be given wherever accommodation could be found, and games among full-grown girls should be encouraged. There was no more useful labor, however, to which the members of the sociecy could put themselves than the reform of girls' dress alone.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for James Bygraves, M. A. G. Edwards, Thomas Flowers, John Fraser, D. Nicholson, J. Smythe, Mrs. M. A. Thompson, David Williams, John Yeoman, Paul Young.

WEATHER FORECASTS

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, 6th May, 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Straits. Moderately fine but unsettled east and northerly winds.

Highest temperature observed at Melbourne observatory during the day, 61·5.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Moderately fine but unsettled east and northerly winds.

The Waterloo people are to hold a ball in aid of the Ballarat Hospital on the 24th instant. The Misses Vowles and Frusher have taken the matter up very warmly, and, having received substantial assistance, the affair promises to be an immense success.

The Sunday school people at Waterloo have arranged to give a service of song on Wednesday, 11th instant. The Rev. C. M. Lowe is to do the connective reading.

A Warrnambool correspondent of the "Colac Reformer" writes:—Just imagine the splendid Farnham Survey lands being let at 6s per acre! That was the case in the year 1847, when the late Mr. William Miller leased 100 acres of the eye of the Farnham estate from Mr. W. Rutledge ("Terrible Billy") for a term of fourteen years. Old Miller tried to purchase the land at L15 per acre at the expiration of his term; but he could not get it at that price, and went and settled at the eastward. Shortly after this the system of letting the Farnham land for potato-growing began; a few years ago it let up to L7 10s per acre for the season. It is confidently asserted now that the days of high-purchased potato land are numbered. And a good job too. There will be a better chance for the legitimate farmers then. The potato growers are, as a rule, laboring men, who lease the land simply as a matter of speculation. They get so much labor out of it for themselves, and expect the off chance of favorable crops and good prices to make a haul. In this they have been disappointed for a good many seasons, some of them being unable to cash up on the rent day. Perhaps this may lead to a reasonable price being given for land both for lease and purchase, or better still, the cultivation of potatoes by the legitimate farmer, who is less prone to loading his bags with soil, stones, rotten tubers, and similar uncommercial commodities.

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.

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.

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

TICKLING SENSATION.—Persons affected with a tickling sensation in the throat, depriving them of rest night after night, will find certain relief by taking a dose of ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION at bedtime, and if the dose be repeated a cure will con be effected. For coughs, colds, asthmas, bronchit and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs; ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION is the 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

ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA! ADVANCE!

Thus writes the able correspondent in Melbourne of our contemporary, the "Ararat Advertiser":—To be personally complimented by the Premier would, less than twenty years ago, would have been esteemed a lift in life elevating the complimented one above "the altitude of a shaubeen." Growing criticism and more democratic feelings have taught humanity to regard even the man who, by fortuitous chance, holds in the hollow of his hands the thunder of England with the same instinctive criticism as we should locally devote to the attitude of the president of a shire council. The honor is there, and the compliment we have to gauge by what it is worth. Yet it is something to learn from the inheritor of the fame of the Cecil's, the Premier of Great Britain, the throne-man of the Empress of India, that the vigor and vim of the antipodean delegates have fairly startled the politicians of Britain. It was a pleasant thing to learn that we had galvanised English cricket, that we could show the picked oarsman of the world how to watch despairingly the wake of our antipodean keel on the Thames, that our racehorses did better times, and that we could defeat their crack pedestrians. But all these kind of exploits were the apothesis of muscle; it is better to learn that we can produce men whose brains can illuminate England and through it the world. The stir put into English political life by the still sitting Conference can, in its probable results, scarcely be over estimated. It is teaching the world that the meagre band of freemen, who marched down to Liardet's Beach and warned the ships of their own country from polluting their shores with a single convict, have left to their inheritors and successors an heroic destiny. It is telling in thunderous accents, reverberating the world around, whenever the modern Ariel electricity can find its way, that a greater, quicker, more vigorous Britain is arising in the south, which will soon not be merely able to holds its own, but exhibits the racial conquering instinct, in the fact that it first provides for its own defence and then offers large subsidies to the mother land for aid in protecting its commerce. This is the spirit which animated the men who fought at Agincourt, at Malplaquet, in the defiles of the Pyrenees, on the blood-sodden plains of Belgium. Defence, not defiance—but defiance if necessary. The sons of England in America stood solemnly side by side, weak in numbers and almost leaderless, and signed the Declaration of Independence. The sons of England in Australia stand up boldly in the forum of the mother land and say—"though weak in numbers, we are inheritors of your strength and your fame, and if you faint by the way in preserving that fame we must remind you of it." It is such warm full-intented life-blood as this which, pouring from the heart-beats of the young into the more sluggish circulation of the older nature, makes men exclaim, as is reported by cable Lord Salisbury did of Alfred Deakin—"He is of the type of masters of nations; Australia is safe in such hands." Is there a native Australian whose hearts does not throb at these words? Is it not a wonderful thing that a young colony like this, so accomplished in athletics, so puisant at the Universities, can delegate as its representative politicians men of the calibre of Alfred Deakin, James, Service, and Graham Berry, a trio who have proved the astonishment of the Conference, who are recognised as amongst the most powerful speakers in England. Throughout all the proceedings at the Conference, it is observable that Victoria had not been the wedge driven into the tree, but the hatchet, splitting it and compelling it to yield to successive vigorous blows; and it is not surprising that the easy going English politician should have been petrified—but only into a Galatea-like marble, soon to awaken—at the concentrated determination of the apostles from over the sea. The effect will be that English Ministers will know in the future what manner of men we are in these colonies, and consider ere they flout the designs we have set our hearts upon; they will realise that while we have as yet but the population of a petty state, our heart is the heart of an Empire. But what a picture does that spectacle of Alfred Deakin, crowned with courtesy by Queen and Peers, refusing, with simple dignity, the honor of knighthood, present to the ambition of an Australian native. Here is a boy, scarcely past his boyhood; an almost briefless barrister, but a successful journalist, Chief Secretary of Victoria, its Premier to be; and yet on his words, as he speaks defiance in the Congress of his country, or addresses listening millions through the press at public entertainments, England, I might almost say Europe, is hanging. I feel myself almost carried away by enthusiasm in contemplation of such an incident in the career of a man and a nation. Let me condense my feelings into one sentence. Forty years ago Victoria was a nation of huts; forty years have passed and Melbourne is the fifth city of the British Empire; and its representative makes the grey-beards of England tremble with admiration, which induces them to concede and placate these rousing sons of the antipodes. Is there in all human history an event parallel to this?

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 tor label of the yellow wrapper.

OXYGEN IS LIFE.—Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne.—Multitudes of people are hopelessly suffering from Debility, Nervous and Liver Compaints, Depression of Spirits, Hypochondria, Timidity, Indigestion, Failure of Hearing, Sight, and Memory, Lassitude, Want of Power, &c., whose cases admit of a permanent cure by the new remedy Phosphodyne (Ozonic Oxygen), which at once allays all irritation and excitement, imparts new energy and life to the enfeebled constitution, and rapidly cures every stage of these hitherto incurable and distressing maladies. Sold by all chemists and druggists throughout the globe. ☞ CAUTION.—Phosphorus is sometimes sold in the form of Pills and Lozenges; it should be generally known that every form where solid particles of Phosphorus 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.

TRIPLE MURDER IN PARIS.

An appalling crime was perpetrated on the night of 16th March at 17 Rue Montaigne, a street leading from the Rue du Faubourg St. Honorè to the Champs Elysèes. Among the tenants of that house was a woman who sometimes called herself Madame Regnault, and at other times Madame Monty. Her domestic establishment was an excellent one. She had in her service a woman cook, who slept in the garret at the top of the house, and a femme de chambre, who, with her daughter, occupied a room in Madame Monty's apartment. At about eight o'clock in the morning the cook came down as usual to begin her day's work; but after unlocking the kitchen door could not get in, because the chain had not been taken down as it usually was, by the chamber maid's daughter. The cook, whose name is Toulouse, rang several times; but as no one stirred she went downstairs to make her morning purchases, and returned about an hour later. The chain still preventing her from entering the kitchen, she rang again; but the prolonged silence in the apartment alarmed the cook, who warned the Police Commissary, and he arrived at eleven o'clock, accompanied by a locksmith. On the door being forced open Madame Monty was found in her nightdress lying on the floor at the foot of the bed, as if she had been murdered as she was stepping out of it. There was a large gash on each side of the throat. The room was not in disorder, and there were no traces of a struggle. A small iron strong box placed close to the bed was not opened, but it was slightly stained with blood, as if the murderer had attempted to open it. No money was found by the police commissary either in the victim's pockets or in any of the drawers or cupboards of the apartments. When opened, the strong box was found to contain jewels estimated to be worth about £8000.

In the chambermaid's room the spectacle was perhaps even more terrible. It contained two beds, and each of them was occupied by a corpse. The woman had been killed by two blows of a chopper. Her skull had been split with one blow, and the artery on the left side of her throat severed with the second. Her daughter, a girl of twelve years of age, had been killed by one blow of the chopper, which nearly severed the head from the body. Madame Monty, who was about thirty years of age, it appears, was often accompanied home by strangers, by one of whom, it is conjectured the triple murder was perpetrated. At six o'clock in the morning the people living in the apartment under that of Madame Monty heard an unusual noise overhead. An inquiry is being made, but no clue has yet been obtained to identify the murderer.

KEATINGS COUGH LOZENGES cures Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium or any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d each.

WANTED,—A smart, intelligent LAD, about 14 years of age, educated to State school standard, as APPRENTICE to the Printing. Apply at the office of the "Ripon shire Advocate."

MONEY.

To Farmers, Landowners, and Others.

TO LEND—Large and small sums of trust and other MONEYS, 3 or 5 years, on leasehold and freehold land at Lowest Rates of Interest.

McEVOY and CO.,
21 Market Street, Melbourne.

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.

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. A. ANDREWS', Chemist (late Taylor), 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, JUNE 3RD, 1887.

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

On Sale

AT

JEREMIAH SMITH'S

TIMBER YARD,

CORNER OF LIVINGSTONE & WILLOBY STREETS—

American shelving boards
Do lumber do
6 x 1 T and G Scotch flooring
6 x ½ do do lining
6 x ½ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
⅜in., 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

Public Notice.

AS the lambing season has commenced at St. Enoch's, neither Coursing or Shooting can be allowed on the Estate during the next two months. JOHN D. ADAMS.

St. Enoch's, 15th April, 1886.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

SPECIALTY:

NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, AND JOINT DISEASES.

128, COLLINS STREET EAST.

SATURDAY, 7TH MAY, 1887.

At Two o'clock.

SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION

AT

Nickols' Auction Mart, Neill Street, Beaufort,

Household FURNITURE & sundry EFFECTS.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS will sell, as above, a quantity of Household Furniture, &c., comprising—Double and single iron bedsteads and bedding, washstands and ware, dressing tables, carpets, chests drawers, sewing machines, tables, chairs, washing machine, bath, cooking utensils, kitchen requisites, and a quantity of sundries too numerous to particularise.

The Auctioneer will, by order of Mrs. Dowlan, sell, at 3 o'clock, that piece of LAND being allot. 3 of sec. 15, township of Beaufort, on which is erected a comfortable COTTAGE, enclosed with a substantial fence, and a Garden well stocked with fruit tress.

Title Perfect. Terms Cash.

W. E. NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

Public Notice.

OWING to the scarcity of food for dairy cattle, the undersigned purveyors of MILK have decided to raise the price of milk to SIX-PENCE per QUART until further notice, from May 1st, 1887.

MRS. THOMPSON.
MRS. KILBEG.

Beaufort, 28th April, 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.

THE BULLI DISASTER.

AN URGENT APPEAL ON BEHALF OF 50 WIDOWS & 150 ORPHANS.

AS the disaster that took place at the Bulli Colliery on the 23rd March last was the most appalling that has ever happened in Australia, it is to be hoped that a calamity so unparalleled in our colonial history, though occurring in New South Wales, will call forth a national response of practical sympathy for the widows and orphans deprived of their breadwinners by that terrible circumstance.

Of upwards of eighty men and youths in the mine when the fearful explosion took place, not one was left to tell the awful tale of their terrible death.

Most of the ill-fated men were married, and, therefore, leave sorrowing widows and many helpless children—numbering together about two hundred. And, painfully sad as it is to relate, that large total will be increased within the next few months by about thirty orphans yet unborn

Regarding the straitened, as well as sad, circumstances in which these widows and orphans are placed, it need only be mentioned that at the time of the disaster work had been resumed at the colliery only a few weeks after a six months' strike, by which the miners lost all and gained nothing. And married men only having been re-employed after the strike, causes the number of widows and orphans to be greater in proportion to the lost than under ordinary circumstances would be the case.

In fact, the victims of the disaster were cut off under peculiarly distressing circumstances as well as in a terrible manner, all being men either whose means had become exhausted during the strike or whose want of means and inability to obtain any other employment caused them to go to work in the colliery. These sad facts tell their own pitiful tale concerning the position of the widows and orphans, who as a body, it is pleasing here to state, are most respectable.

Altogether, considering the melancholy cause for the Bulli Relief Fund movement, and the large number of widows and orphans overtaken by such desolating ruin, the crushing effects of their position must be bitterly felt by them for many long years, unless assistance of a most generous character be extended to them. It is fervently to be hoped, therefore, that united and individual action for the raising of the said fund to a total amount somewhat equal to the magnitude of the requirements of the occasion will be taken most heartily and effectively all over the Australian colonies.

In considering the sad poaition of these fifty widows, let it be borne in mind that the earnings of these fifty dead husbands, at the low average of £2 per week, would amount to a total of £5200 a year, £15,600 for three years, £26,000 for five years, and £52,000 for ten years. All these earnings have been lost to them in a moment, and now they and their 150 orphan children are dependant upon the public for support.

Think of this, ye more fortunately situated men and women all over the Australian colonies, and of your kind sympathy and benevolence lend a liberal helping hand to these your bereaved and distressed fellow creatures. You cannot dry their tears, or restore to them their lost ones, but, by contributing towards the Relief Fund, you will be acting as husbands to the widows and fathers to the fatherless by providing means of living for them. The need is great, but if all in these colonies, who have

Hearts to feel for others' woes,

give towards the Fund according to their means, the wants of those in such need will be supplied to a very considerable extent.

And whatever sums may be contributed toward the Relief Fund should be forwarded with the least possible delay, as although the widows and orphans will be dependent upon the public for years to come, subscriptions in aid of their wants will be certain to cease after a comparatively brief period from the present.

It cannot be, however, that this appeal shall have been made in vain, or that it will be inadequately responded to, urged as it is, on the broad ground of our common humanity by so many widowed women and orphan children, for whom their dead husbands and fathers now plead, as it were, with the "silent eloquence of the grave."

The committee of which the gentlemen whose names are hereto attached are treasurers was formed at Wollongong (the chief town of the district in which the disaster occurred) immediately after the terrible event.

Persons not subscribing towards this urgently required fund through any local committee in their own localities, or in any other way more desirable to themselves, can do so by addressing their kind contributions either to the central committee in Sydney, the branch committee at Bulli (eight miles from Woolongong), or to

W. J. POULTER, Mayor of Woolongong,
A. A. TURNER, Police Magistrate,
JOINT TREASURERS,
Wollongong Branch,
Bulli Relief Fund.

Town Hall, Wollongong, N.S.W., April 6, 1887

JUST ARRIVED.

:o:

Wotherspoon Bros

AND CO.

Extensive Shipments of
AUTUMN AND WINTER
Novelties,
Drapery,
Clothing,
Boots and Shoes.

:o:

Everything Fashionable at
WHOLESALE PRICES.

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INSPECTION INVITED.

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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 th TIME-PAYMENT SYSTEM.

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HAWKES BROS.

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

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

:o:

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

Including many new and useful lines, made specially to commemorate the

QUEEN'S JUBILEE YEAR.

:+:

JUBILEE { Dresses, Satins, Plushes. Velveteens, Gloves, Jersey Jackets, Corsets, Ruffllings, Laces, Ribbons, **At Jubilee Prices.**

:o:

Blankets, Flannels, Calicoes, Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings, **At Jubilee Prices.** } Jubilee.

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JUBILEE { MEN'S, YOUTHS', and BOYS' SUITS, Overcoats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, **Jubilee Prices.**

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Jubilee Boots and Shoes, at Jubilee Prices | Jubilee Suits to order, at Jubilee Prices. } Jubilee.

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C. H. COUGLE,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

:o:

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.,

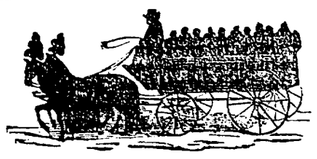
Neill Street, Beaufort.

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 BEAUFOR

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 she 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 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."

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 aperients.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—Al suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarse ness will be agreeably surprised at the almos 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

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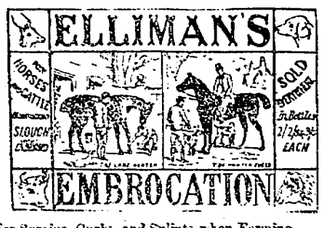
NO ENGLISH STABLE IS CONSIDERED COMPLETE WITHOUT



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.

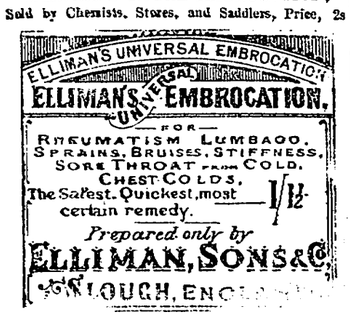
"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1. 1879.

"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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NOTICE.

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

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Model Suburb of Melbourne.

GRAND

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£1000. £500. £250.

The vendors of Laverton have decided to

GIVE AWAY THREE HOUSES,

of the value of £1000, £500, and £250 respectively, amongst those who purchase Allotments on and after 11th April, 1887.

The houses will be vested in trustees appointed by the purchasers, and these trustees will undertake all matters in connection with the drawing for or disposal of the properties.

The Agents undertake, if required, to find purchasers for the houses at the value set upon them. Each allotment purchased after the date named will be entitled to one share in the distribution.

As a proof that the land is a good investment, it may be mentioned that in less than twelve months we have sold allotments at Laverton to over **1500 people**, most of whom have inspected the property; the total sales amounting to over **£50,000**, and this without any exceptional puff or pressing upon the market.

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There are 15 trains daily at low fares to and from Melbourne, from 6 o'clock in the morning until late in the evening which suit the convenience of all classes.

Laverton is therefore now fairly on the highway to become one of the best, healthiest, and most sought after suburbs of Melbourne.

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£1 per Lot Deposit; balance, £1 per Lot per Month,
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Buyres of 5 lots have free deeds and also a sixth lot given in. Remember, every purchaser obtains a Grand Block of Land rapidly rising in value, besides a chance of securing a competence for life.

Only a comparatively few lots left, and these being rapidly taken up. Each lot guaranteed fit for immediate building purposes without a shilling outlay.

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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.

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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.

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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,

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Mr. C. Chapman. Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of your Australian Folinge 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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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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£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.

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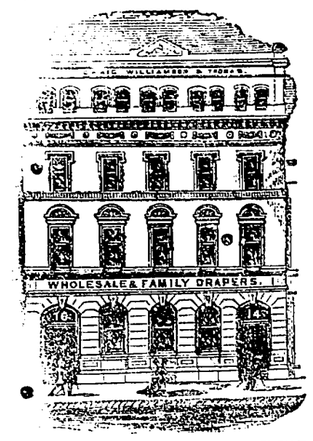

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Drapery, Woollens and Clothing, Carpets Floorcloths and Linoleums, Bedsteads and Bedding, direct from the Importers, at actual Wholesale Prices.

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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.

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

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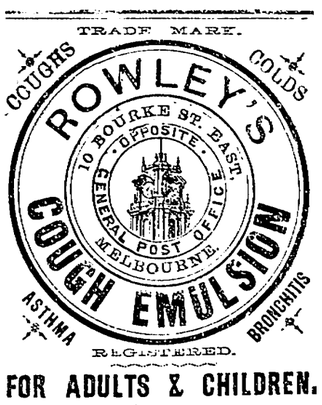
To Mr. Cordukes, Chemist, P.O. Place, Ballarat East—Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging the superior skill you have displayed in successfully treating and curing, to my entire satisfaction, in the short space of THREE WEEKS, a large chronic ulcer of the leg, which had, for a period of eighteen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

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, Ballarat West.—[ADVT.]

TRADE MARK.



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"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 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 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 ineffacious.

All 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 Civilised World, in boxes and Pots. The small box of Pills contains four dozen; and the smallest Pot Ointment one ounce.

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

"Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth in strong 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 so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated by letter during the last 32 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, not a case has ever been made public—in fact, the very simplicity of my system of correspondence prevents publicity.

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

How many thousands have I not brought to?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOUIS L. SMITH.

Address

DR. L. L. SMITH,

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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.

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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.

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CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

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

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

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

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

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1883.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

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

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

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

Proprietors,

THE LONDON AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.

TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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

How to Enjoy Life.

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

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

Indigestion and its Cure.

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

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

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

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

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 604.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 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 e 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 naturo 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, 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.

Double oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

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

AGENTS WANTED.

12m.D.31.87.

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.

CRAWFORD'S,

CORNER STURT AND ARMSTRONG STREETS.

Snow and Room,

PROPRIETOR

Special Lines i ford's.

KID GLOVES.

The Elaine (Crawford's registered brand).—4 button, 1s 11d; 6-button, 2s 11d.

Light Fancies.—4-buttons 1s, 1s 11d, 3s 11d, 5s 6d; 6-button 2s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d.

Gents' White Kid Gloves.—Big line 2-button at 1s; also at 1s 11d and 2s 11d.

New Cashmere and Fabric Gloves.—Splendid assortment ladies' and children's. Special line ladies' at 6d; also 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 9d, 2s 6d.

BEAUTIFUL WOOL GOODS.

Clouds, 3d, 6d, 9d, 1s, 1s 6d, and upwards.

New lines opera cloaks and hoods, 17s 6d to 32s 6d.

Children's wool pelisses, 8s 11d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d.

SWISS WORKS.

Jobs at 1s 3d, 1s 9d, and 2s 6d per doz yds; also from 3d to 2s 11d per yd.

Red and white Swiss works, 1¾d, 2¾d, 3¾d, 4¾d.

Sash ribbons, 10in wide, all shades, 6d per yd.

New picot-edge ribbons, wide, 9d per yd.

Ladies' silk neck kerchiefs, 9d, 1s, 1s 3d, upto 3s 11d.

Ladies' satin umbrellas, 3s 11d (good), 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d, to 25s.

LACES.

Extraordinary value in Edelweiss, Torchon and imitation Maltese; commencing 1d, 1¾d, 2¾d, up to 1s.

LADIES' HAND-BAGS.

Morocco, plush, &c., 1s 6d, 1s 11d, 2s 6d, 2s 11d, up to 25s.

DRESSES.

Costume cloths, wonderful line, at 3s 11d per doz yds; also 5s 11d and 7s 11d; also at 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 6d. and 2s per yd.

New dress tweeds for tailor-made costumes, beautiful textures and colorings, 1s 6d, 1s 9d, 2s, 2s 3d, 2s 9d, 3s 6d upwards.

Winceys, exceptional value, 2¾d, 3¾d, 4¾d, 6d; crisp very wide and heavy, 8½d.

Wool Plaids, double width, 1s 11d, 2s 6d, 2s 11d.

Cashmeres—Colored, at 3s 11d per dress of 7 yds; also 10¾d to 1s. All wool French cashmeres, 44 inches wide, 2s, 2s 6d, 2s 11d, to 4s 6d

Silks—Special line colored Merveilleux at 4s 11d.

Black Merveilleux, extra value, 3s 6d, 4s 11d, 6s 11d.

Colored surahs, 2s 11d and 8s 6d.

Black and brown Ottoman mantle silks, 5s 6d and 7s 11d.

Check and stripe velveteens, 1s 11d and 2s 6d.

Black velveteens, 8¾d, 1s, 1s 6d, to 3s 6d.

MANCHESTER.

White sheeting, 2yds wide, 10¾d.

Forfars from 3¾d, toilet covers from 9d; Turkish towels, 6d, 9d, 1s, to 3s 6d; table damasks, 8¾d; table napkins, from 1s 11d per dozen.

Nice assortment of doyleys, lervettes, &c.; window hollands, special value, 6¾d; union and linen tickings from 6d.

Heavy wet wove calicoes, 1 yard wide, 2s 11d dozen.

Cotton shirtings, 2¾d; good selection Union and Crimean shirtings.

Blankets—White and colored, from 4s 11d. Crawford's special blanket for this season at 17s 6d is a marvel, and worth 25s.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

10 Bales Dutch Carpeting, 36 inch 3¾d.

Tapestry and Brussels Carpet.—A magnificent stock, still selling at our transfer sale prices, 4s 4d checks.

Linoleums.—Large accumulation of remnants at half cost prices.

Jobs in mats and rugs of every description.—Nottingham and guipure lace.

Curtains—Stylish and cheap.

OUR NEW SHOW ROOM

Is now in full swing, and we are exhibiting many lines of interest to ladies.

Corsets.—We commence with a splendid line at 1s 11d per pair.

We have a special line of underclothing all round at 2s 6d per garment; wonderfully cheap.

Dr. Jaeger's sanitary undergear for ladies we desire to specially mention; also combination in merino.

Mantles, Ulsters, and Shawls—One of the best stocks in Australia; many lines ridiculously low.

Fur capes very cheap.

Special lines of musquash capes at 17s 6d, worth 35s.

Furs and boas—A lovely lot.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT,

Under the new management, is a gratifying success, and our prices for stylish and becoming hats and bonnets are incomparable.

Crawford's half-guinea hats and bonnets and Crawford's guinea bonnets are most charming in design and marvels in price.

TAILORING.

We have a cutter of exceptional merit, and our prices are very moderate.

Gent's trousers to measure, 12s 6d; suits, Special line Ballarat tweed suits to measure, 50s.

Men's Geelong tweed suits—25s, 29s 6d, 37s 6d, 45s.

Gents' and boys' hats and shirts, collars, ties, hosiery, in great variety.

The new Jubilee Hats and caps for boys are very pretty.

Snow & Room

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

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

PIANOS

BY ALL THE BEST MAKERS.

25 per Cent. Better Value than any other House can offer.

A Striking Contrast in Appearance, Tone and Finish to all other Instruments of Similar Price.

BAND INSTRUMENTS BY ALL STANDARD MAKERS.

ALLAN & Co.,

COLLINS STREET EAST, MELBOURNE.

TIME-PAYMENT for all INSTRUMENTS.

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.

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.

BEPKLEY & 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. 544b.

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 yearr 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 nformation 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, 3' per pair. Also, a lot of Women's full fashioned, 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.

Business in the produce market during the past week has been somewhat restricted, the quantity of stuff brought in being rather short. Few sales are reported in cereals. One lot of 50 bags of wheat changed hands at 3s 4d per bushel bags in, and a smaller lot realised the same figure. There has not been a very strong inquiry for flour this week, but a little has been sent out at L8 10s per ton. Very little wheat is now coming at Horsham, the price obtained being a trifle higher than last week, namely 3s 4d per bushel. There is no alteration in the price of wheat either at Donald or St. Arnaud, the figure at each place being 3s 6d per bushel. In this market oats still maintain late rates. Forty bags of prime changed hands at 2s 7d, bags in, and 40 bags of feed realised 2s 6d. Pollard and bran are taken up freely, and there is a brisk inquiry for peas and barley. Warrnambool potatoes have been delivered in excess of requirements. Two or three loads came in Monday, for which L4 was demanded, and this not being obtainable, the drays went on. Hay is fairly supplied. Fresh butter has been more plentiful, but prime prints still command 1s 8d per pound. Bacon and hams are still quoted at 10d and 1s respectively, but as curing will be commenced in a few days easier prices may be looked for. Eggs are very scarce at 1s 6d per dozen. The prices current are :—

Wheat, 3s 4d per bushel, bags in ; oats, to 2s 6d per bushel, bags in ; pollard, 1s per bushel ; bran, 10½d per bushel ; flour, L8 10s per ton; Cape barley, 3s ; English barley, none in ; peas, 3s 2d ; potatoes, Warrnambool, L4 per ton ; hay, sheaves, L3 10s per ton ; trussed, L3 15s per ton ; straw, oaten, 30s to 35s per ton ; chaff, 4s per cwt ; onions, 6s per cwt ; butter, fresh, 1s 8d per lb ; butter, potted, 1s 2d per lb ; hams, 1s per lb ; bacon, 10d per lb ; cheese, 6d to 6½d per lb ; eggs, 1s 6d per dozen.

The following are the Landsborough quotations :—Wheat, 3s 6d ; oats, 2s 9d ; peas, 3s; flour, £8 10s ; bran, 11d ; pollard, 1s.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Business quiet :—Oats, 2s 6d to 2s 8d ; Cape barley, 3s ; English 4s 6d to 5s ; wheat, 3s 9d to 3s 10d; peas, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; manger hay, L4 to L4 ; sheaves, L3 to L3 12s 6d ; straw, 45s to 40s ; new potatoes, L2 10s to L2 15s.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORT.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, May 11:—

Sheepskins—We have to report a firm market, with brisk competitions for all descriptions. We offered a good supply to-day to a full attendance of buyers, and cleared everything readily as follows :—Butchers' fresh-killed, 18d to 33d each ; large and superior do., to 40d each ; country and station skins, 15d to 24d each, and 2½d to 4½d per lb ; pelts and short-wooled skins, 0½d to 2d per lb, and 1d to 9d each ; lambskins, 2d to 3½d per lb, and 9d to 24d each.

Hides—No change to report. We cleared an average supply as follows :—Heavies, 3½d to 3¾d per lb ; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d per lb ; kip, 3d to 3½d per lb ; calf, 4d to 4½d per lb.

Tallow—Shippers are enquiring, but prices too low to lead a business at present. We have placed our usual weekly supply of oddments and country lots at late rates.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT.

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company report :—

Since the date of our last week's report the continued improvement in the London market has induced a corresponding firmness locally, and an advance of nearly 2d per bushel on f.o.b. parcels is now quoted for lines of shipping wheat. The deliveries to store in Melbourne continue on a reduced scale, but some fair quantities have been sent direct to Sandridge and Williamstown to supply contracts entered into at an earlier date. The cable messages from London, while reporting an advance, state that the market is very irregular, a result due doubtless, to speculative movements. There seems, however, now, to be a fair prospects of better prices, and hence holders here, and more particularly our farming friends who have still their wheat in the country, should not lose the opportunity now afforded them for selling. The larger proportion of our deliveries of wheat by rail during the past week was to the shipping ports, 10,326 bags going direct out of the 20,889 bags in all to hand. The Melbourne deliveries were comprised mainly of flour. Wheat was active, with upward tendency, and sold up to 4s 1d in store, and 4s 1½d to 4s 2d delivered f.o.b. Flour—Roller made sells up to L10 5s. Country made stone-dressed rather slow of sale at L8 5s to L8 7s 6d. Oats—Stout feed, 1s 10d. Thin at 2s 6d to 2s 7d ; Danish, 2s 8½d to 2s 2½d. Barley—Prime and choice malting scarce and dearer. We sold off lots at 3s 11d; medium at 5s 3d.

MINING ITEMS.

New Victoria Company, Waterloo, May 7.—Yield of gold for the week :—No. 1 tribute, 70 oz. 6 dwt. ; No. 2 tribute, 6 oz. 7 dwt. ; making a total of 76 oz. 19 dwt.

Saxon Consols Company, Waterloo.—The main west drive has been extended 28 feet ; total distance from opening, 382 ft. A bore put up went through at 10 ft. into pug, with a coarse wash above. The west drive from No. 2 balance-shaft is now in 60 ft. Washdirt drive about the same as last report. Yield of gold for the week, 42 oz. 2 dwt.

Waterloo Company, Waterloo Flat.—Very little alteration in appearance of wash-dirt faces ; ground keeping tight, making progress slow in opening up. Yield for week, 11 oz 10 dwt.

New Kong Meng, Majorca—Yield for week ended 12th May, 434 oz. 9 dwt.

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
⅞in., ⅝in., 1½in., 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

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

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

By all Ordinary Trains on the 21st, 23rd and 24th MAY, HOLIDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to and from all Stations (Suburban excepted), available for return till the 25th May inclusive.

By order of the Commissioners.

P. P. LABERTOUCHE,
Secretary for Railways.

NOTICE.—If the young man who took the walking stick from the P.M. Church last Sunday evening will kindly call round same time next Sunday he will get the gloves. Be sure your sin will find you out.

In the estate of William Thomson, of Raglan, farmer, deceased.

NOTICE to CREDITORS and Persons Indebted to the Estate.—All persons having any claim against the said estate are hereby required to send in particulars of such claim on or before the 21st instant for liquidation to Mr. W. Reid Nicoll, Beaufort. And all persons indebted to the estate are required to pay their accounts to the above-named gentleman on or before the 28th instant.

JOHN THOMSON
ROBERT THOMSON } Executors.

Raglan, 14th May, 1887.

CAMPBELL'S

MILLINERY, COSTUME, AND

Ladies' Outfitting Rooms

Supply all the requirements for Ladies' and Children's Wear.

ALSO, A GENERAL STOCK OF

MANCHESTER GOODS,

AND

FANCY GOODS.

QUALITY OF EVERYTHING GUARANTEED.

W. F. CAMPBELL,
108, and 140, Sturt Street, Ballarat.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1887.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 16oz ; New Victoria, 65 oz. ; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 11oz. ; Saxon Consols, 30oz.

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, 12th May, 1887 :—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
May 6	22	£5 3 4	£8 16 9
,, 7	77½	12 1 3	10 6 2
,, 9	36½	7 2 8	13 9 5
,, 10	15	3 13 2	11 9 0
,, 11	17	4 13 0	1 11 1
,, 12	28½	6 12 7	10 4 2
Totals	195½	£59 6 0	£55 16 6

While regretting that the town is about to lose the excellent services of Mounted-constable Bourke, there is no one who will not congratulate that officer on his promotion to the charge of the Piggorett station. Mr. Bourke has, during his residence here, extending over a period of two years, discharged his duties with efficiency and diligence in an unquestionable manner, and his removal to something better is well deserved.

John Thompson, a man about thirty years of age, was charged before Mr. A. Andrews, J.P., on Wednesday last, with misconducting himself in the presence of a number of children, on the cemetery road, behind the Beaufort flour mills. Two little girls and a boy gave evidence as to the nature of the offence, and the magistrate sentenced the prisoner to six months in the Ballarat gaol, with hard labor.

Various changes have been made by the Railway Commissioners during the week, and consequently Beaufort loses its much respected and obliging stationmaster. Mr. Cutten has been nearly three years in Beaufort, and he will be greatly missed. St. John's Church will suffer to no little degree by Mr. Cutten's departure, he having taken a deal of interest in the Sunday School, of which he was superintendent. Mr. Cutten leaves this morning for Sale, in Gippsland, and carries with him the best wishes of the numerous friends he leaves behind.

Mr. M'Craith, from Portland, is our new stationmaster. He comes to us with the character of an obliging gentleman, and very useful public man, and from a recent issue of the Portland paper we presume that Mr. M'Craith will be an acquisition to the ranks of our vocal amateurs.

The rainfall from 1st May to yesterday, as registered in Beaufort, is 0.86 inch.

In discussing the proposal to reserve the heap of quartz tailings now used as a stoppage mound by the Beaufort Rifle Club, Cr Thomas said, at the council table on Thursday, that there was no danger to apprehend by reserving the site for a rifle range. The members of the club were good shots as a rule, and he only knew of one man who "sent a bullet over the mullock heap." This statement was repeated in town during the evening among certain ancient shooters, and after a good deal of what Trollop would call "blowing" as to the skill of each as a marksman, a match for £2 was arranged, to take place this afternoon, between two "hoary-headed old sinners," the conditions being seven shots at the 300 yards range.

The first issue of "The Warragul News," a new paper, printed and published by Mr. H. Barnes, formerly of Beaufort, has reached us.

The Shire Council of Ripon may reckon that they are extremely fortunate in having obtained an excellent portrait of Her Majesty the Queen. This is one of a comparatively few copies that were permitted to be taken of an oil-painting of the Queen, and was obtained by the council mainly through the instrumentality of Mr. W. H. Uren, M.P., to whom a vote of thanks was passed at the Council meeting on Thursday last. The portrait is to be put in a handsome frame, and is to be formally hung up with jubilee honors, in the council room, on the 9th June.

The "Australasian Sketcher" is to hand. The present number contains a frontispiece devoted to a portrait of Mr. Wyllie, the champion of draughts players, and his exhibition of play ; an excellent series of views comprising scenes in Gippsland and New Zealand, and the Adelaide Jubilee Exhibition Building. Mr. Henningson is the local agent.

The tender of Mr T. Vanderstoel has been accepted for erecting a new boat-house at the Beaufort Park Reserve.

It is said that "a man who makes a pun will rob a church ;" but there is, it appears, a person who can rob a church without possessing the other qualification. On Sunday evening last, during service, a pretty walking stick was taken from the porch of the Primitive Methodist Church. The loser believes that the young man who took it does not mean to deprive him of it permanently, but in case that he has forgotten the circumstance, an advertisement in another column intimates that the owner knows the thief, and will be glad if he will return it promptly to save himself from ignominious exposure.

A long drive in cold weather not only sharpens the appetite of a man, but is congenial to beaux esprits. Cr. McKenzie appears to be a first-class subject for the bleak winds and drizzling rains to work upon, and fulfils the characteristic ideal of Scotchmen by having a "long think and a short speak." He was all attention during the discussion as to whether the claim of Mr. Audas for payment for the removal of certain quantities of quartz tailings from his registered site, was legitimate, the 16th clause of the mining regulations allowing heaps of tailings to be protected by registration only for the extraction of gold. Several councillors were of opinion that charging the council for the removal of the stuff was not extracting the precious metal out of it. Cr. McKenzie instantly rose to his feet, and in his peculiarly pleasant manner said the council had it in their power to decide whether Mr Audas held the registration for the right purpose. All he had to do was to insist upon being paid in sovereigns, and the council would be satisfied that the claimant was extracting gold by a very simple and inexpensive process.

We understand that the Primitive Methodists of Beaufort are going to hold a service of song shortly, entitled "General Gordon." The date however is not yet fixed.

Two other specimens of pear have been shown to us. These weighed 2½lbs or 1½lbs each. They are, however, a lighter pear than those mentioned in our issue of last week, although one of them is half an inch larger in circumference, and the other exactly the same size as those grown by Mr. Henningsen. The two pears now under notice were grown by Mr. Topper, of Beaufort, and are splendid results of what judicious irrigation will accomplish.

The post and telegraph office at the Law Courts, Melbourne, was broken into yesterday morning, and £20 in money and stamps carried away.

We hope that the Government will give one of our local carpenters a job to repair the floor of the porch at the Beaufort Post Office. It has been in a bad state for a long time, and unless something is done to it soon, an accident may be the result of anyone entering the porch at night.

Mr. Burgess exhibited his Dioramic Views in the Societies' Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, but unfortunately the weather interfered with the attendances. The entertainment was very instructive and interesting, and the series of views representing the creation was alone worth seeing. Mr. Burgess took his misfortune all in good part. He is a gentleman who has seen Beaufort in its better days, and from his personal knowledge of this district, he was sure we shall have a return of good luck, when he hoped to visit Beaufort again, and be more successful.

The attention of our lady readers is directed to the advertisement of Campbell's Ladies' Millinery and Outfitting Establishment ; also to Mr. M'Donald's alteration of advertisement.

All claims against the estate of William Thompson, farmer, of Raglan, deceased, must be sent in at once to be recognised. See advertisement.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for James Bygraves, J. Cerini, J. B. Conway, James Dunn, E. Evans, M. A. G. Edwards, J. F. Maibacher, J. W. Miller, L. M'Namara, G. Phillips, John Smythe, David William.

WEATHER FORECASTS

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, 13th May, 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Straits.—Unsettled cloudy and showery, north-west and westerly winds.

Highest temperature observed at Melbourne observatory during the day, 55.4.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Unsettled, cloudy, and showery, north-west and westerly winds.

☞ £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, 1886, and continue to inclose in EVERY DAY'S PACKET 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.

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

"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 bilious 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."

SUDDEN DEATH AT RAGLAN.

A farmer named William Thompson, aged 69 years, who well known in Beaufort, died very suddenly at his residence at Raglan during the night preceding Sunday morning last. On Saturday, he rode in to Beaufort as usual, and returned the same afternoon. Mrs. Pitcher, of Mount Cole accompanied him in and out. He complained to her that he did not feel in the best of health, and was not so strong as formerly, and that since his daughter had gone from his house he was somewhat too lonely. He also complained of internal pains. On reaching home he was seen by a young man named Thomas Hodgson, who found him on the floor of his cottage, and believed he had taken a little drop too much while in town, although he was not so intoxicated as to be unaware of what he was doing or saying. This young man lifted him up and saw him to bed ; bade him good night and left him. On Sunday morning, Hodgson called to see Thompson, but getting no response to knocks or calls, he entered the house, and discovered Thompson on the floor, with the bed-clothes wrapped around him, as if he had fallen out of bed. Information was at once given to the police, who caused a magisterial enquiry to take place on Monday afternoon. Mr. A. Andrews, J.P. took the depositions of Mrs. Pitcher, Thomas Hodgson, Mounted-Constable Bourke, and Dr. Croker. The latter made a post mortem examination of the body. He found the liver greatly enlarged, the lungs healthy, and the body generally in good condition. The heart was fatty, and there was a slight ossification of the aortic valves. He was of opinion that the cause of death was "fatty degeneration of the heart, and ossification of the aortic valves. A verdict was given in accordance with the medical testimony. The body of William Thompson was interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Tuesday, the funeral cortege, including many vehicles and a large number of town and country residents anxious to show a last tribute to deceased's remains, passed through the town at about 2.30 p.m.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[BY "TOMAHAWK."]

Some little time ago a state school situate not a sabbath day's journey from Beaufort, presided over by a good and wise man, held a distribution of prizes to the best behaved, most diligent, and most attentive of the children. The results were arrived at by marks. The eventful day came, and the many anxious-minded children were in great attendance. The good and wise man, with a far seeing eye, provided for the little ones, and those that did not get marks, by having a "lucky bag." The prizes were thus distributed ; the children were delighted ; and, as soon as they were set free, they hastened home to their parents with their dear little faces beaming. But, alas ! in many cases their joy was short-lived. The mothers were indignant at the paltry prizes gained by their little darlings, so much so that with faces distorted by wrath, their hair pinned up in the approved fashion, bonnets indignantly fastened on, they marched the prizes back to the good and wise man, and madly flung them at his feet with bitter remarks about the abilities of their children being reckoned so low. The good and wise man, when he recovered from his amazement, simply told the parents to take the prizes or he would throw them outside, which latter he eventually did, and for several days after the country for miles around was strewn with pretty little prizes of all sorts, exposed to all the peculiarities of the weather, the master strictly forbidding any of the scholars to touch them whatever. It was certainly a great pity and shame to see the things being spoilt like that, but what could be done ? If the teacher gave in, the parents would continue to lord it over him, and his teaching wouldn't be worth a rap. So, rather than blame, I admire him for the stand he took, especially when a large amount of the fund for getting the prizes came out of his own private purse. But a prophet has no honor in his own country.

In a recent issue of the "Wimmera Star," I beheld, in large letters, the announcement "MOSES IS COMING ! ! ! Look out ! ! !" Now, I've got an uncle named Moses. I haven't seen him for an age, and am extremely anxious as to whether this is he. When I last saw my uncle he was behind a counter in a pawn shop, "bwushin' de dust off ole clo'." It is a pity there are so many personages named Moses who do not seem to study their personality, and announce themselves in a distinguishing fashion. My ancient-looking foreign relative is a comical fellow ; I always cawled him "Holy Moses." He said I was "vewy pwofane." I remember entering his shop to "raise the wind" on one occasion, and as I was about to announce my business, he struck an attitude of despair, and sang out to his assistant—"Shumping Moses ! ! Vy don't you go and shtop dose tam young villins from bweathin on minesh vinders."

There's a pretty double-"demmy," that's pasted on a wall,
Which gives rise to bitter argument, and language rather tall.
There is a friend of mine (who'll swear that black is white),
And when o'er occasion offers, he'll never say I'm right.
I tackled him on Monday re the plural of a word,
My spelling of it made him laugh ; he said it was absurd.
"T-A-B-L-E-A-U-X" spells "Tablews," and "Veevong"
"V-I-V-A-N-T," said he ; "to add an 's' is wrong.
"Vivants," said I, "means 'living,' the lexicon proves this."
"Tableux," said he, "is plural, 'vivant' takes not an 's.'"
He stubborn was ; he always is ; I said "You are a fool ;
I got my spelling from a lass who learnt French at a school."
"It matters not to me," he said, "if fifty girls you ask ;
They may have learnt a little French, but give to them a task.
By it I'll prove their learning (they mustn't ask their ma's) :
Write clearly two French sentences and ask them each to parse.
Translate 'I saw two 'living' pictures,' and—'His living is not grand.'
Parse the two words 'living,' as they in each sentence stand."

I hastened off, so confident that I should gain the day,
But to my great astonishment, my heart filled with dismay.
My friend had slowly followed me ; we met as I returned.
He was extremely anxious to know what I had learned.
But I could tell him nothing. "I never learned to parse,"
The lassie said. In consequence, I got some nasty "jars."

"Now, mine ogzited friend," he said, pulling me up straight,
"I'll show to you the difference, if you a moment wait.
The verb 'to live' in Francais is 'v-i-v-r-e,'
And participles present always end in 'a-n-t.'
But, mind you, while I tell you this, I don't mean to infer
That in the Frenchman's language 'vivants' does not occur.
But this I say—I'm positive it can't the plural be,
Because the present participles end in 'a-n-t.'
The rule says they never vary, that is (you follow me ?)
In gender and in number. 'vivant' you'll never see.
'Tableaux Vivants' is wrong ; 'Tableaux Vivant' is right ;
And if you don't believe me, then look it up to-night.
'Vivant'—a present participle—a state of action gives ;
'Vivants'—a verbal adjective—shows how many a man lives.
Each in various uses—a certain thing denotes ;
I'll back my firm opinion for a couple of £5 notes."

FOOTBALL.

SKIPTON V. BEAUFORT.

The Football season will open in Beaufort this afternoon, when a match will be played between teams representing the above clubs. The following will do battle for Skipton :—Bradshaw (2), Brunstan (2), Blackburn (Capt.), Brown, D. Blackburn, Costello, Elder, Earles, Liston, Murray, M'Intyre, Oddie, Redfern, Reddis, Stoddart, Stewart, and Tait. Beaufort will be represented by a team picked from the following :—F. Archard, Adams, Cathie, Conroy, Calwell (2), Cougle, Driver, Glenister, Hosking (2), Hellyer, Harris, Ison, Kenny, Kreuger, Kilborg, Lett, Morris, Murray, Nolan, Roberts, Wilson (captain), White, and T. Wilson. Play will commence at 2.30, and players are requested to be punctual. After the game the visitors will be entertained at Host Welsh's Camp Hotel.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT ON THE WINDSOR LINE.

—:o:—

Our readers are familiar by this time with all the painful details of another shocking accident on the Victorian railways—how an express passenger train on the Windsor line ran into the ordinary train. Less than a dozen, fortunately, though sadly enough to relate, of the two long trainsful of people, have been killed, whilst one hundred and fifty are reported to be more or less than seriously injured. It has not yet transpired wherein blame for the catastrophe lies, but we are assured that the strictest investigation is to take place. The reports which have been received by the commissioners from the various officers who had charge of the signalling apparatus which ought to have prevented the accident, and also the statement of Guard Lang, who was in charge of the ordinary train, go to support the statement that an error was committed in connection with the block system, which, if properly worked, ought to have stopped the express train at Prahran, when the ordinary train, by the failure of its brake, obstructed the line near Windsor. An analysis of the evidence so far available has led Mr Gill, district traffic superintendent, to the conclusion that "it is a question as to which station (Prahran or Windsor) is to blame, although the block books, which I have in my possession, point to Prahran as being in fault." The statement of the young man who was in charge of the signal box at Prahran, that he had only been a fortnight in the service, does not indicate a fact, as stated, that there was no possibility of an accident under ordinary circumstances, and no doubt something will be brought to light at the inquiry which will point to an evil practice of placing novices in such responsible positions on lines where the traffic is so great. The inquest which was to have been held yesterday, has been postponed for a week. Mr. H. J. King has been ordered by the commissioners to investigate the accident, and, if possible, settle all the claims. The departmental inquiry was commenced yesterday, and will be very strictly conducted.

We would not forget to recommend "Punch," to our readers. This week's issue teems with excellent comic pictures, and racy reading, in keeping with its usual character. Mr. Henningson is the local agent.

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

RIPONSHIRE COUNCIL.

Thursday, May 11th.

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

MINUTES.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Shire of Ararat, asking for payment of L171 9s, being council's proportion of cost of road from Streatham to Eurambeen, which was agreed upon by both councils.—Received.

From managers Beaufort common, stating that they are under no liability nor obligation in connection with the extinguishing of bush fires.—Received.

From E. Whiting, applying for the renewal of water to his premises at Southern Cross, Beaufort.—Left to the water committee.

From 12 ratepayers at Mortchup, calling attention to bad state of road from the crossing at the old stone hut to Shield's lane ; also to the necessity that exists for grubbing and clearing Shield's lane, as it is at present a source of danger to travellers at night.—Referred to engineer for report.

From resident of Snake Valley, asking that the name be altered, as it was a source of great inconvenience.—It was decided to recommend that the name be changed to South Carngham.

From Thomas Hutton, Raglan, submitting a tax to be imposed upon occupiers of five acres of land and over, in order to reimburse the expenditure incurred in rabbit suppression to remain in force until the nuisance is thoroughly abated.—Not entertained.

From W. C. Pimblett, asking to be allowed to withdraw from contract No. 428, north riding, as he had not the means at his disposal to pay wages.—To be dealt with in the engineer's report.

From Robert Broadbent, asking that the amount of L1 17s 6d wages be paid to him. He had worked on Thompson's contract.—Secretary to see that he is paid.

From W. K. Shaw, asking assistance to fence in the Mechanics' Institute and Free Library at Waterloo.—Referred to north riding jubilee committee.

From C. W. Tompkins, secretary Beaufort branch Australian Natives' Association, asking patronage of Council to concert to be given in connection with the jubilee celebration.—Patronage granted.

From W. R. Nicoll, complaining of an overcharge of L1 in rating him, giving particulars of property, and asking the reason why the assessment has been raised from 15s to L1 15s.—Left to the rate committee.

From C. Wood, Mount Cole, complaining of road from Smith's Bridge to the main road from Raglan to the mount.—Referred to the engineer with instructions to do what he can.

From John Humphreys, on behalf of a number of ratepayers, asking that a further supply of fish may be provided for the reservoir and dams of the district.—Referred to north riding members.

From Wm. Graham, Saxon Consols Company, Waterloo, stating in reply to letter of secretary, that no sludge now runs over any road near the shaft of the mine.—Received.

From J. W. Audas, enclosing registration certificate for protection of the heap of quartz tailings on the site of Beaufort Gold Mining Company's lease, and submitting account for L2 for tailings removed by surface men.—Resolved that L3 be offered for the whole of the right. Cr. Murray gave notice that in future notice shall be taken of all re-registrations of all tailing heaps.

From J. W. Harris, secretary Jubilee Executive Committee, asking that the use of the Park reserve might be allowed for a demonstration on 21st June.—Request to be granted, on the condition that the charges for admission be the same as on the "opening day."

From E. C. Earles, Skipton, calling attention to bad swamp at Bannongill road, near second gate from Streatham road.—Engineer to inquire and report.

RABBIT SUPPRESSION.

Mr. M'Rae reported progress, but stated that Messrs. T. Hutton, J. Lancey, J. Stevenson, and Thomas Liston were not complying with the notices served upon them. The Government were now trapping, but Messrs. O'Halloran and Neill, licensees under the Crown were doing very little towards the destruction of rabbits on their leasehold. He also reported that foxes were on the increase, and as cubs are too young to take care of themselves, they may be brought in and the full reward claimed.—Resolved, if notices not attended to, proceedings to be against defaulters. Resolved, that the usual action be taken in the case of licensees of Crown lands refusing to use destructive measures. Cr. McKenzie gave notice of motion that the resolution of the council giving L1 each for foxes be rescinded ; contingent on this being carried, he would move that 10s per head be given. At the same time he would add that the secretary write to the adjoining councils asking them to adopt some similar reward. In the meantime it was resolved—That the Inspector be authorised to give 10s per head for fox cubs.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

Mr. Jackson reported that the contracts generally are being proceeded with satisfactorily. Bradshaw and Cairns' work in the west riding is about finished, and Watkin's work is well advanced both in the north and west ridings. Madden work at Skipton is completed. Slater's contract at Mortchup is not finished yet, but it was very difficult to do the work satisfactorily till the rain came. The same remark applies to Sheehan's work on the Trawalla and Carngham road, and to Pimblett's at Shirley. Before last meeting of the Council contractor Pimblett had cut several lengths of drains at Mount Cole. He then left the work, and has not been back to it again. I submit that he should either complete the contract at once, or else relinquish it. I beg to recommend that a one-horse plough and scoop be provided for use in the east riding for the purpose of clearing out the side drains of the roads, and the water tables and for removing accumulations of earth along the edges of the metal, etc. I am quite convinced that the use of these tools would enable the surface men to go over a much greater length of road and keep it in much better order than they can do now.

The Riponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

The Fool's Prayer.

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel down for us and make a prayer!"
The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.
He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!
No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!
'Tis by our guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and light, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.
These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.
The ill-time truth that we have kept—
We know how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?
Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.
Earth bears no blossoms for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou O Lord,
Be merciful to me a fool!"
The room was hushed. In silence rose
The king, and sought his garden cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"ALMA."

An Original Australian Story

by

HAROLD STEPHEN, Esq., M.P.

of New South Wales.

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CHAPTER XLV.—(Continued.)

"We have no means of knowing. Fifty things may happen. I certainly think that not a moment should be lost in rescuing her from his clutches."

"I don't believe she would listen to me either," continued Dart. "She would not believe me before, and what new arguments have I got to advance? I may swear that Stephen Tredegar is the greatest villain unhung, but she will merely smile, and attribute it to my prejudice."

"Surely the fact of his association with such a scoundrel as that Johnson would have some weight with her?" said Bertie, for the first time taking part in the discussion.

"Not a bit of it," replied Dart. He will just tell her that he has been made a victim of, and she will pity him, and cling to him the closer."

"You forget," said Harry, "that I have had later opportunities of conversing with your sister than you have. My impression is that she is by no means so favorably disposed towards your uncle as you imagine."

"Why don't you go?" asked Dart, with evident irritation. "You are engaged to her, and ought to have ten times as much influence over her as I have—certainly it is more your affair than mine, anyway."

It is not impossible that this proposal was exactly what Mr. Harry Lascelles desired, but he did not agree too hastily.

"I would willing go," said he; and, in any event, if my father consents, I will go—but I still think it would be better that you should meet her first. The Professor cannot refuse to admit you into his house, but with me it is different; he might quietly prevent me having a moment's speech with your sister except in his presence, or he might even close his door to me altogether."

"You can write, I suppose."

"And what would be easier than for him to intercept my letters? Moreover, what could I say? If you, as her brother, could offer her a home—"

"And you, as her lover, could offer her a husband," interrupted Dart. "Get her to run away with you."

"She might not consent to that," said Bertie, "but I think I have a plan that will suit all parties. Grace and I are to be married in a fortnight, and we had proposed to take a trip up country for our honeymoon, before proceeding to England. Now, instead of that, I will get her to consent to start for home by the following mail, which, unless the Eliza Jane is a wonderfully fast vessel, and makes an exceptional passage, will arrive in England about the same time as they do. Both of you fellows can accompany us, and then Grace and I will take a house, and Dart can ask his sister to stay with us. She was very fond of Grace, and will readily agree, whilst the Professor will find it difficult to find reasons for refusing his consent. Once she is within our doors you young gentlemen will have the game in your own hands, and she need never leave us until she is Mrs. Harry Lascelles."

This proposal met with general approval, and arrangements were made accordingly.

Aftea a long absence, during which nothing has been heard of him, Burrows, the private detective, made his appearance one day. His report was a mere catalogue of failures, and he was obliged to admit that he could not see his way to conduct the inquiry with any hope of success. Dart therefore despatched him to England by the mail steamer, not thinking it worth while to retain his services any longer.

The day at length arrived on which Grace and Bertie were to be married.

At earliest dawn the bridegroom was afoot, and at once proceeded, according to the usual custom of gentlemen in this predicament, to make himself a thorough nuisance to the whole household. First he awakened Seth, who slept in the same room, and bore patiently with him for upwards of an hour, during which Mr. Bertie shaved, and dressed himself for the day, in the full splendour of his wedding suit.

Then he thought it time to arouse the domestic, and, making his way to her quarters, he thundered loudly at the door. After he had been knocking and calling for about ten minutes, the door was suddenly thrown open, and the damsel in question appeared on the threshold, attired in a costume which may be briefly described as consisting of flannel petticoat, stays, dirty blue handkerchief worn about her neck and bosom, and curl-papers.

"Where is the fire?" she asked, with her mouth full of pins, whilst she fastened off the tag-end of her stay-laces.

"Fire?" said Bertie, somewhat abashed at this unexpected vision. "There is no fire that I know of."

"What is it then? Is it burglurs? Or murder?"

"There is nothing the matter, only it is time to get up."

"Yah! Time to git up indeed! Who made you a jedge of the time to git up indeed? To come a-chioying people at this time o' night, as if they were conwicts or nigger slaves! I should be ashamed of myself I should!" Here she slammed the door to, and Bertie sneaked away discomfited.

He walked into their solitary sitting-room and flung the window open, for the odour of stale tobacco and whisky was insufferable. Then he determined to arouse Dart, and went to his room accordingly. Opening the door he walked in and called that young gentleman three or four times without eliciting a reply. Finally he shook him by the shoulder, and was rewarded by a grunt.

"Get up, old man," said Bertie. "Come, rouse up—it is such a lovely morning."

"What's the time?" growled Dart from under the bed-clothes.

"Five minutes past six."

I must decline to place upon record the speech which greeted this announcement, suffice it to say that it was sufficiently emphatic to convince Bertie that further efforts to induce his friend to arise would be useless, and he retired from the room.

He did not care to trouble Harry, because Mr. Lascelles, senior, had arrived a few days previously, and occupied a bed in the same room with his son, so there remained nothing for it but to have Seth out of bed, and make him go for a walk until breakfast was ready.

It was a glorious morning. In those days the atmosphere of Melbourne was not polluted by the smoke and smells which taint the air of the great city, and the fragrant perfume of the bush still lingered around the neighbourhood where our friends resided. Some ignorant slanderer, writing of Australia many years ago, started the fiction that its woods are scentless and its birds songless. The libel has outlived its author, and finds frequent repetition in the works fo careless and ignorant writers—yet never was there more utterly unwarrantable statement. A morning walk in the bush in the spring time would suffice at once and forever to dispel the illusion. The air will then be found to be loaded with perfume, whilst the magpies alone will sing a song the joyous melody of which will satisfy even the lover of the lark and thrush.

Bertie and Seth, strolling along the banks of the Yarra Yarra, felt the same bright gladness which all living things display at the coming of the sun, and they wandered on in silence, too full of happiness to speak.

"It is a glorious morning!" exclaimed Bertie, at last.

"That is so," replied Seth. "Just the sort of weather to git married in."

"May it prove an augury to our future life," said Bertie, reverently. "I wish Grace were here."

"Wa-al, it ain't no distance up to their place—run up and ask her to come out fur a stroll."

Bertie smiled. "That would be a terrible breach of etiquette," he said. "I am not supposed to see her till we meet at the church door."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Seth. "What's that for?"

"I don't know when or why the custom originated, but it is so. I rather think girls are expected to cry a good deal on their wedding morning, and are not considered presentable until they are fully rigged-out for the ceremony."

"Thet reminds me," said Seth; "you never told me what I've got to do."

Seth was to officiate as best man, both Dart and Harry willingly yielding place to Bertie's oldest friend.

"You have just got to see me through it," replied Bertie. "I don't know that you have any special duties to perform—I never was best man myself and can't say I ever took stock of their line of business. By the by, though, I do remember one thing, you ought to start the kissing, and you will have to return thanks for the health of the bridesmaids."

Seth looked anxious, and thoughtfully asked what he ought to say in such a case.

"Oh, pitch them the usual yarn," said Bertie. "I really can't tell you—I don't remember at all what fellows do say—I know I would not like to have to do it myself."

"That's consolin'," said Seth. "I guess I shall make the awfullest mess—I'd ruther give 'em Fourth o' July oration."

"Nobody ever heard of an American, boy or man, who could not make a speech at any time and on any subject," said Bertie—and he spoke the truth. "You will get on all right—much better than I shall, I'll swear."

On their return to the cottage they were greeted by a shout of laughter from Dart and Harry, who, with Mr. Lascelles, were awaiting them in the verandah.

"Fawn-colored pants!" cried Harry.

"Ditto ditto vest!" exclaimed Dart.

"Black-cloth coat!"

"Lavender necktie!"

"White kid boots! Oh, you unfortunate creature!"

Here they began laughing again, and even Mr. Lascelles and Seth joined in, whilst Bertie began to feel very uncomfortable.

"Is there anything ridiculous in a man dressing himself decently on his wedding-day?" he asked, half-angrily.

"Rig out as splendacious as you please for the ceremony," replied Harry. But it is oo absurd to see a fellow stalking about in such georgeous raiment before breakfast."

Bertie began to feel conscious that he had been somewhat premature in adorning himself and he asked, hastily, whether breakfast was ready.

"As if you could eat any breakfast!" exclaimed Dart, contemptuously. "Going to be turned off at twelve o'clock, and asks for breakfast at eight! Brandy and soda is more in your line, my boy—all the breakfast you'll eat wouldn't fatten a mosquito."

Nevertheless, Mr. Bertie Leracorte did manage to make a respectable meal, although I am bound to admit that it was preceded by a brandy and soda.

Of the interval that passed before it was time to go to church, it is well to be silent—young men do not appear to advantage on such occasion, and I am inclined to wonder that the majority succeed in keeping themselves sober under such trying circumstances.

In the Harvey household, matters progressed even more prosaically. Grace also awoke at daybreak, but she had too much to do to be able to waste time in thought, or boring other people. There was the breakfast to be seen to and many other household matters requiring her attention, besides the all-important business of dressing, so time passed as rapidly with her as it did slowly with her lover. She had but one bridesmaid, Aimee Brantome, having no other young lady friends in Melbourne, but she was a happy and contented as if a dozen fairies in *tuele* and tartan had followed in her train. And she and her attendant were such a pair as are rarely to be seen before any altar. Grace, tall, fair, and statuesque, wore the wreath of orange-blossoms, and the long lace veil, as if she had been accustomed to such attire from her birth, whilst little Aimee, still adhering to her favorite colors, black, gold, and scarlet, looked like a dazzling firefly, and contrasted admirably with her principal.

The ceremony was performed without a hitch occurring, and without a tear; although two or three snuffy old ladies indulged in some expressive sobbing, as became experienced matrons on witnessing the sacrifice of another of their sex to the ogre, Man. Grace felt nervous, but concealed her trepidation—but Bertie shook visibly, and looked as miserable as most gentlemen do on such occasions.

The breakfast was a grand success. Mr. Harvey had really spared no expense, and his guests came with appetites to do full justice to the good things provided for their detectation. The company was small, but select, comprising, in addition to those of our friends who are known to the reader, some half a dozen ladies and gentlemen, who, however interesting in themselves, must appear only as "supers" in this history.

The speech of the day was made by Seth. Bertie acquitted himself feebly, as also did Mr. Harry, and Monsieur Brantome was voluble and energetic, but the honors were carried off by the best man in returning thanks for the ladies. To the immense astonishment of all who knew him, the young gentleman delivered his speech in absolutely pure grammatical English—too grammatical, almost, to be colloquial—and with only the faintest "suspicion" of an American accent. The Yankeeism, the prairie talk, with which he had been wont to gild his discourse, vanished; and he spoke as if he had never been accustomed to anything but the cream of American society.

"Where, in the name of all that is wonderful did you learn to talk English?" asked Harry when a move had taken place into the drawing-room.

"Way out west among the greasers," drawled Seth. "Them Mexikins speak the most elegant English you ever heerd."

"Don't be ridiculous. You really are a most astonishing boy—how you do it I don't know."

"Ef you was a sitterzen of the United States of America, mebbe you'd be able to do it too," retorted Seth. "It don't take us no time to larn anythin' we sets our minds on, you bet yer life!" And Harry began to believe that he had spoken the truth.

Meanwhile, Dart had succeeded in inducing Aimee Brantome to remain behind in the breakfast-room.

Now that very morning, Grace had warned the little thing what she might expect would happen, and she was fully prepared.

"They always do it, dear," Grace said. Half the proposals are made at wedding-parties, and I don't mind betting you half-a-dozen pairs of gloves that Mr. Dart Tredegar comes to the point to-day."

"Nonsense!" replied Aimee. "*Le roi s'amuse*, and that is all. There is nothing in him of the serious at all."

"Will you accept the wager?"

"*Pas si bete!*" exclaimed Aimee, with a merry laugh. "I do not marry myself with a millionaire, and my purse is empty."

"Which means that you know you would lose," said Grace. "Well you are warned, and cannot, therefore, be taken by surprise."

So, when Mr. Dart Tredegar politely suggested that it would be much cooler in the breakfast room, as the drawing-room would be overcrowded, Aimee took her seat in the arm-chair, with a little sigh of contentment, and resigned herself to hear something pleasant.

"We have had a jolly day," began Dart, when he had installed himself by her side.

"Yer?" replied Aimee, interrogatively. "There has been what you call a pretty good feed—though I dare to say you would have preferred sour-krout, and boiled mutton with prunes."

Dart bit his lip. "I am not a German," he said.

"No, only half German. Well, do not be angry, the Germans are not a bad people." This, it must be remembered, was said long before the Franco-Prussian war, whilst the average Frenchmen still regarded la Ba... as invincible—whether Aimee would make the same assertion to-day is another matter.

"It is a strange thing, maddmoiselle, that you always adopt with me this strange system of persiflage. Do you imagine that I can never be serious?"

"No, monsieur Grave-airs," replied the girl, with a roguish smile. "It is because that you are always of the most serious—*ca m'ennuie, moi.*"

"Aimee," exclaimed Dart, seizing her hand," I must be serious just for one minute—I want to ask you to consent to become my little wife!"

"Well," said the young lady, with admirable coolness.

"Well! I do not understand," stammered Dart, completely disconcerted, and relinquishing her hand.

"You want to ask—why don't you ask, then?" with a little move and an impatient stamp of her foot.

"What!" exclaimed Dart. "You would—you will—" here, finding speech difficult, he sought to repossess himself of her hand, but she withdrew it sharply.

"Well, sir? I will—what?" she said, impatiently.

"You will be my wife!"

"Eh," said the young lady, throwing herself back in her chair, and thoroughly enjoying the situation. "I do not know. It might be that I might do worse. Your English girls, they always ask for time, is it not?"

Dart smothered a curse, and turned his head away. Could he have been mistaken? Was this girl a mere coquette? A low, gentle laugh broke upon his ear, and he turned around—Aimee was holding her face, but her sparkling black eyes were not hidden, and he read in them the truth.

"You little witch!" he exclaimed. "You were playing with me all the time!" as he said this, he managed to insinuate an arm around her waist, and drew her towards him, till her pouting lips met his in a warm kiss. For a minute, she resigned herself to his embrace, then she broke away with a sigh.

"Ah!" she said, "how hard it is to make a man understand! Yes, I was playing with you! Yes, I am a cat, and when I catch my mouse I like to play with it before I eat it—there!" she was as variable in her mood as the winds, and the speech, which was begun almost plaintively, ended with a vicious little snap of the teeth, as if she had really been the animal to which she had likened herself.

Yet Dart felt more in love with her than ever. "Tell me, darling—one little word—you love me?"

"Eh!" exclaimed Aimee, with pretended astonishment. "Behold something new! That is the first word of love I have heard to-day."

"Did I not say that I loved you dearly—to distraction?"

"No, monsieur, nothing of the sort. You did me the honor of asking me to become your wife—but of love not one word."

"Then I say it now," said Harry, seating himself on a footstool at her feet, and looking imploringly up into her face. "I love you dearly—to distraction!"

"*Et puis?*" asked Aimee, still playing with her mouse.

"And then—you love me a little in return?"

"Perhaps—in time—plenty of time—I might," replied Aimee.

The answer was sufficient for Dart, who began, by this time, to understand the humor of his mistress. He took her hand, and was suffered to kiss and retain it.

"What will your papa say?" he asked.

"He will be enrage, of course, because that you are not a Frenchman; but he always does what I tell him."

"And mama?"

"She never does anything at all. To her it is all the same, so long as she is warm—that is all that is the trouble with her."

"Then there are the priests," continued Dart.

"Chut! Is it that that would make a difference with us? You are yourself religious?"

"Not particularly so. You see I was brought up in Germany, and I did not go to the Lutheran church. I belong to the church of England."

"And we are Catholic—that is, mama is Catholic—papa and I are not so very particular we go anywhere."

"Why, Aimee," exclaimed Dart, with an alarmed look, "I believe you are nothing more nor less than a free-thinker!"

"I do not know. For myself, I see no good in all the religions. Papa says his creed is like what one of your free-thinkers said 'I believe in God, and my religion is to do good.' But I like to go to church when the music is good, and the preacher is clever, and I suppose I believe just what everybody else does."

The conversation soon assumed a more lover-like tone, and it was finally arranged that Dart should address himself to Monsieur Brantome that very evening after dinner, at which period of the day elderly gentlemen are popularly supposed to be more amenable to persuasion than at other times.

The result was satisfactory. Monsieur Brantome resisted at first, but Dart pleaded with ability, and actually undertook to live in Martinique, and join Monsieur Brantome in his business! so, on these terms, the negotiation was concluded; with also the final stipulation that the marriage should not take place until Dart had been to England, and the Brantomes had returned to their home in Martinique, where he was to meet them in six months' time.

The next out-going mail-steamer numbered amongst its passengers Mr. and Mrs. Leracorte, Messrs. Lascelles, father and son, Dart Tredegar, and Seth Perkins.

CHAPTER XLVI.

BOUGHT FOR A PRICE.

The course taken by Johnson had not altogether met with the approval of the Professor. To proffer a new love to the girl, whilst her heart was still longing for the old one was, he considered, scarcely judicious. It was not possible that she could forget the past in a few weeks, and no overt effort should have been made until time had cicatrised the wounds caused by the (supposed) cruel conduct of Harry Lascelles. It was all very well to talk of hearts being caught at the rebound—of outraged affection gladly welcoming a new love—for his part, he thought that no woman worth winning, could change so suddenly. Respectful attention, quietly expressed sympathy, were the weapons to work with—establish first a liking, and then there would be some hope of that liking blossoming into love. As it was, Alma would be on her guard, and view with suspicion every effort to gain her favor.

Johnson asked whether the Professor thought a man stock or stone? Whether he was aware that he (Johnson) loved the girl; and how, seeing her so miserable, he could refrain from attempting to console her?

"And a pretty way you set about it," replied the Professor. "You seek to lessen her trouble by giving her a new one. She will now avoid you, and find your presence irksome—it is most infernally annoying!"

"Manage the thing yourself then," retorted Johnson, sulkily, "if I have made such a mess of it, you had better try your hand. I can assure you that, if some arrangement is not come to pretty quickly, we shall have to part—I couldn't stand this life much longer; and I don't mean to."

"It was your own suggestion that we should come here—I wanted to start for England at once."

"Very likely, but I know plenty of places where I could have been as safe as in this beastly hole, and enjoyed myself to boot. I only suggested this place because we should have the girl alone, and be able to manage her without interference."

"Well, I will try what I can do," said the Professor, who could not afford to quarrel with his companion, more especially as he was now deeply in his debt, and entirely dependent upon him for money. "I will speak to my niece, and urge her to accept your addresses. If she refuses, I will try to work upon her feelings, say that I am in your power, and appeal to her to save me."

"Can't say I have much hope of your succeeding," said Johnson. "My belief is that she'll have to be forced after all."

"You must have a poor opinion of yourself," replied the other, with an ill-concealed sneer.

"Perhaps I have, and perhaps I havn't; but I certainly have a very poor opinion of your chances of working upon her feelings. She must know you pretty well by this time."

Stephen Tredegar turned away, feeling that another minute or two might cause a breach between them which would not easily be repaired. How thoroughly he hated the man! If he could have afforded the luxury, nothing would have pleased him better than to have beaten him like a cur—yet he was obliged to put up with his sneers and insults and even fawn upon him!—Nothing but the consciousness of the magnitude of the stake for which he was playing enabled him to avoid open expression of the disgust and contempt with which Johnson inspired him. Yet, to such a creature he was about to sacrifice his niece! Linked for life to a low brute, a criminal, what but misery could be her portion?—He asked himself this, and then solaced himself by the reflection that it was fitting punishment for the treachery of her parents. He had never been able to love Alma. When she was a little child, her innocent prattle filled his heart with rage, as he thought that but for the deceit of his brother, and the fickleness of his betrothed, he might have called such a little one is own, and he swore never to forget the injury done him, never to forgive the children the sins of their parents. It had cost him much of late to keep up the tone of tenderness which he had suddenly assumed at Grabenthal, and he longed for the hour when he could throw off the mask, and curse her for her mother's sake. He had been dissolute, reckless, and criminal—but he had never known the love of a good woman, and the only chance he had had of a better life was lost when his brother arrived at the little Welsh village, and stole away the heart he thought was his. A better man than him might be pardoned for cherishing bitter feelings against those who had wronged him; but very few, even amongst worse men, would have coldly prepared a revenge upon their children. It is true that, at rare intervals, as he gazed upon the girl, he felt a momentary twinge of compunction; but, now, self-interest had been thrown into the scale, and he could not even afford to be merciful.

He sought Alma at once, for time was precious, and he knew not how long the seige might last. She was sitting in a small room, engaged, with Susie, in mending house-linen.

"Leave us for a while, if you please, Susan," he said, upon entering. "I have some business to talk about with your mistress."

Susie gathered up her work and departed, and then he turned to Alma, who had heard the announcement with complete indifference.

"My dear," he said; "Mr. Johnson is very much in love with you."

"So he told me whilst you were away," replied Alma, coldly. "I had almost forgotten it."

"He asked you to marry him?"

"Something of the sort, I believe."

"And you refused him?"

"Of course. What else did you think I would do?" asked Alma.

"I think, considering how deeply we are indebted to him, you might, at least, have refrained from absolutely rejecting him."

"Would it have been more kind to leave him to indulge in a hope which could never be realised?"

"But, in time—"

"Time will make no difference in my sentiments towards Mr. Johnson, uncle," interrupted the girl.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Professor, with irritation. "How do you know how you will feel twelve months hence?"

"I know that twelve months hence, if I live so long, I shall feel just as much disinclined to marry Mr. Johnson as I do at the present moment."

"Do you dislike the man?"

"I cannot say I like him. I do not know much of the world, but I think I am right in saying that he is not a gentleman."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the Professor. "He is rough-mannered, but then he has led a rough life. Anyhow, he is rich, and that is the principal thing."

"You would have me marry the man for his money?"

"Why not?" You have no prospects. You could not earn your own living if you tried, and I am poor and deeply in his debt."

"And you would pay your debts by selling me to him!" said Alma, indignantly. "I thank you, uncle, I must decline the bargain. You say that I could not get my own living, and you may be right, but I am willing to try sooner than marry that man. At the worst it would be only for a little time, as a letter to Dart would soon bring me relief."

This was worse than the Professor had expected. The girl not only declined Johnson's offer, but threatened to appeal to her brother! He must play his lost card.

"Look here, Alma," he said; "I acknowledge that there is a great deal of truth in what you say—Johnson is not what is usually termed a gentleman, but he is fairly good-looking, and good-tempered—two valuable qualifications in a husband. You are right in saying that I would pay my debt to him by selling you to him, although you put the matter rather coarsely. But you do not know what that debt is. It is not merely a money obligation—Johnson has it in his power not only to ruin me—that is not of much consequence, for I am ruined already—but to deprive me of my liberty. You would not wish to see me thrown into prison, publicly tried for a criminal offence, and, perhaps, condemned to herd for years with felons?"

(*To be continued.*)

Australian Tales and Adventures.

No. 23.

A SNAP SHOT.

By an Old Squatter.

It is not so long ago, after all, but it was before the North Eastern Railway ruined all the townships on the Sydney road and when I say "rujned," I mean what I say. Wangaratta was a big place a few years ago, I about the warmest liquoring shop I ever came across. So were Benalla and other places on the road, that are now regular sleepy hollows.

However, in the good times I speak of, I owned a small cattle station close to Wangaratta. It was a pretty rough country then, and some curious characters were knocking about, as for the matter of that, so there are now, if all is true I'm told. But since the Kelly mob were knocked out, things seem to be pretty well settled down. Anyway, in my time, you had to keep your eye skinned. For miles the country was a perfect network of tracks leading to small-settlers' homes,—"forty acconders," as we used to call them—and in many cases also, leading to nowhere in particular. The country was a puzzle to the best bushman that ever took up a cattle trail; nothing but mountains, ravines, and gorges—regular traps for those who didn't know the lay of the country, and it was a matter of considerable education, I can tell you, to get at that.

There was one place we used to call Hell's Corner (it is now known as the Rose river) because it was said, and confidently believed, all around, that if a man got mixed up on the banks of this tortuous stream, the chances were a hundred to one he'd ever come out safe. One part of the river runs right through the mountains—right through, sir—and comes out the other side, and I've heard say a man could go right through on a raft or boat—aye, and have daylight two-thirds of the way. But I never heard that any man ever tried it. For my part, I'd as as soon think of shooting the falls of Niagara, as those fools in America have been doing lately.

I was thinking of this place, as I threaded my way along a circuitous mountain track between Myrtleford and Oxley, one pouring wet day at the time I speak of. I knew I wasn't far from the Ovens River, and consequently close to Oxley. Once there I should be all right, and could easily push on to the station near Wangaratta the same evening. Well, there is an old saying that a short cut is the longest road, and so I found it in this instance. Thinking to save a couple of miles, I crossed a mountain ridge around which the road turned, with the idea of striking it on the other side. But I came out on an old bullock dray track. It seemed a very old track, and as though it hadn't been used for many a long day; but I thought it ran my way, and so, without any apprehension, followed it up. At last it led me up to the foot of a mountain, and there it spelled out altogether. Well, of course I turned back, not in the best of tempers you may be sure—keeping to the westward. But there was no sun to guide me, the rain was falling steadily, the trees dripped with a splash on the track, and the wind, which had now risen, moaned dolefully up the gullies. To make matters worse, my horse evinced signs of being beaten, so that altogether my position was anything but comfortable. Finally the shadows of night were gathering around me. I saw plainly that it was no use blundering about the mountain spurs, and that my only chance was to make for the low country.

The night fell suddenly, as it does in those parts, leaving me to grope my way through the thick timber as best I could. So I pushed on down the spurs, and at last came across a creek, the rush of whose waters I could hear, but the stream itself could not see. However here I struck a good broad track, and my horse seemed to pluck up spirit, as he turned to the left, and pushed down the mountain. At last after going for about a mile, or a trifle more, I saw a light, and presently pulled up before a gable ended, rough weatherboard building, which, to my surprise and satisfaction, I discovered to be an inn. When I say I was surprised I mean it. What on earth could have induced any man to open a tavern there, right under a big mountain, away from all settlement, and on a track, which, as I judged, was not traversed by fifty people in a twelvemonth? But then and after all, this shanty was a type of thousands in these colonies, which stand, the devil's sentinels, upon the borders of all settled country, traps for the unwary.

Anyhow I was glad enough to strike this place. Entering, I found myself an object of supreme wonder, and some evident apprehension. The landlord and his wife stared at me as though they thought me an apparition—some ghostly habitant of the mountain that had suddenly descended upon them; while the man in the bar appeared so taken aback, that he let fall a tumbler he held as I entered, and with mouth open, gaped at me aghast. However, I secured shelter for the night, my horse being placed in a rough shed, and some grass hay supplied to him. Then the woman set before me a piece of salt meat in a tin dish, a damper, and a huge tin pot of tea. Meanwhile, I took off coat and vest and set them before the roaring fire to dry.

Presently, a man came to the fire, and fished out a coal to light his pipe. He was a short, thick-set fellow, with red hair, and but one eye. Ah! that eye!—It was a piercer. It glowed like the fire itself. It fixed its gaze upon me as though it would bore a hole right through me. Never have I seen such an eye in human head before or since. Add to this, that the owner of this remarkable optic possessed a mouth which stretched from ear to ear, and which when distorted by a sinister grin revealed the toothless gums within it, and you may gather some idea of the aspect of this personage. I am not by any means of nervous, or rather nerveless temperament, but I tell you, that when I looked up to find this eye fixed upon me, I could not forbear from a shudder.

Another man now joined this fellow—a tall, sunburnt, shaggy looking fellow, powerfully built. He also, was pleased to regard me with interest. The two exchanged a few words in low tones. At last the man with the eye addressed me.

"Come far to-day mister?" said he.

"Porepumba," I answered.

"Where are you making for?"

"Wangaratta," and they both laughed—"We'l, you're pretty well out of your reckoning," said the tall man.

"Why," I answered—"what place is this?"

"This is the Rose River," said the one eyed man." "Ho! ho!"

"And where does this track lead to."

"Nowheres! It ends just here. This here is the limit of civilisashun," remarked the tall man, and then they laughed again, as did the landlord and his wife, who had now come into the room, evidently impelled by an overmastering curiosity.

"Well," I said—"it can't be helped. It's better being here anyhow, than on the mountains."

The man with the one eye laughed. I was uneasy, and it struck me that there was something peculiarly unpleasant in that laugh. However, I mentally pooh-poohed this idea, and went on with my meal.

"See any cattle on the spurs?" said the landlord.

"A few—but too far to make out the brands," I answered. Then I noticed the trio exchange glances. I was in a cattle-duffing country, I knew, and could understand what, they thought and meant.

My supper finished, I also lighted my pipe and told the landlord to bring in drinks for the crowd. This seemed to move them to something like cordiality, and a jerky sort of conversation was initiated, in the course of which, however, I plainly perceived that I was being quietly pumped. I took out my purse, which was pretty full, to pay for the drinks, careful to turn aside as I did so; for I did not wish to tempt the cupidity of these fellows. As I did this, I happened to glance upwards. My eyes fell upon a looking glass hung against the wall, and I saw there the reflection of my friend's face with the one eye. That terrible eye, evil, glaring with avarice, was fixed upon the purse. If you believe me, I felt as though a snake were crawling along my spine.

I took no notice, and chatted with the rest concerning matters of local interest, cattle, country gossip and so forth. In the course of conversation, however, allusions were made and anecdotes related (stimulated by the grog) which informed me that, if the people I had fallen in with were not scoundrels themselves, they were on terms of familiarity and good fellowship with men who were notoriously such. All this did not serve to render me more comfortable. I was careful not to drink the liquor brought to me, pleading that I was under the doctor's care, and I saw that this did not appear to please them. At least, so I fancied; and the idea added to my apprehensions, for I judged that if I drank the stuff with which I had been served, I should speedily find myself hocussed, and at the mercy of the crew.

At last I asked to be shown to my bed, and the landlady lighted a candle and bade me follow her. We had to pass outside the house, into the room in which I was to sleep—a rough slab apartment, with a small window at one end, and with many a crack and crevice in the walls, through which the wind whistled dolefully. A rough bush bedstead stood in one corner, upon which was a stuffy looking mattrass and some grimy blankets.

"It's the best we can offer you, sir," said the woman, apologetically. "We've very seldom travellers our way, and so we ain't prepared."

I said that it didn't matter, and that at anyrate it was better than camping outside.

"I don't know about that!" she muttered as she turned to go, and then, as she gained the door, she said: "Mister, if I was you, I *wouldn't* sleep. Hush!" she went on, "I can't say more. But—" and here the landlord's voice was heard calling her. With a swift glance and gesture she departed.

Now here was a pretty fix! I went to the door, there was no lock, no bolt, no means of fastening it. My nerves were strung to hysterical point. I am no coward, and would have faced the whole three men there and then. But this suspense, this awaiting a peril whose form or method I could not conjecture was enough to quail the stoutest. For a moment I thought of making a run for it. But I did not know where my horse had been stabled, and there were half a dozen dogs about the place that would have instantly sounded the alarm. I went to the window. So far satisfactory. No man could get through that. Then I resolved upon moving the bedstead, if I could, and placing it against the door. This happily, I managed to accomplish without making much noise; then I felt better. I had a six-shooter with me, and so far enough to account for my men if I were attacked.

With all my nervousness I was terribly sleepy. When I had blown out the light, and placed the candle beside me, I sat down on the floor at the foot of the bed and with my back against the slabs of the room. Thus situated, I faced the window, protected however by the bedstead which stood between me and it.

In spite of all effort I dozed off to sleep—a fitful semi slumber in which my natural weariness struggled hard with my nervous fears. How long I remained thus, I know not. But I awoke with a start, to note that an effort had been made to force the door. I had however, managed to jamb one end of the bedstead against an upright which supported a cross beam, and so effectually barred all entrance. I heard some muttered curses, and then the person or persons without, ceased to push.

Naturally my gaze turned to the window. It was now moonlight; the wind and rain had ceased. Suddenly I saw the face of the fellow with the eye, flattened against the panes. My heart stopped beating. A weird, uncanny feeling stole over me, as I felt that the eye was fixed upon me as I sat with my back against the slabs, looking fearfully across the bedstead upon the little window.

The face disappeared. I gripped my pistol, shifting as I did so, a little to the left—why I know not; possibly because I felt the cold draught which rushed between the slabs. Anyhow, it was providential that I *did* move. As I rested back, a knife, driven with tremendous force, was passed through the crack against which I had been leaning, barely escaping my neck. A moment sooner and it would have pinned me by the throat. Filled with rage, and that fear which finds a desperate courage in its extremity, I placed the muzzle of my Derringer under the knife, and fired upwards, through the crack. A smothered yell, a growling curse, the rapid patter of retreating footsteps, and all was still. The knife had fallen, half through the slab, upon the ground.

Well, I thought I was in for it now, and prepared to fight. I had three spare cartridges, and at once reloaded the empty chamber of my revolver. Then I awaited events. I knew not whether the murderous wretches were supplied with firearms. If they were, my position was perilous indeed, since they could cover me from half a dozen points. All I could do, was to cower beneath the bed, piling mattrass and pillows before me. And so I waited.

This is what tries the pluck of a man. If you have a tangible danger to face, that is nothing; you know what is before you. But to await attack, uncertain when or how it will come, or what form it will take, is to pass through an ordeal such as might well test the courage of the bravest. The four hours I passed in this suspense seemed four years in duration. I seemed to grow old under the strain. I felt sick with anxiety and nervous apprehension. But no movement was made. The dawn broke,—oh blessed hour, how thankfully I hailed it! Presently the grey light of morning swept away the gloom of night. I arose, pistol in hand, determined to face the worst. Swiftly dragging aside the bed, and with my heart, I confess, in my throat, I threw open the door, stepped forth and faced around pistol ready. The dogs set up a fierce barking, and flew towards me, but I kicked them aside, and they shrunk back, growling. Still there was no movement in the house. I crept around the gable end, from which the attack had been made, and picked up the knife—a butcher's killing knife, a fearful weapon. As I did so I saw three pieces of flesh or gristle—they were portions of human fingers, severed at the third joint. I had marked my man.

It was with a kind of savage exultation I picked these ghastly members up, and wrapping them in my henkerchief placed them in my pocket. Then I sped to a shed, seventy yards or so from the house. There was my trusty horse. The saddle and bridle had not been removed. You may guess I was on his back in less time than it takes to tell you.

I struck into the track at once, following the cause of the river. When I had got some hundred yards away I turned in my saddle and looked back. At the door of the hut stood the landlord, peering after me. For the life of me I could not contain my indignation. Halting, I fired a shot at the fellow, which made him bob his head in smartly. Of course there was no chance of hitting him, but it satisfied me to depart with this shot of defiance and triumph.

Well, I soon struck the proper track, and that evening rode into Wangarratta. There I interviewed the police and told my story, and exhibited my trophies of three fingers and a butcher's knife. I was warmly congratulated and informed I had experienced a lucky escape. The place was well known to the police as a rendezvous for all the evil characters of the district. Two murders had been committed there, in past times, for which a former landlord had been sentenced to imprisonment for life; and others were known to have occurred there, but were not traceable. All this news made me consider myself as having been exceptionally lucky.

The next day, ... I swore an information, and accompanied by two troopers returned to the house. It was empty—at anyrate of inhabitants.

"Just as I expected" said trooper Jenkinson. "T'wasnt likely the birds would stay to be caged. However, they're sure to be nabbed sooner or later. Ha! what's this."

He had stepped on an old stool, and felt along the bearers of the roof. The first thing he found was a watch, and soon after fell upon a purse, then an old pocket-book. This was all we discovered then, but it was quite sufficient, since the pocket-book contained papers which were traceable as the former property of a man who had been missed for some years past.

"The cursed place must be pulled down" growled the trooper, "I guarantee we should find enough evidence to hang the lot."

And this was afterwards done, with the result that under the huge fireplace before which I had stood that fateful night, human bones were found. And hidden in odd places, other things were discovered, some of which pointed to crimes committed many years before. I shuddered as I learned all this; and realised upon what a horrible den I had happened, and how near I had come to sharing the fate of the unfortunate unknown who had been done to death in the accursed place.

That's all. Stay—perhaps you'd like to see the fingers. Here they are—nailed over the mantel shelf. Ha! you'd never think those claws had once served a human being! and gripped a murderous knife. And talking about that, some six years ago, I happened to be at Berrima. The great show there is the gaol. I was allowed to inspect it, and among other interesting matters that I saw there, was my gentleman of the eye. Yes, there he was, taking exercise in the cage—his mask removed for the time being. I looked at him steadfastly through the bars. Presently he turned and faced me, that fearful bloodshot eye fixed upon me. I raised my left hand, and with my right forefinger made a gesture indicating the loss of three fingers. Instantly the brute knew me. He stood speechless for a moment. Then the foam frothed from his mouth; he shrieked, and fell forward on his face, in a fit of epilepsy. Making enquiry I found he was there for life, for murder.

The others? Oh well, you'll not believe me. But on my honor it is true. Years afterwards in a certain New Zealand township I attended a public ball. I had the honor of dancing with the mayoress, an elderly lady, very pleasant and chatty. As we talked, a feeling grew upon me that I had met her before, but where I could not conceive. I asked her if she had ever been in Victoria. She answered promptly in the negative; looking at me with a quick startled air. I saw her face suddenly change, and presently she made some excuse to break off our conversation. I watched her, as she quietly approached a stout, burly, red-faced man who was talking to three or four notables of the place. She said a few words, apart, to him. He glanced up quickly at me. The mist instantly disappeared. All was clear. The Mayor of—— and his lady wife were my entertainers of more than twenty years before in that dismal hut on the Rose River. A queer rencontre truly. And the other, the big fellow with the shaggy beard? Well sir, I gave the fellow threepence the other night in Bourke-street. He is stone blind, an old man,—and a beggar. Queer how things turn out is'nt it. Help yourself and pass the bottle. You've had my story of a Snap Shot.

No Nail Holes.—For attaching mouldings and other light lumber, a new kind of nail has been contrived which leaves no nail holes. It is made with a point at each end and with an outwardly projecting head or shoulder midway between the points. The nail is first driven into the wood by means of a punch which straddles the protuding point and bears on the head. When enough have been driven in, the moulding is placed over the nails and driven down.

SUPPLEMENT.

Good Stories.

I was chatting (writes a correspondent) with the captain of an Allan liner at sea a couple of years ago, when there approached a deputation of North of Ireland immigrants. They came to complain of an "extraordinary mess" which that day had been served in the steerage for dinner The spokesman was a voluble person, who interlarded the narrative of his grievance with easy familiar allusions to the powers and terrors of the Board of Trade when these were exercised in the cause of the "poor immigrant." "Bring up the dish," said the captain to the steerage steward. A large kid of boiled mutton, with caper sauce, still hot and appetizing, was produced. "What's the matter with this?" asked the commander, evidently puzzled, as the Allan steamers rank deservedly high for the manner in which their steerage passengers are victualled. "What's wrong here?" he added. "Shure, need ye ask?" replied the head of the deputation, pointing, with an expression of horror, to the little green berries in the succulent sauce. "Do you think immigrant passengers are hathens and bastes, that you should give us mutton stewed with sour pase?" It took some time to explain to the deputation that sour pease really formed a much-esteemed complement of boiled leg of mutton; but the spokesman, though evidently conscious that he and his friends had incontinently come to cut a "quare caper" of their own, retired with dignity from the conflict. "A caper ye call it," he said; "be jabers, captain, ye can kape it for the saloon. We'll have our mutton clane in future."

Not long ago Mark Twain was travelling in the country, and stopped one evening at a house presided over by an elderly woman. He was shown to a room somewhat bare of ornament and furniture, yet slept peacefully until morning. When morning came and he arose, he became mindful of the fact that, although he had provided himself with a tooth-brush, he had forgotten his tooth-powder. He consoled himself with the thought that there must be tooth-powder lying somewhere about. After a brief search he discovered something in a small box on the mantel which certainly resembled tooth-powder. At any rate, he used it vigorously on his teeth and found it satisfactory. When he got down stairs he apologized to his hostess for using her tooth-powder. She appeared surprised. "What tooth-powder?" she inquired blandly. "It was on the mantel," Mark replied. "On the mantel?" she repeated. "Yes, in a small box; it was excellent," he declared. "Good gracious!" she ejaculated, "that wasn't tooth-powder." "What was it?" asked Mark, now slightly alarmed. "Why that was auntie," said she. It seems that "auntie" had been cremated.

A story is told by the *Rambler* of a certain Chicago belle, daughter of a prominent speculator. She went to an Eastern summer resort last summer with some New York girls, and, of course, the party was accompanied by an elderly chaperon. One afternoon the Chicago girl was noticed promenading the verandah with a strange gentleman. The chaperon and the New York girls were properly exercised about it, but it did not seem to disturb Miss Chicago in the least. They tried to intimate by signals that the young gentleman ought to be introduced to the chaperon, that she might judge whether he was a fit person for her charges to associate with, but their signals passed unnoticed. When the gentleman finally departed, the chaperon hastened to ask: "Jessie, who was that gentleman?" "A Mr. Blank, from Chicago." "Well, I am surprised. Why didn't you introduce him to me?" "Well, you see, Mrs. Dash," responded Jessie, coolly, "his character isn't very good, so I thought you probably wouldn't want to know him."

The other day a fashionably dressed lady entered a tram car. As she accepted a seat which an obliging passenger vacated for her accomodation, she noticed that a gentlemanly looking man, who sat directly across the aisle, was extending his hand toward her cordially. Without taking the trouble to determine who the supposed acquaintance might be by a closer scrutiny of his features, the lady grasped the extended hand and shook it vigorously, at the same time going right along settling her draperies to her critical satisfaction. When this was accomplished, she glanced up with a beaming smile to greet the owner of the well-shaken hand. To her astonishment and horror she gazed into the face of a total stranger. The hand was dropped with startling velocity. "But sir," she exclaimed, crimson with anger, "I never saw you before in all my life." "I am aware of the fact, madam," was the cool reply; "I only wished to accommodate you by passing up your fare."

The room occupied by the Governor in the Vermont State House, and dignified by the high-sounding title, "Executive Chamber," is at times put to some queer uses by visitors from the "rural districts" or the backwoods, in whom the gubernatorial presence itself inspires no respect. A few days ago the Governor occupied the room in question, and while engaged with a gentleman preparing some financial statistics, in came a man, his wife, and two children. The whole family walked to the lounge, sat down and produced a lunch-basket, and began partaking of a frugal repast of pickles, doughnuts, and pumpkin-pie. The two dignitaries at the table looked in amazement on the scene for an instant, but were at once assured by paterfamilias, who acting as spokesman for the diners, said: "Don't mind us, mister, we're all right.

When A. T. Stewart conceived the idea of setting up a coat-of-arms, he went to W. R. Travers for advice. Mr. Travers suggested an employer rampant, chasing a lazy salesman with a yard-stick, and Mr. Stewart did not speak to him again for a month. This anecdote is probably about as authentic as the other, which states that Mr. Stewart, being extremely loquacious at a state banquet at Delmonico's, Mr. Travers silenced him by calling the length of the table, "Cash!"

A gentleman who had been in Chicago only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent Chicago belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be thought too hasty. He delicately broached the subject as follows: "If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, what would you say of it?" "Well, I should say, never put off till to-morrow that which you should have done the day before yesterday."

Among the begging letters recently received at the office of a benevolent society was one running thus: "This unfortunate young man is the only son of a widow who died childless, and his earnings maintain his aged father and infant brothers, whose sole support he is." The secretary of the bureau wrote on the margin of the epistle the following note: "The circumstances of this case are evidently exaggerated."

Times are pretty hard with some of the small brokers in the new Chicago Board of Trade district. A deaf and dumb man went into an office in the Open Board of Trade building the other day, and, seizing a paper wrote: "I am hungry." The broker took the piece of paper, read the unhappy words, and scrawled under them; "So am I."

Gaborian had a thick head of hair, and Siraudin, who was literally hairless, was frightfully jealous of the novelist's good looks. "Why does not Gaborian submit to nature's laws?" inquired the playwright; "he ought to be bald." "Be easy," was Clairville's answer; "he keeps his hair on his head to conceal his baldness.

Sketcher.

Cape Breton Marriages.

Courtship is by no means a necessary preliminary to marriage. To begin at the beginning: When a young man decides that he will marry he often first builds a house; and it is no trivial matter here, where most of the lumber is sawn by hand in a pit. A man may be said to be in earnest when he begins his suit with months of such hard labor—and that, too, from a disinterested motive, not having the faintest idea, perhaps, as to who will be the mistress of the house. We saw a number of such expectant buildings, in all states and of many ages; for some, failing to get a tenant, stood without windows or doors, the image of a desolate heart.

John——, a young man duly prepared and determined to marry, had set out the previous week with his spokesman to get a wife. He had no particular preference for any one, but they decided to go first to the house of Mary—, one of the biggest girls of the parish, whom he had often noted, but with whom he had never spoken. When they entered the house a hint of their object was given to Mary, and she retired from the room. The spokesman then delivered his speech, in which he praised the personal qualities, the fortune, the social position of his friend and asked the hand of Mary for him. As the father had no objection to the offer, he at once consented to leave the matter to his daughter. She was called in, and the spokesman conferred quietly with her in a corner, and she consented to the marriage. The spokesman then led her out to the middle of the floor, and John came from this corner and took her by the hand; thus the contract was accepted, under the usual penalty of forfeiting eighty shillings in case the engagement was broken. The young man afterward engaged the priest to publish the banns for the first and last time on the following Sunday.

But Mary had her own plans in all this; she knew that the affair would reach the ears of Sandy——, for whom she had a strong preference, and perhaps bring him to a prompt proposal. Sandy did come, and the upshot of it was that he and his father went late on Saturday night, roused the priest, and had Sandy's name substituted in the banns for that of applicant number one.

This new shuffling of the cards was common enough, so that it caused but a passing smile among the friends of the parties most interested. But a certain young man who heard the banns went home in such depression that he asked his father for ten dollars. When questioned he explained that the girl whom he had intended to marry was to become the bride of Sandy——, and he was going away to the States.

"Well, and why don't ye carry her off and marry her yersel', Malcolm? I'll give ye the upper farm this minute. Go get yer brother, see the girl, and bring her home here. We'll keep her safe."

Now it happened that Malcolm was the richest of the three applicants, besides being I will suppose for charity's sake, a good fellow. Suffice it to say that they brought the girl home bag and baggage, by stealth, that Sunday night, and mounted a guard that prevented the success of any stratagem on her part or the part of others, and they were married on the following Tuesday.

These persons were by no means of the lower rank; the girl was described to me by an old fisherman as "a noble-minded lookin' girl, sir; a fine specimen of the Highland craft." A man is all the more highly esteemed for such a feat. The rejected fellow does not lose heart; he generally keeps on with his negotiations, day after day, house after house, until he finds a partner. An intelligent woman, while admitting the general predominance of worldly interest in these matters, and the suddenness with which marriages are made, said that unhappy families are nevertheless rare among this people.

Scottish "Fools."

The Orientals respect an insane man, thinking that the farther he is removed by the loss of reason from men the nearer he is brought to God. A similar trait is found in the Scotch habit of looking with a kindly eye upon a half-witted person. Sometimes he is called a "fool," but usually he is spoken of as "daft" or the "poor natural." Not a few of these half-witted folk made such good use of their remaining wits that local tradition has kept green not only their memories, but their bright sayings and keen replies. One of these wise fools by his keen reply to a clergyman, gave rise to the proverb, "The mair fool are ye, as Jock Amos said to the minister."

On a Sabbath morning the minister as he was on his way to the kirk, discovered daft Jock Amos whittling. "Jock," said the clergyman, "can you repeat the fourth commandment? Which is the fourth commandment?"

"I dare say, sir, it'll be the one after the third," answered Jock, whittling on.

"Can you repeat it?"

"I'm no sure about it."

The clergyman repeated it; but as Jock whittled on, he changed his tactics.

"But, Jock, what is the reason you never come to church?"

"Because you never preach on the text I want you to preach on."

"What text would you like to hear me preach on?"

"On the nine-and-twenty knives that came back from Babylon."

"I never heard of them before."

"It is a sign you never read your Bible. Ha, ha, ha! sic fool, sic minister!"

The clergyman gave up the daft Jock and went away to search for his odd text. He found it in Ezra i. 9; and the story going abroad gave rise to the proverb.

Another of these poor "naturals" was Jamie Fleeman, whose witty saws were long remembered in Aberdeen. When he was dying one of the group about him said—

"I wonder if he has any sense of another world?"

"Oh, no," answered some one, "he is a fool; what can he know of such things?"

Jamie, overhearing the talk, opened his eyes, and looking the rude speaker full in the face, said—

"I never heard that God seeks what he did not give; but I am a Christian, and dinna bury me like a beast." Then he died.

On the small granite stone that marks his resting place, his last prayer is chiselled: "Dinna bury me like a beas !"

Prince Poniatowski was very anxious to secure a libretto from the pen of Alexandre Dumas the elder. "I can't think of such a thing," said Dumas; there's nothing I dread so much as Poniatowski's music, particularly when he composes it himself."

Science.

Magnets.

It is somewhat strange that the journals identified with the milling interests have never had much or anything to say regarding the use of magnets in flour mills. This cannot be because magnets are of slight importance, for many educated and intelligent millers know their great value. But it is, nevertheless, true that magnets are seldom mentioned in milling journals, and are still unknown in far too many mills large and small. To be sure there are regions, though becoming few and for between, where the absence of wire-binding harvesters, and the exercise of unusual care in garnering, diminish the danger to reels and rolls from bits of metal; but even under such conditions it would undoubtedly be a wise precaution and an economical measure to employ magnets. It is quite a common practice to fix them in gangs in the wheat spout, and if well done this will doubtless be effective for a while: but they soon become choked with captured fragments, and must be frequently cleaned if they are to do satisfactory work.

In any event, they are not really cheap; for if well attended they take valuable time, and if ill attended they become worse than useless. For instance, we were once in a mill where the shorts betrayed unmistakable traces of metalic substances. The miller admitted their presence, but declared that he could not account for it. Did he use magnets? "Oh, yes, of course." Yet when he showed them to us, he found to his surprise that they were either deficient in power or so loaded with broken wire, nails, screws, etc., as to be practically ineffective. We have also seen rolls the surfaces of which were cut and scratched to an extent which showed that they must have been regarded by the miller in charge as fit receptacles for miscellaneous hardware; and how he could expect them to remain in perfect alignment and parallelism under such treatment is quite beyond our powers of conception.

The demand, then, is for a device which will do its work well without constant watching and cleaning—that is, some arrangement in which the magnets are automatically and regularly cleaned. These points have been embodied in the "magnetic separator," an invention which is almost infallible in detecting and arresting unwarranted metalic intruders. Once in a great while something will make its way past a separator and leave its mark on the rolls, but a suitably protected closed spout, leading from the discharge of the separator to the first-break hopper, is almost certain to prevent such an occurance.

Probably one half the magnets sold to millers are practically worthless for use in flour mills. When tested they prove to be insufficiently charged, and hence have but limited power to attract pieces of metal. A good ten inch magnet should be able to lift a twelve pound weight and hold it, but we have seen many that would not hold one pound. The steel for a reliable magnet must be of even and close grain, by no means soft, for its power depends on this in a measure. It not infrequently happens that two pieces of steel of the same rolling will make magnets of different strengths, and it is only by years of study and experience that a manufacturer can be sure of always producing well charged magnets. He has to go through with many experiments, using different grades of steel, before he can tell which is best for his purpose. It is therefore not to be expected that a good separator can be had for a song, although its price is not beyond the means even of a small miller.

First be sure that you need a separator, then go ahead and get one of the first class. Don't be satisfied with anything less. This is true economy.

Earth Movements.—Despite a popular belief to the contrary, it is not the ocean that changes, but the land which undergoes alternate movements of elevation and depression. An earthquake is a phenomenon well adapted to destroy the faith of any person who feels one in the fixedness of the earth; and such, by the evidence, is the effect for the time on all who experience these shocks. Even the light pulsations which sometimes pass over parts of the United States occasion panic and excite a momentary impression that everything is falling over or sinking away; while the more violent shocks that are felt in earthquake infested countries produce indescribable terror; and such catastrophes as those of Lisbon and Caracas, and the more recent ones of Ischi and the Straits of Sunda, amount to a demonstration that the reason for such terror is real, and that the continents also cannot escape the general law of change and perishability. Earth movements, the name by which these phenomena may be the most conveniently described, are various, and comprise, so far as they are now considered, earthquakes, or sudden violent movements of the ground; earth tremors or minute movements which usually escape attention by the smallness of their amplitude; earth pulsations, or movements which are overlooked on account of the length of their period; and earth oscillations or movements of long period and large amplitude—like the shifting of levels of land masses—which attract attention from their geological importance. Some of these movements have only recently begun to attract attention. They are all intimately associated in their occurrence and their origin.

A Torpedo Cannon Ball.—The *Avenir Militaire* gives us some particulars concerning a torpedo cannon ball invented by Captain Coudray, of the navy. Four years ago the captain presented his projectile to the authorities who at once ordered experiments to be made with it at Gaves, near Lorient. We are told for some time past the modest inventor has been engaged in manufacturing his projectiles under the supervision of a special commision named by the Minister of Marine. At first it was found that all the projectiles discharged at the mean velocity of 150 metres a second rebounded on striking the object at which they were fired. Time was afforded to Captain Coudray to improve his invention, and it seems that, in spite of much head shaking on the part of the *savants*, he has succeeded in curing the defect complained of. The torpedo cannon ball, we are assured, now travels at the rate of 300 metres a second, and instead of rebounding on striking a ship, glides along its side, and never loses contact until it explodes. The last cannon balls constructed contain a charge of 40 pounds of guncotten, although 25 pounds is said to be sufficient to blow up the biggest vessel. It is stated that these projectiles can be fired to a much greater distance than the Whitehead.

The *Bund* announces that Prof. Forel, of Morges, in the Canton of Vaud, has discovered a natural gallery which goes right across the lower portion of the glacier of Arolla, in the Eringerthal, in the Valais. It constitutes a natural grotto in the heart of the glacier, and was explored to a distance of 250 metres (273 yards) by the Professor and some fellow-members of the Swiss Alpine Club from Geneva, Neuchatel, and Canton of Vaud. The average width was from 6 to 10 metres, broadening out here and there to fully 25 metres; the height varied from 2 to 3 metres. At the spot where the party stopped, the cavern divided into two galleries, the exploration of which they reserved for another time. The glacier was found to rest direct on the ground.

Diphtheria and Manure Heaps.—M. Ferrand, *Lyon Medical*, traces the relation between manure heaps and rural epidemics of diphtheria. On one occasion the disease appeared the day following a general street cleaning. He argues that manure should be kept in closed wells of stone, glazed with bitumen, so constructed that the fluids filter away from the solid matter.

Health.

Warts.—The arsenic treatment is well adapted for warts. The top of the wart should be either sliced off with a sharp knife, cut off with a pair of scissors, or destroyed with a drop of some caustic, such as nitric acid. It is then to be painted with the arsenic solution two or three times a day. In a short time it undergoes a change, and appears to break up into a number of pieces. It may then be removed or turned out without the slightest pain or difficulty. There are several other means of getting rid of warts. Their vitality is low, and they are usually readily destroyed by the application of the caustic or astringent. The strong acetic acid known as the "glacial" acetic acid is often used for that purpose. It should be applied with a glass rod until the wart is pretty well sodden with the acid. It may have to be applied more than once, and care should be taken to prevent it coming into contact with the surrounding skin, or it may cause a blister. Small warts occurring in numbers may usually be got rid of certainly and painlessly by keeping them constantly moist with a lotion made by adding two drachms of dilute nitric acid to a pint of water. Lunar caustic is sometimes used for warts, but its action is, as a rule, too superficial to be of much service. When warts or warty growths occur on the nose, lips, or any part besides the hands, chromic acid may be used. The solution is made by dissolving a hundred grains of crystalized chromic acid in an ounce of water. The solution is best applied by means of a pointed glass rod, or when a large quantity is required by means of a small glass tube drawn to a point. Only so much should be applied as will saturate the diseased growth, and it should not be brought in contact with the surrounding tissues. Any superfluous acid is to be removed by a piece of blotting paper or wet lint. The application usually produces only a little temporary smarting, unless indeed the part is ulcerated, when the pain is more severe and of longer duration. After the application of the chromic acid, it is a good plan to dress the part with lint dipped in lead lotion, as it relieves the soreness and restrains the inflammation. Under the influence of this treatment the growth usually wastes, in some cases being thrown off altogether, and in others undergoing a partial though distinct diminution in size. In the majority of cases one application suffices, the cure being complete in from four to eight days. When, however, the warts are very large repeated applications may be necessary.

Biliousness—The symptoms of biliousness are well known. They differ in different individuals, however. A bilious man is seldom a breakfaster. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids, but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough. The digestive system is wholly out of order; diarrhœa or constipation may be a symptom, or the two may alternate. There are very often hemorrhoids, or loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence, and tenderness at the pit of the stomach. The pain felt in the right shoulder would indicate an extra bad case, but apart from this there are aching pains and even stiffness in the limbs, with more or less cramps in the limb muscles, or burning in palms of the hands, with hot perspiring feet.

There may be drowsiness and torpor by day, and sleeplessness by night, and all sorts and conditions of mind especially irritability; fits of bad temper that come on suddenly and go off again. Bilious people are apt to fly for relief to aperient pills, and there is no doubt that they often afford temporary relief by relieving the overgorged liver. This is antiphlogistic treatment, but it is not radical. When a fishpond overflows its banks, we may let off a portion of the water, but after this we ought to go to the other end and lessen the overflow.

I do not wish to suggest remedies in this paper, as cases differ so. The mineral acids and bitter vegetable tonics often do good. So do nux vomica and aconite. Then there is dandelion and chloride of ammonium, and alkalies. A blue pill and colocynth, followed next day by a glass of Pullna water will often help the liver, but the patient must be careful about his diet. The podophyllin pill, from a quarter to half a grain of the extract, in three to five of extract of hyoscyamus, may do as well as the blue pill, if not better.

Soda-water or lithia-water and milk should be drunk next day, and very little solid food taken, though beef tea mixed with arrowroot will be found very nourishing. Little good will accrue from this treatment, however, if the patient returns to his nonhygenic habits of life.

"What am I to do, then?" may be asked.

I will tell you what you are to do. You are not to overeat; you are not to use sugar or fat to any extent, puddings, pastry or cheese. You are not to touch alcohol. You are neither to overwork nor overworry yourself, and you are not to shirk the morning tub, nor plenty of exercise.

What are you to do for the acidity? Abstemiousness, and regulation of diet and habits will entirely remove it, and you will have the pleasure of knowing that its absence is a sign of rejuvenation of the liver. If you but try a week of the treatment I suggest, I feel convinced you will once more feel a pleasure in life, and an interest in all your surroundings.

Hot Water.—In drinking hot water it should be sipped, and not drunk so fast as to distend the stomach and make it feel uncomfortable. From fifteen to thirty minutes may be consumed in drinking it. A period of six months is generally required to wash out the liver and intestines thoroughly. Not more than half a pint of hot water should be drunk with the meals. To make the beverage palatable or to medicate it, aromatic spirits of ammonia, clover blossoms, ginger, lemon juice, sage, salt or sulphate of magnesia are sometimes added. When there is intense thirst or dryness, a pinch of chloride of calcium or nitrate of potash may be added to allay the thirst and leave a moistened film over the parched and dry surface. When there is diarrhœa, cinnamon, ginger and pepper may be boiled in the water and the quantity lessened. For constipation, a teaspoonful of taraxacum may be used in hot water.

Inebriety has a deadly foe in the use of hot water. All thirst and dry mucous membrane disappear in a few days, and a moist condition of the mucous membrane and skin takes place. The relaxing influence of heat inside the alimentary canal relieves spasm and colic of the bowels just as well as heat outside the abdomen. Hot water dilutes the ropy secretions of the body, and renders them less adhesive. It dissolves the abnormal and crystaline substances that may be in the blood and urine. It thoroughly washes out the stomach and leaves it fresh and clean for eating. It promotes elimination everywhere. As we are seventy-five per cent. water, we need renewal to prevent stagnation. The universal use of hot beverages at meal time is based on physiological necessity. If hot water be taken between meals, there will be but little need of taking it at meals.

What is a Ton of Coal.—From a ton of ordinary gas coal may be produced 1,500 pounds of coke, 20 gallons of ammonia water and 140 pounds of coal tar. By destructive distillation the coal tar will yield 69.6 pounds of pitch, 17 pounds of creosote, 14 pounds heavy oils, 8.5 pounds of naptha yellow, 6.3 pounds of napthaline, 4.75 pounds naphthol, 2.25 pounds solvent naptha, 1.5 pounds of phenol, 1.2 pounds aurine, 1.1 1.1 pounds of benzine, 1.1 pounds of aniline, 0.77 of a pound toluidine, 0.46 of a pound anthracine and 0.9 of a pound toluene. From the latter is obtained the new substance known as saccharine, which is 230 times as sweet as the best cane sugar.

Ladies' Column.

Etiquette, or Baby.

The late Madame Rüderdorf, the famous singer and teacher, was a great favorite of the Princess Royal of England who is now the Crown Princess of Prussia. The following story is associated with the two ladies:—

After the marriage of the Princess, Madame sang at a court concert at Berlin, and was invited by the Crown Princess to breakfast with her. They breakfasted together informally, and afterwards Madame sang several songs of Handel, the Princess's favorite composer, her Royal hostess playing her accompaniments.

The Princess proposed a visit to the nursery. As madame sat on the floor with one child playing with the charms on her watch-chains, another hanging over her shoulder, and the baby in her arms, the door opened, and the Crown Prince walked into the midst of the frolic.

The Princess arose, and introduced her visitor. Madame looked up, and with her ready tact and wit said—

"Your Royal Highness, I must either disregard court etiquette, or drop the court baby."

The Prince bowed courteously, and said with a smile:—

"Do what you like with etiquette, but regard the baby."

Questions to a Fretful Wife.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright, "do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"What do you mean?" was the startled reply.

"He will marry the sweetest-tempered girl he can find."

"Oh, auntie!" Hester began.

"Don't interrupt me until I have finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking her knitting. "She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are—in fact, I think not; but she will be good-natured."

"Why, auntie——"

"That isn't all," composedly continued Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was halfway across the kitchen floor bringing you the first ripe fruit, and all you did was to look on and say, 'There, Will, just see your footmarks on my clean floor! I won't have my floor dirtied.' Some men would have thrown the fruit out of the window. To-day you screwed up your face when he kissed you because his moustache was damp, and said, 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything you tell him not to spill it. From morning until night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault finding. And last winter, when you were sick, you scolded him for allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said, 'I was so anxious about you that I did not think of the pump.'"

"But, auntie——"

"Hearken, child. The strongest and most intelligent of men all care more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world; and without this the cleverest and most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affections in time. There may be a few more men like Will—as gentle, as loving, as chivalrous, as forgetful for self, and so satisfied with loving, that their affections will die a long struggling death; but in most cases it takes but a few years of fretfulness and faultfinding to turn a husbrnd's love into irritated indifference."

"But, auntie——"

"Yes, well you are not dead yet, and the sweet-natured woman has not been found; so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better tempered woman in existence."

RECIPES.

Scotch Broths.

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood,
In souple scones the wale o' food;
Or tumlin' in the boiling flood
Wi' kail an' beef.—*Burns.*

Mutton broth is the favorite Scotch broth. For it a gallon and a half of water is put into the broth pan, with one half pound of pearl barley, the latter being previously washed in two or three waters to free it from dust or other foreign matter. This is allowed to boil. A neck of mutton weighing about five pounds, the bone of which is chipped so as to be easily cut, is put into the boiling water, together with any vegetables in season. Just now a pint of green peas, half a Swede turnip cut in square pieces, a bunch of parsley, a cabbage leaf cut very finely, a large bunch of green onions and two rather large carrots cut in slices would be suitable. A little salt only is put in with these to make the scum rise. It is skimmed off as it rises. The whole is boiled two hours; it is boiled gently at first for about half an hour and then more quickly the remainder of the time. The mutton is placed on a hot meat dish or "ashet" as it is called in Scotland, and the pieces of turnip placed round it as a garnish. The broth is turned into a tureen, from which it is ladled into the soup plates. The mutton is eaten as a second course with the pieces of turnip and whole boiled potatoes. Leg of mutton is often used for mutton broth, but that made from the neck is much sweeter and richer. Beef broth is made in the same way as the preceding from a good boiling piece.

Skink soup is another much liked and often used soup; it is made from the shin of beef. A well broken shin of beef is put into a gallon and a half of boiling water and boiled for two hours; it is then taken out and the meat cut from the bone in small neat pieces, the liquor being skimmed at the same time. The bone is returned to the liquor and boiled four hours longer. This part of the process is generally done the day before the soup is wanted. The vegetables are then added in about the same proportion as for mutton broth; see above. Add the pieces of beef at the same time, with pepper and salt to taste, and boil till the vegetables are tender.

Fowl Broth is made like mutton broth, the fowl being used instead of mutton. Fowl and mutton broth is excellent, about three pounds of the mutton being used with one fowl. A fowl which has passed its chickenhood some time is often used in making broth as it gets well cooked. To prepare a fowl for broth it is plucked and drawn, wiped out with a damp cloth, then stuffed both in the crop and body with a stuffing made as follows:—A little oatmeal, according to the size of the fowl or fowls, is put into a basin with a little salt and a level teaspoonful of pepper (one for fowl) and a few green onions or chives cut very finely. This is mixed to a paste with good fresh butter. The crop and body are filled with this, and the fowl trussed so that the stuffing cannot escape. If it should do so the broth is practically spoiled. When pearl barley is not procurable whole rice is often substituted, but it is not nearly so nice.

Miscellaneous.

Barbara Fane.

The gay young widow,
Barbara Fane,
With her springy step,
Came down the lane,
And won my heart;
The more's the pity,
She stormed the gates
And took the city.

Very pretty,
Is Barbara Fane—
Wise and witty;
Is mine the gain?
I sat in the window
And sighed with pain—
I sighed, for there
Came down the lane
A gallant youth
With Barbara Fane.

She raised her eyes—
They are deep as night—
And bewildered me
With their mocking light!
When he looked in her face,
Where the rose did seek
The lily to chase
From her oval cheek,
She shook her tresses
Of rippling gold
With a charm, though felt,
Can never be told!

Oh, Barbara!
Beautiful Barbara Fane,
I'll close this window
Over the lane,
And draw the curtains
Over my heart;
And still if I can,
This stinging smart!
And never, O pitiless
Barbara Fane,
Shall your mocking eyes,
With their rapturous bane,
Look on the luckless
Bard again!

Baby Tigers.—In a certain menagerie there are six as lithe and brightly marked tigers as anybody ever saw. One morning, at daylight, the keepers were surprised by an unusual commotion among the cat animals. The men got out strong ropes lassoes and nets, believing that some of the more formidable of the wild beasts were out of their dens.

They approached the wide stairs with caution and entered the room. The tiger den was a scene of fierce confusion, and the other animals shared the excitement. The men approached to the front of the den, and were met with demonstrations of anger. Lying close to the wall in one corner was a huge Bengal tiger, and at her side a pair of beautifully marked cubs, with eyes closed like young kittens. With cries of wonder the men gazed at the treasures which had been born during the night. Still they could not understand why all the wild beasts should seem so restless. One of the keepers, following the eye of a huge panther, shouted,—

"Boys, look! one has got out and is on the floor!"

One cub had crept through the bars of the cage and tumbled out and wandered around until it had tired out and gone to sleep. When one of the men carefully picked it up it uttered a feeble cry. The scene that followed made those men, used to danger as they are, white with fear. The tigers bent the bars of their cages, and the lions roared in unison with the shrieks of the other animals. It was a little pandemonium.

To attempt to put the cub through the bars into the cage from which it had fallen was certain death to whoever undertook it, for with their long fore-arms and their curved claws the tigers would have torn to shreds whatever had been in reach. Finally one of the cooler-headed keepers took the little speckled, sightless beast, and, climbing up the end of the den, opened a small hole left for ventilation and dropped the cause of all the trouble at the feet of its mother. She tenderly placed it beside her other offspring, lay down herself, and in two minutes the cunning-looking little kitten was taking its nourishment and every thing soon quieted down.

A Treasure.—Miss Marcet writes thus in Lady Holland's Life of Sydney Smith:—I was coming downstairs one morning when Mr. Smith suddenly said to Bunch [the name of one of his servants], who was passing, "Bunch, do you like roast duck or boiled chicken?" Bunch had probably never tasted either the one or the other in her life, but answered, without a moment's hesitation, "Roast duck, please sir," and disappeared. I laughed. "You may laugh," said he, "but you have no idea of the labor it has cost me to give her that decision of character. The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world, but you can never get a direct answer from them; if you ask them even their own names they always scratch their heads and say, 'A's sur' ai don't knaw, sir;' but I have brought Bunch to such perfection that she never hesitates now on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? She has them by heart, and repeats them every day." "Come here, Bunch!" calling out to her, "come and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet;" and Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—"Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slamming, blue-bottle fly-catching, and curtsey-bobbing." "Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle fly-catching is." "Standing with my mouth open and not attending, sir." "And what is curtsey-bobbing?" "Curtseying to the centre of the earth, please sir." "Good girl! now you may go. She makes a capital waiter, I assure you; on *state* occasions Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well, but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork."

Evolution.

Two flying forms, in pathless depths of night,
Watched the great spheres about them wheel and flame,
And many a planet where it swept with might
Round many a central sun, they named by name.

They spoke of races whom the gradual spell
Of wisdom won and raised from crime and vice,
How hate and sin had made this world a hell,
And love had made that world a paradise!

And while they singled, either near or far,
Bright orb from orb in heaven's untold abyss,
At last one pointed to a certain star,
And said, with dubious gesture: "What of this?"

"Earth it is called," his musing mate replied,
"By those dim swarms its continents beget,
'Tis a young star; and they that there abide
Shall not wear wings like us for centuries yet!"

Mme. P., whose early history is somewhat mysterious, receives on Thursdays. A young lawyer one evening narrated to her guests a story and applied to its heroine the epithet, "a piquante *cocotte.*" "Cocotte," exclaimed Mme. P., "is a word no one ever uses in my *salon!*" "Quite true," retorted the lawyer, "but we all use it as soon as we get outside."

Humor.

Twain, Nye, and Smith.

Two years ago, while Bill Nye was at Madison, Wisconsin, working in the interests of John C. Spooner, who is a warm friend of Nye's, and who became a United States Senator at that time, the town was billed for Mark Twain and George W. Cable. William left the capitol on that evening and attended the show, after which he rode down with Twain and Cable, to the hotel, and later on joined them at the station, where all hands were to take a Northwestern train at 2 o'clock A.M.

At the depot Clemens sat under a dim gas-jet, with a pair of ironbound spectacles on his nose, trying to read a magazine, and looking like anything but the slender gentleman in a swallow-tail coat, who a few hours previous had appeared before the happy audience. Nye stood near him. Just then a tall, angular lawyer named Smith, from Pierce county, came up, and recognizing Nye, but not Twain, said:

"Well, Mr. Nye, did you go to the show?"

"Yes, I was there," responded William, with a look of the deepest remorse and a profound sigh. "I was there, and I am not going to try to sneak out of it, either."

"Well, what did you think of it?"

"Think of it. Why, you're a judge of such things," said Nye, moving a little, so as to bring Twain between Smith and himself. "What did you think of it?"

"Well, sir, to be frank with you, and as between man and man, I thought it was pretty thin!"

"Of course you refer to Twain's part of the programme when you say that," murmured the sad-eyed sage hen of Wyoming, with a look of earnest inquiry toward Smith.

"Yes, of course. He's the man I mean. Why, it made my blood run cold to go there and see old, grey-headed men and women who ought to have been at home preparing themselves for a glorious immortality, sitting there and snickering and laughing till the tears ran down their noses, just because it was Mark Twain. If I'd got up there and talked that way people would have just gone home sorry for me, and would have put on burlaps and ashes and pitied my family. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I guess they would. But you wouldn't do that way. I feel that I can rely on you, Mr. Smith, never to do that kind of thing. But I would feel better about it if you would promise me that you never would. We may never meet again, and it would be a great relief to me if you would solemnly promise, here in the presence of two or three of us, never to be a humorist—to excess. You have such a bright future before you, Mr. Smith, such sunny hopes as a barrister, such possibilities as a lawyer and pleader."

"Oh, you needn't worry about me. I shall stick to my profession."

"I know, but you might be tempted some day to descend to humor as a speculation. You know these men like Mark Twain are wealthy. All the humorists are wealthy. So I didn't know but the day might come when you would go into it to make money, and I would feel better, I would sleep sounder, I would feel more secure as to your future if you would promise me right here that you would never, never make a Mark Twain of yourself."

There was a quiver in Nye's voice and a moisture in his eyes that convinced Smith of his sincerity, and he made the promise. Then they shook hands over it across Twain's head, and William called the veteran proprietor of the Jumping Frog as a witness and introduced him to Mr. Smith, and told him how Mr. Twain was once as young, free and lighthearted as he, and how a baneful lust for laughter and good clothes had at last brought him to where he then was. It was very touching.

No one could say a word—especially Smith.

Drawing the Line.—*Rastus:* "Mastah Smif, I wants ter ax yo' er question."

Mr. Smith: "All right, Rastus."

Rastus: "I'se gwine ter get married nex' week, an' I wan's ter know what am de kerrect thing 'bout payin' de minister. Yo' see, Mastah Smif, de lady 'pon whom I'se 'bout to confer de honah ob my han' am werry high-toned in her depo'tment, sah, an' I wuddent wan' ter do nuffin that wuzzent in de lates' style. What I wan's ter know is, should I han' de minister de money myself, sah, or dispute a fr'en ter do it fo me?"

Mr. Smith: "I see; anybody going to stand up with you, Rastus?"

Rastus: "Yes, sah; Sam Johnsing am ter be my bes' man."

Mr. Smith: "Well put the money in an envelope, and let Sam hand it to the minister."

Roscus: "What! let Sam Johnsing handle dat money? No, sah."

Mr. Smith: "Why not?"

Rastus: "Cos I wuddent da resk it. I has de utmost confidence in Sam as a gemman, sah. Sam am a good frien' of mine, an' he am a good ladies' man, an' werry popler in sassciety and wif de f'ar sex, an' ebbery thing ob dat so't, sah: but if I should let him handle dat dollah bill, de minister would nebber see it—'deed he wuddent. I has de utmost confidence in Sam, Mastah Smif, 'cept when it comes ter wealth. Sam ain't used ter wealth."

A party of old soldiers stood on the platform of the panorama of Bull Run the other day discussing an anecdote I told recently of the idiosyncracies of Stonewall Johnson, and a famous ex-Confederate remarked:

"I saw a great deal of General Jackson before and during the war and noticed his peculiarities, as everyone else did. I have heard him assert that his right leg was hollow, and his left leg solid. He used to imagine that he could feel his food passing down the cavity, and if it had been any other man I would have said he was crazy."

"I'm the other man," responded General Belknap, who stood by, "for I never take a glass of Burgundy without feeling it run down inside my leg to my great toe."

"And I know a man," observed another, "who cannot take even so much as a glass of beer without feeling a numbness in his arm from his wrist to his elbow."

"Sam Randall," said a third, "always has a swelling of his ankles whenever he takes wine of any sort, but that's gout, of course."

"And I know a great many men," continued a fourth "who cannot take a drink of whisky without feeling it in both legs, but I never thought there was anything strange about it."

The Lover Could not Stand the Test.—"Do you see that row of poplars on the Canadian shore, standing apparently at equal distances apart?" asked a grave-faced man of a group of passengers on the Fort Erie ferry boat.

The group nodded assent.

"Well, there's quite a story connected with those trees," he continued. "Some years ago there lived on the bluff in Buffalo, overlooking the river, a very wealthy banker, whose only daughter was beloved by a young surveyor. The old man was inclined to question the professional skill of young rod and-level, and to put him to test, directed him to set out, on the Dominion shore, a row of trees, no two of which should be farther apart than any other two. The trial proved the lover's inefficiency and forthwith he was forbidden the house, and in despair drowned himself in the river Perhaps some of you gentleman with keen eyes can tell which two trees are the furthest apart."

The group took a critical view of the situation and each member selected a different pair of trees. Finally, after much discussion, an appeal was taken to the solemn faced stranger to solve the problem.

"The first and the last," said he, calmly resuming his cigar and walking away with the air of a sage.

I have examined the road where Mr. Hehir is reported to have had a horse killed; it is a fenced lane leading into the ranges used mostly by a few woodcarters, and it is just a bush track. The ground is sandy, and the track fairly good. Though there are ruts a few inches deep in places, still there is nothing to cause an accident to anyone driving with the most ordinary care. I gave notice to Mr. G. Geoghan to remove his fence, where it encroaches on the road referred to above, but it was not removed last Monday. Mr. Geoghan told me that he was going to ask for time to enable him to get fencing stuff for a new fence. The water supply works in Snake Valley are progressing towards completion, and very shortly water can be obtained from the standpipe on the road. I beg to recommend that the roads just made in the west riding and also the road in Skipton be rolled.—Re Pimblett. Cr. Thomas did not like to establish a precedent, but he felt that this was an exceptional case, and the circumstances of the contractor were those of poverty, and called for a concession. He moved that the request of Mr. Pimblett's be granted. Cr. Wotherspoon seconded. Cr. Cushing suggested that the contract should be cancelled without any reference to Mr. Pimblett's letter. After some discussion, the words "and the contract be cancelled, and the deposit forfeited," were added to Councillor Thomas' motion, which was carried. Re one horse plough and scoop.—Cr. McKenzie moved, and Cr. Lewis seconded, that the recommendation be adopted. Carried. Re rolling roads.—Resolved that the suggestion be carried. Mr Geoghan attended and asked for three months' time to obtain fencing material—Three months allowed.

The report was received.

RIFLE RANGE.

Cr. Thomas introduced Messrs. Archard and Harris, as a deputation from the Beaufort Rifle Club. A letter was received from the Land Department at last meeting, asking if Council had any objection to the reservation of the mullock heaps. Mr. Archard stated that about nine months ago the club made application to have the heaps reserved as a rifle butts. After a long and desultory discussion, it was ultimately resolved—"That an unqualified reply that the Council see no objection to the proposed reservation of the site for a rifle range be given."

FINANCE.

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

Salaries—Engineer	£33	6	8
Secretary	20	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	10	0
H. H, Jackson, collection statistics	9	15	9
Inspector Woods	3	0	0
Inspector O'Shaughnessy ...	3	0	0
Inspector Daly	1	5	0
Seymour Baker, nightman ...	5	9	0
Insurance pound and cottage ...	1	2	6
Elisha Whiting, gardener, ...	2	0	0
D. Cameron, dog registration ...	3	8	0
Municipal assessment ...	6	16	6
J. Tompkins (commission) ...		15	6
Advertising Ballarat "Star" ...	3	15	0
"Courier"... ...	3	16	6
"Evening Post" ...	7	2	6
"Ripon shire Advocate"	15	9	0
Printing, Henningsen & Klunder	6	0	6
R. Rankin, burying dead horse		12	0
Heley Dawson		10	0
J. Whittle, dog registration commission	5	10	0
Suppression of rabbits ...	16	0	0
Henry Kelly, surface work ...	8	6	8
Mark Muir, do.	8	0	0
M. Meehan, do., and horse hire...	11	2	6
H. Stuart, pipe laying ...	11	5	0
Jeremiah Smith, timber ...	8	2	10
Geo. Douglas, goods and freight	1	11	11
John Whitfield, surface man ...	14	0	0
Joe Whitfield, do.	7	4	0
W. McFarlane, do.	8	0	0
R, Gibson, do.	8	0	0
M. Carrigan, do.	14	4	10
Isaac Storey, do.	8	0	0

CONTRACT PAYMENTS.

North Riding—J. F. Watkin, L87; E. Rogers, L79 17s; James Thompson, L14; W. C. Pimblett, L12; Morris Bros., L12.

East Riding—Michael Sheehan, L35; Jas Madden, L35 14s; Jas. Whittle, L7.

West Riding—J. F. Watkin, L140; Bradshaw and Cairns, L139.

One moiety of L342 18s for contract on the Streatham and Eurambeen joint road with Ararat shire Council carried out by the Ararat Shire Council—L171 9s.

TENDERS.

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

NORTH RIDING.

Contract No. 432.—Building a boat-house at the Recreation Reserve, Beaufort.

T. Vanderstoel, £35.

Contract No. 433.—Cutting 40 chains of channel for the Fiery Creek at Eurambeen.

G. Halpin, £25.

Contract No. 434.—Clearing 40 chains of road south east side of Richard's land, Mount Cole, towards the Mount.

P. G. Morris, £24.

RATE RECOMMENDATIONS.

The following recommendations for alterations were received:—To enter the names of Geo. Ball in lieu of Adam Adam, jun., and Alexander Bell's names, George Henry Clarke for George Clark, Jane Pitcher for William Pitcher, Edward Walter Hughes for T. A. Graham, Mrs Dixon for Joseph Dixon, Mary Houston for John Houston, Mrs. Brumfield for Thomas Brumfield. Adopted.

ALTERATION IN RATE BOOK.

The valuer recommended the following amendments in the rate book:—Enoch Holdsworth for Jessie Holdsworth, L9, Mrs Cecilia Morris for Geo. Morris, Alex. Russell for John McRae, L28 10s; John McRae for Malcolm McRae, L6; reduce Malcolm McRae, L6; Elizabeth McRae for John Buyons, L4. Adopted.

TENDERS.

Cr. Lewis moved that the west side of road leading to Stockyard Hill to top of tier should be cleared. Seconded by Cr. Wotherspoon and carried.

Cr. Beggs moved that Flume Gully be cut, and tenders be called by next meeting. Cr. Wotherspoon seconded; carried.

RETURN OF RATES.

The secretary submitted a return showing the rateable property in the proposed area which will come under the suggested Water Trust:—Waterloo, L54; Chute, L13 10s total, L67 10s.

It was resolved that the conference meet on 16th instant at Beaufort.

MORE FISH.

It was resolved that the members for each riding be authorised to obtain supplies of fish for the reservoirs and dams in their respective ridings.

The council then adjourned.

GREAT MUSICAL FIGHT BETWEEN SIGNOR ZERBINI AND MADAME TASCA.

It was a favorite remark of Confucius (Kong Fu-Tsee) that the proof of the pudding lay in the eating thereof.

Mr. Guenett's puddings eat uncommonly well. At his last grand concert he gave a wonderful Beethoven quartette, so full of passion and musical rhythm that the mind still lingers over it, although now it is but a matter of memory.

But the feature of the night was the Rubenstein sonata, at which great contest Signor Zerbini and Madame Tasca were the principles. The match had been quietly alluded to for some time past in musical circles, and a good deal of money changed hands, although the affair was, comparatively speaking hushed up in the exhilarating key of G.

The Athenæum Hall was crowded. Mr. Guenett acted as musical bottle-holder, assisted by two Philharmonics. The appearance of the combatants in Op. 49 was the signal for a loud outburst of enthusiastic welcome in the shape of applause. The Signor never looked to better advantage. He had been in grand form for six weeks upon a violin obligato near Brighton, and he wore that jaunty air familiar to London Popular Concerts.

Madame Tasca's appearance was the precursor to a manifestation of joy on the part of the audience. The odds at the start were 6 to 4 on the accomplished lady, the backers of the Londoner asking a point over. Both came to time with alacrity, Zerbini going to his corner, accompanied by his violin and much resin, Madame Tasca awaiting the commencement of hostilities, attended by the master of ceremonies—Guenett.

It was evident from the flutter of excitement in the audience that this was not a put up or benefit match, and the excitement became almost painful as Zerbini tuned his violin to C. in alto., Madame taking up a commanding position at the piano in the key of B minor.

The first few rounds were somewhat marred by the tumultuous enthusiasm of audience, as the lady proceeded, without the least effort, to land the Signor a Scherzo right in he eye, well countered, however, by his nibs, who returned a brilliant andante-movement, getting well home on the finger board.

For a period of 12 minutes the members of he audience were treated to some rare sparring in ¾ time, wherein it was evident that he distinguished Zerbini got more than he expected. On several occasions Zerbini got home on his G string, only to be severely handled by Madame Tasca, who planted three decisive allegro shakes on the Signor's left ear, amidst deafening applause, Mr. Guenett nursing his party with telling effect. Although every care was bestowed upon Zerbini by Dr. Wigg, it was evident to a "konosser" that the old 'un was short trained. About this time the lady, by a carefully executed movement, planted an "andante con express" upon the left peeper of the bearded Zerbini. With doubtful taste, and amid wild shrieks of "No, no!" Go on, go on," Signor Zerbini offered to decide the contest by a round of Yankee-grab, offering to take 4 to 1 he could do 18 in three shakes. The offer was declined, the Mayor of Melbourne deciding that the fight must go on. The Signor delivered, amidst great cheering from his backers, a clean "accelerando" upon the finger board of the lady, who cleverly countered in return with a passage from a "valse sentimentale," the round closing with offers of two to three to one on the deft Yorkshire executant—the game Tasca.

There was a brief space for a couple of "diminuendos hot" for the combatants, and now ensued the hottest event for the night. The wary Italian had evidently left this, his trump card, for a tempo dash.

Letting out suddenly his "colla voce" he made immense play with his off B string in alt. He received in return a terrible ral-lentan-do, which staggered him somewhat. He replied with a "Meno mosso, con enpress," getting it hot from Madame Tasca a cleanly delivered "con dolcezza," which sent him all abroad. From this out the match was in favor of the lady, as she delivered with telling effect round after round of "dolcementes" and four compasses from G to D. With a terrible "rallassai," followed by a warm "molto rit," she levelled the now winded Signor, only to be rallied by the Doctor, and punished again.

After a fearful crescendo movement in jump, step and Op. 44, the friends of the prostrate Zerbini threw up the sponge. He is a game 'n, no doubt, but short in his work. Tasca left the stage as fresh as at the beginning of the match, receiving a perfect ovation from the crowd of 69 sports present. She partook of a "Mus-Bac-Oxen," and evidently enjoyed the conspicuous position she had won so deservedly.

The Game Zerbini will take a benefit at St. Kilda shortly, assisted by 14 picked pianotuners, and meanwhile wishes his friends to understand that he is in no way put out by his losses, and that he will fiddle a "tempo" movement with anyone over 13 stone for a couple of hundred.—*Punch.*

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

TICKLING SENSATION.—Persons affected with a tickling sensation in the throat, depriving them of rest night after night, will find certain relief by taking a dose of ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION at bedtime, and if the dose be repeated a cure will soon be effected. For coughs, colds, asthmas, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs; ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION is the well 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

WATERLOO.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Friday.

A service of song entitled "General Gordon" was given in the Free Library Hall on the evening of Wednesday last, but I am sorry to say that the audience was very small, considering the object that it was in aid of, viz., the funds of the Sunday school library. Those who were present, however, enjoyed a treat in the singing, it being excellent. The Rev. C. M. Lowe read the connective readings in a very able manner; and altogether the service was well rendered. The takings amounted to only £2 13s. Mr. C. Rankin, the superintendent of the school, remarked that he was very sorry to see so few present, but if people did not feel disposed to attend, one thing was certain, they could not be compelled. He had hoped that he would have been able to obtain some new books for the library, but by the look of affairs he did not see how it was to be managed. There had been no books put into the library for several years, as all the money obtained by anniversaries, &c., was swallowed up in the working of the school. Mr. Rankin then thanked the ladies and gentlemen who had assisted in the singing; Miss Frusher, as leader; and Mr. Lowe for the trouble he had taken in coming from Beaufort for the occasion, which was approved by applause. He also wished to thank Mr. Milligan for the use of the organ. Mr. Lowe, in replying, said he also regretted that the service was not more largely attended. He thought that the object, being so good, would have commanded a much larger attendance. The books in a Sunday school library had a moral tendency, and if children did not get books of this kind, they would read books having an immoral tendency, for the rising generations would have reading of some description. The last piece in the service was then sung, and brought the meeting to a close.

A very pleasing ceremony took place here the other day at the Excelsior mine, when the company presented Mr. A. Ansaldi with a horse, saddle, and bridle, in recognition of his services in taking up and managing the mine, which I believe has been a remunerative one. [I believe that Mr. Ansaldi has lately been appointed a reader of the Church of England, so I should think this handsome present a very useful one in a scattered district like this.]

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.

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.

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.

KEATINGS COUGH LOZENGES cures Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium or any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d each.

WANTED,—A smart, intelligent LAD, about 14 years of age, educated to State school standard, as APPRENTICE to the Printing. Apply at the office of the "Ripon shire Advocate."

MONEY.

To Farmers, Landowners, and Others.

TO LEND—Large and small sums of trust and other MONEYS, 3 or 5 years, on leasehold and freehold land at Lowest Rates of Interest.

McEVOY and CO.,
21 Market Street, Melbourne.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

DENMAN MASON has pleasure in announcing that he has taken the premises 1 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

Public Notice.

AS the lambing season has commenced at St. Enoch's, neither Coursing or Shooting can be allowed on the Estate during the next two months. JOHN D. ADAMS.

St. Enoch's, 15th April, 1886.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

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

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. A. ANDREWS', Chemist (late Taylor), 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, JUNE 2ND, 1887.

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.

OWING to the scarcity of food for dairy cattle, the undersigned purveyors of MILK have decided to raise the price of milk to SIX-PENCE per QUART until further notice, from May 1st, 1887.

MRS. THOMPSON.
MRS. KILBEG.

Beaufort, 28th April, 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

Millinor, 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.

THE BULLI DISASTER.

AN URGENT APPEAL ON BEHALF OF 50 WIDOWS & 150 ORPHANS.

As the disaster that took place at the Bulli Colliery on the 23rd March last was the most appalling that has ever happened in Australia, it is to be hoped that a calamity so unparalleled in our colonial history, though occurring in New South Wales, will call forth a national response of practical sympathy for the widows and orphans deprived of their breadwinners by that terrible circumstance.

Of upwards of eighty men and youths in the mine when the fearful explosion took place, not one was left to tell the awful tale of their terrible death.

Most of the ill-fated men were married, and, therefore, leave sorrowing widows and many helpless children—numbering together about two hundred. And, painfully sad as it is to relate, that large total will be increased within the next few months by about thirty orphans yet unborn

Regarding the straitened, as well as sad, circumstances in which these widows and orphans are placed, it need only be mentioned that at the time of the disaster work had been resumed at the colliery only a few weeks after a six months' strike, by which the miners lost all and gained nothing. And married men only having been re-employed after the strike, causes the number of widows and orphans to be greater in proportion to the lost than under ordinary circumstances would be the case.

In fact, the victims of the disaster were cut off under peculiarly distressing circumstances as well as in a terrible manner, all being men either whose means had become exhausted during the strike or whose want of means and inability to obtain any other employment caused them to go to work in the colliery. These sad facts tell their own pitiful tale concerning the position of the widows and orphans, who as a body, it is pleasing here to state, are most respectable.

Altogether, considering the melancholy cause for the Bulli Relief Fund movement, and the large number of widows and orphans overtaken by such desolating ruin, the crushing effects of their position must be bitterly felt by them for many long years, unless assistance of a most generous character be extended to them. It is fervently to be hoped, therefore, that united and individual action for the raising of the said fund to a total amount somewhat equal to the magnitude of the requirements of the occasion will be taken most heartily and effectively all over the Australian colonies.

In considering the sad poaition of these fifty widows, let it be borne in mind that the earnings of these fifty dead husbands, at the low average of £2 per week, would amount to a total of £5200 a year, £15,600 for three years, £26,000 for five years, and £52,000 for ten years. All these earnings have been lost to them in a moment, and now they and their 150 orphan children are dependant upon the public for support.

Think of this, ye more fortunately situated men and women all over the Australian colonies, and of your kind sympathy and benevolence lend a liberal helping hand to these your bereaved and distressed fellow creatures. You cannot dry their tears, or restore to them their lost ones, but, by contributing towards the Relief Fund, you will be acting as husbands to the widows and fathers to the fatherless by providing means of living for them. The need is great, but if all in these colonies, who have

Hearts to feel for others' woes,

give towards the Fund according to their means, the wants of those in such need will be supplied to a very considerable extent.

And whatever sums may be contributed toward the Relief Fund should be forwarded with the least possible delay, as although the widows and orphans will be dependent upon the public for years to come, subscriptions in aid of their wants will be certain to cease after a comparatively brief period from the present.

It cannot be, however, that this appeal shall have been made in vain, or that it will be inadequately responded to, urged as it is, on the broad ground of our common humanity by so many widowed women and orphan children, for whom their dead husbands and fathers now plead, as it were, with the "silent eloquence of the grave."

The committee of which the gentlemen whose names are hereto attached are treasurers was formed at Wollongong (the chief town of the district in which the disaster occurred) immediately after the terrible event.

Persons not subscribing towards this urgently required fund through any local committee in their own localities, or in any other way more desirable to themselves, can do so by addressing their kind contributions either to the central committee in Sydney, the branch committee at Bulli (eight miles from Woolongong), or to

W. J. POULTER, Mayor of Wuolongong,
A. A. TURNER, Police Magistrate,
JOINT TREASURERS,
Wollongong Branch,
Bulli Relief Fund.

Town Hall, Wollongong, N.S.W., April 6, 1887

JUST ARRIVED.

Wotherspoon Bros
AND CO.

Extensive Shipments of
AUTUMN AND WINTER
Novelties,
Drapery,
Clothing,
Boots and Shoes.

Everything Fashionable at
WHOLESAL PRICES.

INSPECTION INVITED.

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

HAWKES BROS.,
Next Bank of Victoria Beaufort,
Wholesale and Retail Iron Merchants, Ironmongers, Furniture Brokers, Dealers in Glassware Crockery, etc.

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

HAWKES BROS.,
Are prepared to supply FURNITURE and all HOUSEHOLD REQUISITES upon th TIME-PAYMENT SYSTEM.

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

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!
Including many new and useful lines, made specially to commemorate the
QUEEN'S JUBILEE YEAR.

JUBILEE { Dresses, Satins, Plushes, Velveteens, Gloves, Jersey Jackets, Corsets, Rufflings, Laces, Ribbons,
At Jubilee Prices.

Blankets, Flannels, Calicoes, Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings,
At Jubilee Prices. } Jubilee.

JUBILEE { MEN'S, YOUTHS', and BOYS' SUITS, Overcoats, Hats, Shirts, Ties,
Jubilee Prices.

Jubilee Boots and Shoes, at Jubilee Prices | Jubilee Suits to order, at Jubilee Prices. } Jubilee.

C. H. COUGLE,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Having decided on leaving Beaufort early next month, I will offer the WHOLE OF MY STOCK AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

The DRAPERY portion especially will be Sold at and under Cost, to save expense of removal.

Regular customers and others are invited to anal themselves of this chance of securing
Unheard of Bargains.

All outstanding accounts to be paid without delay, to save further trouble.

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

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

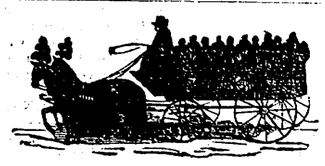
JOHN HUMPHREYS,
COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT,
ACCOUNTANT, ETC.,
Neill Street, Beaufort.

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,



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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,
[illegible] STREET BEAUFOR

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 she 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 racked 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. Wherever 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 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, Januury 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,

"Herriet 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.,

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 insiduous 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 aperients.

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

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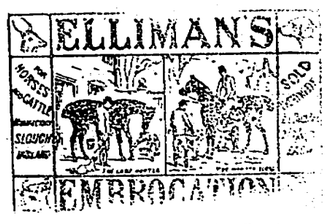
NO ENGLISH STABLE IS CONSIDERED COMPLETE WITHOUT



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."

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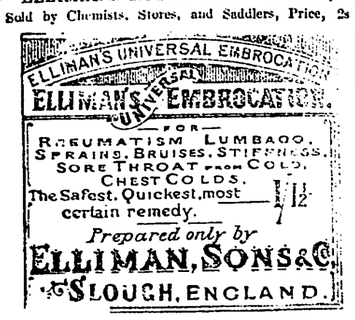

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The houses will be vested in trustees appointed by the purchasers, and these trustees will undertake all matters in connection with the drawing for or disposal of the properties.

The Agents undertake, if required, to find purchasers for the houses at the value set upon them. Each allotment purchased after the date named will be entitled to one share in the distribution.

As a proof that the land is a good investment, it may be mentioned that in less than twelve months we have sold allotments at Laverton to over **1500 people**, most of whom have inspected the property; the total sales amounting to over **£50,000**, and this without any exceptional puff or pressing upon the market.

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There are already 16 or 17 houses erected. There is a Butcher, Baker, Milkman, Grocer, Timber yard, and other industries springing up every day. The State School will be opened in the course of a few weeks.

There are 15 trains daily at low fares to and from Melbourne, from 6 o'clock in the morning until late in the evening which suit the convenience of all classes.

Laverton is therefore now fairly on the highway to become one of the best, healthiest, and most sought after suburbs of Melbourne.

ALLOTMENTS £15 EACH.

TERMS—
£1 per Lot Deposit; balance, £1 per Lot per Month,
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Buyres of 5 lots have free deeds and also a sixth lot given in. Remember, every purchaser obtains a Grand Block of Land rapidly rising in value, besides a chance of securing a competence for life.

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

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Mr. C. Chapman. Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of your Australian Folinge 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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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.

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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.

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These are being Cashed daily

1000 ORDERS,

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Have been found and Cashed.

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RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

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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
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CRAIG, WILLIAMSON, & THOMAS,
IMPORTERS AND WAREHOUSEMEN,
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TURKEYS, YOUNG FOWLS, and PIGEONS. Highest price given at Morgan's Fish and Poultry Shop, Armstrong street, Ballarat.

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To Mr. Cordukes, Chemist, P.O. Place, Ballarat East—Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in acknowledging the superior skill you have displayed in successfully treating and curing, to my entire satisfaction, in the short space of THREE WEEKS, a large chronic ulcer of the leg, which had, for a period of eighteen months, defied the skill of the medical faculty, including five months' treatment as an out-patient at the Ballarat 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.]

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"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 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.]

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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.

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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.

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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 ensures a cure.

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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.

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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	
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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

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Consultation Fee by Letter, £1.

Fee for personal Consultation, Ll 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine.

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

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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
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THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

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

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

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

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

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts]

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"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 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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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.

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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.

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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 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 Pot and can be had in any language, even in Turkish Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

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The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 605.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 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 e rectified. We are most desirous of securing for our subscribers a regular and early delivery, but it will be mpossible 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, d 5 p.m.

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.3 a.m.

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

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

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

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, Albert Street, Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the most approved Continental and American principles. Special 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 aws 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.

CRAWFORD'S,

CORNER STURT AND ARMSTRONG STREETS.

Snow and Room,

PROPRIETOR

Special Lines now showing at Crawford's.

KID GLOVES.

The Elaine (Crawford's registered brand).—4 button, 1s 11d; 6-button, 2s 11d.

Light Fancies.—4-buttons 1s, 1s 11d, 3s 11d, 5s 6d; 6-button 2s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d.

Gents' White Kid Gloves.—Big line 2-button at 1s; also at 1s 11d and 2s 11d.

New Cashmore and Fabric Gloves.—Splendid assortment ladies' and children's. Special line ladies' at 6d; also 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 9d, 2s 6d.

BEAUTIFUL WOOL GOODS.

Clouds, 3d, 6d, 9d, 1s, 1s 6d, and upwards.

New lines opera cloaks and hoods, 17s 6d to 32s 6d.

Children's wool pelisses, 8s 11d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d.

SWISS WORKS.

Jobs at 1s 3d, 1s 9d, and 2s 6d per doz yds; also from 3d to 2s 11d per yd.

Red and white Swiss works, 1¾d, 2¾d, 3¾d, 4¾d.

Sash ribbons, 10in wide, all shades, 6d per yd.

New picot-edge ribbons, wide, 9d per yd.

Ladies' silk neck kerchiefs, 9d, 1s, 1s 3d, upto 3s 11d.

Ladies' satin umbrellas, 3s 11d (good), 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d, to 25s.

LACES.

Extraordinary value in Edelweiss, Torchon, and imitation Maltese; commencing 1d, 1¾d, 2¾d, up to 1s.

LADIES' HAND-BAGS.

Morocco, plush, &c., 1s 6d, 1s 11d, 2s 6d, 2s 11d, up to 25s.

DRESSES.

Costume cloths, wonderful line, at 3s 11d per doz yds; also 5s 11d and 7s 11d; also at 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 6d. and 2s per yd.

New dress tweeds for tailor-made costumes, beautiful textures and colorings, 1s 6d, 1s 9d, 2s, 2s 3d, 2s 9d, 3s 6d upwards.

Winceys, exceptional value, 2¾d, 3¾d, 4¾d, 6d; crisp very wide and heavy, 8¾d.

Wool Plaids, double width, 1s 11d, 2s 6d, 2s 11d.

Cashmeres—Colored, at 3s 11d per dress of 7 yds; also 10¾d to 1s. All wool French cashmeres, 44 inches wide, 2s, 2s 6d, 2s 11d, to 4s 6d

Silks—Special line colored Merveilleux at 4s 11d.

Black Merveilleux, extra value, 3s 6d, 4s 11d, 6s 11d.

Colored sarahs, 2s 11d and 8s 6d.

Black and brown Ottoman mantle silks, 5s 6d and 7s 11d.

Check and stripe velveteens, 1s 11d and 2s 6d.

Black velveteens, 8¾d, 1s, 1s 6d, to 3s 6d.

MANCHESTER.

White sheeting, 2yds wide, 10¾d.

Forfars from 3¾d, toilet covers from 9d; Turkish towels, 6d, 9d, 1s, to 3s 6d; table damasks, 8¾d; table napkins, from 1s 11d per dozen.

Nice assortment of doyleys, lervettes, &c.; window hollands, special value, 6¾d; union and linen tickings from 6d.

Heavy wet wove calicoes, 1 yard wide, 2s 11d dozen.

Cotton shirtings, 2¾d; good selection Union and Crimean shirtings.

Blankets—White and colored, from 4s 11d. Crawford's special blanket for this season at 17s 6d is a marvel, and worth 25s.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

10 Bales Dutch Carpeting, 36 inch 3¾d.

Tapestry and Brussels Carpet.—A magnificent stock, still selling at our transfer sale prices, 4s 4d checks.

Linoleums.—Large accumulation of remnants at half cost prices.

Jobs in mats and rugs of every description.—Nottingham and guipure lace.

Curtains—Stylish and cheap.

OUR NEW SHOW ROOM

Is now in full swing, and we are exhibiting many lines of interest to ladies.

Corsets.—We commence with a splendid line at 1s 11d per pair.

We have a special line of underclothing all round at 2s 6d per garment; wonderfully cheap.

Dr. Jaeger's sanitary undergear for ladies we desire to specially mention; also combination in merino.

Mantles, Ulsters, and Shawls—One of the best stocks in Australia; many lines ridiculously low.

Fur capes very cheap.

Special lines of musquash capes at 17s 6d, worth 35s.

Furs and boas—A lovely lot.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT,

Under the new management, is a gratifying success, and our prices for stylish and becoming hats and bonnets are incomparable.

Crawford's half-guinea hats and bonnets and Crawford's guinea bonnets are most charming in design and marvels in price.

TAILORING.

We have a cutter of exceptional merit, and our prices are very moderate.

Gent's trousers to measure, 12s 6d; suits, Special line Ballarat tweed suits to measure, 50s.

Men's Geelong tweed suits—25s, 29s 6d, 37s 6d, 45s.

Gents' and boys' hats and shirts, collars, ties, hosiery, in great variety.

The new Jubilee Hats and caps for boys are very pretty.

Snow & Room

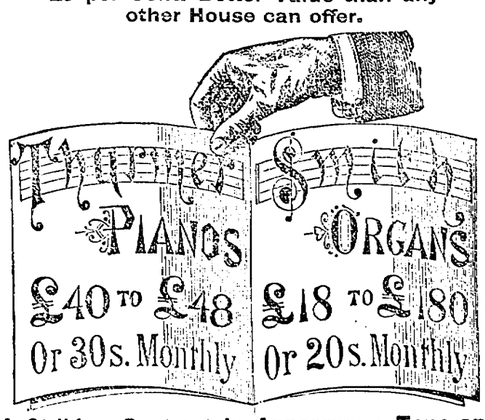
Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchmaker, etc.

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

PIANOS

BY ALL THE BEST MAKERS.

25 per Cent. Better Value than any other House can offer.



A Striking Contrast in Appearance, Tone and Finish to all other Instruments of Similar Price.

BAND INSTRUMENTS BY ALL STANDARD MAKERS.

ALLAN & Co.,

COLLINS STREET EAST, MELBOURNE.

TIME-PAYMENT for all INSTRUMENTS.

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.

Ballarat Wool Sales.

Everingham, Greenfield, & Co

WOOL, GRAIN AND TIMBER BROKERS, SHIPPING AND COMMISSION AGENTS AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS

(Established 1864.)

[illegible] AND BALLARAT.

[illegible] to inform our clients [illegible] hold regular Auction sales [illegible] HIDES, TALLOW and PRODUCE, [illegible] THURSDAY during the ensuing Wool Season, at BALLARAT.

Liberal advances made on Wool, Grain, and all kinds of Colonial Produce consigned to us for [illegible] 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.

BERXLEY & 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, Start Street, BALLARAT
(Over Bardwell's, Photographer),
Dental Registration Certificate, No. 5445,

WISHES to intimate to the inhabitants 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. 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 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 be 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.

The produce market has been fairly supplied during the past week. The transactions reported in wheat are of an unimportant nature, and indicate no change in value. Flour has not excited much attention, trade being restricted. Very little wheat is coming in at Horsham, the price quoted being 3s 4½d to 3s 5d. There is no change at Donald or St. Arnaud, the market being firm at 3s 6d per bushel. In this district oats are firm at 2s 6d, bags in, one lot of 40 bags realising this figure. An offer of 2s 6d has been made for a line of 200 bags, but as yet the sale has not been closed. There is a good demand for bran and pollard at our figures, but enquiries for Cape barley show some inclination to fall off. Potatoes have been well supplied during the week from Warrnambool, and hay is brought in up to requirements. Fresh butter is coming in better, and has eased to 1s 7d, but eggs continue scarce and hard to obtain at 1s 8d per dozen. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 6d per bushel, bags in; oats, to 2s 6d per bushel, bags in; pollard, 1s per bushel; bran, 10½d per bushel; flour, L8 10s per ton; Cape barley, 3s; English barley, none in; peas, 3s 4d; potatoes, Warrnambool, L4 per ton; hay, sheaves, L3 10s per ton; trussed, L5 10s; straw, oaten, 30s to 35s per ton; chaff, 4s per cwt; onions, 6s per cwt; butter, fresh, 1s 7d per lb; butter, potted, 1s per lb; hams, 1s per lb; bacon, 10d per lb; cheese, 6½d to 7d per lb; eggs, 1s 8d per dozen.

The following are the Landsborough quotations :—Wheat, 3s 6d; oats, 2s 9d; peas, 3s; flour, £8 10s; bran, 11d; pollard, 1s.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Business brisk :—Oats, 2s 7d to 2s 9d; Cape barley, 3s; English 4s to 5s 3d; wheat, 3s 9d to 3s 11d; peas, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; mangel hay, L4 to L5; sheaves, L3 to L3 12s 6d; straw, 40s to 50s; new potatoes, L2 15s to L2 17s 6d.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORT.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, May 18:—

Sheepskins.—Butchers' fresh-killed, 18d to to 33d each; large and superior do., to 42d each; country and station skins, 15d to 27d each, and 2½d to 4¾d per lb; pelts and short-woolled skins, 0½d to 2d per lb, and 1d to 9d each; lambskins, 2d to 3½d per lb, and 3d to 24d each.

Hides.—Sold as follows :—Heavies, 3¼d to 3¾d per lb; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d per lb; kip, 3d to 3½d per lb; calf, 4d to 4½d per lb.

Tallow.—We have disposed of our usual weekly supply of oddments and about 30 pipes and casks country mixed to the local trade at current rates, and have placed under offer a line of 500 pipes beef and mutton for shipment.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT.

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company report :—

Considerable firmness has been experienced in the wheat market, but no further advance in quotations has been established. Some fair parcels have changed hands in store, mainly on account of local millers. The trade, as a rule, do not hold stocks, and the depressed demand for stone-dressed flour has reduced their demands on the market. The roller system is now coming into favor, and two of the firms now using stones will shortly adopt the roller principle. The demand from the other colonies for wheat and flour is good, Tasmania drawing on the market for supplies. The agricultural outlook continues good. Wheat—Sales made up to 4s. 1d. Flour—Country stone-dressed sells at £8 5s to £8 10s. special brands, £8 15s; roller-made, £9 5s to £10. Oats—2s 8d to 2s 10s. Barley—Prime samples still scarce, and up to 5s 5d paid; medium and inferior from 5s 3½d downwards; feed at 3s 1d to 3s 3d.

MINING ITEMS.

New Kong Meng, Majorca—Yield for week ended 19th May, 493 oz. 17 dwt.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 12oz; New Victoria, 60 oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 9oz.; Saxon Consols, 30oz.

C A M P B E L L ' S

MILLINERY, COSTUME, AND

Ladies' Outfitting Rooms

Supply all the requirements for Ladies' and Children's Wear.

ALSO, A GENERAL STOCK OF

MANCHESTER GOODS,

AND

FANCY GOODS.

QUALITY OF EVERYTHING GUARANTEED.

W. F. CAMPBELL,

108, and 140, Sturt Street, Ballarat.

On Sale

AT

JEREMIAH SMITH'S

TIMBER YARD,

CORNER OF LIVINGSTONE & WILLOBY STREETS—

American shelving boards
Do lumber do
6 x 1 T and G Scotch flooring
6 x ½ do do lining
6 x ½ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
⅓in., ½in., 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

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.

Public Notice.

OWING to the scarcity of food for dairy cattle, the undersigned purveyors of MILK have decided to raise the price of milk to SIX-PENCE per QUART until further notice, from May 1st, 1887.

MRS. THOMPSON.
MRS. KILBEG.

Beaufort, 28th April, 1887.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUPPLEMENTARY ELECTORAL LISTS.—ISSUE OF ELECTORS' RIGHTS.

IT is hereby notified that the Supplementary Lists of non-ratepaying electors for the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly must be prepared during the week ending the 1st June proximo, and that persons who have not already enrolled may do so by obtaining Electors' Rights from the Registrars for their respective divisions, or their deputies, before or on that date.

CHARLES H. PEARSON,
For the Chief Secretary.

Chief Secretary's Office,
Melbourne, 6th May, 1887.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

Notice to Ratepayers.

VOTING [illegible] will be entitled to be enrolled in respect to any property unless before or on the 10th day of June, all sums payable in respect of any rates have been paid.

The Shire Secretary will be in attendance at the Shire Office from 10 to 3 on the seven days (Sundays excepted) immediately preceding the 10th day of June, for the purpose of receiving payment of rates.

D. G. STEWART,
Shire Secretary.

Ripon Office,
Beaufort, 10th May, 1887.

COTTAGE to LET, near the Court-house, Beaufort. Apply

H. P. HENNINGSEN.

5s. Reward.

LOST—A GOLD BREAST PIN, dog's head. The above reward will be paid to anyone returning same to this Office.

Death.

PAULL—On the 19th instant, at the residence of his son-in-law, James Trengrove, at Chute, William Paull, aged 86.

FUNERAL NOTICE.

THE FRIENDS of the late WILLIAM PAULL are respectfully invited to follow his remains to the Beaufort Cemetery.

Funeral leaves the residence of Mr. Jas. Trengove, at half past 12 p.m., to-morrow (Sunday), May 22nd 1887.

R. FARLEY, UNDERTAKER.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1887.

We have received a pamphlet entitled "Local Option in Canada," by the Rev. D. V. Lucas. The title page contains a portrait engraving of the writer, and the reading is interesting to those who are of a prohibitory turn of mind. Also the "Groudona Indent."

The illustrations of the "Australasian Sketcher," which is to hand, are chiefly incidents in the recent railway catastrophe. The views are splendidly executed.

The fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort branch of the Australian Natives' Association was held on Tuesday evening last, Mr. Geo. A. Eddy (president) in the chair. The memorandum of registration of the branch was forwarded by the secretary to the Board of Directors; and a communication was also received from the secretary announcing that a branch was to be opened that night at Learmonth. The secretary stated that at the instance of the committee he had forwarded a congratulatory telegram to the Learmonth branch. Messrs. Ansaldi, Buchanan, and Williams, of Waterloo, were unanimously elected members of the branch, and they were welcomed by the president, and introduced to the members. One candidate was proposed. The motion on notice, respecting the extension of the benefits of medical attendance and medicines to honorary members, moved by Mr. Prowse and seconded by Mr. Male, was carried. This provides that, when the Board have consented to the bye-law, honorary members can receive the said benefits by the payment quarterly of a sum equal to the amount per head paid by the branch to its medical officers. Progress was reported by the concert committee, being very satisfactory, and the programme will shortly be issued. The treasurer reported the receipt of £2 18s 1d contributions, etc., and the ordinary business closed, that on the syllabus was dealt with. Readings and recitations were given by members, and mildly criticised, and an interesting paper on "Elocution" was read by the president. As the mock shire election is to come on next meeting night, three candidates were proposed for a supposed extraordinary vacancy in the shire of Ripon, viz., Messrs. Ansaldi, G. Loft, and C. W. Tompkins. Various officers and functionaries necessary in an election were chosen, and it was decided that it be an open night for the benefit of all who may like to attend.

We would remind our readers of the Hospital ball to be given at Waterloo on Tuesday evening next. It promises to be a great success.

Notice to ratepayers re the payment of their rates is advertised by the Shire of Ripon, in our issue of to-day.

Those non-ratepaying electors who value the privileges of electors' rights for voting in general or extraordinary elections, are notified that a supplementary list will be made up on 1st June, and they must register before that date.

An announcement over our leader heading gives the demise of Mr. William Paull, who is one of four old residents who have passed over to the "great majority" during the last fortnight. His age exceeded that allotted to man, viz., three score years and ten, by sixteen years. He died on Thursday at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. James Trengrove, of Chute. The remains will be interred in the Beaufort Cemetery to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon.

Within the last fortnight this district has witnessed the departure "to the bourne from whence no traveller returns" of four persons whose aggregated total is 318 years, viz., Mr. W. Thompson, 69 years; Mrs. White, 80; Mr. D. Sutherland, 83; and Mr. W. Paull, 86 years; giving an average age of a fraction over 79 years.

We understand that a billiard match of considerable local interest is arranged to take place on Wednesday evening next between four of our best amateurs. The match is for £20—£10 aside,—500 points up.

The following will supply the team to represent the Beaufort Football Club in a match at Stawell, to be played on Tuesday next :—W. Wilson, R. Wilson (captain), T. Wilson, Smith, Cougle, Cathie, Hosking, Kenny, Ison, Conroy, Harris, Nolan, Calwell (2), Adams, Hellyer, White, Oddie, Archard, Driver, Sinclair.

Thomas Halpin, son of Mr. Gerald Halpin, of Raglan, met with a mishap on Thursday night last, which has an aspect of seriousness about which it would be dangerous to under-rate. He was killing a sheep in the dusky light that prevailed, and in inserting the knife forcibly to a greater depth to ensure a speedier despatch of the animal, he accidentally slipped his left hand, and before he could prevent it the blade of the knife, passing between the thumb and the next finger, nearly severed the former from the hand. Dr. Nolan was called on to attend the sufferer without delay, and he pronounced the case to be very serious, as it threatened to result in tetanus (lockjaw). With the utmost skill and care, characteristic of that gentleman, the doctor stitched the wound, and bound it well up in splints. He believes the thumb will ultimately have to be amputated. In the meantime he has ordered a strict watch of the symptoms shown by the patient, with a view of preventing the worst results.

The inquiry respecting the Windsor railway accident is not yet concluded, and nothing of importance has been brought to light whether the blame attaches to any particular person. The stationmaster at Prahran, however, occupies an unenviable position in regard to the final result. At the inquest on the bodies killed, which was held yesterday, Archibald Burrows stated that he had been signalman at South Yarra for eighteen months, and had experienced mistakes and inattention at Prahran station previous to the accident, but had not reported them. George Edward Gill, district traffic superintendent of the Brighton and St. Kilda lines, had appointed the youth Blackburn, and up to the time of the accident the stationmaster at Prahran had not reported Blackburn as competent. He states that it would takes three days for a lad to master the block system, and he would not then be competent to work it alone. Three clerks and a porter at the Prahran station were competent to work the block system.

The post and telegraph offices will be closed on Tuesday next, Queen's Birthday.

ARARAT MINING BOARD.

TUESDAY, 17th MAY, 1887.

Present—Messrs Frost (chairman), Hunter, Browne, Humphreys, Williamson, Glisson, Hodgetts, Curmick, Foyster, and Burke.

The following business of interest to the Raglan division was disposed of :—

CORRESPONDENCE.

From the members of the Raglan division, reporting favorably on the application of H. Tucker for the sale of land in the parish of Raglan. Received.

From the Secretary for Mines, enclosing a copy of a report from the Geological Surveyor respecting the office hours of the mining registrar at Beaufort, who was of opinion that the public interests do not require that the office shall be open daily, but that if open one day each week instead of three such would be sufficient. It was not intended therefore to make any alterations in existing arrangements. Received.

From the Mining Department, objecting to the granting of W. P. Schlicht's application for land at Trawalla, under section 49 of the Land Act. Received.

From the Castlemaine Mining Board, forwarding a copy of resolution passed by that board urging the Minister of Mines to make provision for the granting of leases on private property and Crown lands adjoining in one lease when desired, and requesting the co-operation of the board. Mr. Browne proposed—"That the Castlemaine Board be informed that this board heartily endorse the views expressed in their resolution, and will take steps to bring the matter under the notice of the Minister of Mines and the Parliamentary representatives of the district, urging that the law be amended in the direction indicated." Seconded by Mr. Williams and carried. It was further agreed, on the motion of Mr. Hunter, seconded by Mr. Glisson, to forward a copy of the resolution to the Minister of Mines and the Parliamentary representatives of the district, requesting their earnest support to the matter, which they viewed as of much importance to the mining industry.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

Mr. Hunter proposed—"That the clerk be instructed to communicate with the Gippsland Board in reference to a previous communication, and ask what steps, if any, that board has taken re annual conferences; so as to enable this board to co-operate with them in bringing about so desirable an end." Seconded by Mr. Browne and carried.

APPRECIATED ACTION.

Mr. Foyster directed attention to the services rendered by a member of the board on the occasion of the recent conference of Prospecting Boards. He moved—"That this board place on record its appreciation of the action taken by Mr. J. W. Browne, its representative on the Ararat District Prospecting Board, and that board generally at the recent conference held in Melbourne." The propisition was seconded by Mr. Hodgetts and carried unanimously. Mr. Browne thanked the board for the compliment paid him. He had endeavored to the best of his ability to do his duty, but the warm expressions of approval quite took him by surprise.

PROSPECTING ON PRIVATE LANDS.

Mr. Browne moved—"That a copy of the following resolution, carried at last meeting, be forwarded to each of the Prospecting Boards, requesting their co-operation :—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.'" The motion was seconded by Mr. Humphreys and carried.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

A very interesting competition took place on Saturday last at the local butts. The team of five, which will represent Beaufort at Hamilton next week, in the "Teams Competition," arranged to fire a match with the next six highest average marksmen in the club. Some very good shooting has been done during the past three months both in practice and in club competitions, and it was considered that this match would put the representative team on their mettle. The five consisted of Messrs. W. C. Thomas, J. Chapman, T. A. Archard, S. W. Male and J. M'Rae; the six were Messrs. J. M'Keich, A. A. Trompf, J. W. Harris, Geo. A. Eddy, J. Jackson, and E. Thomas. The match resulted after some excellent firing in a win for the five by one point. Mr. M'Rae was the last to fire, and he had one shot to go, when his team required a magpie to tie, and a centre to win. A very careful aim was taken, and the red and white disc being shown, announced the victory. The following are the individual range scores, the ranges being 400, 500 and 600 yards, seven shots at each :—

REPRESENTATIVE TEAM.

	yards 400	500	600	Tl.
W. C. Thomas	33	32	27	92
S. W. Male	33	32	25	90
J. Chapman	29	18	29	76
T. A. Archard	30	29	18	77
J. M'Rae	34	29	22	85
			Grand Total,	420

THE SIX.

	yards 400	500	600	Tl.
J. M'Keich	31	26	23	80
A. A. Trompf	24	23	25	72
J. W. Harris	28	20	24	72
Geo. A. Eddy	23	21	17	61
J. Jackson	21	23	20	64
E. J. Thomas	28	24	18	70
			Grand Total,	419

On Wednesday last, the members' monthly competition took place, the ranges being 200, 400, and 500 yards, the limit being fixed at 90. The following are the scores :—

	yards 200	400	500	H'cap	Tl.
W. C. Thomas	24	23	30	scr.	77
J. Chapman	24	32	31	scr.	87
S. W. Male	23	34	28	scr.	85
T. A. Archard	26	32	32	scr.	*90
J. M'Rae	19	31	28	4	82
J. M'Keich	22	21	24	8	75
J. A. Lord	14	29	26	10	79
G. A. Eddy	24	20	—	12	56
J. W. Harris	22	17	16	12	67
A. A. Trompf	23	24	21	13	81
E. Thomas	24	27	18	13	82
C. Trompf	22	27	16	14	†90
J. Jackson	14	20	16	18	68
J. Cathie	15	27	22	20	84
P. De Baere	21	17	18	20	76
J. Wotherspoon	24	24	29	13	†90
J. A. Hosking	25	11	26	21	83
H. Russell	20	14	13	25	72
R. Jackson	10	25	19	30	84
A. J. Morris	20	19	19	30	88
G. H. Cougle	14	15	15	33	77

To-day a challenge match will be fired at Beaufort between a team from A Company 3rd Battalion of Rifles, Ballarat, and ten men of the Beaufort club. Ranges, 400, 500, and 600 yards. The following are the members of each team :—Beaufort team—J. Chapman, S. W. Male, T. A. Archard, J. M'Rae, J. M'Keich, J. W. Harris, J. A. Lord, A. Trompf, E. Thomas, and J. Jackson. A Company's team—Sergeant Major Dubberlin, Lance Sergeant Roper, Privates Butland, C. Weichardt, Gibb, Johns, Harley, Jones, Cloverley and Pomaroy.

Messrs. T. A. Archard, J. Chapman, S. W. Male, J. M'Rae, and W. C. Thomas (captain) will represent Beaufort in Hamilton next week. Several others of the local club will leave on Monday evening to compete in the all comers' matches at the same place on Tuesday, Queen's Birthday.

RAILWAY RETURNS.

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, 19th May, 1887 :—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
May 13	16	£4 8 4	£2 11 9
,, 14	52	8 13 9	6 5 5
,, 16	20	3 9 10	3 1 3
,, 17	27	3 12 10	12 14 10
,, 18	28½	8 18 9	6 13 1
,, 19	21½	1 13 2	6 8 9
Totals	145	£33 16 8	£37 15 1

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., 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 5s 6d. each. Proprietor, Page D. Woodcock Lincoln, England.

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.

KEATINGS COUGH LOZENGES cures Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium or any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d each.

CONFERENCE ON WATER SUPPLY.

Representatives of the shire councils of Ripon and Lexton met in the Shire Hall, Beaufort, on Monday last, to deal with the proposal of the Waterloo and Chute residents to form a Water Trust under the Irrigation Act 1886, in order that these districts may be benefited with a good supply of water. The following gentlemen were present :—Crs. Wotherspoon (chairman), Thomas, and Beggs, and Mr. Stewart (secretary) represented the shire of Ripon; and Crs. Laidlaw, Pinch, and Leadbeater, and Mr. Nicholls (secretary) representing the shire of Lexton. Mr. D. G. Stewart was appointed to take the minutes of the meeting. Messrs. Flynn, Fraser, Shaw, Davidson, and Rankin, members of the deputation, were also present.

The business was introduced by Mr. Stewart, reading the minutes of the shire councils, referring to the appointment of the conference.

Mr. Pinch then moved—"That those present form themselves into a committee to consider the scheme for the formation of a water trust for a certain district, and receive all necessary documents and information appertaining thereto." Mr. Thomas seconded. Carried.

The following petition, which had been referred by both councils for consideration at this conference, was read :—

"To the Presidents and Councillors of the Shires of Ripon and Lexton.

"GENTLEMEN,—We the undersigned ratepayers and inhabitants residing in Chute, Waterloo and district beg respectfully to place before your Councils our opinions as to the method by which the whole of the district could be best supplied with water. The urgency of the necessity of that supply need not be gone into; it is admitted on all hands. We would suggest that an Irrigation Trust be formed; that the district over which such Trust should have control should embrace Raglan and the surrounding district, Chute, Beaufort and its district, Waterloo in Ripon shire, and Waterloo in Lextonshire; that the water should be obtained from the springs in Mount Cole known as the Wimmera Springs, which would flow at a much higher level than the present Beaufort Race, and from information given to us we feel confident the supply would be ample for all requisite purposes, or at most would only require supplementing by reserve reservoirs at different stations along the course of the race, which would bring such water down from the Mount; such reservoirs being constructed so as to supply the different localities through exceptionally dry seasons. This scheme may be considered a comprehensive one, but we feel confident it would be the best, and ultimately the most economical.

"For the supply of Chute, Waterloo in Lextonshire and Waterloo in Riponshire a Trust could be formed embracing a smaller area, the source from which such Trust would obtain the necessary supply of water would still be the same (the Mount Cole Springs) and under the Irrigation Act of 1886 we feel confident either of the abovementioned trusts could be formed with full power to divert the necessary supply of water. In the formation of either of the above Trusts we venture to express our confidence that the Shire Councils of Ripon and Lexton will take the necessary initiatory steps, and in so doing they will receive our cordial and hearty support.

"We feel assured that unless this matter of Water Supply is taken in hand by the respective Shire Councils, it would be futile on our parts to make any further attempt; we therefore pray that the Councils will take this matter into their most serious consideration." [Here follow 197 signatures.]

After the reading of the petition nobody seemed inclined to take the initiative, and the silence was broken by Mr. Laidlaw (Lexton) stating that, as they would find when the returns for his shire were read, Lexton had such a small say in the matter that it would be like playing second fiddle to the Riponshire Council. However, he might assure them that his council was of opinion that some kind of water supply was needed for those districts named in the petition, and if they could come to some understanding whereby the requirements of the localities in which Lexton was also interested might be supplied, they were quite prepared to assist to the utmost they were able. It was for the Riponshire Council to take the iniatitive.

Mr. Stewart then read the returns of ratable property, and the amounts of rates received from various subdivisions of the north riding of Riponshire and the south riding of Lextonshire.

Riponshire.—Subdivisions of north riding that will be benefited—Waterloo valuation, £1080; income at the rate of 1s in £, £54; Chute valuation, £270; income at the rate of 1s in £, £13 10s; total in Riponshire, £67 10s.

Lextonshire.—Subdivision Waterloo—Valuation, £346 10s; income at a 1s rate, £17 6s 6d; Chute valuation, £72 10s; income at 1s rate, £3 2s 6d; total in Lextonshire, £20 9s. This gave a total in both shires of £1769; and a total income of £87 19s. They might put it down at say £100.

Mr Beggs said that he might give the conference the solid opinion of Raglan residents, which was that they would not submit to be taxed, and had no wish to be included in the proposed area of the trust, if formed. They had their natural supply, which they would allow no one to interfere with.

Mr. Laidlaw said of course it would not do to include any district if the inhabitants objected; still, sometimes it was advisable to include the district in the area on account of the watershed. It did not follow that taxation would be imposed; according to the Irrigation Act in question, certain localities could be exempted from taxation.

The chairman pointed out that the Government and the Riponshire Council were joint owners of the present water supply for Beaufort, and if the supply ran short the Government have the first claim, even if there was not a drop left for this town. The Government had a mortgage over the whole of their works. It were best for them to consider the estimated cost of the works to carry out the proposed scheme. Before they could arrive at any decision they must arrange where the water is to come from. Then, having done this, they were to consider the ultimate means of paying the interest on the money borrowed to carry out the work. It was not a question of guessing it. Respecting the proposal to include Beaufort, he could say positively that residents here were opposed to the scheme of amalgamation if it meant increased taxation to them.

Mr. Flynn (one of the deputation from Waterloo who were present) said that by giving the residents of Waterloo and district what they asked for, they would be bringing 50 more ratepayers under the operation of the Local Government Act as well as benefiting that number of people in excess of the number on the ratepayers' rolls of the shires. Section 168 of the Act dealt with this matter.

Mr. Pinch said that they must satisfy the Water Commissioners, by a statement of the probable income, that they will be prepared to pay interest on the money loaned to them, at the rate of 4½ per cent.

Mr. Thomas said his idea of the case was that it was intended only to embrace those portions of the districts which would be immediately benefited. The income from those portions, according to the statements submitted to them, only showed a revenue of about £100. The thing to be secured was a supply for all parties. He believed that under the Wimmera trust there were certain localities which were not rated; but if this trust is formed, it must include all mentioned, even if a portion of the district did not pay the rates. They must include the area for a watershed.

Mr. Flynn submitted that section 173 of the Irrigation Act provided "that any particular rate made by any trust under this Act shall be levied only in a certain division or certain divisions (to be by him specified) of the district of such trust." He submitted that as Beaufort had recently run short of water, and may do so again, it was to their advantage to go in for a more comprehensive scheme of supply which would provide water for the districts of Chute and Waterloo. The estimated cost for this supply is put down at £1800.

Mr. Pinch contended that if £1800 was all that such a scheme would cost, the rate received (viz., £100) would be sufficient to pay the interest at 4½ per cent.; but he failed to see how they could get at an estimate before they had decided where the water was to be brought from.

The chairman was also of the same opinion.

Mr. Thomas said that recently he had intended to bring up a motion in his council that a water trust be formed including Beaufort. He made his notes in pencil, but unfortunately they were not clear to him now. However, he thought that there was plenty of water at Mount Cole, and all they had to do was to provide some means of conserving it during the winter. This could be done by constructing dams, which would be expensive. Beaufort wanted a better supply, and there were people now who would gladly pay a higher rate if they could get more water. Some Beaufort residents got no water at all, and a number who had gone to the expense of laying pipes on had no pressure. He thought Beaufort should be included in the scheme, so that reticulation could be extended and a greater pressure obtained.

Mr. Laidlaw could not see how anyone could be exempted from paying a water rate who was included in the area. Some would naturally pay more than others.

The chairman said that Beaufort residents now paid 6d in the £ for water, with a minimum rate of 15s. If they were to propose that this should be raised there would be a row; the only way they would be able to get at the true feeling respecting an increase would be by taking a poll of the ratepayers. He might state that Beaufort was now paying principal and interest at 6 per cent. They had already paid off L500 of their L3000 loan; but as the rates only amounted to about L200 at the 6d rate, the council actually were losing L100 per annum.

Mr. Thomas suggested that the amount could be easily be raised to 9d. No one would object if they got a better supply.

The chairman said there remained L2500 of their loan yet to be paid, and it was questionable whether they could, if they desired, obtain the consent of the Government to have their liability transferred to a water trust.

Mr. Laidlaw was afraid that without Beaufort, Waterloo could not manage to get the required trust, as they were too weak.

Mr. Frazer (Waterloo) said the springs that it was proposed to tap were those known as the "Wimmera Springs." These were on the north and east side of Mount Cole, and he believed there was a plentiful supply of water from them which in winter lost itself in the sands. This water would run to Raglan if allowed to do so, and there would be no great difficulty in uniting all the various springs to course through a race sufficiently large to be taken at the higher level than the present Beaufort race, and from this branches could be taken in the direction of Chute and Waterloo.

Mr. Shaw said that the Engineers of Ripon and Lexton shires and the Government Engineer, Mr. Lutz, had examined both schemes suggested, but it was on the east side of the mount where the springs designated the "Wimmera" were observed. Some time since a contract was let by the engineer of Riponshire for diverting some of these springs, but there were others which could also be diverted, and one continuous supply be ensured the whole year round.

In reply to the conference, Mr. Jackson, Riponshire engineer, said that the whole of the springs on this side of Mount Cole had now been tapped. The springs were known as the heads of the Fiery Creek. One of them was known as "Smith's," and was on private property, and for some chains distance the course was through private property. In order to augment the Beaufort supply recently, a contract was let to tap this spring; but the residents of Raglan strenuously opposed the taking of any water therefrom, as they consider they have riparian rights which which none shall interfere with. There were no other springs at the head of the Fiery Creek which were not drawn upon now for the Beaufort supply.

Considerable questioning then took place between the conference, the deputation, and Mr. Jackson, by which it was elicited that the scheme set forth by Mr. J. F. Watkin in an article to the "Advocate" some three months ago, would amply supply Chute, Raglan, Waterloo, and Beaufort; but the expense of carrying it out would be far too great for the Councils to undertake at once.

Mr. Laidlaw questioned the stability of Waterloo, and said that if they had a good supply for domestic purposes, say at a cost of £1000, they should rest satisfied for the present.

The Chairman said that some time ago the two councils agreed to do something for Waterloo, but the residents were not satisfied with the proposal. They wanted a larger expenditure. The Riponshire Council's intention was to provide Waterloo with a supply for domestic purposes, and they would do this and erect standpipes at certain points, without charging a rate. The residents then, if they wished the water laid on to their houses, would of course have to pay the same rate as Beaufort residents. His council would do this without the help of Lexton. But it seemed that some residents of Waterloo had become wedded to a certain scheme, which would cost a lot of money, and they would not consent to anything short of it.

Mr. Flynn perhaps looked at it in a different light. The site which was chosen for a dam, as proposed by the Riponshire Council was at the lower end of Waterloo, and those who would be benefited by it were only a few in number. They refused to accept anything but a general supply.

The Riponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

The Shield.

Oh! did you hear a voice of death?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sang a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of light?
'Twas not the death bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast;
'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are past!

See how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghost of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of the son of death!

That shield is blushing with murderous stains;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and washed by rains,
But neither can take the blood away.

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

Novelist.

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY,

BY

HAROLD STEPHEN, Esq., M.P.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

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CHAPTER XLVI.—(Continued.)

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the girl, with pale cheek and dilated eye—"Have you then committed a crime?"

The Professor bowed his head as if overcome with shame.

"We had not a pound in the world," he began, in a broken voice. "I had not a friend in Australia, and you were dependent upon me. That lawyer, Thistlethwate, failed to send money as he promised; I tried to obtain work, but failed; then, in a moment of weakness, I signed Johnson's name to a promissory note, and got it cashed by a bill-discounter. I hoped to be able to take it up before it was due, but failed, and so I was compelled to throw myself upon Johnson's mercy. He behaved like a true, good-hearted gentleman—he not only forgave the offence, but lent me money to go on with. I imagine, therefore, my position, when he told me, yesterday, that he loved you, and asked for my intercession."

Alma heard and shuddered—cold and harsh she had always known her uncle to be, and latterly she had began to entertain a faint suspicion that Dart might be right in accepting Sir Charles North's version of his character, but she had always believed him to be, at least, incapable of a crime, and could scarcely credit his own statement. Let it be remembered that the girl had known no father nor mother; and that Stephen Tredegar had stood in their place to her. It was impossible for her not to feel for him, at least, the affection of habitude, and the respect which is rendered involuntarily to the head of a household by those dependent upon him. If she did not love her uncle, she thought she did, and, for all practical purposes, that amounted to the same thing Still, she would not sacrifice herself without a struggle.

"Did Mr. Johnson threaten you with exposure if I refused to marry him?" she asked, after a moment's thought.

"Certainly not," replied the Professor, promptly—it would never do to degrade the man in her eyes until there was absolute need for so doing. "He is too much the gentleman to threaten anything—but I cannot help fearing all the same."

"Then all is not lost!" exclaimed Alma, cheerfully. "I will appeal to him, if he is the gentleman you say he is, he will give me that wretched bill, and you will be safe."

"You can try it, my dear," said the Professor, "but I doubt your success. Men in love are not very particular. All is fair in love and war, you know; and Johnson is very much in love indeed."

But Alma insisted upon taking a more hopeful view of the matter, and, in compliance with her request, the Professor went out to summon Johnson to the interview.

That gentleman seemed by no means pleased at the prospect before him. "What the deuce am I to say?" he asked with irritation. "It seems to me you have regularly put your foot in it. If I consent to give her the promisory note—by the way you had better set to work to manufacture one at once, in case it should be necessary to produce it—I say, if I consent to give it up, why, we may as well throw up the sponge at once. On the other hand, if I stick out for my pound of flesh, she will look upon me as a brute."

"Can't you temporise?"

"How? What the devil can I say except 'yes' or 'no'? You may be precious smart, but, this time, you have made a fool of yourself, and no mistake."

This was pleasant for the Professor. He, a gentleman, and, to a certain extent, a learned man, to be called a fool by an ignorant, vulgar snob. He bit his lips, and only with difficulty kept down his wrath. "Cannot you waive an answer?" he said. "Tell her you love her so madly that you cannot at once make up your mind to surrender the only claim you have upon her."

"I shan't do anything of the sort," said Johnson. "I am sick of beating about the bush, and I shall bring things to a head at once. We've no time to waste in fooling, as you know very well. Don't you bother yourself, when you see your niece in half-an-hour's time the thing will be settled one way or the other."

Alma received him with a melancholy smile, and invited him to be seated. "My uncle has probably told you what passed between us?" she said.

"He told me that he had pleaded my cause unsuccessfully," replied Mr. Johnson."

"Did he not also tell you that he had explained to me the history of the power you had over him?" asked Alma.

"He admitted that he was fool enough to tell you what you should never have known," said Johnson.

"Did he tell you that I asked for this interview in order that I might implore you to destroy the evidence of his crime?" Alma asked, with a flush of shame mantling her cheek. It was terrible to her to have to humble herself before this man—to speak, even, of the shameful deed of her relative. She went on, whilst the unwelcome tears rushed to her eyes: "Mr. Johnson, you will not be so cruel as to refuse my request? You will make me happy by giving me that fatal bill?"

"Will you make me happy by giving me your hand?" asked Johnson, almost roughly; for he loved the girl, and her emotion affected even his coarse, crime-stained heart to such an extent that he was obliged to take refuge in semi-brutality.

Alma heard and sighed. It was then true—this man was determined to insist upon his pound of flesh—he would abate nothing, and she must consent to become a victim, or condemn her uncle to disgrace and punishment. After all, she thought, what did it matter? Life with Mr. Johnson could scarcely be more intolerable than it would be in any case, now that Harry Lascelles had turned traitor, and was lost to her. Then she owed some return to her uncle; for if he had not been kind, he had, at least, provided for her and her brother for many years. Yes! If Johnson insisted, she would become his wife—and die as soon afterwards as God would please to let her.

Johnson gazed anxiously into her face, whilst she was thinking, and wondered what her decision would be. He was not left long in doubt.

"Mr. Johnson," she said, at last, "am I to understand that you will only give up that bill on condition that I become your wife?" The tears had left her eyes, and they glittered defiantly with a steely light entirely new to them, whilst her voice was cold and incisive. She spoke, and, for the moment, looked more like a woman of thirty than a girl of seventeen.

"You put it plainly, miss," he began. Why would he address her as "miss," like a servant? Alma felt now that she began to hate the man.

"I put it plainly because plain speaking is the best in matters of business," she replied.

"Surely, this is not a matter of business!"

"It is simply a question of barter. You have something to sell, which I want to buy. I ask you, have I lightly stated the price you demand for it?"

"Alma," exclaimed Johnson, passionately. "Will you not remember that I love you? Does that count for nothing in the bargain?"

"For less than nothing, sir, since I do not want your love, and have nothing to offer in return."

"You have yourself, darling."

Alma shuddered, and felt sick, as she heard this fond word from those lips. "Spare me these protestations, if you please," she said, "and let us come to business. You will not surrender that bill, except for the consideration I have mentioned?"

"I will not!" replied Johnson, doggedly.

"Then I accept the terms. I will become your wife, as soon as you please, after that document is placed in my hands."

"You will have it when we stand at the foot of the altar together!" said Johnson, fiercely. "No, my fine madam, you have shown me your claws to-day, and I will not trust you with the bill till it is too late for you to withdraw. Good-day—I will tell your uncle the result of our bargaining, and get him to make arrangements for the marriage. You will not object to it taking place at once?"

No—she would not object—why should she? She had made up her mind to submit to the horrible surrender of herself to the man, and, as there was no hope of escape, the sooner it was over the better. "It can be when you please, sir," she said, without lifting her eyes, and thus, fortunately, escaping the look of exultation, blenched with desire, which illuminated the features of her prosecutor.

When he had gone, Alma buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly. So this was to be the ending of the bright dream of happiness which had its beginning under the grey walls of the Schloss Rubenstein! The prince had come; the kiss had been given; Dornröschen had awakened, and—it was horrible! Was this monster—this miserable snob—to take the place of the gallant, handsome Harry? Yet—yet, was he not also a monster—a miserable snob? Gifted, it is true, and with superior personal attractions, and more winning and gentlemanlike in his ways; but still, perhaps, even more despicable than the man she had promised to accept as a husband!

The door opened softly, and Susie entered. Alma lifted her head, and looked up with a wan smile.

"What is the matter? Oh, what is the matter, miss?" cried Susie, running to her mistress.

"Nothing, Susie—I am out of sorts—that is all."

"I saw Mr. Johnson going out, and he looked so strange, that I thought something had happened. And now I find you crying—Oh, tell me—do tell me, what is it?"

"I have promised to become Mr. Johnson's wife," said Alma, forcing herself to be calm.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Susie, clapping her hands.

"Glad!" exclaimed Alma. "Why are you glad?"

"Because he loves you dearly, miss, and he is not half a bad sort, neither."

Not half a bad sort! What young lady would like to hear her future husband thus spoken of by her servant? Yet Alma felt almost thankful to the girl for her good opinion of the man.

"You like him, then?" she asked, with a faint smile.

"Well, you know, miss, there ain't nobody much to speak to here, and whilst you were sick, he used to talk to me a good bit, at times. He is a lively sort of chap, too, when he's not thinking too much about his love for you, miss. I hope you will be as happy as the day's long!"

Alma drew the girl gently to her, and kissed her on the forehead, in a strange matronly way, utterly at variance with the habits of the Alma of a few weeks ago. "Thank your Susie," she said. "I cannot say that I expect to enjoy much happiness in this world, but your good wishes are none the less acceptable."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE FLIGHT.

It was a warm night, and Susie could not sleep, her bed-chamber opened on to the verandah, and, indeed, formed part of it. The room was close and stuffy, and the window was small, so she opened the door. After another half-hour of tumbling and tossing between the sheets, she determined to partially dress herself, and try the couch on the verandah. It stood immediately under the window of the dining-room, and, as the gentlemen had not yet retired, Susie took care not to make any noise. The window was open, but the curtains were drawn, and she could hear distinctly every word that was spoken in the room. This she did not feel to be a disadvantage, as she was wakeful, and anxious to escape from the monotony of her thoughts.

These waking hours, which are so trying, even to those who mix in the world, and have memories of books and past pleasure to recall, with perhaps bright hopes of the future, must be veritable torture to the unlettered clown, who knows nothing, has read nothing, seen nothing, and for whom the future is but a continuation of the present. I have often wondered what such people find to talk about, when seated around the fire in their huts in the bush, after they have exhausted the ever-engrossing topics of crops and stock; but how much more difficult is it to imagine what they think about in those lone watches of the night, when sleep refuses to come, and every nerve is twitching? Do they build castles in the air? Have they their waking dreams of fame and happiness—of wealth—of love? Or is the gift of imagination denied them? These be mysteries which never will be solved, for if one of the class were able to define his thoughts and sensations, he would be an exception amongst his fellows, and his experience would be worthless. As for hoping that a man of education will ever be able to penetrate beneath the thick hide of a country bumpkin, that is simply waste of time. I have lived with such people—men and women born and bred in the bush—people who have never read a book or seen a city—I say I have lived amongst such, and passed hours of every day for months with them, and I vow, I came no nearer to their inner selves than if I had been the Governor, whose functions they did not understand, or the Queen of whom many of them had perhaps never heard.

Susie was somewhat better off than such unfortunates. She had learned to read; she had travelled a little, and, for some months, she had had for companion an educated young lady. Still, even she was ill prepared to grapple with the terrors of sleeplessness, and the prospect of hearing a human voice was very pleasant to her.

It was Alma's wedding eve, and the gentlemen had been celebrating the occasion by drinking rather more than was good for them. Johnson was decidedly more than half drunk, and the Professor, usually a temperate man, had taken enough to render him talkative and reckless.

Presently Susie heard something which caused her to start, and then to listen eagerly.

The conversation lasted for some time, but, at last, they separated, and retired to their rooms. Then Susie sprang hastily to her feet, and ran around the building to the window of the room in which Alma slept. It was, as she had expected, open, and moreover, a light was still burning, for the poor girl could not sleep—the prospect of the morrow banished sleep as effectually as severe physical pain would have done.

"Hist! Miss Alma!" Susie whispered, through the window. "For Heaven's sake, don't make any noise!" Alma had arisen from the bed at the first sound of Susie's voice, and was walking to the window.

"What is the matter," she asked, in surprise.

"Wait till I get in."

Susie, as lithe and agile as a cat, clambered on to the windowledge, and dropped lightly on the floor. "Oh miss," she said, "I have heard such terrible things!"

Alma crept into bed again, and made Susie sit by her side. "Now tell me all about it," she said.

"I couldn't sleep, miss, so I went and laid down in the verandah, on the sofy. Master and Mr. Johnson was in the dining-room talking, and I could not help hearing every word they said."

Alma smiled at the naive explanation. "Could you not have moved away," she asked.

"I never thought of it, miss; and very soon I heerd something which made me determined to listen all I could. They were a-talking about you, miss, and Mr Johnson, he say: 'You don't seem much cut up at the prospeck of losing your niece?'—'Curse her!' says master, 'why should I? I wish to God that she had never been born!' Wasn't that awful, miss?"

Awful indeed! Could Susie have heard aright? Was it possible that her uncle, for whom she was about to sacrifice herself, and who (latterly, at any rate) had displayed some affection for her, could he have said such a thing? What had she done that he should curse her? All her life, she had been obedient to him, and when it became a question of choosing between him and her brother, nay, even between him and her lover, she had elected to cast in her lot with his! The mystery seemed inexplicable.

"Are you sure you heard aright?" she asked, as these thoughts flashed across her brain.

"Certain sure, miss, and I heerd also why master said it. Johnson up and asks him for the reason of his hatred for you, and he says as how your mother was engaged to be married to him, but throwed him over, and took with his brother instead. Then he says he swore he'd be revenged, and when they dies, and he can't play off his spite on them, he makes up his mind to make you and Mr. Dart suffer for it. Did you ever hear of such wickedness, miss?"

Alma listened in horror. Then it was true—he was the villain that Dart had said, and she—she was at his mercy—even this marriage might be part of his revenge. As this thought occurred to her, the girl started up in bed, and moaned. Was there no escape? But she had not heard all.

"But that ain't half, miss," continued Susie. "When master finishes, Johnson, he laughs and says he thought as how something was crooked, when master seemed so pleased to write that letter from Mr. Harry."

"What!" exclaimed Alma, her eyes a-blaze with excitement. "What letter did he mean?"

"I dunno, miss, but near as I could guess, it must have been a letter to you, which master forged it on Mr. Harry's writing."

Susie knew nothing of the pretty housekeeper episode; but Alma had no difficulty in identifying the letter. A rush of joy flooded her heart, and her cheeks grew crimson with delight. Harry was true! That was all she thought—all she was capable of thinking at the moment. What to her mattered the malice of her cruel uncle—the attentions of his vulgar associate? Harry was true! She wept for very joy, and clasping her arms about Susie's neck, kissed the little maid repeatedly.

This was pleasant, but inexplicable Susie thought her mistress was going mad and falteringly begged her to be calm and lie down.

"No, no!" exclaimed Alma, jumping out of bed. "There will be no sleep for you or me this night, Susie—before dawn to-morrow, we must be miles away from this?"

"I—I suppose so," said Susie.

"Did you think I should remain here to be wedded to that man? Please God, I will never look upon his face again, nor upon that of my wretched uncle! Quick! help me to dress—but stay—go first to your own room; dress yourself, and pack up a bundle of such things as you must take with you—no superfluities, mind, but only what you cannot do without.'

Susie promised compliance, and retreated, puzzling her mind as to what her mistress meant by "superfluities," which she finally set down as being a polite name for certain under-garments, which, when worn by males, are unmentionable, and, therefore, may be considered inconceivable in connection with the other sex.

Alma hastily dressed herself, and gathered up a few necessaries, which she placed in a small portmanteau; fortunately, the bulk of her clothing was packed in a trunk, which had been left in charge of the landlady of the house in which they had been lodging whilst they were in Sydney. She had scarcely finished, before Susie returned—again by way of the window—fully equipped for the journey, and bearing a bundle in her hand.

"I've been as quick as I could, miss," she said. "I've got all I want here, and I didn't take no superfluities, only the pair I've got on."

The explanation which ensued caused some amusement, which cheered both the girls, and put them in a better humor for their task.

"I don't know what we shall do for money, Susie," said Alma, "I have only a few shillings, and I've got no jewellery worth anything, for I gave to my uncle the presents Harry gave me, and the other things are not valuable."

"I've got plenty of money, miss," replied Susie, drawing a leathern purse from her bosom, and handing it to her mistress. See—there is a sovereign and some shilling and four five-pound notes.'

"Why, Susie you are quite a rich woman! Where did you get so much money?"

"The notes was given to me by Mr. Harry before we left the Mountain Hut. He made me promise to keep them myself against a rainy day."

"Dear Harry!" exclaimed Alma, longing to kiss the notes which had been hallowed by his touch. What a luxury it was to be able again to love him! "He little thought the use those notes would be put to, when he gave them to you, Susie. By the way, we shall be saved by him after all! Only think of that! Where should we be without Harry's money? Isn't it nice to think we shall owe our escape to him?"

"Yes, miss," Susie dutifully replied. "Where do you propose to go?"

"We are only three miles off the main road between Sydney and Bathurst—it is impossible to go wrong. They will be sure to think we have gone to Sydney, therefore I propose to go to Bathurst."

"To Bathurst! Why, what should we do there?" asked Susie, wonderingly.

"Mr. Lascelles' station is near there. We will apply to Harry's father for protection"—It must be remembered that Alma knew nothing of what had occurred recently in Melbourne.

"That'll be fine," said Susie. "But we can never get there on foot."

"How many horses are there in the paddock?"

"Three, miss, the buggy pair, and a saddle horse—but there are no side-saddles."

"We will take the buggy pair, and throw the other horse loose into the bush," said Alma, with decision. "Come along!"

Susie gazed admiringly at her young mistress, and followed her through the window. When they had got to the shed which served as coach-house and harness-room Alma asked whether Sandy, the old convict servant, could be trusted.

"No, miss," replied Susie. "He's mortal afeard of Mr. Johnson, and doesn't go against him in any way. We shall have to shift for ourselves."

The buggy was of light American build, then just coming into fashion, and the girls found no difficulty in dragging it out of the shed and down the incline into the roadway. For greater safety, they drew it still further on, until it was out of sight of the house, and then they set out to catch the horses. This was a more troublesome task, but Susie was an expert at horse-catching, and, ere long, they had the satisfaction of beginning their journey.

The moon shone brightly, and the horses were quiet, otherwise, they might, perhaps, have come to grief, as it was, they reached the main road in safety, and soon were bowling merrily along the mountain ridges towards Bathurst. Susie had driven a single horse often enough, but Alma had never handled the reins in her life, so she was obliged to cede the place of honor to her maid.

At about half-past four, at grey dawn, they came in sight of a wayside public house, and here they determined to rest for awhile, and give the horses a feed. The people of the house were just getting up as they arrived, and they were soon installed in a comfortable parlor, whilst the horses were led round to the stables. Their appearance naturally excited some attention, but when Alma stated that they were bound to Mr. Lascelles' station, the landlord bowed and retired, satisfied—evidently the name of Lascelles was a power in the land they had come to.

A breakfast of ham and eggs and some passable coffee refreshed them wonderfully, and, before seven o'clock, they were off again, after having been made to pay thrice the usual rates for their accommodation.

"My uncle will be just getting up now," said Alma, as they drove away.

"Not very likely, miss," replied Susie. "They were drinking hard last night, and, I should say, ain't nowise likely to stir for another couple of hours."

"Sandy is sure to miss the horses and buggy, and he gets up at daylight. Will he wake them, do you think?"

"Not he—he durstn't. Them assigned servants never does nothing only what they is told, 'cos then they can't go wrong. Besides, how would he know that it wasn't the master himself as took the buggy?"

"How they will rage when they find us gone!" said Alma, with a merry laugh. "I would give anything to see their faces."

And when they find the horses gone too!" said Susie. "They'll have to tramp into Penrith, and then they'll have the walk for their pains—oh, its lovely!"

Alma was so full of gladness that she did nought but laugh and chatter incessantly, notwithstanding that she had had no rest since the previous night. Was she not going to Harry's father? And would she not very soon meet the young gentleman himself? She could scarce keep her seat for impatience, and kept perpetually urging Susie to push on faster.

It was past nine o'clock at night before they reached Bathurst, as they had been compelled to make two more halts on the road, and both the girls were so thoroughly exhausted that they could scarcely stand. They were fortunate enough to meet with a sympathising landlady at the hotel at which they elected to stop, and, after a cup of tea and some bread and butter, they turned into bed in the same room—too tired to talk, and almost too tired to sleep.

But a long night's rest worked wonders, and, after a hearty breakfast, they set out again; this time accompanied by the landlady's son, a youth of seventeen, who, for a consideration, undertook to pilot them to Mr. Lascelles' station, and rode by their side on a long-legged, fiddle-headed brute, which he averred was the fastest trotter in the district.

"How far is it?" asked Alma when they had got clear of the town and found themselves on the plains which, at that point, seemed limitless in extent.

"Close up forty mile," replied the youth. "Do you see them hills yonder? That's the range on which the house is built—Multifelora, they calls it. I cud easy do it in four hours, but it'll take you nigh unto six with them hosses—not that they're such bad 'uns," he added, eying them critically. "That off 'un, he' got bone enough fur anythin', an' the other ain't no crawler, but they was drove hard yesterday, and, if you was to push 'em to-day, they'd break down. How fur did you come?"

"From about fifteen miles this side of Penrith," replied Alma.

"Close up seventy five mile, if it's a yard," said the youth. "That's a cruel long journey, not but what I've knowed this yer hoss, as I'm a-ridin' of, do his seventy mile a day for a week, an' never give in—but there ain't many like you, is there old man?" Here he bent forward and patted the animal lovingly on the neck, of which evidence of affection fiddle-head showed his appreciation by throwing up his head so suddenly that his rider's nose would infallibly have been broken had he not bent back in time.

That morning drive was very wearisome, Every topic of conversation soon became exhausted, and they travelled on in silence. It was a blazing hot day, and the monotony of the plains was irksome in the last degree, whilst every mile or two they were enveloped in clouds of dust, as they met some coming or going team—for they were on the highway to a new diggings, and the traffic was considerable.

At last they reached a point where a track branched off towards the mountains, now quite near, and in another half-hour their escort reined up by the side of the buggy and pointed to a long, low, white house, which had just came into view some distance up the mountain.

"That's Multiflora," he said. "We shall be there in ten minutes now."

How Alma's heart beat! She could see nothing, a mist blurred her eyes, and she was not conscious of what passed until the buggy stopped at the house-door, and somebody asked her would she please to alight.

She looked up, hastily wiped her eyes, and beheld Mr. M'Corkle—tall, gaunt, severe—standing bare-headed under the rays of the blazing sun, and offering his hand to help her down.

"Thank you," she said, accepting his assistance. "Is Mr. Lascelles at home?"

"No," was the reply, "the maister's awa' to Europe with his son."

So terrible was the revulsion of feeling which Alma experienced on hearing this sentence that she uttered a low cry, and then fainted.

When she recovered, she found herself lying on a neat little bed in a bright, pretty room, whilst bending over her was the figure of a fat, motherly-looking dame, who regarded her with a look of sympathy, as she bathed her forehead with eau-de-cologne.

"What is the matter? Where am I?" she asked, striving to rise, but falling back on the pillow."

"Lie still, my dear," said the old lady, in a kind voice. "You have been ill, and you must not get up yet awhile. You are in bed, in Master Harry's room. "Your maid has gone out for a moment, but she will be here directly."

Then she remembered all. "You are Mrs. M'Corkle, I suppose?" she asked, with a faint smile.

"Yes, my dear. How did you know that?"

"Harry told me—oh, I know all about you and Mr. M'Corkle, and Sandy, and Duncan, and everybody!"

Mrs. M'Corkle smiled, well pleased. "I am glad to hear it, my dear, for now you will not feel strange with us."

"Of course not," replied Alma. "But do you know who I am?"

"Oh, yes, my dear; your maid has told us the whole story, so there is no need for you to trouble to repeat it. Master Harry and I have often talked about you—indeed, he would talk about nothing else."

"And this is his own room!" exclaimed Alma, looking admiringly around. "Dear Harry!"

"Here Susie entered, and ran to the bedside. "Are you better now, miss?" she asked anxiously. "Mr. M'Corkle wants to know if he may come inside to see you."

"Certainly," replied Alma. "Ask him to come in at once."

During the girl's absence on this errand, Mrs. M'Corkle smoothed Alma's hair, and covered her shoulders with a shawl, bustling about evidently with the desire to prevent her from thinking of her disappointment.

Presently Susie returned, and ushered in Mr. M'Corkle, who walked on the tips of his toes, as is the fashion of some people on entering a sick room, and thereby made twice as much noise as if he had maintained his usual gait.

"Aweel, misey," he began, in a hoarse whisper—another dreadful custom in a sick chamber, far more irritating to the nerves than the loudest tones would be—"aweel I am glad to hear ye are better. Ye maunna fash yerself aboot things, for ye are at hame now wi' fren's wha wadna let a hair of yer bonny head be hurted."

"Indeed I know it, Mr. M'Corkle," replied Alma, with a smile. "I feel quite at home already, and I am sure I am safe here with you. I was very foolish to faint just now, but we have had a long, tiring journey, and it was such a terrible disappointment to hear that Mr. Lascelles and Harry had gone to England."

"It's the Lord's wull," said Mr. M'Corkle, sententiously. "They hard that you had gone, and they jest went after ye. But we'll no talk aboot it the noo—ye maun get strang first, and the missis shall give ye some beef tea, and parritch. A dhrop o' whusky's no a bad thing, whiles ye're sae weak and ill—wull I breng ye a [illegible]"

(*To be continued.*)

Australian Tales and Adventures.

No. 24.

The Bushranger's Mistake.

By E. A. C.

The warning bell that told of coming separation and departure from home and friends, had just sounded on board the "Hercules," about to start for the distant shores of Australia. Near the gangway stood a group of four persons, one a girl of nineteen, with a sweet, frank expression, now somewhat saddened by the wistful look she cast upon a tall young man of three and twenty, whose handsome features were clouded by a sullen discontent apparently caused by the position in which he was placed. Beside him, with one hand resting lovingly upon his shoulder, was a man of fifty, of refined and gentlemanly appearance, but whose face wore the marks of some long abiding and deeply-felt sorrow; and close by, as though to sustain him in some further struggle, was the fourth member of the party, not so good-looking as his younger brother, but more stalwart in make and broader shouldered, and with an expression as kind and sweet as that of his sister, whilst there was no lack of decision or strength of character in the firm lines of the well cut mouth, and the grave, intent look of the deep-grey eyes that now glanced so pityingly at his father as the latter bade farewell to the young traveller.

"God bless you, my son, and guide you in the new life upon which you are entering—write to us by your very earliest opportunity."

The one whom he addressed, turned half away, as though to avoid meeting Mr. Fortescue's anxious gaze as he answered, almost impatiently, "I shall do well enough, sir, when I am once away from this wretched country, and I will send you a line as soon as I see my way clear."

The careless tone and action seemed to pain the listener, and it was with a pleading accent and trembling voice that he said "Do not forget the past, Ralph, let the memory of the past sad weeks keep you ever desirous of walking in the right path, and oh, my son, remember that your name will always be foremost in our prayers to our loving Master, and earnestly seek that help that alone can keep you in the hour of temptation."

There was no reply from the young man, only a deepening of the sullen gloom already mentioned, and Edward Fortescue, who could no longer watch in silence his father's evident grief answered hastily:—"Ralph will be all right, you may rest assured, dearest father; with the new life opening for him in that glorious Australian land, he has every incentive to do well, and we shall yet hear of his success and honor in his adopted country. By God's help he will send us such news; is it not so, Ralph?" he added affectionately, as he turned to the brother who had, in very truth, been for him and his, the "skeleton" said to be hidden in so many an apparently happy home.

Just as he spoke, the "all for shore, leave," sounded over the now crowded deck, and prevented any further conversation. With an almost convulsive pressure of his son's hand, a murmured prayer and blessing, Mr. Fortescue turned away, leaving Edward to bring his sister after their parting words to the traveller. In another five minutes they were on their way back to the shore, watching with aching hearts and saddened gaze, how rapidly the "Hercules" was bearing away one who, in spite of his many and greivous faults, was yet so dear to all of them. That evening saw them again in their now lonely home in London. Mr. Fortescue had been for several years holding a position of some responsibility in the British Museum, and was greatly esteemed and respected by all who knew him. He had had many sorrows in life, three sons having died just as they reached manhood, but the two griefs that had almost bowed him to the ground and aged him before his years, had been the death of his wife, who was called home, just as their only daughter, Frances, had entered her fifteenth year, and the ever increasing misconduct of his youngest son, Ralph. The latter had, on leaving school, entered by his own wish, upon a mercantile career, and for about eighteen months had gone on with every prospect of doing well, but then a change came over the lad, and complaints were numerous of his irregularity and inattention to business, and two years later he was dismissed from the office. For some few months he remained at home, unable to obtain another situation, and grieving the hearts of all who loved him by his growing indolence and recklessness of behavior. To his father's dismay, he rapidly acquired a habit of drinking, which neither loving entreaties nor examples of abstinence in his own family seemed able to stem. At last, through the kindness of friends of the Fortescues, the young man was taken on as clerk in a widely known city house, and hope again whispered that all might yet be well. Sorrow was, however, once more to rest upon the house that had been so saddened by its dark shadow, but this time it was made more bitter by the fact that crime mingled with it and that disgrace, from that day forward could be linked to the old and hitherto honored name of Fortescue.

The news that the firm had been robbed and that Ralph had been suspected of the deed almost broke the father's heart. At first sight it seemed as though nothing could save the delinquent from a heavy sentence; for his employers declared that no effort should be left untried to capture the offender—interest, however, was again made (Ralph having admitted his guilt) and for the father's sake, the house agreed to take no further notice if the amount were returned and their former clerk sent off to Australia, under a promise not to return to England. Much against his will the young man agreed to the latter portion of the conditions, and Mr. Fortescue and Edward—who had for some years past held an excellent position in one of the London banks—met the claim, and once more sent him out in the world a free man.

There was no sorrow, no remorse, expressed by him for the crime he had committed, or the grief he had brought upon his family, and Frances sometimes found herself thanking God that he had seen fit to take Home the dearly-loved and deeply-mourned mother ere she had learnt the true character of the son she had so fondly dreamed would one day be such a comfort and a credit to them all.

Arrangements were soon made for Ralph's departure to Melbourne, and letters of introduction were procured which, it was hoped, would both give him the entree into good society, and obtain him a suitable situation. The days passed on, and the hearts of all but the traveller himself grew heavy at the thoughts of the approaching separation; in that of Ralph there was but anger at what he chose to consider his "hard fate" at being sent off to a distant land where, if he desired life to be in any way comfortable, he must decide on giving up the habits which had cost him so dear and which yet bound him in their chains of iron—unfortunately a but too willing victim—for unknown to his father and brother, he had contracted a love for gambling, in addition to his other vices, which bade fair to be his bane for life. In accounting for the reasons which had prompted him to embezzle the money, he had merely said he had been led into betting, which, having proved a losing game, had involved him in the difficulties from which he had so madly sought to extricate himself by plunging into crime.

Our story has now been brought up to the morning on which the "Hercules" left Southampton for Melbourne, bearing Ralph Fortescue away as one of its passengers to that port. The voyage was a favorable one and the beginning of December saw the "prodigal son" commencing his new life with every reasonable hope of success. Ever careless as regarded the happiness of others, he put off from day to day writing home, and three months elapsed ere he sent a few cold lines to Frances, telling of his being in the employ of a well known soft-goods firm. He gave no account of what he was otherwise doing, and the Fortescues had to rest content with the bare fact that he was in a respectable situation. Another letter reached them later on; but was still less satisfactory, as it was filled with complaints of hard work and dislike of a town life. A long silence ensued, and, at last, Mr. Fortescue wrote to the firm in question, asking for news of his son, and mentioning that for some time their letters to him had been unanswered. A courteously, even kindly, worded reply was sent off by the next mail; but the news broke the father's heart. Ralph had again committed the crime of robbery, and after serving his sentence in gaol, had disappeared a year before—no one knew where.

Mr Fortescue never rallied from the blow, and before Christmas had come round, he was lying beside the wife he loved so well.

Edward did not give up all hopes of finding his brother, and communicated in the necessary quarters; but no tidings could be learnt of him, save that he had been seen once or twice at the races in company with some book-makers. Had it not been for his sister, the young man would have sought for some situation in a Melbourne bank and prosecuted his enquiries on the spot, but he feared the disgrace that Ralph had brought upon himself in that city might cloud the future prospects of the girl. For himself, he had resolved never to marry—the shadow of Ralph's crimes should not, so far as he was concerned, darken any other home than his own—but for Frances, the sweet, loving girl whose tender affection and sympathy had but shone the deeper as trials gathered around them, he trusted there might be a different and a happier lot in life, but not in Melbourne. So he remained on in London, and to his joy, Frances, eighteen month after her father's death, became engaged to a young clergyman, named Sydney Harcourt, who had been curate at the parish church they had attended for many years, but who, some six months previous to the Fortesques' loss, had been appointed to a very pretty rectory in Devonshire. He had always admired and liked Frances, but want of means had at first prevented his alluding to the subject, and later on, respect for the girl's sorrow had still kept him silent. The only barrier to the Australian scheme was now removed, and after seeing his sister happily settled in her new home, Mr. Fortescue started for Melbourne as the manager of the recently-opened branch in that city, of the London bank with which he had been for so many years connected. The offer had exactly suited his own plans and he had gladly accepted it.

"He arrived in Melbourne in March, and for the next few weeks was so busily engaged with banking affairs, that he was unable to make any enquiries after Ralph, but the first leisure he could obtain he began to search for some traces of him. But it was in vain that he applied to the police, and in despair he employed a private detective, and spent money with an open hand, advertising and seeking in every way for the brother he loved so dearly and grieved for, almost as a father for an erring son. Every effort, however, proved unavailing; the only extra news that could be learnt concerning him after he had left the Melbourne goal, was that he had been seen on two or three occasions in Little Bourke street with some most unenviable companions with whom he had afterwards left the city *en route* for Ballarat. On hearing this, Edward, with the detective, at once started for the latter place, but only to find the clue lost; no one appeared to know the name.

"I fear it is useless prosecuting the search any longer, sir," the detective reluctantly admitted on returning to the hotel, and acquainting his employer with his non-success. "Your brother must, I think, have dropped his own name on leaving the prison; anyway he is not known by it in Ballarat, neither are the description nor the photo you gave me recognised by the force. Very probably he never came up here at all, but went in an opposite direction—none of the gang with whom he was last seen were then actually *wanted* by the police, but it is as likely as not that they were glad enough to throw enquiries concerning them and their actions off the right track, and they named this place."

Mr. Fortescue nodded in assent, and the man withdrew, leaving the young bank manager to his own depressing thoughts. There was one gleam of comfort in this complete disappearance; and that was that it had caused the circumstance of the robbery in Flinders Lane to be well-nigh forgotten by the Melbourne public, and the kind-hearted partners in the well known firm had assured Edward (when he called in a forlorn hope that they might have heard something of their late clerk) that no allusion on their part should ever betray their knowledge that any other member of the young man's family was residing in Victoria. It was not so much for his own sake that he cared as for that of Frances and her husband. The latter had behaved so generously, and shown such true Christian sympathy when told of the dark shadows that tarnished the name of the girl he sought to make his wife, that Mr. Fortescue was thankful this trial of disgrace was likely to die out, and be utterly forgotten by all but himself; for even Frances, in her numerous home and social ties, might surely as the years rolled on, lose the deep bitterness of memory that he, alas! in his lonely home, could not hope would ever cease to be his abiding guest as long as life should endure.

His stay at Ballarat was but a short one, and after liberally rewarding the detective, who was greatly crest-fallen at his very unusual want of success, the bank-manager, with a heavy heart, gave up any further idea of finding his brother, and writing home to that effect, settled down to his daily routine of business, finding his greatest pleasure and relaxation in the numerous acts of charity which occupied his leisure hours. Edward Fortescue was a true Christian man, one who loved and honored his master, and who was not ashamed to show by his daily life that he strove to follow in the steps of Him by whom he had Eternal Life. Many a sad heart was cheered and comforted by simple truths told them by the young banker, and many a home, stricken by poverty and disease, became once more bright and happy by his kindly assistance.

June had passed by and July had set in somewhat severely, when Mr. Fortescue found it necessary to make a trip through a rather wild and lonely portion of the bush in order to visit a township where was opened one of the country-branches of his bank. A new manager had been appointed, owing to the retirement (through a sudden dangerous illness) of the gentleman first intended for the situation, and Edward thought it best to go up and see to affairs himself; the new official, though thoroughly trustworthy being, the former thought, rather young for the position.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Wife's Duties.

The subject of making home the abode of peace and happiness, is one of unfailing interest to every mistress of a household. A great portion of the discomfort of life, to the married, arises from a defect in education—I regret to say—on the part of the wives; other portions may arise from bad temper and general ill behaviour on the part of the husbands. I am aware that one serious flaw in the habits of the wives is insufficient to develope this temper, and sometimes drive the husbands elsewhere for the comforts that they ought to have at home. Does not the responsibility of making happy homes rest equally upon husband and wife? Some people evidently think that the wives of working-men should not aspire to anything higher than the performance of household duties; it is, certainly, their duty to conduct their household affairs as well as possible without making themselves slaves to work. Those instances of "misdirected industry," are the exceptions, rather than the rule. Most women have the opportunity, could they but see it, to add to their store of knowledge, thereby making themselves better companions and increasing their usefulness in the world.

Schwenninger's Way of Treating Fat Men.—Bismarck was a very fleshy man, but he reduced himself according to the Schwenninger method. The plan consisted essentially in dry diet. He was not allowed to drink anything during the meal nor for two hours and a half afterwards. At the expiration of that time he was allowed to drink freely. By that time his food was digested, and the fluids were readily absorbed and carried to the kidneys, and served to wash out the system.

Schwenninger also restricts the patients to one food at a time in case of extreme obesity. For instance, if he should take meat he could have nothing but meat. If he took bread, nothing but bread, and so with potatoes or anything he chose.

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.

SUPPLEMENT.

Good Stories.

When the Emperor Maximilian, whom the French and Austrians had put upon the throne of Mexico, had been deserted by his European allies on account of the unfriendliness of the United States to his enterprise, he was overcome by the military forces of the revolted Mexican people, and condemned to death for his usurpation. He was shot at Queretaro, June 19, 1867, and with him the Mexican prime minister, Miramon, who was condemned for treason to the republic. Before they were executed, Maximilian and Miramon were allowed to walk in the garden, attended by guards. As they were breathing with relief the fresh air outside their prison, the bell upon a neighboring church began to toll rather dismally. "Is that our death knell?" Maximilian asked of Miramon. "I cannot tell you, sire," said Miramon; "I am not acquainted with the way they go about it, because this is the first time in my life that I have ever been executed!" Maximilian laughed heartily at his companion's grim jest, and both soon after died bravely.

Hans von Bulow, on his first appointment to the leadership of the orchestra at a German Court theatre, introduced himself to his musicians carrying a small parcel under his arm. This he proceeded to unfold with great solemnity, producing therefrom twenty two pencils, which he distributed among the members of his orchestra, requesting them in a lengthy speech, to make use of them for inserting his remarks and alterations in their several parts. After Hans von Bulow had resigned his post, his successor appeared at the desk, where he solemnly opened a little parcel, saying: "I have been told that my predecessor, H. von Bulow, on his accession to office, handed each of you a pencil, asking you to insert sundry notes and alterations. I, too, gentlemen, have brought you a small present, with the request that you will make use of it to efface the annotations of my highly esteemed predecessor." Whereupon the new conductor, with great ceremony, delivered to each of the musicians a piece of india-rubber.

"The poor of New York" was founded on a French drama, "Les Pauvres de Paris." The Star Club was a coterie of bright men who met daily or nightly at Pfaff's, in New York, and enjoyed the fleeting hours in true Bohemian fashion. Of this circle Mr Edward Seymour, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Goodrich, and Mr. Stuart were responsible for the literary work, such as it was, of "The poor of New York." When the piece was produced the question of royalty arose, and Mr. Boucicault, put in his claims. They were 25 per cent. for suggesting the idea of stealing the French play, 25 per cent. for his share of work on the piece, 25 per cent. for editing and revising the original drafts, and 25 per cent. for directing the rehearsals. The joint authors laughed with Mr. Stuart, and audited the claim as correct, and whatever money was paid for "The Poor of New York" by Mr. Boucicault and Will Stuart as managers was diverted into the 100 per cent. pocket of Mr. Boucicault as dramatist.

Once on the Union Pacific, when Superintendent Hoxie was aboard, a tramp tried to beg his way to Omaha. The conductor referred him to Hoxie. "Let you ride to Omaha for nothing?" said he; "no. When we get to the next station the conductor will put you off." The order was strictly obeyed, and the discomfited beat forced out of the car and on to the depot platform at Kearney. To say that Mr. Hoxie was surprised when, upon alighting from the train at Omaha, the first person that he encountered was the identical tramp, would be to put it very mild. "How did you get here?" inquired the official. The tramp tenderly and mysteriously caught Mr. Hoxie's sleeve and pulled him around behind the car and out of hearing of the crowd. "I didn't want to give your old road to the boys," said the tramp; "I walked."

About a year before the death of the noted "Charley" Foster, who was the high priest of Spiritualism in the United States, John McLean and a close intimate visited the rooms of Foster, and the following is an extract from their dialogue: "It is all true." said the medium; reading a pack of cards is one of the easiest acts in the world to me." "Are you a wealthy man, Mr. Foster?" "Well, if an income of £2 500 a year argues wealth, then I am wealthy," he replied. "Would you be willing, Mr. Foster, to give me your entire service, in the evening only, for £5,000 a year?" "Why, certainly, my dear sir: your proposition transports me. What must I do?" "Simply come with me to the faro rooms of this and other cities, and tell me what is the next card in the box." [Quick Curtain.]

Once at Frankfort (says Labouchere) at my first ball supper, I found myself at table next to a grandee, gorgeous in stars and ribbons. The servant came to pour out champagne. Now I detest this wine, so I shook my head. The grandee nudged me and said, "Let him pour it out." This I did, and he explained to me that the potentate whose hospitality we were enjoying never gave his guests more than one glass, "so, you see, if I drink yours I shall have two," and he suited the action to the word. After this there used to be quite a struggle to sit near me at court suppers.

Some years ago a paragraph was printed in the Atalanta *Constitution* saying that a man well known in Atalanta society had died. The next day the alleged dead man called at the *Constitution* office, and demanded a retraction. "This paper," said the editor, "never takes back anything it has said, and will not in this case; but, if you insist that you have been misrepresented, why, we'll put you among the births. That will square it." And he did.

An envoy representing the United States was once asked to dine by the King of the Belgians. The King had particular reasons for wishing to be civil to the United States and its representative. He accordingly, when the ladies had retired, got up, and going to the American envoy, sat down beside him and handed him a cigar. The minister said: "No, I thank you," and taking one from his pocket proceeded to light it.

Among the regulations of the West Boston Bridge Corporation, drawn up by two lawyers, is a section which was written, accepted, and now stands thus: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first Tuesday in June, providing the same does not fall on Sunday." Persons living at a distance must not suppose that Tuesdays fall on Sundays any oftener in Boston than they do elsewhere.

Sir Francis Doyle tells an excellent story at Carlyle's expense. The Chelsea prophet was abusing Lord Falkland in the presence of his old pupil Charles Buller, saying: "Puir meeserable creature, what did he ever do to be remembered among men?" to which Buller replied: "At least he put on a clean shirt to be shot in, which is more than ever you would have done."

"The great trouble with you, John, is," said a wife to her husband, who was suffering from the effects of the night before, "you cannot say 'No.' Learn to say 'No,' and you will have fewer headaches. Oh, by the way, can you let me have a little money this morning?" "No," said John with apparent case.

A young sprig of English nobility went out to Dakato to learn farming. He had great difficulty in mastering the terms used in the management of cattle. One day he was driving his oxen, when a neighbor who was passing heard him say, "Haw, there haw! Beg pardon—I meant gee!"

Sketcher

Chinese Pirates.

"Piracy, I see, according to accounts, is still to the fore in China," said an ex-officer of the British army, who is temporarily residing in San Francisco. "A few years ago when I was in China, the English gunboats used to be pretty busy chasing and destroying these piratical junks. The junks when pursued made for the land, and their crews abandoned them for the hills, where they would keep up a constant fire on the landing parties.

"The coast of the mainland of China, as also that of the island of Thorking, is indented with innumerable sheltered bays, containing fishing villages, the inhabitants being more pirates than fishermen. The junks carried a number of guns, of an obsolete pattern, mounted on low, wooden carriages. The junks were unprovided with portholes, and the guns were fired over the bulwarks, which are low. These, with spears, swords and stinkpots, formed their armament. These stinkpots are a kind of Greek fire. On attacking a ship they are first thrown, and then the pirates board the vessel in the stifling smoke created.

"Large vessels were seldom attacked, unless they were weakly manned. The pirates, having their spies, received good information, and could lay their plans accordingly.

"Hongkong is an island facing the mainland of China, of which the nearest port is Kowloon, distant about one mile and a quarter. The town of Victoria, containing dock-yards, arsenal barracks, etc., is situated on the side of a mountain called the Peak. The bay, in the shape of a crescent, forms a large harbor, and is separated from the mainland by the Ly-e-moon Pass, through which a strong current runs.

"When I was in Hongkong a few years ago, a horrible case of piracy occurred within two or three miles of that place, in Ly-e-moon Pass. A lorcha, a kind of brigantine, sailed in the morning, with a consignment of Enfield rifles for the Japanese government. It had barely got three miles on the voyage when it was attacked by three junks. The pirates, as usual, having thrown their stinkpots, boarded and began firing at the crew, who, having no arms, had bolted up the rigging. After firing a number of shots at the crew without any effect, disabling the steering gear, cutting the rigging, etc., they went over the side taking the rifles and everything of any value.

"Previous to leaving the ship one of the pirates put his musket through the skylight of the cabin, where the captain of lorcha with his wife had taken refuge, and shot him dead while holding his wife in his arms. The mate put back to Hongkong, and reported the circumstance to the English commodore, who ordered a gunboat to get under way at once.

"The lieutenant of the gunboat happened to be lunching with me when one of his officers brought him the order. On asking what was the matter, he told me and offered to take me with him. Having obtained leave without great difficulty, I bundled myself and traps into the man-of-war gig and hurried on board the gunboat lying off the dock-yard under steam. Taking a Chinese mandarin, two of his officials and an interpreter, we weighed anchor and started, examining all the bays as we went along. After steaming about fifteen miles, on rounding a point we sighted some junks. When they saw us they made for the shore not far distant. We gave the nearest ones several shots from the sixty-eight pounder, but without any effect, the shots falling short, as the distance was too great. Just as we were getting within range, the pirates ran their junks ashore, and we could see them getting into their boats in a hurry, not a little hastened by the shells we were firing.

"After answering our shells with a few shots from their eighteen pounders, the pirates deserted their junks, and we could see the crews bolting up the hills that sloped down to the beach. Having given them a few more shells we got out our boats and landed, twenty-five all told. Forming in skirmishing order, we advanced, being fired on all the time with jingals, matchlocks, etc. We escaped with five casualties. Four of the bluejackets were wounded, beside the mandarin who was shot and died the next day. It was hard luck for him, as he was in the front all the time. He was a very plucky fellow and deserved a better fate.

"Finding it impossible to get near the pirates, the heat on the shore being awful and the men beginning to get exhausted, we returned to the junks, which, to the number of eight, were set fire to and destroyed. Having spiked and knocked off the muzzles of the guns found on board we cruised about for some time, but returned the same night to Hongkong on account of the wounded. None of the wounds save that of the mandarin were serious among the bluejackets. I made rather a good collection of swords, spears, flags, etc.

"A few weeks after the police arrested a couple of Chinamen. These turned queen's evidence and gave away their comrades. The captain's wife identified the man who shot her husband, and several others. The captain and eleven others were hanged, early one morning on the wall of the jail. One man hanged himself in prison with his queue, and the others got imprisonment for life in Stonecutter's Island. The captain was the only one of the crowd who did not seem to care. The others all weakened, most of them howling like beasts.

The lieutenant went out again a few months after and attacked a fleet of eighteen junks, burning and sinking two thirds of them, and was promoted to the rank of commander. Since then the Chinese have bought from the English building yards gunboats of very high order which carry pivot guns and other breech loaders, and run from thirteen to sixteen knots an hour. They now do their own police work, generally cutting off the heads of the pirates as soon as caught, without giving them any trial. The English men-of-war take charge of Hongkong and its surroundings. But Canton, Macao, Kowloon, and other Chinese towns are full of pirates, who are always on the lookout for trading junks of their own country, which also carry guns to defend themselves. I should not wonder if many a trading junk was sunk by the gunboats under the suspicion that they were pirates."

Last summer a pretty and romantic girl spent the season at a farm-house, and got up a mild flirtation with the young man of the house. He was not particularly bold, and so one evening as she swung in the hammock in the moonlight, she coyly said to the young fellow: "What is God's best gift to man?" He pondered a moment, as he watched the color come and go in her cheeks, and then said, decisively: "A good hoss, I think." The young woman said that it was getting damp, and she must go right into the house.

Traveller.

The Arab Horse and Donkey.—The Arab looks very well on horseback, though he might not altogether suit the taste of the shires. His saddle is generally red, peaked before and behind, and placed upon several colored felt saddlecloths. The stirrup broadens out so as to give a wide space for the foot to rest on; it is pointed at the corners, thereby enabling the rider to tear the horse's ribs even without the aid of a pointed stick or steel spear-like spur which he often pushes in between his slipper and the stirrup side.

The Arab soldier, with his white burnous fluttering behind him, his high red saddle- and saddlecloths, his knees high and body bent forward, with his long silver-mounted gun flourishing in the air, looks, as he gallops forward in a cloud of dust, the very embodiment of the picturesque, exultant war spirit of past ages, not sobered down by scientific formulas for murder, but free to to carry out his own bloodthirsty purposes with as much swagger and ostentation as possible.

As a horseman, I believe the Arab to have an excellent seat, but an execrable hand; he loves to keep his beast's head high in the air, and so he ceaselessly joggles at the bit, upon which he always rides, until one wonders how the wretched brute can put his feet safely down; yet he does somehow. No one rides camels in this country, but the sultan is said to have some very fleet dromedaries capable of doing marvellous journeys; and, of course, in those parts of Morocco which merge into the Sahara, the camel is indispensable.

The Barbary donkey is a short-legged, long suffering, indispensable beast. It is easy to comprehend the ass existing without Tangier, but it is impossible to conceive Tangier existing without the ass; his patient little body bears every possible burden, from the foreign minister's wife, for example, who sits upon the pack with great dignity and, preceded by her Moorish soldier, pays calls upon other ministers' wives, to the latest thing in iron bedsteads to be sold in the public market.

As an outlet for cruelty alone, the ass is very valuable to the Moor; he is expressly enjoined to be kind to the horse, and assured that it will be accounted to him later on, so the horse has a comparatively good time of it, and we have all heard a good deal about the Arab's love for his horse; but the poor little donkey, the horse's remote ancestor, has no divine consideration extended to him that I know of; at least, if he has, it must be in some future state, for his earthly pilgrimage is a very sorry affair—he is battered and beaten and prodded, overloaded and underfed, until his poor old hide seems verily often to have too many holes in it to be able to hold his bones. I have seen an Arab go gravely to a great aloe hedge, and, choosing one of those terrible thorn-pointed leaves, drag it off with intent to quicken the paces of his poor little beast; nor would it be possible, even if your vocabulary permitted, to convince him that he was cruel. I have heard those who were more competent to judge deny that the Arab is cruel, and assert that he is very kind and gentle, and that what appears to be cruelty is in reality merely an insensibility to the pain suffered around him, arising from a life in which pain fills so large a share. This may be so, but the result seems much the same, although it is only fair to say that, terrible as his punishments are in barbarity—too terrible to be recounted here—yet, as far as I could see, the Arab does not derive pleasure from the infliction of pain. Unlike the Spaniard, his amusements do not necessitate blood to give the flavor.

The Great Wall of China.—Of course we had to go to the great wall of China. This country abounds in great walls. Her mural defences were most extensive—walled country, walled cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China, which crests the mountain range and crosses the gorge from here some forty miles away. Squeezing through the last deep gorge and a deep rift in the solid rock cut out by ages of rolling wheels and tramping feet, we reach the great, frowning double bastioned gate of stone and hard burned brick — one archway tumbled in. This was the object of our mission, the great wall of China, built two hundred and thirteen years before our era; built of great slabs of well hewn stone, laid in regular courses some twenty feet high and then topped out with large, hard burned bricks, filled in with earth and closely paved on the top with more dark tawny brick—the ramparts high and thick and castellated for the use of arms. Right and left the great wall sprang far up the mountain side — now straight, now curved, to meet the mountain ridge, turreted each three hundred feet—a frowning mass of masonry. No need to tell you of this wall; the books will tell you how it was built to keep the warlike Tartars out —twenty five feet high by forty thick, twelve hundred miles long, with room on top for six horses to be driven abreast. Nor need I tell you that for fourteen hundred years it kept those hordes at bay, nor that, in the main, the material used upon it is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wide streams, netting the river archways with huge hard bars of copper, with double gates, with swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armor—a wonder in the world before which the old time classic seven wonders, all gone now save the great pyramid, were toys.

The great pyramid has 85,000,000 cubic feet, the great wall 6,350,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer in Seward's party here some years ago gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick right around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known.

Dead Cities of Ceylon.—The extent and beauty of the architectural remains of the great ruined cities in the interior of Ceylon, are known to but few. There are many of them, and they are full of archæological and also artistic interest. The city of Anuradhapura, to instance only one of them, is in its way as wonderful as Pompeii or those great forest-grown cities of Central America. It is situated in a lovely spot among the green valleys and wooded hills of the interior of the island, and whichever way the eye is cast there are ruins, wonderfully beautiful ruins of shrines, *dagobas*, pavilions and groups of tall, monolithic pillars carved from base to capital with a wonderful wealth of Oriental imagery. For miles the forest is strewn with these majestic monuments of a long since perished glory. So vast are some of these great brick-work buildings that it is reckoned that the material of one *dagoba*, of the several at Anuradhapura, would be sufficient to build a wall more than ninety miles long, twelve feet high, and two feet deep. The enormous artificial tanks, too, of this city might almost be included among the wonders of the world, so vast are the great *bunds* (dams) that confine the waters, and so marvellous their construction. They lie now embosomed in the thick forest growth, and their shining waters are solitary but for the flocks of waterfowl upon them, and the crocodiles which float lazily on the surface, basking in the full glare of the vertical sun. The once busy banks are now completely deserted, except by the bands of chattering monkeys, which haunt it by day, and herds of darkness-loving elephants, which, at night time, leave the inner depths of the forest and come there to bathe and drink.

Health.

In the Sick-Room.—Quietude is a good thing, of course; but any appearance of mystery, or conspiracy for the good of the patient, excites him, and must be avoided. Do not whisper and never say "Hush!" When you enter the room, do so honestly and at once; do not spend five minutes in turning the handle, like a housebreaker, thereby producing a series of irritating little clicks, finally terminating in a big snap, with which the door flies open. If the latch be at all rusty, a handle that is slowly wound back in this way will often stick, and either require to be rattled back into position, or, if left as it is, may start back suddenly, after a time, of its own accord with a report like a pistol shot. It is always well to recollect that it by no means follows that a sick person is asleep because his eyes are shut; he may be acutely conscious of all that is passing in the room, though unable or unwilling to make any sign; nothing can be more maddening under such circumstances, than to have people hush-sh-shing, and whispering around, and creaking about on the tips of their toes. Do not be officiously attentive. There is no doubt that a patient often yields to suggestions in sheer extremity, simply for the sake of peace. I happened to be in a sick-room the other day, when a relative arrived on the scene. She had been warned to repress all emotion, and succeeded very well, but her tender solicitude was wholly irrepressible. I am sure that she asked at least twenty questions in less than a minute, until the unhappy sufferer writhed under them. "Shall I raise your head a little? Will you have another pillow? Wouldn't you like your head a little higher? Let me fan you. Will you have the blind up? What can I get you? Some arrowroot? Do try some! I am sure you will be more comfortable with another pillow. Will you have one? Yes, do! I'll go and get one. Will you have a cup of tea? I'm sure it would do you good. A cup of tea won't take a minute," and so forth. The cup of tea has been a dreadful instrument in the hands of well-meaning people, who would not knowingly have teased a fly. These are small things, you will say. But a small thing in health is often magnified to a grave matter in sickness, and the sum total of them all may be as serious in their effect as the disease itself!"

Simplicity in Food.—How, asks Dr. Nicholls, are we to get at the proper quantity of food? There are some good rules for food as to quantity. When our food is simple and natural in kind and quality, and mode of preparation, there is little danger of eating too much. There is little danger, for example, of eating too many grapes, apples, pears, and bananas. Salt, sugar, spices, and luxurious cookery tempt to excess. With men, as with animals, a natural diet is self-limiting, and we are disposed to stop when we have enough. The more artificial the food the more elaborate and luxurious the feast, the more liability to overload the stomach, overtax the digestive power, and overweigh the forces of life. Simplicity of food is a condition of health, and promotes longevity. The quantity of food which enables a man to do his daily work without loss of weight is precisely what he requires. It supplies the daily waste—no more, no less. This quantity may vary a little with each individual, but every one can easily ascertain his now measure of requirement by reducing the quantity of daily food until he finds a balance of force and weight. It is my opinion that the average quantity of water free aliment required, say by business and literary men, is twelve ounces. Men of great muscular activity may require sixteen to twenty ounces. I have found myself in very good condition for sedentary work on eight or ten ounces. When any one is in good condition for his work and keeps his normal weight, he has food enough. Dr. Nicholls's advice is, find this quantity by experiment, and then habitually keep to it.

Novel Health Treatment.—The variety of remedies and appliances for the treatment of maladies of every kind are not only numerous on the Continent of Europe, but some of them are very amusing. The mud baths administered at many establishments have had quite a successful run, and now a novel anti-fat cure establishment has been started in Germany, which is described by a traveller who has inspected its working:

"Imagine to yourself a gentleman of aldermanic rotundity standing on a sort of treadmill and hard at work trying to mount an imaginary staircase, without ever getting above the first step, inasmuch as the upper ones are constantly receding under his weight. The physical exertion of ascending the continuously descending step causes the unhappy climber to set in motion a system of bellows, which inhale the outer air and blow it full in his face. Instead of the common street air, however, the victim can also be made to inhale air impregnated with extract of pine and other forest trees, and oxygen, thereby procuring him within the walls of the city, the illusion of filling his lungs with the invigorating air of high mountains. Besides all this, the steps are so constructed as to be placed perpendicularly, if desired, in imitation of a steep mountain.

Thus the patient obtains the exercise, and at the same time inhales artificially prepared oxygen, or it may be natural air impregnated with other health-giving properties.

Chilling the Stomach. — A French medical journal protests against the extravagant use of artificial mineral waters, which, it sets forth, do the double damage of chilling the stomach, thus laying the foundation of gastric catarrh, while the limestone held in deposit in the carbonated waters finds its way to the kidneys and eventually produces Bright's disease. The pamphlet also protests against ice water as a provocation of catarrh in the stomach. It also says: "Water should be drank cool, but not iced, with the juice of a quarter or half a lemon in it. Mineral water should also be drank with a dash of lemon. Water should always be swallowed slowly. It is not the stomach that is dry, but the mouth and throat. If you toss off a drink of water you throw it through your mouth and throat into your stomach, without doing the former any good, while you injure the latter by loading it with what it does not require. Drink slowly, and keep the water in your mouth for a moment when you begin. If you work in a hot room in hot weather, tie a damp cloth around your temples, and you will not experience half the craving for drink you otherwise would."

The Head Lower than the Feet.— Having tested this theory a French physician advocates sleeping with the head lower than the feet. He slept that way for four years, and finds that his neck is nearly two inches larger, owing to the swelling of the thyroid gland. He says in this way the brain receives a more plentiful blood supply and is, consequently, better nourished, while there is no danger of so much blood passing to the cerebral structure as to cause congestion. This danger is obviated by the enlargment of the thyroid gland which holds back a certain portion of the blood in its diluted vessels, and which also acts as a regulator of the cerebral circulation by exerting pressure on the carotids, and thus diminishing their calibre.

An old gentleman who had provoked the hostility of a fashionable lady whom he had known in boyhood, was asked by his wife what he had done to incur the lady's displeasure. "Nothing at all," responded the innocent old man; "on the contrary, I was very cordial to her, and spoke of the time when I used to carry her to school nearly half a century ago." His wife threw up her hands in amazement, and murmured; "How stupid you men are."

Ladies' Column.

A Brave Lady.

A friend of the writer once had the good fortune to travel from Brussels to Paris with a young Irish officer and his wife, an Antwerp lady of only sixteen, of great beauty, and much innocence and *naivete* of manners. The officer had been in the battle of Quatre-Bras, as well as of Waterloo; and to him our friend was indebted for most interesting information, imparted to us in our boyhood.

An anecdote of his fair Belgian, which this officer justly took some pride in relating, will further serve to give an idea of the kind of scenes then occurring, the horrors and the dangers of which it is so difficult to properly describe.

He was living in cantonments at Nivelles, having his wife with him. The unexpected advance of the French troops called him off on a moment's notice to Quartre-Bras; but he left, with his wife, his servant, one horse, and the family baggage, which was packed upon a large ass. Retreat at the time was not anticipated; but being suddenly ordered on the Saturday morning, he contrived to get a message to his wife to make the best of her way, attended by her servant, to Brussels. The servant, a foreigner, had availed himself of the opportunity to take leave of both master and mistress, and make off with the horse which had been left for the use of the latter.

With the firmness becoming the wife of a brave soldier, she boldly commenced on foot her own retreat of twenty-five miles, leading the ass, and carefully preserving the baggage. No violence was dared by anyone to so innocent a pilgrim, but no one could afford to assist her. She was soon in the midst of the columns of the retreating British army, and much retarded and endangered by the artillery. Her fatigue was great; it rained in waterspouts, and the thunder and the lightning were dreadful in the extreme. She continued to advance, and got upon the great road from Charleroi to Brussels at Waterloo, when the army were taking up their line for the awful conflict.

In so extensive a field, and among eighty thousand men, it was in vain to seek her husband. She knew the sight of her there would only have embarrassed and distressed him; she kept slowly advancing to Brussels all the Saturday night; the way choked with all sorts of conveyances, waggons, and horses; multitudes of the native fugitives on the road, and flying into the great wood; and numbers of the wounded working their painful way, dropping at every step, and breathing their last.

Many persons were actually killed by others, in the desperate efforts of the latter to remove impediments to their escape; and, to add to the horrors, the rain continued unabated, and the thunder and lightning still raged as if the heavens were torn to pieces. Full twelve miles further in the night this young woman marched up to her knees in mud, her boots worn entirely off, so that she was barefooted; but still unhurt she continued to advance; and although thousands lost their baggage, and many their lives, she calmly entered Brussels in the morning in safety, and without the loss of an article.

In a few hours after her arrival commenced the cannon's roar of the tremendous Sunday; exposed to which for ten hours she knew her husband to be; and after a day and night of agony, she was amply rewarded by finding herself in his arms—he unhurt, and she none the worse, on the Monday.

The officer told our friend the tale with tears in his eyes. It is said that when some one remarked that it was quite in the spirit of Elizabeth of Siberia, our heroine exclaimed,—

"My mother said the same."

Taken Unawares.

One of the tests of good nature as well as hospitality is to take people unawares near meal time. In the old times when guests were fewer, and travelling more rare, the visitor was a god-send, whose advent was welcomed and stay prolonged. Perhaps it is not to be expected that hospitality should remain the same under new social conditions, nor indeed is it possible, for people as a rule, that is, well bred people, rarely visit without being invited; but there are occasions, when by accident or circumstance, without deliberate intention or malice aforethought, the necessity of extending an invitation or accepting one is forced upon an individual, and he or she sits down to "pot-luck." If the spirit of kindnes, cheerfulness and willingness presides at the board, it truly matters very little what else there is on it, for "pot-luck" means any kind of luck, good, bad or indifferent, and only needs a welcome to be the best luck in the world, whether the dinner be off a rich joint or only "picked up." There are housekeepers who would gladly be hospitable at such times, but they are not blessed with faculty, perhaps not with resources. They have "nothing in the house," which means in the larder, and think their bill of fare must be supplemented by costly dishes to make it acceptable. City people, living within easy reach of stores and markets can easily eke out a scanty dinner by the addition of a lobster salad or a tin of sardines—viands usually relished by the most fastidious. If it is in the country, the time a hot day in March, and people drop in unexpectedly to dinner, set them down to bread and milk, garden salad, bread and butter, and good home made apple pie. They will say and think too, that they never had a better dinner in their lives.

One Sided Advice.

"Now just listen to this!" cried Mrs. Bright, looking up from her paper with evident vexation. "I declare, such nonsense makes me indignant: 'While man is naturally a somewhat slovenly creature, he cannot bear the trait in women, and least of all in his own wife: she can, therefore, never be too tidy for him in her personal appearance, in the preparation and serving of her meals, or in the arrangement of their sleeping apartments.' As if it were quite allowable for man to be untidy, and woman's place to be his waiting maid. Now I think a husband who adds to his wife's burdens by slovenliness and untidy ways, should be made to wait upon himself; for that matter, it wouldn't hurt him to wait upon *her* occasionally. I believe in equalizing things, and some day I'm going to rush into print with a whole budget of advice for men, as follows: 'While woman is naturally a pleasure-loving creature, she cannot bear that trait in man, least of all in her own husband; he can, therefore, never work too hard in order to minister to her amusements, keeping her purse well filled, and assisting her in household duties as much as possible.' There! that's not a bit more absurd than the item I just read you, and will do very well for the other side of the question."

Miscellaneous.

A Sea Dialogue.

CABIN PASSENGER.

Friend, you seem thoughtful. I not wonder much
That he who sails the ocean should be sad.
I am myself reflective. When I think
Of all this wallowing beast, the Sea has sucked
Between his sharp, thin lips, the wedgy waves,
What heaps of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls;
What piles of shekels, talants, ducats, crowns,
What bales of Tyrian mantles, Indian shawls,
Of laces that have blanked the weaver's eyes,
Of silken tissues, wrought by worm and man,
The half-starved workman, and the well-fed worm;
What marbles, bronzes, pictures, parchments, books;
What many-lobuled, thought-engendering brains;
Lie with the gaping sea-shells in his maw—
I, too am silent; for all language seems
A mockery, and the speech of man is vain.
O mariner, we look upon the waves
And they rebuke our babbling. "Peace!" they say—
"Mortal, be still!" My noisy tongue is hushed,
And with my trembling finger on my lips
My soul exclaims in ecstacy—

MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay!

CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes! "Delay"—it calls, "nor haste to break
The charm of stillness with an idle word!"
O mariner, I love thee, for thy thought
Strides even with my own—nay flies before.
Thou art a brother to the wind and wave;
Have they not music for thine ear as mine,
When the wild tempest makes thy ship his lyre,
Smiting a cavernous basso from the shrouds
And climbing up his gamut through the stays,
Through buntlines, bowlines, ratlines, till it shrills
An alto keener than the locust sings,
And all the great Æolian orchestra
Storms out its mad sonata in the gale?
Is not the scene a wondrous and—

MAN AT WHEEL.

Avast!

CABIN PASSENGER.

Ah yes, a vast, a vast and wondrous scene!
I see thy soul is open as the day
That holds the sunshine in its azure bowl
To all the solemn glories of the deep.
Tell me, O mariner, dost thou never feel
The grandeur of thine office—to control
The keel that cuts the ocean like a knife
And leaves a wake behind it like a seam
In the great shining garment of the world?

MAN AT WHEEL.

Belay y'r jaw, y'swab! y'hoss-marine!
(*To the Captain.*)
Ay, ay, sir! Stiddy, sir. Sou'wes' b' sou'!

The Bells of Santa Maria Maggoire.—Anyone who has been in Rome and lived on the Esquiline Hill must have been struck by the beautifully toned bells of Santa Maria Maggoire, the largest and finest church of the district. According to the legend, it was built in the year 351. The bells ring a sonorous peal on the clear winter air two hours after dark. If you ask seriously about the cause of the bells ringing at that unusual hour, the following pretty story about the campanile, or bell-tower, which is of later date than the church itself, will be told you. One dark winter night a wealthy Roman was out late, and lost his way in the Campagna, or waste land outside the city. The Campagna is rather a dangerous place to get lost in, as it is wild and uncultivated, full of ruins and deep pits. It was infested at that time, besides, by robbers and lawless people of every kind. He wandered about in darkness so thick that he could not see his finger before him. It was a starless, inclement night, and bitterly cold. He was just about to sink upon the wet ground, and yield to sleep brought on by cold and exhaustion, from which he would probably never have awakened more; already his eyes were closing. Suddenly he thought he heard the tinkle of a well-known bell. He listened intently, and recognised the bells of the new bell tower of Santa Maria Maggoire, which were being rung that evening for some unknown cause. This sound revived his drooping courage. He knew now where he was. After some more groping, guided still by the sound of the bells, he succeeded in finding the highway, and reached his home at last in safety. In grateful remembrance of his escape, being a wealthy man, he bequeathed a large sum of money for ever to the church of Santa Maria Maggoire. It was to be employed to pay the ringers to ring a peal every evening, two hours after dark, during six months of the year. This has been done faithfully during many centuries. So should any poor wayfarer lose his way in the wild Campagna on a gloomy winter night, he may have a chance of finding it again in safety. They are very beautiful bells, and when they ring out full and clear about half-past seven on a winter evening the Roman mothers say to their little children: "Hark to the bells, which say, 'Babies to bed!' Pray for all poor wanderers this night."

In a Battle Panorama Studio.—The central platform is, of course, the standpoint from which visitors will view the panorama—and therefore the artists are obliged to go to it frequently as the painting nears completion, in order to observe the effect and progress of their work. This, too, is the place of conference, and despite the signs of "No Admittance" within and without, visitors are frequent and usually welcome. These visitors are often veteran soldiers who took part in the action represented and who often made helpful suggestions. The Army stories that are told on the central platform, when old soldiers meet and discuss the old days, would, if collected make a prodigious volume. The floor of the platform is chalked and rechalked with diagrams, some referring to the panorama itself, but more to illustrate occurrences upon other fields. The strong pine rail surrounding the platform is pencilled all over with kindred decorations, while scraps of paper, upon which are memoranda of incidents and a variety of data, as well as names and addresses, are pinned to the convenient timber with thumb tacks. The artists paint steadily, every individual being mainly occupied in perfecting his own work, though never hesitating to ask or extend aid in some special direction. One artist, for instance, has an excellent figure of a mounted officer, all complete excepting the portrait, a photograph for which is pinned to the canvas. While this artist goes to strengthen a line of battle, another one will rapidly paint in an admirable portrait for the incomplete figure. Soon another brush is busy with the horse while still another artist calls for some special saddle and bridle to be brought to the platform that he may paint the trappings. Now look at the back of the photograph which is pinned to the canvas—a faded carte de visite of a young officer; upon a slip of paper we read the following: "Colonel K, now on General Sheridan's staff: then captain, General Thomas' staff, H 47 (meaning section H, square 47 of the panorama); French cap, blouse, captain's straps—staff—dark blue trousers, gold cord, cavalry boots, staff sword, McClellan saddle; Shabrack—black horse." This instance will give an idea of the way in which facts are preserved when a panorama is painted by artists who conscientiously strive to make of the work a great historical painting.

A Profitable Baby.—Two tramps, a man and his wife, have recently been making a good living in Scotland by means of their baby. "We just gets 'im christened," says the father, "at all the towns we passes, and then ye see, parson, he makes us all comfortable wi' summat to eat and money for beds. On days awful bad, we have to do 'im twice."

Humor.

Bill Nye.

Elisha B. Wherry, Battle Brook, writes as follows:

"I am hardly 27 years old, and yet I am almost entirely bald. I have recently read in the *Popular Science Monthly* that baldness is very largely on the increase, and that by actual count fully 30 per cent. of the men, even at a concert or tragedy, are more or less bald. This number is largely increased, it is said, when the play gets more dash and spirit in it, and the leading lady throws aside all reserve.

"The *Popular Science Monthly* says that by actual count there were present at Trinity Church, Boston, recently, 243 men, of whom 71 were actually bald and 46 with strong indications of baldness; King's Chapel, 86 men, of whom, 30 were actually and hopelessly bald, and 14 on probation; Hollis-street Theatre orchestra, 'Mikado' performance, 63 men—27 badly bald and 10 who thought they could still be bald or let it alone; Boston Theatre, Judic, 126 men, of whom 51 were actually bald and 43 apprentices.

"This writer also says that baldness is most plentiful in New York and Boston. Next Philadelphia and Washington, after which come Chicago and the Western cities. Can you tell me the cause of baldness and your theory as to its wonderful prevalence? I hope you will pardon me for writing you, but I have learned casually that you sometimes dabbled in science, also in baldness. I would be glad to know if you have succeeded in finding anything to help your baldness, as I am still young and unmarried. Life is still before me, and I want to go to some one who will tell me frankly whether there is still hope for me or not."

I observe, Elisha, that baldness has no doubt been handed down to you from a good way back. You remember the gentleman after whom you were named was that way himself, and that he was sensitive about it, for when the hoodlums of his town followed him and cried out, "Go up, baldhead," he called out a pair of bears and fed them with these children. I have always looked upon this as a mighty inferior style of miracle. While Elisha undoubtedly did much to endear himself to humanity, and that made his death seem like a general calamity, I have always said that a baldheaded prophet who got mad and fed the neighbors' children to his menagerie every time they joked him about his late hair should have worn a wig.

Baldness is liable to break out in the most unlooked for localities, but I think it is generally inherited. I inherited mine, but I have added to it a good deal.

You may not think you have inherited your baldness, and yet if you go back seven or eight generations and exhume your ancestors, you will find that they are, in most cases, totally bald.

I have tried several preparations in my lifetime, all of which were good for baldness and assisted it very much. These remedies for the hairless are deemed to resemble each other in two particulars, namely: They were all expensive, and all sticky. Some smelled offensively when first applied, while others were more successful after awhile. For several years I dressed very plainly, Elisha, using the balance of my income on the site of my former hair.

As a result of this, my bosom alternately hove with anticipation or fell with disappointment, while my bangs remained unbung and my hat seemed like a volcanic eruption.

Various people came to me with recipes for wooing the hair out of my glossy intellectual rink. Among them there came to me a gentleman from England named Macrostic, who claimed to have been royal taxidermist for nine years, after which he had acted as chiropodist extraordinary for several years, removing unicorns from the great and small. He said that he could grow a waving crop of tresses on my bleak and barren brow for five pounds.

He now has the five pounds and I still retain my broad sweep of brow.

I cannot tell how you can embower your tall sleek forehead in rank, wind-tossed hair, Elisha, but I can tell you how you can save £100.

Take your hair invigorator money and buy a town lot in a growing town that supports its home paper and advertises and goes ahead and you will find in twenty years you will be well fixed, and a man who is well fixed don't care much whether he has any hair or not.

I've seen men with long, rich, wavy hair, which fell in a glorious shower of dandruff on the collar of their overcoats, who were just as unhappy as you or I, Elisha. Hair alone cannot bring happiness. I once knew a man who was very successful, indeed, and was finally made postmaster of his town, and he had whiskers that he had to button inside his coat to keep them from brushing other people's eyes out, and he had hair to sell, and yet when there came a change of administration, and a new President who hadn't an *alma mater* to lay his jaws to came along, this hairy man was almost the first to fall.

A wealth of hair is a good thing, but the head was not made solely as a hot-bed for the propagation of hair. Baldness is one of the penalties of civilization, Elisha. Barbarians are never bald. People who sleep in straw-piles and eat their pastor always have all the hair they can manage. Those who go bareheaded for generations and live on grasshoppers and acorns are never bald. Plug hats, late suppers and earnest thought are hard on the hair.

I say this to comfort you, Elisha, for I am married and do not care.

Mr. Clepmore, editor of the *Daily Blue Wing*, went fishing one Sunday and broke his leg. The Rev. Mr. Gidfelt heard of the accident, and in his Sunday evening sermon said:

"Here we have a striking example of the retribution following the violation of the Sabbath. If Clepmore had been at church he would not have broken his leg."

The following Sunday, as the Rev. Mr. Gidfelt was ascending the steps of the pulpit, he stepped on a piece of orange peel dropped by a child of the Sunday school, slipped, fell and broke his leg. The next issue of the *Blue Wing* contained the following:

"Here we have a striking example of the retribution following self appointed censorship. If the Rev. Mr. Gidfelt had been fishing he would not have broken his leg."

A colored domestic, who had been using his employer's blacking, said:

"Boss, our blackin' am done out."

"What do you mean!" growled the sordid employer; "everything belongs to me. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you."

The terrified darkey promised to comply with the request. On the following Sunday the boss happened to meet the colored menial, accompanied by a chocolate-colored female pushing a baby-carriage.

"Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked next day, quite a number of his friends being present.

"No, boss, dat's not my chile; dat is yure chile. I'se nebber gwine to say nuffin belongs to me no moah."

As Pat and Tim one wintry day
Stood by the river side,
A box came floating on the stream,
Which Pat at once espied.
Says he to Tim, "Ye see that box?
What would ye take—come, say—
To leap in there and bring it out
Upon this freezing day?"
Just then an icy blast struck Tim
That set him all a shake.
He fixed his eyes upon the stream,
And unto Pat he spake:
"What wud I take to lape in there,
An' wid these hands lay howld
Upon that box an' bring it out?
Be jabers, I'd take cowld!"

Mr. Leadbeater said it seemed to him that there was a great difficulty in the way of getting the supply that was most desirable. Some were agreeable to one thing, others were not, but wanted a larger scheme or would take nothing. There was one way of looking at the question. Beaufort is greatly interested in the advancement of Waterloo; the prosperity of the latter would make a great deal of difference to the former. Residents of Beaufort should take this into consideration. He did not think it was utterly impossible to come to some terms. If Waterloo could get the supply they desired, well and good. Failing that, they should take what they could get and make the most of it. He could clearly see that the big scheme was bound to fall through.

The Chairman intimated that it was proposed by the Riponshire Council to construct a race at a higher level at some future time, and make some kind of a reserve dam. This would supply Chute. They proposed to keep the races 20ft apart. When this is done, perhaps the Waterloo people would find no difficulty in ultimately getting their pet scheme.

Mr. Pinch suggested that Waterloo should accept the construction of the dam first, and, if possible, augment the supply from the higher level race when that was constructed.

Mr. Rankin said the dam proposed was too low down in the township. If they got reservoirs in the higher level, a means of revenue could be derived by selling the use of water for sluicing purposes in the winter time.

Mr. Shaw said the dam proposed would only contain about 6,000,000 gallons, and if they took Melbourne consumation as a criterion they would see that in proportion this would only give a seven weeks' supply to the residents of Waterloo. Besides, the watershed of the district would not be sufficient, except in very wet seasons, to fill it.

Mr. Flynn asked if Mr. Jackson could say what number of residents the proposed reservoir would benefit in the immediate vicinity.

Mr. Jackson—About forty-five.

Mr. Leadbeater pointed out that if they got the race they would be no better off. It would not be closer to a larger number of residents. He would not deny that the race would be best, but there were many difficulties in the way of obtaining a water trust.

Mr. Laidlaw said that he thought the matter was now very well thrashed out. Lexton would give all the assistance that was wanted in proportion to their liability; but after all it was a question which should be dealt with by the Riponshire Council. He suggested that it should be left to them.

Mr. Pinch was pleased to hear that the difficulty could be got over without help from the Lexton Council. He hoped the deputation would take what they could get for the present.

Several resolutions were then proposed and withdrawn. Eventually

Mr. Laidlaw moved—"That the conference do not see their way clear to recommend the formation of a water trust as proposed; and that they refer the question of Water Supply for Waterloo to the Riponshire Council with the suggestion that they adopt the site for, and carry out the construction of, a dam or reservoir (as suggested by the Chairman) agreed to on a former survey by the engineers of the shires of Lexton and Ripon.

Mr. Pinch seconded, and the motion was carried.

A vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the meeting.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

By "The Umpire."

The football season was opened in Beaufort on Saturday last, when a team from Skipton came to try conclusions with the local twenty. Great difficulty was experienced in getting a team together in Beaufort, and consequently we had to enlist the services of some half-a-dozen who had never before played in a match. The old players were therefore at a great disadvantage, and the brunt of the struggle fell upon a few of the hardiest. It is to be regretted that this was so; but under all circumstances, our boys must be complimented upon the several grand defences of their sticks. Given a little practice, the Skipton team will not be so formidable as the recruits imagined it on Saturday last. By-and-bye they will also see that there is a scientific way of playing the game, which they at present know nothing at all about. That is not their fault, but their misfortune in not having witnessed even the second-class performances that take place in the colony. I would advise our boys not to be disheartened because they have lost their first match; many of the present-time good clubs can show more ignominious defeats than theirs. But you can't do without practice. Try and arrange to have a full muster once or twice, or even three times a week when the moonlight favors it—indulge in "little marking, shepherding, and distance goal-kicking." These are three of the principal points in the game. Always remember to pick up the ball whenever you can. The spectators are ever ready to applaud a good running feat; besides, it often enables a player to relieve his goal of danger, which brings credit on himself. Then, never mind who it is kicks a goal, so that your side gets credit for it. Play into each others' hands, and never forget that you are doing greater service to your side if, when a comrade is going for the ball, you prevent an opponent from getting so close as to dispossess him of it after he has it in hand. These hints I give them in all kindness, for I wish them well; and I hope they will profit by them. You were beaten by two goals on Saturday, boys; when you play the return match, give it the Skipton to the tune of "double on quits."

A team goes to Stawell on Tuesday next, Queen's Birthday, on account of the holiday. They will probably have a stronger team, which will give a better account of the strength of the club.

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.

THE MINING REGISTRAR FOR THE RAGLAN DIVISION—ARARAT DISTRICT.

The following reply from the Department of Mines and Water Supply, in answer to a letter from the Ararat Mining Board, has been received by the clerk. The facts of the case, out of which a good deal of correspondence has accrued, are well known to our readers, and the subjoined letter needs no explanation:—

Department of Mines and Water Supply,
Melbourne, 19th April, 1887.

Sir,—In reply to your letter of February last (86/6), I beg to inform you that Mr R. A. Murray (Geological Surveyor) investigated at Beaufort last month, the matter of the office hours of the mining registrar, and his report is to the following effect:—

"The bye-laws specify that registrars' offices shall be open daily, whereas at Beaufort the office is open on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays only, for registration business and for the issue of miners' rights. On these days the office is kept open, as a matter of practice, from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., and frequently to a much later hour when busy. It is complained that holders of miners' rights expiring on a Friday cannot renew them until the following Monday, thus jeopardising the claims of the holders, and necessitating complete re-registration of residence areas instead of simple renewal. About 300 miners' rights are issued annually in the Raglan division, and provision has been made for their daily issue at Waterloo, five miles from Beaufort."

Mr. Murray remarks—"It is clearly the personal business of every miner's right holder to know the date on which that right expires, and no appreciable loss is sustained in renewing it a day or even a week previous to expiring. For the amount of business actually done, I am of opinion that one day a week, instead of three, would be ample, and that public interests do not require that the office be open daily."

Under the above circumstances, I am directed by the honorable the Minister of Mines to inform you that it is not intended to make any alteration in the existing arrangements.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
C. W. Langtree,
Secretary for Mines and Water Supply.

To Clerk—Mining Board, Ararat.

This report cannot be taken as a satisfactory reply to the demands of miners' right holders. It is to a certain degree contradictory. An attempt seems to be made to wriggle out of a difficulty, which, after all, is no difficulty at all. We can only look upon the remarks of the Geological Surveyor and the decision of the Minister of Mines, as a complete snub to Beaufort, and nothing less. Before leaving the public to draw their own conclusions as to their position, we would like to point out a few inaccuracies in the report of Mr. Murray. He says, "On three days the office is kept open 'as a matter of practice' from 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., 'and frequently to a much later hour when busy.'" Our readers will easily discern an inexplicable undercurrent of humour in this assertion by comparing it with the last sentence of the report—"For the 'amount of business actually done,' I am of opinion that 'one day a week,' instead of three, would be ample." According to the investigator of the complaint, the mining registrar is "frequently" so busy that he has to keep at his "hard work over hours" in order to transact his business three days in the week; and yet the same gentleman tells us that one day a week is ample. Further than this, Mr. Murray says in his report that "no appreciable loss is sustained in renewing a right a day or even a week before it expires." We think we are speaking the truth when we say that a case has been noted where the registrar has refused to renew a right before it has expired. According to section 100 of the bye-laws of the division no charge can be made (although it is) for renewals; and there is also no provision which makes it imperative that a registrar shall renew a right before it expires, if such is applied for; neither can it be deemed just that a man shall be put to the expense of a renewal before his right has expired; and even in the case of a renewal a week prior to the expiry, the registration cannot be post-dated, or dated back. As the matter stands, and so far as can be seen, there are two ways of getting over the matter—(1) Endeavor to obtain the consent of the Minister to the renewal of rights daily at the local post-office; or (2) for the Mining Board to frame an additional provision to the bye-law, allowing seven days' grace after the expiration of the term for which the right has been issued, before re-registration can be demanded. The certificate of the Solicitor-General states that the bye-law of the Raglan division is not contrary to law, but it is evident that in two particulars, at all events, the Mining department seems determined to ignore it.

£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.

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

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

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

IS IT TRUE?

—:o:—

Considerable surprise was occasioned yesterday by the circulation of a rumor that, after all, the stationmaster's residence at Beaufort, for which the contract was let to a Mr. Cashin for the sum of £505 16s 3d, is not to be built. The reason for this is supposed to be found in the fact that the original intention of the Government in erecting a brick building was not proposed to be carried out. We do not know who has objected to the departure—it was certainly not the late stationmaster; neither can it have been the present one. Both were favorable to it. On the other hand, the design of the building for which the contract was accepted was one altogether in keeping with other structures of this town, and would have been far more suitable for the hot weather that is experienced here during the summer. We should like to know whether there is any truth in the rumor, and perhaps the member of Parliament for our district will enquire.

BEAUFORT JUBILEE HALL.

—:—

The following is the result so far of the canvass made by Messrs. G. Topper and Joel Jompkins in the town of Beaufort during the past fortnight:—

W. C. Thomas, (Bag Flour Prize &)	£3	3	0
Hawkes Bros.	3	0	0
W. Schlicht, 21s and goods 21s	2	2	0
A. Andrews	2	2	0
E. W. Hughes	2	2	0
Harris and Troy	2	0	0
H. P. Henningsen	2	0	0
P. De Baere	1	5	0
Jeremiah Smith	1	1	0
W. Loft	1	1	0
G. H. Cougle	1	1	0
John Owen	1	0	0
P. M. O'Connell	1	0	0
G. Ison	1	0	0
D. G. Stewart	1	0	0
G. Topper	1	0	0
J. D. Rose		10	6
D. Mason (goods)		10	6
W. Baker		10	0
Pimblett Bros.		10	0
T. Vanderstoet		10	0
John Humphreys		10	0
James Ward		10	0
A. M'Donald		5	0
Walter Ingram		5	0
J. B. Prowse		5	0
J. M'Keich		5	0
Mr. Gibson		5	0
Mrs. Scharpe		5	0
Robert Saph		3	0
R. J., S. W. M., Mrs. Cuthbertson, Richard Farley, Mrs. Gilloch, C. J. E., W. H. E., J. Robertson, T. W. Dungey, M. Kelly, J. Lilley, Geo. Loft, and Henry Loft, 2s 6d each	1	12	6

HIS LAST JOURNEY.

The following appears in "Punch." It has been written to the memory of the two heroes, Driver Maskell and Fireman McNabb, who were victims of the Windsor railway accident. It is undoubtedly due to the prompt action of these two men that further loss of life is not recorded. It will be remembered that Maskell carried in his pocket the letter which granted him three weeks' leave of absence:—

"Right!" cried the guard—the whistle blew—
Down dropped the danger "red,"
The "white" shone out—and on her road
The Brighton Special sped.

All merrily the whirling wheels
Hummed forth their rolling song,
And cheerily the furnace flamed
As flashed the train along.

The city lights were far behind,
And with "line clear" before,
The humming music of the wheels
Was deepened to a roar.

And louder still, with thund'rous roll,
The river bridge is past,
When Maskell, turning to his mate,
Says, "Jim, this trip's my last;

"I've got my leave to-day, old man,
To take my three week's spell;
I'll spend to-morrow with the wife
And children—if all's well."

Perchance a moment's thought like this
The driver's watch beguiled—
Of well-earned rest from work well done,
Of home, of wife and child.

While onward still with roar and rush—
"Line clear"—white lights again—
The whirling special holds her course,
Still under stedfast men.

Still under steadfast men, clear heads,
Stout hearts and iron nerve—
Two heroes standing at her helm,
She rounds the fatal curve.

Great God! Red Lights!—no stay, no pause,
No question, no reply—
"Down with the brake and stick to her!"
To do it and to die!

"Down with the brake! Stick to her, Jim!"
'Twas all the hero said—
A crash!!—and Maskell and McNabb
Are numbered with the dead!

A glorious death—more glorious
Than any warrior strife—
No nobler death—than theirs, who died
That others might have life.

. . . . . .

Shall we not twine the laurel wreath
For those who died so well,
Who passed into the hero's heaven
Right through the gates of hell?

Shall we not weep with those that weep,
And mourn with those that mourn;
And succour those they left behind
With bleeding hearts and torn?

Yes, freely let us give our best
To babes and widowed wife,
Give gratefully for men who gave
Their death to give us life.

But greater gift the lesson is
The dying heroes gave,
That duty tears the sting from death,
The victory from the grave!

WEATHER FORECASTS.

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, 20th May, 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Straits—Fine; light and variable winds, tending to east and north.

Highest temperature observed at Melbourne observatory during the day, 59.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Fine; light and variable winds, tending to east and north.

The Irish College at Rome, an institution for the education of Irish Catholics, has addressed a communication to the Vatican, declaring that Mr. Parnell has made traitors of masses of the Irish people, and condemning Mr. Gladstone in scathing terms.

"'D. T.,' thou art beside thyself; much tea-drinking hath made the mad." This is the last bit of the "Telegraph's" delirious raving. In a leader last week it says, "The year 1886 was the 'black' year in the social history of England, the drinking rate of that year being no less than 1.4 9s per head for every man, womann and child in the United Kingdom." What awful wickedness that everybody should spend in this "black year" between 2d and 3d a day in drink! That is to say, should take on an average one glass of beer a day. None but a lunatic would grumble at this. But the poor old lady is easily comforted in her dotage, for she writes in the same article, "it is some consolation to find that common sense on this subject is perceptibly, though with exasperating slowness, making itself felt. Twopence per head less was spent on drink in 1886 than in 1885." A crumb of comfort this; people drank each one glass of twopenny ale less in a whole year! If that improvement is worth calling perceptible, then the original vice (?) must by inference be imperceptible.

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 it 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.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for Mrs Jas. Anderson, James Bygaves, James Dunn, Andrew Fraser, J. W. Miller, Mr L. McNamara, Mrs R. Ramsay, Mr W. Vowles, J. O. Wiltshire, David Williams, E. Yates.

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. A. ANDREWS', Chemist (late Taylor), 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, JUNE 2nd, 1887.

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.

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.

Wanted,—A smart, intelligent LAD, about 14 years of age, educated to State school standard, as APPRENTICE to the Printing. Apply at the office of the "Riponshire Advocate."

MONEY.

To Farmers, Landowners, and Others.

To Lend—Large and small sums of trust and other MONEYS, 3 or 5 years, on leasehold and freehold land at Lowest Rates of Interest.

McEVOY and CO.,
21 Market Street, Melbourne.

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.

Public Notice.

As the lambing season has commenced at St. Enoch's, neither Coursing or Shooting can be allowed on the Estate during the next two months.

JOHN D. ADAMS.

St. Enoch's, 15th April, 1886.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

SPECIALTY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, AND JOINT DISEASES.
128, Collins Street East.

JUST ARRIVED.

Wotherspoon Bros
AND CO.

Extensive Shipments of
AUTUMN AND WINTER
Novelties,
Drapery,
Clothing,
Boots and Shoes.

Everything Fashionable at
WHOLESAL PRICES.

INSPECTION INVITED.

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

LOOK OUT FOR THIS NEXT ISSUE

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

New Goods! New Goods!!
Including many new and useful lines, made specially to commemorate the
QUEEN'S JUBILEE YEAR.

JUBILEE { Dresses, Satins, Plushes, Velveteens, Gloves, Jersey Jackets, Corsets, Ruffings, Laces, Ribbons, At Jubilee Prices.

Blankets, Flannels, Calicoes, Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings, At Jubilee Prices. } Jubilee.

JUBILEE { MEN'S, YOUTHS', and BOYS' SUITS, Overcoats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Jubilee Prices.

Jubilee Boots and Shoes, at Jubilee Prices. | Jubilee Suits to order, at Jubilee Prices. } Jubilee.

C. H. COUGLE,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Having decided on leaving Beaufort early next month, I will offer the WHOLE OF MY STOCK AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

The DRAPERY portion especially will be Sold at and under Cost, to save expense of removal.

Regular customers and others are invited to avail themselves of this chance of securing Unheard of Bargains.

All outstanding accounts to be paid without delay, to save further trouble.

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

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

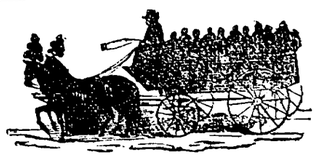
JOHN HUMPHREYS,
COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT, ACCOUNTANT, ETC.,
Neill Street, Beaufort.

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 Ararat 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.

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 deadly 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 she 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 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.

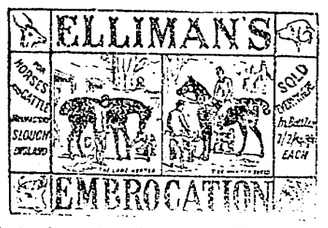
"Dear Sir,—I am happy to inform you that the sale of your Syrup and Pills increases here continually. Several of my customers speak of having derived more benefit from the use of these than from any other medicine.—Yours very respectfully,

"Pro Edwin Eastwood J. B."

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 aperients.

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

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.

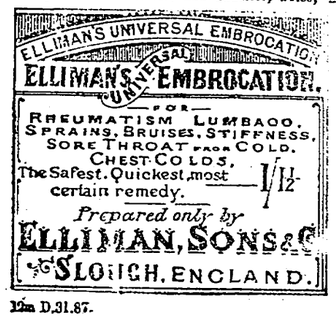
"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1. 1879.

"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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NOTICE.

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

Alopecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY — COMOTROPHUS. Comotrophus Co. Ballarat, Vict. All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

A Safe Investment and a CHANCE of £1000.

LAVERTON.

THE NEW

Model Suburb of Melbourne.

GRAND

Jubilee Distribution

£1000. £500. £250.

The vendors of Laverton have decided to

GIVE AWAY THREE HOUSES,

of the value of £1000, £500, and £250 respectively, amongst those who purchase Allotments on and after 11th April, 1887.

The houses will be vested in trustees appointed by the purchasers, and these trustees will undertake all matters in connection with the drawing for or disposal of the properties.

The Agents undertake, if required, to find purchasers for the houses at the value set upon them. Each allotment purchased after the date named will be entitled to one share in the distribution.

As a proof that the land is a good investment, it may be mentioned that in less than twelve months we have sold allotments at Laverton to over 1500 people, most of whom have inspected the property; the total sales amounting to over £50,000, and this without any exceptional puff or pressing upon the market.

The soundness of the investment and the certainty of future increase in value have been alone sufficient to sell the land.

There are already 16 or 17 houses erected. There is a Butcher, Baker, Milkman, Grocer, Timber yard, and other industries springing up every day. The State School will be opened in the course of a few weeks.

There are 15 trains daily at low fares to and from Melbourne, from 6 o'clock in the morning until late in the evening which suit the convenience of all classes.

Laverton is therefore now fairly on the highway to become one of the best, healthiest, and most sought after suburbs of Melbourne.

ALLOTMENTS £15 EACH.

TERMS—

£1 per Lot Deposit; balance, £1 per Lot per Month,

WITHOUT ANY INTEREST WHATEVER.

Buyers of 5 lots have free deeds and also a sixth lot given in. Remember, every purchaser obtains a Grand Block of Land rapidly rising in value, besides a chance of securing a competence for life.

Only a comparatively few lots left, and these being rapidly taken up. Each lot guaranteed fit for immediate building purposes without a shilling outlay.

Liberal assistance to build, payable as rent.

Prompt application for plans and all other information must be made to the Agents—

STAPLES, WISE & CO.,

111 ELIZABETH STREET,

MELBOURNE.

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 Beanfort: 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.

GRIEFFENDORFF'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.

Plain and Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE,

Lawrence-street, Beaufort,

And "TRIBUNE" OFFICE, East Charlton.

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

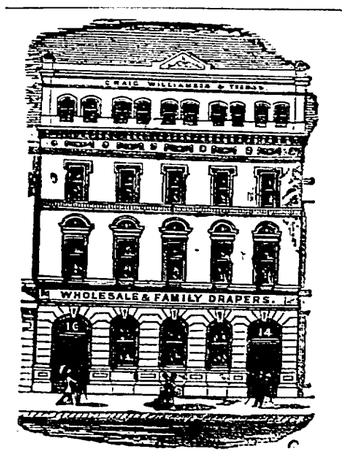
Wolfe's Aromatic

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 extra 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.
IRISH NATIONAL ALMANAC, 1887.

A SPLENDID SUPPLY of GIFT BOOKS suitable for the season.

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS.

Full supply of all school requisites—the latest edition of the School Atlas.

Also,

The Latest Publications in Song Books, "Australian Melodist, No. 16," &c.

H. P HENNINGSEN.

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Commission Merchants,

PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

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Advances made on Consignments.

Contracts for Railways and Public Works Solicited.

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CIVIL ENGINEER,

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

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

Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company

R. C. CORDUKES,

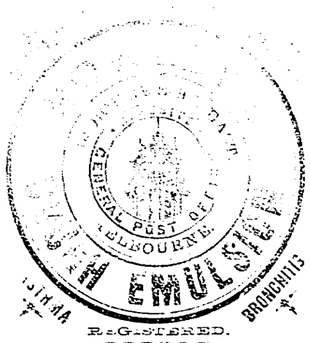
Consulting Chemist, 132 Post Office Place,

BALLARAT EAST.

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

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

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



FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

A NEVER-FAILING REMEDY FOR Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Winter Cough, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Cold in the HEAD and CHEST, Asthmatical and Bronchial 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.

"A MIRACULOUS SALVE."—For the cure of ulcerated Bad Legs, Boils, Abscesses, Scrofula, Scurvy, 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 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 Eucalypti 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 rain 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 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	Lumbago.	Sore Heads
Chilblains	Piles	Tumours
Chapped Hands	Rheumatism	Ulcers
Corns (Soft)	Sore Nipples	Wounds
Contracted and Stiff Joints	Scalds	

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

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

"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 so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated by letter during the last 32 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, not a case has ever been made public—in fact, the very simplicity of my system of correspondence prevents publicity.

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

How many thousands have I not brought to?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOUIS L. SMITH.

Address

DR. L. L. SMITH,

182 COLLINS STREET EAST,

MELBOURNE.

Consultation Fee by Letter, £1.

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

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

182 COLLINS-STREET EAST Melbourne.

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 Coughs 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 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 pot 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, Snake's and Hill, Lake Goldsmith, Sailor's Gully, Main Lead, Raglan, Charlton, Wareboo, Burambeen, Buangor, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Burrumbeet, Learmonth, Streatham, Skipton, and Caragham.

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. 606.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 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 e 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, d 5 p.m.

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.3 a.m.

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

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

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

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.

15m.D.31.S7.

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 Rates 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.

CRAWFORD'S,
CORNER STURT AND ARMSTRONG STREETS.

Snow and Room,

PROPRIETOR.

Special Lines now showing at Crawford's.

KID GLOVES.

The Elaine (Crawford's registered brand).—4 button, 1s 11d; 6-button, 2s 11d.

Light Fancies.—4-buttons 1s, 1s 11d, 3s 11d, 5s 6d; 6-button 2s 11d, 4s 11d, 5s 11d.

Gents' White Kid Gloves.—Big line 2-button at 1s; also at 1s 11d and 2s 11d.

New Cashmere and Fabric Gloves.—Splendid assortment ladies' and children's. Special line ladies' at 6d; also 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 9d, 2s 6d.

BEAUTIFUL WOOL GOODS.

Clouds, 3d, 6d, 9d, 1s, 1s 6d, and upwards.

New lines opera cloaks and hoods, 17s 6d to 32s 6d.

Children's wool pelisses, 8s 11d, 10s 6d, 12s 6d.

SWISS WORKS.

Jobs at 1s 3d, 1s 9d, and 2s 6d per doz yds; also from 3d to 2s 11d per yd.

Red and white Swiss works, 1¾d, 2¾d, 3¾d, 4¾d.

Sash ribbons, 10in wide, all shades, 6d per yd.

New picot-edge ribbons, wide, 9d per yd.

Ladies' silk neck kerchiefs, 9d, 1s, 1s 3d, upto 3s 11d.

Ladies' satin umbrellas, 3s 11d (good), 4s 11d, 5s 11d, 6s 11d, to 25s.

LACES.

Extraordinary value in Edelweiss, Torchon, and imitation Maltese; commencing 1d, 1½d, 2¾d, up to 1s.

LADIES' HAND-BAGS.

Morocco, plush, &c., 1s 6d, 1s 11d, 2s 6d, 2s 11d, up to 25s.

DRESSES.

Costume cloths, wonderful line, at 3s 11d per doz yds; also 5s 11d and 7s 11d; also at 1s, 1s 3d, 1s 6d. and 2s per yd.

New dress tweeds for tailor-made costumes, beautiful textures and colorings, 1s 6d, 1s 9d, 2s, 2s 3d, 2s 9d, 3s 6d upwards.

Winceys, exceptional value, 2¾d, 3¾d, 4¾d, 6d; crisp very wide and heavy, 8½d.

Wool Plaids, double width, 1s 11d, 2s 6d, 2s 11d.

Cashmeres—Colored, at 3s 11d per dress of 7 yds; also 10¾d to 1s. All wool French cashmeres, 44 inches wide, 2s, 2s 6d, 2s 11d, to 4s 6d

Silks—Special line colored Merveilleux at 4s 11d.

Black Merveilleux, extra value, 3s 6d, 4s 11d, 6s 11d.

Colored sarahs, 2s 11d and 8s 6d.

Black and brown Ottoman mantle silks, 5s 6d and 7s 11d.

Check and stripe velveteens, 1s 11d and 2s 6d.

Black velveteens, 8¾d, 1s, 1s 6d, to 3s 6d.

MANCHESTER.

White sheeting, 2yds wide, 10¾d.

Forfars from 3¾d, toilet covers from 9d; Turkish towels, 6d, 9d, 1s, to 3s 6d; table damasks, 8¾d; table napkins, from 1s 11d per dozen.

Nice assortment of doyleys, lervettes, &c.; window hollands, special value, 6¾d; union and linen tickings from 6d.

Heavy wet wove calicoes, 1 yard wide, 2s 11d dozen.

Cotton shirtings, 2¾d; good selection Union and Crimean shirtings.

Blankets—White and colored, from 4s 11d. Crawford's special blanket for this season at 17s 6d is a marvel, and worth 25s.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

10 Bales Dutch Carpeting, 36 inch 3¾d.

Tapestry and Brussels Carpet.—A magnificent stock, still selling at our transfer sale prices, 4s 4d checks.

Linoleums.—Large accumulation of remnants at half cost prices.

Jobs in mats and rugs of every description.—Nottingham and guipure lace.

Curtains—Stylish and cheap.

OUR NEW SHOW ROOM

Is now in full swing, and we are exhibiting many lines of interest to ladies.

Corsets.—We commence with a splendid line at 1s 11d per pair.

We have a special line of underclothing all round at 2s 6d per garment; wonderfully cheap.

Dr. Jaeger's sanitary undergear for ladies we desire to specially mention; also combination in merino.

Mantles, Ulsters, and Shawls—One of the best stocks in Australia; many lines ridiculously low.

Fur capes very cheap.

Special lines of musquash capes at 17s 6d, worth 35s.

Furs and boas—A lovely lot.

OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT,

Under the new management, is a gratifying success, and our prices for stylish and becoming hats and bonnets are incomparable.

Crawford's half-guinea hats and bonnets and Crawford's guinea bonnets are most charming in design and marvels in price.

TAILORING.

We have a cutter of exceptional merit, and our prices are very moderate.

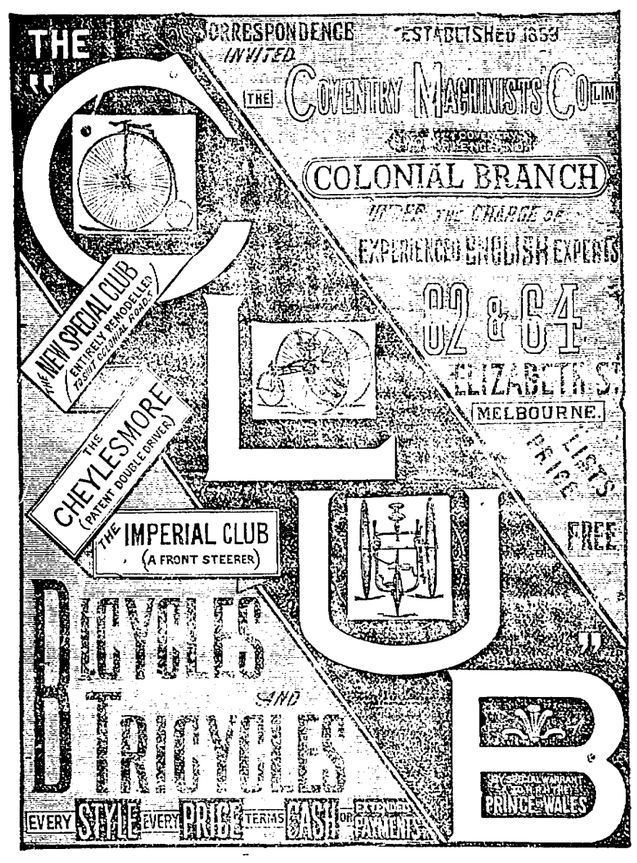
Gent's trousers to measure, 12s 6d; suits, Special line Ballarat tweed suits to measure, 50s.

Men's Geelong tweed suits—25s, 29s 6d, 37s 6d, 45s.

Gents' and boys' hats and shirts, collars, ties, hosiery, in great variety.

The new Jubilee Hats and caps for boys are very pretty.

Snow & Room



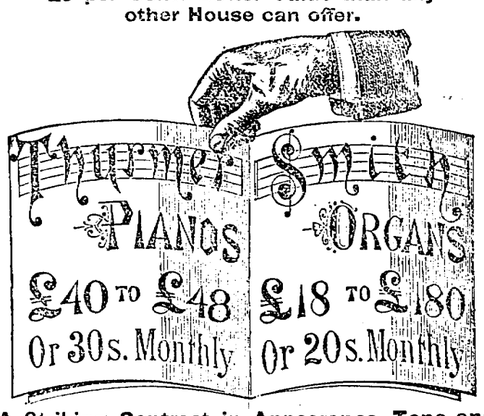
Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchmaker, etc.

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF

PIANOS

BY ALL THE BEST MAKERS.

25 per Cent. Better Value than any other House can offer.



A Striking Contrast in Appearance, Tone and Finish to all other Instruments of Similar Price.

BAND INSTRUMENTS BY ALL STANDARD MAKERS.

ALLAN & Co.,

COLLINS STREET EAST, MELBOURNE.

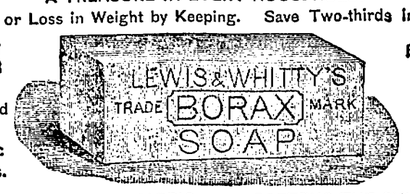
TIME-PAYMENT for all INSTRUMENTS.

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.

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 m espectfully to inform our clients that w ll continue to hold regular Auction sales of WOOL EEPSKINS, HIDES, TALLOW and PRODUC ernate THURSDAY during the ensuing , at BALLARAT.

Liberal advanc 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, required 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, Start 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. 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 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 t brown 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 4¾d, and all other goods at be 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 Carnghaun.

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 ever Wednesday.

DAVID ELDER, Manager.
I. YOUNGHUSBAND,
Wool and Produce Manager.

Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins Street west;

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Restricted business only has been done in the produce market during the week, the transactions reported being of a very unimportant nature. No wheat has come in and our quotation must therefore be regarded as merely a nominal one. Last week's rates of 3s 6d per bushel, bags in, could, however, be realised for anything in good condition. There is a strong demand for flour, but the quantity sent out has not been very great. At Horsham the wheat market is easier, 3s 4d and 3s 4½d being accepted by growers. The Donald quotation still remains at 3s 6d but no sales are reported. At St. Arnaud the market is very firm at the same figure Oats are very quiet in this district. We have only heard of one lot of forty bags changing hands at 2s 6d bags in. There is a big demand still both in pollard and bran, and the enquiry for barley and peas continues. Potatoes have been well supplied and are a trifle easier; one load in this morning was taken up at £3 10s per ton. Fresh butter is becoming more plentiful and has eased to 1s 7d. Bacon is still scarce, but curing is now being proceeded with, and a better supply may be expected in a few weeks. Eggs are poorly supplied at 1s 6d. Our quotations are :—

Wheat, 3s 6d per bushel, bags in; oats, to 2s 6d per bushel, bags in; pollard, 1s per bushel; bran, 10½d per bushel; flour, L8 10s per ton; Cape barley, 3s; English barley, none in; peas, 3s 4d; potatoes, Warrnambool, L4 per ton; hay, sheaves, L3 10s per ton; trussed, L3 15s per ton; straw, oaten, 30s to 35s per ton; chaff, 4s 6d per cwt; onions, 6s per cwt; butter, fresh, 1s 7d per lb; butter, potted, 1s per lb; hams, 1s per lb; bacon, 10d per lb; cheese, 6½d to 7d per lb; eggs, 1s 8d per dozen.

The following are the Landsborough quotations :—Wheat, 3s 6d; oats, 2s 9d; peas, 3s; flour, £8 10s; bran, 11d; pollard, 1s.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Business fair :—Oats, 2s 7d to 2s 9d; Cape barley, 3s; English 4s to 5s 3d; wheat, 3s 9d to 3s 11d; peas, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; manger hay, L4 to L5; sheaves, L3 to L3 12s 6d; straw, 40s to 50s; new potatoes, L2 15s to L3.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORT.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, May 25:—

Wool—We offered a small catalogue to-day, mostly scoured, and sold all at firm prices—the woollen mills being the principal buyers.

Sheepskins.—Butchers' fresh-killed, 18d to to 36d each; large and superior do., to 45d each; country and station skins, 15d to 30d each, and 2½d to 5d per lb; pelts and short-woolled skins, 0½d to 2d per lb, and 1d to 8d each; lambskins, 2d to 3½d per lb, and 9d to 24d each.

Hides.—Sold as follows :—Heavies, 3¼d to 3¾d per lb; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d per lb; kip, 3d to 3¾d per lb; calf, 4d to 4¾d per lb.

Tallow.—Further depressing news from London has had the effect of lowering prices here, and we have been unable to place our shipping lines, but have cleared our usual weekly supply of country lots and oddments at current rates.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT.

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company report :—

Since the date of our last report considerable activity has been experienced in the wheat market, whilst, owing to restricted deliveries from the country, our local stocks have been drawn on to a considerable extent. The operations referred to cover in all from 30,000 to 35,000 bags of wheat, and include a small cargo purchased for the Cape of Good Hope, and three shipments for Hobart. Prices have sensibly hardened, and as quotations have also advanced in South Australia, it is not improbable that higher rates will rule if the demand continues. The London market is also steady, 37s 7d to 38s being now quoted for off coast-cargoes for 480 lbs. c.f. and i. The adjoining colonies are still drawing freely on our market, and better prices are now obtainable for flour in the Sydney and Brisbane markets. The weather continues highly favorable to our agricultural interests. Our total receipts by rail from the 1st January to the 21st May are set down at 931,319 bags of wheat and flour, as against 759,718 bags to hand during the corresponding period in 1885. Our exports to date, including those from Geelong, are returned at 558,400 bags of wheat and flour. Wheat.—A large business done at 4s 0½d to 4s 1d for parcels in store. To-day we placed some medium quality up to 4s. Flour.—A little better demand and prices a shade higher. Ordinary country sells at L8 7s 6d to L8 12s 3d; special makes and town made, in bakers' lots, at L8 15s to L9; roller, from L9 5s to L10 5s. Oats.—More done in this grain. At our sale to-day the biddings were fair. Danish sold from 2s 7½d to 2s 8d. We quote stout at 2s 10½d. Barley.—Malting samples very firm. We placed off samples up to 4s 6d., and 4s 1d for medium malting. Prime, worth 5s 7d to 5s 9d.

MINING ITEMS.

New Kong Meng, Majorca—Yield for week ended 26th May, 434 oz. 3 dwt.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 18oz; New Victoria, 85 oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 8oz.; Saxon Consols, 30oz.

C A M P B E L L ' S

MILLINERY, COSTUME, AND

Ladies' Outfitting Rooms

Supply all the requirements for Ladies' and Children's Wear.

ALSO, A GENERAL STOCK OF

MANCHESTER GOODS,

AND

FANCY GOODS

QUALITY OF EVERYTHING GUARANTEED.

W. F. CAMPBELL,

108, and 140, Sturt Street, Ballarat.

Public Notice.

OWING to the scarcity of food for dairy cattle, the undersigned purveyors of MILK have decided to raise the price of milk to, SIX-PENCE per QUART until further notice, from May 1st, 1887.

MRS. THOMPSON.
MRS. KILBEG.

Beaufort, 25th April, 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
4in., 3in., 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

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.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President, and enclosing 5 per cent. deposit, will be received up till 11 a.m. on THURSDAY, 9th JUNE, 1887, for the following works :—

NORTH RIDING.

Contract No. 435.—Clearing timber and scrub from part of the Beaufort and Stockyard Hill road.

Contract No. 436.—Cutting 120 chains (more or less) drains at Mount Cole.

Contract No. 437.—Clearing a track and repairs between the main Mount Cole road and Smith's bridge.

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, 26th May, 1887.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

Notice to Ratepayers.

VOTERS' LISTS.

NOTICE is hereby given that NO PERSON will be entitled to be enrolled in respect to any property unless before or on the 10th day of June, all sums payable in respect of any rates have been paid.

The Shire Secretary will be in attendance at the Shire Office from 10 to 3 on the seven days (Sundays excepted) immediately preceding the 10th day of June, for the purpose of receiving payment of rates.

D. G. STEWART,
Shire Secretary.

Ripon Shire Offices,
Beaufort, 16th May, 1887.

V. R.

School Board of Advice—North Riding.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Thursday, the 2nd June, 1887, for erecting POST and WIRE FENCING, about 12 chains, at the Beaufort State School ground.

Specifications at my office. Deposit, £2.

JOHN HUMPHREYS,
Correspondent.

COTTAGE to LET, near the Court-house, Beaufort. Apply

H. P. HENNINGSEN.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1887.

As anticipated, the Beaufort riflemen acquitted themselves nobly and well in the competitions held both a Stawell and Hamilton during the week, Messrs. Male, Archard, and Chapman being successful in obtaining individual prizes, and the representative team securing the position of third place in the Teams' Match on Queen's Birthday. Gentleman like these, who strive not only for personal valour but for the honor of the district, are certainly deserving of some recognition, and it is to be hoped that when the Beaufort District Rifle competitions are definitely announced, the public will accord its hearty support. It may be mentioned that the president of the local club, Mr. T. G. Archard, occupies a proud position of indebtedness to the club to the extent of a new target, which was generously promised if the team secured one of the first three places in the competiton. It might also be mentioned that the Beaufort men will greatly profit by what they saw and heard at Hamilton, and future competitions here will be considerably bettered by the adoption of hints and suggestions collated during the past week.

We are requested to notify that the local branch of the Australian Natives' Association meet on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, in the ante-room of the Societies' Hall. After the routine business, a mock shire election will take place, and it has been resolved that the night be an open and free one. Any of the public, therefore, are allowed to take part in the mock election, and a large attendance is anticipated.

We have received a copy of the pioneer issue of the first penny paper ever published in Jamaica. The proprietors seem so thoroughly satisfied with the reception given to the first issue of the "Jamaica Post," that they have determined to double the size at once. This will at once make the journal worthy of further favours, and anticipating their success we congratulate Messrs. J. W. Kerr and Co. on their venture.

On Saturday last a little girl, daughter of Mr. Earles, of Skipton, sustained a serious injury through incautiously holding a lighted candle too close to her body. She had a light inflammable cravat on at the time; this caught fire, and before she could undo it and throw it from her, her face was so severely burnt that medical assistance was required. Dr. Nolan was telegraphed for, and proceeded at once to Skipton to attend the sufferer. Fortunately, he was just in time to prevent worse consequences, and close examination of the injuries to face and neck showed that erysipelas had set in. The patient, under the doctor's treatment, is progressing as favorably as can be desired.

The lad Halpin, whom we mentioned in our last issue as having received a serious wound to the hand while killing a sheep, is, we understand, now out of danger, so that amputation—as feared by his surgical attendant—is not now deemed necessary. The lad being otherwise in good health and spirits, this has been a favorable condition to the rapid healing of the wound, which it is pleasing to chronicle.

Tenders are invited by the School Board of Advice for the north riding of the Shire of Ripon, returnable up to Thursday, 2nd June, for erecting post and wire fencing, at the Beaufort State school grounds. This, we understand, is preliminary to planting the reserve with trees.

In a recent number of the "Portland Guardian," we observe an article devoted to valediction, Mr. M'Craith, the late stationmaster, of Portland, being the recipient of high encomiums from his late fellow townsmen :—"Mr. Butler, in proposing the health of the guest of the occasion, said that Mr. M'Craith had only been in Portland seven months, but during that time he had made more friends than any person who had ever come to that town had succeeded in doing in the same period. At the railway station Mr. M'Craith was a thorough gentleman; he was a most obliging official, and would do any mortal thing for you. In his capacity as a private citizen, he was a jolly good fellow, and was never backward in assisting any deserving object. As a vocalist he was unrivalled, and would work for anything independent of denomination or creed. Mr. M'Craith thanked the company most heartily on behalf of himself, his wife, and family, for the manner in which the toast had been honored. He was rather taken aback by the present gathering, as he did not think he had been in Portland long enough to warrant such a celebration. In regard to what good he had done, as Mr. Butler was pleased to say he had done some, he had received a quid pro quo in the enjoyment derived. He had made many friends in Portland and was sorry to part with them, but hoped to see, at intervals, the faces of old friends at Beaufort, which he was pleased to think was on the road to the metropolis. They must excuse him if his response seemed to be inadequate to the compliment paid him; in the peculiar position of having been flattered to an extent that he knew he was unworthy of, language failed him to reply, and he would just thank them once more sincerely." A large number of the gentlemen present rendered oral testimony of regret at parting with Mr. M'Craith, amongst them being the representatives of the various business people, forwarding agents, and and railway employes generally. This speaks volumes; and we look forward with pleasure to the fulfilment of the announcement that Mr. M'Craith is to assist at the Jubilee concert in Beaufort.

"Punch" for the present week is as good as ever. The late railway accident furnishes food for good racy reading and sarcastic engravings, the principle cartoon being an examination by Mr. Purves by the officials. The boy points to the stationmaster in reply to the query, "Who's to blame for this accident?" the stationmaster to the D. T. Superintendent, he to the General Manager, he to the Commissioner, the Commissioner to the Premier, and the Premier to the Act. Mr. Henningsen is the agent.

The Shire of Ripon invites tenders for clearing timber and scrub from part of the Stockyard Hill and Beaufort road; for cutting 120 chains of drains at Mount Cole; and for clearing a track and doing repairs between the main Mount Cole road and Smith's bridge.

The Beaufort Football Club to the number of between 30 and 40 proceeded to Stawell on Tuesday last to test the prowess of the Stawell Union Club. The visitors mustered a strong team. They were met at the station by a number of the home club, who were accompanied by a band which headed a procession to the ground, where the contest was to take place. The match was well fought, and after some excellent play the visitors scored three goals to one goal obtained by the Stawell Union. After the game, the vanquished team entertained their victors in a very handsome manner, and another procession headed by the band accompanied them to the station on their return.

The Ripon Shire Council are making preparation for extensive tree planting in the streets.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of the Sydney "Daily Telegraph" containing a full report of the reading of a paper "New South Wales Freetrade versus Victorian Protection," the paper being a sledge-hammer kind of a reply to the articles printed in the Melbourne "Age" a short time ago.

The Primitive Methodists have chosen the 15th June as the date of giving their service of song "General Gordon."

We would remind our readers that on next Friday evening, 3rd June, the Church of England people will appeal for assistance to augment their Sunday school and improvement funds. The entertainment promises to be a most interesting one, and is quite new to Beaufort. It consists of a series of dramatic representations of historical and other pictures, interspersed with music appropriate to each tableau.

Steps having been taken to open branches of the Australian Natives' Association in Tasmania, the Board of Directors of the Association (all being in Melbourne on Thursday) invited the football team to meet them at the Albion hotel. After partaking of refreshments, the health of the team was duly honored, and they were informed of the steps now being taken in Tasmania for the extension of the A.N.A. into that colony. In response, the manager of the team expressed pleasure at meeting the board, and said they were delighted with the objects of the Association as set forth, and would, on their return to Tasmania, do their best to assist to forward the movement.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for—Mrs. A. Bennet, J. B. Conway, Mrs. Govett, Miss S. J. Lewis, J. W. Miller, Mr. L. McNamara, Mrs. Jas. Scott, Mrs. W. Stewart, J. O. Wiltshire, Mrs. R. Westbrook, David Williams.

WEATHER FORECASTS.

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, 27th May, 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Straits.—Fine; in parts foggy and showery; easterly winds, tending to north.

Highest temperature observed at Melbourne observatory during the day, 56·3.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Fine; in parts foggy and showery; easterly winds, tending to north.

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, at 1s. 1½d. per bottle.

ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION will be found a valuable remedy for Adults and Children in all cases of cold in the Head and Chest. Asthmatical Cough, Bronchial Cough, Shortness of Breath, Soreness, Oppression, and all affections of the Chest and Lungs; accumulation of Phlegm, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Influenza, Diphtheria, Inflamed, Ulcerated, or Sore Throat. Public Speakers and Singers, and others, will find it invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice, occasioned by unusual exertion of the vocal organs; it contains nothing deleterious. It never fails in giving prompt relief. Sold in bottles 2s 6d and 4s 6d each, and may be obtained of every respectable Chemist and Patent Medicine Vendors who, if they have not it by them, can easily procure it from the Wholesale Agents without any extra charge. Wholesale Agents; FELTON, GRIMWADE and Co., and ROCKE, TOMPSITT and Co., Melbourne.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[By "TOMAHAWK."]

A match at billiards was played on Wednesday night between our four best amateurs. A number of friends were in attendance. Strange to say, three hours and a quarter were taken up in playing out a game of 300 points. It seemed to be a game in which the rival cuists were afraid to venture a stroke lest, failing to score, one should leave the balls in a good position for his opponent to score. I don't doubt that either of the gentlemen can play a better game single handed; and should like to see them at it. I had hoped to witness something extraordinary for amateurs, and I was not disappointed. "Pot the white and cannon" didn't come off—at least the cannon didn't; and a "miss in baulk" with the red out and in scoring position might frequently have been improved upon by a losing or a winning hazard. My humble opinion is that "pyramids" couldn't approach that game, although it might have been more interesting to the spectators; and either "pin pool" or "general pool" could not have induced the players to use more caution.

Well done, boys. I hear that you beat the Stawellians at Football. I've been away at the golden city, or I should have gone with you on Tuesday. Never mind, all being well, I shall have the privilege of witnessing the return match on Jubilee day.

Jubilee! Jubilee! Jubilee! It's getting as common as soap-suds. Everybody's going to have a jubilee. I would have one, too, and raise the money to pay the balance to redeem the mortgage on my new house. But, hang me if I can see where to come in. One jubilee is fixed for June 3rd, another a fortnight after, and the genuine JUBILEE DAY on the 21st. I don't like it to be said of me that I think my house demands that no one shall appeal to the public before it is paid for. I am not so selfish as that. I want to see a good public library in Beaufort—a place where I can see any book of reference I require, or where I can amuse myself to my heart's content playing draughts, chess or dominoes. I always like to assist in every effort for the benefit of the whole community. Then let us have something like a day on the 21st of next month. I'm saving up, and shall give the family an outing then. Do thou likewise, and you'll never regret it. Assist all those pleasures having but one worthy object, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing, as well as being able to say, "I helped to build that place," meaning, of course, the Jubilee Hall in connection with the Beaufort Free Library.

RAILWAY EMPLOYES' ASSOCIATION.

On Wednesday night last a branch of the above association was opened in Beaufort. Mr. W. Taylor was elected chairman. Various officers were elected, the names of whom have not been mentioned to us. About thirty-five members were enrolled, including employés from Buangor to Trawalla inclusive.

A TALE OF HEROISM FROM CAPE HORN.

M. Treves, the eminent surgeon, tells the following story in the "Lancet":—A photographer and his wife were recently returning home from Australia in a sailing ship which carried no surgeon. Off Cape Horn a terrible storm occurred, in which one of the crew was killed, the captain and mate were much injured, and the photographer sustained a compound fracture of the lower arm, which in four days became gangrenous. In a consultation between the photographer, the second mate, and the carpenter, it was decided to amputate the arm well above the elbow, the instruments available being a saw, a shoe knife, and a sail needle. The photographer took a seat on a heap of sails on the deck, which was covered with snow. None of the party had any knowledge of anatomy or had ever seen a surgical operation—a point Mr. Treves pronounces to have been much in favor of the patient. The carpenter began the *virtute officii*, but, losing nerve, ceded the shoe knife to the second mate. They had noted before beginning, the position of the pulsating artery, and were careful not to sever it. Having "exposed" it they ligatised it, and probably the vein and nerve also, by means of the sailneedle, and then went on cutting, but with infinite caution, not knowing with how many similar blood-vessels Providence might have been pleased to endow the human arm. They naturally found none such, and M. Treves remarks, with humour, that it was greatly to their credit that they did not mistake the ulnar nerve for a blood-vessel. Having completed their cutting and sawing, they brought the ends of the several parts together with infinite care and exactness, and sewed them up with a smaller needle and silk, supplied by the photographer's wife, who appears to have been standing by. The amputation took the unusual time of one hour and forty-five minutes. Amputations of the arm, M. Treves remarks, have been completed in less time than this (they usually take a very few minutes), but none has ever been performed with greater ingenuity and courage. There is no stranger scene recorded in the annals of surgery than this photographer sitting on a heap of sails on a snow-clad deck in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, critically surveying, during one hour and forty-five minutes, the amputation of his own arm by a ship's carpenter and mate with a shoe knife and a saw. It is satisfactory to know that the brave photographer is now quite well, and that he possesses, owing to the ingenuity and care of his kindly shipmates, as sound and useful a stump as any surgeon in London could have provided him with. Ship captains are officially provided with a "medical guide," but if they are to take to capital surgery, they should at least be provided with charts of the human body, and some better instrument than a shoe knife.

The Earl of Rosebery will probably be acting president of the English Commission for the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition.

IMMENSE REVENUE FROM TOMATOES.

A return of £250 per acre seems an incredibly large amount (observes the agricultural reporter of the Melbourne "Telegraph"). Still greater will be the surprise when it is mentioned that this rate per acre has been made this season for a small tomato patch in the Goulburn Valley, a district that has been too long considered as only fit for the production of wheat. Last July, Mr. West, Mooroopna, whose residence is situated on the left bank of the Goulburn river, constructed a hotbed a few feet square in extent, and here he sowed about 6d worth of tomato seed. The seed of several varieties were put in, but kept separate, with a view of ascertaining the variety best suited to the soil and climate. In September the young plants were fit for transplanting, care of course being taken during the earlier stages of their growth to protect the hotbed from the frosts by a movable canvas shade or covering. The plants, to the number of 300 in all, were planted out in drills 2 feet 6 inches apart, and a width of nearly 3 feet. Previous to the tomatoes being planted, the plot, which is exactly the tenth of an acre in extent, was manured with two loads of stable dung, the manure being thoroughly incorporated with the soil. With the exception of the "billing up" of the drills, no further skill or trouble was required in their cultivation. The spring was moist, and the plants grew apace. At the approach of hot weather, however, Mr. West gave the tomatoes a good watering, which had the effect of quickening the maturity of the maturity of the fruit. Early in January the first consignment of tomatoes was ready for market. These sold as high as 6d per lb. At regular intervals since the beginning of January Mr West has been forwarding cases of tomatoes to the Melbourne market, and the quality of the fruit was so good that the the tomatoes from Mooroopna always realised the highest current rates. Up to date Mr West has cleared £225 for the result of tomatoes forwarded to market; but this does not represent the total worth of the crop. The tomato plants are still bearing fruit, and if trellises had been used so as to permit the access of air and sunshine amongst the plants the yield would have been increased by one-third. During the ensuing season, Mr West intends making preparations for the cultivation of an acre of tomatoes. The seed will be sown in July in order to raise early plants, and these will be planted out in September next. A hotbed 3ft. long by 2ft. wide will be sufficient for raising the plants for an acre of land. In planting out this year, Mr West intends having the plants at least 4ft. apart every way. This will give plenty of room for a horseshoe to pass down the rows so as to keep the surface soil free and open—a circumstance that materially helps dry soils in accumulating and retaining moisture. Five varieties of tomatoes were experimented with by Mr West. These were the General Garfield, Conqueror, Mikado, Mayflower, and Key's Early Prolific. The latter proved the most suitable to the northern climate, yielding heavier and much earlier than any of the other four varieties named.

RAILWAY RETURNS.

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, 26th May, 1887 :—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
May 20	2	£0 11 2	£1 3 5
,, 21	57½	10 10 1	21 6 0
,, 23	49½	9 11 10	6 5 3
,, 24	106½	14 5 2	1 11
,, 25	25	4 2 8	11 0 1
,, 26	27½	5 17 0	6 16 4
Totals	268	£44 17 11	£46 13 1

EUROPEAN ITEMS.

General Boulanger declares that in the event of war the French Army will be found ready.

Several palace favorites of the Sultan have been exiled from Turkey on suspicion of having plotted to dethrone him in favor of a nephew.

Six casualties are reported in connection with a fire at the Opera Comique, Paris. Many persons of both sexes injured themselves by leaping through the windows, although there were abundant outlets for escape open.

The Right Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., will preach a Jubilee sermon at the University of Cambridge to-morrow.

The death is announced of Sir Charles Cooper, Chief Justice of South Australia from 1856 to 1861, aged 92.

£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.

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.

HOSPITAL BALL AT WATERLOO.

The Hospital Ball in the Free Library Hall at Waterloo, on Tuesday night, was pronounced and deserved success. The result shows what united effort on the part of a small committee, all being unanimous, can accomplish. Miss Frusher and Miss Vowles are entitled to all of the credit, for the affair originated with those two young ladies, and they have performed wonders, at a minimum of cost, so that the Ballarat Hospital will be benefited to the extent of something like £10 10s. The ladies were a host in themselves, whilst preparing for the affair, and they may may be rightly termed hostesses to the large number who availed themselves of the opportunity afforded to "trip the light fantastic" to good music provided voluntarily by Misses Cowan and Nettleton, on the piano, and Mr. Myles on the violin. Dancing was indulged in from 8.30 p.m. to 12 midnight, when an interval occurred, during which an adjournment was made to the reading room, where

"A sumptuous feast,
Displaying all the arts of Chefs de Cuisine,
Temptingly arranged,"

had been prepared. So magnificent was the sight that one gentleman, a visitor, whose opinion is worth having, exclaimed "Why, this beats Ballarat!" Full justice was done to everything, and the dancing was resumed till the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal." An excellent break in the monotony of terpsichorean activity was an interspersion of several items of vocalization, in which the following ladies and gentlemen took part:—Misses Burrows and Callister, and Messrs. D. G. Stewart, J. Fisher, W. Oakes, —Somers, F. Wilkins, and G. Vowles. The affair is now spoken of as the most successful ever held in the district.

DAT SHAMPION PILLIARDS.

'Hans,' mine Katrina she zay of me, und I reblies, 'Vas ist, mines Katrina?' Den she dells me 'Vere you vos going?'

Dis all vos on Vensday night, ven I did hafs mine supper. I shpeags to mines vife I musd go to pizness out, und she zay of me, 'Hans, vy it is you hafs neffer always no pizness to pe home?'

Und I dells mines vife, 'Ma tear, dere ish von krate pilliards vill pe blayed to-night, and dey hafs dold me "Hans, you musd pe dere."' Katrina she den zits mineself down flop on de zhaire, und she dells me, 'You shust vaits von leetle minute, und I gets mine ponnet; den I vill gome mit you.'

Minesh cootness krashus me! Loog here, now! Put I didn't zay nodinks, und I shlinged de bag door out, den laid me oop on de venz pr de cround till Katrina she gome out galling me oop de peautifullest names I neffer pefore hear her. Den she run kvieg down de shdreed, und I vorks me py anodder vay, und she didn't vos know de blace vere I vos going.

Ven I gome at de blace, de beebles vos all arount py de pilliards. De zhentelmans zay of me, 'Hans, zit down und vatch de game,' und I zot me down py de vire.

De pilliards pegin to blay. De mans he zing out 'Von—loff;' De other man he boke de vite pall mit a long shdig, and de zhentlemans all zay, 'Coot zhod!' Den de man he zay 'Do—von; Vif—von; Seffen—von;' und ze man mit ze boke-shdig he geds eggszided, and boke de vite pall. De man den zay, 'von blays seffen; dree—seffen; Vif—eight—seffen;' und de red pall he vos gone. Den de zame man he boke de vite palls und vone of dem goes down a hole. De man zay 'den—seffen,' and den he zay 'eight—den.' Und I zay, like de oder zhentlemans, 'Coot zhod!' und dey zay 'Hans, you shoost shut oop, you knows nodinks apoud id.'

'Minesh cootness krashus me, loog here now,' I eggsclaimed; und von blayer he nearly zhogs me mit a shdicg, so dat I valls pag cafer mineself on de zhaire. Den dey all ov dem laff at me, und I gets vild.

Den von man he dags me py de coat, und zay, 'You musd geep gwiet or go outside,' und I dells him 'All ride, I go outside.'

Ven I gomes out—'Oh, minesh krashus cootness! Vat you vos doing here, Katrina?'

But she don't zay nodinks. She bull's me py de lugg, and trags me to mine own house. Ven ve gomes on de inzide she zay, 'Dake dose poods off,' und I dakes dem off, und she doog dem in anoder room und log dem oop. I buds on mine shlibbers ven she gets out of de room, den I goes out again to see de pilliards. Ven I gets down to de blace, I know Katrina she vas dere pefore me. I see her gome out py de door und go down ze shdreed. Den I vent in to de pilliards py mineself und I shoogs nodings more all de dime. De zhentlemans vos shoost pegin to blay again. I hear de men zay 'De vour grags dags von hour und half to blay von hundert und fifty.' Den dey blay kvig, und dorg kvig, und den dey dells me 'Id ish all oafer, Hans.'

I goes to mine house all py mineself.

Katrina she gomes home pimepy, und she dells me, 'Haus, vere hafs you peen?'

Und I say, 'Katrina, I vent to de pilliards und you vos pring me home und log oop mine poods. Den ven I winds mine shlibbers you run away like mad, und zay "Haus; Haus!" Den I zay mit mineself, "Katrina she mags von pig meesdag dis dime." Den I dags out mine shmog-bibe, und zits me down for von pig shmog, till mines Katrina she gomes home."

Katrina she zay, 'Humph! I mags von pig vool of mineself dis dime, put I won't do so no more.'

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Poetry.

An Orchard At Avignon.

The hills are white, but not with snow;
They are as pale in Summer time,
For herb or grass may never grow
Upon their slopes of lime.

Within the circles of the hills
A ring, all flowering in around,
An orchard-ring of almond fills
The plot of stony ground.

More fair than happier trees, I think,
Grown in well-watered pasture land,
These parched and stunted branches, pink
Above the stones and sand.

O white, austere, ideal place,
Where very few will care to come,
Where Spring hath lost the waving grace
She wears for us at home!

Fain would I sit and watch for hours
The holy whiteness of thy hills,
Their wreath of pale auroral flowers,
Their peace the silence fills.

A place of secret peace thou art,
Such peace as in an hour of pain
One moment fills the amazed heart,
And never comes again.

—*Athenæum.*

"ALMA."

AN ORIGINAL AUSTRALIAN STORY,

BY

HAROLD STEPHEN Esq., M.P.

OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

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CHAPTER XLVII.—(CONTINUED.)

Alma laughed, and declined, and Mr. M'Corkle retired, having first taken the "lerberty," as he called it, to shake hands with the young lady, which he did as slowly and solemnly as if their parting was to be for ever.

We will leave our heroine under the care of these good people whilst we see how the discovery of her flight affected the Professor and Mr. Johnson.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE PURSUIT.

Stephen Tredegar was not quite the revengeful monster he avowed himself to be. It is true that he had cherished feelings of hatred towards his brother, and his brother's wife; but, when he stood by the dying bed of the one, and learned that the other lay yet unburied, pity took the place of revenge, and he assumed charge of the orphans with an honest intention to do his duty by them. Unfortunately, he could not easily learn to love them. He was utterly unused to children, and found their presence irksome, and their noise maddening. So he saw as little of them as possible, and, indeed, was so frequently absent from Grabenthal, where he had established his home, that his residence there became almost nominal. As they grew older, Dart gave him some trouble—as all boys in sound health will—the good boy is usually sickly and a sneak.

Some stormy scenes took place between the youth and his uncle, and Alma tacitly, sided with her brother. Of this the Professor was assured by her manner towards him, which, as she grew in years, became more reserved and cold. Then he learned one day from Thistlethwaite, the lawyer, that his father had made a will in favor of the children, and, from that moment, he conceived the idea of keeping them entirely under his influence. Dart he never liked, but he had as much affection for Alma as he was capable of feeling for any child not his own; and, when she deliberately refused to believe what her brother told her was the truth, viz, the allegations of Sir Charles North, the Professor really loved her for a time. It had been no part of his scheme to sacrifice her to Johnson, but it seemed that no other course was open to him. Then, after he had wronged her, by estranging her from her lover, he began to tell himself that he hated her for her parent's sake, and was bound to revenge himself upon her for their wrong-doing. "The sin's of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," bore quite a new meaning in his eyes, and he thought that the system of vicarious punishment had received the divine sanction. He was in the position of the injurer, who always hates ten times as vigorously as the injured. Gradually he even began to believe that it was always his intention to make the girl suffer, and, under the influence of drink, he made that speech which was overheard by Susie, but which was addressed, not to Johnson, but to his own accusing conscience. Always a temperate man, excess betrayed him into follies which a more seasoned toper would have avoided. He had been led into drinking merely to drown his stings of conscience, which told him that he was about to do a cruel wrong to an innocent girl, who loved and trusted him. Johnson drank, partly because he was elated at the near approach of the hour which was to give him a bride; partly, also from nervousness, but chiefly because he was always ready to do his share in a drinking bout whenever the opportunity offered.

Neither of the two awoke till after nine o'clock on the following morning. The Professor was the first astir, for his head ached terribly, and his tongue seemed swollen to twice its natural size, so that lying in bed after his eyes were opened became unsupportable. He dressed himself carelessly, and walked into the sitting-room in search of a bottle of bitter beer, for soda-water was, of course, not procurable.

To his surprise, it presented the same appearance as when they had left it on the previous evening. A sickly smell of stale tobacco, mingled with fumes of spirits, pervaded the room, and he turned away with a shudder of disgust, and went in search of Susie—intending to talk to her (may I be pardoned the expression) like a Dutch uncle.

No Susie was to be found in the kitchen, but the fire was alight, and, sitting on a stool outside the door, was the old convict, smoking his morning pipe.

"Where is Susan?" the Professor bawled in the man's ear.

"I dunno, sir," he replied. "She ain't been out yet."

"Not out yet! I'll soon see what's the matter," he muttered, as he made his way to Susie's room, where he commenced hammering on the door and bawling out her name so loudly that Johnson was aroused, and came out in shirt and trousers to find out what was the matter.

"Here's a pretty state of things!" exclaimed the Professor, peceiving his friend. "The girl must be ill—she has not been up, and I can't make her hear."

"Is the door locked?" asked Johnson.

"Yes," replied the Professor, after trying the handles.

"I'd burst it in then, if I was you," said Johnson. "It's late as it is, and how the dickens we're to get to Penrith by two o'clock I don't know."

"The Professor did as was suggested, but, of course, Susie was not there.

"What the devil is the meaning of this?" he exclaimed angrily. "She's not here."

"Maybe she's with Alma, there's sure to be a lot of dressing business to get through." Mr. Johnson retired to his room as he said this, and left his friend to continue his search alone.

But he was soon disturbed, for the Professor, in a great state of perturbation, reported that neither of the girls where to be found anywhere on the premises.

"They must have gone out for a walk before breakfast," said Johnson, cooly. "Maybe they have lost their way, they did it once before, if you remember."

"Is it likely they would be guilty of such folly, on this of all mornings in the year?" asked the Professor, angrily. "I tell you, I don't like the look of things at all,"

"You don't think they've bolted?" exclaimed Johnson, now really beginning to feel alarmed.

"I don't know what to think, Alma may have changed her mind at the last moment. I'll ask the old man if he saw them go out."

The old man had not seen either of them, but he reported that the buggy and horses were missing, and was saluted by such a volley of expletives, as even he, a gentleman or experience, never remembered to have heard before.

"By Heaven!" the Professor exclaimed, as he threw open the door of Johnson's room "You were right! They have bolted!"

"The devil they have;"

"And gone off in the buggy too. What is to be done?"

"Hurry after them as quick as possible! Tell the old man to catch the saddle horse, for you can get a change at Penrith."

He had scarcely finished speaking before the Professor hurried off to return in a minute with the news that no horse was to be found!

The conversation which ensued, must remain unreported, both the gentlemen were justly angered, and the occasion was one upon which the use of a little strong language is almost excusable.

Finally it was arranged that they should, after such a breakfast as could be obtained in a hurry, proceed together to Penrith; from whence the Professor could obtain horses, and drive on in pursuit of the runaways, whilst Johnson awaited his return at the inn, and arranged matters with the parson.

They had a wearisome walk to Penrith, along a dusty, rugged road, with a blazing hot sun. The dissipation of the previous evening had left its inevitable effects behind, and, as may be imagined, the morning's discovery had tried their tempers not a little. conversation soon became irksome, and they toiled onward, sullen and silent.

When, after a march of nearly four hours, they reached the township, they made straight for the nearest inn, and, after they had slaked their thirst in some villainous beer, the Professor asked—more as a matter of form, than in the hope of eliciting any information—whether the landlord had seen or heard of two young women, driving through the town in a buggy ear y that morning.

"Not a soul come down this blessed morning," replied the landlord," "except this gentleman here."

The gentleman in question—a gentlemen whose hair and beard grew in a tangled mass together, and whose wardrobe was of a very limited nature, consisting only of a dirty check shirt, and equally dirty moleskin trousers—was sitting on a bench enjoying a lunch of cold beef and bread, washed down by a pint of "stringy-bark," otherwise colonial ale.

He looked up as the landlord spoke, and, without waiting to dispose of the food which was in his mouth, asked whether the gentleman meant two young gals in a buggy and pair!

"Yes," replied the Professor. "Have you seen them?"

"Parst them on the road goin' to Bathurst. Give 'em the time o' day, and they arkses was they in the right track. 'Yes,' ses I, 'Do you happen to know Mr. Lascelles' station?' ses one, the smartest of the two. Which I told 'em I did, bein' as I'd been there last shearin'."

The Professor stifled an oath, as he heard this news, and Johnson, always free in his language, spoke his mind in the subject with considerable vehemence and fluency.

"Have you got a buggy for hire?" asked the Professor, of the landlord, after he had thanked the gentleman in moleskin, and requested him to replenish his pewter. "We must go on to Bathurst immediately."

"No," replied the landlord, "I've got a buggy, only I can't spare it. But you would get there as quick by the coach, or quicker. She's due in half-an-hour. If I was you, I'd jest have a bit o' dinner, and then go on by her.

This advice might not be disinterested, but it was sound, and the worthy pair agreed to adopt it, and cheered the heart of the publican by ordering as sumptuous are past as could be prepared in ten minutes. Luck was against them, however, for they had only just seated themselxes at the table, when the coach, which halted at another hotel, came thundering up the street, and they were compelled to depart without satisfying their hunger—a result which had been very possibly expected by the landlord, as he had presented his account when summoning them to the meal—to save time, as he said.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AT MULTIFLORA STATION.

Alma awoke with a feeling of peace and security to which she had long been a stranger. It was altogether too blissful! Her lover was true—her uncle was false—it was strange that she felt less sorrow than joy at the remembrance of this last fact, and the dark cloud, which had overhung her future, had turned its silver lining, and glorifying what had for so long been gloom and shadow. She was in Harry's room! How delightful! All around were silent witnesses, which yet spoke their language to her heart, reminding her of their owner. His books, his whips, his spurs, his pipes—the thousand trifles which form the collection of a young man—possessed an enchanting interest for the girl, as she lay basking in the flood of sunlight which poured through the window. It required a vigorous effort of the will to break the charm, and spring out of bed; but Alma accomplished the feat, and was almost dressed before Mrs. M'Corkle came to call her.

"Up already!" exclaimed the old lady, in a cheery voice, and with a pleasant smile.

"Yes, Mrs. M'Corkle," replied the girl. "It would be wicked to remain in bed on this glorious morning. Besides to tell you the truth, I am awfully hungry."

"I am glad to hear it, my dear, though we have nothing very tempting to offer you. My husband clings to old habits, and makes his breakfast off porridge and milk; but we have good butter, bacon and eggs, for us English folk. He says that people eat too much meat in Australia, and that meat-eating, and tea-drinking are the curse of the country."

"Why what harm do they do?" asked Alma.

"My husband was told by a doctor—a fellow-countryman of his—that they cause heart disease, which is more prevalent here than at home. But, bless you! it's only one of his fads!"

"Well, the only disease of the heart I have won't be hurt by a rasher of bacon, and a cup of tea, so I promise you I shall lower myself in Mr. M'Corkle's estimation as soon as breakfast is ready," said Alma, laughing merrily.

They had walked out into the verandah, and, for some minutes, Alma could do nothing but gaze and admire the view. The house stood half-way up the mountain, which shelved gradually downward to the plains. The distance — being merely undulating ground, for the most part untimbered—would have been monotonous, had it not been for its extent. As it was, it partook somewhat of the solemn grandeur of the ocean when viewed from an elevation. Indeed, the mirage of the plains became, at times, exactly like distant water, so that it required no great stretch of imagination to believe that one saw the sea in reality. Nearer oases of bushy trees, a winding creek, and herds of browsing cattle lent a peaceful tone to the scene; whilst in the background were huge masses of rock, and gnarled trees, covered with gigantic creepers. Alma had not half exhausted the beauties of the picture, when two stalwart urchins, accompanied by a number of dogs of all sizes and descriptions, came with a rush upon the verandah, and bounded up to Mrs. M'Corkle to say "good-morning."

"Less noise, you naughty children," exclaimed the lady, as she kissed them. "Now say how-dy'e-do to Miss Tredegar."

"How do you do, my dears?" said Alma, stooping and kissing them—an operation to which they submitted with evident distaste. "Which is Duncan and which is Sandy?"

"I'm Duncan," replied the latter of the two, "and yon's Sandy."

"I've heard all about you from Mr. Harry, and you must not look upon me as a stranger. Now, who is going to show me around the garden after breakfast?"

"Not me," said Duncan. "I'm going to the sheepwash."

"Not me, neither," said his equally ungallant brother. "I'm going down with Duncan."

"For shame, boys!" exclaimed their mother, really distressed at their rudeness. "You must excuse them, Miss Tredegar—they are not used to ladies, and, indeed, I am sorry to say, spend most of their time with the men. Their father does not care, and I have no time to spare to look after them."

"Father likes us to learn to work like men," said Duncan, proudly.

"I am not a bit annoyed at their refusal to accompany me," said Alma. "And what is a sheepwash my dear?" she asked of Duncan.

"Where they wash the sheep—I thought everybody knew that."

"I don't know anything about station life, my dear—I never was at a station before, and I never saw a sheepwash."

"It's such fun!" exclaimed Sandy, with animation. "You should just see the sheep jump! I've seen a sheep jump a hurdle as tall as me!"

"May I go with you to-day?" asked Alma.

"Well, I don't know," replied Sandy. "Ask Duncan."

But Duncan was racing over the lawn with the dogs, and Sandy ran to join him, so the question was postponed, and Mrs. M'Corkle began a long disquisition about the trouble attendant upon the training and education of boys, which lasted until a noisy bell summoned them to breakfast.

Mr. M'Corkle gave Alma a warm greeting, and then proceeded to ask a blessing upon the meal, which, as it amounted to a prayer of some minute's duration, considerably astonished the young girl, who had been accustomed to a grace before meat which was sharp, short, and decisive.

"Wull ye no try the parritch, miss?" asked the overseer, when he had come to a finish and taken his seat.

"If you please, Mr. M'Corkle," replied Alma. "I don't know whether I shall like it, for I never tasted porridge in all my life."

"Never tasted porridge!" M'Corkle sighed, and the two boys stared open-mouthed at the guest, whom they began to regard as decidedly the worst kind of new-chum they had ever encountered.

"It was a long time before I could get to like it," said Mrs. M'Corkle. "I used to force myself to eat it to please Mr. M'Corkle—but that was when I was young and foolish—I don't think I should go through such a martyrdom now."

"'Deed an' ye wouldna," said the overseer, drily.

Alma helped herself to salt and milk as she had seen the others do—then she tasted the mixture. "I can't eat it, Mr. M'Corkle," she said, plaintively. "I must confess I think it very nasty."

M'Corkle groaned, the boys nudged one another, and looked more wondering than ever at this strange young woman; and Mrs. M'Corkle was about to come to the rescue when the door flew open, and in rushed Susie, pale and breathless.

"Oh, sir; oh, miss!" she exclaimed. "They are coming! They are here!"

"What! What is the matter, Susie?" asked Alma, half alarmed.

"Tak' time, young woman," said Mr. M'Corkle. "Dinna hurry yersel'. Noo, what is it?"

"The Professor and Mr. Johnson are coming up the road!" Susie burst out, and then burst into tears.

"Dom them!" exclaimed the overseer, rising from his seat. "The Lorrd forgive me for swaring! I'll sune settle w' the dom scoondrels!"

"Stay, Mr. M'Corkle!" said Alma, laying her hand upon his sleeve. "Do not be hasty with them. There is no necessity for any quarrel—I will see them in your presence, and tell them I am going to stay here. They cannot make me go with them, and I am not afraid whilst you are with me."

"Ye're a brave, brave, lassie!" said M'Corkle, admiringly. "Dinna fash yersel', I'll deal with them. Keep you in the hoose with the missus."

"It will be best so," said Mrs. M'Corkle.

"I would rather have it out, once for all," Alma replied, resolutely. "If I do not go to them they will come again, and I think, if I do, they will see the folly of hoping to make me change my resolution."

"Maybe ye're recht," said Mr. M'Corkle. "Come into the office, then; they come on business, an' we'll meet them in the business room. You're sairtain ye're no afraid?"

"Afraid!" exclaimed Alma, with a curl of the lip and a flash of the eye, which told of the high spirit within. "I should not be afraid to meet them alone—how much less, then, when you are with me, and I know that I am safe."

Loud barking of dogs now announced the arrival of the two conspirators, and Mr. M'Corkle went out to meet them, leaving Alma seated in the office—a roomy department, which served also as smoking-room and library.

Stephen Tredegar assumed his very best manner, as he enquired whether Mr. Lascelles was at home—he knew that he was not — but an affectation of ignorance is good policy under certain circumstances.

"He is not," replied Mr. M'Corkle, curtly.

"Perhaps Mr. Henry Lascelles is within?" continued the Professor, in nowise abashed, for he had calculated upon meeting with a cool reception.

"No," replied Mr. M'Corkle as before.

"Can you inform me when either of the gentlemen is likely to return home?" the Professor asked, still in his blandest tones.

"No, I canna," replied M'Corkle.

This was weary work, and Johnson, who lacked the coolness of his companion, could stand it no longer. "Is Alma Tredegar here?" he asked, almost rudely.

M'Corkle looked at him steadily for a minute, then turned his head, and began whistling, "Over the water to Charlie."

"Confusion!" exclaimed Johnson. "Did you hear me, man?"

"I harrd ye weel enouch baith times, an' I do mysel' the honor to inform ye that if ye speak till me again I'll thrash ye till ye're no able to win hame!"

This was said with an air of determination which carried conviction to the mind of the bearer at once, and Johnson subsided, mentally deciding that in any personal encounter he would be overmatched by the huge Scotchman.

The Professor, who was much annoyed at this episode, again took up the running. "May I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?" he enquired, almost respectfully.

"Ye may," replied M'Corkle.

"Well, sir?" said the Professor, after a pause.

"Aweel? What is it?"

"I asked to be favored with your name."

"Na," said Mr. M'Corkle. "Ye asked *might* ye ask my name, and I said ye might."

"What is your name then?"—It was difficult to keep cool, but Stephen Tredegar showed no sign even of impatience.

"I'm no in the habit o' telling my name to ilka a mon that speers."

"We had better come to an understanding at once, my friend," said the Professor with a slight change of manner, which betrayed his extreme irritation.

"Pardon me, sir; ye ca' me your frien', noo, to the best of my knowledge, we never met before, an' I canna say I am the frien' of any stranger."

"My name is Stephen Tredegar, and I came here for my niece and ward, Alma Tredegar, who is now in this house," said the Professor, coming to the point at last.

"Oh ay!" ejaculated M'Corkle, coolly. "An' wha' told ye that, Mr. Stephen Tredegar?"

"No matter — it is sufficient that I know it. Will you admit me to see her?"

"Sairtainly. Step this way if you please."

Mr. M'Corkle had sufficiently amused himself, so he led them into the office where Alma still sat waiting.

"Mr. Stephen Tredegar an' frien'," Mr. M'Corkle announced, in footman style, standing by the door and ushering them in.

Alma neither moved nor spoke.

"Alma," began the Professor, without daring to offer to salute her. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Will I gie them chairs?" asked Mr. M'Corkle.

Alma bowed her head, stifling an inclination to laugh, and Mr. M'Corkle handed a chair to each of them, and then retreated behind the lady, where he stood, erect and defiant, with one hand resting on the back of her chair.

"I ask," said the Professor, repeating his question, "what is the meaning of this mad freak of yours?"

"It means," she replied, slowly and deliberately, "that henceforth we must be strangers. I thank you for the care you took of me in former days, and, whenever it is in my power, I will repay to you the money you have spent upon my account. I do not think there is anything more to be said."

"Oh, yes, but there is though!" exclaimed Johnson, who could no longer restrain himself. "Are you going to marry me?"

"I am not, sir," replied Alma, frigidly.

"Did not you promise to marry me?"

"That promise was extorted from me by fraud, I withdraw it."

"Then, by Heaven! I'll have the law of you!" shouted Johnson, banging his first upon the table at his side.

"Mr. Stephen Tredegar," said Mr. M'Corkle, slowly, and without moving a muscle of his countenance, "that parson is apparently a friend of yours, I'd advise ye to tell him to keep quiet, or I'll bundle him oot o' the hoose."

"Hold your tongue, Johnson!" said the Professor, angrily. "This is my business at present—leave me to finish."

Johnson muttered an oath, sat down, got up again, and finally walked outside—he was literally suffering from a desire to indulge in a little profanity, and was compelled to seek the open air. Stephen Tredegar resumed:—

"Am I to understand that you refuse to come home with me?"

"I do refuse," said Alma. "I will never again enter the house which owns you for its master—so help me heaven!"

"Amen!" ejaculated Mr. M'Corkle, reverently.

"Sir," said the Professor, turning angrily to him—"I do not know who you are, but I warn you that this girl is under age; that I am her lawful guardian, and that if you harbour her I shall proceed against you for abduction!"

"My soleecitors are Ross and M'Nab," replied Mr. M'Corkle, sententiously. "Ross an' M'Nab Eleezabeth-street, Sydney—they will accept service on my behalf."

But the Professor paid no heed to this remark, he had determined upon a new line of attack, and assuming his tenderest tone, he asked Alma whether she really meant what she said, whether she would really leave him, who loved her as a father, to seek protection from a stranger.

"Do you remember a certain letter which you showed me?" asked Alma, in icy tones. "A letter which you said had been obtained from a young woman, and which was signed 'Harry Lascelles'?"

"Yes," the Professor replied, at last seeing his way clear.

"That letter was forged! And you knew it!" here the girl stood up, and pointed her finger at him, as if in denunciation. "You suppressed my letters to him—you intercepted his letters to me, sir! And you boast of your villainy to your wretched associate! I have no more to say. Will you open the door for me, Mr. M'Corkle?—Alma walked proudly out of the room, without deigning another glance at her uncle, who stood, for the moment, cowed and humiliated.

"Noo, Mr. Stephen Tredegar," said Mr. M'Corkle, after he had carefully closed the door, "ye maun see that ye've lost the game—put up yer cards, noo, and try to lead an honest life in future."

The Professor turned—the wild light of fury blazing in his eyes—"I'll make her suffer yet!" he hissed between his teeth. "Ha! By heaven I have it; Are you aware, sir—you, who protect this insolent girl—I say, are you aware that she is a thief?"

M'Corkle clenched his fist and advanced a step.

"Touch me and I'll shoot you like a dog!" exclaimed the Professor, taking a small revolver from his pocket. "I was not such a fool as to come here unarmed. Listen to me: that girl and her accomplice, Susan Brown, stole a buggy and pair, and to-morrow night they shall lie in Bathurst gaol! Aha! That touches you, I see! You will scarce afford her shelter now?"

To be continued.

Australian Tales and Adventures.

No 24.—*(Continued.)*

The Bushranger's Mistake.

By E. A. C.

He had written to Mr. Stirling, saying on what day he intended leaving Melbourne, and asking him, if convenient, to meet him on a certain date at the little bush hotel where the coach deposited passengers for ——, adding that he had intended riding over, but on second thoughts, finding that his stay—for business reasons—could be but a very brief one, would prefer being driven, as by that means he would have more time to talk over bank matters.

All arrangements being settled, he started by an early train, which would take him almost half way on his journey, and allow him time to have some breakfast at the quaint-looking building from whence the coach started on its heavy road to ——. The three hours' jolting and shaking fairly tired him out, unaccustomed as he was to bush roads in winter, and it was with a feeling of intense satisfaction that he jumped down at the door of the "Miner's Rest," and enquired if Mr. Stirling of —— had arrived yet. For all reply, the rough looking but civil spoken owner of the place handed him a note, saying it had been sent over that morning with strict injunctions that it was to be given to Mr. Fortescue as soon as he arrived by the coach. Fearing some untoward circumstance had occurred, the manager hastily opened the letter, and found to his surprise that the non-appearance of his expected companion was due to a report that bushrangers had been said to have been seen lurking in the vicinity of — and that Mr. Stirling, not liking to leave the bank in the charge of the young clerk alone, had determined to remain there also, but would if he could so arrange it, send the buggy. A hurried postcript was to the effect that he could not manage the latter, as the horse had unfortunately gone lame and he could not borrow another at such short notice. It would therefore he thought, be perhaps the best plan for Mr. Fortescue to remain at the hotel till the following day when, if all were well, he would himself drive over and fetch him.

The news rather disconcerted the manager; to wait as Mr. Stirling proposed, would involve the loss of a day and throw out all his arrangements, as he required to be back in town early the next week, before the mail left, and he had one or two other places it was necessary to visit before so doing.

"What is the distance to ——?" he enquired of the landlord, who just then appeared in the doorway.

"About 12 miles, sir," was the answer; "do you need to be driven over? I am afraid we cannot manage that, but we can give you a good strong horse that will take you there before dark, and my man is going over there to-morrow and can bring it back."

"That will do very well," was the reply; "by-the-bye, what are these reports Mr. Stirling alludes to as to some bushrangers being about? Have any attempts been made by them in this neighborhood?"

"None, I believe, about here, sir," answered the landlord; "though my man tells me the lad who brought your note seemed a trifle scared at some tale that Black Jim and his gang had been heard of a few miles away from ——, but I fancy it is but a silly story got up by some of the "cockatoo squatters" hereabouts, who have mistaken some of the rough miners in the district for bushrangers, and I must own there are several of the former ill-looking enough to justify such a supposition. We had just such a one loafing about the place this morning but I do not think there is any occasion for uneasiness between here and ——."

"I should fancy not," Mr. Fortescue replied with a smile; "Mr. Stirling mentions that the police are on the alert, and even if there were danger, my duties admit of no delay, and God's hand is over all those who trust in Him, my friend."

An hour later saw Edward on his road, carrying a loaded revolver, but more as a matter of precaution than from any fear of being "bailed up." The sun was sinking as he entered a lonely ravine that lay about midway between the hotel and the little township he was about to visit. The day had been lowering and threatening rain since early morning, and the heavy clouds which betokened a coming storm, had caught a lurid glow from the gleams of the setting day-god and added to the weird impressiveness of the lonely scene. The summer had been an unusually hot one, and the winter rains had not yet fallen, so that all nature wore a parched and arid aspect. Here and there a great gum-tree had been struck at some former time by lightning, and stood gaunt and white amidst its companions, whilst huge branches lay scattered beneath it. Not a sound broke the silence but the rising wind moaning through the valley, the occasional distant roll of thunder and the hoofs of the horse as he slowly made his way over the rough, stone-encumbered ground.

"An awkward spot in which to be 'stuck-up' as the colonials say," thought the young man as he glanced around him and noticed how rapidly the evening was closing in; "it might have been better had I waited till to-morrow, and yet I do not see how I *could* have got through all I have to do, and been back in Melbourne on the 5th, had I delayed. No I am but doing my duty, and after all, what is there to fear; in life or death, I am in my Saviour's loving care."

Well was it for Edward Fortescue that he could truly say such words and rest in their blest assurance of safety, for as the thought passed through his mind, a flash issued from a mass of thick trees on the right hand side of the gully and the report of a gun echoed sullenly through the ravine; another moment saw a riderless horse mad with terror dash on into the ever-increasing gloom beyond, whilst his rider, a few seconds before so full of life and vigor, lay stretched a corpse upon the ground.

Just as the last faint sounds of the horse's hoofs were fading away on the air, the branches of the tree from whence the shot had been fired, were carefully parted, and a man stepped out of his concealment and approached the body. He was tall and strongly built, dressed in rough bush costume and fully armed, as though prepared for all emergencies. His face was half hidden by a thick beard and moustache; but the dark, deep-set eyes had a savage, covetous glare in them that spoke of the cruel nature within. Bending over the motionless body, he placed one of his hands upon the heart, seeking to find if any trace of life remained in his victim, and a grim smile of satisfaction crossed his lips as he rose up after his brief inspection.

"A good shot," he muttered; "my hand, at any rate, has not lost its cunning; he dropped like a log on the ground. I wish I could have caught the horse; but the brute was fairly startled, and I had no chance. I wonder if he has any papers or jewellery of value about him? It was a daring act of Black Jim to venture as he did yesterday to that shanty of an hotel and learn when they expected this Melbourne man. There was some talk too, he said, at the bar, as to bushrangers being about, and the police, for a wonder, on the alert! I wonder how Black Jim and the others have managed that job at the bank? Not better than this one, that is certain. But I must make a search, and be off to meet them at the gap," alluding to a break in the chain of mountains to the westward where the bushrangers had concealed themselves. "How dark it grows; I must strike some matches for a moment."

Taking a box from his pocket, he struck several together and bending once more over his victim, he moved the head so as look hastily into the face.

"Never saw him before in Melbourne, to my knowledge. Now for my booty."

The pocket-book was hastily opened and then secured for future examination, and the outlaw next turned his attention to the right hand of the dead man, the gleam of the matches just revealing a ring as they died out. With a savage, impatient exclamation he struck some more and raised the arm so as to obtain a better view. Something peculiar seemed to attract him in the ring, and he knelt down, taking the nerveless fingers in his own to do so. A low cry—almost of horror—escaped his lips. *Where* and *when* had he last seen it? How came it on this stranger's hand—that well known, familiar ring with his father's crest upon it? How could it have passed away from his own people to be found out there in that wild spot? *Who* was this bank manager whom he had just brought to so untimely a death?

A cold dew stood on his face as these questions presented themselves to him, and he sprang to his feet, trembling as if with ague as the words were uttered almost unconsciously:—"Oh, my God! *Whom* have I murdered?"

For some moments he stood there, unable to realize what he had done. The storm which had been gradually approaching, was now almost on him, but he took no heed of the threatening roll of the thunder, nor of the occasional gleam of forked lightning that played around him. The sight of the ring appeared to have paralyzed him. At last he knelt down and again took up the hand. The sun-set glow had now faded away and the figure of the young manager was but faintly visible. The bushranger remained in the same position, waiting for another flash by which he might perhaps see enough to answer his own last question. Suddenly the sky was lightened by the vivid greenish glare, and the dead man's face showed out pale and ghastly, to the eye that watched so eagerly, yet fearfully, for it. The dark, wavy hair had fallen back, and a deep scar of many years' standing, was seen near one blue-rimmed temple.

Another cry—terrible in its misery and remorse—rang through the lonely ravine, as the bushranger caught a glimpse of it in the transient illumination. Too well he remembered that scar, obtained in rescuing him from what was so nearly a watery grave. Too well he knew that fatal shot had ended his brother's life

"Edward—my brother! May God have mercy and forgive me!"

Again the whole scene was lit up by the forked lightning's vivid glare, and the thunder rolled away in deep muttering echoes, whilst the heavy clouds, black as ink, poured down their torrents of rain, as though seeking to wash away all traces of the dread tragedy just enacted. But Ralph Fortescue never moved, for as the wild prayer for pardon passed from the lips for years unaccustomed to utter aught but oaths and curses, the lightning had come as God's dread messenger to call him to his last account.

The non-arrival of the manager at —— did not excite any uneasiness in Mr. Sinclair's mind, for he merely imputed it to the storm, or else to the fact that he had decided to wait until the next day, as proposed in the note. His own time too, since dispatching the latter had been so startlingly occupied, that he had had but little leisure for speculation on any subject.

As Ralph had indicated, arrangements had been made by the gang to break into the bank whilst, as they imagined, Mr. Sinclair would be on his way to fetch the Melbourne manager. The leader, a notorious character whom as yet the police had been unable to capture, went by the name of Black Jim, and having heard a rumor of poor Edward Fortescue's proposed visit, had recklessly gone into the bush-hotel to learn what he could about it. Whilst there, the lad had arrived with the note, and hearing the message that it was to be given at once to Mr. Fortescue, the outlaw jumped to the conclusion that the writer was to meet the former during the afternoon, the more so from the boy saying as he left:—"I think the buggy will be in to-morrow, as I heard the master speaking to Tom about having it ready in good time." Quitting the hotel at the same time, the bushranger managed to accost him, and drew him on to speak of who lived at the bank, the hours for opening, and other little matters which he thought might prove useful in the projected enterprise. Armed with this necessary information, he rejoined his companions and sketched out the next proceedings. Ralph, who was noted for his quick eye and steady hand, was entrusted with the terrible errand whose fatal conclusion has been already mentioned, and the remaining three, under Black Jim's guidance, were to set off by daybreak for —— and if possible, seize the bank before Edward and Mr. Stirling arrived there. The scheme was cleverly laid, but the latter portion was happily frustrated by the bank manager's sudden determination not to leave home. He felt uneasy at the rumors, slight though they were, as regarded the bushrangers, and was more than satisfied with his decision, when, late at night, one of the local police looked in to say that Black Jim had been recognised by a party of miners returning from work in the neighborhood of the Gap. He had passed them at some distance and seemingly in great haste, but the men were certain of his identity.

"Do you think it likely they will visit the township, Rogers?" enquired Mr. Stirling; "if so, the bank would probably be the first place they would attempt?"

"The gang is certainly somewhere in this neighborhood, sir," was the reply," both Black Jim and his mate, Ralph the butcher, as they call him, have been seen in various parts the last two months. I wish with all my heart we could catch those two, even if the others got off—they are the worst of the lot. They say the butcher is more of a savage than a civilized man; it was he that shot that poor young lad on the Hastings station, because he refused to be "bailed up." He was found dying and only just able to describe his murderer. What do you intend doing in the matter Mr. Sinclair?"

"I think it would be as well to be prepared—one thing that makes me somewhat anxious is that the lad I sent to the hotel yesterday with a note for Mr. Fortescue, tells me a dark, heavily-built man who was in the bar at the time, followed him out, and by praising the horse and the boy's seat, got into a chat with him and seemed very curious about our goings on here. I do not like the look of it, do you?"

"Well no, sir, I cannot say that I do; the description is like those I have had of Black Jim; may I speak to your boy for a moment?" the officer added, turning to the door.

"Certainly," was the reply, "and let me see you again when you have done so, Rogers."

About five minutes later the man returned, looking graver far than before.

"There is no doubt that the man was the leader himself, sir," he began in a low tone, "and we had better take measures at once, in case they pay the bank a visit. If they *do* come, it will most likely be early in the morning."

Calling in the clerk from the other room, a hasty consultation was held, and it was arranged that Rogers and the other policeman should be admitted into the bank at twelve that night, and remain with the officials until daylight. To make a long story short, it will be sufficient to say that their plan succeeded admirably; Black Jim and one of the gang being secured after a desperate struggle, and the two remaining men so wounded that they were easily captured during the day and died in the course of the ensuing week. The leader and his companion were tried and executed, and by their deaths, the entire gang of dangerous men was happily broken up and rooted out of the colony. It was still early in the day when the landlord of the hotel where the coach daily stopped, drove into the already disturbed township with the news of Edward Fortescue's murder. The first warning he had had of the tragedy was the arrival of the riderless horse, which was found in the early morning beside the stable door, whither he had returned after that terror-stricken gallop through the ravine. Feeling a sad conviction that something terrible must have occurred to his late customer, the landlord with a few others at once started on the way to —— and to their horror found Mr. Fortescue lying shot through the head, and a man whom one of their number, (a policeman lately come up from Melbourne) recognized as the clerk who had been sentenced for embezzlement the previous year and whom the young manager had sought so earnestly.

"They were brothers," the officer continued turning to the group of rough-looking men, who were listening to him with a shocked expression on their weather-beaten faces; "and Mr. Fortescue poor fellow, spared neither time nor expense to trace out this young villain who has taken his life. Day after day he was in Russell St. asking for news, and this is the end of it! Many a heart will be sad at the telegram when it reaches Melbourne, for both rich and poor liked him with good reason. I little thought who "Ralph the butcher" would prove to be! The lightning must have killed him as he was about to rob his victim."

Just at this moment the landlord rose up from examining the bodies; "I do not agree with you, Harris," he said; "look at the expression of horror still lingering on that man's face," and he pointed to the dead bushranger; "I believe he recognised Mr. Fortescue on coming near him, and was struck by lightning at the same moment."

As our readers know, the last speaker had judged correctly.

The remainder of our story is soon told; the tidings of Edward's death were duly forwarded to Mr. Harcourt, to whom a letter was found addressed in the young manager's desk, but Sydney never revealed the whole of the sad truth to his wife. There was a three weeks' old son at that time at the Rectory, and Frances was still far from strong; so it was judged best by her husband that she should merely learn that her favorite brother had met his death unexpectedly by the hand of a bushranger, one of a gang that had been committing numerous outrages through the part of the bush in which he had to travel and that had been fortunately since exterminated.

All papers bearing any allusion to the case were carefully kept from her sight, so that she should learn no particulars, and friends were requested not to mention the subject more than was absolutely needful. Happily but few Australian journals ever found their way into the quiet village, and the one or two persons who knew the truth, loved Frances too well to let a word drop before her that would show there was more behind than she knew. The relationship between the dead men was—by the kind interest of the firm where Ralph had once been clerk—kept as much a secret as possible, for the sake of the surviving members of the family, who, in truth, had suffered enough through the outlaw's misconduct. Any hope of ever hearing from, or seeing Ralph again, had quite died out of Frances's heart when she received Edward's letter, telling the result of his trip to Ballarat, and she simply mourned for his, as she imagined, early death in a distant land. The loss of her elder brother was a far more bitter grief, and as Sydney strove to check the fast falling tears, he thanked God she knew but a part of the awful secret he must for ever hide from her in his own heart—that it was a brother's hand that had fired the fatal shot in that lonely Australian ravine, and brought such a deep sorrow to rest upon their otherwise happy home.

Cannon Made of Silk.—These ingenious but incredulous and obstinate people, the Chinese cannot be induced to believe that we make car wheels and other things requiring the tenacity and durability of steel out of paper. But they ask us to believe that they have made cannon out of silk and that it is efficient artillery, of which a single camel can carry a dozen batteries. Thackeray's spinster, who thought there were few things which could not be done with cut flowers, would hardly have deemed them suitable projectiles; yet such a claim would hardly seem more surprising than that advanced by the inventive pigtails concerning their artillery.

The Lapp and His Reindeer.—The mountain Lapps of Norway have learned to drink coffee and wear stout Norwegian cloth, but they set as much store by rein deer as ever. A poor family will have fifty and upwards in a flock, the middle classes three hundred to seven hundred, and the richest one thousand or more. The reindeer is as much beloved by the Lapp as his pig by the Irishman, and the reindeer often sleep in his hut in much the same fashion. The Lapp will whisper to his reindeer when harnessing him to his sleigh, and will tell him where he is to go, and declares he understands him. The reindeer is much like a stag, only smaller; all the people, animals and trees in Lapland are very diminutive, the men are mostly under five feet high, and the women under four feet nine inches, so great are the rigors of the climate in this as in all countries under the arctic circle, and the cows, sheep and goats are small in proportion.

In summer the reindeer feeds upon grass, and gives excellent milk; in winter they feed upon moss which they scratch up under great depths of snow with marvellous instinct. When winter draws near great numbers are killed, and the flesh is dried and smoked to provide food when the ground is covered with snow, and but a few birds like partridges, ptarmigan and capercailizie, are met with. The flesh is very nutritious, and after a course of grass feeding it is surprising how soon the reindeer becomes fat and plump. The skin makes their dresses and boots, the sinews their thread and fishing lines, and the horns their spoons and domestic utensils.

An Extinct Race of People.—Near Albuquerque, N.M., a rancher recently commenced digging for a well on the site of an old ruined pueblo. At eight feet he struck a huge boulder. Underneath this was found masonry, and when this was pierced a cavity was discovered. Upon examination it was found that the workmen had penetrated through an arch of stone, supported by heavy pillars of masonry and large pine timber. When the *debris* was cleared away a volume of pure water was disclosed sufficient to supply a great number of cattle. Among the discoveries made in the vault were stone axes and hammers, flint-knives, arrow heads and quantities of pottery in fragments. Human remains were also brought to the surface, including two skulls in an excellent state of preservation. The building is supposed to have belonged to an extinct race of people, as the relics found evidently antedate anything hitherto discovered in this territory.

SUPPLEMENT.

Good Stories.

Raouf Pasha, one of the Grand Viziers when "the great Elchi" was at Constantinople, did not take kindly to Mr. Allison, the eccentric secretary to the English Embassy. One day, the author of "With Lord Stratford in the Crimean War" tells us, when Mr. Allison called on Raouf, the latter took no notice of him, but remained lolling on a sofa. Annoyed by this treatment, the visitor walked about the room with his hands in his pockets, whistling a tune and looking at the pictures. A horrified domestic thereupon came up to him and whispered that the individual on the sofa was the Grand Vizier himself. "Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Allison, aloud, in Turkish. "That must be some flunkey. The Grand Vizier would receive me like a gentleman." This brought Raouf to his bearings, but later on he tried to pay off the insolent Briton in his own coin. In the midst of their conversation he suddenly broke off, saying the hour of prayer had arrived, and knelt down at the end of the sofa. The Mussulman prayers end with a furious denunciation of all infidels, and when the Grand Vizier came to this part he rolled it out in a stentorian voice as if levelled against his visitor, who knew enough Arabic to understand that a deliberate insult was intended by the emphasis laid on the words. The conversation being renewed, by-and-by Mr. Allison looked at his watch, and, declaring that his hour for prayer had arrived, he went to the other end of the sofa, where he performed a variety of gestures and genuflexions, ending with a vociferous anathema against all Turks and other unbelievers in the holy Christian faith. This was delivered in pure Arabic, and when it was finished the eccentric secretary walked off, without taking the slightest notice of the raging Turk.

Mr. Francis Francis, the well known authority on fish and fishing, says an English paper, was at one time much annoyed by the machinations of the Lea bargemen, and this is how he defeated them. It was his habit as a boy to ground-bait some spots on the river Lea for three or four days and then fish it for bream. The bargemen, when they saw him fishing knew that the swim had been prepared, and used, as they passed by, to invade it with a casting net, thereby scaring away the fish he had taken the trouble to attract, scattering the great balls of clay, bran, and crushed potatoes which he had sunk in the depths, and utterly spoiling his sport. Mr. Francis filled a hogshead with brick-bats, studded it with tenter-hooks, threw it in the river, and fished by it. By came a bargeman, who, seeing Mr. Francis fishing, hurled his casting-net, with many injurious expressions, directly on the spot occupied by the float. The net, a new one, worth some £5 or £6—caught the tenter-hooked barrel, and the barge proceeded upon its course; but the bargeman could no more haul in the barrel than the sunken hull of a man-of-war. So, after a violent struggle, the net gave way, and the bargeman disappeared head first down the ladder into his cabin, the polished nails in the soles of his shoes gleaming like a transparent streak of lightning in the summer sun.

Once there was a man who went down from Atlanta once a month and cleaned out the Macon boys at poker. One rainy night the Atlanta man went down, and after supper was seated at the table. But the boys were fixed for him. A small hole had been bored in the ceiling just over the table, and a wire run through the ceiling and down the side and floor of the room until it reached the side of the table opposite the dreaded poker-player. Here the wire was fastened to a piece of wood against which the sitter kept his foot. In this way it was intended that the man above the ceiling could see the Atlanta man's hand and communicate pointers by slight jerks of the wire. That night the Atlanta sport lost heavily. At first he thought his luck bad, but the cards were good, and he mentally calculated that something besides bad luck was causing his money to get on the other side of the table by the hundreds. The Macon boys who were in the secret were in high glee over the victory. Finally the Atlanta man caught on, and reaching down by his side, deliberately picked up his umbrella and raised it above his head. This shut off the view of the man above, and in a short time the Atlanta sport had won back his money and cleaned out the Macon boys.

It is recorded of an eminent Anglo-Indian barrister that, after having narrowly watched the demeanor of the occupants of the Treasury bench in the House of Commons under question-fire at a highly critical juncture of foreign politics, he muttered to himself, and to the extreme surprise of his next door neighbor in the gallery, "What a pity it is that the beggars wear boots and stockings!" To the inquiries of his friend—a staunch Ministerialist—as to his meaning, he returned evasive answers, and it was only in reference to a professional colleague of the learned gentleman that the mysterious utterance was explained. The eminent advocate, it seemed, was accustomed to attribute his marvellous success in the cross examination of native witnesses to his practise of intently watching their naked feet. His experience was, he declared, that the workings of an inventive imagination, though they may leave no trace whatever on the trained countenance of the Oriental fabulist, were almost always to be seen in the twitching of his toes

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During the season at Trouville, a French lady, the wife of a well-known financier, was enjoying a literary conversation with a well-known journalist. She was expatiating on the realistic tendencies of the age, condemning, in pitiless terms, the favorite writers of the day—men, she declared, who impiously destroyed every poetic sentiment in the human breast—when her artless daughter of eighteen, clad in virgin white, entered the room, and whispered: "I had better not dance with Monsieur S. this evening, mamma. The latest quotations of the the Bourse arrived while we were talking, and on reading them he turned deadly pale and trembled." "You are quite right, my child," whispered the sentimental mamma, in reply; "say that you are engaged already if he asks you."

A preacher in southern Missouri, after sending his hat around among the brethren and vainly urging them to contribute, clasped his hands, raised his eyes, and said: "Lord, this is the toughest crowd I have ever found. I have preached in the Black Jack neighborhood, and have ridden the Red Range circuit, but this congregation occupies a place a little further removed from the giving spout than any people I ever saw. Amen." Then, turning to the sexton, he said: "I've two gallons of old whiskey stored away not far from here. As I don't use liquor myself, I am going to give it to some worthy man. Carry the hat around once more." The hat came back full of silver. The Preacher went into the woods to look for the whiskey. Up to a few hours ago he had not returned.

Charles Dickens used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy, the great banker, hanged for forgery in 1824. His elegant dinners had always been followed by some remarkable and charming curacoa, the source of which he kept a deep secret. Three of his boon companions had an interview with him in the condemned cell the day before the execution. They were about to retire, when the most impressive of the three stepped back, and said; "Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the grave; remember the text, my dear man, that we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out. Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curacoa?"

Sketcher

How to Read Books.

"Concerning hobby horses there is no disputing." And so of books. Every one to his taste. In all the discussions published in the newspapers about the books to read, one sees this diversity of ideas cropping out everywhere. No two of the distinguished writers who have written on the subject agree on what books or how many we should read in a lifetime.

Sir John Lubbock gives a list of one hundred books that workingmen should read. One difficulty with his list is that very few workingmen are graduates of Cambridge and Oxford, and none else could intelligently read the tremendous list which he has made up. I do not pretend to know just what books workingmen ordinarily read, for among them, as among the educated classes, there is a great diversity of gifts, opportunities, and attainments. One could read Cicero or Plato even in the original, while another could not read or understand either in any language, even in the vernacular. Few have the time, few the inclination, few the ability, and fewer still the education, to enable them to conquer that portentous list, the reading of which would furnish a complete equipment for the most talented professional men of this century—with much leisure and a wide and profound acquaintance with the fundamental branches of what is known as a classical education to commence with.

Of course there are exceptions to all rules. Hugh Miller, Elihu Burritt, and Abraham Lincoln had no education, but they could and did read and understand all the books they found within reach of their hands. Workingmen of such genius may hope to accomplish the same task. But to the ordinary mind—to the minds of much more than three-fourths of mankind, in all ages—such Herculean tasks are impossible, whether they be college bred or home bred. What, then, is the use of setting up a standard of reading so far out of the reach of the average intellect of the age?

There are few Bacons, not many Dr. Johnsons or Admirable Crichtons. No one of less talent than they had, may hope to read and remember the literature of all time.

But how shall we read? is a question I see nowhere asked or answered, though it seems to me to be the main question. I cannot pretend to answer it. I might tell how I read books and be laughed at for my pains, much as these colossal bookworms tell us what books they read; but after all that we should be just where we began.

I have seen horses that ran their mile in three minutes; others that took an hour to limp it that far.

One man's meat is another man's poison.

Relish is the true stimulus to reading. Books that are read as a mere task, or because it is popular to be known to have read them, are read slowly, inattentively, irregularly, spasmodically, like the Bible, and to little good purpose.

One man is quick of apprehension, and can read fast. Another is dull, and must read slowly.

"Beware of the man of few books," is an old adage that seems to give the key.

Once reading a book leaves small impression. A hasty perusal leaves almost none. A partial reading in detached portions often leaves a wrong opinion, a great deal worse than none at all. Give me the reading that is slow, careful, thorough, from end to end, often repeated at intervals through a long life. But a man cannot read many books that way. Yes, but he remembers what he can read. It was thus Bunyan read the Bible.

One good book well read is worth a whole library hopped and jumped through, for that leaves no recollection of the contents. I would read a few really good books, and read them all two or three times a year for forty years, if I lived so long. I should read them until I could repeat them word for word. No other reading is worth anything in my opinion.

A Curious Case.

M. Lafonte, young, rich, and the happy husband of a pretty wife, whom he had married against the wishes of her family, returned home alone one evening. M. and Mme. Lafonte went out early in the afternoon, informing their servants that they would not be home to dinner. Neither on the next nor on any of the following days did Madame return. Soon this mysterious disappearance was the talk of the neighborhood, and public opinion settled down to the conviction that Lafonte had killed his wife. People began to look askance at him, and one day a crowd assembled under his window and threatened mischief. The commissaire of police arrived, and, instead of dispersing the crowd subjected Lafonte to an interrogatory.

"What have you done with your wife?" he asked.

Lafonte protested that he had done nothing with her, yet he was arrested and sent to the cabinet of a judge d'instruction, who, being a magistrate of higher rank than the commissaire of police, began with—

"And so, sir, you have killed your wife?"

Lafonte answered, "Nothing of the sort."

But his father-in-law was summoned, and a formal charge of murder was presented.

Lafonte was arrested, and in due time appeared before a jury to be tried for his life. The court-room was crowded, and as matters began to look serious the accused consented to go into the fuller details on the subject of his wife's disappearance. His story was that on the day in question, before going out of his house to dine, he sat down to write a letter. His wife wished to know to whom he was writing, and on his refusal to tell her she flew into a fit of jealousy, reproached him with having married her for her money, and declared that she would leave him at once. He answered her coldly, to the effect that she might do as she pleased, and she left the room in a rage. An hour later, when he went for her to accompany him to their friend's house, she was not to be found, and since that day he had not set eyes on her.

When asked why he had not told this story to the commissaire of police, the judge d'instruction, and the public prosecutor, M. Lafonte answered that had been enraged by the gossip of the neighbors, and did not think that as an innocent man it was his place to gratify their curiosity. The prosecution was without foundation, and there was not a particle of evidence against him before the magistrates who had committed him, and he had made up his mind to stand his trial in order to show up the malevolence of his father-in-law and the faulty way in which the magistrates had investigated this affair.

Traveller.

The Hole of Death.—It is an awful sight to see a man drown, but with foresight and skill no man need drown. Fancy a sea in which there is no swimming and a sea into which you may plunge unaware.

A man is loping over the green prairie, looking out from under his broad sombrero at the lazy cattle and the prairie dogs playing in the sun. Suddenly there is a sound like a giant's throat swallowing a choking gasp of terror. The prairie dogs run into their holes, and a moment later come out cautiously, curious and frightened. The tall reed-grass is waving where the horse and rider were just now. The antelope on the crest of the divide yonder look around them watchfully. But there is nothing to fear—no man in sight. He was going to town, that rider, with the wages of a hard winter's work in his pocket, riding his favorite broncho, dressed in his buckskins that he had fringed in the winter evenings, ready to show the foolish girls how brave he looked in his rude attire. Where is he now—he and his horse? In a grave of slimy, shivering mud—alkali paste, blue with a nameless tint of putrid death, has filled his throat—covered his eyes before he could close the lids.

What does this mean—some hideous freak of nature—some work of a devil endowed with a moment's power? No: only an alkali sink; only a natural well filled with a paste as yielding as water—retentive as hell. Picture to yourself the surface settling back to its normal quietude with an indescribable gulp, a ghoul like smacking of grave lips. A grave that supplies itself with dead—a grave that buries almost before it kills—an insatiable, bottomless grave set like a trap for the living. The sink hole is not always covered with grass; sometimes it has a caked and seamed crust of bluish white alkali on the top of it. But even that is a poor safeguard, for the long green grass round it will hide it from the rider until it is too late to avoid it.

The tenacity of this paste of mud is something incredible. I have never seen a man caught in a sink hole, but I have seen a man ride to the edge of one, discover it too late to turn his horse, and shaking himself loose in the saddle, vault over the horn pommel when the pony was caught, striking the ground far beyond the sink hole. There were twenty men there, and before the horse had sunk far there were half a dozen ropes fast to him. Half a dozen strong ponies can pull almost anything, but they could not draw the horse back from the grave that was closing over him. There is a strange suction about this alkali mud—it holds all it grasps with a horrible pertinacity.

Cuban Courtship.—One pities the Cuban young man who is in love. He cannot see her alone, and cannot come regularly to the house until a fair understanding as to his intentions is arrived at. And when at last he has attained the felicity of being daily expected, he must do all courting in the presence of the family, and utter his sweetnesses across the critical ear of his future mother-in-law. Until they have been to church, they two are never left alone. The whole family take sly turns in watching them. There is a regular detail made, I think, from the older servants of the house to keep an eye upon them.

But there is human nature everywhere, even in Cuba, and the two are often getting off to a window seat or a distant pair of chairs, though with equal certainty, somebody sidles off in that direction and mounts guard. The smitten pair do not walk together in the evening. He does not accompany her to the theatre or to mass. They enjoy all the bliss they can under great difficulty, and with all mankind looking on.

The indirect result of all this espionage, of course, nobody in this land of custom has ever observed. There are a great many small intrigues and innocent endeavors to circumvent the detectives. There are eloquent glances, signals, fan talk and the sly interchange of notes. Then the iron guarded window, instead of being a protection becomes a great convenience. It is more than the front gate is with us. She knows when he will pass by, and stands inside with a fair hand clasping the bars of her cage, and waits for him. They stand there with the iron between them and talk. Every day it is so, and if mamma wishes to stop it, she must come and stand in the window also.

There are other respects in which the young man has a hard time. He must come every day. He must, and she holds him to the strict letter of the law. He is bound to show, by every means in his power, that he holds all other women in contempt and detestation. He must not dance with any other, and had better not be caught holding on to any other window bars, in any other street. He tell all his friends about it, and she tells all hers, and the matter is diligently discussed. If he should fail to come around every day he has to tell a satisfactory story. I have known her to send her brother after him. He takes his revenge after marriage.

Graffiti.—To this class of ancient inscriptions much attention has of late years been given, and several collections of them have been made. The graffiti, we are told, is a rude style of scribbling or scratching with a stylus or other sharp instrument upon the plaster of a wall, on a pillar, or door-post, as opportunity might offer. Their literary value is slight, and they are to be noted simply as illustrating the character and habits of a certain class of ancient Romans, or what may be termed the "street life of the classic period."

Many such remains are found on the substructions of Roman ruins, as in the palace of the Cæsars, and the Palatine, and in the Golden House of Nero, and in still larger numbers in Pompeii and in the Roman catacombs.

In 1837 a small selection of Pompeiian graffiti was published by Dr. Wordsworth, but the most complete and popular collection was prepared by Padre Garrucci, a Neapolitan Jesuit, and published in Paris in 1856.

Greek graffiti are occasionally found upon Roman ruins, but, with few exception, this scribbling comes to us in Latin. A few rare specimens have come to light at Pompeii in the ancient Oscan. Idle scribblings these, such as any loiterer by the way might mark with his knife—a touch of rude pleasantry, a grotesque antic or rudely outlined caricature, sometimes illustrating the written banter or taunting jest, and seldom without sharp point in delineation. Well outlined gladiatorial figures, intended as burlesques, have also come to light.

One peculiar specimen of this kind of work, discovered by Padre Garrucci in 1845 in a subterranean chamber of the palace of the Cæsars, possesses a strange and awful interest as a memorial of the rude early conflicts of paganism with a rising Christian creed. A pagan caricature is this of the Christian worship of our Lord upon the cross; it contains a Greek inscription descriptive of one Alexamenus as engaged in worshipping God. The chamber in which it was found is supposed to have been a waiting-room for slaves.

The graffiti of the catacombs are, as might be expected, nearly all sepulchral, and of marked interest, as illustrating early Christain life and doctrines.

The Indian Girl.—The Indian girl is never "wild." No girl is more submissive to the rules of her race and tribe than an Indian girl who is not yet corrupted by the proximity of the white man. She never goes anywhere alone, and she never passes a man on the highway without turning away her head. If a man comes into her wigwam she conceals her face, and she does not stand within hearing distance of men who are talking. She lives up to her idea and her tribe's idea of what is proper and becoming. If she fails to do so she places herself beyond the protection of her tribe.

Health.

Coffee and its Effects.—New York has a doctor who has busied himself lately writing pithy articles on some of the baptized evils of society. His latest manifesto is on "How coffee affects people;" and the aim of the paper is to show that coffee is one of the most powerful drugs in the list of medicines. The proof of its power as a drug is shown by the fact that it is used to a greater extent than any other as an antidote for poisons, both animal and vegetable.

He urges that he does not desire to reach the ear of the public in general, but of those who have pains in the region of the heart, oppressed breathing and an irregular pulse; those who are exceedingly nervous and unable to sleep at night; those who have a full feeling, dizziness and pains of a neuralgic character in the head; who have nausea and sourness of the stomach without having transgressed the laws of life; who have pains in the liver, a yellow skin with eyes of the same sort; and lastly, who have hemorrhoids. If the doctor supposes he has left out one or two of all creation from his list he may be right, but he is certainly mowing a wide swath, and may honestly say that he is after the ear of the public. To these he offers one suggestion. Omit coffee for a time, throw physic to the dogs, and find out if the trouble, after all, is not in the drug used as a beverage. In moderate doses coffee raises the blood pressure and accelerates the heart. Now, says the doctor, heart disease is in the main an easily prevented disease, and it is very frequently due to the excessive use of coffee.

He enumerates several instances where he had been called in to prescribe, and had found his patients given up to die, but there was really nothing the matter but the breakfast drug. He wisely suggests that in this day of sudden deaths we are called upon to review our methods of eating and living, in order to get at the cause or causes. "The heart and brain require rest as well as other organs of the body." If the vessels in the head are kept distended we have, as a warning, dizziness and pain, and, if the warnings are unheeded, apoplexy. So with the heart. So short are its intervals of rest when beating at seventy-two to eighty-four, that we can hardly conceive it. Add to this the stimulus that sends it up to ninety, and we must produce disease. He concludes that for our regular meals and at evening parties we should substitute the simpler cocoa or bouillon, and escape danger.

Sleeping Rooms.—It is to be regretted that paperings or carpetings should ever be used in the sleeping room. Alas, what evil is lurking in the area of the four square walls which encompass us! What enemy is that, though trodden upon, yet is not subdued? Let the walls of our chambers be calsomined and the carpets removed from the floors. Let the crevices be filled with putty and the floor neatly painted or stained. A rug at the bedside, with small ones at the bureau and commode will relieve the nakedness of the floor. These should be carried out weekly, thoroughly shaken and exposed to the sun and wind. Towels and wash cloths used during the day should never remain in the room at night. I have seen wash cloths, used day after day in a sleeping room, become sour and musty, emitting a strong odor, both disagreeable and unhealthy. The water-can and the entire toilet set must be kept perfectly sweet and pure. I do not mean merely clean to the eye, but clean enough for a chemist's use. Attention must also be called to the tooth-brush, which should always be thoroughly cleansed after using, and placed, handle down, in an upright holder. I have found odor enough about one tooth-brush to infect the atmosphere of a common sleeping-room. In regard to ventilation, open as many doors and windows as permissible, avoiding a draught; but morning air is indispensable to the health of the sleeper. Let the bed stand as near the centre of the room as possible, but on no account close to the wall. No one housekeeper may be able to carry out all of these suggestions, but it is the ideal of housekeeping as it ought to be, which should be held up to the eye of the reader, that each one may choose what she can best carry out in her daily practice.

How Long to Sleep.—The latest authority on this vexed question, Dr. Malins, says that the proper amount of sleep to be taken by a man is eight hours. So far as regards city life, this is probably correct. Proverbial wisdom does not apply to modern conditions of social existence. "Five hours for a man, seven for a woman, and nine for a pig," says one proverb; and a second, quoted by Mr. Hazlitt in his "English Proverbs," declares that "Nature requires five, custom gives seven; laziness takes nine, and wickedness eleven."

These conclusions were, however drawn from observations of country life. Physical fatigue is more easily overcome than intellectual. Which of us, when travelling in the country or abroad, or in any way separated from the ordinary processes of thought and anxiety, has not found that he could, without difficulty, do with a couple of hours less sleep than he was in the habit of taking? Men, however, who follow any intellectual pursuit are exceptionally fortunate if the process of restoration occupy less than seven hours. Goethe owned to requiring nine. Soldiers and sailors, on the other hand, like laboring men, do with much less quantity. I am afraid to say how few hours the Duke of Wellington regarded as essential. A schoolmaster under whom I once studied, a hard-working man at the acquisition of languages, proclaimed loudly that he never took more than five hours sleep. The hour at which he rose in the morning gave some color to this assertion. Only in after life did I discover that a two hours post-prandial siesta was not included in that allowance.

Bald-Headedness. — There is much wearisome and needless discussion about bald-headed people. Wash your head thoroughly once a week with a lather of soap and water, rinse all the soap out, and rub the scalp lively until it is entirely dry. Never wear an unventilated hat, or any hat at all when you can avoid it. Wear a straw hat, instead of felt, whenever possible. Give your scalp plenty of sunlight also plenty of air. Don't smoke too much. Follow these directions, and you will never be bald-headed. Even if your hair has begun to get thin, it will revive. Canadians are bald because they wear fur caps. It is the wearing of hot and unnatural head coverings that makes the hair fall out. If a quite bald man should go bare-headed in the sun and air a year, it is likely that his hair would come on again, and he would never take cold. Remember this: Nature meant your hair to keep your head warm, not fur caps or felt hats. Felt hats and silk hats are an abomination. These are the wretches that make so many men bald-headed. It is not their mighty intellects or their excessively fine nervous systems. If you render the hair superfluous by making hats to do its duty for it, nature takes it away. She will not tolerate senseless things.

Not Healthful.—A sleeping-room should be furnished plainly. Adornment with bits of bric-a-brac and dainty odds and ends adds much to the beauty of the apartment, but the custom is not to be commended on hygienic grounds. Japanese wall-pictures, photographs, fans, dried ferns, grasses and a hundred souvenirs of merry and sentimental experiences often cover the walls, forming lurking places of disease germs and the emanations that even the most healthful body will throw off during sleep. The less of this bric-a-brac about in sleeping-rooms the better. Only such ornaments as can be easily dusted should be admitted. The rooms should be thoroughly aired daily, and the fewer carpets the better.

Ladies' Column.

Forbidden Kisses.

"Remember," said a physician to his wife, as he was leaving home for a few days, "and do not let the children kiss any one."

"Is it possible," asked a surprised third party, who was present, "that you consider it necessary to give such instructions as that? Where is the danger?"

"The danger is so complicated and yet so certain that it would take too much time to describe it here," said the doctor, looking at his watch. "In my case, all kinds of people come to my house and consult me, and they often wait hours. If one of my children happens to come in they are almost certain to talk to it, and you know almost the first impulse with people who notice children is to kiss them. Bah! it makes me shudder—tainted and diseased breaths, lips blue with cancer, foul and decayed teeth. You would kill a stranger who would waylay your young lady daughter and kiss her by force, but the helpless six-year-old child, susceptible as a flower to every breath that blows, can be saluted by every one who chances to think of it. I tell you it wasn't Judas alone who betrayed by a kiss. Hundreds of lovely blooming children are kissed into their grave every year."

"But, doctor, how can a mother be so ungracious as to refuse to allow people to notice her sweet little children?"

"There need be no ungraciousness about it, or, if there were, which is the more important, the safety and well-being of the child or the permitting of a habit of ill-breeding and doubtful morality at best? Let the mother teach the child that it is not a kitten or a lap dog, to be picked up and fondled by every stranger, and instruct it to resist every attempt to kiss it. Why there are agents, pedlars of household wares, who make it a custom to catch up a prattling child, kiss and pet it, and so interest the mother that she will buy something she does not want. I tell you there is death in the kiss! The beloved and lamented Princess Alice of Hesse took diptheria from the kiss of her child and followed it to her grave. Diphtheria, malaria, scarlet fever, blood poison and death lurk in these kisses There! I shouldn't wonder if I lost this train. Remember, no kisses!" and waving his hand, the doctor drove away.

The Care of China.

To season chinaware and glasses to sudden changes of temperature, so that it will remain sound after exposure to sudden heat or cold, is best done by placing the articles in cold water, which must be gradually brought to the boiling point, and then allowed to cool very slowly, taking several hours to do it. If the wares are properly seasoned in this way they may be washed in boiling water without fear of fracture, except in frosty weather, when care must be taken not to place them suddenly in too hot water.

All china that has any gilding upon it may on no account be rubbed with a cloth of any kind, but merely rinsed, first in hot and afterwards in cold water, and then left to dry.

When the plates, etc., are put away in the china closet, pieces of paper should be placed between them to prevent scratches on the glaze or painting, as the bottom of all ware has little particles of sand adhering to it, picked up from the oven wherein it was glazed.

The china closet should be in a dry situation, as a damp closet will soon tarnish the gilding of the best crockery.

In a common dinner service it is a great evil to make the plates too hot, as it invariably cracks the glaze on the surface, if not the plate itself. We all know the result—it comes apart. "Nobody broke it, it was cracked before."

The fact is, when the glaze is injured, every time the articles are washed the water gets to the interior, swells the porus clay and makes the whole fabric rotten. In this condition they will also absorb grease, and when exposed to further heat the grease makes the dishes brown and discolored. If an old ill used dish be made very hot indeed, fat will be seen to exude from the minute fissures upon its surface. These latter remarks apply more particularly to common ware.

The Wife and Mother.

No class of men are more indebted to their wives for the success that comes to them, than the farmers. The wife and the mother who has the courage to go out with the husband of her choice and commence the struggle of life with him in the bush, or on a new farm, with but little capital except that boundless capital of head and heart, is worthy to stand by the side of the Spartan woman upon whom poets have exhausted their words of praise. Upon her falls the brunt of the strife, no matter how hard the husband may toil; his work closes with the day, but her's continues long after, and with her children, and the small chores that many of the beginners have to look after, her lot is not one to be to be envied. And when, after years of struggle success, with reluctant feet, comes to crown her husband with honor, the brightest wreath should adorn the brow of the noble wife, who was the stay and anchor, the comfort and the source of all hope in the stormy days of trial. The wealth should crown her queen. We hear much of the man. We hear that So-and-So is making money, and he gets the credit of being a forehanded man, but it is quite as often that the noble little woman, who has toiled and complained not, who has pinched, and saved, and murmured not, is the one to whom the State and Nation is most greatly indebted. These are the women who lead men up to that higher and nobler manhood, to that shrine where, like knights of old, they bend the knee of homage, not to beauty, but to worth and royal manhood.

Removing Stains from Cotton or Linen Goods, Curtains, Etc.—Grease spots are better removed by soap; stains from oil-colors, as a rule, do not resist the action of a mixture of soap and caustic potash. If spots of tar or axle-grease are unaffected by soap, they will usually yield to the solvent action of benzine (so-called), ordinary ether, or of butter, which may afterwards be removed with soap and water. For ink-stains, dilute hydrochloric acid, which must be subsequently carefully washed out, will generally be found effectual. For the same purpose oxalic acid or salts of sorrel (hydrogen potassium oxalate) may also be employed, and that most economically, in fine powder to be sprinkled over the stains and moistened with boiling water. The action of these solvents may be hastened by gently rubbing, or still better by placing the stained portion of the fabrics in contact with metallic tin. If there is much iron rust to be removed, dyer's tin salt (stannous chloride) will perform the work at less expense than the oxalic acid compound. Another solvent for such stains consists of a mixture of two parts argol with one part powdered alum.

Miscellaneous.

Brown Eyes

Just the old, old story,
Of light and shade:
Love like the violet tender,
Like it, may be to vary—
May be to fade.

Just the old tender story,
Just a glimpse of morning glory,
In an earthly paradise,
With shadowy reflections
In a pair of sweet brown eyes.

Brown eyes a man might well
Be proud to win!
Open to hold his image,
Shut under silken lashes,
Only to shut him in.

Oh, glad eyes look together,
For life's dark stormy weather
Grows to a fairer thing,
When young eyes look upon it
Through a tiny wedding ring.

They stood above the world,
In a world apart,
And she drooped her happy eyes
And stilled the throbbing pulses
Of her happy heart.

And the moonlight fell above her,
Her secret to discover;
And the moonbeams kissed her hair,
As though no human lover
Had laid his kisses there.

"Look up, brown eyes," he said,
"And answer mine;
Lift up those silken fringes
That hide a happy light
Almost divine."

The jealous moonlight drifted
To the finger half uplifted,
Where shone the opal ring—
Where the colors danced and shifted
On the pretty, changeful thing.

Astonished Bruin.—A Western fisherman who had imprudently made captive a bear's cub which he had encountered in the woods, was pursued by the cub's mother. The fisherman dropped the cub very soon, but this act failed to placate or divert the attention of the parent-bear, which pressed him hotly. At one moment she was so close that she was enabled to secure a mouthful of the fugitive's apparel. His strength was fast giving way, and the bear betrayed no signs of fatigue or of relenting, when the fisherman bethought him of an experiment. He had heard that the most ferocious of wild animals were subdued and terrified by fire, and drawing a newspaper from his pocket, he touched a match to it, and dashed it burning into the bears face. The effect was magical. The bear rolled over and over, screaming with terror, and on regaining her feet forsook the field with astonishing rapidity. A newspaper which prints this story facetiously heads it, "The Power of the Press."

On the Farm.—Let the children earn money as soon as they can. If it is only a little—one egg for every dozen they find, pay for carrying the milk, a few pence per week for washing dishes, or bringing in the wood, or coal, or kindlings; so much for every towel they hem; or they may keep hens of their own, or a pig, or care for their own calf along with the other cattle—how much more interest they will take! There are an infinite number of ways in which a child can earn money, and that, too, without paying him for his little kindnesses to the home people, either; and, then, he has an almost inexpressible feeling of pride and independence when he buys something with his own earnings. There is no better servant in the world than this same money; but to be of most use, it must be rightly managed, and only experience can teach that lesson properly.

Metallic Telegraph Poles.—One of the strongest metallic telegraph poles yet devised is constructed of malleable galvanized iron, and is one and one half inches diameter at the top, two and one fourth inches at the bottom, and weighing less than fifty pounds. The bottom of the pole is set into a claw plate, upon which the earth is closely packed to a height of about two feet; then another plate is put into place around the pole, and the earth packed upon it to the level of the ground. The claw plates take a hold in the ground at once, so that the pole becomes solidly fixed immediately after being set, which desideratum is only obtained by the ordinary wooden pole after it has been in the ground for at least a year. The strength of this pole is proved by tests to be very great.

The Cost of Her Beauty.—An old lady over eighty years of age, and who was once a great beauty, died recently in Paris, leaving after her a diary in which she endeavors to show up the alleged vanity of women. From the age of twenty to thirty she spent three hours a day at her toilet, which foots up for the period one year ninety one days and six hours employed in dressing her hair, powdering her cheeks and painting her lips. From thirty to fifty the toilet labors amounted to five hours a day, the extra hours being consecrated to covering up the cracks of time, including the obliteration of crows' feet and other necessary filling in and grading. Time, four years and forty days. After fifty her efforts had to be redoubled. To the last she resisted the effects of time.

Give Me Kisses.

Give me kisses! do not stay
Courting in that careful way;
All the coin your lips shall print
Never can exhaust the mint.
Kiss me then;
Every moment, and again!

Give me kisses! nay, 'tis true,
I am quite as rich as you;
And, for every kiss I owe,
I can pay you back you know.
Kiss me, then:
Every moment, and again!

—*Victor Hugo.*

On the Instalment Plan.—A down East clergyman has bit upon a doubtful improvement which he calls "marrying upon instalment plan." An impecunious young man got credit for the wedding fee, and actually paid five shillings a week for five weeks until the debt was cancelled. Five weeks is a long time for a man to burden his conscience with an obligation of that character. If the fee had been larger or the ratio of payments smaller, the parson would have had occasion to regret his experiment. Of course there is a temptation for clergymen to extend their matrimonial connection by all means, but ready cash is still the safe rule for this line of clerical work.

At the Door.—Miss Obtrusive prolongs her call to the proper limit and rises to adjust her wrappings. "Must you go so soon, Miss Obtrusive?" Yes, she must, but she doesn't. She walks toward the door and comes back to tell a story. Again she reaches the door and stops to ask if it is really true that Mr. So-and-So is going to be married. This starts the conversation afresh, and she stays the rest of the afternoon. Oh! no, no, she can't possibly stay to supper, but she can stand on the porch and chatter, till the supper is cold on the table and everybody has contracted rheumatism in the damp evening air.

A New Device.—Mosaics of broken glass with putty surrounding each piece and imitating lead lines, is the newest device for windows. It requires time, and if we attempt to produce any design it also requires taste and skill, but the indolent content themselves with blending colors, crazy-quilt fashion. The result is prettier than the paper imitations of stained glass, and the work is rather amusing.

Humor.

They Had Travelled.—The following conversation took place between Miss Pompon and young Mr. Eyeglass at an evening party recently.

"Ah, good-evening, Miss Pompon," said he.

"Oh, Mr. Eyeglass, how d'ye do? I did not know you had returned."

"Ya'as, we got in last week."

"How long were you over?"

"Only six weeks."

"We were away three months."

"Ya'as. Went everywhere, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; I fancy so."

"I took in the cities; skipped the small places, y'know."

"Wasn't Paris lovely?"

"Not bad at all."

"I liked Switzerland, too."

"I did not like Switzerland as well as I liked Paris."

"But they are so different."

"Ya'as; they are different."

"Did you go up the Rigi?"

"Oh, ya'as."

"Wasn't it splendid?"

"Too cold."

"Yes, it was cold."

"Italy was rather nice."

"Oh, lovely!"

"Were you at Naples?"

"Yes; we bought the loveliest bits of rose coral there."

"So did I. I got a head for my stick in coral."

"Oh, it must be lovely!"

"Quite pretty indeed; but the fellows all laugh at it."

"That's too bad. You liked London, of course?"

"Pretty well. Beastly weather while I was there, though."

"Oh, it was lovely during our stay. Where did you stop?"

"At the Langham."

"So did we. I think the English hotels are splendid."

"Very fair."

"But how funny that ladies can't walk out unattended."

"It does seem odd."

"I dared not walk a square without my maid."

"Oh, of course not!"

"Did you do the German cities at all?"

"A few. Awful slow, I thought."

"Berlin was quite pleasant."

"Ya'as, rather jolly."

"Were you at Antwerp?"

"No; I didn't touch there."

"You didn't miss much. The cathedral and the paintings, that's all."

"Let's see—who was it painted them?"

"Why—h—m—it's too funny. I can't think, and we saw them all, too."

"Wasn't it—er—Rubens?"

"Of course, yes. How stupid of me!"

"Not at all."

"I ought to remember, for one of the prettiest hats I ever had was a Reubens."

"Ya'as, I know; quiet effective, too."

"Were you in Venice?"

"Ya'as."

"How did you like it?"

"Damp."

"Yes; but it was great fun, I thought, going about on the water."

"Oh, that wasn't so bad."

"You liked Rome, of course?"

"Oh, ya'as."

"I did; and do you know, papa said he got the best cup of coffee in Rome that he drank while he was away?"

"You don't say so!"

"It's quite true."

"I didn't get much I liked to eat abroad, anyway."

"Well, that is really so. I think there's nothing like our own cuisine."

"No, indeed."

"The *menu* on board ship is about the best one gets."

"So I think."

"I was awfully hungry all the time I was on the ocean."

"I wasn't."

"What was your ship?"

"'Chimborazo,' there and back."

"We went home and came on a P. and O. boat."

"I prefer the Orient line, I think."

"Do you? Papa likes the mail boats. Oh, there comes my partner."

"I must resign, then. So glad to talk Europe over with you."

"Yes, I have quite enjoyed it, I assure you."

"Oh, thanks awfully."

"I have, indeed. Good-night, Mr. Eyeglass."

"Good-night, Miss Pompon."

Amusing Anecdotes.—Clerical errors are very amusing sometimes, but the following, which may be called the application of a paraphrase to "improve" the occasion, is as amusing as any which we ever remember to have met: Recently the Rev. Mr. Spark of Kirkwall, had a child baptized. The respected minister of Bursay officiated on the occasion. The ceremony was duly performed with all impressiveness. The officiating clergyman then gave out two verses of a paraphrase which certainly improved the occasion so aptly that their application was universally felt. The congregation sang the first verse, but they fairly gave in at the second, when they found they had to sing the following:—

"As *sparks* in close successon rise,
So man, the child of woe,
Is doomed to endless care and toil
Through all his life below."

If the selection was accidental, an apter application could not have been made.

In a church not a hundred miles from Thurso, on a recent sacramental occasion, a minister, who has acquired a reputation for curious illustrations, made use of one which will bear comparison with any yet recorded. Speaking of the likeness of the true Christian to his great Exemplar, he delivered himself of the following illustration: "My friends," said he, "there was a bairn born to-day. Its father is a strapping chiel of three-and-thirty years of age. The bairn has five fingers on every hand, and five toes on every foot, and it's as like its fayther as it can look, but only it's nae quite so big."

A Tender-Hearted Brother.—A couple of enterprising men, engaged in the clothing business, are interviewed by a customer in search of a coat. The senior of the firm handles the new comer, and soon finds a "first-class fit." In answer as to the price, the response is, "Two pun' ten." "Well, sir, I like your coat very much, but don't like your price."—Well, mine frent, ze price is noting so you like ze coat. We let you take 'em at two without the ten." The customer still complains about the price, saying that two was too much. This was too heavy for the dealer, so taking his customer to the extreme end of the store, and drawing him into a dark corner, he whispered into his ear, "Mine frent, I let you have that coat for thirty shillings." "Well, sir," said the customer, "I like your coat very much, and am satisfied with the price, yet I would like to know why this mysterious performance."—"Well, my frent, you see dat leetle man here? He was mine broder. He's got ze heart disease, and so help me gracious, if he was to hear me tell you I take thirty bob for zat coat he drop dead on de floor."

One of the new members of the Legislature is referred to as being "cultivated and intelligent," and the country people for miles around the district are making up parties to drive to his place and see the curiosity.

"Thought Clubs" are the latest wrinkle in the United States. The company sit round, scratch their heads and think how long the host is in setting up the refreshments.

THE WINDSOR ACCIDENT.

The inquest concerning the deaths of the persons who lost their lives in the railway accident at Windsor on the 11th inst. was continued on Wednesday and Thursday at the Athenæum, before the city coroner, Dr. Youl. There was a large attendance of the public on both occasions, but the evidence elicited was of a less sensational nature than that given on previous days. The lad Blackburne was examined by Mr. Purves, and cross examined by Mr. Gaunson, and afterwards by Mr. Skinner, who endeavored to show that the boy had been intimidated when before the departmental board, and had been influenced by the signalman at Windsor, but no evidence of this was forthcoming. Frank Smith, one of the other clerks at Prahran, put in the explanation which he had given of the charges of slovenliness and incompetence made against him by the stationmaster, Mr. Gedge. He denied the charges, and said that Mr. Gedge himself spent a large part of his time in talking about mining matters. Cyrus A. Davis, booking clerk at Prahran, gave his evidence in a rather flippant way, provoking the remark from Mr. Purves that he seemed to treat the whole affair as a gigantic joke. Davis was taught the block system by the clerks Catron and Smith, but was never examined by anyone. He was placed in sole charge of the blocks about two weeks after he went to Prahran. Two other clerks, Michael T. Catron and Edwin F. Bremner, gave evidence of an unimportant character. Both had worked the block system, but neither had been examined. Porter Webb was then examined at some length. He said that when Blackburne was placed in sole charge of the block signals he assisted him whenever he could, because he thought Blackburne did not understand the work thoroughly. On several occasions Blackburne came out of the office and asked the witness what to do with the signals he had received. Webb bid not inform the stationmaster of this because he thought he knew it. It was after Blackburne told him that he had "line clear" for the express that witness heard the bell of the block instrument ring. In making out his report the stationmaster suggested that he should say that the bell rang before Blackburne gave him "line clear," but he refused to alter it. The enquiry was adjourned.

At the railway inquest yesterday George Pegler stated that on the evening of the accident he had noticed signals were at "line clear" with a train stopped on the line, and informed Prahran, but the express passed in the meantime. Edward Tozer, signalman at Windsor, said he got no departure signal from Prahran for 8.30, after giving them "line clear." On telegraphing at 5.45 Prahran said train had not left.

HE TOOK THE PICTURE.

I heard a good story about a cabinet officer's experience with a foreign born artist who came to Washington last year for the purpose of painting portraits of distinguished people. This artist adopted the usual tactics of the visiting members of his profession. He secured first a distinguished subject, and from the influence of his first sitter he obtained three orders. His first sitter was a prominent naval officer. During the course of the summer he obtained an order from the wife of a rich but not over generous member of the cabinet. The portrait was a water color. It was deemed satisfactory by the sitter and by all the members of the family except the distinguished cabinet officer. He came into the artist's studio one day and rudely asked which one of the portraits on the wall was that of his wife, pretending that he could not discover it. When it was pointed out he said it did not bear the least resemblance to her, and no one in the world would know without previous information for whom it was painted. He then declined to take or pay for the picture and left the studio. The wife of the cabinet member called on the artist the next day and apologised for her husband's action, saying that he would come round all right in time.

The artist waited patiently all summer, while the officer was away on his vacation. He even waited several weeks after his return to the city. Not hearing anything from him on the subject of the picture he wrote him a letter the other day in which he said that the portrait was still on his hands, and that as the cabinet officer was of the opinion that no one could recognise it he was going to dispose of it as an ideal head unless the family wished to purchase it. He said that he was about to send it to a Richmond firm, who would use it in the lithographic advertisement of a new brand of cigarettes. He felt it his duty before selling this head to give the cabinet officer an opportunity of buying it. This letter brought the cabinet officer again to the artist's studio. The former was furious, and threatened the artist with terrible punishment for his blackguard letter. The artist suggested to him that he knew of no act he had violated, and he was welcome to do his worst. The cabinet official then attempted to tear down the picture and destroy it, but was checked by the artist. A violent scene followed. But the cabinet minister yielded in the end. He ordered the picture to be sent to his house. It was sent there, but not turned over until the cash, 250dols., was paid. It now adorns the cabinet official's house, and is, doubtless, pointed to with pride by the head of this well-known official family.—From the "New York World."

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 5s 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.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF VICTORIA.

The following description of now-fading land-marks in the early days of the colony of Victoria, will be found interesting to many of our readers. The article was copied nearly 25 years ago, from "The Yeoman," of September, 30, 1862:—

"When we published Mr. Batman's Journal in the 'Yeoman' of August 30, we intended to have referred briefly to all the localities so described by Batman that they can be identified now, as well as those which could be more readily identified 20 years ago. This task we now purpose to fulfil.

According to Mr. Batman's Journal it was on the 11th of May, 1835, that he and his party, on board the Rebecca, passed through the heads of Port Phillip, and anchored in a small bay 12 miles up the Port. It is evident that this is somewhere near the present site of St. Leonard's or south about 15 miles from Port Arlington, for under the date of May 30 Mr Batman says that they beat round the point about 15 miles, which was undoubtedly the point where Port Arlington is now situated. The bare hills seen six miles off from the high ground near where the party first landed were undoubtedly those in the neighbourhood of Bellarine. Who is there who was acquainted 15 or 20 years ago with that now important agricultural district, and who does not recognise the country as described by Batman? Fine openly-timbered hills, a rich soil beautifully grassed, were truly the characteristics of that fine locality 20 years ago, where now so many farms cover the face of the high sloping ground.

"It was from these Ballarine Hills that Batman saw the 'other side,' consisting of extensive plains. These were undoubtedly the plains which extend from the Saltwater River to Geelong. Having crossed over, the Rebecca was anchored in what Batman called Gellibrand's Harbour. We are inclined to think that the harbour so named is at the mouth of the Little River. Anyone personally acquainted with the plains which stretch from the Duck Ponds to the Werribee will recognise the correctness of Batman's description—extensive plains of dark red soil, few trees, and those of small diameters.

"The creek, which Mr. Batman describes under date of June 1st, is probably the Werribee, but it is difficult to determine whether it may not be the Duck Ponds which are referred to. It was mentioned that the creek was from 50 to 60 yards wide, and that it had to be followed up ten miles before the party could cross. This circumstance, together with the fact mentioned that the blacks had built stone walls across the river for the purpose of catching fish, we think proves that it was the Werribee, or the Exe, as it was termed in the earlier days of the colony.

"On the 2nd June, Mr. Batman mentions, in his journal, his intention to proceed inland, but in consequence of the rain, he determined to 'go to the river.' This remark seems to indicate that the existence of some large river was known to the party.

"He says again—'We made the river about 3 p.m.' The length of the coast sailed along he estimates at 30 miles; that is from where the vessel had been lying to what is now called Gellibrand's Point, at Williamstown.

"The movements of Mr. Batman and his party are to be identified with well-known localities by such remarks as the following: 'Near the heads of the river on the point is nothing but she oak.' The number of she oaks, all inclining to the N.E., bent by the force of the force of the prevailing winds, used to be a remarkable feature to the point south of Williamstown.

"In following up the Saltwater River, Batman's party seems to have camped on the the first night a little above the late Mr. Raleigh's property. Passing what is now Keilor, the party seems to have gone up the Deep Creek branch, instead of the Jackson's Creek branch, for we find that when Mr. Batman left the river, on the 5th June, and took a west north-west direction, he crossed three streams of fresh water, with steep banks on both sides. These three creeks he afterwards supposed to be the same. He then speaks of having passed through a small forest two miles in length, of sheoaks. We have no doubt that the forest here referred to is that which was in the neighborhood of Page's station, east from the Diggers' Rest public houses, and on the east side of Jackson's Creek. That we have traced Mr. Batman to where the Diggers' Rest now stands, is further proved by what he says immediately after mentioning having passed through a sheoak forest, namely:—'We ascended to the top of a beautiful hill, bare of timber at the top, but a few sheoaks at the sides.' This undoubtedly refers to the beautiful round-topped hill a short distance to the north of Diggers' Rest. From this hill, Mr. Batman saw the smoke of the natives fires in an easterly direction; and under the date of 5th June he says—'We kept in the direction of the direction of the smoke for about 16 miles over fine plains, and crossed a fresh water creek just at the junction of Hedlam's Creek with the Deep Creek. This is quite evident from the context, for he says he passed through a forest of grand box that would do for either sawing or splitting. This undoubtedly refers to a box forest which is in the angle between the Deep Creek and Hedlam's Creek. Mr. Batman might well say—'This land, I think, is richer than any high level land I have seen before.' There can hardly be richer soil than is found in the locality indicated. The soil is formed of the decomposed scoriæ from several small volcanic outbursts. It is then mentioned that the party came to a small ti-tree creek, flowing to the S.E. This was no doubt the Merri Creek. Under the date of June 4th, we find it mentioned that the party went east for 8 miles, and came to a fresh water creek, which was probably the Darebin Creek. Eight miles further on the natives were met with, somewhere near the Plenty River. Such expressions as these—'The land is quite black'; the timber light, and consists of sheoak and small gum, with a little wattle,' are quite enough to prove that Batman's party crossed in the direction we have indicated.

"On his return to the Rebecca, Mr Batman mentions that he travelled in a S.W. direction for 12 miles, where he came to another creek of good water in a most beautiful valley. The one he named 'Lucy's Creek,' and the other 'Maria's Valley.' This appears to have been the Merri Creek, at a point about east from Brunswick. After leaving the Creek he says he crossed some plains of good land, and entered a forest thinly timbered with gum, wattle, and sheoak. 'The land,' he says, 'for the first time was rather sandy, with a little gravel.' The plains of rich land mentioned were doubtless the basaltic flats on the Merri Creek, east of Brunswick, and the sandy and gravelly soil, covered with an open gum forest, was, no doubt, that tract of land lying immediately north of this city, and between it and Brunswick. Throughout all the distance we have traced Mr. Batman, there is nothing but volcanic soil; but when he came to about the present site of Melbourne he came across a totally different geological formation; and he might well, therefore, say that for the first time he found the soil was rather sandy with a little gravel—a remarkably correct description of the land where the Royal Park now is.

"We next trace Mr. Batman into the large swamp, which lies between the Saltwater River and Melbourne, and he describes it as a marsh, one mile and a half wide, by four miles long, and that it lies on the bank of the Saltwater River, upon which he had gone on his way out.

"We now come to a very important point in Mr. Batman's journal. He mentions that having crossed the marsh, he came to and passed through a ti-tree scrub, very high and thick, when he unexpectedly came upon a river much larger than the one they had gone up. This ti-tree scrub, which is in the angle formed by the junction of the Yarra with the Saltwater River, has to this day escaped the common fate of timber growing near a city, and can be identified by everyone as that mentioned by Batman. From the expressions of surprise, it is evident that, although Batman must have been aware of the existence of a large river, two large rivers was something new to him. It appears evident from this that Batman was the true discoverer of the River Yarra Yarra. On the day following this discovery the boat went up the river six miles, finding it all good water and very deep. In the journal it is added—'This will be the site for a village,' viz., the present site of the city of Melbourne.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Last Saturday a match was fired at the local butts, Beaufort, between a team from the A Company 3rd Battalion, Ballarat, and ten men of the Beaufort club. The Ballarat men arrived by the mid day train, and before the match was concluded it was found that time would not allow the 600 yards range being fired at, as darkness came on too quickly. It was thought from the start that Ballarat would have had the best of it, although this thought was dispelled after the first range was gone through. Ballarat only had eight men, in consideration for which they were allowed to double their lowest score to make up the the total of ten men aside. The ranges which decide the match were 400 and 500 yards, and the scores of the teams were as follows:—

BEAUFORT RIFLE CLUB.

	Yds—400	500	Total.
J. McRae ...	30	30	60
W. C. Thomas (capt) ...	32	26	58
J. Chapman	30	27	57
J. W. Harris	27	25	52
J. A. Lord	27	27	54
J. McKeich	26	28	54
A. A. Trompf	30	28	58
E. J. Thomas	25	20	45
S. W. Male	32	29	61
T. A. Archard	27	30	57
	286	270	556

A COMPANY.

	Yds—400	500	Total.
Captain Hayes	31	30	61
Lieut. Eddy	29	18	47
Private Butland	32	25	57
,, S. Lang	32	19	51
,, Gates	25	15	40
,, Jones	28	18	46
,, Gibb	23	21	44
,, Johns	21	21	42
Emergency	25	15	40
Emergency	25	15	40
	270	197	467

Majority for Beaufort, 89 points.

AT STAWELL

Messrs. Chapman and T. A. Archard, of Beaufort, fired in two matches at Stawell on Monday in connection with competitions held there. The former in the Spring Stakes made 45 out of a possible 50, and the latter 44. In the All Comers' Match Mr. Chapman made 65 out of a possible 70.

AT HAMILTON.

Per favor of Mr. Male, we are able to give the scores of the Beaufort five. Rupanyup beat them for second place by 9 points only. Ballarat won the first position. The following are the scores referred to:—

TEAMS' COMPETITION.

	yards 400	500	600	Tl.
S. W. Male ...	34	32	27	93
J. Chapman ...	34	27	29	90
W. C. Thomas ...	35	26	22	83
T. A. Archard ...	24	30	27	81
J. M'Rae ...	32	24	22	78
	159	139	127	425
Ballarat total ...	...	...	...	441
Rupanyup total ...	...	...	...	434

In the Sargood Stakes Mr. Chapman was the only Beaufort man competing, and out of a possible 50 at the 500 yards range he made 42. In the All Comers' Match five competed, the ranges being 400 and 500 yards. Chapman made 62 of a possible 70; McRae 62; Male 60; Archard 59; and Thomas 59. The first three will take prizes. In the Price Stakes—five shots at an 8-inch bull's eye—Male scored 21, and will therefore be a prize-taker.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If you 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.

KEATINGS COUGH LOZENGES cures Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies. One Lozenge alone gives ease, one or two at bedtime ensures rest. For relieving difficulty of breathing they are invaluable. They contain no opium or any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d each.

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 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."

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. A. ANDREWS', Chemist (late Taylor), 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, JUNE 2ND, 1887.

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.

MISS NETTLETON
(Late of A. Crawford's, Ballarat)
Begs to inform the Ladies of Beaufort and surrounding district, that she has opened business as
Millinor, 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.

WANTED,—A smart, intelligent LAD, about 14 years of age, educated to State school standard, as APPRENTICE to the Printing. Apply at the office of the "Riponshire Advocate."

MONEY.

To Farmers, Landowners, and Others.

TO LEND—Large and small sums of trust and other MONEYS, 3 or 5 years, on leasehold and freehold land at Lowest Rates of Interest.
McEVOY and CO.,
21 Market Street, Melbourne.

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

Public Notice.

AS the lambing season has commenced at St. Enoch's, neither Coursing or Shooting can be allowed on the Estate during the next two months.
JOHN D. ADAMS.
St. Enoch's, 15th April, 1886.

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

JUST ARRIVED.

Wotherspoon Bros
AND CO.

Extensive Shipments of
AUTUMN AND WINTER
Novelties,
Drapery,
Clothing,
Boots and Shoes.

Everything Fashionable at
WHOLESAL PRICES.

INSPECTION INVITED.

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

LOOK OUT FOR THIS NEXT ISSUE

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!
Including many new and useful lines, made specially to commemorate the
QUEEN'S JUBILEE YEAR.

JUBILEE { Dresses, Satins, Plushes, Velveteens, Gloves, Jersey Jackets, Corsets, Ruffings, Laces, Ribbons, At Jubilee Prices.

Blankets, Flannels, Calicoes, Sheetings, Shirtings, Tickings, At Jubilee Prices. } Jubilee.

JUBILEE { MEN'S, YOUTHS', and BOYS' SUITS, Overcoats, Hats, Shirts, Ties, Jubilee Prices.

Jubilee Boots and Shoes, at Jubilee Prices. | Jubilee Suits to order, at Jubilee Prices. } Jubilee.

C. H. COUGLE,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

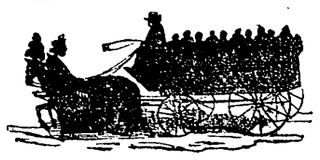
THE BLUE HOUSE

SPECIAL NOTICE.
Having decided on leaving Beaufort early next month, I will offer the WHOLE OF MY STOCK AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
The DRAPERY portion especially will be Sold at and under Cost, to save expense of removal.
Regular customers and others are invited to avail themselves of this chance of securing Unheard of Bargains.
All outstanding accounts to be paid without delay, to save further trouble.

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 CAREFULL 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.

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. Wherever the little bell rang which is rung in our place whenever a dead 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.

APTER 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, "E. 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.

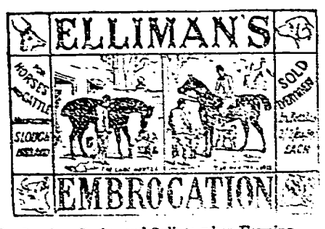
"Ilford Road Dispensary, Dunkinfield,
May 3rd, 1884.

"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 Eastol J. B.

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 aperients.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS.—A l 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

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.

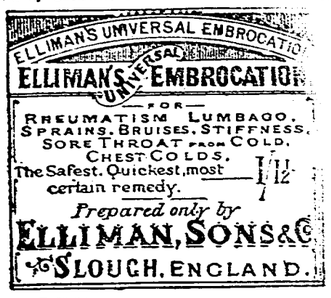
From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.
"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1, 1879.

"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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NOTICE.

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

Allopecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY
COMOTROPHUS
Commercial Road, Balham, S.W.
All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

A Safe Investment and a CHANCE of £1000.

LAVERTON.

THE NEW

Model Suburb of Melbourne.

GRAND

Jubilee Distribution

£1000. £500. £250.

The vendors of Laverton have decided to

GIVE AWAY THREE HOUSES,

of the value of £1000, £500, and £250 respectively, amongst those who purchase Allotments on and after 11th April, 1887.

The houses will be vested in trustees appointed by the purchasers, and these trustees will undertake all matters in connection with the drawing for or disposal of the properties.

The Agents undertake, if required, to find purchasers for the houses at the value set upon them. Each allotment purchased after the date named will be entitled to one share in the distribution.

As a proof that the land is a good investment, it may be mentioned that in less than twelve months we have sold allotments at Laverton to over **1500 people**, most of whom have inspected the property; the total sales amounting to over **£50,000**, and this without any exceptional puff or pressing upon the market.

The soundness of the investment and the certainty of future increase in value have been alone sufficient to sell the land.

There are already 16 or 17 houses erected. There is a Butcher, Baker, Milkman, Grocer, Timber yard, and other industries springing up every day. The State School will be opened in the course of a few weeks.

There are 15 trains daily at low fares to and from Melbourne, from 6 o'clock in the morning until late in the evening which suit the convenience of all classes.

Laverton is therefore now fairly on the highway to become one of the best, healthiest, and most sought after suburbs of Melbourne.

ALLOTMENTS £15 EACH.

TERMS—
£1 per Lot Deposit; balance, £1 per Lot per Month,
WITHOUT ANY INTEREST WHATEVER.

Buyres of 5 lots have free deeds and also a sixth lot given in. Remember, every purchaser obtains a Grand Block of Land rapidly rising in value, besides a chance of securing a competence for life.

Only a comparatively few lots left, and these being rapidly taken up. Each lot guaranteed fit for immediate building purposes without a shilling outlay.

Liberal assistance to build, payable as rent.

Prompt application for plans and all other information must be made to the Agents—

STAPLES, WISE & CO.,

111 ELIZABETH STREET,

MELBOURNE.

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.

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Of Every description executed at the "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE,

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And "TRIBUNE" OFFICE, East Charlton.

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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.

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W. MOSS & Co.

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

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

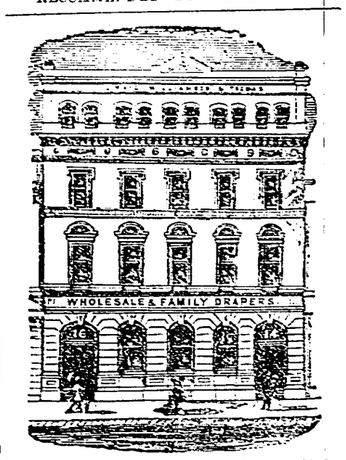
ONE POUND STERLING.

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 s now fully assorted for winter requirements, and the firm have pleasure in inviting an inspection of their

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

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

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.
H. P. HENNINGSEN.

WARD & LIPMAN,

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EXPORTERS OF AMERICAN GOODS.

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CIVIL ENGINEER,

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

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

Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company

R. C. CORDUKES,

Consulting Chemist, 132 Post Office Place,

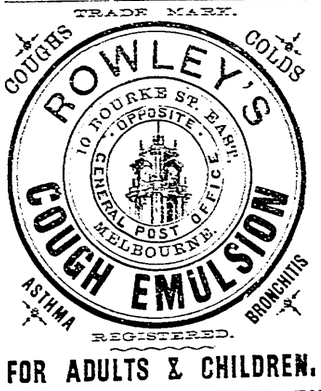
BALLARAT EAST.

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

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

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

TRADE MARK.



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.

"A MIRACULOUS SALVE."—For the cure of ulcerated Bad Legs, Boils, Abscesses, Scrofula, Suurny, 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 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 Eucalypti 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 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 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 so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated by letter during the last 32 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, not a case has ever been made public—in fact, the very simplicity of my system of correspondence prevents publicity.

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

How many thousands have I not brought to?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOUIS L. SMITH.

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