The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 620.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 3, 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order as to number of insertions, will in all cases be continued until countermanded, and no advertisement can be withdrawn without an order in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.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 ule 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, avaliable 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, 886.

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

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager.

12m.D.31.87.

Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

DRAKE VIA, Universal Leather Belt Factory, Malvern Road, Kensington, and 89 Mair street, Ballarat, Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the most approved Continental and American principles. Special Lists for Belts for Irrigation Purposes. A Large Stock of the Premier Belt Lubricant and well-seasoned Belt Laces kept in stock.

AGENTS WANTED.

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.

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.

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.

Geelong Wool Sales.

SEASON 1887-88.

Geo. Hague & Co.

BEG to intimate to Wool-growers and others interested that they will hold Sales of Wool every Tuesday during the coming season. Their well-known Warehouses and large

NEW SHOW ROOMS

are unrivalled for extent and suitability for the trade, combining, as they do, all the latest modern improvements for the

EFFICIENT DISPLAY OF WOOL.

The Stores now run in one unbroken flat from street to street, giving ample space for a catalogue of 10,000 BALES to be exhibited at one time.

The Wool when stacked being easily accessible, the fullest facilities are available for inspection, not only in sample but also in bulk, thus ensuring more confidence in purchasing.

CAREFUL VALUATIONS

made prior to sale, and every lot is protected up to full market value.

FARMERS' CLIPS

receive special attention, and no effort is spared to secure utmost value for even the smallest clips.

English, Continental, American, and Colonial buyers attend all the sales in full strength.

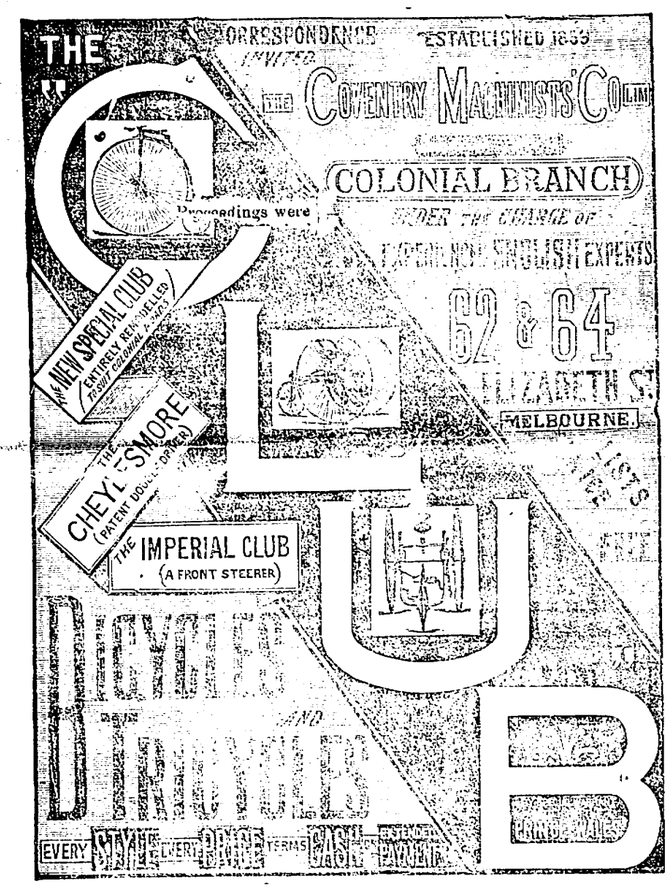
Account Sales and Cheques for proceeds rendered invariably THREE days after sale.

Charges are the lowest ruling in the colony, and growers will find that they save about Seven Shillings per bale by selling in Geelong instead of Melbourne.

Separate Warehouses are provided for the disposal of Sheepskins, Hides, and Tallow, auction sales of which are held weekly throughout the year.

GEORGE HAGUE and CO.,
Wool Brokers.

Geelong, 1st July, 1887. 6m.D.31.87



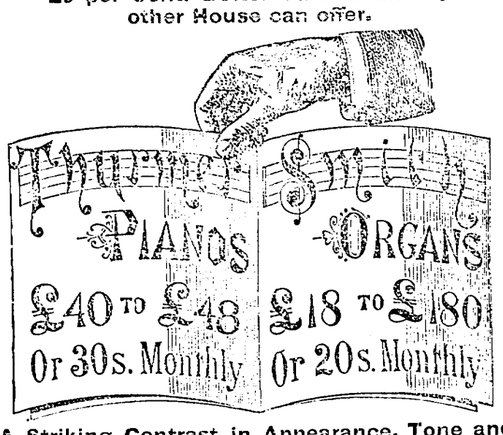
Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchmaker, etc.

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 ECO POWDER BLACKING AND WASHING POWDER STAND UNRIVALLED!

To be had from all Grocers and Storekeepers.

WORKS—FITZROY AND RICHMOND, MELBOURNE.

GRAND OPENING DAY

OF

CRAWFORD'S,

IMMENSE CLEARING SALE.

ON

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1887.

A Cablegram from our London Buyer advises us that our

SUMMER SHIPMENTS

Are now on the water, and will probably

ARRIVE IN BALLARAT

In about six weeks hence.

In the Interval it is imperative that our

HEAVY STOCKS OF

USEFUL, FASHIONABLE, AND SEASONABLE

DRAPERY

Amounting in value to

THIRTY-SEVEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS!

£37,500!

Should be Reduced One-half to provide Room for

NEW SEASON'S GOODS.

THE CLEARANCE MUST AND WILL BE MADE AT ANY SACRIFICE.

We may briefly point out that this Magnificent Stock is of the most comprehensive nature, and as the bulk of it is

IMPORTED DIRECT,

No middle profit comes between our customers and ourselves.

THE STERLING VALUE OFFERED AT "CRAWFORD'S" at all times is not beaten by any firm in Australia, and in proof of public appreciation of this fact "Crawford's" have the proud distinction of doing the LARGEST DRAPERY BUSINESS in the Colony outside the Metropolis.

The system to be adopted at this sale will be similar to that carried out during

CRAWFORD'S GREAT TRANFER SALE,

In February last, universally acknowledged as a phenominal success, viz.:—

NO ISSUE OF PRICE LISTS

AND

NO MISLEADING QUOTATIONS

(Necessarily useless without a comparison of value) But every line in the Magnificent Stock re-marked honestly at

HEAVILY REDUCED SALE PRICES!

"CRAWFORD'S" again rely on the solid advantages and genuine character of the long list of Successful Sales (now extending over 16 years) held at Mitchell's Buildings, and simply request a visit to the Establishment during Sale Month.,

In order to convey to buyers in Country towns an idea of our exhaustive resources, we roughly outline the various departments and their positions:—

STURT STREET.

No. 101—Entrance to Boot and Shoe Department.
99 " Hosiery and Haberdashery.
97 " Manchester, Flannels, and Blankets.
95 " Carpets and Linoleums
93 " Clothing and Gents' Mercery

ARMSTRONG STREET.

No. 2—Entrance to Tailoring Woollens.
4 " Furnishing Department.

STURT STREET also SUPPLIES THE MAIN ENTRANCE to the following

DEPARTMENTS

All embraced in our

NEW SHOW ROOMS,

Which are admittedly the finest in Victoria:—

Dresses and Cashmeres

Fancy and Ribbon Departments,

Gloves, Underclothing,

Millinery and Mantles.

DESPERATE BARGAINS

AND

UNIVERSAL REDUCTIONS

IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

CRAWFORD'S

DRESSMAKING and MANTLEMAKING ROOMS

ARE

UNDER HIGH-CLASS MANAGEMENT

AND THE

PRICES CHARGED ARE ECONOMIC

TO A DEGREE

"CRAWFORD'S"

Snow and Room,

PROPRIETOR.

MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS

STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

Advances on Wool, Grain, etc.,

Stock, Station 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.

DALGETY and COMPANY,

LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICE—52 Lombard street, London.
BRANCHES—Melbourne, Geelong, Sydney, Newcastle, Dunedin, and Christchurch.

Agents and Correspondents in all Important Towns in the Australian Colonies and New Zealand.

Capital, fully subscribed	£4,000,000
Capital, paid up	1,600,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits ...	85,000

MANAGING DIRECTORS IN MELBOURNE

James Aitken, Esq. | A. R. Blackwood, Esq.

BOARD OF ADVICE:

C. M. Officer, Esq., M.L.A. | Alexander Wilson, Esq.

Liberal Cash Advances made on Land, Stock, Station Properties, and Wool and Produce of all descriptions consigned for Sale in any of the Colonial or European markets.

Specially Low Rates of Interest quoted for Loans on Freeholds, in connection with Wool and other business.

Auction Sales of Wool and Grain will be held once a week from the opening of the ensuing season.

Auction Sales of Skins of all kinds, Hides, Tallow, &c., are now being held three times a week.

Consignors are reminded that in consequence of the position of our Warehouses, we are able to afford them special advantages and saving of expense in the sale of their produce.

Full particulars may be obtained on application.

GREAT JUBILEE SALE

OF

Seasonable Drapery,

AT

JAMES TYLER'S

MANCHESTER HOUSE,

11 and 13 BRIDGE ST., BALLARAT.

IN the midst of so many Drapery Sales in Ballarat James Tyler is determined to keep up the reputation of Manchester House for the

Cheapest and Best Goods in the District.

While thanking my numerous patrons for a winter trade that exceeds any of my past returns, I beg to announce that I taken the advantage of the very depressed state of the wholesale markets and have secured a lot of most useful lines, which, with the remainder of my Winter's Stock, I will offer during the next month at

UNHEARD OF PRICES.

I don't often announce a sale and when I do my customers know that I mean it, and on Saturday Next, I will, **for one month only**, make a **Jubilee Gift** of my profits, and give the public the benefit of my recent cheap investments.

THIS IS NO MISLEADING DRAPERY PUFF!

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT IS A FACT!

Why?

Because my winter's amount of business is already done. My stock is slightly heavy, and sales being the order of the day in Ballarat, my sound position in the trade has enabled me to secure a few Melbourne bargains that must impress buyers and make the professional puffer stand aside.

Every householder should see what I have to offer, and even if you are not in immediate want of

Blankets, Flannels, or Overcoats,

you will find that I can give you better interest for your money than the Savings Bank.

THE SALE BEGINS ON JULY 2ND

Pay me a visit. Walk through my premises, and if you buy nothing, you will get civil treatment.

JAMES TYLER,
MANCHESTER HOUSE,
11 and 13 Bridge street, Ballarat.

3m.Sp.30.87. TERMS STRICTLY CASH

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.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

A very quiet week has been passed through in the produce market and we have heard of no transactions in wheat, excepting a small delivery from the Wimmera district. A fair quantity of flour has been sent out at last week's quotation. The quotation for wheat at Horsham remains at 3s 2d per bushel, whilst at Donald 3s 3d is quoted, and at St Arnaud the price has receded to 3s 3d. Oats in this district show no movement. A few loads of potatoes have come in from Warrnambool, but the roads are now heavy and the market is chiefly supplied from Ballarat. Hay is fairly delivered at the reduced quotation of last week. Fresh butter continues to come in in large quantities and prime prints only now command 1s 2d per pound. Eggs are very abundant and have declined to 8d per dozen. We quote:—

Wheat, 3s 5d per bushel bags in
Oats, 2s 7d to 2s 8d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 1s per bushel
Bran, 10d per bushel
Flour, L8 10s per ton
Cape barley, 3s 3d per bushel
English barley, none
Peas, 3s 6d per bushel
Potatoes, Warrnambool, to L4 per ton
Potatoes, Ballarat, L3 per ton
Hay, sheaves, L3 per ton
Hay, trussed, L3 5s per ton
Straw, oaten, to 35s per ton
Straw, wheaten, to 30s per ton
Chaff, 3s 6d per cwt
Carrots, 3s 3d per cwt.
Onions, 7s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 1s 2d per lb
Butter, potted, 10d per lb
Hams, 11d per lb
Bacon, 9d per lb
Cheese, to 6d to 7d per lb
Eggs, 8d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Messrs. A. M. Greenfield and Co. report under date of Sept. 1:—

Wheat, 3s 7½d to 3s 8d for prime milling; oats, Danish 2s 9½d to 2s 10½. stout, 2s 11d to 3s per bushel; peas, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; Cape barley, 3s 3d; English barley, 5s 6d to 6s; mangolds, 30s; carrots, L1 10s; potatoes, L2 2s 6d to L2 5s; hay continues brisk, prime chaffing, L3 7s 6d to L3 15s; medium, L3 to L3 5s; oaten straw, L2 7s 6d; wheaten, L1 15s to L2; manger hay, L4 15 to L5 5s. These quotations are all bags in.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT.

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company report:—

The feature in breadstuffs during the past week has been the improved demand for wheat. This coming on a lightly supplied market has tended to improve prices somewhat. The buyers as a rule have been local millers, little inquiry for export being experienced. The London market is again dull, and quotations for Australian shipments almost nominal. The harvest in the United Kingdom has been secured under favorable conditions. Our own crop prospects are highly promising, and unless anything unforeseen occurs; there is a fair prospect that our agricultural returns this year will be large.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORT.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, August 31:—

Sheepskins.—Butchers' fresh-killed, 24d to to 40d each; good to superior, 45d to 60d each; country and station skins, 18d to 36d each, superior to 50d each, and 3d to 5½d per lb; pelts and short-woolled skins, 1d to 2½d per lb. and 3d to 12d each; lambskins, 2½d to 3d per lb, and 3d to 12d each.

Hides.—Sold as follows:—Heavy and superior, in good condition, from 3¾d per lb upwards; average to good, salted, 3d to 3½d per lb; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d per lb; kip, 3¼d to 3¾d per lb; calf, 4½d to 5½d per lb.

Tallow.—Shippers are not operating, the low values ruling at London precluding business being done at this end at prices acceptable to sellers. The local manufacturers have taken up all country lots and oddments at current rates.

DALGETY AND COMPANY'S WEEKLY WOOL REPORT.

Melbourne, 29th August.

Wool—Our further cables from Antwerp during the week have only served to confirm our previous advices is about ⅛d below the closing rates of the last London sales. Our local market is hardly so brisk, the advices from Antwerp have made buyers very cautious, while limits also have been reduced. We have some inquiries, chiefly for scoureds, but are not pushing sales at present. The number of consignments on the way to our warehouses continues to increase, and our catalogues will comprise clips from every colony of Australasia, including many previously shipped for sale in London. We look for a larger attendance of buyers than ever.

SALE BY PRIVATE CONTRACT.

The undersigned has been favored with instructions from George Newall, Esq., to Sell, all his

VALUABLE FARM LANDS,

situate near the Bald Hill, Trawalla, containing 103a. 2r. 13p. Terms Liberal. Apply

W. EDWARD NICKOLS,
Auctioneer, Beaufort.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

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

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

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.

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.

:o:

INSPECTION INVITED.

:o:

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

JUBILEE CROCKERY

QUEEN'S V.R. JUBILEE

HAWKES BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail Ironmongers, Furniture and Dealers,

Next Bank of Victoria Beaufort,

Beg to notify to their patrons that all CASH PURCHASERS to the amount of 5s and upwards will be presented with a handsome

JUBILEE MEDAL.

QUEEN'S V.R. JUBILEE

JUBILEE LAMPS.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

:o:

GREAT
CLEARING SALE
NOW ON.

For Three Weeks Only.

BALANCE OF WINTER STOCK MUST BE CLEARED

TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEW SPRING GOODS

Reductions in every Department.

G. H. COUGLE,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

:o:

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.

:o:

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

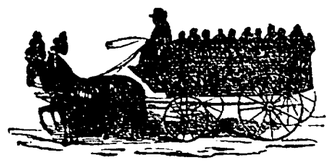
JOHN HUMPHREYS,
COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT,
ACCOUNTANT, ETC.,
Neill Street, Beaufort.

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 otherwis as directed.

The Trade Supplied at Melbourne Prices.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
BOOKSELLER,
STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,
HAVELOCK STREET BEAUFORT

MECHANICS' INSTITUE AND FREE LIBRARY, BEAUFORT.

A Grand Bazaar

WILL BE HELD ON

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 17th, 18th, and 19th October,

In connection with the opening of the additions.

By order Executive Committee,
J. W. HARRIS, Secretary.

BEE-HIVES
AND APPLIANCES

OF the Best Quality, at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE, to be obtained from

Charles Dickens and Son,

STEAM HIVE FACTORY, WAKEFIELD ST., ADELAIDE.

Standard Langstroth Hive, made of one-inch best seasoned pine planed both sides, body, floor board, cover, tin runners, and ten frames, all complete in the flat; a very superior-made article, for 7s 6d. All Hives are interchangeable.

ITALIAN BEES—Comb foundation, foundation mills, extractors, feeders, smokers, sections, wax-melters, and every requisite for the bee-keeper manufactured in the colony.

See exhibit in court 5—Western Annaxe Jubilee Exhibition.

Bee Farms fitted and arranged up to 500 stocks.

"The Australasian Bee-keepers' Guide Book" 1s; post free thirteen stamps. Write for price list.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President, and enclosing 5 per cent. deposit, will be received up till 11 a.m. on Thursday, 8th September, 1887, for the following works:—

EAST RIDING.

Contract No. 328.—Reforming and metalling 31 chains of the Main road, near the Church, Chepstowe.

Contract No. 329.—Forming 50 chains of road by Rankin's farm, and clearing, etc., on Shield's lane, Mortchup.

Contract No. 330.—Building a timber bridge, making approaches and improving the road by C. Ryan's farm, Mortchup.

Contract No. 331.—Forming and draining 161 chains north from P. M'Nulty's farm, Mortchup, to near the church, Chepstowe.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Shire Office, Beaufort; or at the Greyhound Hotel, Snake Valley.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted

H. H. JACKSON,
Shire Engineer.

Ripon shire Offices,
Beaufort, 29th August, 1887.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS

Further Continuation of Jubilee Excursions to Adelaide Exhibition.

On Wednesdays, the 7th, 14th, and 21st September, a Jubilee Excursion Special train will leave Melbourne at 9.50 a.m., picking up passengers at Geelong, Ballarat, Stawell, Murtoa, Horsham, Dimboola, Nhill, and Serviceton stations. The specials will reach Adelaide at 7.15 on the following days. Fares from any of the stations named above and below will be—First-class, adults, 40s; children under 12 years of age, 20s. Second class, adults, 25s; children under 12 years of age, 12s 6d. The tickets can be obtained at the stations up to 4 p.m. on Mondays, 5th, 12th, and 19th September, and will be available for return for one month from date to date, and holders of them will be required to return by one of the specials hereunder mentioned. The journey cannot be broken either going or returning. Special trains will leave Adelaide at 9.45 a.m. on Thursdays, 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th September, and 6th, 13th, and 20th October. Excursionists can also return from Adelaide by ordinary trains on payment at Adelaide of 35s and 22s 6d excess first and second class respectively, and by express trains on payment of ordinary single fares. Passengers will also be booked at Kyneton, Castlemaine, Sandhurst, Maryborough, Portland and Avoca for these excursions at the same fares and on the same conditions. Tickets issued at Kyneton, Castlemaine, and Sandhurst will be available to Ballarat and Melbourne by ordinary trains on the Tuesdays preceding the days the specials run, or from Kyneton by 6.15 a.m. to Melbourne on the Wednesdays. Tickets issued at Maryborough will be available by first up train on same dates as excursion to Ballarat, thence by special leaving at 1.52 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Maryborough tickets issued at Avoca and so endorsed will be available by the two last trains to Ballarat on the Tuesdays preceding the days the special run; thence by special at 1.52 p.m. Tickets issued at Portland will be available to Ararat by first up train on 7th, 14th, and 21st September; thence by special leaving at 4.15 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Intending excursionists from stations others than those mentioned above, within a radius of 100 miles from Melbourne, Geelong, Ballarat, Ararat, Stawell, Murtoa, Horsham, Dimboola, Nhill, and Serviceton, can obtain Jubilee tickets at the same fares from the nearest station issuing Jubilee tickets, but they will require to travel by ordinary train (without extra charge) to the nearest station at which the Jubilee Excursion train stops; thence to Adelaide and back by the special to stations at which the train stops; and thence by ordinary trains to destination. Excursionists from stations outside the radius of 100 miles will require to pay ordinary fares by ordinary trains to and from the stations within the radius whence the Jubilee tickets will be available as set forth above. For times of special at intermediate stations, see posters exhibited at stations.

By order of the Commissioners,
P. P. LABERTOUCHE,
Secretary for Railways.

DR. CROKER

HAS RESUMED PRACTICE in Beaufort, and may be consulted daily at his residence, or at Mr. A. Andrews, Chemist.

THE

Ripon shire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

The weather is still very changeable, alternating fine and showery. A peculiar storm passed over the district on Thursday evening. Thunder, lightning, wind and rain visiting us at one and the same time. Although pretty boisterous for about 15 minutes, it is evident we did not get the full force of the storm, nor even was it felt so severely as at Ararat. The wind blew strong all that night and yesterday, and present indications foretell more rain.

The annual mission services in connection with the Primitive Methodist body have been held in the Beaufort district during the past week. Two sermons were preached in the Beaufort Church on Sunday last by the Rev. M. Clarke, ex-Vice-President of the British Conference, at the 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. services, and was listened to by fairly large but appreciative congregations. Collections were taken up on behalf of the missions. On Tuesday, a missionary meeting was held in the same Church, when addresses were given by the Revs. M. Clarke, H. Heathershaw, and other gentlemen. The choir rendered some very nice selections of music at each of the services and at the meeting. At Waterloo, Chute, Raglan, and Middle Creek, meetings were also held, of which passed off very well.

The "Illustrated Australian Sketcher" for this month may be obtained of Mr H. P. Henningsen, who is the local agent. The other publications received during the week are the "Australian Journal" and "Punch," both of which are interesting numbers.

We are sure that those who like honey would prefer to keep bees if they understood their management. An advertisement in another column notifies that Mr Charles Dickens, of Wakefield Street, Adelaide, has issued a book on the subject of the profitable management of bees, which may be obtained at the low price of one shilling, also announcing that he has begun in Australia the manufacture of the most approved hives, comb foundations, foundation mills, extractors, feeders, smokers, sections, wax melters, &c., &c., descriptions and engravings of which are given in his published treatise.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the month of August was 3·11 inches.

The return match between the Beaufort and Waterloo football clubs (juveniles) will be played on the ground of the former to-day. The local "boys" have a good team, and Waterloo is expected to bring a fair twenty into the field. Beaufort will select from—F. Archard (captain), E. Archard, White (2), Harris (2), Welsh (2), Baker (3), Vanderstoel (2), Glenister, Murray, Johnston, Jackson, Kerr, Pearce, Cathie, Bending, Audas, Maher, Wilson (2), Shields, and Hill.

The publican's and refreshment booths in connection with the rifle competition to be held here in October next, will be sold by auction on Saturday, 17th instant.

We regret to hear that Dr. H. D. Croker is laid up. The gentleman took suddenly ill during last week, and has been in a very precarious condition, recovery being doubtful, for the last two or three days. He was much easier yesterday, and if anything slightly improved.

The return social to the ladies will be given on Thursday next, in the Societies' Hall.

Full particulars concerning the horses Wee Jock and Purves will be found in our advertising columns.

The Shire Council of Ripon meets on Thursday next. The adjourned statutory meeting will be held previously, when the President will be elected for the next term, and his allowance fixed. Tenders are invited for several works in the East Riding, returnable on the same day.

A young lady named Swain is reported to have committed suicide by throwing herself from a bridge 50 feet from the water into the Yarra. Her body has not yet been recovered.

The twelfth Grand Champion Sheep Show of the Ballarat Agricultural and Pastoral Society commenced on Thursday at the show yards, Wendouree. It was judging day, so the attendance was not very large. The grand champion prize for the best merino ram, any age, was again won by the Hon. P. Russell with his excellent exhibit, Bushman. The champion prize for the best merino ram, grass-fed, was won by Mr P. M'Intyre, of Mahkwaitok.

Holloway's Pills.—Though good health is preferable to high honour, how regardless people often are of the former—how covetous of the latter! Many suffer their strength to drain away ere maturity is reached, through ignorance of the facility afforded by these incomparable Pills of checking the first untoward symptoms of derangement, and reinstating order without interfering in the least with their pleasure or pursuits. To the young especially it is important to maintain the highest digestive efficiency, without which the growth is stunted, the muscles become lax, the frame feeble, and the mind slothful. The removal of indigestion by these Pills is so easy that none save the most thoughtless would premit it to sap the spring of life.

"Be careful to entertain strangers," was a wise command, teaching courtesy and hospitality, "for thereby, some have entertained angels unawares." The woman of the following incident was unmindful of this obligation, and but little sympathy can be felt for her chagrin and discomfiture at the result. The Duke of Wellington once walked from Walmer Castle to Deal to attend Trinity Church. Not finding the sexton to show him a seat, he entered a roomy-looking pew in front of the pulpit and sat down. Soon after a fashionably dressed, haughty woman entered, and by both her manner and expression showed that she felt his presence an intrusion. As the stranger bore her indignant glances without moving, she said, somewhat bluntly: "Sir, you will find free seats in the rear, and I beg you to find a seat there or in some other pew." "I beg your pardon, madam, for intruding," said the duke, as he rose and left the pew. At the close of the service a friend said to the woman, "My dear Madame ——, you were honored to-day; but why did the duke leave you so abruptly?" Madame——, construing the remark as a sarcasm on the impudence of the stranger, replied, "The presumptions fellow! Then you saw him in my pew? I had to tell him there were seats for strangers in—" "Why, surely," interrupted her friend, with almost honor in her tone, "you knew that the man was the Duke of Wellington?" The woman's mortification over her rudeness to the man she would have honored caused her a fit of sickness.

MINING ITEMS.

New Kong Meng, Majorca—Yield for week ended 1st September—416 oz.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 67oz; New Victoria, 33oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 3½; Saxon Consols, 32oz.

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 1st September, 1887:—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Aug. 26	31	£7 15 2	£14 7 1
,, 27	35	6 17 2	6 2 0
,, 29	31½	5 13 4	5 1 5
,, 30	39	13 19 0	7 17 7
,, 31	20½	6 0 11	10 14 7
Sept 1	36	23 3 11	2 16 9
Totals	193	£63 9 6	£46 19 5

WEATHER FORECASTS

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, 2nd Sept., 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Straits.—Unsettled, squally, but tending to finer weather; northerly winds changing to west.

Highest temperature observed at Melbourne observatory during the day, 58·8.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Unsettled, squally, but tending to finer weather; northerly winds changing to west.

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, a Tins, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d each.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

By "THE UMPIRE."

The Carngham footballers came to Beaufort last Saturday and played a game with the local men. The ground unfortunately was not in good condition, the rain during the preceding night having caused some parts of it to be covered with water, into which the players were bound to go sometimes, much to their own discomfort, and the spectators' amusement. R. Wilson captained the local team and I. Williams the Carnghamites. As far as playing the game was possible the visitors showed that superiority which is attained by much practice. It was indeed a pity that the ground was not favorable to the game, as much difference of opinion exists as to which is the best of the two teams. Both sides were very rough in their "handling" of each other; it is hard to say which deserves the most censure. After the game started there did not appear to be much of the friendly spirit characterising the play; and the evil of disputing the umpire's decisions, though strictly in accordance with the "laws of the game," was by no means absent. For this breach, the umpire is allowed to award the game to the either side; and it is to be hoped that this will not have to be done, as it would create a great amount of ill-feeling. The result of the game was Carngham 3 goals 1 behind; Beaufort 1 goal 9 behinds.

BEAUFORT UNITED COMMON.

A meeting of the managers of the above common was held on the 2nd inst, when Messrs Browne, Humphreys and Wotherspoon were present.

MINUTES.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following reports and correspondence were read:—

The secretary reported as follows—Balance in bank to credit, £25 13s; cash in hand, £7 16s; making a total credit of L33 9s. Fees received to date for current half year, L16 1s 4d; unpaid fees on stock branded by the herdsman, L7 8s 8d; total assessment to date, £23 10s; percentage due to the herdsman, £15 5s. 6d.

From the Herdsman, reporting that 1000 sheep and 969 large cattle passed through the common during the month; that on Saturday, 13th ult., 919 head of large cattle came on the common, in charge of Neil McInnes, of Clunes, who was travelling them to Thompson's, at Keilambete Station. He did not go off the common until the Tuesday following, on telling him he was acting illegally in being so long on the common, he said that if the managers intend to take proceedings against him, he hoped they would put it off for fourteen days, to allow him to reach his destination. Messrs Adamthwaite, O'Loghlin and Wilkins each apply for a special licence to depasture large cattle in excess of the number allowed under an ordinary licence.

From the Secretary for Lands, intimating that the accounts of the common for the year ended 31st July, 1887, have been passed by the Board of Land and Works.

From the same, forwarding plan of the common, and requesting that the sum of £2 be remitted to the department as payment therefor.

From the Land Officer, Ballarat, stating that until the consent of the managers has been obtained no application for land on the common can be received, but that it is not the duty of his office to furnish the managers with tracings as desired.—It was resolved that no consideration be given to the matter of occupying land on the common until tracings are furnished by the Lands office as desired, the managers being of opinion that it should be the duty of the Lands office to admit such tracings or litho. plans for report thereon.

It was resolved that a demand be made on Mr. Neil McInnes for L11 9s 9d, trespass on 919 head of cattle, and taking payment of the same, that legal proceedings be taken against him for a breach of the 129th section of the Land Act 1884.

It was also resolved that the Lands department be informed that the managers object to G. Davidson's forfeited block (as shown on plan) being again made available for selection.

Special licences were granted to the persons named in the herdsman's report.

The following accounts were passed for payment:—Herdsman, L8; Secretary, L2; office rent, 19s 6d; audit fees, L3 3s; plan of common, L2.

The meeting then adjourned.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for—Thos. Adams, R. Anderson, J. G. Barker, Wm. Burn, H., Beaufort, J. A. Blomberg, J. B. Conway, J. Dunn, Wm. Dutton, R. Fitz Dawson, John Fraser, Andrew Fraser, R. Fitz, Mrs. Govett, R. Gowland, J. Harrington, J. McDougall, Mrs Melleriay, Mr. McPherson, Miss McMillan, W. Meadows, Alex. Miller, J. Nolan, P. Newling, W. O'Bryen, Mrs. S. E. Phillips, B. Pamment, J. Raymond, — Robson, W. Russell, Sutherland, H. R. Sanderson, Mr. Trew, Mrs. D. Tuddenham, E. T. Tweedale, W. Williams, F. Wigney, J. Walsh.

The election of a member to represent the South-western district in the Agricultural College Council, took place on Thursday: Mr Kimpton, of Ararat, being the returning officer. The candidates were Mr James M'Intosh, J. P., of Myrtle Grove, near Learmonth, nominated by the Ballarat A. and P. Society; Mr John Leishman, of Smeaton, by the Smeaton society; and Mr W. Anderson, M.L.A., of Koroit, by the Villiers and Heytesbury Society. Considerable interest had been taken in the election for some weeks past, and the friends of each candidate worked hard. The result showed that the Ballarat candidate had a slight majority, the votes being—M'Intosh, 472; Anderson, 467; Leishman, 401. Majority for M'Intosh, 5. Informal papers, 157.

The Riponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

Mose's Wooing.

"Massa Frank, doz yo' remember
When yo' co'ted Miss Purdee,
Clus besid' de big Santee?
We'd steal ole massa's hosses
In de night an' ride away,
An' I watched an' waited fo' yo',
'Till nigh de broke ob day.

"Massa Frank, I'se got in trouble;
Me an' Polly's had a fuss,
An' I tho't I'd cum an' see if
You'd jes write fo' me a russ,
Jest esplainin' how to Polly
Dat I'se feelin' wus un' sin,
Hopes she'll furgiv' an' toke me back
An' try me onct agin.

"Say de rosebush am a climin'
All aroun' my cabin doah,
An' de buds am 'gin to open
Dere purty leaves onct moah;
But I sees no sotisfaction
In gazin' at de night,
Fo' Polly's face am hid frum me,
Like stars by clouds at night.

"Say de mockin' birds am singin'
In de trees abov' my head,
But I nebber hears dere music,
Coz my heart am jes like lead;
My heart am berry heaby,
An' no song will charm my ear
Till I hear my Polly sing onct moah
De songs I lub to hear.

"Now, Massa Frank put down in rime,
An' menshun ez if by chance
Dat all de niggers meet to-night
To have a little dance;
Say de 'possum am a brownin'
And de hoe cake's on de herf,
An' 'f dot don't fetch her den I's shore
Won't noffin on dis erf."

Novelist.

DAYS OF CRIME
AND
YEARS OF SUFFERING

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Reprinted from "The Australasian" of 1867 by Special Permission.)

CHAPTER X.

THE BITER IS BIT AND HE BITES AGAIN.

On arriving at Maidstone I went to the Railway Inn, and remained there till the next morning. Not liking the house much, I removed in the course of the day to the Royal Hotel. As I always give the world a full account of my proceedings when I am *doing* others, it is only fair that I should be equally communicative when I get *done* myself. I affected billiards, and fancied I could play well. There was a billiard-room in the hotel, and to it I went on the evening after my arrival there. There was present a rather stylish-looking person, who introduced himself to me in the course of the night. He told me he was an officer in the Royal Artilley, and had recently invented some wonderful rocket, which he gave a very hard name to which I forget. He invited me to play with him. I did so, and won £5 from him that night, promising to meet him there the next evening. But I was not to be done in that manner. I knew it was a common practice among sharpers to allow the victim to win something at first, and as I had some slight idea that the artillery gentleman's munitions of war were furnished chiefly by his wits, I was not going to be plucked so innocently as he imagined. I met him the next night, but declined playing, alleging as a reason that I had been suffering from a nervous attack all day. The officer seemed by no means disappointed, but entered into conversatien in the most *dégagé* manner, and finally proposed to introduce me to a young lady to whom he was paying his addresses. I accompained him in a cab some two or three miles out of Maidstone, but where I know not, and we alighted at a little cottage, into the parlor of which we were immediately shown by the servant girl who opened the door. Nobody was there. In a few minutes a young lady, certainly not more than seventeen, made her appearance. I was introduced in the approved fashion—"Miss Nelson, Mr. Hamilton,—Mr. Hamilton, Miss Nelson."

I have never seen Miss Nelson since that evening, but I retain a most lively recollection of her. She was good-looking, could sing charmingly, and had the most fascinating manner imaginable. Wine was introduced, and although I drank only a couple of glasses, it had such an effect upon me that I found it impossible to keep my eyes open. Of the after events of that night I can remember but little. The next morning I awoke with a most splitting headache, and found myself in my own room in the Royal Hotel. I jumped out of my bed and dressed myself, and on examining my pockets I found that I had been robbed of all my money except a solitary £10 note, which, being in a separate pocket, had either escaped notice or been charitably left me by the thief. All thieves are dreadful bad losers. I was no exception to the rule, and I could have cried for very vexation. I rang the bell, and asked the waiter how I came home the previous night. He told me that I was brought to the hotel about one o'clock that morning; that the gentleman who came with me in the cab said I had finished two bottles of claret, and was senselessly intoxicated; that he and the gentleman had carried me upstairs, and that the gentleman gave him half a sovereign, telling him to undress me and get me into bed. Of course I saw in a moment that it was a regular "diamond-cut-diamond" affair, and as talking would not bring my money back, I said nothing of my loss.

I have seen the "military officer" since then. We worked together in chains in the same cart some few years ago, and I only recognized him by his telling the story of the "young swell at Maidstone" for the especial edification of myself and the other cart parties.

Having been so completely cleaned out, it behoved me to buckle to at once to replenish my empty pockets, and as my funds would not admit of any lengthy finessing schemes, I was compelled to commence immediate operations. That very day, with the zeal of ancient Strabo, I made myself completely master of the geography of the place, and before night I not only knew how all the rooms were situated, but had made myself pretty well acquainted with the sort of people by whom they were tenanted. I know well enough that it is quite common for a well-dressed thief to take apartments in an hotel and "barber" all the inmates; in other words, to get up in the night, visit all the rooms, and steal as much as possible. This, in technical language, is called "Dancing a lushing-drum." Philosophers define instinct as "knowledge prior to experience," and as I certainly at that time was wholly without experience in such matters, I must have been under the guidance of the instinctive faculty.

I didn't go to bed that night, but merely lay outside the bed reading. The book was of a moral and religious character, but it failed to influence me with its arguments. By one o'clock the house was silent, and out I glided, like a ghost. I felt a little nervous on entering the first room; but, despite the model system, I have been remarkable for good nerves on many a trying occasion, and on this first essay in the "dancing" line I was soon as cool as a cucumber. It would be dull work telling how I searched the clothes, made my way to the dressing-table, pocketed purses, watches, chains, gold pins, and other articles that would produce "money, and money in any way."

I visited four rooms, and then thought it time to return to my own. The next bedroom to that in which I slept was unoccupied, and with the pocket-handkerchief of a commercial gentleman whom I had somewhat extensively fleeced, I tied all the watches, purses, etc., together, entered the empty bedroom, and placed them safely out of sight on a ledge up the chimney, keeping out a few sovereigns for my immediate use. Having done this in a neat and workmanlike manner, I retired to bed.

At eight o'clock I jumped out of bed, slipped on my trousers, and then rang the bell violently. A waiter very soon appeared.

"Tell the landlord I want him; fetch the police, I have been robbed in the night. Twenty-three pounds and a promissory note for thirteen, my studs and my pocket-book, all gone. Who could have done it?"

The waiter didn't let me go to the end of my sentence, for he ran to the landing and called out, "Here's No 7 has been served the same."

Up came the landlord. He said he was sorry in the extreme; he couldn't conceive how the thing could have been done. No loss had ever been experienced in his house before. He was sorry, very sorry. The police had been sent to investigate the matter, and he hoped they would succeed in tracing the robber. Four other gentlemen had been robbed also.

The inspector of police came shortly afterwards, and looked into the rooms, and under the beds, as if he thought the thief might have taken a fancy to have a nap there, asked a variety of questions, took an inventory of the property lost, and then went away shaking his head and looking remarkably wise.

I remained at the hotel a week, gratis, for as no funds had arrived for me I told the landlord I should be forced to leave my bill unsettled. Under the circumstances the landlord of course could not reasonably demur, and at the week's end I left Maidstone, and proceeded by the coach to Chatham.

I need scarcely observe that I had during the week removed the "goods and chattels" from the chimney ledge, and conveyed them to Chatham without any fear of consequences. Suspicion fell upon the "military gentleman," for although not in the house on the night in question, he was well acquainted with the premises, and his sudden disappearance was unaccountable, otherwise than by connecting him with the robbery. Thus was my own safety secured, and I at the same time "gratified a double grudge"—against the world and against my particular antagonist. The money result of my night's foray amounted to some forty odd pounds—just sufficient to keep me going while I struck out some fresh scheme for victimising the world.

CHAPTER XI.

A GLIMPSE OF BETTER THINGS.

The second night I was at Chatham I visited the theatre. A Miss Lee was to make her appearance in the character of Juliet, and a very pretty representative of the house of Capulet she was. I remember well with what energy she vindicated Romeo in the lines—

"—— He was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned
Sole monarch of the universal earth!"

I confess that I felt a boyish passion spring up in my bosom for this young girl, and I sat up a great portion of the night composing some complimentary verses to her. I called the next day on the manager of the theatre, and obtained the address of the actress. I forwarded the verses by post, intimating that I was but a mere youth, and should be glad personally to say to Miss Lee how greatly I had been charmed by her acting.

I received a reply the next morning, thanking me for the verses, and containing an invitation to tea for the ensuing evening, which was a non-performing night.

I purchased the handsomest copy of Shakespeare I could find in the town, and the next evening duly presented myself at Miss Lee's residence. I was received very kindly by the young lady's mother, who informed me that her daughter Ellen would not be able to join us until seven o'clock, having been summoned unexpectedly by the manager of the theatre with the view of permanently engaging her. The mother was a perfect gentlewoman; she told me that Miss Lee had from childhood evinced a remarkable enthusiasm for the stage, but that it was with much reluctance she herself had consented to her daughter's embracing the theatrical profession as a means of livelihood. A little after seven Ellen Lee came home, and she cordially thanked me for the verses, declaring, however, that they were by far too complimentary. I presented her with the Shakespeare, and uttered some nonsense about recognizing in her a genius fit to breathe life into the beautiful creations of the poet's master-mind. An intimacy sprang up between us—a true and innocent friendship, which I look back to at this moment with melancholy pleasure. Ellen Lee was only an actress at a small provincial theatre, but she was beautiful, talented, and *good*. She gained upon my heart every day, and I soon had no secrets that were mine alone. She was my confessor, she was my adviser; and she strove earnestly enough to be the good angel of my life, to save me from my own wayward erring self. I used very often to speak to her about the dangers attending her own profession, and I remember on one of these occasions, she replied in Ophelia's words—

"I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart; but, good to my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
And miss the path thyself."

The life of guilt is, indeed, a dark, sad life on which the sunshine of happiness can scarcely for a moment gleam in its unclouded brightness. The haunting memory of crime flings a deep shadow on our path when joy would fain surround us with its light; and as flowers of gladness spring up on our way they are at once blighted by the curse of guilt, which is ever present to the wicked as an interdict to happiness.

Thus it was with myself. I might have been very happy in the society of Ellen Lee and her mother had I been but innocent. But being the guilty thing I was, there was always present an invisible hand to dash from my lips each cup of bliss before I could sip its promised sweetness. And I am sure—let me write as lightly as I may—that thus it will ever be. There are phantoms ever on the path of crime which scare away the realities that offer happiness to the heart!

Yes; in those days Ellen Lee would have made me happy, if my own sins had not made me wretched. She gave me a sister's love, and when the darkest of all days came, then came Ellen to comfort and assist.

My life has been most guilty; but still I have sometimes knelt in prayer to God, and then I have prayed that He who loves the pure in heart would ever keep Ellen Lee happy and good as when she first wandered with me through the Kentish woods near Chatham, listening to my praises, and believing me to be as innocent as herself.

I passed at least four months at Chatham, and as I lived tolerably frugally, and, in Ellen's society, had no heart for any new wickedness, I committed no fresh crime, but made the money I had procured at Maidstone answer all my purposes.

During the period of my intimacy with the Lees I had told Ellen the story of my life, requesting her, however, not to divulge anything connected with my history to her mother. Ellen cried bitterly at the recital of my sufferings and my sins, and implored me to let the past *be* the past, and to commence life anew. I often had a desire to do this; but then that past had a power over me for ever. Neither repentance nor amendment could give immunity for deeds committed. However, while my money lasted, I did no violation to my feelings. I felt how much happier one could be following good than pursuing evil, and I refrained from obtaining "money, and money in any way." But when I had only a pound or two left in my pocket, I was urged by the devil within me to renew my warfare upon the world. I bade Ellen and her mother good-bye, telling them that I hoped in a few weeks to have the pleasure of being with them again. I did see them more than once afterwards; but the story, as it advances, will relate where.

I left Chatham with four pounds only remaining to begin business anew. The particular line of business I had not determined. I had some of the trinkets which I had stolen at the Maidstone Hotel by me still, and these I converted into cash. I went to Herne Bay, and on the second night of my arrival I "danced" the hotel where I was stopping to the tune of twenty-five pounds, a small amount, but sufficient to keep me in cash for the time being.

It was while staying at Herne Bay that I met with an advertisement in the London *Times* which had been inserted by my father. It merely stated that nothing had been heard of me since I went to sea, and that if I was still in England I was to write or go home immediately, the address being given. I wrote a letter to my mother, telling her I could not come home—that I had been a bad boy, that there was no home for me in the future; that I should like to have a letter from her, which she could direct to my own name at the post office, Herne Bay. My mother accordingly wrote me a long eloquent letter; she seemed as I read the letter, to be speaking to me again as she used to speak to me when I walked by her side when I was a child. But it was useless. The old deep earnest eloquence was there, but alas! the heart to which it was addressed was changed for ever. My mother implored me to return home; she told me they could send me to school again for a couple of years, as they were in business and doing well; and she felt quite sure, she said, that I could have done nothing very bad, only some boyish wildness which my own feelings exaggerated. In reply to this communication I wrote a more explicit letter, and sent my mother some verses. The letter, which was a very long one, I cannot remember. The verses have clung to my memory, so I give them:—

Mother! darling mother, you are seeking me
I know,
And I feel thy love will follow through the world where'er I go;
But I cannot come, dear mother; I am sadly altered now;
The once fair wreath of innocence that garlanded my brow
Has faded ne'er to bloom again; and from the things of yore—
The fair, the good, the beautiful—I'm severed evermore.
My onward way must be a path of darkness and of pain,
But I must tread it all alone—I cannot come again.
Of all the changes that have come, I know that this will be,
Where all the changes have been sad, the saddest change to thee.
I know how much thou'lt weep, mother, for thy dear boy so lost,
And 'tis the sorrow thou must feel that makes me sorrow most.
I strove against this darker fate, I struggled, mother, long,
I starved and suffered months, mother, ere I was linked to wrong;
And even now good angels plead to win me—but in vain!
Once fallen is for ever lost—I cannot come again.
I'm severed from thee by my sin, but cannot say "forget,"
Thy love is such a hallowed thing, I ask it even yet;
But let it be a memory that images all fair
The child that with uplifted hands in faith knelt by thy chair.
Think of me, mother, as I was, when joy lit up my brow
And my young heart was innocent, but not as I am now.
Pray for me. This I know thou'lt do; but seek me not, 'tis vain!
I'd throw a shadow on thy home—I cannot come again.
They say that in the desert drear some greenness may be found,
Some oasis in contrast strange to all the waste around,
And even thus, within my heart, guilt-darkened though it be,
There is a love all beautiful, that lives and clings to thee.
I'm weeping very bitterly, I cannot help these tears,
They are the tribute memory pays to joys of fleeted years.
Good-bye! God bless thee, mother dear! I sorrow for thy pain.
Oh! if I were but innocent, I'd gladly come again.

I distinctly stated in the letter that it would be utterly useless again writing to me as I was on the eve of setting out for a distant part of the country. This was quite true, for the next morning I left Herne Bay, and went again to Maidstone. I went with a sad heart, thinking of all the grief my mother would suffer on my account. She had been such a good mother to me; and I seemed to see her looking down upon me with her full lustrous eyes, and fondly kissing me and pointing to all the beautiful things so largely scattered by the hand of God through all the universe—just as she used to do in the olden days when I was her darling boy, in whose future all her hopes and dreams were centred.

And what a future that has been! Better, mother, to have seen me laid when I was innocent in some quiet churchyard, where in summer evenings you could have visited the little grave that held my body with full assurance that my spirit had winged its flight to Heaven!

What sorrow, wretchedness, and suffering have fallen to my lot my own heart knows only. My outward misery has been great; but there has sometimes been an inward torture still more dreadful to endure. Thou art in Heaven, my mother! and by the increased light of thy angel knowledge thou can'st read this heart of mine as mortals read it not. Thou wilt know then, that I have struggled against the evil prompting of my nature; that I have sorrowed much for the grief that I have occasioned thee; that at this moment the good voice is pleading within me and the good angel sits watching near my heart. Mother! if spirits above can strengthen the struggling spirits on earth, strengthen thou me, so that the voice speak not in vain, and the vigil of the angel be not lost.

But alas! what hope of being good have I? It is likely that years and years ago, in that journey to Maidstone, I felt a transient repentance, a momentary yearning for the good; that I wept, that I prayed; and that soon afterwards I resigned myself to wickedness, and was, without compunction, seeking "money, and money in any way." Alas for the inconsistency of human nature! alas for the wretched weakness of good intentions! alas for the worthlessness of holy desires disassociated from the persistent energy which ever labours for their fruition.

(To be continued.)

MAORI JIM'S TALE.

(Continued.)

When we entered the house hand in hand, neither my host nor hostess betrayed astonishment and they heard our tale of mutual love with undisguised satisfaction. "My son," said Ngarewa, from the first time I saw you I looked upon you as the one destined to restore to me my boy and in having the boldness to attempt it you have won the love of Ngarewa as well as that of Wainona."

We sat late that night discussing our plans. The idea was that I should be taken to the locality by Wainona, who could show me the secret way of entering the cavern. I was then to enter it and take some opiate so that I might be discovered apparently dead and carried into Ehitarapu as Dudley had been. Once there I was to trust to my own wit to communicate with Hoani and concert some plan of escape. Dudley thought it would be an excellent plan to endeavor to do this by means of Moas. If two of these creatures could be managed, they could easily carry the three of us beyond the means of pursuit if three hours' start was procured. I need hardly say that Wainona was to keep closely concealed in the neighborhood of the cave so that we might pick her up in our flight. It may seem strange at first sight that Wainona was selected to share in the peril, but it was thought to be the safest plan, as she would not be nearly so likely to be recognized even if discovered. In the four years that had elapsed from the escape, she had grown from a child to a woman, and a little disguise would, it was thought, prevent any chance of recognition, whereas Ngarewa or Dudley would have been known at once. I was also instructed, if possible, to bring away enough gold for our comfortable maintainance.

From that moment I never rested till we were on the way to fulfil the task. My intense love for Wainona was of course alone sufficient to have made me impatient for the hour when I could claim her as my own, but besides this, my curiosity was strongly aroused to see the wonders of Ehtiarapu.

Before the week was out, we had made preparations, and took steamer for Lyttleton, and a few days later, I found myself alone with Wainona on the banks of the great Rakaia river. This river rushes from the great Southern Alps, through the vast Canterbury plains. Its banks are bare of trees till the mountains are reached, but huge stones lie everywhere, showing its waters must have covered the whole plain. Tufts of tussock grass grew on every inch of soil, and in the lower and damper ground, the Toi-toi and Raupoa luxuriantly. The country was at that time, one great sheep run, though many a rich harvest has been gathered since in the locality. We had bought horses at Christchurch, and on the third day after leaving the city we neared the great gorge in which was the secret entrance. We left our horses with a shepherd, whose hut was only some ten miles from our destination, telling him we were going to gather rare plants in the mountains, and proceeded on our way on foot. It was evening when my darling and myself stood and looked at the strong rock painting that told the story of the entrance to the cave.

To me they bore no meaning, but to Wainona, each character was as familiar as the letters of the alphabet were to me. She took me by the route indicated, telling me there was no danger of discovery, as the watch was always kept at the inner entrance to the cave, where the Moriori sentinel kept ready with a lighted fuse to block up for ever the entrance to Ehtiarapu should there be danger of discovery. The scene was grand in the extreme. Great snow clad mountains with sharp strong peaks everywhere pierced the sky, bidding defiance to any Alpine explorer, and great precipices rose above from the valley, formed by rushing mountain torrents. At last we entered a dark chasm, and here, pushing aside some strong vines, Wainona pointed to some strange representations of birds on the rocks, and pressing one, it turned gently inward, discovering the mouth of a gloomy cavern. Here my love bade me farewell; from this spot I was to pursue my adventure alone. I will not tell of the vows we exchanged, or the hopes we uttered of a speedy re-union, after which we were to part no more till death.

I followed the winding of the cavern for hours, and at intervals I lighted a lantern that I carried. I was astonished at the appearance of the inner portion, for the walls were richly studded with great veins of gold in milk white quartz. At the entrance of the cavern there was nothing but dull black rock, but here every few steps showed a fortune. At last a faint glimmer of light in the distance warned me that I was approaching the bourne, so after travelling cautiously a few hundred yards further, I drained my sleeping draught, and lay down on the dry floor of the cavern.

When I awoke a strange sight met my eyes. I was in a great chamber, the walls of which were covered with similar pictures to those which had excited my curiosity so strongly in the house of my beloved. It must have been fully a hundred feet square, and the doorways were full ten feet high, while the roof was quite twenty. A great throne occupied one end of this hall, and around it were grouped twenty lower seats. I, myself, lay on a couch of feathers and around me stood a dozen men and women of a similar aspect to Wainona and her mother. But what most excited my curiosity, were the gigantic Moas, fully a dozen of which were present. Those creatures towered above the Morioris, not one of them being less than ten feet in height, and their great claws and mighty beaks showed what terrible creatures they would be to encounter. The throne was occupied by an aged Moriori, and the twenty seats, ten by men, and ten by women, for these strange people allow women to take an equal part in their councils. All were clad in long and flowing garments, the men in a sort of cloth made from the fibres of the arikhiki or native flax, and the ti palm, and the women in feather robes made of the plumes of the Moa and other birds. Nearly all were richly decorated with gold ornaments.

My return to consciousness was immediately notified by my guards to the council, and an animated discussion took place, of which I was of course unable to understand a word, for all I knew of the language was confined to half a dozen words which had been taught me by Wainona.

The result of their deliberations was that one of the Moas was despatched on some errand, and all remained silent till the great bird returned, accompanied by a young Moriori, who, after making obeisance to the council, approached me, and in good English asked me who I was, and whence I came. I had no doubt that this was Hoani, as no one else would have been likely to understand my language, and all doubts on the subject were set at rest when I heard the king call him by that name. I did not know what to answer to his queries. I was anxious to tell him who I was, and the nature of my errand, but I feared if I did so his agitation would be observed, and that I should be discovered and all hopes of escape be at an end. I replied, therefore, that I was a hand from one of the surrounding stations, and that I had accidentally discovered the entrance to the cave in pursuit of a wild pig. I further stated that intense fatigue had caused the profound slumber in which they had found me.

A great discussion followed, the details of which were afterwards told me by Hoani. It appears that when I was brought into the council chamber it was thought I was dead, and that otherwise I should have been kept in some quiet locality whence I should have been sent back to the world without seeing anything of this strange people and their gigantic birds. Now, however, it was too late. I had seen too much and the question was, should I be destroyed or allowed to live amongst them. It was the women who saved my life. The men thought it would be the wiser to give me a deep draught of tutu wine that would lull me to eternal sleep, but the women pleaded hard that I might be allowed to live amongst them, and the King, full of mercy, gave me his support. It was a good job, mates, I was young and personable, for I believe had I been old and ugly, few voices would have been raised in my favour.

It was not till after long discussion that Hoani at last informed me of the decision of the Council, which was that I should be permitted to live amongst them on condition of never seeking to regain the world. All the privileges of the Morioris would be mine, but, at the least attempt to escape, I should be torn to pieces by the guardian Moas.

I have already been too long over this yarn, mates, and I will not enlarge on the strange life I led for the next few weeks, of the delicious cakes made of honey from the flax flowers, of the delicacy of the taste of a Moa's egg, of the strange stories I heard from Hoani of bygone days. Perhaps on some future day I shall write of these things and let an astonished world know of a secret of which it little dreams, but now I have only to tell of that dreadful ending to my toil, that has sent me a wanderer over the earth till death claims me.

I soon found an opportunity to tell Hoani who I was, and the object of my mission. The communication agitated him greatly, but after deliberation he was prepared to risk all to rejoin his parents. At the same time he said the enterprise was one of great risk, and that the only chance of escape, was at the "feast of the full moon" which is held once a year to commemorate their entry into Ehitarapu. At that time the Moa sentries were lax in the guarding of the cave's mouth, and besides that, it fell to his duty to be the Moriori guard that night, to be ready to ignite the powder should occasion arise. I was very anxious to make the attempt at once, as I was wretched at the thought of poor lonely Wainona waiting outside the cave for some tidings of those she loved, but I had to yield to this reasoning. He further told me that the Moa which had brought him back to Ehitarapu had contracted a strong fancy for him, and that he thought he might utilize him in the escape. In the meantime I determined that we would not leave the region of gold empty handed, and we collected sufficient to make us rich for life.

All was now prepared for our flight. Hoani, with the impetuosity of youth, and spurred by his feverish eagerness to regain his parents and his sister, communicated our design to the Moa of which I have spoken. He told me that this extraordinary creature had signified its readiness to assist us. I confess that, accustomed as I had become to wonderful experiences, this revelation astonished me; for although Wainona had told me of the intellectual capacity of these giant birds, I had been naturally sceptical as to their power to understand and appreciate human motives and aspirations. Nor have I ever been able to comprehend by what means communication was conducted between the Morioris and the Moas. It was certainly not by signs, for you may be sure I watched carefully, and I never beheld any gestures of the kind pass between them. Of late years I have heard a great deal of thought-reading and a principle called "odic force," and it is not unlikely that these creatures of the human and ornithological families enjoyed some subtle gift of reading each other's thoughts such as is denied to ourselves. I have noticed that in this world, Nature adapts herself to the exigences of circumstances, and I see no reason why the Morioris and the Moas should not have possessed a faculty which is enjoyed—so far as is necessary for them—by the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest. But let me get on.

As I have said, we agreed that our attempt should be made on the occasion of the full moon, and so unhappily, it was. Haoni, in his eagerness to carry out our project, and in the simplicity of his nature, did not so far control his emotions as to conceal them from watchful eyes. Of these none more jealously regarded him than the glorious orbs of Waratapa, a lovely maiden of some eighteen years of age. I had noticed her frequently, and had early perceived that her affections were fixed upon the young Haoni. Questioning him, he laughed and blushed, admitting that there had been some tender passages between them, but that for himself, his heart was untouched. But as I daily beheld her quiet watchfulness, her undisguised suspicion of myself, and her evident thought that some secret scheme was afoot, I could not conceal from myself that there was every probability of greater difficulty in evading her scrutiny than that of the sentries at the mouth of the cavern.

However, I crushed back these dismal apprehensions. Eager to rejoin my beloved and accomplish the task, upon the performance of which depended my happiness, I yearned passionately for the hour of our enterprise. It came at last.

On the morning of the day upon which the great feast of rejoicing took place, the curious inhabitants of this secluded region gathered, to the extent of some 2000 Morioris and 500 Moas, in the great hall of audience. For a week previous we had been busy in the lovely plains of which I have spoken gathering fruits, and fish, and flesh, milk, eggs, and vegetables for the banquet with which the celebration was to be concluded. Several old women had been employed brewing a certain wine or rather mead, made from honey, the secret of the manufacture of which belongs to certain families of this people, and is never revealed to those without their circle. The girls, for months before, had spun and woven new garments from the silken flax; decorating them with the feathers of rare birds, such as are found nowhere else in New Zealand, and the dyed sinews of creeping parasites, and with flowers also, which are dipped into a resinous preparation, and so preserved for ever in their bloom and fragrance. It was a wonderful experience for me, and had it not been for my passion for Wainona, I should have been well content to remain for some time longer to add to my knowledge and satisfy my curiosity.

(Concluded in our next.)

HOW FLORENCE MET HER FATE.

A pretty blonde sat in the sumptuously furnished parlor of a mansion on a fashionable street in Washington. She was reclining in rather a listless manner in a comfortable lounging chair and her blue eyes had rather a dreamy expression.

Her attire indicated that she was about to attend some entertainment or gathering, for it was composed of some soft, thick, white material which fell in graceful folds around her tall and lissome figure. The short wide sleeves fell back from her round arms, upon which gleamed magnificent diamond bracelets. She was an exquisitely lovely creature, this Florence Bradly, a woman who would attract and hold your attention among a thousand ordinary beauties, by the wonderful way in which her graceful figure carried itself, alone, if nothing else.

She was simply regal, and to-day she had arrived at her twenty-second year. The beauty of her wide, intellectual brow, and her eyes were what attracted you most; a world of power lay in them; and yet, some of Florence's fashionable lady friends whispered softly to each other that she was slightly eccentric.

"How oddly she wears her hair!" said one; and "How independently she carries herself! She is almost masculine in her walk," cried another.

Ah, envy! It is true that Florence wore none of those fringes over her beautiful white forehead, which the fair sex call "bangs;" neither did she friz her hair, but let it wave in all its natural golden magnificence and wonderful thickness, right back from her face, thus giving to her features the intelligence that of right belong to woman's face.

The male sex, however, found nothing eccentric about her; one and all they were ready to fall down and worship at her shrine—from the youngest to the oldest—for, as I have said before, she was wonderfully lovely, and her white skin, the purity of which was the result of perfect health, and not of washes or powder, was the secret envy of every society woman in Washington. A knock at the door aroused her.

"Come in!" she said in her silvery voice, and a footman entered bearing a bouquet of rare beauty, composed entirely of white japonicas and purple heliotrope. Florence started up in a sitting posture.

"O James, who sent me that? How beautiful it is?" she cried, receiving it from the servant's hand.

"A man brought it, Miss He said his master sent it with compliments, but didn't leave any name. He hurried off instantly, Miss, as soon as he gave them to me," answered the man.

"Very well. Is my sister-in-law nearly ready, James?"

"She will be down soon, her maid told me, Miss," and the footman retired from the room.

"Who can have sent me this?" mused the beauty, turning the flowers round in her white fingers.

Suddenly her eyes lighted upon a tiny three cornered pink note, right in the midst of the bouquet, tied by a narrow violet satin ribbon. With quickly drawn breath and trembling hands, she untied the knot and opened the dainty, scented epistle; and these were the words that met her eyes.

"Fair maiden flower, thou does so shyly stand
Waiting thy fate at some too venturous hand.
Keep thy still sweetness from the rifling bee;
Let not the winds so rudely wanton thee;
Bloom safe and slowly in the summer air;
Unfold to love alone thy petals rare."

There was no name signed—not even an initial. Florence was greatly puzzled, but pleased and excited, too.

"It cannot be any one of my circle of gentlemen acquaintances, because they would have signed their name. It must be— I cannot guess who it can be!" she cried, with a smile and a faint flush, as she looked again, with pleased eyes, at the bold and beautiful penmanship displayed on the rose tinted paper. "I shall carry it with me at any rate to Mrs. Drummond's party; whoever the sender is, he will be there. But how will I know him?"

Here, Mrs. Bradly, dark and magnificent in rose-colored velvet, point lace and diamonds, swept into the room. Her face wore an approving and affectionate smile when she regarded her beautiful sister-in-law in her becoming and simple toilet.

"Dear Flora, you will be the handsomest girl in the room," she cried, bending down and kissing the girl. "But, Florence, dear, if you would not wear your beautiful hair swept back from your face so! It is not fashionable. I assure you you will be called queer if you do not dress it more in the prevailing style."

"Thank you, Jane; I am satisfied with my hair and forehead as they are," replied Florence, dryly, and Mrs. Bradly said no more.

"See my flowers; aren't they becoming with my colorless attire?" smiled Florence, holding up her bouquet for her sister's inspection. "They were sent to me by a nameless admirer. See, here is the note which accompanied them."

Mrs. Bradly read the note with an exclamation of wonder and delight, and admired the flowers as much as Florence could have wished.

"My dearest girl, they are just the thing for your pure style of beauty, they make you look so lovely! But who can the sender be? Oh, I have it! It must have been that wealthy Mr. Brice—the banker, you know, who raved about you at the senator's ball three weeks ago. It must be he. Such delicate taste!"

"What, Jane! Not that ugly, vulgar, old man! I hate him! No, he never would have such taste as is displayed here," touching the bouquet tenderly.

"My dear, pray don't speak so of Mr. Brice. I assure you he is extremely rich, very wealthy, and could dress you and lodge you like a very queen. I should be happy if I could see you settled as his wife," replied her sister, sententiously.

"Ugh! I don't admire your taste then, my dear Jane, and I am afraid, if you are not happy until you see me so established, then your chance of contentment is very slender, for you never will see me so!" and Florence moved away with a queenly step to be muffled in cloak and cloud by her maid Natalie.

"How perverse?" sighed Mrs. Bradly, looking after her sister's retreating form. "But she cannot help marrying well; she is so exquisitely lovely! I am proud of her."

The two ladies were soon ready and Mr. Bradly conducted them to their carriage. The drive was a silent one, and Florence leaned back with bright eyes, trembling a little with excitement, and holding her flowers, the sweet perfume of which filled the carriage closely.

"We are a trifle late," whispered Mrs. Bradly to Florence.

"Yes," nodded the girl.

When they were shown into the drawing-rooms, which were crowded, a murmur of admiration ran around. Never had Florence looked so brilliant. There was a soft unwonted pink in her cheeks, and her large eyes sparkled like jewels. Immediately the ladies were surrounded by acquaintances and friends, and a dozen gentlemen at once solicited the girl's hand for the first waltz; but she laughingly shook her golden head. She preferred not to waltz just at once, she said. She would rather sit down and talk to her friends. So the admirers were compelled to give it up with reluctance and disappointment.

She made her way over to where the youngest daughter of her hostess sat. Margaret Drummond was a silent girl, without beauty, and was consequently overlooked and snubbed by her elder sisters. And for this very reason Florence always was friendly with the lonely girl, and an intimacy had sprung up between the two so widely unlike in appearances.

They sat together discussing the different guests. At last Margaret said,—

"There comes mamma with Mr. Saunders! Look, Flora, now don't you think him as handsome as an Apollo? I think he is the very handsomest man I ever saw," she concluded enthusiastically, in a low tone.

Florence looked up and saw in truth a handsome man, tall and straight, with a handsome Saxon face, and eyes as blue as her own. And wonder of wonders! Could it be? In his coat he wore a small japonica and a spray of heliotrope. She had not time to answer Margaret before Mrs. Drummond and the gentleman came up. She dropped her eyes in trembling confusion, and did not raise them again until she heard her hostess' voice saying, as in a dream.—

"Miss Bradly, let me introduce to you Mr. Saunders. He is one of my friends. I want you two to like each other," and without further ado the lady sailed away again, taking her youngest daughter with her, and left the two people alone.

Florence glanced up then. The two pairs of blue eyes met; Mr. Saunders' were smiling; then, as they both realised the unceremonious introduction given by Mrs Drummond, they both burst out laughing, which took away Florence's embarrassment. They were soon upon friendly terms. And directly the gentleman, in a casual way, said,—

"How well your flowers become you, Miss Bradly! They match your dress to perfection."

Florence looked up, saw a smile lurking in his eyes, and dropped hers in confusion. There was no doubt now, she told herself. The sender of the bouquet, the writer of the verses, was before her.

"How well they look together!" commented Mrs. Drummond to Mrs. Bradly. "They are of the same complexion, and a splendid match for each other. He is enormously rich, my dear. My girls admire him immensely; but then, you know, they are all engaged—except Margaret, who is too young."

When Florence laid down upon her couch that night, it was to dream of blonde hair and deep blue eyes.

After that evening they met repeatedly, and the gentleman called frequently at her brother's house. One day when he came Florence was alone. She was playing the piano when he was shown in, but turned quickly, with a welcoming smile, at the sound of his voice. They talked of that evening at Mrs. Drummond's party, and somehow Florence could not tell exactly how, the gentleman brought forward the subject of the flowers. She looked up suddenly right into his eyes with her clear, direct gaze.

"You sent them," she said.

"Yes, I sent them," he returned. "I own it. I was the writer of the verses." Then, suddenly, "Florence, I had seen you at the opera. I fell in love with you at first sight, and I love you now!"

She did not blush and drop her eyes after the manner of ordinary young women, but looked directly at him.

"And I fell in love with you the first time I saw you," she announced calmly.

What if her friends, her envious lady friends, had heard her! Would not they have voted her more strong minded than ever? I fear so. The wedding was celebrated with great magnificence a month later, and the bride was lovely, if she was eccentric.

A Water-Fowl.—I wish to describe the beautiful form of aquatic life lately seen upon one of our Northern rivers. To my eye it was the most conspicuous object in sight; with its presence it honored and idealized the stream, and made the moment in which it was seen seem worthy of remembrance. A figure all curves and grace, as befits whatever lives in the suave communion of waters; pure white, like a drift of new fallen snow kept by enchantment from melting, it moved without starting a ripple or leaving the slightest wake, while itself and its mirrored image "floated double" I wished that it would rise from the water so that I might see the spread of its wings and the manner of its flight, but in this I was not to be gratified. It had the appearance of sleep; and as neither head nor neck could be seen, these were doubtless folded under its wing. It had come as a migrant from distant regions, it was now resting oblivious of its long voyage. Fancy suggested that the poetry of its motion be set to the music of a swan song. To what island of rushes, or to what bare sandy margin, would it at last come to die—to dissolve in the sun and the wind, leaving only a patch of yellow-white dust, which the least breath might scatter away? Was I perhaps mistaken as to the species of this water fowl? I looked again, and saw that it was one of the brood fledged in storm at the foot of the mill dam. Air and water were its parents, and its whole substance but a drift of foam. A wild white swan it was, such as no fowler ever snared or shot, sailing solitary and beautiful down the amber colored river.

SUPPLEMENT.

Farm and Garden.

Skilful Cultivation.

Skilful cultivation should be the aim of every one who raises plants and crops. To make gardening and farming profitable, it is necessary to have something in return for every stroke that is made, and for every shilling invested. Even when only a few house plants are cared for, we expect to see growth and bloom in repay for our care; if not, our interest in them would soon be lost. We devote an acre of land to a certain crop; it costs for the season the interest for a year on the investment made for it, beside the expense of preparation, manuring, cultivating, harvesting, marketing, etc. Our crop is but half what it might be, or what good cultivation has proved might be obtained.

The time and expense of preparation, of sowing and of cultivation, have been as much as for a full crop, and the cost of harvesting and other expenses but little less; but a part of the land was too wet, and the planting could not be done early, as it should have been, and on the same account the manure that was applied, though there was not half enough of that, could only produce partial effects, and so, from these combined causes, we get back for our season's work, perhaps the expenses and a little more.

The interest and expense were £10, on the acre, and our returns, all told, amounted to £12, giving a profit of £2. At this rate per acre on the whole place, and what it provides for the table beside, with great economy, one may, perhaps, live along for a while, and the land is growing poorer, and the value of the first investment is lowered—the place is running down. But at a little more expense in preparation, perhaps £2 on the acre, enough to ensure the best result, making the whole £12, instead of £10, as before, and the crop is twice as great, and perhaps further enhanced in value by its superior quality. All of this success, then, is profit £12 or more, instead of £2—an amount that makes prosperity and success, instead of failure.

Biscuits for Dogs—Twenty years ago the business of making dog biscuit was represented by a small shop in Holborn, nearly opposite Chancery Lane, and a weekly sale of a couple of tons. Now there is a vast factory near London Bridge and another in New York, between which is a daily output and sale of from thirty to forty tons. The dog food is made of wheaten flour (chiefly that known as middlings, oatmeal, dates, beetroot, and prairie meat. Dates were the first article of a vegetable or fruity nature introduced, and have had the anti scorbutic effect so desirable in the feeding of dogs. For many years they only were employed, and at that time it was advised that fresh vegetables should be given twice a week, additional to the biscuits. Searching for something that would obviate the need for this addition, it was discovered that the only vegetable which did not lose its distinguishing properties under the great heat to which the cakes are subjected in baking is beetroot, and, as it has all the desirable elements, for some years all the biscuits sent out have contained beetroot. The last ingredient is prairie meat, which is not, as many suppose, tallow greaves or butcher's refuse. It is meat from mid and South America. From it all fat has been removed, but the most valuable gristle and bones remain to be ground up, and is not only of the highest quality from a feeding point of view, but perfectly sweet and good. Analysis has shown that it is much more nutritious than the beef usually sold in our butcher's shops, for it contains only 5 per cent. of water.

Annuals in the Garden.—If a little study be given to color, annuals, which are of the easiest culture, make a wonderful show in the garden. Nothing is finer than a gay rainbow of Phlox Drummondii, for the colors are striking and the habit or the dwarf variety very effective. Snowball (white) and fireball scarlet set each other off well, and Hortensia rose contrasts beautifully with the new yellow. A ribbon border of double poppies of seven or eight different colors is a brilliant show, if artistically arranged from pure white to deepest crimson. In one of the little parks of a Canadian city, two beds that might easily be copied by any rural gardener, took my attention. One was a bed of a dwarf flame colored nasturtiums, edged with white candytuft; the other had a deep border of purple candytuft and a centre of dwarf phlox, white with a pink eye. It was so closely planted that the effect was quite pretty. Of course this requires a little care in pruning, taking off seeding blossoms and keeping the plants of equal height. But sixpenny worth of seed goes a great way, and many of the hardy annuals remain beautiful in late autumn, long after the coleus and other greenhouse plants are blackened by frost.

About Paint.—A coat or two of paint will pay well on any implements or buildings that may need it after being in use a few years. Wagons especially are apt to need paint because so few farmers have sheds for them. There is no economy in delaying this work on the wagon, the felloes take in water and swell and by turns dry and shrink and the tires become loose first, and then the spokes. There need be no loose tires, or the anxiety, mishaps and waste that result from them, if the wagon is well made from good timber, and kept well painted. Single trees are left out in the rain, sometimes covered with mud from the dew and dust, and soon the paint is gone and they become rough and unreliable. It requires very little time or material to paint them, and it can be done inside on a rainy day. It is unpleasant to be caught stuck in the road with a broken, weather-beaten single-tree. There are many ways in which paint can be used to the great advantage of buildings and tools.

The Marks Upon a Cow's Horn.—The marks upon the horns of a cow indicate her age and not, as some misguided person would have us believe, the number of calves she may have had. As these marks or rings are the same upon the horns of an ox or bull as upon those of a cow it cannot be the calves that cause them. At two years old a wrinkle may be found forming at the base of the horn, and as the horn grows next year this wrinkle is easily seen. This marks three years' growth. At five years a second wrinkle appears. After that one appears every year until at the age of eleven or twelve, the wrinkles are smaller and closer and less conspicuous, and some of the earliest will have been worn away. The horns are no guide to age after thirteen years, nor are the teeth, as the condition of these depend upon the amount of pasturing done—the goodness or the badness of the pasture and the sandy or clayey character of the soil.

The History of Beer.—Professor Schwackhofer delivered a lecture recently to the Vienna Hygienic Society on the subject of beer. After giving some statistics on the consumption of this beverage, the lecturer went on to describe its manufacture and adulteration. The birthplace of beer is Egypt. A papyrus has been discovered on which a father reproaches his son for lounging about in taverns and drinking too much beer. From the Egyptians the art of brewing beer descended to the Ethiopians. Whilst the Romans despised beer, the Germans of the north of Europe fully appreciated its good qualities. However, the refreshing draught became more popular in the first half of the Middle Ages. In the beginning only convents obtained the monopoly of brewing beer, but later on the privilege was extended to lay corporations. In Austria the first brewery was established in Vienna in 1560. Professor Schwackhofer thinks that beer fully deserves the designation of "liquid bread," as it is undoubtedly nutritious, and less liable to be adulterated than wine.

Good Stories.

The pitfalls which the innkeepers prepare for the Americans are as whimsical and curious as they are numerous. He who speaks only the English language has no show whatever, and his best course is to submit with good humor and go his way. The ready device of not understanding what you mean, although you may be employing the most variegated and vigorous imprecations known to Anglo-Saxon ears is common everywhere. And what can you say against a blank stare, or do against an outstretched "addition," with your trunk on the omnibus, and your train or steamer about to start? Perhaps, anticipating this very situation, you have demanded your bill some hours before. It will serve you little. You may ask, and ask again, and it will be denied you till the last moment.

This is a favorite and effective trick, and nearly always wins. Now and then, of course, it doesn't. For example, a friend of mine the other day came to settle for his bed-buggery little hole in the wall near the railway station in Neuchatel, called Hotel des Alps. In addition to the charge for apartment, service, light, etc., was an item "undejeuner." I will put into plain English that which followed:—

"What is this?" said my friend with a simulation of bad French, though he spoke the language like a native.

"That monsieur, that is breakfast."

"Breakfast! But I had no breakfast."

"That is very true, but monsieur might have had it if he desired."

"The devil I might!"

"Yes, monsieur."

"But I didn't order any breakfast."

"That was no fault of the house, monsieur."

"Do you mean to tell me that you wish to charge me for breakfast I neither ordered nor ate?"

"The breakfast was prepared all the same, monsieur."

"But I took the room only, and was to pay simply for what I got."

"It is a rule of the house, monsieur, to charge everyone for breakfast."

"Then you pretend that you provide a regular table d'hote breakfast every morning and charge for it whether your guests take it or not."

"Yes, monsieur. See the menu! Here it is," and the firm, yet polite, landlord produced his regular "a la carte."

My friend turned it upside down. Then he carefully perused it. Then he said,—

"How much of this do you serve as your regular breakfast?"

"Anything you like, monsieur."

"Very well. Receipt the bill, and, as I am to pay for a breakfast, please God I will eat it. Bring me a fillet of beef, with mushrooms, a half chicken grille, a rum omelette and a pint of Chablis. I shall wait over until next train."

"Mine host, of the Hotel des Alps, looked first stupefied and then disgusted, and, finally grasping the situation, he ran into his office, altered his bill in conformity with the facts, and hurrying back, exclaimed,—

"Here, monsieur, here is your bill, quite correct—six francs and thirty-five centimes—and you will just have time to catch your train."

At a frontier military post the commandant was a bluff old dragoon, whose idea of discipline, although strict, was by no means that of a martinet. Connected with one of the troops was a dandified young lieutenant, who, having been graduated at the head of his class at West Point, appeared to entertain the notion that he was of some importance. Whenever he chanced to be placed in authority as officer of the day, he invariably involved himself in some difficulty. It was his custom to pass unnecessarily in front of the guard-house at least a dozen times a day. This necessitated the turning out of the guard every time he made his appearance, in order to render the customary salute. The soldiers cordially hated him, and bestowed upon him the sobriquet of "Johnny-come-lately." He was not long in discovering the fact, and, becoming highly incensed, inaugurated a series of petty annoyances to the men, which resulted in the confinement of nearly two-thirds of the latter in the guard house, to await trial by court-martial. The commandant was wild at discovering that some of the best soldiers in his command were being thus persecuted, and summoned the lieutenant. "What do you mean, sir," he roared, "by confining half my command?" "The men are in a state of mutiny," tremblingly replied the lieutenant; "and, besides, their impudence has reached such a height that they call me 'Johnny-come-lately' to my face." "What!" fairly howled the irate commandant, "is it for that reason that you have been persecuting them? Why, sir, I've been, man and boy, over forty years in the service, and the name the men best know me by is 'Old Boots.' Get out of my presence, and order every prisoner to be released!"

Many years ago a new liquor warehouse opened at Boston on a ready-money and low-price system. Jonathan walked in one day, with a two-gallon keg on his shoulder, and asked for a gallon of the best brandy. The liquor having been poured through a funnel into the keg, the money was demanded. The Yankee said that he would pay the next time he came into town. The shopman demurred, saying that he did not intend to give any credit. "But," asked the Yankee, in mock surprise, "do you intend to take back the brandy?" "To be sure," replied the other, "if you do not pay for it." "Then," said he, "you must bring your measure, for I had some liquor of my own in the keg." This was done, a gallon of the contents measured back, and the fellow marched off with another gallon of fine grog, having half-filled his keg beforehand with water.

George Colman, the younger, being asked if he knew Theodore Hook, replied, "Certainly, Hook and eye are old associates." During Colman's management of the Haymarket an actor from a provincial theatre was engaged, who turned out a stick. In the course of the play he came to the line (which he delivered in a nasal voice), "Ah, where is my honor now?" On which Colman, behind the scenes, was heard to mutter, "I wish your honor was back at Newcastle, with all my heart." During the last illness of Colman the doctor, being late in an appointment, apologised to his patient, saying that he had been called to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket?" groaned out poor George.

Bismarck is one of the boldest and most outspoken of men. Not long ago, he declared that nothing could be done with a Russian of the lower class except by being rough with him, and he related an incident which once happened to him in St. Petersburg. Bismarck was walking one day along the street in the Russian capital, when a peasant rudely pushed up against him. The prince at once knocked the peasant down. The man got up from the ground, took off his cap, bowed low and humbly, and made the most abject apologies. "That is the way to deal with Russians," said Bismarck, in telling the story.

In a small town out West an ex-country judge is cashier of the bank. "The check is all right, sir," he said to a stranger, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient." "I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's response. "Quite likely," replied the ex-judge, "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash, we have to be careful."

A countess, whose handsome features were disfigured by the application of rouge persuaded an artist, much against his will, to paint her portrait. "Monsieur," said she, peulantly, after two or three sittings, "your colors are not brilliant enough for my complexion. Where did you buy them?" "Madame," answered the artist, "I think they came from the same shop where you buy your own."

Sketcher.

Bottled Sweetness.

Choice perfumes may be considered as belonging to three classes, the so-called "bouquet" perfumes, those that are the simple odors of the flowers whose names they bear, and those that by delicate art employ such combinations and blendings of various odors as together simulate perfectly the perfume of some particular flower, the real odor of which is so evanescent and delicate that it cannot be caught and fixed by any process yet known to science.

Of the first of these, the representative one that most readily occurs to my mind at present, is the "Edina." The inventor of that perfume was no less than nine years in bringing it to perfection, and when it was done he was so justly enthusiastic over it that he declared that "in it art was glorified and nature eclipsed!"

All these bouquet perfumes are made by various blendings of the results of the enfleurage process—the extracted odors of violet, jasmine, tube rose, rose, orange flower and cassie—together with musk, oil of rose, oil of ylang-ylang and ambergris as a fixateur. One or another of these may be left out of a special blending, but that is the open field for selection. The enfleurage process consists in exposing clarified grease, thinly spread on glass frames, to the presence of the flowers, until it has taken their odor from them. That is done by manufacturers in the valley of the Var, in the South of France, where vast fields of sweet-smelling flowers are grown for this purpose.

Alcohol afterward takes up all the perfume from the grease, and the perfumed alcohol is what is used in making the extracts for the toilet. It is in the grease form that the perfumes are imported to this country.

Other fixateurs than that which I have mentioned are employed, such as gum benzoin and gum tolu. The province of ambergris is to blend and develop perfumes, to give them a homogenity, as it were. Its natural smell is not pleasant, being more like that of a damp cellar than anything else. It is found in the spermaceti whale, is an indication of an abnormal and unhealthy condition of that creature, and is supposed to be a product of indigestion. Nevertheless it is a requisite for the perfumer, and nothing else can take its place.

Doubtless the nicest art of the perfumer is shown in the perfect simulation of the odors of certain flowers, the real perfume of which cannot be caught. Such a flower, for instance, is the lily of the valley; yet there is a perfume named after that flower, the entrancingly sweet odor of which is the perfect reproduction of nature's work, so, far as the smell goes. The reproduction of such a simulant perfume is sometimes the work of years. It can only be carried on when the flowers themselves are in perfection for purposes of comparison, for a scent can no more be accurately remembered than it can be analyzed. And even when the time is propitious the artist compounder must often lay aside his work for days together, because his oil-factories grow weary, temporarily vitiated and unreliable.

Two of the most delightfully sweet flowers that grow, the magnolia and the tea olive have never yet been perfectly simulated in perfume, though they have been the subjects of almost countless experiments. Again and again the exact odors have been caught and lost again the moment that the necessary fixateurs for retaining them were added to the alcoholic compounds. Of course they will be won some day, and when they do they will have been well earned.

Neatly Done.

During the retreat of Lee's army from the field of Gettysburg to the Potomac a great effort was made by the officers to prevent straggling, but it would have required an officer to a man to have carried out the programme successfully. We had been beaten and felt discouraged and reckless. We were on short rations, the weather was dismal, and the rank and file were in no mood to be nagged by strict discipline.

The command to which I belonged left Gettysburg about 10 o'clock at night, and for the first three or four hours the men were kept well in hand under the impression that we were only changing positions to secure an advantage over the Federals. As daylight broke and we realized that we were on the way home squads and individuals broke away at every opportunity to forage for a breakfast. In company with two private soldiers belonging to my company I slipped away from the column about sunrise, and, while a black looking thunder storm seemed close at hand, we bolted into a piece of woods by the roadside and then struck for a highway running at right-angles, and on which we could make out three or four farm houses. We selected the first or nearest, and as we entered the gate a woman opened the door and stood waiting for us to approach. She knew we were Confederates and asked many questions concerning the battle and did not attempt to conceal the fact that she was a thorough Unionist and an ardent hater of Jeff Davis.

"Nevertheless," she added, as she turned to go in, "you men are not altogether to blame, and you shall have a bite to eat as soon as I can get it."

We went around to the back door, laid aside our guns and accoutrements, and had a good wash up in the rain barrel. Then we sat down on the grass to wait for breakfast, the odor of which came out to us. But for the suggestion of one of my comrades everything would have gone well. Not far from us was a stone smoke-house, and through the partly open door we could see pieces of meat hanging from the rafters. He suggested that we further investigate, with a view of "gobbling" some of the meat as we left, and we got up and went straight to the house and entered it. There were two hams and two side pieces hanging up, and at the back end of the building which was about 12x12, was a barrel filled with old rag carpet, on top of which was a setting hen. As we came near she began to exhibit the usual characteristics, and we were having considerable fun at her expense, when the door was shut with a bang and we heard the rattle of a chain and padlock. It was a close, dark place, and it was a minute or two before we reached the door and understood the situation. We began to kick and shout, and presently the woman's voice replied:

"It's no use trying to get out! You are my prisoners, and kicking won't do any good!"

How nice and soft we talked to her, but it was no go. Then we swore and blustered, but she only laughed at us. After awhile she passed us some bread and butter through one of the ventilators, followed by a cupful of water, and there we remained all day, all night and up to 8 o'clock next morning, when we were turned over to the Union cavalry.

There are lots enough staked out in Southern California to provide for the entire population of the city of New York apportioned at the rate of three persons to the lot. It would take more than the combined capital of all the banks of New York to buy up these lots. They have a story down there about lumber, which illustrates the craze. It is said that a gentleman went to a lumber dealer, and desired enough lumber to build a house. He was looked upon with compassion by the dealer, who said to him that there was no lumber for sale. When he asked for an explanation, the dealer replied to him as if he had compassion for his ignorance, that "the lumber was all sold for stakes for town lots."

The whole of the works of Dickens are to be published in Dutch by Cohen Brothers, of [illegible]

Health.

Well Meaning but Injudicious.—Job was not the only man who found his comforters as troublesome as his ailments. An invalid who is not too ill to notice anything, may derive considerable amusement from studying his visitors. As a general rule, they suggest medical rather than moral remedies, concerning themselves more about our broken potsherds than about our souls; but, like the three friends of old, they are fond of recommending a change of system. They all have their pet doctors, and desire us to give them at least a trial. Other visitors adopt an exactly opposite system, and endeavor to console him by pooh poohing all doctors. These "throw-physics-to the dogs" sort of men refuse to believe the verdict of the most famous surgeons in the United States when it is unfavorable, and they will assure a patient that the doctors are generally wrong—a remark much to the point when a sick man has just been told by his physician for the first time that he will probably recover his health. Other comforters of invalids think they can best entertain them by giving them full details of their own maladies. It would be hard to say whether it is more depressing to an invalid when his friends try to lower the tone of their conversation to what they consider the proper level of dolefulness, or when they affect an air of unnatural joviality. In the latter case the sick man understands for the first time the full meaning of that terrible phrase "awfully jolly," and in the former he is made to feel that the least levity on his part will be considered as ill timed as the gambols of a skeleton. It is not cheering to be wailed over; but neither is there much genuine comfort in the assurance that "we shall soon have you about again, old fellow, just as usual," when the best medical opinion is strongly against such a thing being at all probable. It may be selfish to care little about hearing of the fun that is being enjoyed by the strong; but human nature will sometime assert itself, and a vivid picture of the pleasures of health does not always gratify those from whom health has departed forever; yet a gloomy representation of the sort of life that is considered fitting for those who are in a more or less precarious condition is scarcely more attractive.

A Pernicious Practice.—Not long since, while visiting an insurance office, I saw a young man unobtrusively eating luncheon at his desk. It was a very modest luncheon which his good mother had prepared for him at home, with typical New England simplicity. It consisted of bread and butter—the slices of the former rather thick and the layers of the latter quite thin—two hard boiled eggs, and a piece of mince pie. Doubtless the pie was good—all New England mince pie is—but I pitied the young man from the bottom of my heart. With his glass of water from the hydrant, his eyes fixed upon a letter before him even while he munched, his attitude reminded me of a slave bending over his toil and eating the crust which his hard taskmaker had begrudgingly flung him. In ten minutes the luncheon was finished, and then the young man resumed his labors with reports, policies, and letters. I made some inquiry concerning him, and learned that he was one of the most valuable employes in the office—earnest, faithful and loyal, and that his services were appreciated and rewarded with a good salary, out of which he and his mother, good Yankee that she was, were daily saving a snug sum. And yet I pitied him. If I had been an old man I should have said to him, as earnestly and paternally as I knew how: "Young man don't eat any more luncheon at your desk. Tell your mother not to put up any more eggs or mince pie for you; you can't afford it. You may save a penny or two and a half hour's time, but you can earn your salary, and more, too, after taking an hour for dinner out. The pennies you are saving now will some day be needed to pay doctor's bills and support you when you are too sick to work. Stop this desk luncheon. Go out to a restaurant, buy some soup, some warm food take your time to its eating, find some companions to go with you and chat and laugh with you. Take a little stroll in the open air, fill your lungs with oxygen that is not superheated and lifeless, get your mind away from your work a little while, and depend upon it, the sum of your life's strength, energy and happiness will be all the greater for it." But, not being an old man, I left the misguided youth to his fate and his dyspepsia.

The Opium Habit.—A well-known doctor says that various preparations of opium and morphine are used by habitues, the sulphate of morphia being the most common. It is taken in quantity from one to twenty grains daily. A former patient of mine, a physician, was said to take one hundred and thirty grains of morphia daily. As this became monotonous he occasionally varied it by consuming a pound of chloform.

The administration of the drug is usually by the mouth. Some take it hypodermically. It is said, also, that the smoking of opium is rapidly increasing in this country.

It is taken at night or in the early morning—or more frequently, perhaps, both at night and morning. Some, however, take it three, four or more times in the twenty-four hours. One patient used to take it every three or four hours, and supplement that dose with a whisky toddy. The tendency is always to increase the quantity used. The same doses never produce the same results on successive days. There is, except during a brief period of exhilaration, an unsatisfied longing for something; sometimes a feeling of intense discomfort, which the habitue seeks to remove by resorting again to the drug, and thus the interval is gradually lessened and the daily quantity increased. However, much is taken, the habitue rarely has continuous sleep. He tosses and moans, sleeping and waking a thousand times in a single night.

Dangers of Sea Bathing.—During the summer season, when sea bathing is generally practiced, death by drowning is so common, that every person should familiarize himself with some method of resuscitation; and if each community living upon the seashore or upon the banks of rivers or bays would organize a life-saving service, or obtain instruction in this important subject, many lives which are now sacrificed would be saved. One of the simplest methods of artificial respiration is that which Mr. J. A. Francis has described in the British "Medical Journal." The body of the patient is laid on the back, with clothes loosened, and the mouth and nose wiped; two bystanders pase their right hands under the body at the level of the waist, and grasp each other's hands, then raise the body until the tips of the fingers and toes of the subject alone touch the ground, count fifteen rapidly; then lower the body flat to the ground, and press the elbows to the side hard; count fifteen again; then raise the body again for the same length of time; and so on, alternately raising and lowering. The head, arms and legs are to be allowed to dangle down freely when the body is raised.

The Human Eyes.—Keep a shade on your gas burner always when reading, sewing or doing anything requiring close attention.

Never begin to read, write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to light.

Never read by twilight, moonlight or on a cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, window or door.

It is best to let the light fall from above obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that on awakening the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyes by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are prompted to rub your eyes that moment stop using them.

If the eyes are glued together on waking up do not forcibly open them, but apply saliva with the finger, it is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water.

Odds and Ends.

Song.

If one shall, losing by sad chance
Hope's fairy glance
Begin to sigh,
What remedy best rights the wrong?
Why, a sweet song
And beauty's eye.

For more can do and win, by grace
A lovely face
Than knight at arms,
And naught makes sorrow sooner flee
Than melody,
That once had charms.

Daniel Defoe was a hosier and the son of a butcher.

Whitfield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.

Bishop Prideaux worked in the kitchen at Exeter College, Oxford.

Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher.

Ferguson was a shepherd.

Dean Tucker was the son of a small farmer in Cardiganshire, and performed his journeys to Oxford on foot.

Edmund Halley was the son of a soap-boiler at Shoreditch.

Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich, was the son of a farmer, at Ashby de la Zouch.

Lucian was the son of a maker of statuary.

Virgil was the son of a porter.

Horace was the son of a shopkeeper.

Shakespeare was the son of a wool-stapler.

Milton was the son of a money scrivener.

Pope was the son of a merchant.

Robert Burns was the son of a ploughman in Ayrshire.

A treasure dating back two centuries has been discovered in an old house standing in a garden in the Rue Galande in Paris. The landlady was having some repairs executed and gas laid on; and the workmen, on tearing down the paper in a room on the ground-floor, found—artfully concealed in a recess in the wall—an iron box containing wills and family papers dating from the year 1694, with a quantity of coin, among which were about one hundred and sixty foreign gold pieces of the size of a double louis. The next day the workmen in digging in the garden to lay down the gaspipes came upon another box with twelve hundred pieces of gold and silver of the same kind.

Mr. Ruskin does not like bicycling. He writes: "I not only object, but am quite prepared to spend all my best 'bad language' in reprobation of bi-tri-and-4-5-6-or 7 cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding, human feet on God's ground. To walk, to run, to leap, and to dance are the virtues of the human body, and neither to stride on stilts, wriggle on wheels, or dangle on ropes, and nothing in the training of the human mind with the body will ever supersede the appointed God's ways of slow walking and hard working."

Isaac Came, a rich shoemaker of Manchester, who left his property to public charities, opened his first shop opposite to the building where he had been a servant, and put a sign which read: "I, Came—from over the way." Somewhat like this was the sign of a tavern keeper named Danger, near Cambridge, who, having been driven out of his house, built another opposite and inscribed it: "Danger—from over the way." The successor retorted by putting up a new inscription: "There is no Danger here now."

The drummers and trumpeters of the German army are declared by *Le Paris* to be hard at work learning the beats and calls of French troops. The same authority also alleges that in many engagements of the war of 1870 the command to cease firing was often given to the French infantry by German buglers; and that the command to halt, sounded by the same buglers, often stopped a charge of French cavalry, and placed them in a position where they could be mowed down.

The Germans are making headway in iron shipbuilding as well as in other branches of engineering. In the year lately ended the port of Hamburg added twenty-two ships to its fleet of merchantmen. Of this number twenty were built in Germany, twelve being of iron. Only two iron steamers were built in England. A few years ago all orders for new ships went to English yards.

Connecticut has only four lawyers among the 249 members of her State Assembly. Yet it is observed that no recent legislature has got through its work more quickly, or apparently to better purpose, than this one is doing. Probably its Acts will be none the less intelligible even to the legal profession.

The Government of the Republic of Columbia is inviting offers for the monopoly of the supply of matches of all kinds for a period of twenty-five years. The republic has a population of about 3,000,000, and as it includes the Panama Canal it is probable that this will rapidly increase.

Ristori, who is now staying in Rome, is occupying her leisure by writing her memoirs, dating from her first appearance on the stage. She was then, like Mrs. Kendal, a mere infant, being but three months old. Her nurse carried her in, and her *début* was, it is said, singularly successful.

The Police of the City of London, says the *Court Journal*, are to be instructed in shorthand. No doubt the more educated the more intelligent the force will become; but the exact need for shorthand writing in the profession of a policeman is not immediately obvious.

The new hangman in Vienna, a young nobleman, the Chevalier de Seviriéd, is a handsome young fellow of very refined manners, and very particular about his hands, always wearing a new pair of gloves for each execution.

The latest claim put forth by Scotland, in order to add to the long list of her great sons is a claim for Pontius Pilate—of all men! They say that he was a genuine Scotchman, and born at Perth.

The Earl of Spencer, in a speech which he made recently at a banquet given by a member of the Royal Academy of Music, said:—"The Italians have music, the Germans understand it, the French talk it, and the English pay for it."

Few People remember that Cardinal Manning is a widower. In 1830 he married the third daughter of Rev. John Sergeant, of Lavington, Sussex. His wife lived only three years. The late Bishop Wilberforce, of Winchester, was his brother-in-law.

Moral courage is more worth having than physical; not only because it is a higher virtue, but because the demand for it is more constant. Physical courage is a virtue which is almost put away in the lumber room. Moral courage is wanted day by day.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your old dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bull-dog; it is only the cur who sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.

Conscience will sometimes let a gentleman dore; but after discovery has come, and opened your curtains and said:—"You desired to be called early?" there's little use in trying to sleep much.

It is well-known to all experienced minds that our firmest convictions are often dependent on subtle impressions, for which words are quite too coarse a medium.

"The pin," we are told, "has made its way into the highest walks of life." Queer. The pin has but one point in its favor. But then it has a level head and lots of brass.

Prophets were Messengers of God; their preachings and songs were preserved by the Hebrews, and rendered more impressive by their connection with poetry and music.

Miscellaneous.

Wine and Water.

Wine, wine, thy power and praise
Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays;
But water, I deem, has a mightier claim
To fill up a niche in the temple of Fame.
Ye who are bred in Anacreon's school
May sneer at my strain as the song of a fool;
Ye are wise, no doubt, but have yet to learn
How the tongue can cleave and the veins can burn.

Should ye ever be one of the fainting band,
With your brow to the sun and your feet to the sand,
I should wager the thing I'm most loth to spare
That your Bacchanal chorus would never ring there:
Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell
What treasures exist in the cold deep well;
Sink in despair on the red, parched earth,
And then ye may reckon what water is worth.

Famine is laying her hand of bone
On a ship becalmed in a torrid zone;
The gnawing of hunger's worm is past,
But fiery thirst lives on to the last.
The stoutest one of the gallant crew
Hath a cheek and lips of ghastly hue;
The hot blood stands in each glassy eye,
And "Water, oh, God," is the only cry.

There's drought in the land, and the herbage is dead,
No ripple is heard in the streamlets' bed;
The herd's low bleat and the sick man's pant
Are mournfully telling the boon we want.
Let heaven this one rich gift withhold,
How soon we find it is better than gold.
And water, I say, hath a right to claim
The minstrel's song and a tithe of fame.

An Inventor's Hard Luck.—The life of Mr. Daniel Drawbaugh, who claims to be the original inventor of the telephone, like that of many men of his class, is a story of poverty, of hardship, and a constant battle for fortune. He was born in 1827, in the village of Eberley's Mills, Cumberland County, U. S. A. He attended school a part of five winters, up to the time he was sixteen years old. When he was about twelve years old he made a clock and an automatic machine for sawing waggon felloes, and continued throughout his life to manifest a genius for mechanical inventions.

During the years 1859 and 1860 he conceived the idea of transmitting articulate speech electrically through a telegraph wire, and he started to make a machine through which, it is alleged, conversation could be carried on at a distance of twenty miles. This was done by the use of what is known as the "carbon telescope," which is constructed on the same principle as the Blake transmitter. Some of these instruments, counsel said, were made as early as 1867.

Prior to the war Drawbaugh invented a machine that was largely used for agricultural purposes in the South, and when the war broke out he had a large amount of money owing to him that he was not able to collect. He was therefore obliged to go into bankruptcy. From 1869 to 1880 he was in extreme poverty, with a large family, and his only source of income was payment for the doing of odd mechanical work in the houses and on the farms of his neighbors. The latter said of him that his hobby was electricity, and that he was a man of great inventive genius, but it was frequently very hard work for him to borrow five shillings from any one.

A Chinese Restaurant.—You have never dined, reader, at a Chinese restaurant. You enter and perch upon a stool near a large, square table. The next moment the attendant has put down in front of you a tea pot filled with fresh, boiling tea, a tea-cup one-third the size used by Australians, two ebony chop sticks, a porcelain spoon, a tiny liqueur-bowl, and a saucer filled with a chocolate fluid, called se-yu. This is a hybrid between salt and dilute Worcestershire sauce.

The first course is cold roast chicken, served with pickled, perfumed turnip. The flesh is tender, snow white and free from sauce. It is cut into small pieces, but these are arranged so as to preserve the outline of the fowl. You snip a piece with your chopsticks, dip in the sauce, and then eat it in solemn silence. The next course is fresh fish, steamed, boiled, or fried whole and covered with a dark and very aromatic sauce. With it is served a bowl heaped to overflowing with rice. It is cooked as only the Chinese can—each grain soft and tender and distinct from its fellows. Next appears a bowl of chicken soup, on whose surface floats a few thin slices of some green vegetables. Then follow roast duck with pickled carrot, chow-chop sue (a ragout of chicken liver, lean pork, bamboo tip, celery, bean-shoots, and onions), dried fish, steamed chopped pork, maccaroni and chicken, and dainty dumplings filled with spiced, hashed meats. With the foods are served tiny pitchers of liqueurs. One is a brown rice arrack, the second a date brandy, and the third an orange gin. All the dishes are well cooked and served, and are a novelty to the most blase gourmet.

The Parisienne—The Parisienne lives in a whirlwind. Eager for amusement, greedy for sensation, the one unforgivable sin, the one insupportable circumstance of life is dullness; graceful, febrile, intelligent, superficial, alive to her finger-tips, she is always on the move—coming, going, here, there, everywhere—she has solved in her person the problem of perpetual motion. She reads little, she studies less; but she observes everything; she participates in everything. She is not exactly pretty, but she is *piquante*, dainty, distinguished in her air. A suggestion of mutinous coquetry marks her bearing. Her talk is animated and incisive; her gestures eloquent. She mingles her topics with a light hand, mixes philosophy with *chiffons*, politics with fashions. She has a clear, crescendo voice, a gay, vibrating laugh. Her costumes are always beautifully harmonious, apt for every occasion, and sufficiently varied to suggest her view of existence to be a masquerade. Her home, be it a single room, an apartment or a chateau, is always cared for in every detail of its arrangement, and becomes a characteristic background to her own personality. Her impulse, in one word, is to make her life artistic, vivid and emotional. The Parisienne is alert from the moment she wakes. If she takes her chocolate and hot roll in bed, she glances over the *Figaro* as she takes this early meal. Its columns bring all Paris to her bedside—its *fêtes* and its charities, its scandals and occupations. She does not want more. Outside of Paris nothing exists for her. In Paris she holds, you live; elsewhere you vegetate.

Publishing a Book.—Nowadays, a great many books carrying the imprint of well known publishers are not issued at their risk. Books that promise a ready sale for any reason are issued usually at the expense of the publisher, who pays a royalty to the author. If there is any reason to doubt the complete success of the venture the author is required to contribute to the expense of printing, and in some cases he is obliged to pay the entire cost. I sometimes have men come to me with manuscripts who claim that they can sell five hundred copies to their own friends. In one such case I told the gentleman that I doubted whether he would sell fifty copies on any such basis. He was at first inclined to resent such an outspoken opinion, but cooled off, and having such confidence in the potency of his name in the town where he lived he assumed the entire risk of publishing the book. Now, how many do you suppose he sold, in the territory where he expected to sell five hundred? Of course you can't guess, but as a matter of actual fact he sold just twenty-five copies. The publication of a book is purely a business matter; if people do not want it very few will buy it simply because they know the author. I have sold over eighty thousand copies of a book by a man whose name had never been heard of beyond a small circle, but, you see, the book had something in it.

Humor.

Carl Pretzel's Nose.

Near by famed Hildburghausen,
Where the Werra gently flows,
Lived Hans Gesprechen Pretzel,
Mit a wart upon his nose.
His hair was like der sunset,
His legs were round as pies.
He was big shaped like a parrel,
Und he shqhinted mit his eyes.
"I dinks dis guntry's goin'
To der teivel, oh, mein vrow,"
He said to his vife Matilda
As he gissed her loafly prow.
"Dur shildren, Hans, Jemima,
Johanna, Fritz, Ostad,
Gatrina, Carl, und Shulia,
Vas going to der pad."
"I backs mine garpet bag, loaf,
Und sails agross der sea
To the Powery, und der Shatam Square
In der guntry of der wree.
I sell der peer und bretzels,
Und many tollars make,
Und ven I vas a Shay Gould,
Your bassage you vas dake."
"Och, Hans, you vas a shanus,"
His loving vrow she stoke.
"Off you did not come back soon again
My loving heart vas proke.
But go, I backs your sadchel
Mit sausages und pred,
You might got hongry on der road
Pefore you go to ped."
Two years rolled und not a word
From Hans Gesprechen came.
"I will," thought Fraulein Pretzel, "go
Und shtop his leedle game."
A lady she of middle,
She took her shildren nine—
Dere vas ein paby since Hans left—
Und sailed agross der prine.
One day through Paxter street she walked
Disconsolate und sad,
Nobody seemed to know her Hans,
Und that was make her mad.
When lo! she sbied a Sherman man
Who seemed to wear some gloes
That looked like Hildburghausen,
Where the lovely Werra flows.
"'Tis Hans: I know dot goat vell,"
And she started to give chase;
Then she put her hands upon him
And look up in his face.
There was no wart upon his dose,
His eyes looked straight und glear,
His legs was pent no longer,
He schmelled no more mit beer.
But Tilda was no maiden
To be too guick shook off;
She seized her Pretzel mit his nose
And made at him a scoff.
"Where is dat wart?" she shouted;
"Where ish dem golden hair?
Where was dot legs, dose lovely shquint?"
But echo answered where.
Base Hans he had got blain-ed,
Und straightened out by Hans;
A doctor had his eyes put right.
His wig was black and danned,
But when he saw der shig was up,
Und vanished like pipe shmoke,
He ordered up ein keg of peer
Und shwore it was a choke.

The Stubbornest Man He Ever Saw.—The large congregation of the Persimmon street colored church is in trouble. Some time ago the old preacher was allowed to depart. He had taken hold of the religious enterprise when it held out but few promises and had by integrity and strict attention to business made it a success; but when he hinted that in consequence of a rapidly growing family his salary ought to become somewhat swollen the executive committee replied that the church could get along very well without him. The other day a prominent citizen, meeting old Caleb Frazier, who prides himself upon being one of the corner stones

EPIGRAMS AND THEIR HISTORY.

One of the most neglected of literary byeways is that of the origin, rise and progress, and we fear we must add, decline and fall of the English epigram. The Rev. H. J. Dodd, in his large collection issued by Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons, is the only modern authority on the subject, although several collections were made in the last century, and are now scarce.

As the epigram in England is mainly of native growth, and differs widely from its Greek, Latin and Continental congeners, a brief sketch of its history, with a few illustrative specimens, may not be uninteresting.

In the early days of Queen Elizabeth, J. Heywood translated the majority of Martial's epigrams into not too musical English verse, and Thomas Bastards Nicholas Breton, John Davies of Hereford, Dr. Donne, Ben Jonson, Herrick, and Richard Crashaw, soon naturalised the importation, and henceforth a play upon words, as well as in thought, became part and parcel of the English epigram. Under Pope, Swift, Gay, and their contemporaries, epigram became a real power, in fact many of Pope's most brilliant satires might be cut up into little epigrams; and Young would serve to adorn a collection in the same manner. The later satirists, Churchill and Cowper, are more like Horace and Juvenal, and their work is more characteristic, and not to be split up successfully into detached bits. Some brilliant political epigrams by Canning, Frere, and others deserve mention; and Coleridge tried, with most disastrous results, to imitate the polish, wit, and vigour of the Augustan age of English literature. Since his day, epigram has been relegated to the party journal and the comic newspaper; nor do we see any signs at present of a revival, like the wondrous rehabilitation of the sonnet and sonnet literature, which would render it at all likely that a revival of its bitter and stinging wit is imminent in English letters.

One of the best known of seventeenth century epigrams is John Lord Rochester's mock epitaph on the "Merry Monarch:"

"Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one!"

The story goes, that for this Charles the Second banished him from the Court, but Charles would only have laughed! The real poem for which he was banished was a satire, not an epigram, and he richly deserved it. The curious in such matters may find it in the four-volume edition of the "State Poems," or in the piracy of the same collection, 1705.

Many of the seventeenth century epigrams were written to be placed under portraits, and all will remember Dryden's

"Three poets, in three distant ages born,"

as a case in point.

The distinction between epigram and epitaph is not very marked; many so called epitaphs being merely epigrams misnamed. To one such writer of epitaphs, Dr. John Friend, who in sonorous and stately Latin adorned the walls of Westminster Abbey with some of the longest epitaphs in existence, Pope addressed the lines:—

"Friend, for your epitaphs I'm grieved,
Where still too much is said;
One half will never be believed,
The other never read!"

We beg leave to doubt if Pope was at all grieved at his rival's failure, for he naturally thought a few lines from "Mr. Alexander Pope, of Twickenham," were superior (and we agree with him) to the ponderous Latin inscriptions of Friend and his contemporaries.

Old John Newbery in his "Epigram on Epigrams," often misascribed to Warton, says:

"Its sting is in its tail,"

as a matter of fact, it should run through the whole epigram like an electric current.

Dryden did not much affect epigram, as his brawny strength hardly found room for its natural display, but Prior was to the manner born. His own epitaph:—

"Nobles and lords, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior!
The son of Adam and of Eve,
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?"

is an instance in point; the repartee is quick and effective, and we believe nine people out of ten will fail to see the assumption underlying the whole, namely, that all Adam and Eve's sons are in equality of state. However, as Prior lived in ante-Darwinian days, something may be forgiven him.

Some of Pope's epigrams are known to lurk unsigned, and all but unsought for, in the pages of the "Grub street Journal." From personal examination, we doubt the expediency of their revival, but they are still, and notwithstanding of some literary importance, as illustrating not only Pope, but that greatly misunderstood and abused patriot, Jonathan Swift.

The epigram, first issued in the 1727-8 "Miscellanies," on the quarrel then raging between Handel and Bononcini, has appeared in more than one version. We prefer the following as the fuller:—

"Some say that Signor Bononcini,
Compared to Handel is a ninny!
Others aver that, to him, Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold the candle;
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee."

But of all the bitter epigrams Pope in leisure moments poured forth, few are familiar now, and it is well that it should be so. Epigram in his hands was no safe weapon, for injustice in attribution of motive is pretty sure to result from his warped judgment and prejudice.

An anonymous epitaph, in the finest spirit of epigram, recalls the memory of Frederic, Prince of Wales, beloved rather for his lack of positive qualities or vices, as exhibited in his father and grandfather, than for merits of his own, as the epitaph quaintly and humorously admits:—

"Here lies Prince Fred!
Who was alive, and is dead;
If it had been his father
We had much rather;
If it had been his mother,
Better than any other;
If it had been his sister,
None would have missed her;
If it had been the whole generation,
Ten times better for the nation;
But, since 'tis only Fred
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said!"

The allusions to the father represent George II.; to the mother, Queen Caroline; to the sister, the Queen of Denmark, so cruelly treated by her husband; the whole generation signifying the house of Brunswick, which a century later takes the place of *de jure* as *de facto* of the extinct Stuart line. This epigram reminds us of good old John Byrom, poet, philosopher, and staunch Jacobite, who, in those stormy days, compressed wisdom, charity, and prudence with wit and humor into a four-lined epigram:—

"God bless the King! I mean the Faith's Defender;
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
Which the Pretender is, and which is King,
(God bless us all!), that's quite another thing!"

But whether party feeling would now be soothed into silence in such a fashion is questionable.

Notable among later epigrams is that in which a parallel was drawn between "headless Charles and heartless Henry" at the examination of their remains by Sir Henry Halford and others when Byron suggested that "even tombs" could disgorge their tyrant's ashes, but to mould a George! lines which are said to have pierced through the very frigid soul and the very great vanity of George IV, the "first gentleman in Europe."

In the fifty years following the accession of our present Sovereign, the throne, and men, high in political, ecclesiastical and social life have presented less mark for the shafts of epigram than at any epoch since the Reformation; and we quote, in conclusion, the lines of one who held the subject of our paper in some contempt:—

"Oh, who shall turn a single hair,
Or feel a single qualm,
If you your worst shall do and dare,
In bitter epigram?"

—*Printer and Stationer.*

WARDEN'S COURT.

Beaufort, Monday, 29th August.

(Before C. J. Thomson, Esq., Warden.)

Mr. John Wotherspoon, on behalf of the New Victoria No. 2 Tribute Extended G.M. Co., applied for a lease of 12a. 0r. 37p., at Waterloo, the ground being portion of the lease abandoned by the South Victoria Company. The applicant, sworn, said he had complied with the necessary forms and the mining regulations; and Mr. John Humphreys, as agent for the company, testified to having made application in the usual way. The application was recommended.

APPLICATION OBJECTED TO.

Mr. Alphonse Ansaldi applied, on behalf of the Excelsior Gold Mining Co., consisting of himself and four others, for a lease of six acres of ground, portion of the lease abandoned by the Hobart Pasha Company, at Waterloo. The applicant stated that he was a miner, residing at Waterloo; that on the 12th July he pegged out the ground applied for in accordance with the regulations; inserted notice of application in "The Ripon-shire Advocate," and posted a duplicate at the Courthouse. His party consisted of five—the applicant (A. Ansaldi), G. Kern, Joseph Bowes, James Bowes, and William Evans—and it was desired the lease should be made out in all of their names. They were the holders of the land applied for under miners' rights, and had transferred their right to the company, retaining an interest in the company. Notice of objection had been served upon him by Mr. W. K. Shaw, on behalf of the Waterloo branch of the Miners' Association.

Mr. Gaunt appeared for Mr. Ansaldi, and after asking if Mr. Shaw was in court, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he stated to the bench that no person could object to a lease on behalf of some one else, and asked that Mr. Shaw might appear in his own behalf, and he would consent to the striking out of the words in the formal notice of objection, "on behalf of the Waterloo branch A.M.A."

Mr. Shaw said he would object on his own behalf, and the words were struck out.

Mr. Gaunt then addressed the warden, stating that the ground was formerly held on lease by the Hobart Pasha Company, and the lease had been abandoned. In the notice of objection served upon his client, several statements were made which were not objections. It was stated as an objection that the Miners' Association believed that Ansaldi and party intended to sublet the working of the ground on tribute. Even supposing this to be near the truth, that was not a legal objection. The Mining Act allowed it, and letting on tribute was strictly in accordance with the law. His worship would thus see that this was not an objection against the lease being granted as much as it was a grievance against the law. If men elected representatives to Parliament to make laws for them, they must put up with these laws or put another class of men in power. Any person or company could allow their leaseholds to be worked on tribute, which was perfectly legal. If the objection was that the ground would give employment to a great number of men, there would perhaps be something in it; but even under the mining regulations of this district, his client and party would be entitled to take up more ground than is applied for. He submitted that none of the objections set forth held good either in point of law or point of fact. It seemed to be nothing but an attempt to overrule legislation.

Mr. Shaw said that the object pointed out by Mr. Gaunt was not right. The objectors wanted to protect small blocks of land, which might be taken up on lease, and held to the exclusion of the miners. The Association would not object to the leasing of small blocks in cases where it would be necessary to erect machinery. These leases might be worked for a few months, and then virtually abandoned, although not forfeited. The leaseholders would hold the ground and let it on tribute from time to time. Owners of rights could not go on the ground to work it without paying a percentage for the privilege. A working miner must get a lease abandoned to the Crown before he could work it under a miner's right. The objection was taken that this was an individual application for the lease by Alphonse Ansaldi.

Mr. Gaunt—Nothing of the sort. The application is on behalf of the Excelsior Gold Mining Company, and it has been asked that the lease be made out in the names of the five men.

Mr. Shaw submitted that the parties had been paying tribute to the Hobart Pasha Co., although the lease was abandoned.

Mr. Gaunt—Would Mr. Shaw go into the box? I have a question or two to ask.

Mr. Shaw—Certainly.

Mr. Shaw then interrogated by Mr. Gaunt said the party consisted of five men. Under the mining regulations they would be entitled to take up more ground than that applied for. One of his principal objections to this application was that the leasing of small blocks would create a monopoly. He did not mean to say that this particular lease would; but it would lead to other small blocks being taken up, and thus the monopoly would be created.

Mr. Gaunt—But if the same number of men could take up more ground under miners' rights, where's the monopoly?

Mr. Shaw—Don't expect a monopoly in this particular instance. Would not object to more ground being taken up under miners' rights.

Mr. Gaunt—From what I can understand, Mr. Shaw, your grievance appears to be that the Mining department does not respond quickly enough in publishing the forfeiture or abandonment of a lease.

Mr. Shaw—That's one grievance.

Mr. Gaunt—Tell me another grievance.

Mr. Shaw—I will name no other.

Mr. Gaunt—That will do. I now hope that your worship will see that there is no objection. Ansaldi and party hold the ground under miners' right, and their object in applying for the lease is to secure a better title to their holdings than can be obtained under the rights. They also intend to form a no-liability company to work the ground. I consider that we are entitled to costs for opposing these objection.

The Warden—I will consider that. The application is adjourned for report.

ALLOCATION OF THE PROSPECTING VOTE.

The Minister of Mines has allocated the Prospecting Vote. Out of the L80,000, L66,500 is distributed amongst the seven districts as follow:—

Sandhurst	...	... £10,200
Ballarat ...	...	... 10,050
Beechworth	...	... 10,005
Maryborough	...	... 9,650
Castlemaine	...	... 9,350
Ararat ...	...	... 8,675
Gippsland	...	... 8,570
		£66,500

Of the balance of the vote (L13,500), the sum of L5000 has been set apart by the Minister for boring in special places recommended by the Geological Surveyor, and not reported upon by the local prospecting boards. The rest of the money will be required to cover the expenses of the Mines department in connection with the prospecting vote, the expenses of the prospecting boards, the maintenance of drills, purchase of bits, diamonds, &c.

As far as our district is partaking in the allocation of the vote, we have nothing to complain about. Out of the L12,375 recommended by the board more than two-thirds of the amount is allocated, viz., L8675. Out of this, the Raglan division gets L2375, or rather more than one-third of the amount allotted to this district, L2000 of which, however, will be spent in boring on the Lillirie Plains. The following table shows the amounts applied for, those recommended, and those allotted in this division:—

	Applied for.	Recommended.	Alloted.
Matthew White and Party, Malakoff Hill	£400	£250	£250
E. Compiano, Raglan	150	—	—
J. McDonald, Beaufort ...	100	—	—
J. Deming and Party, Geelong Flat	100	100	—
New Royal Saxon Co. (P. Blackmore), Beaufort	500	500	250
J. Cadle and Co., Nerring ...	250	125	125
Saxon Consols Co., Waterloo ...	1000	—	—
K. McKinnon, Chute	750	—	—
Boring Lillirie Plains	—	2000	2000
£	4450	2975	2575

The amount of L2000 allotted for boring on Lillirie Plains was, it will be remembered, recommended on the suggestion of Mr. J. W. Browne, the member of the board representing the Ararat district. The actual applications represented an amount of L4450; and the amount has been reduced in recommendations and allotment to L575, similar amounts to those recommended having to be expended in L1 for L1 contributions.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

The monthly meeting of the local club was fired on Wednesday last. The ranges were 400, 500, and 600 yards; seven shots at each. The limit was 94, but was not reached by any of the scratch men, Mr. Male being the nearest with 93. Messrs A. Trompf and J. McKeich, each with a handicap of 7 points, tied for first honors, Mr. Lord being next. The following are the scores:—

	Yds—400	500	600	H'cap	Ttl.
Capt. Thomas	30	30	25	scr	85
J. McRae	29	32	29	scr	90
J. Chapman	34	28	18	scr.	80
T. A. Archard	33	20	26	scr.	89
S. W. Male	29	31	33	scr.	93
J. W. Harris	28	21	12	8	69
J. M'Keich	30	29	28	7	*94
A. A. Trompf	32	29	27	7	†94
J. A. Lord	31	31	24	8	94
E. J. Thomas	26	26	25	10	87
J. Jackson	29	12	21	16	78
J. McCraith	16	18	12	20	66
R. Jackson	20	18	12	24	74
A. J. Morris	18	21	11	28	78
— Haines	13	9	23	28	73

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills of 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.

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.

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.

Dr Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System.

Mr. George Schutze, 29 Sturt street, Ballarat, agent for Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen Clothing, delivered a very interesting address on "First Wealth is Health," at the German Club, Ballarat East, as partly reported in the Ballarat papers of 20th May. The speaker was listened to by a large audience, and all seemed to grasp the ideas and principles illustrated by Mr. Schutze, who was attired from head to foot in Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen Clothing System. The speaker showed that by wearing Dr. Jaeger's System, the body is always kept in a healthy state and protected from colds. Mr. Schutze read several testimonials from clergymen, doctors, and other prominent gentlemen of Ballarat District who have worn the Sanitary Clothing for several years, and who cannot speak too highly of it, as it has effected several cures. The gent's and ladies' underclothing shown by Mr. Schutze—viz., shirts, singlets, combinations, drawers, nightshirts, socks with five toes, sheetings, pillowslips, boots, hats, collars, cuffs, &c., were made of the very finest pure, natural and undyed wool, and woven in a peculiar way so as to allow a moderate supply of air to act on the body. But what was most admired as the greatest novelty was the suit he wore. It consisted of a coat, trousers, and vest, made of stockinette, and hardly any seams in it, no wadding or linings whatever, and fitted him most beautifully. It was not made by a tailor, but woven in Germany to his measure, and is particularly adapted for the Australian climate, and will, as the London *Times* and Melbourne *Argus* remarked, revolutionise our entire mode of clothing, as there never has been such a comfortable and healthy clothing manufactured before, any one wishing to give them a trial, should give an early call, as it will take about four months before they will arrive. Mr. Schutze pointed out that Dr. Jaeger's Woollen Clothing System, was unsurpassed for fabric and texture, and the most delicate skin would not be subjected to that irritating effect which is caused by flannel garments, and that nature has told us to wear wool on the body, and even not linen or cotton garments on top of wool, as these are airtight, and drive the perspiration back to the skin, fills the pores up, causing bad and unpleasant smells, also preventing proper perspiration; and is it not reasonable to think that if the pores, which are the safety valves of our bodies, are choked up any poison inhaled or partaken of in our food cannot be thrown off again, must therefore make its appearance in some kind of disease. Newspapers teem with complaints of imperfect drainage of our cities, but they speak very rarely of the proper drainage of our bodies, and it is high time that Dr. Jaeger with his system stepped in. On the other hand, by adopting Dr. Jaeger's system, it will, on account of its porous nature, not retard any perspiration, but will evaporate it in a few moments, therefore keeping the skin dry and not liable to catch cold so easily, as the skin gets hardened to the air and does not feel the cold in winter. The Rev. Dr. Cualmers observed rightly when saying that the blacks die more through overclothing than drinking whisky. The material is made so different to the ordinary flannel that if the right article be procured it will not shrink if washed according to directions; and if shrunk by accident it can be brought back to its original size. Mr. Schutze impressed upon his hearers (as there were spurious articles in the market), that all those stamped with the manufacturer's trade mark and Mr. Schutze's signature are the genuine Dr. Jaeger's System, and he guarantees them as such. Further, he demonstrated the fact that since Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen Clothing System has been introduced, the demand for wool has enormously increased; and further, if the Germans alone, who sleep in feather beds and wear linen shirts on the body, would adopt the System, which they have have done already to an enormous extent, and use blankets and Jaeger's garments, there would not be sheep enough in Australia to keep up the demand, and he ventured to say that in not many years to come we would gladly put up a monument to Dr. Jaeger, the greatest benefactor Australia ever had. Upon these remarks being made, Mr. Schutze was oudly applauded. 3m.015.87

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, 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 whensomebodyis 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 troubles 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,

"Herriet King."

THE EFFECTS HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL.

"Ilford Road Dispensary, Dunkinfield,
May 3rd, 188.

"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,

"Fro. Edwin Eastwo

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.

SUFFERERS FROM WIND ON THE STOMACH, Indigestion, Costiveness, Giddiness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Disturbed Sleep, Palpitat of the Heart, Colic, Ague, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Skin Eruptions, &c., shouldlose no time in availing themselves of that most excellent medicine—"PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS," which for 30 years has held the first place in the world as an effectual antidote to the above and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach, bowels, or liver. Tonic, invigorating and purifying, they form the best remedy extant. Sold by all Medicine Vendorsin boxes at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 3s 6d. each. Proprietor, Page D. Woodcock, Lincoln, England.

Best Cut Aromatic Tobacco can be obtained at H. P. Henningsen's, tobacconist, etc., Neill street, Beaufort.

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, OMPSITT and Co., Melbourne.

IMPOUNDED AT BEAUFORT

Red and white cow, T near shoulder, top off off ear.

If not claimed and expenses paid to be sold on 17th September, 1887.

W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

On Sale
AT
JEREMIAH SMITH'S
TIMBER YARD,
CORNER OF LIVINGSTONE & WILLOBY STREETS—

American shelving boards
Do lumber do
6 x 1 T and G Scotch flooring
6 x ½ do do lining
6 x ¾ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 cut pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
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

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

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FOR SALE.

APPLY

THIS OFFICE.

THE CELEBRATED CLYDESDALE STALLION
PURVES
Will stand this season at his Owner's Farm, Middle Creek, and travel the surrounding district.

PURVES is a dark bay, foaled 2nd November, 1881; sire Carnyle, dam Gipsy. In 1882, as a yearling he carried off first honors at Smeaton for the best yearling draught colt on the ground, and one of a group of three; also two champion prizes. At Ballarat, in the spring of 1882, he won first prize for the best draught colt. At Kyneton same year he took first prize; and also won the Mares' Produce Stakes of £40; open competition. At Clunes he was again first in his class. At Echuca he took 1st prize, and also a special for the best yearling colt on the ground. At Bendigo Grand National Show, first again, and his half-brother (got by the same sire) coming second; open competition. At Glenlyon he won 1st prize for the best yearling; thus showing an unbeaten record for no less than a dozen times as a yearling.

His sire, Carnyle, is too well known in this district to need comment.

PURVES' dam was Gipsy, by Surprise (imported); g.s. dam's side, Surprise; etc.

PURVES began his two year old show-yard triumphs in Adelaide, S.A., in September 1883, at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show there. He won first in his own class, and Hart Bros.' silver cup, value ten guineas; and the same day, in the All-aged Stallion Champion Class, in which many first-class horses competed, notably Waverley, Purves carried off the Massive Silver Medal and Ten Guineas. At Clare, S.A., the following week, he was again first in the all-aged class, winning the Champion Prize of Ten Guineas, and in his own class the two-year-old's 1st prize also.

His owner returned to Victoria in time to show Purves at the Grand National Show in Geelong. He again won first in his own class, and in competition with colts and fillies, two years old, he won the Champion prize.

At Ballarat he won first in his class; at Clunes, shown among the three-year-olds, first; at Smeaton, among the three-year-olds, first; at Kyneton, the Larnarkshire of Victoria, Purves, for the second time, carried off the Sires Produce Challenge Cup, value 15 Guineas, defeating Mr. Bourke's grand two-year-old Black Prince, the 1st prize horse in Melbourne in the Sires Produce Stakes. Purves was also first in his own class. First at Donald Show in 1885; and again first at Ballarat in 1886.

Two of Purves' first gets were shown last September—one at Donald and one at Charlton—and got 1st prize on each occasion.

PURVES has won 32 1st prizes, and won £213 prize money.

TERMS:—£1 each mare, to be paid at the end of the season. All mares paddocked must have kind shoes taken off. Good grass paddocks, with plenty of water, provided. All care taken, but no responsibility incurred.

For further particulars apply to the Owner,
THOMAS JESS,
Shirley P.O.

THE PROMISING DRAUGHT COLT
WEE JOCK,
Will stand this Season at his Owner's Farm Granite Hill, and travel the surrounding district.

WEE JOCK is a beautiful bay, with black points, having immense bone, with splendid feet. Stand 16 hands 1 inch high, on short legs, and is rising four years old. Bred by A. McKinnon, of Beasley's Bridge, St. Arnaud. Dam Rose, by Glen Esk (imp), g.d. Bess, by Wrestler (imp), g.g.d. by George Buchanan (imp). Sire, that well-known horse England's Glory (imp), purchased at auction by J. Penberthy and Co. for £1165 10s cash; is a beautiful dark bay, stands 17 hands 1 inch high, on short legs, is very wide, showing immense power, has great substance of bone with quality, and splendid feet—a point so very necessary in a draught stallion. Bred by C. H. Manning, of Milton Ham, Northamptonshire, whose family have bred many of the best stallions in the world. England's Glory is by that grand specimen of a waggon-stallion, Sampson, the property of J. Manning, Esq., of Grangbing, Northampdenshire, a brown horse 17 hands 1 inch high, unquestionably one of the best cart-stallions in England, and got by Young Matchless, the property of Mr. Fletcher, grandsire Old Matchless, great grandsire that noted horse Ploughboy, the property of Mr. Hutchison, of Weston. The dam of Sampson Nell, a very first-class brown mare, by that well-known horse Stafford, the property of Mr. Hutchison, and winner of many prizes. Liberty, the dam of the above colt, England's Glory, a splendid bay mare by that celebrated prize-taker A1, the property of Mr. Wynn, of Grafton, near Alcester. He was the winner of fifteen first prizes at Worcester, Gloucester, Manchester, Liverpool, and various other places from 1867 to 1872. The dam of Liberty was by that big horse Brown Stout. He took first prize at the Buckinghamshire Agricultural Show, Aiesbury; also at the Thames Agricultural Show, same year. Sampson has won prizes to the amount of £250, besides medals; and geldings and mares by him are making great prices.

TERMS:—£4; £1 to be paid when mares are stinted, and the balance when proved in foal. Grass as per agreement.

N. McPHIE, OWNER.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

WE shall hold AUCTION SALES of WOOL on each

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of, as compared to Melbourne, about

SEVEN SHILLINGS PER BALE.

The attendance of all the European and American Buyers, and, in addition

A LARGER LOCAL CONSUMPTION

of Wool than in any other Australian town.

Our Warehouse accommodation, which enables us to store or display a catalogue of 9000 bales, and its situation, which is within a stone's-throw of the SHIPPING.

Our new Sale-room adjoins our warehouse, so that Buyers being on the spot, we can at once obtain a re-examination of any lots passed in at auction.

THE CAREFUL VALUATION and personal attention of each member of the firm.

Trusting that our efforts to provide Growers with every facility for the sale of their Wool in the Colony will meet with a correspondingly increased support,

We are, etc.,

DENNYS, LASCELLES, AUSTIN & CO.

Geelong, August 24th, 1887.

FAMILY HERALD.

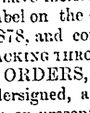
The half-yearly bound volume of the "Family Herald"—January 1 to June 30, 1887—(colonial edition), can now be obtained from the undersigned, at the published price, viz., 3s 6d.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
News Agent, Beaufort.

£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.

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.

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.

THE  STUD.

THE PURE-BRED CLYDESDALE COLT

TIME OF DAY,

Will stand this Season at BEASLEY'S BRIDGE, nine miles from St. Arnaud.

TIME OF DAY is a dark dapple bay, 3 years old. His sire, Darwin, bred by John Smith, of Dean: dam Jess by Crown Prince (imp), g. dam by A. Rowan's Scotchman (imp).

TIME OF DAY is half brother to the champion mare at Smeaton in 1884, bred by Mr. Davis, of Kingston, and his half-sister Ellwoods got first prize for dry mare at the Grand National Show held at Talbot in 1885, beating the hon. H. Miller's Princess of Wales the 5th. TIME OF DAY'S g. dam Princess Maud the 8th, was exhibited 14 times and succeeded in getting 13 first prizes. She also won the Ballarat Champion Cup two years in succession, competing against imported and colonial stallions; also champion at Geelong two years in succession against imported or colonial stallions: thus 4 years in succession the champion male or female, a feat which has as yet not been approached by any male in Victoria. Her sire, Cox's Prince of Wales (670), out of Jess, by Clydesdale Tam (175), out of Maggie by Lothian Tam (506), thus proving, for purity of Clydesdale blood and illustrious prize-taking ancestry, Time of Day can compare most favorably with any horse in the federated colonies. He gained first prize at Talbot as a yearling, second at Clunes, first at Cargarie, second at Geelong, and first at Beaufort, as a two-year-old. Time of Day is entered for the Sires' Produce Stakes at Beaufort 1888. A foal by Time of Day won THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE Cup in 1887.

TERMS:—£4, to be paid when the mares are removed, or made good by promissory note due 1st day of March, 1888. A good grass paddock for all mares sent. All care taken of mares, but no responsibility incurred.

N.B.—Sundays strictly observed.

For further particulars apply to
KENNETH McKINNON,
Beasley's Bridge, P.O., via St. Arnaud.

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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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H. P HENNINGSEN.

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.

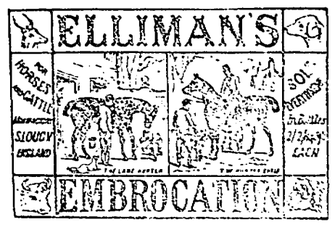
"Gentlemen,—It is with great pleasure that I add my testimony to the wonderful effects of Seigel's Syrup. For years I have been suffering from bilious attacks, which began with giddiness; then a mist would come before my eyes, so that I should not be able to recognise anyone or anything at the distance 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."

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.

"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.

NO ENGLISH STABLE IS CONSIDERED COMPLETE WITHOUT



For Sprains, Curbs, and Splints when Forming.
For Over-Reaches, Chapped Heels, Wind Galls.
For Rheumatism in Horses.
For Sore Throats and Influenza.
For Broken Knees, Bruises, Capped Hocks.
For Sore Shoulders, Sore Backs.
For Foot Rot, and Sore Mouths in Sheep and Lambs
For Sprains, Cuts, Bruises in Dogs.

SPECIMEN TESTIMONIALS.

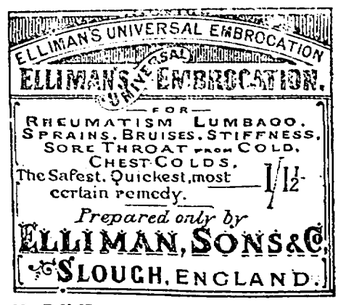
From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.
"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1, 1879.

"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I think it very useful. RUTLAND,
"Master of Belvoir Hunt."

"Castle Weir, Kington, Herefordshire.
"Dec. 3rd, 1878.

"Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in my stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for lumbago and rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.
"R. H. PRICE, Lieut-Col., Master of Radnorshire Hunt."

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION,
Sold by Chemists, Stores, and Saddlers, Price, 2s



12m D.31.87.

THOMAS GEO. ARCHARD,

CIVIL ENGINEER,

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

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

Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company

WARD & LIPMAN,

Commission Merchants,

PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

EXPORTERS OF AMERICAN GOODS.

Advances made on Consignments.

Contracts for Railways and Public Works Solicited.

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 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, [illegible] street; for Ballarat West: Mr. Walter Coun[illegible], 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.

R. C. CORDUKES,

Consulting Chemist, 132 Post Office Place,

BALLARAT EAST.

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

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

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

The best medicine known for COLDS is THOMPSON 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 Clinic, 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 13 days. [ADVT.]

FOR COUGHS COLDS, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coryza, Influenza, Consumption, &c.

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

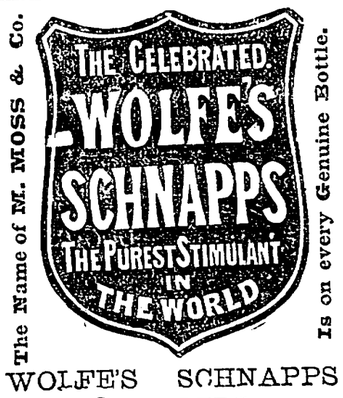
KAY'S COMPOUND, a demulcent expectorant, for Coughs, Colds, and Chest Complaints.

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. Contain Quinine, Iron, &c.

COAGULINE.—Cement for Broken Articles Sold everywhere.
Sole Makers—
KAY BROTHERS, LTD., Stockport England.

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.

Allopecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY — COMPOSITION — COMPTOIR HYGIENIQUE PARIS — 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.

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.

"For the Blood is the Life."

CLARKE'S
WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

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

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

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

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

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1882.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

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

How to Enjoy Life.

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

Our Mothers and Daughters.

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

Debilitated Constitutions—Bad Coughs.

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

Indigestion and its Cure.

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

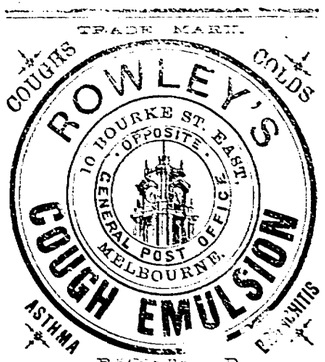
Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known in the world for the following diseases:—

Ague	Piles
Asthma	Rheumatism
Bilious Complaint	Retention of Urine
Blotches on the Skin	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptoms
Female Irregularities	Tic-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 by 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.

TRADE MARK.



FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

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

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 of the skin and penetrates meats. 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, difficulties of respiration also palpitation, sleeplessness and shortness of breath may with certainty be cured by rubbing this healing Ointment over the chest and back for at least half an hour twice a day assisted by appropriate doses of Holloway's Pills.

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

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

Gout and Rheumatism.

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

Fistulas, and Excoriations.

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

In Disorders of the Kidneys, Stone, and Gravel.

The Ointment is a sovereign remedy [illegible] twice a day into the [illegible] almost [illegible] little relief. When the Ointment has been once used it has [illegible] worth, and has again been eagerly [illegible] easiest and safest remedy in all disorders of the kidneys.

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

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

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

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

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME patients suffering from nervous affections are afraid from sheer bashfulness and modesty to PERSONALLY consult a medical man—other patients, from not the self-possession and coolness necessary for 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 without hurry describe clearly each symptom of their case, and the statement thus written, and laid before me, will be preferable in nervous diseases to a personal consultation. Where, however, a disease is of a peculiar constitutional character, a personal consultation may be necessary; but my success in correspondence is so great, that of the thousands upon thousands who have treated by letter during the last 32 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, not a case has been made public—in fact, the very singularly secret system of correspondence prevents publicity.

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

How many thousands have I not brought from old!

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

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

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

How many questions arise where the family medical adviser is unable to unravel the case, and where 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 patient gets beyond the curable stage, and so falls into premature wreck.

A letter written in the privacy of the home, and dropped in the post box nearest to your residence, is returned as quietly and unostentatiously as the patient, without stepping from his chamber, when he posts his letter, is by return of post put in possession of the nature of his case. His hopes are raised, his doubts removed, and he is comparatively a happy man in fact, in many cases, a new being altogether.

The only addition to the ordinary writing is the age, occupation, habits and symptoms, and little more. The usual consultation fee of £1 and upwards must be enclosed, otherwise no answer will be returned.

There are thousands of cases in daily life where consultation with one at a distance, with nothing but a single letter, a great fear, a great care, and a great doubt 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 a miserable life and remove many unnecessary fears and [illegible] those, more especially who have [illegible] from disease, or who feel [illegible] with me, [illegible] not always be at your service, you can, by enclosing one pound, have the benefit of my advice in the same manner as if I lived in your own town, 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.

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 Troches 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. Sampson depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London.

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

The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 621.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 10, 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 publicat n.

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

ew subscribers are only charged from th ne 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 n. must be addressed to the Editor, and must bear 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, and 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, 88.

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

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager.

15m.D.31.87.

AGENTS WANTED.

Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

FRANK VIAL, Universal Leather Belt Factory, Macarthy Road, Kensington, and 36 Alair street, Ballarat, Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the most approved Continental and American principles. Special Lists for Belts for Irrigation Purposes. A Large Stock of the Premier Belt Lubricant and well-seasoned Belt Laces kept in stock.

W. BAKER,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

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

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

Hardwood supplied at Timber Yard Prices.

GRATEFUL.—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA,

BREAKFAST.

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

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

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

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

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.

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.

Geelong Wool Sales.

SEASON 1887-88.

Geo. Hague & Co.

BEG to intimate to Wool-growers and others interested that they will hold Sales of Wool every Tuesday during the coming season. Their well-known Warehouses and large

NEW SHOW ROOMS

are unrivalled for extent and suitability for the trade, combining, as they do, all the latest modern improvements for the

EFFICIENT DISPLAY OF WOOL.

The Stores now run in one unbroken flat from street to street, giving ample space for a catalogue of 10,000 BALES to be exhibited at one time.

The Wool when stacked being easily accessible, the fullest facilities are available for inspection, not only in sample but also in bulk, thus ensuring more confidence in purchasing.

CAREFUL VALUATIONS

made prior to sale, and every lot is protected up to full market value.

FARMERS' CLIPS

receive special attention, and no effort is spared to secure utmost value for even the smallest clips.

English, Continental, American, and Colonial buyers attend all the sales in full strength.

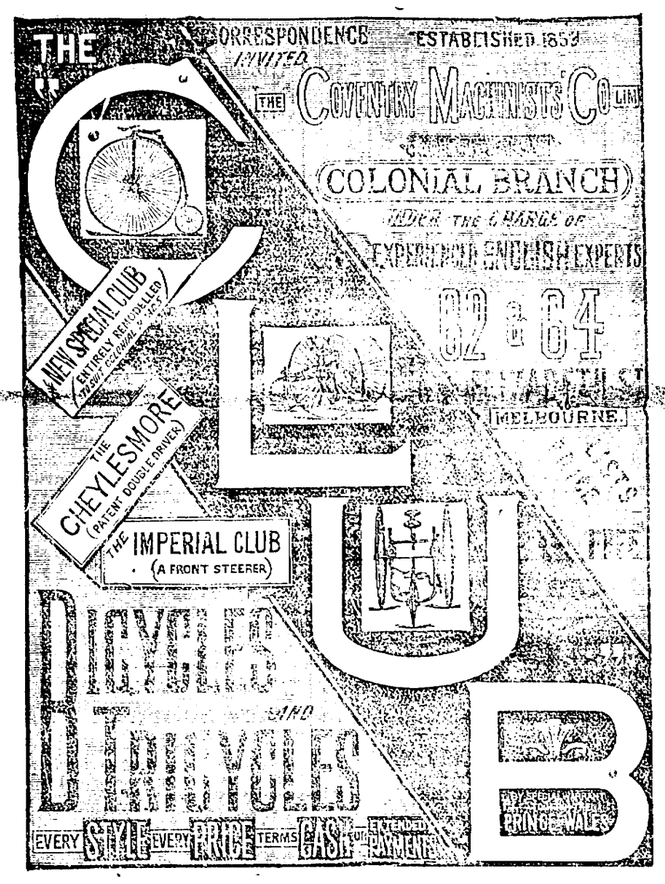
Account Sales and Cheques for proceeds rendered invariably THREE days after sale.

Charges are the lowest ruling in the colony, and growers will find that they save about Seven Shillings per bale by selling in Geelong instead of Melbourne.

Separate Warehouses are provided for the disposal of Sheepskins, Hides, and Tallow, auction sales of which are held weekly throughout the year.

GEORGE HAGUE and CO.,
Wool Brokers.

Geelong, 1st July, 1887. 6m.D.31.87



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.

GRAND OPENING DAY
OF
CRAWFORD'S,
IMMENSE CLEARING SALE.
ON
SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1887.

A Cablegram from our London Buyer advises us that our

SUMMER SHIPMENTS

Are now on the water, and will probably

ARRIVE IN BALLARAT

In about six weeks hence.

In the Interval it is imperative that our

HEAVY STOCKS OF

USEFUL, FASHIONABLE, AND SEASONABLE

DRAPERY

Amounting in value to

THIRTY-SEVEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS!

£37,500!

Should be Reduced One-half to provide Room for

NEW SEASON'S GOODS.

THE CLEARANCE MUST AND WILL BE MADE AT ANY SACRIFICE.

We may briefly point out that this Magnificent Stock is of the most comprehensive nature, and as the bulk of it is

IMPORTED DIRECT,

No middle profit comes between our customers and ourselves.

THE STERLING VALUE OFFERED AT "CRAWFORD'S" at all times is not beaten by any firm in Australia, and in proof of public appreciation of this fact "Crawford's" have the proud distinction of doing the LARGEST DRAPERY BUSINESS in the Colony outside the Metropolis.

The system to be adopted at this sale will be similar to that carried out during

CRAWFORD'S GREAT TRANFER SALE,

In February last, universally acknowledged as a phenomenal success, viz.:—

NO ISSUE OF PRICE LISTS
AND
NO MISLEADING QUOTATIONS

(Necessarily useless without a comparison of value) But every line in the Magnificent Stock re-marked honestly at

HEAVILY REDUCED SALE PRICES!

"CRAWFORD'S" again rely on the solid advantages and genuine character of the long list of Successful Sales (now extending over 16 years) held at Mitchell's Buildings, and simply request a visit to the Establishment during Sale Month.,

In order to convey to buyers in Country towns an idea of our exhaustive resources, we roughly outline the various departments and their positions:—

STURT STREET.

No. 101—Entrance to Boot and Shoe Department.
99 ,, Hosiery and Haberdashery.
97 ,, Manchester, Flannels, and Blankets.
95 ,, Carpets and Linoleums
93 ,, Clothing and Gents' Mercery

ARMSTRONG STREET.

No. 2—Entrance to Tailoring Woollens.
4 ,, Furnishing Department.

STURT STREET also SUPPLIES THE MAIN ENTRANCE to the following DEPARTMENTS

All embraced in our

NEW SHOW ROOMS,

Which are admittedly the finest in Victoria:—

Dresses and Cashmeres

Fancy and Ribbon Departments,

Gloves, Underclothing,

Millinery and Mantles.

DESPERATE BARGAINS
AND
UNIVERSAL REDUCTIONS
IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

CRAWFORD'S
DRESSMAKING and MANTLEMAKING ROOMS
ARE
UNDER HIGH-CLASS MANAGEMENT
AND THE
PRICES CHARGED ARE ECONOMIC
TO A DEGREE

"CRAWFORD'S"

Snow and Room,

PROPRIETOR.

MITCHELL'S BUILDINGS

STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

Advances on Wool, Grain, etc., Stock, Station and Station Produce of all kinds.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY (Limited)

Capital, £2,500,000,
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 every week through the season.

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

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

DAVID ELDER, Manager.
J. NIGHUSBAND,
Grain and Produce Manager.

Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins Street west

DALGETY and COMPANY,
LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICE—52 Lombard street, London.
BRANCHES—Melbourne, Geelong, Sydney, Newcastle, Dunedin, and Christchurch.

Agents and Correspondents in all Important Towns in the Australian Colonies and New Zealand.

Capital, fully subscribed	£4,000,000
Capital, paid up	1,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits ...	85,000

MANAGING DIRECTORS IN MELBOURNE
James Aitken, Esq. | A. R. Blackwood, Esq.

BOARD OF ADVICE;
C. M. Officer, Esq., M.L.A. | Alexander Wilson, Esq.

Liberal Cash Advances made on Land, Stock, Station Properties, and Wool and Produce of all descriptions consigned for Sale in any of the Colonial or European markets.

Specially Low Rates of Interest quoted for Loans on Freeholds in connection with Wool and other business.

Auction Sales of Wool and Grain will be held once a week from the opening of the ensuing season.

Auction Sales of Skins of all kinds, Hides, Tallow, &c., are now being held three times a week.

Consignors are reminded that in consequence of the position of our Warehouses, we are able to afford them special advantages and saving of expense in the sale of their produce.

Full particulars may be obtained on application.

GREAT JUBILEE SALE

OF

Seasonable Drapery,

AT

JAMES TYLER'S

MANCHESTER HOUSE,

11 and 13 BRIDGE ST., BALLARAT.

IN the midst of so many Drapery Sales in Ballarat James Tyler is determined to keep up the reputation of Manchester House for the

Cheapest and Best Goods in the District.

While thanking my numerous patrons for a winter trade that exceeds any of my past returns, I beg to announce that I taken the advantage of the very depressed state of the wholesale markets and have secured a lot of most useful lines, which, with the remainder of my Winter's Stock, I will offer during the next month at

UNHEARD OF PRICES.

I don't often announce a sale, and when I do my customers know that I mean it, and on Saturday Next, I will, for one month only, make a Jubilee Gift of my profits, and give the public the benefit of my recent cheap investments.

THIS IS NO MISLEADING DRAPERY PUFF!

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT IS A FACT!

Why?

Because my winter's amount of business is already done. My stock is slightly heavy, and sales being the order of the day in Ballarat, my sound position in the trade has enabled me to secure a few Melbourne bargains that must impress buyers and make the professional puffer stand aside.

Every householder should see what I have to offer, and even if you are not in immediate want of

Blankets, Flannels, or Overcoats,

you will find that I can give you better interest for your money than the Savings Bank.

THE SALE BEGINS ON JULY 2ND

Pay me a visit. Walk through my premises, and if you buy nothing, you will get civil treatment.

JAMES TYLER,
MANCHESTER HOUSE,
11 and 13 Bridge street, Ballarat.

3m.Sp.30.87. TERMS STRICTLY CASH

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.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Prices have not varied materially in the produce market since our last issue, but though supplies have not been heavy, in the absence of a brisk demand some difficulty has been experienced in quitting lots. We have not heard of any sales of wheat, and flour has been inactive at late rates. The Horsham wheat market remains unchanged at 3s 2d per bushel, and 3s 3d is still quoted at Donald, whilst at St. Arnaud 3s 3d is still given. In this district very little business is being done in oats, one or two important transactions being reported at our quotations. Hay is unchanged and well supplied. Potatoes have been delivered from Warrnambool in large quantities and they have receded £1 per ton, some loads in the morning being offered at £3. Fresh butter has again eased, and is now plentiful at 1s. per pound, and eggs are weak at 8d per dozen. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 4d per bushel bags in
Oats, 2s 7½d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 1s per bushel
Bran, 10d per bushel
Flour, LS 10s per ton
Cape barley, 3s 9d per bushel
English barley, none
Peas, 3s 6d per bushel
Potatoes, Warrnambool, to L3 per ton
Potatoes, Ballarat, L2 15s per ton
Hay, sheaves, L3 per ton
Hay, trussed, L3 5s per ton
Straw, oaten, to 35s per ton
Straw, wheaten, to 30s per ton
Chaff, 3s 9d per cwt
Carrots, 3s 6d per cwt.
Onions, 7s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 1s per lb
Butter, potted, 9d per lb
Hams, 10d per lb
Bacon, 9d per lb
Cheese, to 6d to per lb
Eggs, 8d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Messrs. A. M. Greenfield and Co. report under date of Sept. 8 :—

Wheat, 3s 6d to 3s 7d for prime milling; oats, Danish 2s 10d to 2s 10½d, stout, 2s 11d to 3s per bushel; peas, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; Cape barley, 3s 3d; English barley, 5s 6d to 6s; mangolds, 30s; carrots, L1 10s; potatoes, L2 2s 6d to L2 5s; hay continues brisk, prime chaffing, L3 7s 6d to L3 15s; medium, L3 to L3 5s; oaten straw, L2 7s 6d; wheaten, L2 2s 6d to L2; manger hay, L4 15s to L5 5s. These quotations are all bags in.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT.

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company report :—

During the past week there has been little change in the market for breadstuffs. Wheat is in fair request, but Flour still dull of sale. According to the nost recent telegrams it would appear that the English market is recovering somewhat from the extreme depression which has been a marked feature of late. There is, however, as yet no indication that prices in Europe will advance to any material extent, though as the year draws to a conclusion the home market will doubtless harden. Our crop prospects, notwithstanding the somewhat unsettled weather of late, are very satisfactory, and promise, under ordinary favourable conditions, a good yield. The stocks of wheat still held by farmers in the country districts are considerable and there does not appear to be much prospect of their being disposed of satisfactorily before the new crop is available.

DALGETY AND COMPANY'S WEEKLY WOOL REPORT.

Melbourne, 5th September.

Wool—Little or nothing is doing locally, as both buyers and sellers are awaiting advices respecting the London September sales, which open to-morrow. Since the close of the Antwerp sales no fresh telegrams about wool have come to hand from Europe. We have already advices of several thousand bales coming to us for sale, and our opening catalogues will comprise some of the finest clips in New South Wales and Victoria.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORT.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, September 7 :—

Wool—There is a good local demand at the present from our woollen mills, and all offering meets with a ready sale at satisfactory prices. We have sold scoured merino at 16d per pound and slipe at 10d. Next week we intend offering a catalogue of 150 bales, consisting entirely of town and country fellmongers' scoured and slipe wools.

Sheepskins.—Butchers' fresh-killed, 24d to to 42d each; good to superior, 45d to 60d each; country and station skins, 18d to 39d each, superior to 50d each, and 3d to 5½d per lb; pelts and short-woolled skins, 1d to 2½d per lb, and 3d to 12d each; lambskins, 2½d to 3½d per lb, and 9d to 24d each.

Hides.—Sold as follows :—Heavy and superior, in good condition, from 3¾d per lb upwards; average to good, salted, 3d to 3¼d per lb; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d per lb; kip, 3¼d to 3¾d per lb; calf, 4½d to 5¼d per lb.

Tallow—The local soap and candle manufacturers have taken our usual weekly supply of oddments and 27 casks country mixed at current rates.

SALE BY PRIVATE CONTRACT.

The undersigned has been favored with instructions from George Newall, Esq., to Sell, all his VALUABLE FARM LANDS, situate near the Bald Hill, Trawalla, containing 103a. 2r. 13p. Terms Liberal. Apply

W. EDWARD NICKOLS,
Auctioneer, Beaufort.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

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

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

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.

SPRING GOODS.

:o:

OUR

First Shipment

OF SPRING GOODS

NOW OPENING.

:o:

Wotherspoon Bros AND CO.

IMPORTERS, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

JUBILEE CROCKERY

QUEEN'S V.R. JUBILEE

HAWKES BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail Ironmongers, Furniture and Dealers,

Next Bank of Victoria Beaufort,

Beg to notify to their patrons that all CASH PURCHASERS to the amount of 5s and upwards will be presented with a handsome

JUBILEE MEDAL.

QUEEN'S V.R. JUBILEE

JUBILEE LAMPS.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

:o:

GREAT

CLEARING SALE

NOW ON.

For Three Weeks Only.

BALANCE OF WINTER STOCK MUST BE CLEARED

TO MAKE ROOM FOR NEW SPRING GOODS

Reductions in every Department.

G. H. COUGLE,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

:o:

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.

:o:

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

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 otherwis as directed.

The Trade Supplied at Melbourne Prices.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

BOOKSELLER,

STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK STREET BEAUFORT

MECHANICS' INSTITUE AND FREE LIBRARY, BEAUFORT.

A Grand Bazaar

WILL BE HELD ON

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 17th, 18th, and 19th October,

In connection with the opening of the additions.

By order Executive Committee,
J. W. HARRIS, Secretary.

Presbyterian Church Bazaar.

ALTERATION OF DATES.

NOTICE.—The BAZAAR in connection with the above Church will be held on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 6th and 7th OCTOBER, in lieu of the 11th and 12th.

BEE-HIVES

AND APPLIANCES

OF the Best Quality, at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE, to be obtained from

Charles Dickens and Son,

STEAM HIVE FACTORY, WAKEFIELD ST., ADELAIDE.

Standard Langstroth Hive, made of one-inch best seasoned pine planed both sides, body, floor board, cover, tin runners, and ten frames, all complete in the flat; a very superior made article, for 7s 6d. All Hives are interchangeable.

ITALIAN BEES—Comb foundation, foundation mills, extractors, feeders, smokers, sections, wax-melters, and every requisite for the bee-keeper manufactured by CHAS. DICKENS and SON.

See exhibit in court 5—Western Annexe Jubilee Exhibition.

Bee Farms fitted and arranged up to 500 stocks.

"The Australasian Bee-keepers' Guide Book" 1s; post free thirteen stamps. Write for price list.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS

Further Continuation of Jubilee Excursions to Adelaide Exhibition.

On Wednesdays, the 7th, 14th, and 21st September, a Jubilee Excursion Special train will leave Melbourne at 9.50 a.m., picking up passengers at Geelong, Ballarat, Stawell, Murtoa, Horsham, Dimboola, Nhill, and Serviceton stations. The specials will reach Adelaide at 7.15 on the following days. Fares from any of the stations named above and below will be—First-class, adults, 40s; children under 12 years of age, 20s. Second class, adults, 25s; children under 12 years of age, 12s 6d. The tickets can be obtained at the stations up to 4 p.m. on Mondays, 5th, 12th, and 19th September, and will be available for return for one month from date to date, and holders of them will be required to return by one of the specials hereunder mentioned. The journey cannot be broken either going or returning. Special trains will leave Adelaide at 9.45 a.m. on Thursdays, 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th September, and 6th, 13th, and 20th October. Excursionists can also return from Adelaide by ordinary trains on payment at Adelaide of 35s and 22s 6d excess first and second class respectively, and by express trains on payment of ordinary single fares. Passengers will also be booked at Kyneton, Castlemaine, Sandhurst, Maryborough, Portland and Avoca for these excursions at the same fares and on the same conditions. Tickets issued at Kyneton, Castlemaine, and Sandhurst will be available to Ballarat and Melbourne by ordinary trains on the Tuesdays preceding the days the specials run, or from Kyneton by 6.15 a.m. to Melbourne on the Wednesdays. Tickets issued at Maryborough will be available by first up train on same dates as excursion to Ballarat, thence by special leaving at 1.52 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Maryborough tickets issued at Avoca and so endorsed will be available by the two last trains to Ballarat on the Tuesdays preceding the days the special run; thence by special at 1.52 p.m. Tickets issued at Portland will be available to Ararat by first up train on 7th, 14th, and 21st September; thence by special leaving at 4.15 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Intending excursionists from stations others than those mentioned above, within a radius of 100 miles from Melbourne, Geelong, Ballarat, Ararat, Stawell, Murtoa, Horsham, Dimboola, Nhill, and Serviceton, can obtain Jubilee tickets at the same fares from the nearest station issuing Jubilee tickets, but they will require to travel by ordinary train (without extra charge) to the nearest station at which the Jubilee Excursion train stops; thence to Adelaide and back by the special to stations at which the train stops; and thence by ordinary trains to destination. Excursionists from stations outside the radius of 100 miles will require to pay ordinary fares by ordinary trains to and from the stations within the radius whence the Jubilee tickets will be available as set forth above. For times of special at intermediate stations, see posters exhibited at stations.

By order of the Commissioners.
E. P. LABERTOUCHE,
Secretary for Railways.

DR. CROKER

HAS RESUMED PRACTICE in Beaufort, and may be consulted daily at his residence, or at Mr. A. Andrews, Chemist.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

Messrs Wotherspoon Bros. and Co. announce the opening of their first shipment of new spring goods.

We are creditably informed that Dr. Nolan has determined to permanently practice at Beaufort.

The weather has continued stormy, wet, and cold during the whole week. Rain has been continuous, or almost so, scarcely a day dawning that did not bring with it rain, hail, or sleet. Throughout the whole colony this weather has been general. Between here and Ballarat all the low-lying country is partly under water, and between Ballarat and Meredith there is scarcely any change from a view of swamps and inundated paddocks. The creeks and rivers are very much swollen, and it is positively said that the colony has not on the whole experienced such generally severe weather for fifteen or sixteen years.

An accident of a serious nature occurred to the son of Mr. Simpson, of Middle Creek, on Tuesday last. It appears that young Simpson was working with a chaff-cutter, and by some means the three first fingers of his left hand were severely lacerated, the top of the first finger being cut off, and the other two severely bruised and contused. Dr. Nolan's services were procured, and he dressed the wounded fingers. He expresses an opinion that the boy will have a good, useful hand.

Attention is called to the final fixture of the dates for holding the Presbyterian Church bazaar, the days being Thursday and Friday, 6th and 7th October It is stated that there will be an excellent display of plain and fancy work, and other valuable articles, which have been prepared for this fancy fair by the ladies of the church and friends, so that success, if not commanded—and there is nothing at present interfering to give rise to a doubt concerning that—will at any rate be deserved.

On Saturday last the Beaufort and Waterloo Junior Football Clubs played a friendly game on the ground of the former. Rain fell occasionally throughout the day, and consequently the ground was very slippery. There was a poor attendance of persons present to witness the match. Waterloo brought only 14 men into the field, but several local players volunteered their services, which were gratefully accepted, and play was commenced with twenty aside. On the ball being put in motion, Beaufort took it forward, but Waterloo returned it to the centre, where play was lively for the first half; a couple of behinds were scored for both clubs. When Beaufort took the field for the last half they went in with a rally, and Waterloo had to remain on the defensive for almost the whole of that part of the game. A very strong wind was blowing, to the advantage of Beaufort, who commenced to have shots for goal innumerable. The final result of the game was—Beaufort, 5 goals 26 behinds; Waterloo, 4 behinds. The visitors were afterwards entertained.

An accident happened on Tuesday near Burrumbeet, which caused the loss to Mr. Joseph Frusher, of this town, of a horse and buggy. Tuesday being market day at Ballarat, Mr. Frusher had proceeded there by train in the morning, having given instructions to his boy to take the buggy down the Ballarat road to meet him on his return with the week's purchase. The boy reached Burrumbeet safely, but when crossing the ford over the creek a little beyond, the accident to which allusion is made occurred. The creek was very much swollen by recent heavy rains, and the ford was covered by the rushing waters. The buggy, we are informed, was swept to the edge of the ford, and the horse, losing his footing, slipped over, capsizing the vehicle. The boy who was driving had barely time to escape by climbing over and out at the back when the whole turn-out was carried away by the current. The horse and buggy have since been recovered, the animal, of course, being dead.

The return social given by the gentlemen of Beaufort to the ladies who entertained them last month took place on Thursday evening, in the Societies' Hall. No effort was spared to make the affair enjoyable and a great success, and it is pleasing to record the achievement of the aims of the committee. The Jackson family contributed excellent music for the dancing, over which Mr. P. Broadbent officiated as M.C. in a very creditable manner. The programme was interspersed with reciting and singing, and the following were amongst the items :—Song, "Lassie," Mr. W. H. Elliott; song, "Soldier's Dream of Home," Mr. R. Jackson; recitation, "The dying Sergeant," Mr. J. Miller; songs, "The Slave Ship," and "Please give me a penny," Mr. J. McCraith; and song, "Just my luck," Mr. C. W. Tompkins;—so the proceedings were by no means monotonous or tiresome, every arrangement being carried out sans a hitch. The hall was beautifully and artistically decorated, and great credit is due to all who had the management of the social.

We regret very much to hear that sickness is very prevalent in this district. Our respected townsman Mr John Wotherspoon, whose place at the table is seldom vacant at a Council meeting, was unable to put in an appearance on Thursday owing to a severe seizure of illness. Cr. Lewis and Cr. Beggs were also absent on Thursday through similar causes. Our readers will be unanimous in the hope that each and all three may speedily rally. The weather has been very trying lately, and colds of a severe nature are prostrating many in this town and district.

The Raglan church was well filled on Sunday night last by a very interested audience, which listened attentively to a service of song, entitled "Whiter than Snow," rendered by the church choir. Considering the few voices and the short time they have been practising, the members acquitted themselves well, and, as a body, deserve great credit for their efforts. The connective readings were given by Mr Lord, and the solos were very nicely rendered by Misses Madeline and Mary Panther, E. Prince and Mrs Lord. Master A. E. Lord presided very efficiently at the organ.

A public meeting was held in the free library hall (writes our Waterloo correspondent) on Wednesday evening; Mr. Chas. Shulze in the chair. The meeting was convened for the purpose of nominating one trustee for the Waterloo cemetery, in place of Mr. John O'Shea, who has left the district. On the motion of Mr. Leadbeater seconded by Mr. Fraser, Mr. M. Flynn was duly nominated for the position.

We are in receipt of the prize list of the Geelong Jubilee Juvenile and Industrial Exhibition to be opened in Geelong during the month of November. It is a very elaborate affair, and the promoters deserve to meet with success.

The local Board of Health have decided to invite applications by advertisement from medical gentlemen willing to officiate as health officer for the West Riding to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the gentleman holding the office.

The rainfall at Beaufort from September 1st to 8th, both days included, amounted to 1·28 inch.

We are informed that the diamond drill will be sent almost immediately to Lillirie. It will be remembered that at the suggestion of Mr J. W. Browne, the Prospecting Board recommended the expenditure of £2000 in boring on these plains, and the Minister endorsed the recommendation. Mr W. H. Uren, from whom the above information is received, says :—"I trust its operations will develop a large field of payable wash and give employment to a great number of men. Should payable alluvial country be discovered by the operation of the drill it will greatly add to the population of Beaufort district, in which case the business people of the town will be greatly benefited." We always hope for the best, and therefore may look upon the foregoing as a picture of the near future.

The Board of Directors of the A.N.A. intend that a delegate shall be sent to all the new branches. Consequently arrangements are being made for one of the Board—in all probability Mr. A. J. Peacock, ex-President—to visit Beaufort on the 20th instant; due notice will be given.

The "World" says :—Of all the Jubilee offerings which Her Majesty has been asked to accept, none have been simpler than two new-laid eggs which a poor Irishwoman sent to the Queen by a bishop. Hearing that the bishop of the diocese was going to London in the jubilee week, this Irish Loyalist asked him if the Queen would accept two eggs for her breakfast from an Irish widow. The bishop brought them across St George's Channel, and transmitted them to Windsor, with a description of the donor's poverty with loyalty; and they were accepted by the Queen, who is making enquiries as to what would be the most useful present she might send to her Irish subject in return.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—During every break of wintry weather exertions should be made by afflicted to recover health before unremitting cold and trying storms set in. Throat ailments, coughs, wheezings, asthmatical affections, shortness of breath, morning nausea, and accumulations of phlegm can readily be removed by rubbing this fine derivative Ointment twice a day upon the chest and neck. Holloway's treatment is strongly recommended with the view of giving immediate ease, preventing prospective danger, and effecting permanent relief. These all-important ends his Ointment and Pills can accomplish, and will surely prevent insidious diseases from fastening on the constitution to display themselves afterwards in those disastrous forms that will probably embitter life till death is almost prayed for.

MINING ITEMS.

New Kong Meng, Majorca.—Yield for three days ended 8th September—314 oz. 16 wt.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week—Waterloo, 107oz; New Victoria, 49oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, —; Saxon Consols, 38oz.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for—R. Anderson, Wm. Burn, H. Beaufort, G. Bell, J. Brebner, J. Blomberg, J. Conway, — Carr, R. Dale, J. Dawson, J. Dunn, A. G. Edwards, R. Fox, Mrs Govett, J. Harrington, Thos. Lewis, N. McIntosh, P. Murphy, W. Meadows, Mrs Melleriay, Mr McPaerson, W. Miller, J. McDougall, J. Maibacher, Miss McMillan, J. Nolan, W. O'Bryen, B. Pamment, Mrs Ramsay, Mrs E. Rogers, J. Rodgers, Mr Robson, W. Russell, J. Raymond, J. Sutherland, — Trew, D. Tuddenham, J. Thompson, S. Tweedale, Mrs. R. Westbrook, T. Whitfield, J. Walsh, F. Wigney, W. Williams, — Yates.

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 8th September, 1887 :—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Sept. 2	35½	£7 12 8	£9 13 10
,, 3	117	7 18 7	4 12 5
,, 5	36½	5 16 2	2 10 8
,, 6	12½	2 0 2	6 18 4
,, 7	23	3 16 7	7 7 9
,, 8	27½	2 11 11	1 9 11
Totals	252	£36 16 1	£32 12 11

WEATHER FORECASTS

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, 9th Sept., 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Straits.—Showery, but tending to finer weather; west and south-westerly winds.

Highest temperature observed at Melbourne observatory during the day, 53·4.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Showery, but tending to finer weather; west and south-westerly winds.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM.

Mr. George Schutze, 29 Sturt street, Ballarat, agent for Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen Clothing, delivered a very interesting address on "First Wealth is Health," at the German Club, Ballarat East, as partly reported in the Ballarat papers of 26th May. The speaker was listened to by a large audience, and all seemed to grasp the ideas and principles illustrated by Mr. Schutze, who was attired from head to foot in Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen Clothing System. The speaker showed that by wearing Dr. Jaeger's system, the body is always kept in a healthy state and protected from colds. Mr. Schutze read several testimonials from clergymen, doctors, and other prominent gentlemen of Ballarat District who have worn the Sanitary Clothing for several years, and who cannot speak too highly of it, as it has effected several cures. The gent's and ladies' underclothing shown by Mr. Schutze—viz., shirts, singlets, combinations, drawers, nightshirts, socks with five toes, sheetings, pillowslips, boots, hats, collars, cuffs, &c., were made of the very finest pure, natural and undyed wool, and woven in a peculiar way so as to allow a moderate supply of air to act on the body. But what was most admired as the greatest novelty was the suit he wore. It consisted of a coat, trousers, and vest, made of stockinette, and hardly any seams in it, no wadding or linings whatever, and fitted him most beautifully. It was not made by a tailor, but woven in Germany to his measure, and is particularly adapted for the Australian climate, and will, as the London *Times* and Melbourne *Argus* remarked, revolutionise our entire mode of clothing, as there never has been such a comfortable and healthy clothing manufactured before, any one wishing to give them a trial, should give an early call, as it will take about four months before they will arrive. Mr. Schutze pointed out that Dr. Jaeger's Woollen Clothing System, was unsurpassed for fabric and texture, and the most delicate skin would not be subjected to that irritating effect which is caused by flannel garments, and that nature has told us to wear wool on the body, and even not linen or cotton garments on top of wool, as these are airtight, and drive the perspiration back to the skin, fills the pores up, causing bad and unpleasant smells, also preventing proper perspiration; and is it not reasonable to think that if the pores, which are the safety valves of our bodies, are choked up any poison inhaled or partaken of in our food cannot be thrown off again, must therefore make its appearance in some kind of disease. Newspapers teem with complaints of imperfect drainage of our cities, but they speak very rarely of the proper drainage of our bodies, and it is high time that Dr. Jaeger with his system stepped in. On the other hand, by adopting Dr. Jaeger's system, it will, on account of its porous nature, not retard any perspiration, but will evaporate it in a few moments, therefore keeping the skin dry and not liable to catch cold so easily, as the skin gets hardened to the air and does not feel the cold in winter. The Rev. Dr. Chalmers observed quite truly when saying that the blacks die more through wet clothing than drinking whisky. The material is made so different to the ordinary flannel that if the right article be procured it will not shrink if washed according to directions; and if shrunk by accident it can be brought back to its original size. Mr. Schutze impressed upon his hearers (as there were spurious articles in the market), that all these stamped with the manufacturer's trade mark and Mr. Schutze's signature are the genuine Dr. Jaeger's System, and he guarantees them as such. Further, he demonstrated the fact that since Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen Clothing System has been introduced, the demand for wool has enormously increased; and further, if the Germans alone, who sleep in feather beds and wear linen shirts on the body, would adopt the system, which they have have done already to an enormous extent, and use blankets and Jaeger's garments, there would not be sheep enough in Australia to keep up the demand, and he ventured to say that in not many years to come we would gladly put up a monument to Dr. Jaeger, the greatest benefactor Australia ever had. Upon these remarks being made, Mr. Schutze was loudly applauded. 3m.015.87.

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

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

The Riponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

How The King Came Home.

"Oh, why are you waiting, children,
And why are you watching the way?"
"We are watching because the folks have said
The king comes home to-day—
The king on his prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown.
Oh, the bells will ring, the glad birds sing,
When the king comes back to the town."
"Run home to your mothers, children;
In the land of death and woe,
And the King, beyond the forest,
Fights with the Paynim foe."
"But," said the little children,
"The fight will soon be past,
We fain would wait, though the hour be late;
He will surely come at last."
So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day,
Till their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music,
No dashing, golden crown,
And tears they shed, as they crept to bed,
When the round, red sun went down.
But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept,
Was heard within the city
The voice of them that wept.
Along the moonlit highway,
Towards the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well-fought field—
'T was thus the king came home.

Novelist.

DAYS OF CRIME
AND
YEARS OF SUFFERING

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Reprinted from "The Australasian" of 1867 by special permission.)

CHAPTER XII.

FOUND OUT.

I have now to tell of a peril and an escape. My audacity led me into the one, and my presence of mind secured the other. To any one who has an ambition to be a rogue I would say—you must, if you would shine in your profession, possess many of the qualities of a guerilla chief. You must be ready for a retreat as well as for an advance; and with all your talents you will not be able to keep on the winning side. There is a peculiarity in the war between roguery and honesty that the former can only subsist by a succession of stratagems, and is sure of being defeated in a regular campaign. Your ambitious career will soon be ended. As for the years you will be chained in prison and the wretchedness you must endure, you must set them down to the inconveniences incident to such a career. If you really have ambition like mine, you will not be deterred by any consideration of consequences. What are ten years on the roads, and the first three in irons to a man of soaring mind? It is true that for a month or so the irons take all the flesh off your ankles, which fester, and are just a *leetle* painful. But what of that? You are a stoic, and don't mind pain; and in half a year the flesh hardens, and the irons become mere playthings, giving out a little music just to keep dullness away from you. It is true that ten years seem a very long time, but they will come to an end at last, and you can indulge in a little pleasant castle-building in your cell just to while away the hours. You won't find prison life half so monotonous as people make it out. To-day you'll get three days' solitary confinement in a dark cell, upon bread and water for the spot of grease you accidentally dropt on your cell floor. To-morrow you forget to touch your hat to the officer, and you are reminded for a week of the omission, by only having half rations. Sometimes you will be a little testy, and then you will be exhorted to equanimity of disposition by the visiting justice, who, to give due effect to his exhortation, will sentence you to thirty days on bread and water. If you have any luck at all you won't be flogged more than once in six months; and that's nothing. You'll be mighilty frightened the first time before you get it, for fear you may sing out; but when you find you can "meet" it, and cry out exultingly "domino" as the last lash is delivered, the cats and the triangles will have lost their terrors, and you will be consoled for such punishment by the title of "pebble," conferred on you by your admiring fellow-prisoners. If any dotard should hint that you'll have to pass through life unloving and unloved, with no domestic ties, no home, no little ones, pray don't listen to such sentimentality. You dedicate yourself to your profession, and are loftily superior to the weakness of affection. As for "ties," you'll have plenty of friendly pals to whom, perchance you'll sometimes be pretty closely "linked;" the Government, when your star of fortune wanes, will find a home, and there you can teach the "little ones" around you to follow in the path of your glory, and to emulate your deeds. There are people in the world—mercenary people—who are strangely apathetic to the trumpetings of fame, and evince an insand indifference to such titles as "shrew," fellow," "downy cove," "plucky chap, "regular tip-topper," &c., and these narrow-minded persons will declare that your talents, in an honest vocation, energetically employed, are sure to secure you competance and respectability. With that I have nothing to do, as, being a rogue myself, I know nothing of the results of honest industry.

I have already stated that I returned to Maidstone. A day or two after my arrival I left the town and procured a comfortable lodging with a widow lady who had two children and an annuity of £220 a year. For the first fortnight I paid 14s. a week for my board, lodging, and washing. During this period I became quite intimate with Mrs. Mills, and was accustomed to give lessons to little Sabina and Alfred, her two children. In consideration of my services as a tutor Mrs. Mills offered to board and lodge me without charge, and to this proposal I very willingly assented. I passed a couple of months away very pleasantly with this family, and exerted myself to the utmost to improve the children. If I had never been guilty I might have been very happy and respectable in this position, but I now began to realise some of the terrors of a criminal career. A stranger never entered the house but I scanned him apprehensively, in dread lest he might know something of me in connection with my evil doings. It is strange that in the actual career of villany I never felt such fears. I was afraid to go abroad for fear of meeting persons to whom my delinquences might be familiar; and to escape recognition as much as possible I feigned to suffer constantly from the toothache, and went about with a large handkerchief tied round my face. My scheming brain, however, would be at work, and in the course of a few weeks I had arranged all the preliminaries for the death of my only relative—that "dear aunt" of mine. In due course the letters arrived announcing my aunt's illness; my acting commenced; my visit to London was made necessary; my return with the bond followed; and Mrs. Mills, poor confiding woman, with a strong faith in my goodness, was about to become my victim. Her affection for her children, her disinterestedness, proved her salvation, and, at the loss of £150—so I set it down—I refrained from an evil action and listened to the good voice within, which was pleading to be heard.

The bond on this occasion was drawn out for £300, and when Mrs. Mills perceived that I was bent upon sacrificing it to some rascally Jew she informed me that she had every year set apart a sum of money for the future use of her children, and that if I wanted money immediately she would gladly lend me £150 without interest of any kind, merely holding the bond as security. "This money," said Mrs. Mills, "I have saved for the dear little ones, and your kindness to them merits some recognition. The money, in fact, is theirs, and so you must take it on lease from them without mentioning such a thing as interest."

The sum of one hundred and fifty pounds to a professional rogue whose pockets were well-nigh empty was a powerful temptation, and I have no doubt that a large majority of my professional brethren will smile at my fastidiousness in allowing it to escape me. But I have always had my own peculiar notions of honor—very Quixotic ones, perhaps, for a downright rogue — and in all my criminal proceedings I have never—at least I so flatter myself—taken advantage of anyone who has implicitly trusted me. This trait in my character is so well known to some, that there are officers of high official position in the penal department of this colony who at this moment would not hesitate to send me into Melbourne with £100, being fully assured that such an exhibition of confidence on their part would secure a punctual return on mine. I am, no doubt, as the newspapers style me, an incorrigible scoundrel, but I have still a few crotchetty notions of honor from which I cannot disassociate myself.

At all events Mrs. Mills did not suffer through her faith. She and her children were my friends, and I could not find it in my heart to rob them. She did not attempt to take advantage of my seeming necessity and offer me half the value of the bond, but in the spirit of genuine kindness sought to assist me.

As my funds were in rather a low state I did borrow £10 of Mrs. Mills, which she unhesitatingly lent me without security of any kind. I then managed to receive a letter conveying intelligence which appeared to necessitate my leaving Mrs. Mills' family for a month or so, and producing this as an excuse for my abrupt departure, I took my leave of the kind-hearted widow lady and repaired once more to Maidstone. There I engaged apartments in the heart of the town. The apartments consisted of a sitting-room and bedroom, for which, with attendance, I paid a guinea a week. I had my meals elsewhere; but at the same time I very soon managed to introduce myself into the family circle of my new landlord, and quickly became, by a little judicious expenditure, quite a favorite. He had a wife and three children, and although he possessed a large well-furnished house, nearly the whole of which was in the occupation of liberal tenants, he seemed to be in all his financial matters the very prototype of Mr. Wilkins Micawber. To attempt to *do* him, then, was out of the question, for the simple season that he possessed nothing of which to be *done*. But among the lodgers was a gentleman whom I thought would answer my purpose. The person in question was connected with a brewery, was pretty well-to-do, was a bachelor, boarded as well as lodged with the family, and handed them over two guineas every week for the accommodation. Such an one was legitimate game, and I resolved to run him to cover. Once more my poor aunt had to be taken sick, again she had to enact the part of the dying relative, once more came the letters from the lawyer, and again followed the legal document for £500. I had greatly improved since my first essay, for I had procured a few law-books, and derived from their perusal some little knowledge of legal forms, and consequently the document manufactured on this occasion was of a superior kind, and well worthy to represent a larger amount. Mr. C., the brewer, very quickly commenced nibbling at the bait, but unfortunately, just as I was on the point of giving the scientific stroke and hooking him, he and his landlord had some altercation having reference to pecuniary matters, and Mr. C. repaired to other lodgings. This rather disarranged my plans; but as I knew that he frequented the parlour of the Railway Inn nearly every evening, I managed to meet him there two or three times, and before a week had passed he agreed to advance me £100 upon the security of the bond at an interest of 40 per cent. He handed me £55 the evening we came to this arrangement, and the next day but one I was to meet him at the Railway Inn precisely at twelve o'clock noon to receive the other £45.

In the present advanced state of my knowledge in such matters I should never dream of keeping such an appointment; but in those days my rashness was not tempered by the prudence which is born of experience, and I never for a moment hesitated about presenting myself to receive payment of the residue of the £100.

I was at the Railway Inn some half-an-hour before the time appointed, and whilst standing near the railway station I heard a gentleman near me exclaim, "There goes our member, Mr. Hope; the Ministry have telegraphed for him." This remark at the time I scarcely noticed; but shortly afterwards, when my peril was great, it suddenly assumed a wonderful significance, and I turned it to excellent account.

Now for a scene. I enter the parlor of the inn, ring the bell, and call for a glass of wine. Several persons are present, but the worthy brewer is not of the number. I feel rather nervous, but I sip my wine and try to shake it off. A quarter of an hour passes, and my uneasiness increases. I become apprehensive, and have a strong inclination to make myself scarce. But £45 are not to be had every day, and so I order another glass of wine, toss it off, and become quite valorous. I am smacking my lips appreciatively of the flavor of the port when the parlor door opens, and Mr. C. enters, followed by a gentleman attired in a seedy suit of black. I am sitting at a table by myself. The brewer advances, and takes his seat on one side of me; the brewer's friend takes his place on the other side. I look askance at the seedy gentleman, and have an unpleasant misgiving that his presence bodes me no good. The seedy gentleman is subjecting me to a close scrutiny, evidently estimating my moral and social value. Mr. C. orders two glasses of hot gin-and-water. The juniper mixture makes its appearance, and Mr. C. and his friend appear to enjoy it. At length the man in rusty black opens the proceedings. He takes my invaluable bond from his pocket, opens and reads it through with grave deliberation. I am quite certain he has previously perused the precious document, and his formality I mentally pronounce to be ominous. He folds up the parchment, says with sneering emphasis—"This, then, is the young gentleman to whom you have advanced £55. Mr. C., this parchment is not worth twopence; this young rascal is a swindler, and my advice is to call in the police and give him into custody."

My danger is imminent; but I am equal to the occasion. I rise from my chair; I place myself in oratorical attitude; I look round upon the company; I gaze defiantly at the man in black.

"Gentlemen!" I exclaim, "I call upon you to witness the insult I have received at the hands of this person. The sordidness of his attire would not prevent me from calling him a gentleman, did not the outrageous character of his language proclaim him to be a blackguard. I take you to witness, then, that this person has called me a swindler and a rascal, and has threatened me with the police. If his ignorance is equal to his want of common courtesy, I can make allowance for the use of such epithets. But if he really speaks from the authority derived from respectability and presumed knowledge, then it is due to myself to demand an explanation. Mr. C., I appeal to you; and I beg that you will publicly explain the reason of this person's singular conduct."

Mr. C. didn't answer me, but his friend upon whom my eloquence appears to be thrown away, responds with the most imperturbable assurance.

"Mr. C." says this gentleman, "has advanced money on the security of this document, which being altogether informal, is quite valueless. I have been too long in a solicitor's office to be deceived by such a piece of would-be-law-style as this. No lawyer could have drawn up such a deed. I may, perhaps, have spoken with some degree of haste; but of this I am certain, that whatever may be the value of this youth's character, there is none attached to the bond upon which Mr. C. has advanced money. Unless, therefore he can give some satisfactory explanation, or refer us to some respectable person, I shall still advise that the matter be placed in the hands of the police."

"What explanation do you require? I am perfectly willing to reply to any question you may deem it necessary to ask."

"From all that Mr. C. has told me in connection with your aunt's illness and death, I believe the legacy to be a fact; but this bond, as you term it, is not worth a penny. From whom did you receive it?"

"From a clerk in the employ of Mr. Humphries, solicitor, East India Chambers, Leadenhall-street, London."

"Not personally from Mr. Humphries?"

"No; I saw Mr. Humphries in the first instance, and he told me he thought the legacy would not be immediately payable; but he intimated that money could be raised upon it. He directed me to call the following day, when he would be able to speak with more certainty in the matter. I called accordingly. Mr. Humphries was not in; but the clerk told me that he had something for me, but he had left it at his lodgings, and asked me to accompany him home. I did so; and he then gave me the bond, telling me that he was directed to do so by Mr. Humphries. Being anxious to get back to Maidstone I left London by the evening train, and have had no communication with Mr. Humphries since."

The seedy gentleman is silent for a moment, and he then remarks to the worthy brewer:—

"Perhaps, after all, there may be some fraud on the part of the clerk of Mr. Humphries; and, therefore, before we proceed to extreme measures it will be as well to make some inquiry in that quarter."

Turning to me, the man in black continues—

"If you are truly respectable, you doubtless know some one in Maidstone who can attest your respectability."

"Certainly. Before my father died, Mr. Hope, the member of Parliament, who was his friend, promised to do something for me. I had an interview with him last night at the George Hotel, and he directed me to call upon him at his residence at two o'clock to-day. It is close upon that time now; so if you desire it, you can accompany me, and I am sure Mr. Hope will fully satisfy your doubts."

"At which residence are you to call—the house in High-street, or the one at Boxley?"

"Oh, the one in High-street."

The last drop of the juniper extract disappears down the throat of the man in black, and then we all three emerge from the Railway Inn, and proceed towards High-street.

I don't know Mr. Hope's house; but then Mr. C.'s friend certainly does; and so, without appearing to do so, I must let him lead up to it. This manœuvre I manage to effect. The bell is rang; a footman appears.

"I have called by appointment to see Mr. Hope. Having himself specially appointed this hour for a interview with me, I presume he is not engaged."

The man of plush explains that a telegram reached Mr. Hope at twelve o'clock that morning, and he immediately started for London.

Of course I am very much disappointed, but as I am well acquainted with Major Alberton at Chatham, I beg of Mr. C. to accompany me there. It is only eight miles, and we can be back by night. Mr. C. and his friend step aside and hold a private conference. They decline to go to Chatham; they are more urbane in their manner; they will communicate at once with Mr. Humphries, and I am to meet them in two days' time at the Railway Inn, at twelve o'clock. I wish them good day, and thus ends this "acting scene."

After this very narrow escape from an introduction to the guardians of the public peace and property I plumed myself not a little upon my dexterity and good luck. I returned to my apartments, put on two suits of clothes, pocketed all my little valuables, and then proceeded by the night train to London. No electric message had arrived before me, and so I was once more free to wander through the great city of the world. The first thing that I did was to write a letter to Mrs. Mills, enclosing her the ten pounds she had lent me, and informing her that I should not be able to resume my position in her family. I still feel more satisfaction at the recollection of this ordinary act of honesty than I ever felt at the most successful stroke of villainy, and this feeling has, I believe, had considerable influence on my future career. At this moment I owe Mr. ———, the governor of the ——— Gaol, Victoria, the sum of five pounds. Circumstances beyond my control prevented me paying it prior to my arrest; but still, although the debt is one of ten years' standing, I have by no means forgotten it, and the first money I obtain will be forwarded for its liquidation. The debt may be cancelled, but the kindness never can be.

In London I was very far from being at my ease. I had become known to so many persons, and had carried on my dishonest schemes in such various localities, that I dared scarcely stir abroad in the daytime for fear of being recognized; and when I stole out at night, I cast furtive glances at every one whom I met in dread lest I might encounter the face of one of my victims.

I resided at the Grasshopper Tavern, Gracechurch-street, and I became quite intimate with the proprietor, Mr. W——S——. A little incident occurred a fortnight after my arrival in London which was undoubtedly the cause of bringing my career in England to a somewhat abrupt and disagreeable termination.

One day Mr. S——wanted £10 in gold, and he asked me if I could oblige him with such a sum. I did so, and he gave me a cheque for the amount. The signature was temptingly peculiar, and for want of something more profitable to do, I passed an hour or so practising it. I soon was able to exactly imitate it, and my funds being rather low, I wrote a cheque for seventy odd pounds, forged Mr. S——'s name to it, presented it at the bank, and obtained the money.

I immediately left London and went to Finchley, and there I visited once more the home that was such a happy home to me in the early guiltless days of my life. I gazed upon the house, and, in bitterness of spirit contrasted my prospects when that house was my home with the terrible future that I began to feel before me. Who in those days, thought I, seeing me, the darling child of persons reputedly wealthy, could have imagined the fate that was to be mine in a few brief years? And then, with all the casuistry that belongs to evil, I tried to argue myself into the belief that I was merely the creature of an all-controlling destiny—the victim of circumstances forced into crime by exterior influences, and not one voluntarily sinning through any inherent tendency to guilt. This is the reasoning—this the creed of my class; and even now, intellectually convinced as I am of its fallacy, I find it difficult to disassociate myself from this self-excusing faith.

The day was a fine summer day, and I lay down upon the green grass in the warm bright sunshine, in view of my old home, my birthplace, and, burying my face in my hands, I gave vent to the sorrow I was unable to suppress. But, alas! the tears were only emotional, not the tears of penitential grief for wrong committed—they mourned departed joys, but gave no promise of a better life.

To be Continued.

MAORI JIM'S YARN.

(*Concluded.*)

The great hall, as I have said, was filled upon the morning of the feast day. Kipi Kapa, the aged chieftain and high priest of the people was seated upon a throne, into the polished and carved woodwork of which were set ornaments of gold and greenstone, and many colored gems gathered from the bed of the great river which flowed across the plains and buried itself in the mountains. A thousand resinous torches held in the hands of the body guard of the chief, illuminated the cavern; the sides of which, lined by rich quartz, pink and white, and traversed with golden veins, glittered and shimmered with a hundred varied lights. Ranged to the left and extending the length of the cavern were the stately Moas—their venerable chieftains nearest the throne, On the other side, the men of the Morioris were gathered; the women were clustered at the farther end of the hall, directly facing the throne.

The ceremonies were opened by an aged priest, clad in a finxen robe of dazzling whiteness. Hoani, who stood beside me, translated his words, as, first decapitating a water hen, and sprinkling the floor with its blood, he spoke these words:—

"Spirit of the East, where rises the origin of life; Spirit of the West, where he sinks to rest; Master of the North winds, which bringeth warmth and comfort to the Moriori; King of the terrible South who sendeth forth the cold blasts of Winter—hear the words of thy people! Here have we dwelt since the day, when the Fates imposed upon us defeat and slaughter at the hands of the stranger. Here, secure from discovery, remote from the strange things which have come to our country, devoted to our ancient laws and religion, faithful to our traditions, loyal to our race, we have dwelt and dwell in peace and contentment. Hear us, spirit of fire, spirits of the air, spirits of water, spirits of the earth; listen, oh sun and moon and stars; harken, oh friendly mountains; give us thy ears, oh forest and smiling fields. To-day we gather to rejoice and give praise. To-day we sing the song of thanks. To-day we celebrate our feast of the full moon, and of our salvation from the vengeance of the conqueror. So be the sacrifice!"

The priest, having thus concluded, bowed first three times before the throne; then twice to the assembled Morioris, then once to the Moas. Instantly there arose a wild chant, led by the priest and swelling gradually into a vast volume of harmonious sound, which filled the hall, and, as it rose and fell with sweetly modulated tones, was echoed from every corner and passage of the cave. Now it would stun the ear with sonorous melody; then fall suddenly into a sweet whisper, when the women's voices would take up the chant, and sing it softly and with pathetic sadness of expression. At intervals the men uttered a great shout, and the guard rattled their spears, while some boys blew shrill sounds from reeds, and others beat upon drums. Then the Moas, one after the other, and with wonderful affinity of tone, uttered a cry, which, commencing in the throat, developed into a shrill treble. For myself I was so carried away by this extraordinary spectacle that I was fain to pinch myself, ere I could realize that it was a fact and not the fabric of a dream.

The song of praise being finished, the great chief of the people, addressed them from the throne. In the course of his speech he alluded particularly to the presence of an alien, who had been spared through the intervention of the women, but whose existence among them was necessarily a source of apprehension and a cause for watchfulness. "Do we not remember oh my sons and daughters; and ye faithful friends," turning to the Moas, "how that twenty full years agone we discovered the stranger, and took him into our gates, and succored him, even as we have done for this fair youth," and he pointed towards me; so that all gazed upon me, and I trembled.

"Ye know this," thundered the old chief "and how that the strange being among us was wedded to one of our fairest daughters, even Ngarewa, my own child." At this point the old man's voice trembled, and for a moment he paused to recover his self possession. Presently he went on:—"And ye also know that when two fair children had been born to them, the white alien and his wife, my daughter Ngarewa, taking their little ones with them, fled from us. Also, you are aware, that our faithful Moa, and good friend yonder, sped after them, and bade them from us return, and that, they refusing, it seized the boy Hoani and brought him to us. Blessed be that day! blessed be the Moa! But if I speak of these things, oh my friends, it is to remind you that another stranger dwells within our gates. It is fitting that he should become one of us; and that this should be so, I do command the maidens here assembled to approach the throne. Ararui, "he cried addressing me," the hour hath come for thee to choose a wife from among the maidens of the Morioris.

As he spoke, and at a signal, the young maidens who had all, unknown to me, been selected for my choice, stepped forth from the ranks of the assembled women. Never had I looked upon fairer faces or more graceful forms—save in the person of my own beloved Wainona. There was no such digerence of physique, such as we discover in our own womankind. The Morioris, as befit their pure lineage, are all of one height and similar build. There is none of that gross obesity, or, on the other hand, grim attenuation which deforms the races of civilization, and so serves to confer upon a healthful an natural physique an additional charm by sheer comparison. No, the Morioris are singularly alike in form and feature, differing herein from their conquerors, the Maories, among whom you may discover the facial types of the Polynesian, the Malay, the Haraforan, and even the negro—plainly indicative, to my mind, of their emigration southwards from islands to the north of the equator.

Well, you may guess that I was in a strange quandary. I would have expostulated, and whispered my wish to Hoani.

"It is useless," said he, "there is evidently some suspicion of our purpose. Disarm it by pretending to acquiesce. Harken my friend and brother. Yonder is Waratopa, gazing upon us. Choose then quickly, and choose her."

I looked at him to note the light of an intelligent idea reflected in his face. There was no time for further explanation. I stepped forward, and bowing thrice profoundly to the throne, I approached Waratopa and took her hand in mine. She did resist; only looking swiftly into my face and then drooping her lovely eyes. But in that passing glance I read hate and aversion, and more—that she had a very fair idea of the reason, which had moved me to my selection.

But those around knew nothing of this Of course among the women and some of the younger men, the girl's preference for Hoani was known, and many eyes were thrust upon him curiously to note, however, that so far from taking my choice ill, he appeared well pleased. And, as with this people all marriages are conducted in the manner I have related, and the maidens have no independent voice in the matter, there was no pronounced sympathy for Waratopa in that my choice had marred her's. Indeed, seeing that woman is alike all the world over, it is probable that many a fair maiden, looking jealously upon my selection of Waratopa, envied and hated her. For see you, I was a stranger from the outside world, and was hence supported by the romantic ideal so dear to women; then I was a stout and personable young fellow, of a different type to that of the youths around me. Yes, I believe I could have had any amount of wives from the bevy of pretty ones assembled. But for Waratopa, she loved Hoani, and had eyes and heart for none beside. And truly he was a handsome gallant fellow, straight, lissome, and with a face which reflected the stately beauty of his mother, and the Saxon dignity of his father.

"It is well," said the high priest. "Approach."

We did so, and stood before the throne hand in hand. Then the old chief pronounced a benediction, the meaning of which I did not understand, for Hoani was not at hand to translate. But that it did not appeal to my fair bride's approval was evident, for she shuddered frequently.

"Approach Hoani," cried the priest, "and let our adopted son listen and answer to our words."

Hoani came swiftly to us; and stood on the left hand of Waratopa. Poor girl, how she trembled!

"You take this daughter of the Morioris for wife, and promise to guard and cherish her, keep her from harm, and throughout life be true?"

I did not answer; but Hoani did for me, in the affirmative.

"For you Hoani, you will be the true and faithful wife of this our son Ararui. Thou wilt honor and serve him and be loyal always; for woe to the woman who betrayeth her husband."

The girl looked up, and turned her eyes upon me. Then she turned to Hoani and looked at him for a brief moment.

"Be it so, oh my father," she said, "your words are wisdom, your counsel command. I accept the task you have imposed upon me." Then she turned to Hoani and said, or rather whispered, (as he afterwards told me) "Thou hast silenced my tongue, oh brother; but thou hast not yet accomplished thy purpose." His face grew pale, as I noticed, and he set his lips hard; then recovering his composure, he smiled, and answered, also in a whisper, that she spoke in riddles.

There was no further ceremony. Among these people, whose religion is mystic, and who worship through the inward emotions of the soul rather than by form or ceremonial, the natural conditions of social life are recognised as a matter of course. To be born, to wed, to die—these events of human life are to them no more than the rising and the setting of the sun, the eternal flow of the stream, the fall of the rain, the springing of the corn, the blooming of flowers. No sophistry of sects, or schools, at once torments and confuses them. They accept life as it is, and behold in the instincts of nature the commands and ordinances of nature's God.

Parting from my bride I rejoined my companions, who smiled upon me, patted my shoulders, and by word and gesture signified their approval of what had taken place.

The great banquet was now served—a wonderful feast. I cannot tell you of the extraordinary dishes which were served to us by the old women, who, among this singular people are the cooks upon such occasions and whose skill is inherited from time immemorial. Not a herb grew but was made to contribute. Eels were served in a hundred curious fashions—they are the principal fish of the streams in the Moriori country. But besides, there were other fish, small but delicious, cooked in a manner which would have distracted a gourmet. Then we had quails, and snipe, and parrots, and pigeons, dressed in many ways; with rare vegetables such as I had never tasted or seen before. The tender shoots of flowering plants contributed to the feast; the wild pig dressed most toothsomely was the chief meat; while plums, apricots, apples, and especially peaches, were in abundance. You see these people had contrived to acquire through Hoani—whom they periodically sent forth to the settlements—many seeds and plants from the Europeans, which they had carefully cultivated.

We had abundance of a strong native wine distilled from flax; and mead made from honey. The guests, ordinarily most temperate, drank deeply and soon the natural effect of their excess became very visible. The Moas alone abstained. They fed from the vegetables supplied them; and I thought sometimes as I watched them that they cast looks of disgust upon their human companions, as they gorged themselves with food and drink. But truly the excess to which the Morioris gave themselves up, while coarse enough in itself, served only to develope the gentleness and kindliness of their nature. There was no quarreling, no loud or offensive talk. As the mead and wine animated them, they sang and laughed; lovers grew tender, husbands uxorious; the old clasped each other's hands; the young danced and sang. The *in vino veritas* anxious was very happily illustrated.

Hoani and I watched all this with anxious interest. It was all in favor of our enterprise that the Morioris should drink deep; for slumber would soon seize upon them; and their watchfulness would be checked. But then we had to deal with the Moas! This however had been left to the friendly Moa who had promised to assist us in our flight.

The hour came—it was midnight. The feasting and jubilation had ceased, and the great cave no longer echoed the shouts and songs of the revellers. Stretched on mats on all sides the people slumbered. The Moas, too, doubtless exhausted by an experience so opposite to the natural simplicity of their lives, had fallen asleep. It was then that Hoani touched my arm and bade me by a gesture follow him.

Silently and with cat-like steps we sped towards the outlet which, as I have said had been placed under his guard. We carried with us—concealed in our clothing—gold to large amount. At the last post we found our Moa. Honestly, I read in the strange grotesque visage of this gigantic creature an expression of the most anxious apprehension. When it saw us, however, it turned and sped to the outer entrance and stood there.

Hoani threw his arms around the creature's neck, which was bent towards him, and for some seconds they stood thus. Tears flowed plentifully from the Moa's eyes; it groaned, and its huge form seemed convulsed. Hoani was equally agitated. But he said no word; and presently, with one last pressure of the Moa's head to his heart, he turned and sped onwards. We were now in the outer world. As we passed forth, the rock of which I have spoken turned slowly backwards and closed the mouth of the cavern. The last I saw of the Moa, it stood, towering above us, with the match in its beak, with which the guard was ever ready to ignite the fuse with which the train was to be fired, when need arose to close the cavern's mouth for ever.

We sped onwards in silence. A full moon lit up our way, which was downward towards a deep gorge. This opened out on to the plain below, and here it had been agreed that Wainona should meet us. The poor girl had camped in a secluded part of the valley which I had selected. I had built for her a rough wharri, and had stocked it with provisions ere I had ventured into the land of the Morioris; and it had been arranged that if she did not hear from me within two months, she was to return to her father, whom she would consult as to further action. Five weeks had elapsed, and of course I found the faithful girl at her post. She was sleeping peacefully, as, pushing the little door open, we entered the hut.

"There!" said I with swelling heart," is your sister, Hoani. Awaken Wainona, we have come!"

She started from her sleep and sprang to her feet.

"Wainona," cried Hoani.

"Hoani!" and they clasped each other in a fond embrace. It was a moment of intense happiness. Alas! but a moment. Even as they kissed each other, the swift rush of a coming host was heard; and presently seven Moas burst into the wharri. As I turned and raised my arm with the instinct of resistance. I was struck to the earth and knew no more.

. . . . . .

When I came to, I found myself in Christchurch Hospital. They told me I had been brought in by some shepherds, who had discovered me lying insensible on the plain. To my questions as to what had become of my companions, and my reference to the Moas, no other answer was given than a recommendation to keep quiet. I was told that I had been delirious, and that without doubt I had sustained a severe sunstroke.

When I recovered I made my way to the mountains. But alas! I must have forgotten the track. For weeks I wandered in search of the cave—in vain. Nor could I find the shepherd's hut, from which point I could have taken my bearings. Heartbroken, I turned at last to the port, and taking ship returned to Wellington. It was with a heavy heart that I sought the happy home in which I had first met my beloved and lost Wainona. I feared the reproaches of her parents and shrank from meeting them. Alas! here again I discovered a loss. I could find no trace of the dwelling; nor, to my enquiries, could I get any information concerning its occupants. People told me I was dreaming; that no settler by the name of Dudley was known thereabouts, and many more than hinted that my brain was turned. If suffering could turn it, this might indeed have been so.

All this occurred many years ago; but it seems to me but yesterday that I experienced the events I have narrated. I am getting old now; but in my heart, mates, the love for Wainona, the fair Moriori maiden is as green as ever.

Maori Jim ceased to speak and for some moments a dead silence followed. Then a man known as Yankee Dan, who was stretched in his bunk, drawled:

"Say Jim—how long had you had em?"

"Had what?"

"The tigers—Jimjams, you know. You'd been tearin' around, I guess, and that's how you got hold of that there Wainona and the Morioris."

To this Maori Jim made no reply. He lighted his pipe and went out into the night. Next morning, when the station bell was rung, he was missing.

THE NEW OPERATOR.

Nellie and Rob had quarrelled. Not as do many lovers, for both were operators and had charge of offices whose wires were too busy to permit any war of words; but just enough space had occurred that morning for each to make the other miserable.

There had long been an affinity between the two of a stronger nature than usually exists between telegraph operators. Nellie's tender touches upon the key could alone quiet the nervous twitching of Robin's arm, when worn out by the rush of messages and train orders. She it was who seasoned the magnetism of dots and dashes with a balm that kept his heart sweet and wholesome. This she often did, weaving the good-mornings and good-evenings into lengthy conversations.

It so happened, one winter evening, that Ned Owens, the operator at Pine Bluff, a little station intervening between Milldale and Fairfield, made use of his ground wire, thus cutting off all communication between the lovers, but giving himself free scope to talk to his pretty and scintillating cousin. She, however, was not kept in the dark as to the proceedings, and together they concocted a scheme to make the devoted Rob Price jealous.

"It will be such fun to know that Rob is fretting and fuming over a trouble that he believes to be caused by a fallen pole or a dislodged tree," said the handsome Ned his black eyes twinkling with mischief.

"And I, in trying to round off his surmises, will give a sudden hint of the truth, get red in the face, and appear much confused continued the naughty Nellie, tapping her pretty foot anxiously against the embroidered footstool that adorned the little office.

"There is a ground north of me," he repeated, and reported it to the main office.

After testing the wires for some time, the trouble was located at Pine Bluff. Explanation was asked for, and the whole-souled Ned, confessing that something had bewitched him in Milldale, was pardoned at the headquarters, and the matter was dismissed.

But into the heart of Robin Price crept a dark suspicion, which no syllogism of his sweetheart seemed true enough to obliterate.

"I will leave her," he muttered. "Why toil and sweat out an existence for a creature who will perhaps wreck my manhood, as she has threatened my youth?"

With these thoughts animating his purpose. he seized the key and called "Md.," signing "Fd.;" these being the letters that designated the two stations. Milldale and Fairfield.

Nellie recognized the stroke and, springing from her pet bird's cage to the table, seized the key, and, after making several excited dots, signed her office call, "Md."

"I leave on Number Twenty-three for California," were the words that the little brass sounder sang out. "To-nights express brings you a package and a letter that explains all. You have been false."

The instrument continued to sing, and then came a pause and the circuit closed.

Burning shame and indignation that he should thus accost her on a line where perhaps several dozen were listening, first seized her, and pride kept whispering in poor Nellie's ear. Opening again the key, she vehemently fingered it a moment, and then plainly and leisurely drummed out the most provoking "O. K."

Robin's fears were now confirmed. He was boarding the train for his western tour when some one slapped him on the shoulders exclaiming.—

"Hello, old pard! What's the latest from Milldale?"

But seeing the desperate glare in his rival's eye, he drew back a foot or two.

"You coward!" groaned Robin. "How dare you meddle with my heart and now openly try to humiliate me?"

But as he entered the coach Ned seized his arm, saying,—

"Don't be rash, Rob. Come back into the office and I will make everything as clear as my conscience."

They did go back into the office, closed the door, and number twenty-three went whizzing around the bend short one passenger.

* * * * *

Poor Nellie! The next few weeks were long and empty. The spring wind, instead of blossoming the roses on her cheeks, kissed away the flush and left her face wan and expressionless. Back and forth she went to the little office, which, like a neglected flower, had lost its freshness.

Sitting one afternoon brooding over the past and dreaming of the far west she was aroused from the lethargy by her instrument clattering out her office call, and continuing to repeat the same until she had duplicated the letters in answer.

"Good-evening, Miss N. I learned yesterday through Ned Owens, night man at Fairfield, that you were a lady operator. Why have you not called me before this and driven away the spring fever with your sprightliness?" said the same little sounder that had been tolling a funeral knell for so long

"Good-evening," was Nellie's timid response. "You seemed always occupied and I feared to intrude."

"Ha! ha!" rattled the relay and sounder, both seeming to enjoy the change that had come over them. "You are mistaken. Business is dull enough here. How do you pass your leisure time? I do not hear you as often as I did—as I did—shem! the lady operator on the C & A. line where I came from."

"Most any way," replied Nellie. "I crochet and make verses sometimes when there is a lull on the line." Then the demon of her old self came back to her and revived her spirits. "How prettily you send," wrote the dainty fingers. "Go ahead. I love to hear you."

"Thanks," said the new operator, beginning to make each sentence more complex and throwing alternate reflections of sunshine and shadows into them, which fairly dazzled Nellie's poetic nature and made an electric tremor creep along her nerves and flash through every fibre of her hungry heart. "I hope to have many more such chats with you. Good-night. Some one's calling on Number Nine."

Thus it was, that within the space of half an hour Nellie's heart had undergone a reaction, and something like the old merriment crept into her bright eyes. Every day brought a warmer sunshine into her life, which was fast chasing away the shadow that darkened it, and all because she was loved by a stranger—the new operator. Try as she would, she could not help associating him with her truant lover. At times their touches upon the key were the same, and also their expressions. One day she asked in a seemingly indifferent tone:

"Did you ever know 'B,' who worked at 'Fd?'"

"Know whom?" clicked the instrument in return.

"Rob Price," replied Nellie, with a tremble upon the last dot.

"Ha! The dunce who broke his heart over your piece of fun with Ned? I should say I had heard of him a few times. I hear he is mining out West, but his health is declining. Weeds must have sunshine as well as flowers, you know; but say, don't make me jealous by trying to ressurect him. May I come up to-morrow and see you? I have a friend who is going to Milldale, and I would like to accompany him."

"Certainly," retorted the Milldale office, and Nellie began to smooth her hair and arrange the papers upon her desk as if it were dawn instead of twilight.

That night her dreams were troublesome, and when the morning came there were tears upon her lashes. She dressed and sauntered off to the office, wishing that a wreck would delay the early train. She had unlocked the door, and was talking to little Jack, who was carolling in his cage, when the train whistled. The engine pulled up slowly to the platform, and Ned Owens came bounding into the room, kissing her until her face was aglow with blushes.

"Nell," he said, "I beg a thousand pardons, but I have a surprise for you," and throwing the door open he presented the new operator—Robin Price.

There he stood with his arms extended, looking handsomer than ever, with the same soft hair curling over his brow.

Nellie uttered a little shriek and fell into his arms.

* * * * *

Years have slipped by since then. Nellie is now a happy mother, who draws her children about her at twilight and tells them stories of her truant lover. 542

SUPPLEMENT.

Good Stories.

When General B. F. Butler was a member of Congress, he and Mr. Randall were frequently pitted against each other. At one point of the famous deadlock over the civil rights bill, when Randall was managing the Democratic side as usual, Butler, who favored holding a session on Sunday, went over to Randall's desk to arrange for it. Randall would not agree to the proposition. "Bad as I am, I have some respect for God's day," he said, "and I don't think it proper to hold a session of Congress on that day." "Oh, pshaw!" replied Butler; "don't the Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath-day? You have seventy-three asses on your side of the House that I want to get out of this ditch to-morrow, and I think I am engaged in a holy work." "Don't do it, Butler," pleaded Randall; "I have some respect for you that I don't want to lose. I expect some day to meet you in a better world." "You'll be there, as you are here," retorted Butler, "*a Member of the Lower House.*"

Colonel Tom Worthington, a West Point officer who commanded an Ohio regiment during the earlier part of the Rebellion, was dismissed from the service for alleged disobedience of orders at the battle of Shiloh. Seeking redress, he went to Washington, and in that city spent every winter until he died. Constantly begging to be reinstated in the service, he bored President Lincoln almost to death. One day he called General Tom Ewing out of the House of Representatives and said to him: "Lincoln's a fool!" "What makes you think so?" asked Ewing. "Read this note," said Worthington, pulling a paper from his pocket. The letter was dated at the Executive Mansion, and read as follows: "I have several times informed Mr. Worthington, verbally, that he was unfit to be a colonel, and now at his request, I put it in writing. A. LINCOLN."

A missionary among the Indians of British Columbia took especial pains to instruct a class of young braves as to the dreadfulness of the crime of murder, and to point out just what was meant by the commandment forbidding it. To test their comprehension of what he said, he asked all those who had committed murder to stand up. Only three arose. He was very much surprised, as he knew they had all been on the war-path repeatedly and boasted of their scalps. He went over the explanation once more, and again asked them to rise. The same three came to their feet. "Why, surely," he said, "this can't be all who have committed murder." After a moment's reflection, "Will, all those who have tomahawked their mothers-in-law please stand up!" Nineteen arose!

A lady went into one of the fashionable Melbourne shops recently to buy a wrap, and, in course of her search for the right thing, picked up from the counter a cloth jacket, the color of which greatly pleased her. It was dark red, but heavily braided, and to her taste it would have looked better without the elaborate trimming. Holding it up to inspect its peculiar cut, she said to the attendant, "I should like this one. It is very handsome, except for all that common passementerie on the front." "Excuse me, madam," said a voice behind her, in haughty tones, "Excuse me, *that* is my jacket, which I've just taken off, to try on another!"

S. S. Merrill, the manager of the Milwaukee road, who died lately, had a trick of knowing personally all the employees on his road. He was loath to permit a man to remain in the service if he was acquainted with him. When he came to make his California trip, a short time before his death, he called his lieutenants around him to give them final instructions. At last he asked them: "Is there anything more to be looked after?" "Hub" Atkins saw the opportunity for a joke on the old man's weakness and accepted it. "Well, Mr. Merrill," he said, "there's a new brakeman on the H. and D. Division that you ought to know before you leave."

Sydney Smith said of Macaulay: "He is a book in breeches. He is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies may have said before (though I never did so) that he talked rather too much but now he has occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful." Sydney Smith said at another time of Macaulay, that "he not only overflowed with learning, but stood in the slop." Again: "I wish I were as sure of any one thing as Macaulay is of everything." To some one who said "Whewell's forte is science." "Yes, said Sydney Smith, "and his foible is omniscience."

Macready was once playing "The Gamester" with the stock company of a provincial theatre. One of the characters, after giving a description of his ruin by gambling, is asked by Beverley how his ruin had been accomplished. He replies: "They misled me," to which the gamester answers, "They misled me, too," and thereby makes one of his most telling points. The country actor, an illiterate fellow, gave the word phonetically, saying "they mizzled me." Macready stared at him for an instant, and then fell into his chair, gravely repeating, in tragic tones, "They mizzled me, too,"

The only practical joke in which Richard Harris Barham (better known by his *nom de plume* of Thomas Ingoldsby) ever personally engaged was enacted when he was a boy at Canterbury. He entered a Quaker's meeting-house, held up a penny tart and said solemnly: "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way, boy," said a drab-colored gentleman, rising, "go thy way, and"—— "The pie is yours, sir," exclaimed Barham, placing it before the astounded speaker and hastily effecting his escape.

An old New York dry-goods auction merchant, who resided in Jersey, crossed Cortlandt Street Ferry morning and night. One morning as he was coming over he noticed that one of the best customers of his house slipped through without paying. On his arrival at the store he told his auctioneer not to receive a bid from such a man. The latter observed: "Why, I thought he was good!" "So did I, but I have changed my mind; I will not trust him five shillings." Not long after the person failed, and did not pay half-a-crown in the pound.

Mahony, the Irish wit, known as "Father Prout," once called on a literary lady, whom he found conversing with a gentleman whose manners indicated his familiarity with good society, but whose apparel betrayed slovenliness. "Did you not notice his well-bred ease and courtly tone?" asked the lady o Mahony, after the gentleman had left the room. "Yes," growled the cynical wit; "your friend can well afford to put some polish in his manner, for he keeps none for his boots."

Two old retired West Pointers were at a dinner in Washington recently. During the progress of the speeches and songs, "The Volunteers" was proposed by a gentleman who had achieved distinction in the volunteer army. "What is proposed?" inquired one of the old regulars of the other. "We are asked to drink to the volunteers," was the response. "Well," replied the first speaker, "we of the regular army can drink that. The volunteers helped us out a good deal."

A would-be wit of Paris, with more assurance than brains, offered to introduce a young nobleman of the provinces to a lady of high rank. "Allow me, madame," said he, "to present to you the Marquis de Tierceville, who is not such a fool as he looks." "Madame," replied the Marquis, "that is precisely the difference between my friend and me."

Satire is sometimes deserved. A French maid of honor, at the Court of Louis XIII., asked a certain marshal to marry her. "You are the silliest man at Court," said she, on his refusal. "Excuse me," was the witty but bitter reply, "I think I have just proved the contrary."

Sketcher.

My Life Lesson.

I had been sitting long at the window, watching I know not what, seeing I know not whom, for though the throng of people passed, and the flakes of snow held high war in the air, leaving feathery darts on the coats of the passers-by, or following in a mad chase around the corner, yet all came and went unheeded by me. I was as one having eyes, yet seeing not.

I had been sitting in this listless state, wondering in what way I could make myself of some note in the world. I thought over the long list of accomplishments which I had known and read of others attaining, but money and talent were necessary. Of the former, you would see that it had been scantily meted out to me, would you but peep at the cheap paper hangings, few books and fewer pictures, which had served their generation, and now stood enjoying humble intimacy with each other in the little room where I was seated, which served as parlor, sitting-room, or both.

Had I a talent, I am sure it lay buried on the floor of my mind, crushed by the multitude of common-place things that necessarily fill the mind of a girl whose position is "mother's right hand." I could find no poetry in the splash of the water, while I was engaged at the homely work of dish washing; and could a lofty thought have arisen while I was wielding my broom, the young germ was soon choked, or did it survive for awhile in the dust, it soon escaped to the sisterhood of imagery.

These were the substance of my thoughts in this early winter twilight, and I hastily drew the shades, wishing that I might as easily draw a veil over my dissatisfied mind. I did want to be content in that position in which God had placed me, and to that end I earnestly prayed; but I am afraid that while I asked to be content I was hoping it might be in some nobler sphere, and so I turned my back on the small duties that grew in my path, thus making my life more and more wretched.

One evening not long afterward, as I was preparing supper in our little kitchen, I heard a voice very softly and sweetly singing the familiar song "Home Sweet Home." The voice was so pathetic that I could not resist opening the door, and there in the back yard stood a woman. She stopped singing as she saw me, and came forward to where I was standing. I soon learned that, every other means failing, she had thought of using her voice in singing, hoping to earn a little each night to help to support her sick sister and herself. From her face and manner I judged her to be no common beggar, and giving her some change, I resolved to visit her home the next day.

Down to the North End I went, passing gin shops where dirty women and men stood lounging and drinking over the counter, filling the air with the vile odor of their breath, then on to where the emblematic balls of the pawnbroker hung so low that they seemed to reach and leave their impress of woe on each passer-by—on, and still on, I walked, until I found myself in G. Court. As I looked at the wretched houses and the groups of uncared for children, who, though young, had faces grown long and thin by want's pinching grip, I wondered whether human life really could exist in such a place.

The question was soon answered when I found the home, or rather room, of the sisters; for not only was there human life, but also a life whose substance was drawn from above rested there. I could not keep back my surprise at the perfect happiness I saw amid such great affliction; for both sisters were advanced in life, with want continually staring at them, yet their faces bore the marks of patient resignation to God's will.

Seeing the sufferer smile, as she held out her hand to me, I said,—

"You seem very happy."

"Indeed I am," she replied. "What should make one happier than the knowledge of being the child of a king, and that king Christ? All I can do is to sit here, yet I have learned that 'they also serve who patiently wait.'"

It all flashed upon my mind in a moment; God had sent me here to learn my life-lesson. If this poor sufferer could serve God by patient waiting, then I also could serve him in the round of my daily cares, which indeed is the highest aim in life. The plain, homely work must be done, as well as the lily work carving; and it matters not what, if each day finds the chisel cutting deeper and deeper to the glory of God.

That day my real life began; my plain old home became a sacred and lovely spot; my longing soul was satisfied with its mission, ready to enter the battle of life that God had planned, resting assured that it will be all the better prepared to sing the victor's song.

The Print of the Baby's Hand.—While engaged (at Antietam), we found lying on the ground the body of a rebel artilleryman who had been killed by a bursting shell. His knapsack had at the same time been shattered so that part of its contents had fallen on the ground near him. Out of curiosity I picked up a letter, much soiled by frequent handling, and proceeded to read it. My comrades gathered around me, and I read the missive aloud. It was the message of a young wife, who, from her home in a small Alabama town, had sent to her husband the tidings of the birth of a daughter. It had been written in September, 1861, nearly a year previous, and its simple phrases of love and solicitude were truly touching.

The letter made its impression upon us, but on turning it over we noticed the outlines of a Babe's hand. The mother had evidently taken the little one's hand, placed it on the paper, and then, with a pencil, traced its outlines. The outline was then dotted with ink so as to bring it out more clearly. Within the lines were written the simple words, "Martha Virginia, her hand sent to her pa;" while on the outside the message appeared, "If you want to kiss the baby you must kiss this hand." The boys gathered around me and gazed at that little sketch, and I am not sure that most of them did not take off their caps. When I looked up from the missive I saw lips quiver, and now and then a tear take its course silently down cheeks bronzed and hardened.

What was there in that little letter to make men who could gaze without emotion on slaughtered thousands soften under its influence? Was it because it told the story of the purest love, or because we knew that often in the still hours of the night that letter had been taken from its place to be read, perchance to be caressed? Was it because it brought to mind the thought that many of our own fallen boys in blue had, too, some keepsake, some souvenir of loved ones at home, whose grief and tears and heartache would be their only requiem? I know not what it was. I only know that to me that little hand, standing out in its dotted outline from its soiled white background, told me how terrible would be the anguish of that mother when the story of Antietam's battle reached that quiet Alabama town. Well, we buried the poor fellow near where he fell, and we put that letter in his narrow grave; and tears of sympathy welled up into our eyes as we worked.

The Importance of the Ideal in Life.—Napoleon used to say that what was most fatal to a general was a knack of combining objects into pictures. A good officer, he said, never makes a pictures; he sees objects, as through a field-glass, exactly as they are. In the art of war let us take Napoleon's word for this; but in "the art to live," a man who dreads to idealize aims or to make pictures will sooner or later find his faculties benumbed and his work narrowed to something for which nobody but himself will care and for which he will not himself always care with any sincerity or depth of interest.

Science.

The Utilization of Wave Power.—When Balboa discovered the Pacific, he stood knee-deep in the placid waters at Panama, and the name given the great ocean was appropriate to the locality. As far north as California, however, it is a misnomer, for the waves of that ocean are there large all the summer, owing to the prevailing strong winds, and the winter storms off shore and near shore create large rollers constantly It is now proposed to utilize this movement of the sea along that coast. Interesting experiments are being carried on at the beach near San Francisco, north of the Cliff House, with that view, it being the ultimate object to supply the city with some 50,000 or 60,000 horse-power for industrial purposes, water being used instead of steam. The experiments are being carried out by a local engineer. The idea is to raise sea water through the medium of a pump operated by the waves, to a height of 350 feet, whence it can be directed into the city and the power used for elevators, mills, manufactories, etc.

The aparatus used is described as exceedingly simple. A bridge has been built across a chasm into which the waves roll, and from the bridge is suspended a strong frame carrying a swinging arm or lever, the lower end of which carries a float or paddle immersed in the water. This lever or arm has its upper end suitably connected by rods that extend to a heavy crosshead. The lever is 82 feet long. The crosshead is connected with the plunger of a pump of 12 inches diameter and 13 feet stroke. The pump is 24 feet above low-water level. As the lower arm of the lever moves to and fro with the action of the waves, it operates the pump, drawing the water from the sea and forcing it to the reservoir on the hill. The float on the submerged end of the lever is intended to be only about one foot under water. It is not placed in the long rollers, but works in the water inside the first line of breakers, so that it obtains the force which dashes the waves against the rocks. The operating lever swings on the arc of a circle, and can readily be withdrawn from the water as occasion demands, the power required to do this being furnished by a water-wheel.

It is intended, provided the experiments are satisfactory, to establish a line of these pumps and levers. Other pumps, of 16 or 17 feet stroke, will be put up. Full stroke is seldom taken, the great length being given to provide for emergencies, so as not to break the pumps. At present the latter are pumping through the pressure-valve and meter to determine the power. The force of the waves to the square foot is very large, and those engaged in the enterprise are of opinion that storm waves will not seriously affect the motion. The high tides are said to make no difference either. The pumps, it may be stated, are placed horizontally.

A Many Years Ago.—The ancient Egyptians buried seeds and sometimes plants with their dead. They commonly made a light bier for the body of freshly cut green boughs with their leaves on, and it was customary in swathing the corpse with its mortuary bandages to enclose this light bier in them. These plant remains, with many others more purposely deposited on or about the bodies or in the sepulchural chambers, have been resurrected recently from many old tombs, never before opened, and the information they give is interesting and suggestive. Owing to the hermetic sealing of the plants and seeds, they have been preserved for the most part as fresh as when they were deposited, and very fortunately their first examination was made by an eminent botanist, Dr. Schweinfurth, who has for a quarter of a century been exploring the flora of the Nile Valley. By putting these plants in warm water Dr. Schweinfurth has restored them almost completely. "The colors of the flowers are still present, even the most evanescent, such as the violet, of the larkspur and knapweed, and the scarlet of the poppy; the chlorophyl remains in the leaves, and the sugar in the pulp of the raisins." Dr. Schweinfurth has determined no less than fifty-nine species, and what is more remarkable is that the characteristics of nearly every one of these species are identical with those of the present day. An exception exists in the case of a certain vine, the under surface of whose leaves was formerly clothed with white hairs, which are no longer found. But the great majority of the plants, seeds, and even the weeds discovered in the tombs, resemble in all respects the modern species, and when we realize that this fact indicates a stability of forms and character during from four to five thousand years, it will be seen that the facts strongly oppose the evolutionary theory. No doubt it is true that the periods required for the cooling and gradual stocking of the earth with vegetables and animal life by modern geology seem to afford ample space for the evolution of species, But when we find that a very large number of plants have undergone no changes at all in five or six thousand years, it is apparent that the evidence, though not in any sense conclusive, makes against the hypothesis which is most generally accepted at present. It is possible to go much further back than Egypt for evidence. Plant remains have been found in sedimentary deposits older than the glacial drift—giving them an age of from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand years—and those plants present no differences from the same species as they exist to-day.

Scorpion Virus.—A letter to *Nature*, signed "J. Fayrer," says: "Professor Bourne's experiments related in the *Proceedings* of the Royal Society of January 6, 1887, seem to establish the fact that although the scorpion may be provoked to strike and wound itself or another scorpion, it is incapable, in either case, of causing any toxic action, however active the virus may prove in respect of other creatures. That it is, in short, with the scorpion as it is with the cobra or viper: they poison other creatures, but not themselves or each other. Some years ago an exhaustive series of experiments brought me to the conclusion that a cobra is not poisoned by cobra virus, whether inoculated by its own fangs, by those of another cobra or by a hypodermic syringe. The same in the case of daboia and other viperine snakes. It seemed, however, that the bungarus, a less deadly snake than the cobra, occasionally is affected, though slowly, by the cobra virus, but that it escapes more frequently than it suffers; and when it does suffer the effect of the poison is greatly diminished. On the other hand, non-venomous snakes, lizards, frogs, fish, mollusca, and other low forms of life, all rapidly succumb to snake poison. The details of these experiments are to be found in the 'Thanatophidia of India,' published in 1872, and in referring to them Professor Bourne remarks; 'They show conclusively that the cobra poison will not affect a cobra, and will not even affect the viperine ptyas.' I would correct the latter portion of the quotation so far as to say that the ptyas is a colubrine harmless snake, not a viperine snake, and that it rapidly succumbs to the cobra virus. Professor Bourne has helped to dispel another of the popular delusions which cling round venomous creatures."

Who Made the Pudding?—On one occasion, after the appreciation of the company and the wit of the guests had both been brought to the highest pitch by the wealth of viands, which, through a dozen courses, must have almost exhausted the ingenuity of the *chef*, a dessert was served whose well-known character was almost concealed by the French garnishising. At last, however, in conversation some one ventured the remark that, despite its French dantiness, he recognized it as an old-fashioned English bird's nest pudding.

"And a delicious one, too," added a guest; "I should like to know what bird could have made so good a pudding."

"That's plain," replied our friend, it was the cuckoo made it."

The Inner Man.

The following article on "fashions in dining" is from *Harper's Bazar*: The fashion is rapidly growing for young men to give dinners on their coming of age, of their engagement, and during the last week of their unmarried life. These, if given in their own house, may be on the same scale as those of their mothers; but if given at a club or hotel, they will still be elegant and as expensive as the purse can buy. For a gentleman's dinner, sherry and bitters are served to the guest on entering the parlor or in an ante-room, Angostura or orange bitters being preferred. After this refreshment the guests are shown to the dining-room, where they find their seats defined by a card. Oysters on the half-shell with bits of lemon are before them. With this viand, sherry, or Chablis, or some light wine, is poured. Then follows the soup, and then the fish. Sherry continues to be served, and should be cool but not iced. Then comes an *entree*—croquettes, or *bouches a la Reine*, or something dressed with olives and truffles. Chateau Yquem, the most delicious of rich, sweet wines—"imprisoned sunbeams," as some one calls it—is poured with this part of the dinner. The *piece de resistance* comes next—roast beef or mutton, or *filet aux champignons*; and then the champagne should come in. Good champagne should be either entirely *frappe* or simply cool; no ice should touch the wine itself. After the heavy roast should be served a *sorbet*, or Roman punch, and cigarettes are placed on the table, the gentlemen being expected to smoke there. Then comes the game—the canvas-back duck or the partridge, or the up-land plover or the reed-bird—and with this course delicious Burgundy, just the temperature of the room, should be served in colored glasses. Then come the salad and cheese, with port, Madeira and sherry, if preferred; then a cabinet pudding with rum-sauce, or an *omelette souffle*, followed by ices, fruit, roasted almonds, and cheese *fondu*; then coffee, brandy, and liqueurs. This is what is called a "headache dinner." At one engagement dinner of last season, the mother of the young host sent him a present of a loving-cup of silver with three handles; to each handle was tied a napkin. This cup was filled with punch, and as each guest drank he wiped the edge with the napkin and passed it on, Apollinaris water is served all through the dinner. The old fashion of a waggon to send round the Burgundy-bottle on wheels, with an ingenious plan for tipping its contents into a glass without muddling the wine, has come in anew for gentlemen's dinners, as well as that of offering caviare with sherry and bitters before the dinner as an *avant-gout*. Olives, celery, radishes, and other relishes are passed during the dinner, and the old fashion of Highland honors—that is, drinking healths and then breaking the glasses—is very fashionable at these young bachelor dinners.

There is another meal which has grown out of these gentlemen's dinners—it is the gentlemen's lunch-party, served to strangers who are in town, or to the ushers of a wedding-feast. These lunches generally come the day after a dinner, and begin always with an orange, which is placed, after being on the ice, on a plate with a fork run into it, and a sharp knife on the plate by its side. This orange is both peeled and eaten from the fork, and is very cooling to parched throats. Then come raw oysters, and then cold bouillon in cups. Cold bouillon is preferred by many to hot bouillon for breakfast in heated rooms. Champagne, sherry, claret, and Apollinaris are all served at these breakfasts. Little Roman lamps are handed about wherewith to light the cigarettes, and gentlemen smoke all through the breakfast.

For ladies' lunches the menu has been simplified. Chops with peas, a Spanish omelet, birds broiled, fried potatoes, mushrooms on toast, artichokes, salads, champagne, coffee, and fruit; this is now deemed a stylish lunch for ladies. Roasted almonds, salted, make a very good relish after the sweets. For dinners elaborate dinner-cards have gone out, and a plain card stamped with the monogram of the hostess alone marks the place where the guest is to sit. A menu, especially written in French by the *chef*, is placed for the host or hostess on a little porcelain slate held up by a brass bracket, but that is the only one on the table. For both ladies' and gentlemen's dinners the same arrangement of wine obtains, except that at the former sherry and bitters are not offered. Two soups, white and clear, will be passed, and two kinds of fish, to give each guest a choice. An old fashion is being revived of bringing in the roast on a silver platter, the host carving. Silver dishes are used for the vegetables and for the salads, but not to eat from; there is something unpleasant in cutting anything on a silver dish. The finest of Darby ware or porcelain should be used for the plates. Cut glass is very much in fashion for the ornamental dishes for the table.

Viennese Cooking.—The traveller finds little in Viennese restaurants to please his dainty palate. You are sure to have bouillon with an egg and bouillon without an egg, nudel-soup, goose soup, and a few other liquid introductions to the dinner, included, by the French, under the general name of potage. Goose you may depend upon in a variety of forms, for the goose is a bird of the Danube, lending itself easily to the wiles of the sportsman, and judging by the frequency of its appearance on bills of fare, flying low at all seasons. But goose is by no means the most deadly resource of the Vienna cuisine. It is not invariably an objectional article of diet, if you give due consideration to its unctuous quality, and are able to regard your couch through a long perspective. There is veal, as there is veal everywhere in Europe, and usually of that uncertain age which is neither calf, cow nor ox. There is mutton occasionally, chicken now and then, and beef, scarce and dear. These various meats are served up in accordance with the express stipulations of a bill of fare, couched in a tongue which the whole civilized world long ago decided had not the most distant relation to the mystery of the cuisine, to wit:—the German. You usually pay dear for beef and other meats. Your goose is served at reasonable prices. It is mathematically divided, or is supposed to be, into halves, quarters, eights, or portions. Considering the unctuousness of the viands, most people content themselves with a portion liberally bathed in the process of mastication and digestion with one of the white wines of the country. Ham and eggs, the ham of the country being excellent, can be had served in a fashion that with a slight effort of the imagination one is able to think epicurean.

The Night Mist.

All the night long the gray, embracing mist
  Has held in tender arms the tired world;
The sleepy river its soft lips have kissed,
  And over hills and meadows it has curled.

Its white, cool finger it has gently placed
  On weary stretches of deep, drifting sand;
The noisy city and the far off waste
  Have felt the benediction of its hand.

The drowsy world rolls on toward the day;
  The fresh, sweet wind of morning softly blows;
The willing mist no longer now may stay;
  With first expectancy of dawn it goes!

Mrs. George, wife of the celebrated author of "Progress and Poverty," is a woman of domestic tastes, devoted to her husband and their four children. She is a small, plump, cheery woman, who never gets down-hearted, and people who know them well say that but for her unflagging devotion and enthusiastic belief in him, Henry George would never have been able to come triumphantly through the long period of straightened means and hard work which preceded his success. It is no wonder that he believes in woman suffrage. Mrs. George is a Victorian lady.

Ladies' Column.

The Dinner Table.

It is a bad custom to put off making all the dishes until the last available moment; cooking requires thought and time to be given to it, if it is to prove palatable, and to hurry up at the last is the way to spoil everything.

Those dishes that are to be served cold must be got ready first. Jellies and blancmanges must be made in the morning, unless ice is at hand. Compotes of fruits and cold puddings may be done early in the afternoon and yet have time to cool for seven o'clock dinner. For roast meats, between which and baked meat there is no comparison, constant basting is indispensable, if they are to be cooked to perfection. A joint should be placed about six or eight inches from the fire for a short time, say ten minutes; it should then be drawn back on the rack to within half a yard, where it is to remain until finished. Baste continually, and as soon as the gravy appears dredge it with flour. By following this method all the juices are retained in the meat, and it will eat rich without being greasy. Flouring it when it is partially done gives a brown, speckled appearance to the outside. To finish, take it down from the rack, put the thick end for a while to the fire, and sprinkle with salt the last thing. All the gravy that drips from the meat should be used, and if the joint is large there will be almost sufficient for the dish. The dripping must be poured off entirely, then a little boiling water is to be stirred into the well of the dripping-pan; in dishing-up it is poured round not over the meat, to prevent its tasting soddened. A joint so cooked is fit to set before an epicure.

For vegetables, use large saucepans full of boiling water, with salt added. This prevents the strong flavor they sometimes have, and which is so unpleasant.

Dishing up must be performed quickly and dexterously, so that all may be served hot; and the housemaid should at any spare moment assist. Plates and dishes should have a brilliant furnish on them, and should be placed in a screen before the fire to make them very hot.

The housemaid must give herself plenty of time to lay the cloth for dinner. It requires both taste and skill to do this nicely. The damask must be faultless, the table napkins folded into some pretty device, the glasses brilliant, the silver polished to perfection, and the flowers which should never be absent—artistically arranged. The mistress will probably take the latter under her care; but who ever undertakes them should arrange them lightly and gracefully—flowers packed closely together, after the style common to the generality of gardeners, are seen to the least advantage. A few, well chosen as to color, softened with delicate, feathery foliage, will outvie in elegance the richest blooms when massed together.

When waiting at a table, the servant should move about the room gently, and avoid clashing the plates or glasses against one another. She should hand everything on the left side of the company, be quick at seeing when plates are empty, and that no one waits for vegetables or sauces. A mistress should take pains to teach a young housemaid how to wait, and never let her get into careless ways; if she tries every day to do her best, she will experience no difficulty, and feel no nervousness when there is company to dinner, No faults should be corrected at the table; but on the following morning any errors may be mentioned and explanations given as to the way in which they are to be guarded against in the future.

Dinner over, the housemaid clears away noiselessly, the cook assisting. Silver must be washed in hot water, alone, in a wooden bowl, if it is to be kept bright, be dried with a perfectly clean towel, and finished off with a leather. Glass should never be washed save in clear water in a wooden bowl. Tea leaves will clean glass bottles and make them lustrous; they can be used with safety, but on no account must soda be allowed in the cleansing of glass.

Love-Making in a Newspaper.—There lives in New York, said a recent importation from the East, a newspaper man who is a striking illustration of what love making through the papers may accomplish. He is now a gray bearded man of leisure, but years and years ago he was a struggling young editorial writer on a western paper. He wrote with a good deal of earnestness on sentimental topics. Having conceived an earnest, devoted, absorbing love for a young lady, and knowing that she was greatly interested in certain lines of work and thought, he managed to put his heart in his editorials for her benefit. I do not mean that he did not write for the public, but that he wrote for the public better because of the warmth in his heart towards the woman he loved.

At the same time he was carrying forward an ideal character in a series of sketches. He had pictured this young lady so plainly that many recognised her as the heroine of his romance. But so tenderly, so delicately was the subject handled, that any one might have felt flattered at all that was said. In fact, the lady herself was in the habit of saying that she was content to be regarded as the character so finely pictured. But in time the heroine was carried towards the hero of the story in a way to leave open the question of her regard, and then the sketches were broken off.

At this time the writer was the bluest man I ever saw. He told me he had come to a crisis in his affairs. He had carried the discussions in his editorials to a point where he was in danger of showing to the public his attachment to the ideal who had inspired all of his work on that line. He could not take the story of his sketches without hinting at a *denoument* that might be offensive to the lady who had been kind enough to be pleased with his picture of the ideal woman. There was only one way out of the trouble, and that was to tell the object of his love how highly he regarded her. He did this in one of the most beautiful letters that I have any recollection of, and in six months his ideal woman was his wife.

A Phenomenal Woman.—It was at the linings counter in a certain shop, and seven women were seated on the stools in front of the counter buying linings. The patient salesman listened to their discussions and their monologues, answered their inquiries and patiently changed their orders to suit their whims. Suddenly a blithe yet quiet little lady appeared with a bit of gray cheviot in her hand. One of the salesmen, who was waiting for a lady in a black satin gown to determine whether she would have a yard and a half or a yard and three-quarters of percaline, looked at the newcomer with an expression of mingled inquiry and relief. He evidently recognised her and hoped to have the pleasure of waiting upon her. It must have been a pleasure to his soul, tried with the exasperating delay of the woman he was serving.

"Please give me five yards of English cambric exactly two shades darker than this cheviot," said the woman, who knew what she wanted, "and one yard and seven-eighths of the second quality of silesia two shades lighter, and half a yard of hair cloth of the color of the cambric. Please take this half sovereign and I will come back for my change and the things after I have been to the buttons and trimmings counters."

I had the curiosity to follow her to the trimmings counter, She asked for her silk and twist, cotton, braid, shields and whalebones in the same quick, exact manner and turned around to the buttons counter while they were being done up. She asked for the card of sample buttons, picked out those she wanted incredibly soon, then retraced her steps gathered up her purchases as she went, taking a parcel from the counter of cheviots as she passed after going to the linings counter. Probably she hadn't time to have the things sent home, and one can easily imagine that she had that dress cut out and fitted and half finished before she went to sleep that night.

Miscellaneous.

To a Robin.

Robin swinging, swinging
  On the apple bough;
What joyous impulse thrills thee?
  Entranced warbler thou!
Thy little throat is swelling
  With the rapture of thy song,
Its wondrous music filling
  All the air has borne along;
Thy crimson breast is throbbing
  As though it scarce could hold
The wealth of love and gladness,
  That in thy song is told.
Oh! tell me, tell me, Robin!
  I, too, would sing as thou;
Thine every note responsive
  In my heart is echoing now;
'Till filled to overflowing
  With its harmony divine
Would in melody exquisite
  Burst forth in song like thine.

Consolation.

Dear heart, between us can be no farewell,
  We have so long to live, so much to endure,
What ills despair might work us who can tell,
  Had we not help in that one trust secure!
Time cannot sever, nor space keep long apart,
  Those whom love's sleepless yearning would draw near,
Fate bends unto the indomitable heart
  And firm fixt will. What room have we for fear?

Cities Warmer than the Country.—Those who happen to live at a little distance from the heart of the city must frequently have noticed a lack of accord between readings of their own standard thermometers, and the published observations of the Signal Service observers of their locality. The reason of the discord is plain, namely, the perturbing action of the heat which the city emits, and however gratifying it may be to the outsider to find himself superior to the government observers, it is very little credit to the Weather Bureau that this particular source of error was not long since recognised and avoided. The remarks of Prof. Whitney on this subject, as applied to observations made at London are pertinent and convincing. He says:—

"It is a well-known fact that cities are considerably warmer than the more thinly inhabited country, otherwise under similar climatic conditions. Statistics should prove this to be true; and there could be no doubt that such would be the effect of an immediate aggregation of population within a limited space, even if there were no statistics bearing on this question. Many millions of tons of coal are burned in and about big cities during every year, and the whole mass of brick of which the city is built is heated during the entire winter, and more or less in the summer, many degrees above the natural temperature. There can be no question that conditions such as are here indicated vitiate all observations made in or near large cities, with a view to the determination of any possible secular variation of the temperature.

Advice to Young Men.—Don't worry, my son, don't worry. Don't worry over a thing that happened yesterday, because yesterday is a hundred years away. If you don't believe it, just try to reach after it and brig it back. Don't worry about anything that is happening to day, because to-day will only last fifteen or twenty minutes. Don't worry about things you can't help, because worry only makes them worse. Don't worry about the things you can help, because then there's no need to worry. Don't worry at all. If you wan't to be penitent now and then, it won't hurt you a bit to go into the sackcloth and ashes business a little. It will do you good. If you want to cry a little once in a while, that isn't a bad thing. If you feel like going out and clubbing yourself occasionally, I think you need it, and will lend you a helping hand to it, and put a plaster on you afterward. All these things will do you good. But worry, why, there's neither sorrow, penitence, strength, penance, reformation, hope, nor resolution in it. It is just worry, that is all.

An Expensive Hobby.—The orchid craze is one of the most expensive hobbies a woman can have. Once, in England, a rich but "low-born" woman got herself into royal society by cultivating orchids and making a collection that was the talk of England, and won the smart owner a visit from the queen. Orchids are air plants, and grow up in the air fastened on the trunks of trees. They sometimes droop down eight or ten feet and bloom profusely, often having as many as three hundred blossoms on a single plant. They come from all latitudes, will grow under all climatic conditions and are as fascinatingly curious as monkeys. They resemble in appearance reptiles, insects, animals, and there is one that looks the picture of a white-robed nun. They are enormously expensive. A plant may cost hundreds of pounds. The richest colors known are displayed by orchids. They stay in bloom a long time, and an orchid has been known to retain its flowers in full bloom for five consecutive months.

Macbeth and the Bible.—You will find the principal characters of "Macbeth" in the "Book of Kings." Jezebel in the Bible is "Lady Macbeth" in the play. She it was who stirred up her husband to do all the devilitry he did. Then take Hazael, a servant to the king. Under the influence of his wife Jazabel, he plots to kill his master, and become King of Syria in his stead. This plot is successful, and Hazael is crowned king. The character exactly suits that of Macbeth. The minor characters can also be found in the Bible. Of course Shakespeare has altered the words, but the plot and characters are to be found there. Dr. Halsey, in his lectures on Shakespeare at Princeton College, stated that Shakespeare's regular practice was to study the Bible seven hours a day. There were not so many Bibles in his time as there are now, but although very costly, he had one, and made a daily practice of studying it. Where Dr. Halsey got his information, I do not know, but presume it is correct.

Business Sociability.—It is good policy to be polite as possible to customers. But men who are tormented by petty perplexities sometimes forget this. Some men cannot possibly make themselves agreeable, no matter how hard they try. But no one can measure the power of personal magnetism in trade, as compared with advantageous location, extensive advertising and other accessories. There are men who, in changing from one office to another, carry their trade with them. And there are tradesmen who move about regularly, almost wholly for the purpose of keeping up acquaintance with their customers, many of them who take pains to do their trading on the days when they meet the head of the concern. It takes a long time to build up a first-class reputation for affability, just as it does for number one goods and sterling honesty.

One Author's Experience.—As an experiment, I once planned two novels, to be worked on simultaneously. One plot was shaped during a stormy period, and the other during a brief season of sunshine and summer glory which immediately followed. Whenever it was stormy I worked upon the storm-planned novel: and whenever the weather was bright I worked upon the other. In each instance I wholly surrendered myself to the moods which the weather stirred up within me, and made no effort to shake off the good cheer of the one or the despondency with which the other encompassed me. As a result, the novel upon which was settled no shadow of the storm-taint, was cheerful and good-humored; but the other was so bitter, mournful, and vindictive that I never printed it.

Humor.

An Orphan Born.

I am a lone, unfathered chick,
  Of artificial hatching;
A pilgrim in a desert wild,
By happier mothered chicks reviled,
From all relationships exiled,
  To do my own lone hatching.

Fair Science smiled upon my birth
  One raw and gusty morning,
And now the sounds of barnyard mirth
To lonely me have little worth;
I am alone in all the earth—
  An orphan without borning.

Seek I my mother? I would find
  A heartless personator;
A thing brass bided, man designed,
With steampipe arteries intermined
And pulseless cotton batting lined—
  A patent Incubator.

It wearies me to think, you see—
  Death would be better, rather—
Should children e'er be born to me,
By fate's most pitiless decree
My little ones, alas, would be
  With never a grandfather.

And when to earth I bid adieu,
  To seek a greater,
I will do as others do,
Who go to join the ancestral crew,
For I will just be gathered to
  My incubator.

Swindling by Mock Auction.—That aged system of swindling by means of mock auction sales of cigars is still carried on successfully in New York. The other day a well known Southern man entered a little place where cigars were being sold by an auctioneer. There were apparently three or four men who were bidding briskly, and as the cigars seemed to be fine the strangers competed for £1. Immediately afterward the sale was declared closed. The Southerner stepped up to the counter, where apparent customers where receiving parcels and asked for his box, at the same time tendering a pound note.

"You owe £10," said the cashier, very severely.

"For what?"

"These cigars are sold in lots, not by the box."

"But I distinctly bid for one box."

"You are mistaken."

"We all bid for lots," declared the customers.

The Southerner concluded he had a bargain any way, and that his friends would be glad to take such cigars off his hands. He thought that he might, after all, have been bidding under a misapprehension. He wrote an order on a prominent hotel where he was staying, for £10, and directed that the cigars be sent there. Then he went down town and forgot all about the matter until evening.

When he returned to the hotel the clerk said:—

"We paid your order, but we know that you have been swindled."

"Oh, no; the cigars are worth more than double the money."

"Look at them and see!"

The package was untied, and twelve boxes of the commonest kind of cabbage-leaf cigars were exposed to view. The Southerner turned away in intense disgust.

"Don't give me away," he begged. "Rather give the cigars away—to the porters—anybody."

The next day he took a policeman to the auction store, vowing vengeance. The place was empty, and he invested five shillings in treats to the official begging him also in the same disgusted manner.—

"Don't give me away."

A Good Reason.—A woman called at the police station the other day to report that her husband was missing and she feared the very worst."

"Don't think he's dead, do you?" asked the Sergeant.

"Yes, I do."

"Why?"

"Because he left home without calling any of the children or threatening to break my neck if I didn't hand out half a crown. I tell you he was under some strange influence."

Straight Goods.—"Anyone pass here within an hour?" asked a Geelong man of a farmer standing at his gate.

"Yes."

"Man with a black horse?"

"No; man with a white hoss."

"Wasn't a tin peddler, was he?"

"Oh, no. He was the editor of an agricultural paper."

"How do you know that?"

"Because he came out on purpose to ask me whether potatoe planting or corn cutting come fast. He's started a new paper and wants to get things reliable."

"Per Annum."—"Boss, Ize a bit confused 'bout 'suthin'," said one of the negro whitewashers at the market to a detective the other day.

"Well, what is it?"

"What does per annum mean?"

"Per year, of course."

"A hull y'ar."

"Yes."

"Can't be no mistake."

"No sir."

"If I borry 10s of Abraham Johnson an' agree to pay twenty per cent. per annum dat means one shillin' a y'ar, does it?"

"It does."

"Hu! Dar's gwine to be de biggest row in Kaintuck to-night you eber hearn tell of!"

"About what?"

"About dat per annum. I borryed 10s of de pussion menshuned at twenty per cent per annum, an' fur de las' fo'teen months he's bin collectin' one shillin' a week as rigular as a clock. Stuck right to it, he did, dat per annum meant ebery Saturday night. Lawd! but when I git dese yere paws on him won't per annum take a flop!"

What He Wanted for a Birthday Gift.—"My dear, I have been trying to think of something lovely to give you for a birthday present," said a fond wife to her devoted husband recently. "You know there are so many things that it is hard to select, so I have made out a little list. Just glance over and cross off anything you don't want and add on anything nice which has not occurred to me." This was the list: "A canary bird, a King Charles spaniel, a carpet sweeper, a plush-covered perfume satchel, a box of monogram society stationery, and a Turkish rug for our bed-room." The wretch read it over and returned it with the following additions: "A new bustle, a pair of diamond earrings and a ladies' work-basket."

A Great Country.—An Irishman, writing to his wife, who was still in "ould Ireland," began his letter by making the following statement:—

"It is a foine counthry, Bridget, an' no mistake. I've this day put phwat they call an inshoorance on me loife, an' if I'd fall down a ladder wid me hod an' break me neck to-morry, begorra an' I get £5 a wake as long as I'm dead. It's a foine country; that phwat it is."

A Costly Waggon.—A family waggon belonging to one of a wealthy tribe of gypsies is a very costly affair. Its interior is fitted up in Oriental splendor, with rich gilt carvings and inlaid wood designs, and sumptuously upholstered. The accommodations are arranged somewhat after the plan of the Pullman sleeping coach. Large plate glass windows swinging on hinges and provided with heavy raw silk curtains, are on the sides, and a stained glass window ornaments the rear. These waggons, of which there are five, are for women and children. The kitchen utensils are carried under the waggons, and all the cooking is done in the open air. The temperate, sanitary, out-door life of these people is conducive to good health, and sickness among them while on their travels is an unusual thing.

RIPONSHIRE COUNCIL.

Thursday, September 4th.

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

Apologies were received from Crs. Lewis, Wotherspoon, and Beggs for non-attendance.

MINUTES.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From secretary Centennial Exhibition (Mr G. T. A. Larater), Melbourne, forwarding circular on vegetable products, requesting the same to be considered.—Received.

From department Lands and Survey, notifying the reservation of 8 acres, town of Beaufort, as a rifle range site.—Received.

From shire of Warrnambool, calling attention in circular to section 14 of the Transfer of Lands Statute, now before the Legislative Council, and stating that the same was a matter of great concern to all shires in the colony, especially those of early constitution. The section provides—"If upon an application to bring land under the Act, or to amend a certificate, it is found that a building, wall, or other erection of a permanent nature has been erected so as to encroach upon the width or alignment of a public road, street, or way, but it is proved to the satisfaction of the Commissioner that such encroachment has continued for a period of not less than 15 years, the Commissioner may issue a certificate for or including the land covered ;or enclosed by such erection, &c." The circular stated that should the above be passed it would bring about litigation and expense, which would be a heavy drain upon shire funds; also asking co-operation to have the section struck out, or confined in its operation to cities and towns.

From Beaufort Common Managers, forwarding balance-sheet for past year.—Received.

From Lands department, informing council that in compliance with repeated requests from shire councils, the Minister has decided to allow a subsidy on the purchase of young rabbits, in order to ascertain whether it will have a beneficial effect in inducing their destruction during the breeding season.—It was resolved to accept the terms and offer 6d per dozen for scalps of this season's young rabbits.

From shire of Lexton, expressing willingness to co-operate with this council in providing Waterloo with water, provided that the balance of funds required is divided in proportion to the population benefited.—Received.

From same, consenting to contribute a moiety to cost of bridge at Waterloo.—Received.

From Mark Muir, Stockyard Hill, stating that since the complaints appeared in the papers concerning sheep wandering on the roads the owners have been keeping them off.—Received.

From Alf. Roddis, Snake Valley, complaining of state of road from Isaac Storey's to the General Picton, it being dangerous.—Referred to east riding members.

From seven ratepayers of Beaufort, calling attention to that portion of the road between the residences of Mrs. Gemmell and Dr. Croker, which, through the winter, has been almost impassable.—Referred to the north riding members.

From Mrs. Jessie Gemmell, asking to have her rates remitted, as she is unable to pay them. -- Remitted, as were several other widows' rates.

From G. Geoghegan, Trawalla, asking that council would have obstruction moved from the road through Messrs Hehir's paddock.—Engineer to report.

From Henry Dobson and Sons, asking engineer to inspect road on east side of Mt. Calendar, as it is almost impassable.—Engineer to call for tenders for next meeting.

From Robert Gallaghan, asking for extension of time to pay his rates.—Three months allowed.

From E. A. Bennett, secretary for Homœopathic Hospital, forwarding annual report, and and asking for subscription.—Received.

From Mrs. Farley, asking to have water supply extended to her premises.—Referred to water committee.

From Lands department, stating that Mr McFadzean had been gazetted a manager of the Skipton common.—Received.

From Jas. Coldwell, Yallygaraoopna, forwarding circular and reports of meetings held for the purpose of urging upon Government the necessity for increased protection.—Referred to Agricultural Society.

From Norman Wilson, Trawalla, calling attention to the number of rabbits on the Beaufort common; also the amount of cover left undestroyed, and asking to have them all cleared off.—Referred to rabbit inspector.

From Mrs. Scharpe, Beaufort hotel, asking to have her valuation reduced for next year.—Referred to valuer for report.

Petition from ten ratepayers of Raglan and neighborhood, asking for a bridge over the Fiery Creek.—Tenders to be called next meeting.

APPLICATION FOR ASSISTANCE.

A communication was received from the Public Works department re a grant applied for for bridge at Trawalla and Lillirie, informing council that estimates for the year are closed, but that if application is renewed when next Estimates are being prepared, it will receive every consideration.—Received.

WEIGHBRIDGE QUESTION.

From Secretary for Lands, forwarding opinion of Crown solicitor respecting the joint work of erecting weighbridge at Skipton:—"The power of providing a weighbridge under Act 506 is only, in my opinion, in connection with a market, and it does not appear that this particular weighbridge is connected with a market; but independently of this I think that if the weighbridge could be legally provided by the Shire of Hampden it is very doubtful whether the 172nd section of Act 506 would allow the Shire of Ripon to make payment or contribution to its construction, although they might contract for its use."—Received.

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	15	0
J. Tompkins ...	... 1	18	0
D. Cameron, commission on dog registration	1	2	0
Jas. Whittle, do.	1	7	6
Legal Fees	5	10	0
G. Smith, trees, ...	10	17	6
G. Topper		18	0
E. Whiting...	4	13	6
Arnall & Jackson, stationery ...	10	10	7
Advertising—Ballarat "Evening Post," L5 5s 6d; "Courier." L7 4s 6d; "Star," L7 1s 6d...	19	11	6
T. Vanderstoel, expenses in obtaining fish	2	5	0
Rabbit Suppression	25	16	8
John Whitfield, surface man ...	17	10	0
Joe Whitfield, do.	9	0	0
W. McFarlane, do.	10	0	0
R. Gibson	10	0	0
H. M. Stuart	7	19	6
Wm. Buchanan		18	6
Jeremiah Smith, timber ...	17	1	3
Broadbent Bros.	4	2	10
Taylor Brierley	2	0	0
Allen Wilkinson	6	7	6
M. Muir, ...	10	0	0
M. Meehan	13	18	4
M. Carrigan	17	5	0
Jas. Robertson	4	13	4
Isaac Storey	10	0	0
John Bell	3	1	9
T. Vanderstoel	42	12	11
Pimblett Bros.	6	11	0
H. H. Jackson, postage, &c. ...	1	2	4
J. F. Watkin	8	0	0
Wm. Callaghan	2	8	0

CONTRACT ACCOUNTS.

North Riding—J. F. Watkin ...	£42	15	0
" " W. C. Pimblett	16	11	0

ALTERATIONS IN RATE BOOK.

The Valuer recommended the following alterations in the rate book:—Reduce Stephen Austin, north riding, from £9 to £7; strike out the name of Edward Mark, deceased, east riding. Agreed to.

REPORTS.

The Engineer reported that the continued wet weather has caused floods in the various creeks, but no damage has been done to the bridges in the shire; that he is preparing plans and specifications for works, and tenders are invited for four contracts in the east riding; that his attention had been called to a fence that has been erected lately that encroaches about 14 feet on the main road through Snake Valley, for a length of about 2 chains, close to the standpipe; and the ground reserved for a road and pipe track has also been fenced off at the same place. Resolved that the engineer be instructed to notify owner of fence that the same must be removed, in default of compliance the engineer to have the obstruction removed at the owner's expense.

The report was then received.

The Rabbit Inspector, Mr McRae, reported that the destruction of rabbits on the Mt. Cole State Forest is not as well attended to as it should be. On 25th July he served a notice on Mr B. Pamment, the licensee of the largest portion of the forest. He had inspected the block several times since that date, and had never seen any one at work, nor any signs of anything having been done to suppress the pest. As the rabbits are increasing there, he has caused summonses to be issued against Mr Pamment. The case will be heard at the Court of Petty Sessions, Beaufort, on the twelfth instant. A man has been employed for the last seven weeks destroying rabbits at Lake Wongan, during which time he has killed over three hundred. Thinks the lake will be completely clear by the end of this month.

The report was received and adopted.

TENDERS.

The following tenders were recommended for acceptance by the Tender Committee:—

EAST RIDING.

Contract No. 328.—Reforming and metalling 31 chains of the Main road, near the Church, Chepstowe.

Peter Page L188 13 0

Contract No. 329.—Forming 50 chains of road by Rankin's farm, and clearing, etc., on Shield's lane, Mortchup.

Walter Nunn L28 11 0

Contract No. 330.—Building a timber bridge, making approaches and improving the road by C. Ryan's farm, Mortchup.

Peter Page L80 0 0

Contract No. 331.—Forming and draining 161 chains north from P. M'Nulty's farm, Mortchup, to near the church, Chepstowe.

Michael Sheehan ... L111 10 0

The recommendations were adopted.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

Cr. Thomas gave notice that at next meeting he would move that a reduction be made in the engineer's salary, compatible with the amount of work he is relieved of consequent upon it having been decided to have no personal valuation made this year.

This concluded the business of the ordinary meeting, after which

THE STATUTORY MEETING,

which had been adjourned from time to time, was held, the same councillors being present.

Cr. Cushing moved that the allowance to president for the next year be fixed at £70, Cr. McKenzie seconded. Carried.

Cr. Cushing then nominated Cr. Murray as President for the next year. In doing so he paid a tribute to the graceful action of Cr. Wotherspoon, who, in the regular order of things, was the gentleman to whose turn it was to fill the presidential chair, as this year it fell to the North Riding. But as all councillors were aware of the fact that it Cr. Wotherspoon's wish that Cr. Murray should occupy the chair, he (the speaker) wished to say that the lot could not fall in a better place. He believed Cr. Murray to be in every way fitted for the position. Since he had been elected to that Council, he had been very attentive to the duties devolving upon a councillor, and had shown ability and aptness to deal fairly and impartially with every question that came on for discussion. He believed Cr. Murray would make a first-rate president, and he had very great pleasure in naming him for the office.

Cr. Thomas seconded the nomination. In doing so he endorsed all that had been said by Cr. Cushing.

There being no other nomination, Cr. Murray was declared elected. He was then installed in the chair, and thanked the councillors for the honor conferred upon him. The compliment was quite unexpected by him. He had had no thought or expectation of occupying that position for some time to come. The honor done him was more of a compliment to the East Riding than to himself, and on that account he was pleased they had thought it well to choose him as president for the next year. He could not expect to do better than his predecessor, if he could do as well, he would be satisfied, but he would not give way to Cr. Oddie or any one else in his good intentions. He was however, pleased to know that he would always have the support and sympathy of his brother councillors, and the advice of those who had had experience of his new position. (Applause.)

Cr. Cushing then rose to propose a vote of thanks to the retiring president. He had felt extra pleasure in sitting under Cr. Oddie during his term of office. They had always been on the best of terms, and he could not forget the friendly feeling that had existed between himself and the retiring president; that had been manifested and continued since his first election. His esteem for Cr. Oddie as a private gentleman was great; but not so great as his estimation of that gentleman as a public man. Every councillor must feel that in the discharge of his duties as councillor and president, Cr. Oddie had displayed great energy and ability.

Cr. Murray (president) would second the vote himself with much pleasure. He knew no man who threw more energy into his work than Cr. Oddie.

Cr. McKenzie would not let the opportunity be lost to him of congratulating the ex-president. He endorsed all that had been said; but there was one thing that had been forgotten. It had been a good thing for this council that Cr. Oddie was president at the Jubilee; and the council were fortunate in having such a gentleman to represent them at his Excellency's reception. He had very much pleasure in supporting the vote of thanks.

Cr. Adams had known the ex-president for a long time. He was going to say that he was glad to see that he had retired (laughter), but he didn't mean to say so much as that statement would imply. He would say this, that when the president's ruling had been against him (the speaker), whether he was right or wrong, he had to obey that ruling (applause). He might say that his, although a short career, had been a happy experience at that council.

Cr. Thomas also supported the motion. Although he often disagreed with the ex-president's ruling, he always felt compelled to submit (laughter), but for all that he considered the council a happy family.

The vote of thanks was carried with acclamation.

Cr. Oddie returned thanks. He had had twenty-seven years experience with this council and the road board, and he was glad that after so many years there existed such a good fellow-feeling amongst the members of the council. He thought the outside public were thoroughly satisfied with the manner in which the council had done its duty, in returning the three old members unopposed. He had been returned for fifteen years to that council, and he had every reason to believe that the ratepayers were satisfied with him. He was doubly pleased that his colleague was elected president. It was a great compliment to the east riding. His term of office had been a happy one, and he considered that everything had been done in an agreeable manner. He thanked them heartily for the vote they had passed.

At the invitation of newly-elected president (Cr. Murray), the councillors and officers adjourned to the luncheon room, where his health and several other toasts, usual on such occasions, were proposed and responded to, and a truly pleasent hour was spent.

ATHLETICS.

At no time in the history of America has more attention been given to the subject of physical training than is given to it at the present day. Schools, colleges, and Christian associations are now building costly gymnasia, while athletic organisations, ball clubs, boat clubs, tennis clubs, &c., are forming in many of our towns and cities. Fifteen thousand dollars are expended to bring the Yale and Harvard boat crews together at New London, and it is estimated that fifty thousand dollars does not meet the yearly expenses of the athletic organisations of those two universities. Add to this sum the cost of athletic sports to the smaller colleges and city clubs, and the total would foot up in the millions. The object of this outlay is to vanquish some rival club, to win a championship, to beat the record, or to furnish recreation and amusement for those who are willing to pay for it. With the representatives of our institutions of learning, and with a portion of the intelligent public, the object of the encouragement given to athletics is to counteract the ennervating tendency of the times, and to improve the health, strength, and vigor of our youth. This being the fact, the questions at once arise: How large a proportion of young men in the land systematically practise athletics? Probably not more than per cent. How large a proportion of those who are members of athletic organisations take an active part in the sports fostered and patronised by their respective clubs? Probably less than ten per cent. In the opinion of the writer the cause for so little active interest in athletics is an increasing tendency with us, as a people, to pursue as an end in itself rather than as a means to an end. In making excellence in the achievement the primary object of athletic exercises, we rob them of half their value.

(i.) By increasing the expense of training.—The money expended at the present day on an athletic team is greatly in excess of the amount spent upon the same number of men a few years ago. This increased expenditure may be attributed to the improved facilities demanded for practice, to the establishment of training tables, the employment of "coaches," or trainers, and special attendants—the latter to rub and anoint the athletes, look after the boats, ground, running-tracks, &c.—to the purchase of uniforms, the expenses of travelling, &c. A long purse is as essential to success in athletics as in war or politics.

(ii.) By increasing the time devoted to practice.—In former years it was deemed advisable to practise no sport out of season. At the present time it is found necessary to skate in the summer and to row and play ball in the winter months in order to maintain the high standard of excellence demanded of those who would win prizes in these events. In fact, any athlete, to stand above mediocrity in his chosen sport, must keep in practice the greater portion of the year. So severe a tax is this upon time and energies of those who are engaged in other occupations that it is quite impossible for them to attend to business; consequently, the attempt to make a business of sport is the first step in the direction of professionalism. It is a question, indeed, if many of our so-called amateurs, who devote so much of their time to the practice of athletics, do not belong to the professional class. In either case the effect they have upon the practice of athletics is detrimental.

(iii.) By reducing the number of active competitors.—A characteristic trait of human nature is the desire to excel.—Excellence in one thing often presupposes excellence in another, though none know better than the specialist in athletics how weak he is outside his favorite sport. A man who gains the reputation of being a champion oarsman or tennis-player will, in all probability, confine his athletic efforts to his speciality, thinking it unwise to risk a well-earned reputation as an expert in one sport by dawdling with another. Moreover, so strong is this desire to become a skilful exponent of an art or sport which one has adopted as a pastime, that as soon as circumstances debar a man from the required amount of practice necessary to maintain a high degree of excellence, he is likely to withdraw from all active participation in the game. In this way the number of competitors in every sport is gradually reduced, until the actual practice is left largely in the hands of a class of experts.

(iv.) By relying upon natural resources rather than upon cultivated material.—As athletics approach a higher standard, the time required for development is necessarily lengthened. For this reason, those who are naturally strong and vigorous, or who have inherited or acquired the qualifications requisite to succeed in a given sport, are in great demand. The college clubs look to the academies, the academies to the schools, the schools to homes and firesides to furnish candidates for athletic honors, while many of the city clubs are eager to absorb members from any source that is capable of supplying them with good athletic material.

(v.) By depriving the non-athletic class of every incentive to physical exertion.—So long as accomplishing a feat, winning a prize, and breaking a record are the only objects of systematic physical training, a man who lacks the requisite qualifications of a successful athlete is likely to despair at the outset. Ask the members of any athletic organisation why they do not take an active interest in the sports their club is supposed to foster, and you will be told that the standard is too high for them, that they cannot spare the time for practice, or that they are too light or too heavy and would not be a credit to the club.

In our colleges few men practise running, rowing, ball-playing, etc., systematically without a hope of becoming members of the "crew," "nine," or "eleven." "No chance for the prize" is considered a laudable excuse for neglecting many admirable exercises, such as sparring, fencing, and jumping.

In consequence of this erroneous idea as to the ultimate object for which all sports are encouraged, a small portion of the community are overdoing the practice of these valuable adjuncts to health and education, while the vast majority are now availing themselves of their advantages. In fact, the importance of winning an athletic victory is becoming so exaggerated in the minds of many young men that some of them have already resorted to unscrupulous methods as a means to the much-desired end.

Many men fail to realize that the real value of athletics is in the preparatory training, not in the contest or in the prize. Long before the day of trial unseen forces are at work building up a structure fit to stand the test and to make a noble effort for the victory. Whether the coveted prize be won or lost is of little importance compared to the prize in shape of an improved physique already in possession of those who have undergone a faithful course of training.

(vi.) By arousing the spirit of antagonism and fostering viciousness and brutality. In all competitive sports that bring individuals into personal contact, such as sparring, wrestling, football, lacrosse, polo, etc., there is a constant tendency to roughness and brutality. The object being to "win at all hazards," the reason for the roughness is apparent. These sports, without doubt, furnish the best general exercise for the body, and develop courage, manliness, and self-control. How to retain the good features and to hold the evil ones in check are the problems that are ever present to those who are interested in the preservation of these invigorating pastimes. They are worth perpetuating, and ought not to fall into disrepute for the want of a few friends to throw a protecting influence around them. Certain it is that as soon as brutality gains the ascendancy gentlemen will cease to compete, and the sport will fall into decline. It is a question now in the minds of many whether some of these sports have not already reached a stage of deterioration in which, in the colleges at least, their future existence is threatened.

(vii.) By depriving them of their efficacy as a means to health.—An individual having this aim (excellence in achievement) in view, and having decided upon a speciality in athletics, at once proceeds to strengthen those muscles most used in his chosen sport. The runner or jumper develops his legs, the oarsman his legs and back, and the gymnast his arms, chest, and shoulders. The runner argues that the heavier his body is above the hips, so much more a burden is there for him to carry; the gymnast reasons in a similar manner with regard to the weight of his body below the hips.

There is a constant tendency on the part of specialists to overdevelop a few sets of muscles, and to underrate the importance of keeping the muscles all in a healthy condition. Consequently through incompleteness of structure, and a want of harmony in function, some local weakness is produced which, sooner or later, not only incapacitates the individual for any great mental or physical effort, but also renders him liable to disease.

What is true of athletics to-day was equally true of gymnastics some fifteen or twenty years ago. Many of our college and city gymnasia were in the hands of a class of experts and specialists, who selected the apparatus as a means of exhibiting their strength and prowness rather than a means of physical culture and self-improvement. The weaker members, finding few forms of apparatus that were suited to their capacity, would stand idle, content with admiring the exploits of the more vigorous companions. In fact, a man was made to feel that the gymnasium was no place for him unless he could turn a backward somersault, do the giant's swing, or hang by his toes.

It would be foreign to my purpose to carry this discussion any further at the present time. My object has been merely to show that all sports, exercises, and pastimes, pursued as ends in themselves, are necessarily limited to a very small class, and constantly tends to degenerate. —Dr. Sargent in "Scribner's Magazine," New York, July.

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INCOME.

To Balance in bank ...	... £45	14	8
,, General subscriptions ...	... 39	13	0
,, Grant-in-aid	... 30	0	0
,, Miners' Association ...	... 10	0	0
,, Shire of Ripon ...	... 10	0	0
,, Waterloo A.M.A. ...	... 2	0	0
,, Beaufort Common ...	... 2	0	0
,, Drapery, Mr. Cougle ...	... 2	2	0
,, Small donations ...	... 2	9	0
	£143	18	8

EXPENDITURE.

By Sustenance	... £109	14	9
,, Clothing	... 4	2	9
,, Medicine	...	15	0
,, Nursing	... 1	10	0
,, Travelling sick ...	... 2	10	0
,, Firewood	...	18	0
,, Postage	...	5	0
,, Balance in bank ...	... 24	3	2
	£143	18	8

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R. A. D. SINCLIAR.

August 8th, 1887.

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Bay horse, hind fetlocks white. W near neck
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Bay horse, near fore and hind feet white, like JCT near shoulder.

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THE CELEBRATED CLYDESDALE STALLION
PURVES
Will stand this season at his Owner's Farm, Middle Creek, and travel the surrounding district.

PURVES is a dark bay, foaled 2nd November, 1881; sire Carmyle, dam Gipsy. In 1882, as a yearling he carried off first honors at Smeaton for the best yearling draught colt on the ground, and one of a group of three; also two champion prizes. At Ballarat, in the spring of 1882, he won first prize for the best draught colt. At Kyneton same year he took first prize; and also won the Mares' Produce Stakes of £40; open competition. At Clunes he was again first in his class. At Echuca he took 1st prize, and also a special for the best yearling colt on the ground. At Bendigo Grand National Show, first again, and his half-brother (got by the same sire) coming second; open competition. At Glenlyon he won 1st prize for the best yearling; thus showing an unbeaten record for no less than a dozen times as a yearling.

His sire, Carmyle, is too well known in this district to need comment.

PURVES' dam was Gipsy, by Surprise (imported); g.s. dam's side, Surprise; etc.

PURVES began his two year old show-yard triumphs in Adelaide, S.A., in September 1883, at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show there. He won first in his own class, and Hart Bros.' silver cup, value ten guineas; and the same day, in the All-aged Stallion Champion Class, in which many first-class horses competed, notably Waverley, Purves carried off the Massive Silver Medal and Ten Guineas. At Clare, S.A., the following week, he was again first in the all-aged class, winning the Champion Prize of Ten Guineas, and in his own class the two-year-old's 1st prize also.

His owner returned to Victoria in time to show Purves at the Grand National Show in Geelong. He again won first in his own class, and in competition with colts and fillies, two years old, he won the Champion prize.

At Ballarat he won first in his class; at Clunes, shown among the three-year-olds, first; at Smeaton, among the three-year-olds, first; at Kyneton, the Lanarkshire of Victoria, Purves, for the second time, carried off the Sires Produce Challenge Cup, value 15 Guineas, defeating Mr. Bourke's grand two-year-old Black Prince, the 1st prize horse in Melbourne in the Sires Produce Stakes. Purves was also first in his own class. First at Donald Show in 1885; and again first at Ballarat in 1886.

Two of Purves' first gets were shown last September—one at Donald and one at Charlton—and got 1st prize on each occasion.

PURVES has won 32 1st prizes, and won £213 prize money.

TERMS:—£4 each mare, to be paid at the end of the season. All mares paddocked must have hind shoes taken off. Good grass paddocks, with plenty of water, provided. All care taken, but no responsibility incurred.

For further particulars apply to the Owner,
THOMAS JESS,
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THE PROMISING DRAUGHT COLT
WEE JOCK,
Will stand this Season at his Owner's Farm Granite Hill, and travel the surrounding district.

WEE JOCK is a beautiful bay, with black points, having immense bone, with splendid feet. Stand 16 hands 1 inch high, on short legs, and is rising five years old. Bred by A. McKinnon, of Beasley's Bridge, St. Arnaud. Dam Rose, by Glen Esk (imp), g.d. Bess, by Wrestler (imp), g.g.d. by George Buchanan (imp). Sire, that well-known horse England's Glory (imp), purchased at auction by J. Penberthy and Co. for £1165 10s cash; is a beautiful dark bay, stands 17 hands 1 inch high, on short legs, is very wide, showing immense power, has great substance of bone with quality, and splendid feet—a point so very necessary in a draught stallion. Bred by C. H. Manning, of Milton-Ham, Northamptonshire, whose family have bred many of the best stallions in the world. England's Glory is by that good-specimen of a waggon-stallion, Sampson, the property of J. Manning, Esq., of Orlingbing, Northampdenshire, a brown horse 17 hands 1 inch high, unquestionably one of the best cart-stallions in England, and got by Young Matchless, the property of Mr. Fletcher, grandsire Old Matchless, great grandsire that noted horse Ploughboy, the property of Mr. Hutchison, of Weston. The dam of Sampson Neli, a very first-class brown mare, by that well-known horse Stafford, the property of Mr. Hutchison, and winner of many prizes. Liberty, the dam of the above colt, England's Glory, a splendid bay mare by that celebrated prize-taker A1, the property of Mr. Wynn, of Grafton, near Alcester. He was the winner of fifteen first prizes at Worcester, Gloucester, Manchester, Liverpool, and various other places from 1867 to 1872. The dam of Liberty was by that big horse Brown Stout. He took first prize at the Buckinghamshire Agricultural Show, Aylesbury; also at the Thames Agricultural Show, same year. Sampson has won prizes to the amount of £250, besides medals; and geldings and mares by him are making great prices.

Entered for the Sires' Produce Stakes, Beaufort, 1888.

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

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We are, etc.,
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THE PURE-BRED CLYDESDALE COLT

TIME OF DAY,

Will stand this Season at BEASLEY'S BRIDGE, nine miles from St. Arnaud.

TIME OF DAY is a dark dapple bay, 3 years old. His sire, Darwin, bred by John Smith, of Dean; dam Jess by Crown Prince (imp), g. dam by A. Rowan's Scotchman (imp).

TIME OF DAY is half brother to the champion mare at Sneaton in 1884, bred by Mr. Davis, of Kingston, and his half-sister Ellwoods got first prize for dry mare at the Grand National Show held at Talbot in 1885, beating the hon. H. Miller's Princess of Wales the 5th. TIME OF DAY's g. dam Princess Maud the 8th, was exhibited 14 times and succeeded in getting 13 first prizes. She also won the Ballarat Champion Cup two years in succession, competing against imported and colonial stallions; also champion at Geelong two years in succession against imported or colonial stallions; thus 4 years in succession the champion male or female, a feat which has as yet not been approached by any male in Victoria. Her sire, Cox's Prince of Wales (670), out of Jess, by Clydesdale Tam (175), out of Maggie by Lothian Tam (506), thus proving, for purity of Clydesdale blood and illustrious prize-taking ancestry, Time of Day can compare most favorably with any horse in the federated colonies. He gained first prize at Talbot as a yearling, second at Clunes, first at Cargarie, second at Geelong, and first at Beaufort, as a two-year-old. Time of Day is entered for the Sires' Produce Stakes at Beaufort 1888. A foal by Time of Day won THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE Cup in 1887.

TERMS:—£4, to be paid when the mares are removed, or made good by promissory note due 1st day of March, 1888. A good grass paddock for all mares sent. All care taken of mares, but no responsibility incurred.

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

Prepared on the shortest notice

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.

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.

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 as 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, Carabridge-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."

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.

"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.

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. 7, 1879.

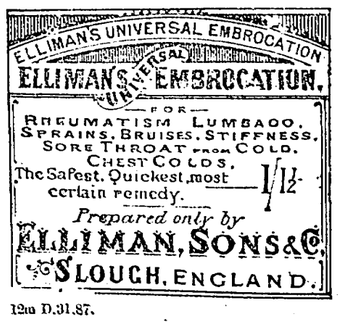
"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I think it very useful. RUTLAND,
"Master of Belvoir Hunt."

"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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THOMAS GEO. ARCHARD,

CIVIL ENGINEER,

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

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

Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company

WARD & LIPMAN,

Commission Merchants,

PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

EXPORTERS OF AMERICAN GOODS.

Advances made on Consignments.

Contracts for Railways and Public Works Solicited.

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. v 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.

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, 20 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.]

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 exudate. Cured in 14 days. Surgical Clinic. 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.]

FOR COUGHS COLDS, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coryza, Influenza, Consumption, &c.

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

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

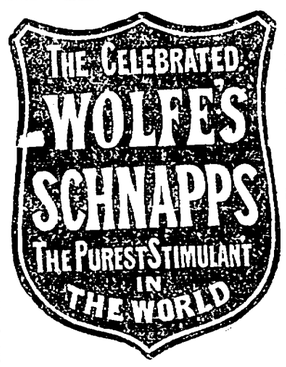
KAY'S COMPOUND for Cough's and Colds, is equally serviceable for Horses and Cattle,

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

COAGULINE.—Cement for Broken Articles Sold everywhere.

Sole Makers—
KAY BROTHERS, LTD., Stockport England.

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.

Allopecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY — COMFORT to the HAIR — Contents 3/6 Bottle — 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.

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

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

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

"For the Blood is the Life."

GLARKE'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 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 Proprietors solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1882.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

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

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

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

Proprietors,

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

TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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

How to Enjoy Life.

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

Our Mothers and Daughters.

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

Debilitated Constitutions—Bad Coughs.

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

Indigestion and its Cure.

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

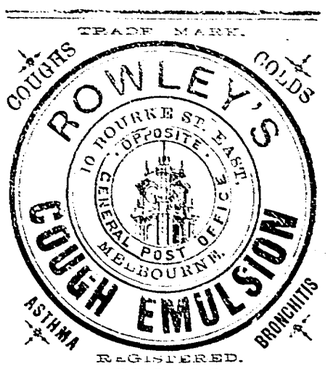
Holloway's Pills are the best remedy known to the world for the following diseases:—

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

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

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

TRADE MARK.



REGISTERED.

FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

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

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 for the treatment of the above ailments as Holloway's Ointment. Nor indeed can it be more salutary than its action on the body is twofold, locally and constitutionally. The Ointment, rubbed around the part affected enters the pores to visit just beneath the meats 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 cleared, quite 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 the 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.

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 inadequate.

In Disorders of the Kidneys, Stone, and Gravel

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

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

Bad Legs	Fistulas	Sore Throats
Bad breasts	Gout	Skin Diseases
Burns	Glandular Swellings	Scurvy
Bunions		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, and by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the Civilised World, in boxes and Pots. The smallest box of Pills contains four dozen; and the smallest Pot of Ointment one ounce.

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

"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 mind describe clearly each symptom of their case, a correct 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 be 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, nor 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 old?

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 a patient lingers on, not daring to tell his family or 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 reply is returned as quietly and unostentatiously, and the patient, without stepping from his chamber, on receipt of 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, is found more. The usual consultation fee of £1 (one pound) must be enclosed, otherwise no answer will be returned.

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

To those who are about to marry, I would say consult me before doing so, and prevent many after troubles and remove many unnecessary fears and doubts. 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 trifle, 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, 11 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine,

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

182 COLLINS-STREET EAST Melbourne.

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, 53, Farringdon Road, London

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

The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 622.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887. PRICE SIXPENCE

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WATERLOO COACHES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

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

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.

R. MANFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

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

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.

1sm. 1.8.87.

AGENTS WANTED.

Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

PARKER VIAL, Universal Leather Belt Factory, Nicholas Road, Kensington, and 59 Flinders Street, Leather Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the most improved Continental and American principles. Special rates for Belts for Irrigation Purposes. A large Stock of the Premier Belt Lubricant and well-assorted 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.

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

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.

Ballarat Wool Sales.

Everingham, Greenfield, & Co

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

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

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

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

CORN EXCHANGE, MELBOURNE,

And daily (privately) both in Melbourne and Ballarat

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

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

Geelong Wool Sales.
SEASON 1887-88.

Geo. Hague & Co.

BEG to intimate to Wool-growers and others interested that they will hold Sales of Wool every Tuesday during the coming season. Their well-known Warehouses and large

NEW SHOW ROOMS

are unrivalled for extent and suitability for the trade, combining, as they do, all the latest modern improvements for the

EFFICIENT DISPLAY OF WOOL.

The Stores now run in one unbroken flat from street to street, giving ample space for a catalogue of 10,000 BALES to be exhibited at one time.

The Wool when stacked being easily accessible, the fullest facilities are available for inspection, not only in sample but also in bulk, thus ensuring more confidence in purchasing.

CAREFUL VALUATIONS

made prior to sale, and every lot is protected up to full market value.

FARMERS' CLIPS

receive special attention, and no effort is spared to secure utmost value for even the smallest clips.

English, Continental, American, and Colonial buyers attend all the sales in full strength.

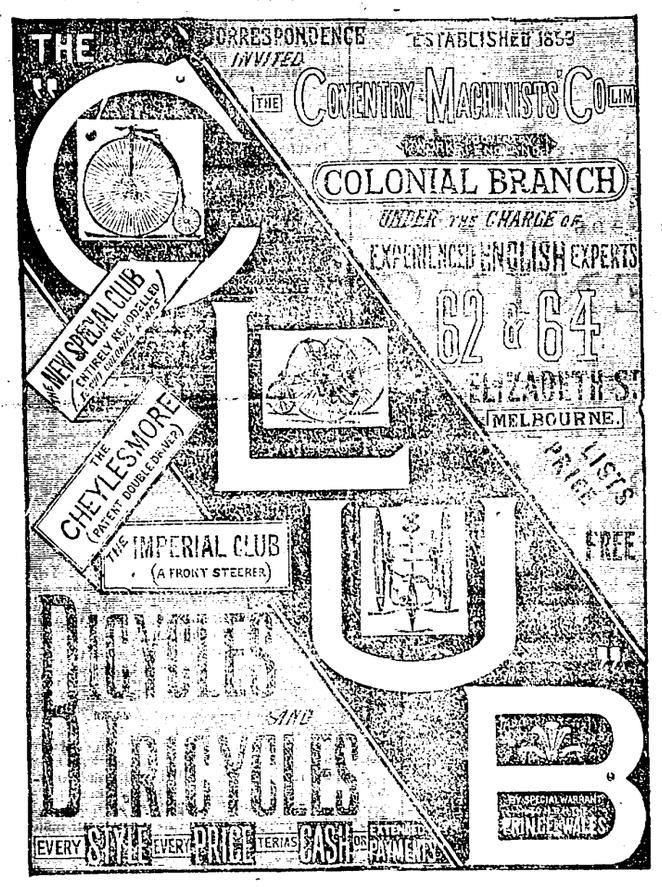
Account Sales and Cheques for proceeds rendered invariably THREE days after sale.

Charges are the lowest ruling in the colony, and growers will find that they save about Seven Shillings per bale by selling in Geelong instead of Melbourne.

Separate Warehouses are provided for the disposal of Sheepskins, Hides, and Tallow, auction sales of which are held weekly throughout the year.

GEORGE HAGUE and CO.,
Wool Brokers.

Geelong, 1st July, 1887. 6m. 31.8.87



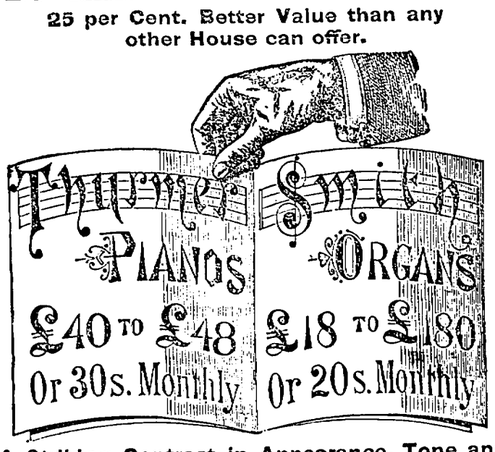
Agent for Beaufort: P. DINSDALE, Watchmaker, etc.

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.

BEE-HIVES
AND APPLIANCES

OF the Best Quality, at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE, to be obtained from

Charles Dickens and Son,

STEAM HIVE FACTORY, WAKEFIELD ST., ADELAIDE.

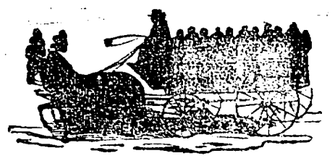
Standard Langstroth Hive, made of one-inch best seasoned pine planed both sides, body, floor board, cover, tin runners, and ten frames, all complete in the flat; a very superior-made article, for 7s 6d. All Hives are interchangeable.

ITALIAN BEES—Comb foundation, foundation mills, extractors, feeders, smokers, sections, wax-melters, and every requisite for the bee-keeper manufactured by CHAS. DICKENS and SON.

See exhibit in court 5—Western Annexe Jubilee Exhibition.

Bee Farms fitted and arranged up to 500 stocks.

"The Australian Bee-Keepers' Guide Book", 1s; post free thirteen stamps. Write for price list.



FUNERAL ECONOMY.
Estd. 1860.

WILLIAM BAKER,

UNDERTAKER,

Funeral Furnisher, next Post Office, Neill Street, opposite State School.

Hearses and other requisites supplied in town or country at fixed charges.

J. LUTZ, Melbourne.

SPECIALITY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, AND JOINT DISEASES.
See Other Column.

MONEY.

To Farmers, Landowners, and Others.

TO LEND large and small sums of money on Mortgage, 3 or 5 years, on freehold security. Lowest Rate of Interest.
McGVOY and CO.,
Queen 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 Noble, where he keeps a First-class supply of Cigars, Tobacco, Toys, Confectionery, Fruits, Fancy Goods, &c.

Berlin Wool, Crewel Silks, 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.

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.

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.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

BOOKSELLER,

STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK STREET BEAUFORT

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, OMPSITT and Co., Melbourne.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

WE shall hold AUCTION SALES of WOOL on each

TUESDAY and THURSDAY

throughout the coming season.

We draw attention to some of the advantages we have to offer for the sale of Western and Wimmera clips.

A SAVING IN CHARGES AND FREIGHT
of, as compared to Melbourne, about
SEVEN SHILLINGS PER BALE.

The attendance of all the European and American Buyers, and, in addition
A LARGER LOCAL CONSUMPTION
of Wool than in any other Australian town.

Our Warehouse accommodation, which enables us to store or display a catalogue of 9000 bales, and its situation, which is within a stone's-throw of the SHIPPING.

Our new Sale-room adjoins our warehouse, so that Buyers being on the spot, we can at once obtain a re-examination of any lots passed in at auction.

THE CAREFUL VALUATION and personal attention of each member of the firm.

Trusting that our efforts to provide Growers with every facility for the sale of their Wool in the Colony will meet with a correspondingly increased support,

We are, etc.,

DENNYS, LASCELLES, AUSTIN & CO.
Geelong, August 24th, 1887.

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

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

DALGETY and COMPANY,

LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICE—52 Lombard street, London.
BRANCHES—Melbourne, Geelong, Sydney, Newcastle, Dunedin, and Christchurch.

Agents and Correspondents in all Important Towns in the Australian Colonies and New Zealand.

Capital, fully subscribed	... ...	£4,000,000
Capital, paid up	... ...	1,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	...	85,000

MANAGING DIRECTORS IN MELBOURNE
James Aitken, Esq. | A. R. Blackwood, Esq.
BOARD OF ADVICE;
M. Officer, Esq., M.L.C. | Alexander Wilson, Esq.

Liberal Cash Advances made on Land, Stock, Station Properties, and Wool and Produce of all descriptions consigned to sale in any of the Colonial or European markets.

Specially Low Rates of Interest quoted for Loans on Freeholds, in connection with Wool and other produce.

Auction Sales of Wool and Grain will be held once a week from the opening of the ensuing season.

Auction Sales of Skins of all kinds, Hides, Tallow, &c., are now being held three times a week.

Consignors are reminded that in consequence of the position of our Warehouses, we are able to afford them special facilities for saving of expense in the sale of their produce.

Full particulars may be obtained on application.

GREAT JUBILEE SALE
OF
Seasonable Drapery,
AT
JAMES TYLER'S
MANCHESTER HOUSE,
11 and 13 BRIDGE ST., BALLARAT.

IN the midst of so many Drapery sales in progress James Tyler is determined to keep up the reputation of Manchester House for the

Cheapest and Best Goods in the District.

While thanking my numerous patrons for a winter trade that exceeds any of my past returns, I beg to announce that I taken the advantage of the very depressed state of the wholesale markets and have secured a lot of most useful lines, which, with the remainder of my Winter's Stock, I will offer during the next month at

UNHEARD OF PRICES.

I don't often announce a sale, and when I do my customers know that I mean it, and on Saturday Next, I will, **for one month only**, make a **Jubilee Gift** of my profits, and give the public the benefit of my recent cheap investments.

THIS IS NO MISLEADING DRAPERY PUFF:

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT IS A FACT!

Why?

Because my winter's amount of business is already done. My stock is slightly heavy, and sales being the order of the day in Ballarat, my sound position in the trade has enabled me to secure a few Melbourne bargains that must impress buyers and make the professional puffer stand aside.

Every householder should see what I have to offer, and even if you are not in immediate want of

Blankets, Flannels, or Overcoats,

you will find that I can give you better interest for your money than the Savings Bank.

THE SALE BEGINS ON JULY 2ND

Pay at . . . sit. Walk through my premises, and if you buy nothing, you will get civil treatment.

JAMES TYLER,
MANCHESTER HOUSE.
11 and 13 Bridge street, Ballarat.
3m.Sp.20.8. TERMS STRICTLY CASH

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.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

The market has remained quiet during the week, but few sales being reported. One small lot of wheat was taken up at 3s 5d per bushel—an advance of 1d upon late rates, and flour is now quoted at £8 5s per ton, which is a trifle under our last figures. No alteration in the value of wheat is noted at Horsham 3s 2d being still given. At Donald and St. Arnaud, 3s 3d still rules for wheat. In this district oats remain inactive. One lot of 40 bags of prime sample changed hands during the week at 2s 8d per bushel, bags in, but we have heard of no other sale of any consequence. There is a strong demand for Cape barley at an advance of late rates, but none is now being offered. Any forward would readily realise 3s 9d per bushel. The market has been chiefly supplied with potatoes from Ballarat, the landed cost being £3 per ton, but this morning a load came in from Warrnambool and was cleared at that figure. Hams and bacon are now more liberally supplied, and are a trifle easier. Fresh butter is very abundant and realises 10d per pound, and eggs are plentiful at 7d and 8d per dozen. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 4d to 3s 5d per bushel bags in
Oats, 2s 7½d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 1s per bushel
Bran, 10d per bushel
Flour, L8 5s per ton
Cape barley, 3s 9d per bushel
English barley, none
Peas, 3s 6d per bushel
Potatoes, Warrnambool, to L3 per ton
Potatoes, Ballarat, L3 per ton
Hay, sheaves, L3 per ton
Hay, trussed, L3 5s per ton
Straw, oaten, to 35s per ton
Straw, wheaten, to 30s per ton.
Chaff, 3s 6d per cwt
Carrots, 3s 6d per cwt.
Onions, 6s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 10d to 1s per lb
Butter, potted, 8d to 9d per lb
Hams, 10d per lb
Bacon, 9d per lb
Cheese, to 6d to 7d per lb
Eggs, 7d to 8d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Messrs. A. M. Greenfield and Co. report under date of Sept. 15th:—

Wheat, 3s 6d to 3s 7d for prime milling; oats, Danish 2s 10d to 2s 10½d, stout, 2s 11d to 3s per bushel; peas, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; Cape barley, 3s 3d; English barley, 5s 6d to 6s; mangolds, 30s; carrots, L1 10s; potatoes, L2 2s 6d to L2 5s; hay continues brisk, prime chaffing, L3 7s 6d to L3 15s; medium, L3 to L3 5s; oaten straw, L2 7s 6d; wheaten, L2 2s 6d to L2; manger hay, L4 15s to L5 5s. These quotations are all bags in.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company report:—

The past week has been a quiet one in the Grain market, the only feature of special notice being the good demand for stout oats. Increased shipments are advised from New Zealand, but ready sales have been made to arrive. The wheat market has been without animation, and although one or two parcels have been taken up for Hobart and Sydney, the demand has mainly been confined to the limited requirements of town millers. Our latest advices by cable from London do not indicate any improvement in that market, the latest sale of Australian reported being at 30s. 6d. per 488 lbs. ex ship f. a. q. It yet remains to be seen whether, with the advance of the European winter and the diminution of local supplies in the English and Continental markets of new wheat, prices will rally, but so far the prospects are by no means satisfactory to holders on this side. Our own crop prospects are good, and accounts from South Australia also seem to indicate that the Australasian harvest of 1887-8 will be above the average. This coming on large stocks of old wheat still in hand would suggest the prospect of prices opening low.

DALGETY AND COMPANY'S WEEKLY WOOL REPORT.

Melbourne, 14th September.

The London September Sales opened on the 6th inst., and the state of the market may be summed up by saying that closing rates of the previous sales are maintained, except for inferior and faulty descriptions, which are easier. This news is considered satisfactory, as a fall of ½d. to 1d. was considered by many, as quite probable. Our London Office has cabled us the following advices during the week respecting the progress of the Sales:—7th September.—"The 4th Series of Wool Sales opened with a large attendance of buyers and fairly animated competition, but a poor selection of Wool. Most descriptions sell on a level with closing rates of last Sales, but prices of inferior and faulty Merino are scarcely maintained; crossbreds are firm." 9th September.—"The wool sales continue fairly maintained without further change, except for inferior Merino and faulty scoureds, which are easier." 10th September.—"The wool sales continue firm, without further change, except for faulty merino lambs which are very depressed. We have also received cable advice of the average prices realised for a large number of our constituents, clips sold in London on Friday last, and these fully bear out our telegrams.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORT.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, September 14:—

Wool—The fourth series of the London-Colonial wool sales commenced on Tuesday last with a large attendance of buyers, and spirited bidding, prices generally ruling about the same as the close of last series. As the sales progressed, however, a weaker tone has characterised in the market, and with the exception of crossbreds and superior merinoes, all other sorts show a decline of 0½d to 1d per pound, biddings being rather irregular. Up to date, about 77,000 bales have been catalogued, and 5000 withdrawn. We offered a good catalogue to-day, principally town and country fellmonger's scoured and slipe wools. There was a large attendance of buyers, and excellent competition. The demand for the woollen mills being strong. We sold as follows:—Scoured merinoes, from 11d to 15½d per pound; scoured crossbred, from 9½d to 15½d per pound; merino slipe, from 7d to 10¼ per pound.

Sheepskins.—Butchers' fresh-killed, 24d to to 42d each; good to superior, 45d to 60d each; country and station skins, 18d to 39d each, superior to 50d each, and 3d to 5½d per lb; pelts and short-woolled skins, 1d to 2½d per lb, and 3d to 12d each; lambskins, 2½d to 3½d per lb, and 9d to 24d each.

Hides.—Sold as follows:—Heavy and superior, in good condition, from 3¾d per lb upwards; average to good, salted, 3d to 3¼d per lb; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d per lb; kip, 3¼d to 3¾d per lb; calf, 4½d to 5½d per lb.

Tallow—We disposed of our usual weekly supply of oddments and country mixed parcels to the local trade at current rates.

WASTE PAPER IN LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES FOR SALE.
At the
"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

SPRING GOODS.

:o:

OUR

First Shipment

OF SPRING GOODS

NOW OPENING.

:o:

Wotherspoon Bros AND CO.

IMPORTERS, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

JUBILEE CROCKERY

QUEEN'S V.R. JUBILEE

HAWKES BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail Ironmongers, Furniture and Dealers,

Next Bank of Victoria Beaufort,

Beg to notify to their patrons that all CASH PURCHASERS to the amount of 5s and upwards will be presented with a handsome

JUBILEE MEDAL.

QUEEN'S V.R. JUBILEE

JUBILEE LAMPS.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

:o:

G. H. COUGLE,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

:o:

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.

:o:

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

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.

OXYGEN IS LIFE.—Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne.—Multitudes of people are hopelessly sufferin 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 unfeebled 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.

SUFFERERS FROM WIND ON THE STOMACH, Indigestion, Costiveness, Giddiness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Disturbed Sleep, Palpitat of the Heart, Colic, Ague, Biliousness, Liver Compaints, Skin Eruptions, &c., shouldlose no time in availing themselves of that most excellent medicine—"PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS," which for 30 years has held the first place in the world as an effectual antidote to the above and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach, bowels, or liver. Tonic, invigorating and purifying, they form the best remedy extant. Sold by all Medicine Vendorsin boxes at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 3s 6d. each. Proprietor, Page D. Woodcock, Lincoln, England.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FORTHE 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.

KEATINGS COUGH LOZENGES cures Coughs Asthma, Bronchitis. Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous malaties. 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, n Tins, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d each.

BEAUFORT RIFLE CLUB COMPETITION.

SALE of PUBLICAN'S and REFRESHMENT BOOTH.

The RIGHT to CATER for the public on the ground during the progress of the Rifle Competition will be Sold by Public Auction, by Mr W. E. Nickols, at his rooms, at three o'clock p.m.,
THIS DAY (17th).

SHIRE OF RIPON.

NOTICE.

The Council of the Shire of Ripon will pay a BONUS of Sixpence (6d) per dozen for SCALPS of YOUNG RABBITS killed within the shire during the months of August and September of this year. The Rabbit Inspector will attend at the Shire Office every Saturday to receive scalps.

By order,
D. G. STEWART,
Shire Secretary.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 10th September, 1887.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS

Further Continuation of Jubilee Excursions to Adelaide Exhibition.

On Wednesdays, the 7th, 14th, and 21st September, a Jubilee Excursion Special train will leave Melbourne at 9.50 a.m., picking up passengers at Geelong, Ballarat, Stawell, Murtoa, Horsham, Dimboola, Nhill, and Serviceton stations. The specials will reach Adelaide at 7.15 on the following days. Fares from any of the stations named above and below will be—First-class, adults, 40s; children under 12 years of age, 20s. Second class, adults, 25s; children under 12 years of age, 12s 6d. The tickets can be obtained at the stations up to 4 p.m. on Mondays, 5th, 12th, and 19th September, and will be available for return for one month from date to date, and holders of them will be required to return by one of the specials hereunder mentioned. The journey cannot be broken either going or returning. Special trains will leave Adelaide at 9.45 a.m. on Thursdays, 8th, 15th, 22nd, and 29th September, and 6th, 13th, and 20th October. Excursionists can also return from Adelaide by ordinary trains on payment at Adelaide of 35s and 22s 6d excess first and second class respectively, and by express trains on payment of ordinary single fares. Passengers will also be booked at Kyneton, Castlemaine, Sandhurst, Maryborough, Portland and Avoca for these excursions at the same fares and on the same conditions. Tickets issued at Kyneton, Castlemaine, and Sandhurst will be available to Ballarat and Melbourne by ordinary trains on the Tuesdays preceding the days the specials run, or from Kyneton by 6.15 a.m. to Melbourne on the Wednesdays. Tickets issued at Maryborough will be available by first up train on same dates as excursion to Ballarat, thence by special leaving at 1.52 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Maryborough tickets issued at Avoca and so endorsed will be available by the two last trains to Ballarat on the Tuesdays preceding the days the special run; thence by special at 1.52 p.m. Tickets issued at Portland will be available to Ararat by first up train on 7th, 14th, and 21st September; thence by special leaving at 4.15 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Intending excursionists from stations others than those mentioned above, within a radius of 100 miles from Melbourne, Geelong, Ballarat, Ararat, Stawell, Murtoa, Horsham, Dimboola, Nhill, and Serviceton, can obtain Jubilee tickets at the same fares from the nearest station issuing Jubilee tickets, but they will require to travel by ordinary train (without extra charge) to the nearest station at which the Jubilee Excursion train stops; thence to Adelaide and back by the special to stations at which the train stops; and thence by ordinary trains to destination. Excursionists from stations outside the radius of 100 miles will require to pay ordinary fares by ordinary trains to and from the stations within the radius whence the Jubilee tickets will be available as set forth above. For times of special at intermediate stations, see posters exhibited at stations.

By order of the Commissioners.
P. P. LABERTOUCHE.
Secretary for Railways.

Death.

CROKER.—On the 9th September, at Beaufort, Henry Dillon Croker, M.R.C.S., Eng., surgeon unattached list Victoria Militia, aged 73 years.

THE
Riponshire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

We have received authentic information to the effect that tenders will be called within the next three weeks for the erection of a new State school at Skipton. Mr. W. H. Uren, M.P., waited on the Minister of Education on Thursday on the subject, and obtained this item of news, which will be most satisfactory to our readers in that part of the Shire. In this matter the department has been very prompt in acceding to the wishes of the residents.

Instructions have been issued, and partly carried into effect, to forward the diamond-drill, referred to in our last issue as set apart for the Lillirie Plains, to the site where operations are to commence. The Government officer was in Beaufort during the week and visited the locality. The machinery and drill were at the railway station yesterday, and preparation are being made to convery them to Lillirie. We again express a hope that the operations will be successful in opening up a new and rich goldfield.

An advertisement appears in to-day's issue netifying that the sale of booth rights in connection with the rifle competition to be held next month. We understand that several of the adjoining clubs are practising regularly for the teams match, which will be fired on Wednesday, 18th October, and that some of them have signified their intention of being represented by one or more teams. The nominations must be in by next Saturday, 24th instant, for the handicap matches.

The Shire of Ripon notifies that it will pay a bonus of sixpence per dozen for the scalps of young rabbits killed within the shire during the months of August and September of this year, and that the rabbit inspector will be in his office every Saturday to receive scalps.

With all the solemnity of a man who knows that he is about to be adjured in the name and invisible presence of the Supreme One to state that "the evidence he shall give in the case now before the Court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," Jeremiah Ryan stepped into the witness box at the local police court on Monday last, and was put through the usual formula by the clerk, and afterwards interrogated by Mr. Gaunt, who appeared for the rabbit inspector against Benjamin Pamment. "What is your name?" asked the lawyer. "Ryan, sir—Jeremiah Ryan," was the reply. "And what are you, Mr. Ryan?" "A Roman Catholic, sir." A titter of merriment pervaded the court at the apparent misapprehension of the question on the part of the witness. Mr. Gaunt soon set him right and asked what he did for a living. "Oh, is that it? Well, I kill rabbits for Mister Beggs."

Tenders to the post office will shortly be called for the alterations mentioned by us a few weeks ago. Attention of the Postmaster-General has been frequently drawn to the inconvenience the public are subjected to in all weathers whilst waiting in the pokey little porch for their letters, and in consequence of the delay in the matter, Mr. Uren, M.P., has been using his endeavours to get the alterations carried out as speedily as possible.

We have received from Messrs. Boyle and Scott their price-list of cricket, football and sporting requisites, with which is issued "The Laws of Cricket," as last revised by the Marylebone club.

The third competition for the Union rifle trophies will be fired at Great Western on next Wednesday, and the Beaufort team will leave by the half-past seven train on that morning.

Our attention has been called to an action, for which it well to know who is to blame, that has caused a great waste at the Beaufort Park. The ratepayers have been put to considerable expense over stocking the lake with fish, and from time to time have been afforded pleasure by permission to angle there. Some month or two since this permission was withheld by a resolution of the Council until December next, because it was thought best to allow the fishes to multiply. Since that time the network which was placed at the bywash to prevent the escape of the fish was taken away and the water allowed to run out to facilitate the carrying out of certain improvements. That network has not been replaced, so that the recent heavy rains and the influx of flood waters have caused the washing away of a large number of the fish. We are told that attention was called to this, and that a suggestion was made to replace the net. If this information is correct, some explanation is due to the ratepayers, whose money has been utilised to stock the reservoir.

We ("Herald") have received an ill-spelt, anonymous letter, signed T. W. J., stating that if the Government will give the writer £500 he will prove that Miss Swain was thrown into the river, and will also show how she got the black eye. We have handed the letter to the police. Nothing can be more contemptible than any attempt at a bargaining of this kind, and no decent man would do this. The fact that this is done throws considerable doubt on the writers bona fides and honesty. At the same time if T. W. J. can prove what he states to the satisfaction of a jury, so as to obtain a conviction, the proprietors of The Herald are so satisfied that the money will be subscribed in twenty-four hours that in the interests of justice they will guarantee him the sum named (£500).

A very extraordinary case is about to come before the high tribunal at Malaga. A few months ago a woman, a native of the village of Torrox, declared that the Virgin Mary had appeared to her, and had ordered her to preach a new gospel for the salvation of mankind, as the end of the world was at hand. The woman's story seems to have been believed without hesitation, and soon the whole village was in a state of religious frenzy. The woman preached in favor of the abandonment of earthly possessions and advocated a return to the mode of life and habits of primitive man. During the height of the frenzy a large fire was lighted in the village, into which the converts to this fanatical superstition threw their valuable furniture and clothes; men, women, and children dancing and shouting around the fire in a state of nudity. Warned of what was going on, the local gendarmerie arrived only just in time to save the infants from being thrown into the fire by their frenzied mothers, and to prevent the houses of the village from being set on fire.

There were eight entries in the trial of hunters this year at the Ararat Show, and the prize was ultimately won by Mr. M. Kirkpatrick's (Stockyard Hill) Goun, which was cleverly handled by the owner, and did his work in grand style. The same horse won the contest last year.

A bolt occurred in Willoughby street on Wednesday last. Dr. Nolan had just returned from visiting a patient, and handed over the horse to a lad in his employ to unharness. Instead of setting about his work in the usual way, he struck upon a new idea, and was proceeding to put it into practice by first taking off the winkers and putting on the stable halter, when, to his surprise, the horse commenced to rear and plunge. Nimbly stepping aside to avoid coming in contact with the horse, he viewed with deep contempt the working of his new plan of unharnessing a horse. The animal, thus free, made a sudden bound and went along the road like wild-fire, while the boy stood there gazing upon the back of the buggy, and muttering, "Strange, strange, why it cleared off like that." The runaway was captured by an employe of Messrs Harris and Troy, the only damage done being the breaking of the swingle-tree.

An accident happened at Waterloo on Wednesday whereby a man known as "Geordie" sustained some severe injuries. From the meagre particulars obtained, it appears he was driving Mr. Hincheliffe's buggy, and losing control of the horse he attempted to jump out, but fell between the wheel and the side of the buggy. He was carried along for a good distance in this manner, and his head was severely cut and bruised.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for—R. Aneerson, Mrs. J. Adams, G. Bell, W. Burn, J. Brebner, H. Beaufort. J. Blomberg, J. B. Conway, Mr Carr, J. Dunn, R. Dule, J. Dawson, A. G. Edwards, Miss Fraser, R. Fox, Mrs Govett, W. Haines, J. Harrington, Hy. Jones, Thos. Lewis, P. McCord, Miss McDermott, J. W. Miller, W. McPherson, Mrs Melleriay, P. Murphy, J. Nolan, B. Pamment, Mr Robson, W. Russell, J. Rodgers, H. Ramsay, Mrs. Stuart, J. Sutherland, Mrs Tuddenham, Mr Trew, S. Tweedale, W. Williams, R. Westbrook, F. Wigney, J. Walsh, Mr Yates.

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 15th September, 1887:—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Sept. 9	91	£1 17 0	£6 4 9
,, 10	48	7 3 9	3 15 4
,, 12	33	10 13 1	9 9 8
,, 13	32	11 18 9	4 7 6
,, 14	52	8 19 3	1 15 6
,, 15	34½	6 8 6	9 13 3
Totals	290½	£47 0 4	£35 6 0

MINING ITEMS.

New Kong Meng, Majorca—Yield for three days ended 15th September—400 oz. 5 dwt.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 97oz; New Victoria, 30 oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, —; Saxon Consols, 30oz.

WEATHER FORECASTS

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, 16th Sept., 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Straits.—Showery, but tending to finer weather; west and north-westerly winds.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Showery, but tending to finer weather; west and north-westerly winds.

BEAUFORT POLICE COURT.

Monday, 12th September.

(Before Messrs Andrews and Prentice, J.s.P.)

KILL THOSE RABBITS.

Benjamin Pamment was complained against by Mr. McRae, rabbit inspector, for neglecting to take necessary measures for the destruction of rabbits on his lease at Mount Cole. Mr. Gaunt appeared for the rabbit inspector, and stated that Mr. Pamment took over the land under lease on the 1st July. It was then, as would be shown in evidence, virtually free from the pest, and defendant had done nothing to keep it down. John McRae, sworn, deposed that he was rabbit inspector to the council of the Shire of Ripon. Served defendant notice in August to carry out the conditions of his lease. The land was comparatively clear of rabbits when defendant took out the lease; there may have been a few, but not in sufficient numbers to be a nuisance to neighboring holders of land. Had frequently visited the land since Pamment had been in possession, and had seen rabbits in great numbers. The pest was increasing very fast. Numerous complaints have been made to him by the neighbors. Since serving notice nothing has been done to check the increase of the pest. Jeremiah Ryan, sworn, said he was employed by Mr. Beggs killing rabbits. Remembered when Pamment took up the land; it was very free from rabbits, the Government having pretty well eradicated them. The land was in a very bad state at present. Had never seen anyone employed killing rabbits. He was working very close to the place and lived near by. No one could work on that land for any length of time without his seeing or hearing them. Mr Pamment, in defence, made a very rambling statement, which was contradictory. Fined L1, and costs L3 4s; allowed a month to pay.

DEBT.

W. Schlicht v. George Overend.—Claim for 11s 2d, goods sold and delivered. No appearance of defendant. Order for amount, and costs 2s 6d.

M. Flynn v. Luke Curran.—Claim for L8 12s 1d, goods sold and delivered; no apperrance of defendant. Case adjourned for a fortnight.

OBSCENE LANGUAGE.

Samuel West v. Wm. Thompson.—Using obscene language. Defendant pleaded guilty, but he was greatly provoked. West handed a paper to the bench with some language written on it. Thompson denied using these words, and said that what occurred did not take place in an hotel, but on the road home. Plaintiff assaulted him and called him a thief, and was constantly annoying him. The bench stated that there seemed to have been some provocation; but no corroborative evidence either for or against the charge. They had nothing to do but dismiss the case.

Patrick Caroline was charged by Constable Martin, of Waterloo, with using obscene language in a public place. Defendant admitted offence. Constable Martin gave evidence that the offence was committed on the 27th of last month. This being defendant's first offence he was fined 10s, and 4s costs, in default three day's imprisonment.

The Court then adjourned.

METROPOLITAN NOTES.

(BY A CONTRIBUTOR.)

O, ye gods and little fishes! There's going to be some fun. Melbourne is threatened with a terrible catastrophe, if what I have heard with my own ears be true. Folks will remember those Jubilee presents to the state school children—testaments with the Queen's name or writing or something of that sort in them. Well, they are not paid for yet;—probably will not be for some time to come. The actual cost of these little books is twopence each. The total cost of the whole supply obtained for distribution was something a little more or less than £1700. About half of this amount has been raised by collection and subscription. To raise the other half Melbourne must come to the rescue. I heard a gentlemen of the cloth say—and seriously too—that *Melbourne must do it, if the rich men had to be taken by the heels, turned upside down, and shaken till the coins rolled out of their pockets.* Eh, wouldn't there be fun? If the small company of gentlemen who proposed the Jubilee Testament business will undertake the job of shaking the rich men, they will not need to advertise for collectors. In the language of the school boy, it will be "finding is keeping" and "all my own."

The Government propose to lay the venerable Peter aside with a modest little sum as a recognition of past services. But I am afraid they will not carry their proposal into effect without some opposition. The system of pensioning off old hands who have worn themselves out in the service was abolished because it was considered that having been in receipt of a comfortable salary, ordinary economy would have enabled the civil servants to amass a respectable reserve, against old age and incapacity, during the lengthy tenure of office that they were permitted to enjoy. The pension system, however, seems likely to be succeeded by the "bonus system," which, if not so continual a drain upon the country's exchequer, will make a considerable hole in our "unexpended balances." Of course, Government may think that this a most opportune time to gain the vote of the Legislature; but a good majority outside the House are of opinion that the Hon. the Speaker is independent of the vote—or should be.

The absorbing topic of interest is the Laura Swain enquiry. As it was fully and generally believed that things innumerable would come out in evidence that had not been made known by newspaper reports, that section of the public who are always hankering after particulars that gratify the pruriency of human nature, have been on the tip-toe of expectation. Conjectures are made: conclusions are jumped at; and circumstantial evidence points one road to the verdict; general sympathy, possibilities and probabilities point another. So far there is no corroborative evidence *pro* or *con the statement* that the young woman got into the water by other than her own act; and taking it for granted that she committed suicide, the verdict to be returned must indicate the cause.

Apropos the statement in the *Herald* to the effect that the anonymous writer of a letter to that paper stated that he would prove certain acts as the cause of Laura Swain's death, if the Government would give

The Ripon Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

In Nature's Dual Realm.

'Tis the land of immortal bloom,
Where palms are waving and ferns are green;
While far to the sullen pole
The restless waters roll
To the icy beach—and the snowy sky
Gleams cold and calm to the voyager's eye;
And the moans of the nearing storm
Through the cordage sweep;
And the iceberg's spectral form
Looms o'er the angry deep,
O'er battlements of crystal glare
And amethystine glow;
But night and solitude are there,
Throned on the cheerless floe!

. . . . . .

See o'er yon tropic wave
The sea gull lightly sweep,
And morning beams upon the breakers sleep;
Far in the glade the trailing fern,
The fruitage dimly hid,
Fast by the broad, translucent lake
The tangled wilds amid:
Changed are nature's voices,
'Tis a many-stringed lyre;
Bird and flower rejoices
In the woodland choir;
Is there a land of wintry thrall?
"I know not," chirps the bird;
Is there an icy-mantled sea?
Uneasily hath stirred
The startled leaf. "It cannot be—
An icy-mantled sea?
Ah, no! it cannot be!"

Novelist.

DAYS OF CRIME
AND
YEARS OF SUFFERING

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Reprinted from "The Australasian" of 1887 by Special Permission.)

CHAPTER XIII.

CAUGHT AND CAGED.

Years and years ago, when I first linked myself to crime, I used to think that the craftiness of guilt was identical with intellectual ability, and that criminal cunning was only another name for the cleverness which commands the world's suffrages. Having a redundancy of this same cunning, I mistook it for talent, and considered myself a genius, when, in reality, I was only a fool. With a mind largely inflated by vanity, and not overweighted with common sense, I regarded myself as soaring above the vulgar honest earthworms around me, and every successful piece of roguery with which I favoured the world I looked upon with admiring complacency as a faithful exponent of my own transcendent abilities. Experience has modified in some degree these self-exaggerating ideas, and taught me some little humility. Time, too, has somewhat diluted the strong spirit of my vanity, and although it is considerably above proof in my ordinary frames of mind I happen this evening to be in a mood extraordinary—a sort of abnormal state—and therefore I can venture to express opinions which to-morrow morning, when my vanity is on the *qui vive*, I shall refuse to endorse.

Looking backward upon my whole life I am constrained to confess that the cunning of a rogue is not unfrequently but the folly of a fool. There is nothing about it deserving the name of cleverness. A rogue is made up of negations. He has no scruples, no principles, no rectitude of any kind. When he succeeds, he owes his success more to the faith of his victims, or to their want of discernment, than to any ability he may display in making them his dupes. Let virtue be discarded, and all principle abandoned, and the obtusest intellect will find no difficulty in conforming itself to the rogue's vocation. The very cunning, upon the display of which the rogue so much piques himself very often defeats itself, and is the means of bringing him to justice. Often, when a child's simplicity would have made me successful, my criminal astuteness has led to failure. In endeavoring to outwit others I have more than once completely outwitted myself. My last arrest was occasioned solely through my passion for scheming; and the first pair of handcuffs that ever graced my wrists, attained that envious position a little earlier than they might have done, through mistaking my cunning for cleverness. All things considered, a mere commonsense rogue is the safest—a rogue of genius is always in danger. The one moves in the beaten track, picks pockets in the style of a Barrington, uses the same style of skeleton keys as his brother-cracksman, or takes a purse upon the road as Turpin was accustomed to do in the palmy days of highwayman life. But there is nothing of the conservative about the other. He disdains the ordinary methods of living upon his fellows: he despises the routine labors of his craft; he scorns all authorities from Jack Sheppard downwards: he trusts to his own creative intellect, soars into the regions of the unknown, dares to be original, and amid the vastness of his conceptions, the sublimity of his aspirations, suddenly finds himself in the clutches of a detective on his way to the watchhouse.

Such, my dear reader, has been my own experience; and although it is now and then a consoling reflection amidst my sorrow that I am not a common-place rogue, but an undoubted genius, I must say that when doing a sentence in chains the scintillations of a brilliant intellect are but of little use in lighting up a prison cell, and the loftiness of my philosophy does not quite render me superior to the trifling inconveniences of bread and water, and other things even less agreeable. Despite its well-arranged plans and nicely-calculated chances, guilt is powerless to contend with the system to which it is opposed—is all too weak to battle with the majesty of law, and must eventually be crushed by the iron hand of justice, which it has dared to defy.

Hitherto I have appeared triumphant on the scene of my crime; but defeat is nearing me fast, and I go now to relate the circumstances which led to my being "caught and caged."

The last chapter left me at Finchley, and there I rusticated for a month, paying frequent visits to the home of my infancy, and bitterly reflecting on what I was, and what I might have been. The house was in possession of a very nice family, and on one occasion I introduced myself to their notice, and intimated my desire to walk sometimes in the garden, informing them, of course, of the reason of my request. When I mentioned to them my name, they knew perfectly well that my father had once owned the place, as they had purchased it from him. They made me very welcome, and accorded me ready permission to visit the garden whenever I chose. Of this permission I availed myself several times, and on such occasions the far-off life of my childhood, with its loves, hopes, joys, and dreams, was vividly before me. There was no spot, no flower in that garden but was consecrated by a memory of my mother's love, for it was there in the summer evenings, that never more could come, she sought to create within me a lasting love for beauty and goodness, and it was there her caresses were most endearing, and her teachings most earnest and impressive. I can truthfully say that I never left that garden without leaving a tribute of tears to the memory of the past; but alas! I mourned the innocence of my childhood without making any effort to disassociate myself from the guilt I was daily living in.

During the period that I remained at Finchley I regularly obtained the London newspapers, and in one of them there appeared a paragraph upon the subject of the forged cheque, which it appears was discovered the day after presentation, through Mr. S. visiting the bank in connection with some business. Circumstances went to prove, too, that I was the forger of the cheque. In the cheque which Mr. S. gave me an *i* in the name was dotted. This it was unusual for him to do, as in all the other cheques drawn by him during the previous six months the *i* was not dotted. It was, of course inferred that the forged cheque must have been imitated from the one given to me. This was the substance of the newspaper paragraph. I did not, however feel in the least alarmed at reading it. I knew I was too well disguised when I presented the cheque for the bank clerks to recognize me, and the genuine cheque which I had received I had paid away in the same disguise to a watchmaker in Bishopsgate-street. Now, a common-sense rogue would, in obedience to the dictates of prudence, have resolved on giving the Grasshoper Tavern a very wide berth; but I, being a rogue of genius, decided upon a very opposite course. I determined to wait upon Mr. S. indignantly protest against the conclusion to which the newspaper paragraph pointed, convince him of my innocence, and then by way of *finale*, forge another cheque upon him. As it was not my intention to immediately proceed to London, I wrote a letter to the editor of the paper and also one to Mr. S. upon the subject. I stated in the latter that I should shortly appear in London again, and should then immediately call upon him for an explanation. Three weeks after writing this letter, with all the audacity imaginable, I returned to London, and straightway repaired to the Grasshopper. I had in my pocket the newspaper which contained the paragraph, and pulling it out, I demanded in the most passionate manner to be put in possession of the circumstances which led to my name being connected with the crime of forgery. Mr. S. could only repeat what I had already learned from the newspaper, adding, however, that my somewhat abrupt departure had in some degree warranted the suspicion, especially when taken in connection with the undoubted fact of the forged cheque having been imitated from the identical cheque he had given me. I then told him that I had lost the cheque and a considerable sum of money besides at billiards. I minutely described the appearance of the person who had been the winner, and requested that some one might accompany me to the billiard-rooms, as I had no doubt the billiard-marker would remember me, and very likely might have noticed me paying away the cheque. As the description I gave of the person who won the cheque from me exactly tallied with the description of the person who had presented the cheque that was forged, Mr. S. was quite convinced of my innocence, and declared it to be altogether unnecessary to go to the billiard-rooms. Strange to say, no effort had been made to discover the presenter of the genuine cheque from which it was inferred the other had been imitated, and, at my suggestion, inquiries were at once set on foot to effect the discovery. These were very soon successful, and the cheque was traced without difficulty to the watchmaker in Bishopsgate-street, and when he was referred to he described, as a matter of course, the same person as I and the bank clerk had already indicated by description. As Mr. S. very frankly acknowledged he had wronged me by unfounded suspicions, I asked him to accompany me to the bank authorities that I was the youth to whom he had given the genuine cheque from which the forgery had been executed, and that he was perfectly convinced that I was guiltless in the matter. His bankers were Masterman, Peters, and Co., Nicholas-lane, City, and he very readily went there with me, and obtained an interview with the managing partner, and that gentleman appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the explanations given.

Now, not even a rogue of genius would, at a good deal of risk, have been insane enough to practice all this by-play without an end in view. My genius, with its eagle gaze, beheld distinctly in the distance the dazzling attraction of the proceeds of another cheque, and, completely infatuated by the various successes which had attended my acting and my impudence, I forged another cheque for £95. A common sense rogue, satisfied with the artistic imitation of the signature, would have walked into the bank, suitably disguised, in the ordinary manner, and most likely have obtained the cash. I, being a rogue of genius, visited the bank in my own proper person and requested an interview with the manager. I was at once admitted to that gentleman's presence, and, in my best manner, I proceeded to inform him that Mr. S. had promised to meet me at the bank to enable me, without difficulty, to cash one of his cheques, but as I had already been waiting two hours and he had not arrived, I thought it likely he was detained by business, as I knew he had some calls to make at the West-end before he intended to meet me. This being the case, and as I wanted the cash, I thought that by speaking to the manager the cheque would be honoured without Mr. S.'s personal intervention. The manager (who I must say was a finished actor) listened to me with the blandest smile, and said he would see how Mr. S.'s account stood. I had already handed him the cheque and with this in his hand he left the room. He was not absent more than two minutes; and on his return told me the ledger-clerk was auditing the account which would occupy some short time. He then engaged me in conversation with so much affability that I had not the slightest suspicion of any unfavorable issue. So intent was I on deceiving, that I never dreamt of being myself deceived. But the banker rather over-acted his part, and when he introduced wine and cast furtive glances at the door, and was evidently exerting himself to interest me, I felt intuitively there was something wrong. My fears were alarmed, but I was too well disciplined to betray them. I sipped the glass of wine poured out for me in the most leisurely manner; and then said, "By the by, Mr. S. told me to wait outside; he may perhaps have come, so I'll just take a peep." Without waiting for a reply, I put my hat on, and walked out of the room. I had just reached the public door of the bank as one of the clerks and a police officer were on the point of entering. I saw at a glance that I must depend for safety not on my wits but on my legs. I was then, and am now very fleet of foot, and off I started at full speed, the policeman and the clerk close at my heels, and "Stop thief!" sounding in my ears. On I dashed with almost lightning speed, and on came the pursuing crowd after me. Suddenly I turned the corner of a street, crossed swiftly to the opposite side, and then stood demurely looking in at a shop window. This ruse almost succeeded, for the rabble who pursued me, with the policeman at their head, rushed away down the street. I thought myself safe, when lo! the bank clerk, who had been left somewhat in the rear, turned the corner of the street, saw me on the point of turning the opposite corner, gave the view-halloo, and once more the hunters were on my track. The streets of London are not in any way favorable under such circumstances to the party pursued, for at every step fresh pursuers start after the fugitive, and open arms are every now and then extended to clasp him in an embrace more close than friendly. Dodging this one and running desperately at that, I passed along for some distance without being either overtaken or stopped. In an unlucky moment, however, I turned down a regular *cul de sac*, and my pursuers were too close upon me to admit of my turning back. With the crowd at one end of the alley, and no outlet at the other, I was completely caged, but in the true nil desperandum spirit I made a last effort to avert my fate. In a moment I opened a window of the nearest house, dashed through it, stumbled over a cradle, recovered myself, rushed through the house into the back yard, mounted a water-butt, with the intention of gaining the top of the yard wall, when, at the very moment my escape seemed certain, the lid of the water-butt gave way, and down I went, immersed to my neck in the fluid. In cases of accidents it is a well-known fact that policemen are rarely to be met with, but in this instance I must do the force the justice to declare that it was duly represented by one of its members properly lettered and numbered, who assisted me out of the water-butt with the most obliging alacrity, generously furnished me with a pair of polished bracelets, humanely supported me by the collar of my coat, and then, with the most philanthropic regard for my ultimate safety, conveyed me to a place of rest and security.

In the lock-up to which I was conveyed I met a distinguished member of my profession, one who had made the grand tour, and who, since his return from the antipodes, had taken up his old trade. The narrations of this travelled gentleman were certainly not calculated to give me any good relish for a life of exile, and I thought that "to leave one's country for one's country's good" might be more patriotic than pleasant. I cannot say that I altogether understood him at the time, as, like most scientific persons, he dealt largely in technical terms, and as my own studies had then ranged only in very narrow limits, many of his technicalities were uncomprehended. When he spoke of "triangles," "being rubbed in twice a week," "heavy slangs," "short pannum," "hard graft," &c., I could only look wise and nod assent.

Poor wretch! his life, like hundreds, aye, like thousands, of the class called criminal, had been a hard one. In the watch-house cell he told it me in his own rambling way. He had been an orphan at an early age, had been thrown on the streets of London to get a living how he could, had stolen a loaf of bread from a baker's shop to satisfy the cravings of hunger, had been sent to prison, had there been taught lessons of crime, had continued, on his discharge from gaol, to follow thieving for a living, had at last been transported for burglary, had served out his sentence in the colonies, had worked his passage to England, had plunged into crime again, had committed robbery with violence, and yet in his stolid ignorance—for he could neither read nor write—he felt no compunction, but coolly told me that "three floggings a week were worse than a single crack on the head." And yet the man had feeling in his nature, for when he saw that I was wet, he instantly took off some of his own dry clothes and made me put them on. And, in telling me the story of his life, he exhibited a strange confidence in me, for as he concluded he said, "They don't know I've been lagged, and I never told nobody but you, so keep it dark, young 'un and don't blab." Poor wretch! it was easier, I suppose, for the state to hang thee in thy guilty manhood, than to teach and train thee in thy guileless infancy.

Wretchedly, most wretchedly, passed that first night in the watch-house after my arrest for *crime*, and not for poverty. I had been true to my reckless vow—it was for villainy, not for vagrancy, that the prison portals were again to open for me. For a few months, just as I have written, so I triumphed, vain of my fancied cleverness, and exultant at my successes. And now, for this brief period of excitement—for I am sure it was not a period of happiness—years of misery and degradation were before me. As I lay on the hard boards of the watch-house floor, heard I not again the warning voice of Ellen Lee tearfully telling me that "the end of such a dark dream would be a terrible awakening?" And the hardened criminal at my side, gave he not, too, a dread significance to my position? We together, epitomised the whole story of retributive punishment. At the entrance of the dark path of doom stood I, whilst he, the intermediate steps all taken, had nearly reached the end of the fatal track.

When the morning at length dawned one of the policeman went and fetched my clothes to the watch-house in a cab, and I, in the true spirit of professional vanity, attired myself in the best suit I had. At my commitment I learned the secret of my arrest. Just an hour before I had waited upon the bank manager Mr. S. had been to the bank, and had transferred his account to another banking firm, so, of course, my little story, however plausibly delivered, was known to be an utter fabrication.

In heart, with the full view of the years of doom before me, I was sad enough; but I managed to suppress all emotion, and seemed to others to regard my position with the most perfect *nonchalance*. I happened to hear the banker tell the inspector of police that if Mr. S. had not transferred his accounts, the bank would have paid the cheque without the slightest hesitation. He said, too, that I had address enough to go through with anything. This flattered my vanity, and I called out "Good-bye, I'm off to college; but when the vacation comes round I may perhaps pay you a professional visit with better results to myself." The banker upon this advanced to the cell door, told me (what was true enough) that with all my cleverness I was but a foolish boy, and then he seriously exhorted me in the years that were to come to apply my talents to good purposes. He spoke kindly to me, and I listened to him respectfully, promising to remember his advice. To me he said, "God assist you to be good;" and to the inspector, "Give him some dinner, and I'll pay for it," and away he went.

In my heart I was very wretched, but my misery was not of a character to be followed by a healthier tone of mind. I sorrowed not for my sin, but for its detection. I was chagrined more than grieved. I was mortified to find myself outwitted—brought to justice by the excess of my own would-be cleverness. I did not, perhaps, think much in those times, but since then I have had an enlarged and terrible experience in the pursuit of crime, and too well I know that the astutest intellect, the best conceived plans, the nicest calculations are, when applied to wrong-doing, all impotent to avert the doom that follows sooner or later upon a career of wickedness. The villainy of to-day may be detected through the contingencies of to-morrow, and trifles the most insignificant may secure the conviction of the criminal. A French writer truly says, that justice may be vindicated by a straw. I hope my reader that you are honest, and will keep so; but if you are not, clever though you may be, the time is not remotely distant when, like myself, you will be caught and caged.

(*To be continued.*)

Street of the Burnt Woman.

A LEGEND OF MEXICO.

A well-known street of the Mexican capital is *La Calle de la Quemada*, or "the Street of the Burnt Woman," whose romantic story is told in an ancient parchment document, dusty and long forgotten.

It was two centuries ago that the actors in this drama lived and moved and had their being, but the story of their lives comes down to us of to-day full of a fresh and vivid memory, as of people we might know. And strangely enough it is a pleasant story, too, notwithstanding its dark stain of human suffering; perhaps because, tragic as were the events, the outcome of intense passions, they partook not of the taint of intrigue, of treachery and dishonor, that too often characterised the love affairs of the hot-blooded Spaniards. For this is a story of love and heroic sacrifice, and the lessons it teaches are all sweet and wholesome.

Marina Anaya was one of the loveliest maidens of Nueva Hispana. Hers was that rare beauty, at once glowing and gentle, that fills the hearts of men and women alike with yearning tenderness. "On her sweet face a blessing!" said a hideous beggar crone, one day on the Paseo, turning to look after the girl; "it would warm my heart to clasp her in my arms. The day seems brighter, the world seems better, since she came near. I long to serve her—to put myself between her and some danger."

In short, Marina was one of the few beings gifted with the faculty of winning the love of all. She had not an enemy in the world. She lived a simple life enough in the home of her parents, making their lives bright, going her daily round with an even cheerfulness of spirit, and gladly taking her share of such amusement and social sunshine as was possible with the women of her day and race. She was no saint, Marina, but neither was she a coquette, a scold, a bigot, nor an empty-headed doll—but a sweet, true, pure-minded woman. It was deemed strange, in her wide circle of acquaintance, that Marina had no lover. Suitors had she galore, to choose from whom she needed but raise her finger. But she elected not to choose. "Why should I wed?" she would say when questioned with urgence, "simply to have a husband? But what is a husband worth if he be not dear? And better that I should live to robe the saints, as is our saying, than to marry but for that it is the custom, and afterward meet one to whom all the heart goes forth. *Ay Dios!* what misery. Nay! nay! I think my parents love me; and, until they send me from their home, I will not marry, unless I come to love." And in that day, to follow a course required even more than to-day firmness, resolution, and singleness of purpose.

Marina had her reward. There came a change in the vice-royalty—the viceroys were changed sometimes: the regal master occasionally opined that his representative thought of the subject first; and now and again one embarked for another kingdom, to render there account of his earthly statemanship. Thus, a new viceroy came to Mexico and with him came Leonel de la Montana, a comely youth of ancient lineage, specially detailed by Philip the Second for the journey to the new world. He was noble, handsome, rich. Was aught else lacking? Midst the dissolute youth of the day might one look for a saint? Such, indeed, was not Leonel de la Montana; he was a soldier, who had fought well and to his own fame in the campaigns of Flanders, and he had a soldier's faults. But he was also a brave and knightly man, whose sins were never base nor loathsome, and, judged by the standard of time, he was exceptional as to honor and morals.

He met Marina soon after his arrival, who shall say how and where! on the paseo of those days, at church, or at one of the infrequent *tertulias* of the time? And from the first time he saw her, he lived and breathed, but for Marina Anaya, and he made his court with such eager assiduity that they were soon betrothed. And Marina found in her lover the fulfillment of her ideal, the realization of that standard, lacking which she had been content to live unwedded. Her every wish and aspiration were satisfied by the excellences of Leonel. If only she could persuade him that such was the truth! For the one thing that marred her perfect happiness, the one blemish in a character otherwise all symmetrical, was the terrible strain of jealousy in his nature. It may have been the proverbial modesty of the true lover, making him feel a sense of his own unworthiness. But, whatever the motive, it seemed to him impossible that he should keep the love of Marina, widely beloved and charming as she was. When he gazed upon her, he could not believe that she should not be fickle, armed with the wondrous power her beauty gave her, and it maddened him to think her heart might swerve to another.

An immediate marriage might have satisfied him of the good faith of Marina, but just after the betrothal the death of a distant relative threw the Anayas into mourning after the fashion of the rigorous etiquette of the Spaniards, and as soon as they doffed the sable suits of complimentary woe, Lent was at hand, and no one who lays claim to good taste marries in Cuaresma, even now, when more liberal ideas prevail. How much less readily then when all the world was under priestly rule. Lent over, Marina's father especially requested that the nuptials should be deferred until the arrival from spain of a favorite brother, uncle of the prospective bride.

All these delays were odious and even maddening to De la Montana. He tormented himself with constant brooding upon them, until the reasons assigned, all logical and weighty to the formal precision of the race and generation, seemed to him strained, frivolous, and improbable. From such a conclusion it required no violent effort of a morbid fancy to advance a step farther, and Leonel persuaded himself that Marina was tired of him, that she had never loved him, that she desired to break the bonds of their betrothal, and that all these procrastinations were ominous tokens signifying that wish and a means of gradual approach to such a rupture. His jealous passion increased, battening upon his misery, until the man had almost become insane. And the full measure of his own suffering he held in the troubled lips of poor Marina. Every absurd pretext was to him a theme of complaint and reproach. He found a source of grievance in the situation of the Anaya dwelling, on one of the main thoroughfares, a favorite promenade of the young Spaniards, who naturally passed thither, not the less because of Marina's beauty. The praises lavished upon her annoyed him as much as if the girl had courted them. It had come to pass that every interview between the lovers resolved itself into bitterness and reproaches, and Marina was half wild with distress.

At last, one morning, De la Montana passed the house and found it closed. His morbid fancy at once pictured a rival behind the massive shutters of the iron-barred windows, making his suit to Marina, perhaps—oh, saints in heaven!—winning his cause, and persuading her to discard the jealous lover. Harrowed by the thought, he was hastening to knock at the *zaguan* (the great street portal), when a wicket in one of the windows was opened, and a white hand—and a hand he knew, Marina's hand—was put forth, and slightly beckoned. He approached, and begged to know the lady's will. For all answer a white, folded missive was held towards him. He took the letter, the window quickly closed, and he could but move away to where he could read at ease:

"My worshipped Leonel, the letter ran, "my love for thee has amounted fairly to worship, since we who love first only at a mature age concentrate our affections, unfrittered away by earlier, slighter loves—I have tried then, by every tenderness, to convince thee that thou alone of men art in my heart; but I have found thee insensible to these assurances. As my blind and simple affection can not inspire in thee that faith which is essential to wedded happiness, and as my beauty—which I therefore hold accursed—is the terrible barrier to our perfect understanding, I have resolved, not in anger nor revenge, but in sacrifice to your love, to convert that ill-starred, fatal beauty into a living horror, that thou mayest no longer see in it temptation to disloyalty towards thee. Naught else can cure my anxiety and distress, and I do not falter. If thou lovest me, thus shalt thy trust revive; thou wilt pardon my unsightliness, and we shall once more be happy. If thy love shall revolt and perish for the horror I become, losing that tormenting love, thou wilt find peace again. I will return thee at least the tranquillity I have destroyed, either by dispelling the illusion, or by protecting the passion beneath the wings of faith. Thine, MARINA."

The heart of Leonel sank like lead within him, with the weight of a great misgiving. What would Marina do? To what dread deed had his madness driven her? He saw now, as if from beneath a lifted veil, the folly and the cruelty of his exactions and suspicions, and he realized the depth of the divine affection he had wronged. Full of contrition, of eagerness, of awful dread, he hastened back to the house, and abbreviating as he could the ceremonious parley at the door, he sought Marina's father, and hurriedly told his fears. The two men moved through the house quietly, not to attract the attention of the gossiping servants. The mother of Marina was away to visit a sick friend, and the house was very still. In the *ante-sala*, or ante-room of the great parlor, they were overtaken by a servant.

"Don Pablito," she exclaimed, "I came to tell you that I was here dusting a moment ago, and I found the brazier gone. I have been seeking some one to tell, but Dona Claudia is away, and the Nina Marina is in her room and does not answer. *Quien sabe* how the thief could have come in! The door-porter must have slept, sir!"

Anaya checked the girl's chatter, and sent her away. In those days, and until the last few years, it was the custom to keep in all well-regulated houses a small fire of charcoal burning in a great silver brazier in the antesala, for the convenience of lighting cigars or cigarettes. This brazier was indeed missing here. And through the interstices of the doors a subtle odor began to creep, tainting the air of the tightly-closed house—a strange and sickening smell, whose suggestion caused the flesh to thrill with horror, and the air to stand erect. The two men gazed at each other an instant in shocked dismay and horror, then Don Pablo led the way in haste to Marina's chamber, and threw open the door. A rush of noxious vapor came into Leonel's face from the room that held his love, and his first glimpse of its interior, showed him Marina, bent over the big crazier on her light-stand, with her face laid close upon its glowing coals. As her father and Leonel entered the room, she lifted herself erect, every line of her figure expressing mingled agony and the fortitude of resolution, and staggering blindly forward, she fell senseless beside her bed.

. . . . . .

It was a year later that the devout gathered at the early morning mass in the cathedral watched with interest the entrance of a wedding party, in which the groom was Leonel de la Montana, and the bride a lady whose figure was of exquisite elegance and grace, but whose face was beyond criticism, in that it was closely covered by a black silk mask, which was not removed throughout the ceremony. From her terrible self-immolation Marina had brought her beautiful eyes unscatched in vision or appearance; and her sweet fresh lips were as perfect as of yore. But all the rest of her countenance was one frightful cicatrice—a thing of seams and scars and dreadful discoloration, to look on which drew shudders of horror from her nearest and dearest. But for Leonel de la Montana her charm was omnipotent—greater now than she was in the full flush of her soft, brilliant beauty. Amid the gross profligacy and infidelity of the Spaniards in Mexico, his loyalty and devotion to his wife never wavered, and the harmony of their perfect love and trust was never marred, till their lives, but not their hearts, were sundered by the power of death, when both were far advanced in age. And the street where Marina so painfully proved her love has ever since been called "The Street of the Burnt Woman."

Mr. Adair Welcker, the "California poet," is travelling in Great Britain, and contributes to current literature the interesting information that Edinburgh reminds him more of London than any other English city he has seen.

THE JENNIE DEAN MINE.

Col. Brown was evidently bent on showing his regard for me. To-day he would ask me to stroll down to the post-office with him, at the same time presenting me with one of his half-crown Havanas. To-morrow he would take me up to his office to look at some fine specimens of ore from his mine, the Gipsy Queen, which netted him a cool £200 a month. The next day he would take me for a spin behind his £250 trotter. All this was very pleasant to me, for Col. Brown was the great "I am" of De Lux, a mining camp at that time in the zenith of its glory.

I began to shine from the reflected radiance of the mighty colonel. Men who, a month before, would pass me with a cool nod, now took me aside, and asked my opinion on this and that specimen, and begged me to speak favorably to the colonel of their prospect hole.

This homage was all the more pleasing to me as I was smarting from a sense of failure. In the last three years I had planted three thousand pounds in barren prospect mines. On the first of January, 1884, I invested my wife's dowry of £500 in tenement houses carefully secured in her name. If I died, she still would be independent. Having an opportunity to buy a store-house at one-fourth its value, I purchased it to rent, and began contracting for buildings, while trying to forget that fortunes were sometimes made at mining, for fear that I should be tempted to try again, and thus lose the little I had left.

However, I was flattered when Col. Brown began to appeal to me as an authority on mining matters. Like most men who have failed, I was certain that I could point out the road to success.

One bright cloudless day in May, the colonel took me up to the office and handed me a bit of ore.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"It is the finest looking piece of ore I have seen in Australia," I replied enthusiastically. Where, did it come from?"

"Oh, Jim Duncan brought it in from his mine the Jennie Dean," was the careless answer. "He is anxious to sell, and wants me to go and look at her, but these law-suits of mine will keep me in town for the next two weeks." Suddenly starting, he continued, "I wonder if I could persuade you to go for me? I know I can depend on your judgment, and I am a little curious to know what the mine is like. Of course I will be glad to pay you for your trouble," he added.

"I shall be glad to go, simply to see where this ore came from," was my answer. "When shall I start?"

"To-morrow morning, if convenient to you. Jim Duncan will be your guide."

The next morning Jim and I mounted a couple of horses and set forth.

As we passed up Wild Dog Gulley, the heavy white mist hung above us, chill and damp. The rays of the rising sun taking effect caused it to rise higher and higher, while the fresh morning breeze blew it in gauzy veils about the splintered crags, and lodged it among the gnarled cedars, and pines that crowned the rugged mountain peaks.

Jim was very taciturn, so I rode on wrapped in my own thoughts.

Some six or seven miles from town we turned off abruptly to the right, and followed a narrow trail up a short gulley, across a beautiful little park, up a winding narrow gulley, and over the crest of the hill. Nestled among the cedars stood a low browed cabin.

"Here's my shanty an' yonder's the mine," said Jim, pointing to a windlass over a hole some two hundred feet distant. "But let's have a bit 'fore we look at her. Walk in an' make yourself at home."

The interior of the cabin was like most of its class, dirty and uninviting. A fire place was at one end of the room. A dirty window was set in either side wall. A rough sable, two or three benches, and some rude bunks, completed the furniture.

Jim busied himself with the coffee-pot and Dutch oven, and presently remarked—

"Grub's ready, boss."

We sat down to a meal of black coffee, hard fried bacon, and baking-powder bread. Our table-ware was "British silver," as Jim called it, but the tin had long since worn off the cups and plates.

After our frugal meal was over, we went out to look at the mine. We inspected the pile of ore on the dump, and then climbed down the ladder in the man-way. The main shaft was one hundred feet deep. At a depth of fifty and seventy-five feet respectively, crosscuts had been run and connected by a winze. From the bottom of the shaft a drift had been carried some thirty feet to the west. Here some fine ore was exposed. Having thoroughly explored all the workings, we ascended the ladder.

"This old whim can hardly hoist fast enough, Jim," said I. "You need a steam hoister for that depth of shaft and amount of workings, I should say."

"Yes, sir, that's just what's the matter," said Jim. "Ef I'd a had a steam histing engine, I wouldn't have had to sell the old mine. It costs too much to hist with a whim."

As it was now too late to think of returning to town, we spent the rest of the afternoon in looking over the surrounding country for mining timber.

Our supper was a repetition of dinner, with a smoke of strong tobacco as dessert.

The next morning, at eleven o'clock, I made my report to Col. Brown. I was fairly wild about the mine.

"There is plenty of water from the spring to run a steam hoister; timber is close; that track can easily be made into a good road; and the ore is there in plain sight," I concluded, "so you cannot lose on your investment."

It is needless to detail how the colonel worked upon my slumbering love for mining They say it is like the love for gambling, never forgotten. At last we made a bargain.

Jim Duncan had to sell in the next two weeks or lose his mind, as he had given the property as security for a loan of £5000. His creditor was extremely anxious to obtain the Jennie Dean; so was Col. Brown. Duncan would take £6000 and pay off the mortgage claim. The colonel proposed that he and I should buy the mine together. I was to raise my share of the purchase money on my real estate. At the end of the month the colonel would have the money to buy up my notes, and would sign an agreement to give me my paper for my interest in the mine if I wished to back out at the close of a year.

I was overjoyed. Here was a chance to make without losing. If the mine should happen not to pay, I could back out in a year as per agreement.

A year rolled around. We put in hoisting works and built a waggon road. The Jennie Dean barely paid expenses. One day we would strike rich ore, only to blast through to barren rock to-morrow. As time went on, I became more and more confident that we must soon strike the main ore body. The year mentioned in our agreement slipped around before I knew it. The next day after its expiration, the colonel called me into his office.

He told me that the agent of a Sydney company wished to visit the mine with a view to purchasing it. Of course I, as superintendent, would show him through.

"And suppose," said Brown, "suppose you were to make a big strike in the west drift just as you were showing your visitor through. He would be likely to pay a big price for the Jennie Dean then. I rely upon you to see that such a strike is made."

"Do you mean to salt the mine?" I asked incredulously.

"Just that," he answered, looking me squarely in the face.

"I will not do it," I replied firmly.

Brown began to argue with me. He said that the mineral was surely there, so it would not be really dishonest. We would merely anticipate nature a little, and, in the long run, do no harm.

I remained firm in my refusal to be a party to such a scheme. At last Brown changed his mode of attack.

"Do you know," said he, slowly, "that I hold certain papers against your property?"

I glanced at the calendar hanging on the wall. It was a day past the date mentioned in our agreement. I could no longer back out, neither could I raise the money to redeem my notes. This man had me in his power!

In my folly I had persuaded my wife to mortgage her property also. Col. Brown could sell even the roof from over our heads.

"You understand me, I see," said the colonel. "Take until this same time to-morrow to think it over."

Mechanically I left the office and strolled down the street. If I did not do this dirty work, Brown could get Jenkins, the foreman, to do it, and I should be ruined. Why not do it! As the colonel said, we would only be anticipating nature a little. As I was thus thinking, I saw the Sydney agent coming toward me.

A sudden impulse came over me. In spite of my great temptation, I would be honest, and I would save this stranger from being victimized. He should go with me to the mine, and learn the exact truth about it. If he was then swindled by Brown, my skirts would be clean.

"Good-morning, Mr. Thomas," said I. "Col. Brown tells me that you would like to look at the Jennie Dean. It is a fine day, suppose we make the trip now?"

"I should like nothing better," replied Mr. Thomas, and in half an hour we were off.

On our way I chatted gayly, while through my mind ran the thought, "To-morrow I'll be ruined, ruined, ruined," like the refrain of a song.

Only once did I falter in my purpose. That was when I thought of Birdie and the little ones. But I knew Birdie valued honor more than money, and kept on my hard way of right doing.

At last we arrived at the mine. I showed Mr. Thomas every inch of the work, and explained how often we had found small bodies of payable quartz, but had, as yet, failed to touch the main body.

Now we approached the west drift, and I was just meditating how to warn Mr. Thomas against the colonel, when old Joe, a grizzled miner, called out:

"Captain, captain, look here! look here!"

The full breast of the drift had opened up to fine looking quartz.

At first I wondered whether Brown could have had this made ready beforehand; but, no, the ore was evidently where nature had placed it. Then I feared that it might give out, as it so often had before.

Sending Mr. Thomas up to the bunk-house, I spent the night watching the men. Every shot showed more and more mineral. By noon the next day it was certain that we had at last found the main body.

Two weeks later Brown and I sold the Jennie Dean to the Sydney agent for £20,000. You can imagine how much pleasure I took in settling the colonel's claim against me.

The Jennie Dean is now one of the best paying mines in all Australia. Birdie and I are living happily on our income from our shares in the Rose Ellen, which I bought with my half of the selling price of the Jennie Dean.

What become of Col. Brown? Why, he stepped out with his £10,000 and forgot to pay his numerous debts. Nothing could be realized on them, as all of his property was heavily mortgaged. He was shot last year down in New Zealand by a poor fellow whom he had swindled.

Religious Scenes in China.—Canonical begging is very common in China. The temples advertise their wants by posting on walls in the neighborhood square pieces of yellow paper, whereon is the exact Chinese equivalent of the scriptural. "Ask and thou shalt receive," together with the name and location of the temple where prayers are always answered.

But there are also more personal forms of begging. The writer has seen in Peking a priest whose cheeks had been pierced, and the teeth knocked out, so that an iron rod, as large as one's middle finger, could be passed through, to project an inch or two beyond either cheek. An iron half circle was hinged to each end of this and passed around the back of the priest's head. Attached to the half circle, was an iron chain which was so long that it dragged on the ground several feet behind him. His business was to go from house to house, beating a small dram, asking help to repair a temple. Sympathy would be wasted on him. He was a professional charity debt lifter, who had monthly wages and a commission on his collections—and the rod and chain were his stock in trade.

There is another way still more peculiar. A priest stands in a small box-like structure, placed in front of the temple, through the boards of which spikes have been driven, so that the imprisoned priest can move no part of his body, except his right arm, without being pricked by a spike. With his right hand he rings a bell to draw attention to his pitiable condition. Charitable persons give so much for the privilege of drawing out a spike. The highest priced spikes are those which point at the vital parts of the body. The priest is supposed to stand in his kennel day and night until all the spikes have been bought and drawn, but no one believes that he really does so.

A single incident will show how much hardship and self-inflicted suffering some of these heathen will undergo to fulfil a religious vow. One intolerably hot and dusty afternoon the writer was resting at a wayside inn-house and saw approaching a man and a woman. The man would first take one long step, then bring his other foot up and measure his whole length in the road. Having knocked his head three times on the ground, he rose, took another step, and again prostrated himself. The woman was the man's wife, and was waiting upon him. In answer to questions he said that he had made a vow that if Buddha would restore to health his son, who was desperately sick, he would make a pilgrimage to Wu-tai-shan and back again, a step and a prostration all the way. In a day. He had travelled about six hundred of the two thousand miles of the double journey, and would be two years longer in completing his vow. As he was seventy-eight years old and almost worn out, it was easy to see that he would not live to fulfil it. A callous lump as large as an egg protruded from his forehead, raised by his knocking his head upon the dusty road. Yet this man was shocked and angry at a suggestion that he should abandon his useless pilgrimage, and passed out of sight measuring the road with his infirm body.

Mr Bristowe, the President of the Cambridge Boat Club, in England, during the late period of training, allowed his crew a diet that would have horrified his predecessors of twenty years ago. Fish, entrees, puddings, and dessert were all permitted, and the *Lancet*, which reports the fact, describes it as a rational plan of feeding, and declares the more varied the food, the better the health of the individual.

Susan Coolidge is one of the few who have become rich from literary work. Long ago she built a handsome house in Newport from the profits of her stories. She is notably fond of children and parrots.—(No wonder.)

SUPPLEMENT.

Sketcher.

The Lime-Kiln Club.

"I hev a pitishun heah," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened, "from thirty call'd people of Niles [illegible] dis Lime-Kiln Club to use all its [illegible] to secure de restorashun of capital punishment in Michigan. Long ago dis club announced its stand on dat queshun, an' it has thrown its infloocence in favor of a law, but it am plain 'nuff dat the present Legislachur' doan' intend to make any radical move. We shall, darfore, pay no furder attenshun to pitishuns. It am evident dat we ar' too good an' nice an' soft-hearted in dis Stait.

"We call it barbarous to hang a murderer. He am a hero who should be presented wid bouquets and poetry. If he happens to be poo' we should chip in to furnish him a lawyer. All his acquaintances should try hard to remember dat he has always acted queerly, an' dat he must hev bin insane when he committed de deed. If he am accidentially foun' guilty his lawyer mus' move fur a new trial on new evidence, an' de hole fur him to crawl out of mus' be made larger. In case he goes to prison he is incouraiged to look fur a pardon an' advised to consider himself a sort of lion.

"If you come to my hog pen in de arternoon an' steal my two hogs I kin promise you five y'ars in State prison. If you come into my cabin at night an' kill my old woman an' steal de £6 I hev got hidden away in de chiny teapot in de pantry, your chances of remainin at liberty ar' as good as your goin' to prison fur life. Nine-tenths of de public sentiment in dis Stait am in favor of hangin', fur murder, but de restorashun of de law am allus checkmated in de Legislachur' by a dozen pussons so entirely too good fur dis world dat de sooner dey break frew de ice an' git drownde de better it will be fur de rest of de publick.

"Meanwhile each of you go to de grocery and buy twenty feet of rope to tie up a cow wid. Make a slip noose in one end an' soap de rope so dat it will slip freely. Hang it up on a nail in de kitchen, an' de fust night you tumble outer bed at de cry of 'murder' take your cow rope along wid you. If de murderer has bin caught, dar orter be a lamp post near by. If not, try a shade tree. However, you should fust ascertain if de murderer's victim am a member of de Legislachur. If not, hang de murderer. If so, let de murderer go free an' chip in a purse to help him reach Canada. We will now attend to de abnormal business which has brought us together.

OUR COAST DEFENSES.

A communication from the office of the Third Assistant Secretary of War inquired what sum the Lime-Kiln Club was willing to donate to help put our coasts in a state of defense against a foreign enemy. Brother Gardner was scratching his head in a reflective way when the Rev. Penstock arose and inquired:

"I presume dat de Cha'r grasps de subjick?"

"De Cha'r does, sah!" was the prompt reply, "an' de Cha'r recommends dat you sot down before you am fined £300 fur disruptin' de meetin'."

"I—I didn't know but de Cha'ar might be a leetle mixed on coast matters," observed Penstock as he fell back.

"No, sah! No, sah. Dis Cha'r was readin' in a paper only two days ago dat dis kentry had 2,000 miles of coast which an inemy could jump on wid beaf feet any day in de week, but dis club hain't gwine to subscribe a cent fur all dat. If de kentry goes an' sasses anybody an' gits herself into a wa' she must take de consequences. I hain't got no fence aroun' my cabin, an' no clubs an' stones laid up in de woodshed to do battle wid, but am I afeared my naybur means to attack me? Do I go around wid brass knuckles in my pocket bekase some one may knock my hat off or spit on my butes? We am to-day a peaceful nashun. Let de kentry git a lot of big guns, an' forts an' ships, an' she'll want to sass somebody an' git a chance to show off; Dis club won't chip in."

RESTORED.

Sir Isaac Walpole secured the floor to make a few remarks on behalf of Samuel Shin, who spit on the new stove at the last meeting, and was fined £1500 and costs, making a total of £2500, he regarding the expectoration as a purely accidental matter. Samuel had been chewing a new make of tar gum, warranted to cure sore throat and relieve backache, and accidentally swallowed it. In his surprise and confusion, and the stove being directly in front of him, he expectorated. It was no more than Julius Cæsar or Mark Antony would have done under the circumstances. Brother Shin went home from the meeting with financial ruin staring him in the face, and the gaunt specter of Want had appeared to him every night in his dreams. He was a penitent man. After this he would spit out of the broken alley window—in Elder Toots' overshoes—anywhere but on the stove, which was now a sacred object in his eyes. He would ask the President to pardon Brother Shin and remit the fine.

Brother Gardner reflected for a moment and then replied that the prayer of the petitioner would be granted, although Brother Shin must walk a chalk-line in the future.

SOMEWHAT.

Pickles Smith arose for information. He had been asked many times if the Lime Kiln Club and the State Legislature officially recognized each other and worked in harmony. He now desired official information on the subject.

"De Cha'r am able to state," replied the President, "dat this body an' de Legislachur' am in most cases workin' fur de same objick —the publick good. We hev not yet offishually recognized de Legislachur' in a formal manner, but shall probably do so in a few days, onless we hear some derogotary reports consarnin' its character as a body. We mus' go a leetle slow in recognizin' a publick body which am charged wid de regulashun of all de railroads in de Stait, an' yet trabble on dead head passes issued by dese same railroads.'

WILL RESIST.

The secretary announced a communication from Mrs. Dina White, relict of Job White, of Arkansas, who was drowned last fall. He wrote out an application to become a member of the Lime-Kiln Club, and started off to mail it, but while crossing a river was swept away and drowned. She felt that the club out to pay her at least £1000 damages. If he hadn't felt inspired to join the club he would never have written out the application. If he had not written out the application he would have had no call to mail a letter, and therefore would not have been drowned. She wanted the money in £2 bills and by express, and on the headstone which she would erect at her husband's grave she would speak a good word for the club. If not, she would at once begin a gilt-edged and fur-trimmed law suit.

Two-Pence a Day.—Talking of frugal living, the peasant of the south of France seems to live as cheaply as anybody. It has been computed that he spends for food for a family of five an average of two pence a day. For breakfast he has bread with a preparation of salt fish, which he smears upon it; for dinner, stockfish or a vegetable soup and salad, and for supper, lentils, beans or other vegetables. In the season, raw tomatoes and dry bread frequently make a meal. Coffee and macaroni are too expensive for more than infrequent use, but there are always onions and garlic. Water is his drink, with a very little thin wine once in a while. Rabbit he has occasionally as a flavor in a vegetable stew, but that is a luxury. Beef or mutton he tastes hardly once a month. He dresses poorly, and hardly looks as if the world treated him well. But his self-denial is not for nothing. He has a bank account, and in the matter of hard money is well enough off.

Traveller.

Historic Ground.—It is historic ground that has been traversed. Here are the ruins of Fort William Henry, at the southern terminus of Lake George, the stronghold being described in its best days as "a square building of pine logs, covered with sand, flanked by four bastions and surrounded by a ditch." Montcalm in 1756 with 6.000 French and 2,000 Indians (Iroquois or Five Nations), destroyed the fort, the English and Colonists losing 1,500 men in a massacre by the treacherous Indians after the conditional surrender. Two years before the fort had been attacked by Vaudreuil with 1,500 French and Indians, when the whole neighborhood was laid waste and many sloops and batteaux burned. In the same year, 1756, in the immediate neighborhood three sharp engagements took place on one day, September 8, between forces aggregating 1,400 French and Indians, and 1,200 Americans and English, the casualties being respectively 400 and 300. The French retreated, a backward movement that was only to end four years later in the British conquest of Quebec and all Canada. And here, at this narrow pass in Lake Champlain, rise the well preserved walls of old Fort Ticonderoga, similarly associated with Colonial as with Revolutionary history. One Midsummer day in 1758, Abercrombie, with 15,000 colonists and British, sailed over Lake George in 1,000 boats to capture the stronghold, but failed ingloriously, the death of Lord Howe, the idol of the army, in the first skirmish, throwing a cloud over the ardor of the troops that Abercrombie's dilatory tactics could not remove. The following year the brilliant Amherst, with a large force and the generalship in miniature of a Grant moved swiftly upon the fort and captured not only it but Crown Point itself, far to the north, thus finally terminating the French power on this chain of lakes, where it had where it had been established for a third of a century. In Revolutionary days Ticonderoga again looms to the front, and the story of its capture by that greatest popular hero of the times, Ethan Allen, and his Green Mountain boys, in the gray of the morning of May 10, 1775, stealing up from the waterside through the wicket gate, has been fittingly celebrated in all histories.

South Sea Islanders.—The natives are copper colored, and are of medium size. The men and women wear simply a girdle made of cocoanut leaves, called a tarera. The king's wives alone wear linen gowns. They are as cleanly as the Japanese and take a bath at least once a day. The men all smoke in pipes or as cigarettes a very strong tobacco. This they shave or slice with their thumb nail. They have no pockets, but every man has a hole bored in the lobe of each ear. In one hole he sticks the stem of his pipe when not in use, in the other the dried tobacco for his cigarette wrappers. Each man has a small patch of land, where he grows cocoanut and taro. Cocoanut, taro and fish form their whole sustenance. The cocoanuts not used are split and dried in the sun and then called copra. This is their sole article of export and trade. About three hundred tons are shipped every year from the three islands.

The natives are not tattooed. They are expert fishers and divers. At night the fishing canoes go out in a long line. In the bow of each stands a man with a lighted torch formed of dried leaves twisted round a bamboo pole. The fish jump to the light and are scooped up with hoop nets. A shipmaster approaching the islands at night always keeps a good lookout for these lights as a landmark. The natives also use a large quantity of giant powder lately in catching fish, and many have been maimed and killed by using it.

They have good canoes made of wood grown on the islands, and sewn together by fibre—they use no nails. One side of the canoe is curved, the other side straight and furnished with two outriggers to prevent capsizing. Their war canoes are very large, and they often have fights, one tribe with another. Nearly every man possesses a rifle, and they know how to use it. On Burataritary Island the natives are getting quite civilized. They are now building houses of lumber. The women arrive at puberty at nine and ten years of age. It is no uncommon thing to see a girl of eleven or twelve years of age with a family. At twenty and twenty-five years of age the women are old hags.

Wells in India.—Wells are naturally greatly prized in the hot, arid parts of India, and many Hindoos earn great renown by making them where they are much needed. Some religious people seek for merit in the construction of large wells in public thoroughfares and other places, for the purpose of supplying travellers with water. Very often people use them for irrigating their fields. A large well, built of strong masonry, with a circular, white, smooth platform round it for people to sit on when they draw or drink water, costs from two thousand to three thousand rupees. Even the wants of the brute creation are not overlooked by the Hindoos.

Returning from pasture or from the fields in the forenoon for repose, and retiring at dusk for the night, whole droves of cows, bullocks, buffaloes and goats, slake their thirst here. Landowners and wealthy men vie with each other in constructing these wells and reservoirs; and princes sometimes imitate the example of their opulent subjects. Wells have been objects of great endearment with some villagers. Not satisfied with wasting time and money in their own and their children's marriages, and in those of idols and trees, they sometimes marry wells with great pomp and ceremony. In some parts of the country wells are worshipped, and votive offerings are often seen lying near them.

The Japanese Duel.—The mode among the Japanese may be illustrated by the following example:—

Two officers belonging to the emperor's staff met upon the imperial staircase; their swords happened to entangle, and words arose. Said one to the other, coolly,—

"It is only an accident, and at best it is only a quarrel between two swords."

"We shall see about that," cried the other, excitedly; and at these words he drew his weapon and plunged it into his breast.

The other, impatient to obtain the same advantage, hurried away upon some errand of service, which he was slowly performing, and instantly returned to his antagonist, who was already at the point of death. On inquiring if he was still alive, and being informed of the fact, he also plunged his sword into his own body, exclaiming,—

"You should not have had the start of me if you had not found me engaged in the service of the prince. I die contented, however, since I have had the glory of convincing you that my sword is as good as yours."

Beauty of the Irish Girls.—Ireland is noted for its beautiful women, and the girls of Dublin are as pretty as those of any city in the world. They have, as a rule, fair, rosy complexions and good forms, and they know how to dress the latter. I attended a regatta at Dalkey, the great yachting place near Dublin, and saw some several thousand of the better class of girls of Ireland. The poorer classes were shut out by the high prices of the enclosure allotted to us, and the crowd was a kid-gloved one. The girls seemed to be remarkably healthy and in high spirits, and they showed, as I could judge from the witty remarks I heard, all the love of humor for which old Ireland is famous. The Irish brogue coming out of the pearly teeth of a rosy cheeked, bright-eyed Irish girl sounds very sweet indeed, and where I a millionnaire American, with one or two American girl babies, I would bring them to Ireland to raise them for the sake of their complexions. The beauties are not, however, confined to the upper classes. I saw pretty girls everywhere, and many a sweet face there is among the white-capped servant-girls of the hotels, and even among the workers in the fields or in the cotters' huts.

Odds and Ends.

The Circus at Butte.

We kinder calkilated—that's Bill, an' Ike, an' me,
We'd all go down to Sentinel Butte, and hev a sort o' spree;
The day the Greatest Show on Earth were thar in one big tent,
We jedged 'twere something in our line, so nattur'ly we went.

Inside we struck a table with a cur'ous sort o' creeter,
An' a sign, as said his name were Pharioh Salt Peter;
An thet he was a 'Gyptian king as long ergo went hence—
The show hed got the mummy at stupendious expense!

We stood an' sized it up erwhile, when Ike turned 'round and said;
"It 'peers ter look erbout ter me 'sif this gentleman were dead,
An' as I'm cor'ner I 'low without no further fuss,
We'd better stop an' kinder see what killed the onary cuss!"

Then Bill remarks: "I reckon it 'u'd be a good idee,"
An' I chimes in with: "A inquest would jist erbout hit me;"
An' then we sot upon the corpse of Pharioh Salt Peter;
An' fixed a reg'lar verdick in surprisingly short metre!

"Whereas, this P. S. Peter, bein' thar layin' as dead's a stone,
Therefore, this jury finds he croaked uv causes quite unknown."
We 'lowed thet fifty dollars were what the job were worth,
An' collected from the treas'rer uv the Greatest Show on Earth.

The Crown Prince's eldest son, Prince William is in his twenty-ninth year, and he gives promise of being a distinguished king, if not a great ruler. He has a will of his own, and his judgment of men and things is generally correct. He knows how to flatter and dissimulate when it pays. In this way he has managed to make himself popular in all classes of society. You do not find this scion of royalty at court receptions, dawdling away his time with young ladies. On the contrary he is always seen in the company of gray-haired soldiers and old generals, whom he looks up to and to whom he listens with a condescending reverence at once touching and captivating. He is the idol of army circles. He submits to the dreary discipline of a military career with a cheerfulness which inspires the rank and file with enthusiasm. As a subaltern officer in the First Regiment of the Foot Guards, he reports daily, when in garrison, to the colonel of the regiment, and in every respect assumes the duties which fall to any officer in the same station. His mother, the Crown Princess, and daughter of Queen Victoria, who rules her husband, thought she would rule her son as well when the latter grew up to manhood. Prince William, though marrying in accordance with the wishes of his parents, drew the lines, as soon as the ceremony was performed, between filial devotion and the independence of a prospective father and emperor with startling distinctness. He insisted upon a separate household, and a separate establishment as well, from the very start. It is no secret that the young couple do not live happily together. He shuns her society and she dreads his. He seeks consolation at times in the questionable company and she has acquired a penchant for extremely stupid and of course indiscreet flirtations, which constantly make her the subject of gossip.

Field marshal the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, spent all the early years of his life at Hanover, where his father acted as Viceroy until 1837, and subsequently at Berlin. He is somewhat of a martinet, and speaks English with a very strong German accent. He is a tall, finely built old man, with white hair and whiskers, an apoplectic neck, and a rubicund face which shows traces of good living. His manner, when not storming at delinquent soldiery, is bluff, frank, and hearty. He is fond of good cigars, good dinners, pleasant company, and a nap after and even during his meals. The only time when he had the opportunity of displaying his prowess on a battle-field was in the Crimea, where he showed great pluck personally, but lost his head completely as a leader. He has had many love-affairs, which culminated in a morganatic marriage with a very estimable woman who is altogether unknown to society, but by whom he has had a numerous family. Two of his sons, the Colonels Fitz-George, form part of his official staff, while another of his boys, Captain Fitz-George, of the Royal Navy, has distinguished himself in the sister service. He is a good son, and never lets a day pass without walking around to St. James's Palace to spend half an hour with his old mother, the venerable Duchess of Cambridge. He is very sensitive to newspaper criticism, and was recently much distressed at being lampooned for having appeared at an inspection of troops with an umbrella held over his head to keep off the pelting rain.

Method in her Madness.

When you wife employs a cross-eyed girl whose talent is to shirk;
Who takes four afternoons a week and never does her work;
Who talks back constantly, and her dire clatter will not cease;
Who wears an apron spotted o'er with stains of dirt and grease;
Whose grammar is distinguished by its most surprising badness,
You may think your wife is crazy,
But there's method in her madness.

The determination of Mlle. Helen Rothschild to marry according to her own wishes, is the talk of Paris and the sensation of the Jewish world. The young lady is the only daughter of the late Baron Solomon Rothschild, and of the lineage of Meyer Amschel Rothschild, the founder of the great five-headed bank. Mlle. Helen is not at all pretty, and has a coarse figure and a plain, fat and common looking Judeo-German face. One of her passions is horses; another dogs; another fine-looking men. Her fortune is computed at fourteen million pounds. The object of the young lady's passion is a Belgian cavalry officer of old Catholic family, who last winter led cotillions at her mother's balls, and is penniless. Baroness Solomon Rothschild thought she must resist the young lady's will, but this Helen of a modern kind said she was of age, would not elope, but would set up on her own account at the house at Pierrefonds of the doctor who presided at her birth, and stay there until she had forced, by a legal procedure, her mother and ex-guardian to consent to her marriage.

The Lost Chord.

Whispering tender words I bent above her—
Soft and grey the evening twilight fell—
She a maiden fair and I her lover—
While I sought a chance my love to tell.

"Dear, for thee my heart is nearly breaking;
Wilt thou not my life forever bless?"
And I paused, my heart too full for speaking,
As she answered loud and sweetly—"No!"

It has been long a mania of Baron Alphonse Rothschild to disguise himself in the morning, and at nightfall as a blouse-wearing artisan, and pay court to work-girls going or returning from their work, in the hope of finding among them some pearl of rare price whom he could induce, before raining down gold on her, to love him for himself.

Inner Man.

A Prince of Gourmands.—Mr. Rogerson, the son of a gentleman of large fortune in Gloucestershire, after receiving an excellent education, was sent abroad to make the grand tour. In this journey young Rogerson attended to nothing but the various modes of cookery, and the methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. Before his return his father died, when he entered into the possession of a very large fortune and a small landed estate. He was now able to look over his notes of epicurism, and to discover where the most exquisite dishes were to be had, and the best books to be procured. He had no other servants in his house but men cooks, for his footman, butler, housekeeper, coachman and grooms were all cooks.

Among those that were more professionally so were three cooks from Italy, one from Florence, another from Sienna and another from Viterbo, who was employed for the special purpose of dressing one particular dish only—a delicacy of Florence. He had also a German cook for dressing the livers of turkeys. The rest were all French. Beside these he had a messenger constantly travelling between Brittany and London to bring him the eggs of a certain sort of plover near St. Malo, and so extravagant was he that one single dinner, though consisting of two dishes only, cost him upward of fifty guineas.

He counted the minutes between his meals, and was wholly absorbed in devising means to indulge his appetite. In the course of nine years he found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune, and himself verging fast to poverty. When he had spent a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds and was totally ruined, a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; but a short time after he was found dressing an ortolan for himself. Soon afterward he died of starvation.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnæ of Boston have issued a pamphlet full of statistics of what school-girls eat and do not eat in New York and Boston. Out of ninety girls who were questioned one morning in one of the public schools, it was ascertained that twelve had eaten no breakfast. Of these twelve, six had brought no luncheon; the other six had cake, pie, and pickles, or similar indigestible food. A story is told of of four girls—an English, a French, a German, and an American girl—who were taken to a restaurant and invited to call for the food that each would like. The English girl ordered roasted beef: the German girl, sauerkraut and brown bread; the French girl called for *pate de foie gras*; and the American girl, without hesitation, ordered ice-cream and cake. The author says: "In an inquiry into the matter of lunches, one day, I discovered that two brought pickles, two cake only, one fruit only, three bread only, and one cake and fruit only: the rest brought sensible lunches, and I conclude that the maternal eye watches over the lunch if not over the breakfast. Indeed, in regard to lunches, in many large private schools in New York and other large cites, it is customary to provide a warm lunch at noon for the pupils, so that each girl is obliged to eat at that time."

About the only relic of the flip age are the dozen or more flip irons which now occupy a conspicuous position behind the trim bar. Sugar, eggs, and cider were metamorphosed by these uncouth utensils into a mellow and foaming beverage, which slipped down our ancestors' throats so smoothly. The flip irons are much like a soldering iron in shape, though the extremity which is heated, is more bulbous. In making the famous concoction, the expert taverner will have the component parts well mixed by the time the iron has blushed rosily in its nest of hot coals. It is taken red hot from the fire and allowed to cool a trifle, so that the mixture may not be scorched. The artist watches its ever-changing hues as closely as though tempering a Damascus blade. With a dextrous turn of the hand he inverts the globule over the leaden cider mug and carefully touches of the liquid till the heat covers it with a creamy foam. Then the iron is let down to the bottom and the apple juice is gently stirred till it froths up to the rim of the vessel and the delicious compound is ready.

The people in Siberia buy their milk frozen, and for convenience it is allowed to freeze about a stick, which comes as a handle to carry it by. The milkman leaves one chunk or two chunks, as the case may be, at the houses of his customers. The children in Irkutsk, instead of crying for a drink of milk, cry for a bite of milk. The people there in the winter time do not say, "Be careful not to spill the milk," but "be careful not to break the milk." Broken milk is better than spilled milk, though, because there is an opportunity to save the pieces. A quart of frozen milk on a stick is a formidable weapon in the hand of an angry man or boy, as it is possible to knock a person down with it. Irkutsk people hang their milk on hooks, instead of putting it in pans, though, of course, when warm spring weather comes on, they have to use the pans or pails, as the milk begins to melt and drop from the hooks.

"The Gourmet" writes thus in *Town Topics*: "I got up a mouthful for a friend the other day after a bit the Union Club once favored me with. On a bit of thin buttered toast two inches square I laid minced heart of celery, then a layer of mayonnaise made without sugar, and stuck on top a lot of oyster crabs all alive and crawling. It is a curiosity and the taste of it will haunt you for a while. Bob Ingersoll can coal up at recess in the most rapid and satisfactory way I know of. He sends ahead and has the beards cut off two dozen oysters, and the bellies minced, but not too fine. A dash of tobasco and a pint of boiling consomme are poured in when Bob gets to table. The oysters cool off the soup, and the soup sets the oysters. No time is lost, while the food is both nutritious, tasty, and easy of digestion."

A famous *chef* was recently asked how the cooks of other countries compared with the French. With a smile of indulgence he replied that a French cook was at the head of every foreign kitchen of distinction, and that, beginning with the name of the Queen of England, every crowned head in Europe possessed one of those artists. "However," he added, "In England one may have a roast well turned by a native; in Germany a potage may be entrusted to a medium German cook, and in Italy, I will go so far as to say it would be presumptuous to attempt the preparation of pastes against an Italian *chef*. After that you can draw the ladder."

Long Life.—I wonder if Methuselah found the long years of his life worth living? In those days, human life, in its advantages and enjoyments, was but slightly in advance of that of the animal; man wandered like animals, dwelling in tents, caves, or anywhere that offered shelter and protection from the elements, beasts of prey and neighboring tribes of men, often as blood-thirsty as the wild beasts; his sustenance was about as meagre and precarious as that of the animal, while his clothing was the skins of animals, second hand at best. If Methuselah had spent nine hundred and sixty-nine years to his best advantage in travel, journeying at the rate of twenty miles per day, he would have travelled seven million, seventy-three thousand, seven hundred miles, while the modern, riding in ease and comfort, would, in seventy years, have journeyed thirty million, three hundred thousand miles, to travel which Mr. Methuselah would require an extension in his years to over four thousand. So in nearly all the enjoyments and attainments of life, the modern can see more, know more, do more, live more, in seventy years, than could an antediluvian in a thousand.

Ladies' Column.

How to Make Gruels.—Some weeks ago a sister, whose name I do not remember, among other things inquired for directions for making oatmeal gruel, and as I have had considerable experience in making it I send my method, which we think very good. Put two or three heaping tablespoons of finely ground oatmeal in a stew pan and moisten well with a little cold water, stirring till it assumes a milky hue; then pour over it slowly about a quarter of boiling water, stirring all the time; set on the back of the stove or range and let it cook slowly a long time, the longer the better, adding more boiling water as it thickens and stirring frequently. When cooked it may be strained or not, according to fancy, and eaten with salt alone if the stomach is very weak, otherwise it may be thinned with a little sweet milk, and if a small lump of butter, a spoonful of sugar and a little nutmeg are added the most fastidious person could scarcely object to it.

Gruels, both of oatmeal and cornmeal, are much more palatable when cooked a long time than when quickly made, because the nature of both ingredients seems to require long and slow cooking. One heaping spoonful of the meal should make a good-sized bowl of gruel. I have great faith in the nourishing and sustaining qualities of gruels, and also of beef tea. I have often lived for days at a time on these simple articles of diet when the stomach utterly rejected all other kinds of food, and even now, when feeling very much under the weather, as we sometimes say, I find that by restricting myself for a few days to a simple diet I recover my health and spirits without the aid of a physician. I would especially recommend oatmeal gruel to all who are inclined to biliousness or dyspepsia.

For those who have weak lungs or a hacking cough a few drops of tar taken on a lump of sugar just before retiring will give great relief; five or six drops should be sufficient for a grown person. For a very violent cough put a quantity of tar in a pitcher, cover with cold water and drink of it frequently. Keep the pitcher full. Don't be afraid of drinking too much. I have known several cases where a violent cough was cured by this treatment that had been thought to be incurable.

Mothers with little babies that often get "choked up" with cold, will find the following a very good remedy: Peel and slice a large onion; putting a thick layer of white sugar between each layer of onion, let it stand until the sugar has become absorbed in the juice of the onion, then feed the babies with this juice, and the little ones will soon learn to love it, and take it willingly without the slightest idea that they are only taking a medicine for their cold. The juice of a roasted onion taken on a little sugar is also good.

Cameo Cutting.—The artist was found pounding up diamonds with a pestle and mortar. This, he explained, was not the only costly part of cameo-making, which takes sight, a great deal of time and patience, and years of experience. Then the onyx stones, from which the cameos are made, are expensive, costing sometimes as much as ten pounds. The choicest have a layer of cream-colored stone on a dark chocolate-colored base. But many persons like the red, orange, black, or shell-pink stones, just as well. They are found in the Uruguay Mountains and in Brazil. The onyx is a half-precious stone of the quartz family. It is taken to Europe, and cut into oval or oblong shapes, and Americans have to pay 10 per cent duty to get it through the custom house. The cameo-cutter, willing to show his method of working, turned to his lathe by the window, and, rubbing some of the diamond dust, which he had mixed with sperm oil, on the end of a small drill, began his work. He was making for a cabinet piece a large cameo, two by two and a half inches, one of the largest ever cut, of an old gentleman in Germany, whose portrait was placed before him. "I have one hundred and twenty-five of these soft iron drills," he remarked; "they are made soft so as to catch the diamond dust, which is the only thing that will cut a cameo. A cameo is indestructible, except you take a hammer and smash it. It is an old art, and was practised by the Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians. Dr. Schliemann found some cameos in good preservation that were probably three thousand years old. It takes several weeks to cut a large piece like this. Afterward, it has to be polished with tripoli, first being smoothed with emery and oil, using the lead instruments similar to those for cutting. It is easier to cut a profile than a full-face portrait. Some people prefer intaglios, in which the portrait is depressed instead of raised. They are made on sards and cornelians, the former being a dark reddish brown, and the latter a clear red. They are harder to make than cameos. I have to take impressions of the work in wax as I go on.

Girls of Spirit.—In a certain American city the girls have resolved to wage war against parlor beaux—young men who like to spend an agreeable evening with young ladies at their homes, but never ask them to go to the theatre or any other place where money is necessary. One young woman says, with disgust, that young men spend evenings in her parlor and tell her all about the performances they have attended alone. This is a timely and wholesome warfare. Any evening numbers of young men can be seen at the theatre alone, although they are known to be society young men, and indefatigable parlor beaux. They go alone to the theatre whenever there is anything worth seeing, although they are able to take young ladies, and by such conduct coolly ignore their just claims. There is no escaping the conviction that the young man who is constantly enjoying the society of young ladies is a very mean spirited and selfish person if he attends a theatre alone. There are any number of charming women who do not require that a young man shall go to the expense of a carriage. They are willing to go by a street car, or better yet, to walk, to the theatre. Any young man with the right sort of feeling is willing to go only half as often, and to take a young lady with him. These sensible girls resent their treatment not only because of the loss of the theatre, but because of the lack of decent consideration the young men show. It is the indifference to one of the plainest rights of young women. They propose to use the cold shoulder hereafter. They do not intend that young men shall play the role of grand mogul and think it is enough if they smile on the young ladies of an evening in the parlor. The girls are right about this.

Dinner Favors.—In the matter of favors, without which, in these days, no fashionable entertainment is complete, the desire to have something "new" is in every woman's heart. This ambitious wish on the part of so many has had a tendency to develop many original ideas. The more eccentric and curious, the more satisfactory they are to the originator. There is this much I can say of them and that is: that I have seen some which have the merit of being original, while being deficient in any pretensions to beauty. Again, some of the favors have combined both qualities. At a dinner given recently the hostess presented her guests with satin banjos, exquisitely painted in water colors, and mounted in silver. These, with the corsage bouquet, were laid at each lady's plate. A gentleman of New York City gave a theatre party to a dozen of his friends, and after the theatre a supper at Delmonico's. Just before the conclusion of the repast six gilt bird cages, each containing a sweet-voiced canary bird, were brought in and presented to his lady guests. Silver enters very largely into ornaments for favors. Silver toilet articles of curious designs are sought for, and the dressbureau that does not contain a dozen of these articles, artistically spread upon a mat of plush, is decidedly behind the times, and gives evidence that its owner has not been favored with many invitations to "swell" dinners.

Miscellaneous.

Good Manners.—To be a thorough gentleman from the inside out, a man must attend to the formation of sound, symmetrical character, and by the study of noteworthy examples, lose that self-consciousness which is always in the way of really fine manners. A genuine kindliness of feeling toward others, and a just consideration of their interests—loving one's neighbor as one's self—are indispensable elements in fine manners. If one does not possess these, he must seem to, or he will continually violate the plainest and most obvious rules prescribed for conduct in polished society. When a man is really pure and noble, when he really has a kindly feeling and care for others, and has also good common sense, he will not be likely to violate grossly any essential regulation of good society. Anywhere, everywhere, in the highest circles, he will be pronounced a "gentleman." Silly and shallow persons may smile at his little ignorances of minor conventionalities, but those whose opinions are of value will recognize and know him for the man he is. It is nothing against Carlyle that he offered to shake hands with the queen, inquired for her health, and seated himself uninvited in her presence. He was superior to mere etiquette, and she recognised his superiority. And yet one can hardly help smiling at the grand simplicity of the old man. There is no substitute for the certain kind of polish given by the attrition of society. To become perfect master of what is termed *savoir faire* —knowing just what to do under all circumstances and contingencies of social life and how to do it gracefully and well—one must mingle freely among the best people. It is not always possible for one to do this, and if it were, it is quite possible to pay too high a price for the privilege. Society is gilt, not gold. Its currency is in very small coins, but they are often brilliant and sparkling, and they are attractive to those who find heavier coins burdensome.

Enormous Appetites.—Many men of note have been lordly feeders. Haydn, the great composer, and equally great consumer, liked to dine alone. It was his custom to order dinner for five, and then at the appointed hour to devour the whole banquet. On one occasion he commanded the new waiter, who was not acquainted with the great musician's peculiarity, to serve the dinner. "The dinner is ready," said the waiter, bowing, "but, monsieur, the company have not yet arrived." "De gompany," retorted Haydn, contemptuously, "de gompany! I am de gompany." The dinner was at once served to "de gompany," who demolished it quite as effectually as any ordinary company could have done. A French priest would eat at a single sitting as much food as would serve a working man for ten days. Brillat Savarin once saw him, in three-quarters of an hour, sweep into his capacious stomach a quart of soap, a plate of bouilli, a large leg of mutton, a superb ham, a copious salad, a pound or two of cheese, a prodigious quantity of bread, a bottle of wine, another of water and a cup of coffee." The narrator is careful to state that the priest did not eat either the ham bone, or that of the leg of mutton. Lucullus never dined more sumptuously than when he dined alone, and on one occasion upbraided his cook for serving him with a cheap repast when "Lucullus dined with Lucullus," the cost of which was only about five hundred dollars. Among modern extravagant epicures we have the Vicomte de Vieil Castel, who wagered that he could consume five hundred francs' worth of food and liquor in two hours. His order consisted of twenty-four dozen oysters, a soup, a beefsteak, a pheasant stuffed with truffles, a salmi of ortolans, a dish of asparagus, a plate of young peas, a pineapple, a dish of strawberries, five bottles of wine, coffee and liquors. He won his wager in one hour and forty minutes.

Successful Songs.—That humanity, even in its best refined stages, rejoices in a bit of sentiment, is demonstrated by the fact that only sentimental songs make any money. Humorous songs become very popular. They are applauded in the theatre when a favorite singer sings them, and are laughed at unrestrainedly, but very few in the audience ever think of buying copies of them. This is particularly true of that description of humorous ditty known as the topical song. It may be explained that this is a song in which the material of the different verses is arranged to give point to a significant phrase which invariably forms the last line of the verse. The performance practically amounts to piggling with language, the effect coming from the humorous and unexpected illustration which can be adduced of the idea embodied in the adopted phrase. Given on the stage by an expert singer, who enforces the points of the verses by appropriate action and facial expression, these songs are very effective. Sung in the parlor by an ordinary vocalist, and without the effect which comes from the assembly of a large number of people, these songs almost invariably fall flat. In consequence they are very seldom sung there, and the music publishers, who give them to the world, find the world ungrateful, much to the publisher's pecuniary grief. On the other hand, a sentimental song may be sung in the home circle by inexperienced singers with very fair effect. Somehow or other the underlying sentiment survives the most outrageous treatment. It has better staying qualities than humor has. The melodies are simple, the thoughts expressed find a welcome among all classes of people, and the sheet music finds its way to thousands of piano racks throughout the land; and so the publisher becomes happy and affluent.

A Shivering World.—A starting novelty in the way of surprise which scientists have invented is a machine for measuring the shivering of the world, and thus has been shattered another belief of our innocent youth. Instead of the world being a great, big, burly, robust sphere—a mammoth cricket-ball offswung from the bat of time through space in one huge, compact, dense mass—the earth is a sort of jelly-fish imposture. Its skin of soil, like a dish of blanc mange in the hands of one who loves Bacchus not wisely, but too well, shakes incessantly. The world, in fact, has got the ague, and nobody yet knows the cause. So susceptible is the world to motion, that if a man standing firmly planted on a gravel bed only places his weight first on one leg and then on the other, taking care not to disturb his pedal extremities, he causes a perceptible vibration through a radius of thirty-two feet. Some days, the earth is, comparatively speaking, quiet. It does not shiver so much. Suddenly the fit comes on again, and it shakes as if it had got cold in its very bones.

So far, therefore, from there being any wonder when the shivering gets worse, as in the case of an earthquake that fells buildings, the wonder is that they stand up at all. In the course of a few decades, when science becomes more advanced, we may learn that the streets and edifices, which we judge to be fixtures, are tearing at a rate of a million miles a minute, and that all we judge to be solid is imperceptible gas as we are ourselves.

Dr. Lucy M. Hall, physician of Vassar, has kept a list of the number of days each girl has been absent from illness during the year, and compared it with a similar record kept of the young men at Amherst College. She finds that the girls are not absent from illness nearly so much as the young men. Women can stand a four years' course of severe study as well as their brothers. Yet some people still declare that women are "physically incompetent" to form an intelligent opinion as to the merits of candidates, or to express that opinion by dropping a ballot ticket into a box.

Munkacsy is about to paint a portrait of Minnie Hauk, depicting her in a walking costume and wearing a Gainsborough hat.

Humor.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

"Well, I'm going to have a garden this spring," announced Mr. Bowser as he entered the house the other day.

"You—you can't mean it!"

"Mrs. Bowser, when I say I'm going to have a garden I don't want to be understood as meaning that I'm going to have a brick-yard."

"But you remember last year!"

"Certainly I remember last year. What of it? I set out to make a garden, and you and the dog and the neighbor's hens and a hailstorm and the bugs beat me out of it."

Well, of course, you will do as you think best, but I'm sorry to see the yard all torn up for nothing."

"For nothing! That's just like you! No matter what enterprise I have on hand you always try to discourage me. You are a nice help-meet you are! I might as well fold my hands and sit down and wait for the poor house. I shall begin on the garden to-morrow."

A year ago he came rushing into the house one spring day with some seeds which some one had given him, and announced that he was going to have a garden. Most of our back yard is in the shade, and no one of sense would expect anything to grow there, but Mr. Bowser had it spaded up and made into beds, and his enthusiasm was wonderful.

"Don't want a garden, eh!" he [illegible] as he brought me to the back door to survey the beds. "Doesn't this remind you of old times on the farm."

"Y-e-s, but I am afraid the soil will be too cold."

"Oh, you are! Perhaps you have been reading up on soils, and are preparing a series of articles for some agricultural paper! You can go in and attend to your rick-rack."

"But you can warm the soil by running steam pipes under it, and I don't think the cost would be over $100!"

If I hadn't shut the door I think Mr. Bowser would have hurled the spade at me in his sudden anger, but after a few minutes [illegible] in reflection he began measuring [illegible] forth and sticking stakes, and he afterward acknowledged to me in a burst of confidence that he intended to try hot bricks at five [illegible] apart. He made a list of the stuff he put in the ground. There were pumpkin, squash, cucumber, watermelon, cantelope and turnip seeds, and he put in some seed onions, made a bed for lettuce, and his work was done for the time. He had broken three pairs of suspenders beyond repair, spoiled two pairs of pantaloons, ripped three shirts down the back and lost a £5 note in the dirt, but he was happy and enthusiastic.

"Just think, Mrs. Bowser!" he exclaimed as he waved his hand over his garden, "[illegible] walking out and culling your own vegetables grown on your own land, and covered with the dews fresh from Heaven."

"And covered with our own worms and bugs, I suppose!"

"There you are; You'd die if you couldn't say something mean! I used to wonder why some families didn't get along better, but now I see through the mystery."

"Has anything sprouted yet?"

"None of your business! Don't you dare to even look over my garden! If I raise 50,000 big, luscous melons, you shan't ever have a piece of rind!"

The next week he brought home two [illegible] tomato plants and set them out. While he was down town I went to look at them, and when he returned I asked him if he was certain they were tomato plants.

"Am I certain that I am alive at this moment!" he roared. "Perhaps I have travelled this country from Maine to Texas to be taken in by a farmer."

"Well, I hope they'll turn out to be tomato plants, but they look to me like——."

"Bosh! Most anything looks queer to a cross-eyed woman!"

I am satisfied that Mr. Bowser used seeds enough on that garden to plant it five deep. Whatever he could hear of he got, and whatever he brought home went into the ground before he could rest. His tomato plants didn't do well. They got liver complaint and turned yellow, and they got malaria and shivered all day long and one afternoon he brought a friend up to see what ailed them. The man pulled up one by the roots, put it to his nose for a second, and then laughed:

"Bowser that's a potato-stalk or I'm a fool!"

"No!"

"Well it is, and you might as well pull up and throw the others away!"

I heard it all but never let on. In June some of the things began sprout, and our garden was the talk of the neighborhood. There were wheat, oats, lettuce, barley, clover, onions, bloom-corn, water-melons, pigweeds, and beets, all coming up together, and men hung over the fence and laughed 'till they cried. Mr. Bowser treated the subject with such a lofty air that I asked no questions, but one day when I had been over to mother's I returned to find the garden gone and the sods restored.

"Wasn't it a success darling?" I asked that evening.

"Wasn't what a success?"

"The garden, of course."

"Could a garden be a success with people throwing hot water and hair oil bottles and old shoes at every sprout that showed its head above ground? Mrs. Bowser, you were maliciously determined that I should not have a garden, and you've triumphed for the hour, but beware! Its a long road that has no turn!"

He had been Invited.—"Good-morning, Mr. Johnson," said a young man to an elderly and near-sighted passenger, who had come off without his glasses; "going up to town?"

"Yes; got to do a lot of trading at the stores, an' I don't know how on airth I'll get along without my glasses."

"Getting ready for the wedding, I suppose."

"Yes; my darter Emmer is goin' to git married. She an' that good-for-nothin' Hank Williams hev made a match of it at last. I thought that young man would never get down to business. He's as slow as sorghum molasses in January, and as shiftless as an Injun. I don't believe he can earn his salt, an' I s'pose I'll have to support him."

"But, Mr. Johnson—"

"Oh, he's good enough for Emmer! That's the worst girl I ever raised. She hain't a bit like her mother, nor like me, nuther. A fine poor man's wife she'll make. Beside, she has bunions on her feet as big as early rose potaters, an' she kin eat more'n a hoss. An' that ain't the wors't on't. If twan't for her mother that girl wouldn't keep herself clean, and she never thinks o' slickin' up her hair nor puttin' on somethin' 'xcept when company's expected. She's a reg'lar slouch, Emmer is, an' she kin wear our seven pair of shoes a year. But she's good enough for that Hank Williams, an' if he only supports her I'll be glad to git her off my hands. I s'pose you've got an invite to the wedding?"

"Yes, I'm invited. You don't seem to know me, Mr. Johnson?"

"Yes, I do, but I can't just place you. Le'me see—I haven't got my glasses with me —but I know you. Your name is—is—"

"Hank Williams, sir."

A Coal-Cart driver reported to his wife that he had been discharged. To her inquiries what he had done, he said: "Nothing; only to sit in the cart when the coal was being weighed." Wife:—"Why, that is no reason for discharging you." Driver:—"Yes, it is; the new man weighs seventy-five pounds more than I."

Law Professor.—"What constitutes burglary?" Student—"There must be a breaking." Professor—"Then if a man enters a door and takes a five dollar gold piece from your pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" "Yes, sir; because that would be breaking the [illegible]."

£500 for the information, does not appear to have created any comment; but it would be very interesting to know this person who would stay the hand of justice unless at the offer of a bribe. It might be dismissed from all reasonable minds that he can have any information to furnish that will not be elicited at the enquiry.

The vaccination question has caused considerable discussion amongst medicoes. Your readers will have noticed the many prosecutions that have taken place recently, in which Mr. Graham Mitchell has figured conspicuously. This gentleman will be known more familiarly as the model farm vaccinator, he having initiated the movement in Melbourne of inoculating children with lymph direct from the calf. It is said that 90 out of every hundred mothers took their little ones to the model farm while he was there, and that in every instance the inoculation was successful. Afterwards a cry was raised that Mr. Graham Mitchell was having a monopoly, which seriously interfered with the receipts of the medical profession. Eventually he was driven from the model farm, and finally established himself at Kirk's bazaar, where he has been very successful. It was discovered that no certificates of vaccination were given (though what better proof of successful inoculation could be given than an inspection of a child's arm), and proceedings were instituted against parents, who had shown their faith in the "model farm vaccinator," in that they had not complied with the "Compulsory Vaccination Act." Legally qualified medical gentlemen had signed the papers testifying that the operation had been successfully performed, and in most all cases these were put in as a defence. Nevertheless, the offenders were fined, and at last a case was made the subject of appeal to the Supreme Court. The decision of this court has, it appears, shown to the Central Board of Health that if a legally qualified medical practitioner is satisfied that successful inoculation has taken place, the law is to be considered as complied with. The jade Rumor says that there will shortly be organised an "M. D. Union," whose object will be to ostracise all members of the profession who sign certificates of vaccination when the act has not been performed by themselves.

The statement made by Mr. Deakin in the Assembly on Wednesday that in two weeks one hundred and ninety prisoners had been discharged from gaol, many of whom were confirmed criminals, will give country readers some idea of the state of things in general in the metropolis at the present time. Will it astonish anyone to learn that the most daring of burglaries have been committed during the past few weeks? It is satisfactory to know that the Chief Commissioner of Police recognises the situation, and has applied for and obtained an assurance from the Government that the House will sanction any exceptional steps he might take to afford protection to house and property holders. But there is a phase of the question which had been probably overlooked. The disposal of discharged criminals should form a subject for debate in the House, with a view to legislation; for this purpose the Government could introduce a bill providing that old offenders who have been more than twice convicted should be transported, or upon a third conviction sentenced to incarceration for the term of their natural lives. If something of this sort is not done, what condition will the country be in when a few more years shall have passed away. Instead of having to read "Daring Burglaries," we shall read of "Horrible Tragedies, "Murders and Robberies," or something else under such like flesh-creeping headings.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

D Company (Ballarat) v. Beaufort Rifle Club.

A very interesting match will be fired at the Beaufort ranges to-day, between ten men each from the Beaufort Rifle Club and D Company (Ballarat) Militia. The latter is said to have as strong a ten-team as can be produced from any Company of the force, and it is to be expected that they will not so under estimate the skill of the local men as to send a inferior team into the field. Beaufort will probably put forth all its strength and endeavour to lower the colors of the visitors; but the continuance of wet weather has militated greatly against practice during the last three weeks. Notwithstanding this, they are confident of making it a close contest, and if they get beaten they will make it evident that it takes a good team to accomplish that end.

The following will represent the challengers and challenged :—

D Company.	Beaufort Rifle Club.
Lieut. White	Captain W. C. Thomas
Sergt. Allsop	T. A. Archard
Sergt. Farr	S. W. Male
Corporal Jackson	J. McRae
Lance-Corpl. Flockhart	J. Chapman
Private Mitchell	J. A. Lord
Private Buley	A. A. Trompf
Private Grose	J. McKiech
Private Parry	J. W. Harris
Private Liddiard	E. J. Thomas
Emergencies—	
Private Sheehan	
Sergt.-Major Brough	
Private McGregor	
Sergeant Prentice	

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.

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

DEATH OF DR. H. D. CROKER.

The sad event occurred shortly before midnight on Friday, 9th instant, and information reached us too late for notice in our last issue. His death was not unexpected, as the deceased had been lying in a very critical condition for some time. He was a native of Quarter Town, in the south of Ireland, and was in the 73rd year of his age at the time of his death. He was colonist of over 30 years standing, 20 of which were spent in this district. Besides practicing his profession as a surgeon, he embarked in several speculations. Deceased was part proprietor in the first crushing machine brought to the colony, which was used in breaking the metal for ballasting the line between Geelong and Ballarat. He started practice in Beaufort in 1867, imbibing at the same time a lively faith in the richness of the country, and consequently was a large shareholder in the local mines. Up to the time of his demise, the doctor was always hopeful of some great discovery being made in this division of the Ararat mining district. He was a justice of the peace, and held a commission given him by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland direct from Her Majesty. The document in itself is a very interesting one, and the doctor was very proud of it. It is said that this document is the only one of its kind in the possession of anyone in the colony. It was always pleasing to hear the doctor's decisions when on the bench, they being couched in wisdom, impartiality, and justice. He was greatly esteemed as a gentleman, and many a poor family will bless the memory of him whose chief aim was to be charitable and kind, especially when no return could ever be expected. At the time of his death, Dr. Croker held the commission of surgeon-major on the unattached list of the Victorian Defence Force. Beaufort has thus lost a good friend, one who shared in all its ventures for the prosperity of the district, and who assisted every deserving object. His remains were conveyed to the railway station in a hearse, where a large number of persons who had known him, but should know him no more, were gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. He was thence conveyed to Melbourne by the 9 a.m. train on Tuesday last, and interred with his deceased wife and daughter.

THE ARARAT SHOW.

The annual spring show of the Ararat Agricultural Society was held under very favorable circumstances as regards weather and attendance, there being about 2000 persons present. The exhibits were numerous in some classes, and all through were of excellent quality. In draught stock there were 52 exhibits. Mr. Thos. Jess, of Middle Creek, carried off first prize of £4 in the section for draught entire any age, by "Purves," his recent purchase. For thoroughbred mare of any age, Mr. J. C. Ware, of Yalla-y-poora obtained first honors; also first prize for lady's hackney, the rider being Miss Stevens. In the class for sheep Messrs. Beggs Bros. got the first prize of silver medal for merino ram under 1½ years old; and second prize bronze medal in the same section; second prize bronze medal for merino ewe 2½ years old, and hon. mention for merino ewe under 1½ years old; all grass fed. Mr. G. Pearson, of Buangor, obtained first prize for long-woolled ram in section 5, class H; and Mr. G. H. Stevens, Crowlands, obtained the following awards :—Long-woolled ewe under 1½ years, first prize of silver medal; long-woolled ewe in section 6, first prize; long woolled ram, section 1, class I, first prize; long-woolled ram, section 2, same class, first prize; first prize in section 3; and first prize in section 4, same class. Mr. J. Williams Crowlands, carried off several prizes for sheep. In dairy produce, Mrs. J. Brennan, Buangor, obtained third prize for three pounds fresh butter, and Mrs Exell, Stockyard Hill, second prize for twenty pounds potted butter. In class M, agricultural implements, machinery, &c., an extra second prize was awarded to Pimblett Bros., of Beaufort, for a waggon for farm purposes. These were all the awards of interest to residents in this shire.

Best Cut Aromatic Tobacco can be obtained at H. P. Henningsen's, tobacconist, etc., Neill street, Beaufort.

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills of 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.

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

Floriline!—For the Teeth and Breath.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth 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.

NEW ZEALAND ITEMS.

An extraordinary petition is being circulated and signed in Auckland. After reciting the state of depression, the increase of taxation, and oppression caused by an overgrown civil service, the petition, which is intended for presentation to the House of Commons, asks that a Royal Commission be appointed, or other steps taken, to redress the grievances complained of. Some 500 to 600 signatures are stated to have been attached to this petition.

The Federated Seamen's Union has determined to run steamers in opposition to those of the Northern Steamship Company, of Auckland, who recently reduced the wages, causing all union men to leave their steamers. The steamers, which have been chartered in Sydney, will be run under the flag of the Jubilee Shipping Company, which is the title adopted by the union, and will be manned by union men. The Australian Union is assisting the New Zealand branch, and a levy of 2s 6d per man will be made on the 13,000 seamen employed, this providing £3,000 monthly clear of anything devoted from the accumulated funds.

The recent operations in connection with the oil bores at Gisborne having convinced those concerned of the valuable nature of the oil, arrangements are being made for erecting a refinery, and laying down a line of pipes to connect the oil springs with Gisborne. Several companies that were awaiting the results of the boring operations at the South Pacific Company's property are now preparing to commence operations on the leases which they hold.

Owing to the prevalance of fires in Auckland—there has been an average of nearly two per day of late—the insurance companies have decided to rebuild premises destroyed in every instance where such a course is possible.

During a thunderstorm near New Plymouth, the lightning entered the house of a settler named Henwood, and injured two of the children, besides splitting a piece of scantling into matchwork. In the case of one of the children, a little girl, the lightning imprinted on her left arm a fern-leaf, while strange to say the sleeve of the frock which covered the arm was not singed or disturbed in any way. The boy was rendered insensible for some time, and deprived of speech, but he is expected to recover.

For signing a telegram with the name of the Presbyterian clergyman of the district, a resident of Brunnerton named John Scott has been fined £5, or one month's imprisonment. He was separated from his wife, and took this means to obtain an interview with her. The clergyman had several times refused to use his influence to induce the wife to return.

The visit paid by Mr. Fleming, of Sydney, to the South Pacific oil works, near Gisborne, appears to have satisfied those concerned that the district is rich in oil. The bore is down a depth of 1,218 feet, and by means of a baler put down the tube a barrel of what was pronounced to be pure oil was drawn out. The bore will have to put down a short distance to secure a solid bottom. The present flow of oil is estimated at one half-gallon per hour.

The ketch Recamia, belonging to Lyttleton, is supposed to have capsized off Tory Shoal, Kaipara, near Auckland, and the crew are believed to have been all drowned. Captain Fairchild, of the Government steamer Stella, saw the vessel capsized as he was entering Kaipara, and attempted to turn her over, but without success. Nothing of the crew was seen by him. The crew consisted of the master, E. Holst, A. Graham, P. Anderson, C. Peterson, and C. Larsen. They were all foreigners.

The total cost of the harbor defences of the colony up to the end of the financial year was £155,243, which includes to amounts paid for land, but not for guns, ammunition, and torpedo boats, the cost of which amounts to £153,583. Up to the present the total expenditure has been £383,605.

AN EASY WAY TO MAKE MONEY

"Aulus" in the *Australasian* writes :—"A recent little land transaction in Elizabeth street shows how easy it is to make money if you get the chance and know how to use it. A long lease fell in, and the tenant applied for a renewal. "You shall have it,' replied the landlord; "but you have been getting at me for twenty years, and by —— I'll get at you now. Your rent for the next ten years is raised to L2000 a year." The tenant complained bitterly of this harsh treatment, and strove, though in vain, to beat down the inexorable landlord. Finally he executed the lease at the higher rent. He then went across the road and signed a sublease, for which he had previously arranged, at very nearly double what he was paying his landlord. The latter has since heard of the transaction, and now swears at his tenant more than ever.

A prominent Queensland politician (writes "Aulus") recently died, and a question arose as to adjourning the court to allow the lawyers and others to be present at the funeral. The presiding judge said that "attendance at a funeral was, after all, a hollow way of showing sorrow, and was simply one of the hypocrisies of life, and he did not think that the stern old man who had gone would have cared much, *if he were alive*, whether that respect were paid him or no." I think most people will differ with his Honor, and be of opinion that while alive he would decidedly have preferred being without that sort of respect.

£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.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

Melbourne, Friday.

In the Criminal Court this morning James Kelly appeared for sentence on 10 counts of defrauding the Customs. Medical testimony was given that his incarceration in gaol would bring on lunacy, and taking this and his previous good character in consideration his Honor inflicted a fine of £100 on each count, and to be imprisoned until paid.

In the Full Court to-day Mr Dakin's appeal against the Chief Justice's decision for contempt of Court was heard, and the court upheld the decision.

The case of C. E. Jones v Ebsworth, of the Argus, for libel re pirated bible, was commenced to-day before Mr Justice A'Beckett, in the Supreme Court. The case for plaintiff was concluded, and that for defendant entered into.

The inquiry into the death of Miss Swain was resumed to-day. Mr Smyth, who is appearing for the Crown, suggested that the jury should proceed to the bridge, and have the spot where Campbell was sitting pointed out, and also see what splash something equal in size and weight to a human body would make if let fall from the bridge. It was agreed that this should be done after the evidence had closed. Margaret Brennan, servant, deposed that she crossed over the bridge on the night in question, and saw a lady and gentleman on the left side of it. The lady had her left hand on the rail. Witness walked to the end of the bridge, and came back with E. Beer, but did not see the gentleman smoking. Edward Beer deposed that he passed over the bridge with the last witness on the night of the tragedy. He saw the lady and gentleman mentioned by Miss Brennan. They were talking, but he could not hear what was said. Witness remarked to his companion that they were quarrelling. He also said that the young lady did not know whether to jump off the bridge or not. He said this on account of the position taken up by the lady, and her despondent appearance, together with the tone of voices he had heard. Captain Moore was the man on the bridge. Edward Tipsat deposed that he was crossing the bridge on that night and saw a man and woman in earnest conversation The woman was leaning on the railing. He saw the man light a cigar. After he had passed he looked back, and the man had moved on a little. The conversation was in angry tones. Witness walked away and heard no screams. At this stage the enquiry was adjourned for lunch.—Post.

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.

"East-street Mills, Cambridge-heath,
"London, E.C., July 24th, 1882.

"Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to be able to add my testimony in favour of our valuable Syrup as a curative agent. I had suffered for some length of time from a severe form of indigestion, and the long train of distressing symptoms following that disease. I had tried all possible means to get relief, by seeking the best medical advice. I had swallowed sufficient of their stuff to float a man-of-war, so to speak, but all to no avail. A friend of mine, coming on the scene in the midst of my sufferings, brought with him a bottle of your Seigel Syrup; he advised me to try it, stating he felt confident it would benefit me. Being weary of trying so many drugs, I condemned it before trial, thinking it could not possibly do me any good, but ultimately determined to take the Syrup. After doing so for a short time it worked such a change in me that I continued taking it for nearly two months, and I then felt thoroughly cured, for I have discontinued its use for five weeks, and feel in the best of health, and can partake any kind of food with ease and comfort. I am therefore thankful to you that, through the instrumentality of your valuable medicine, I am restored to the state of health I now enjoy.

"Yours truly,
"To Mr. A. J. Whise." "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."

The rainfall at Beaufort for the weak ending September 15, as registered by Mr. McFarlane, amounted to 1·72 in.

CRAWFORD'S, STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

THE LARGEST DRAPERY OUTSIDE OF MELBOURNE.

FIRST SHOW OF SPRING GOODS.

[Extract from the Ballarat "Evening Post."]

That Crawford's Drapery Eporium, Sturt street, is the largest business of the kind outside of Melbourne, we, after a careful examination of the extensive establishment, have not the slightest doubt. That inspection was made on Thursday evening, and our opinion of it we intend giving to our readers.

The rise and progress of Crawfords is closely identified with the progress of Ballarat, and the facts here given illustrate what can be accomplished by energy, enterprise, perseverance, and civility, such as has always been characteristic of the management of Crawford's. The staff of employees originally numbered eight, while at present there are 230 persons employed on the premises. The business done has been (to use an expressive colonial phrase) something tremendous. In February last Mr. Crawford retired upon a well-earned competency, and the business passed into the hands of Messrs. Snow and Room, the present proprietors. That under the new management things have not deteriorated is shown by the fact that the past half-year's business has been the largest ever done on the premises. This notwithstanding the dullness of trade.

The establishment, as at present constituted, consists of a fine imposing three-storey building, with a frontage of 110ft to Sturt street by about 80ft to Armstrong street. The building, unlike many other pretentious city properties, is not only "all front," but runs back at the front altitude the full depth of the allotment, and even further, for the show rooms are behind some of the adjoining properties.

Shakespeare tells us that—

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violets
To smooth the ice, to add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

And he speaks truly. So also we think that to endeavour to add to the beauty, variety, or quality of the display made by Messrs Snow and Room, would indeed be wasteful and ridiculous excess. At half-past seven o'clock in the evening everything was in readiness and the doors were thrown open. Within half an hour the massive pile of buildings was crowded, and from that until after ten there was a never ceasing stream of visitors, so that there must have been altogether fully 5000 persons present during the three hours, and from the hundreds of expressions of admiration that greeted our ears as we wandered here and there, we should say that the general verdict was in the words of Goldsmith in She Stoops to Conquer, was

"The very pink of perfection."

The whole place was one blaze of light and beauty and resembled more than anything else we can liken it to a gigantic bazaar, and exhibition of art. The general appearance of a shop was entirely absent. The walls were hung with oil painting, oleographs, steel engravings, and various kinds of pictures of rare beauty. The ceilings were richly draped with handsome lace curtains, flags of all nations, and "festooned" with laces, and ribbons of every color, shade and hue. The counters were all covered with rich cloths and upon them were displayed the many beauties of the establishment—articles and fabrics of colonial manufacture and from every port of the world. Naturally the most crowded portion was always the show rooms, where, as a matter of cause the most beautiful and delicate articles were displayed to the many admirers A striking exhibit here was an immense glass case filled with Parisian millinery, the variety of which was bewildering, and in the the words of Carlow, "Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars." We think it is Addison who, in one of his essays, says—"There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head dress," and of the truth of that saying we are now thoroughly convinced. To describe the variety displayed is an utter impossibility, so far as we are concerned, because we have no idea of to-day trebling the size of this journal, so that we will pass on, simply saying that in this department nothing could have been finer, nothing more beautiful. The counters of the show rooms were covered with cases and stands of feathers, birds, flowers, fans and other articles, too numerous to particularise. The flowers, however, are more than worthy of passing notice, so natural, so graceful, and so beautiful were they. New designs in German baskets filled with artificial flowers proved a never-ending source of attraction. Art in this respect comes nearer to nature year by year. Above the counters in the upper show rooms glass cases were ranged round the room. One of these cases was filled with bridal attire, and it was curious to note how the ladies present inspected this case with its lovely orange blossom. The quiet, calm look of some told the tale that they had had their experience, while the blushing nervous glances of others, being interpreted, meant that they were in expectation. Another case of marabout feathers of all the newest shades of colors was also greatly admired, the most fashionable colors generally being gobelins in green and blue, viux rose, and coquilcot. In the mantle portion of this room, great taste was shown in the display. "The Masher Jacket," "Derby," and "Royal Family" appear to be the principal, a noticeable feature being the jet trimmings upon all. There was an endless variety of pretty little summer capes, shawls, dolmans, and visites. Passing on we noticed some pretty designs in children's sunbonnets, a variety of pinafores, and a case of hand-made underclothing. The dress department was attractive, and contained many novelties. The dresses were of the choicest descriptions, and ranged from the most elegant ball costume to the plain but neat house dress. The fancy department was itself an exhibition in itself, and a large one too. Displayed in it, in the most attractive form, were real lace, French and Swiss embroideries from one to forty inches wide; fancy glassware of every descriptions, a new assortment of French tabeliers, jet trimmings, French ribbons, an endless variety of hand bags, etc. Some Italian bronze statuettes were very striking and rare. Hanging around the walls were sunshades of the newest shapes and shades of color, the carving on the handles being works of art. The display of gloves, in tons, golden browns, fawns, and gobelin shades, in plain and fancy stitched backs, looked well. The dress pieces displayed around this room comprised new fashionable tweeds, a beautiful variety of box costumes, jersey cloths, French nun's cloth, merveilleaux, Sicilian silks, Duchess satins, and ottoman silks, with trimmings to match alongside of each. The Manchester department was full to over flowing with the best of articles. Table linen of all descriptions formed one good exhibit. The carpet and general furnishing department contained carpets from such quality that it would seem almost a sin to step upon down to the commonest; nankeen, terra cotta, lace and old gold curtains, crewel work covers, mantle borderings in art designs, and rugs in great variety and beauty. The clothing, mercery and tailoring departments were full of excellent exhibits, and brought to mind the words—

Clothes do not make the man, perhaps
But if he's poor in dress
The world is bound to notice it
And, somehow, love him less.

This need not, however be the experience of the majority when we are told that a Ballarat tweed suit may be purchased for £2 10s. A large assortment of Dr Jager's sanitary clothing was inspected with interest. Travelling bags, ties by the thousands, regatta shirts, buttons of all patterns, frillings in all shades, and pyramids of Pear's soap were passed in turn, and in the boot and shoe department, neatly arranged, were from navvies quartz crushers to the most dainty ball shoe.

It would be easy to go on enumerating as we have done a few of the "things of beauty" here and there and fill columns. Such an exhibition has never before been seen in Ballarat, and those fortunate enough to be present could not fail to enjoy themselves. We cannot refrain from remarking upon the general courtesy shown and in conclusion congratulate Messrs Snow and Room upon their first grand exhibition—the first of the kind, too, held in Ballarat—and which again repeating the words of Goldsmith, was "the very pink of perfection."

G. SCHUTZE,
TAILOR AND OUTFITTER,
27 and 29 STURT STREET,
BALLARAT.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM.

Creswick, June 8th. 1887.

Mr. George Schutze, Ballarat,

Dear Sir,—I have for several years tried to induce my friends to wear wool of some kind, as the most convenient form of animal clothing.

As animals, we require that kind of covering to retain vitality, instead of shortening our lives by using articles made from vegetable fibre, as calico, linen, &c.

This principle is brought to perfection in Dr. Jaeger's system; and now that Mr. Schutze, of Ballarat, has become agent for the sale of these Woollen Garments, I am advising my friends to use them as a means of keeping off disease and prolonging their lives.

J. Tremearne, Consulting Surgeon.

P.S.—I have noticed Mr. Schutze's Lecture, and approve of his remarks. It is far better to have clothing entirely of wool, as wearing cotton or linen over wool hinders the removal of bad gases from the body.—J.T.

Clunes, May 16th, 1887.

Mr. Geo. Schutze.

Dear Sir,—It is now some time since I have been wearing Dr. Jaeger's Woollen Goods, and I must say that for quality and comfort I have never found anything to equal them, I am wearing a suit which I received from you made on the same principle, and cannot speak too highly of the comfort it affords. There is nothing to jar or annoy you as is often the case in ordinary clothing, as the texture is so pliable, and you feel so free and easy in them, that they are really a pleasure, and on account of their porous nature and lightness they are for sanitary purposes unsurpassed, as they allow sufficent ventilation to come on to they body.

I am, dear sir, yours truly.
Jno. E. Andrew, M.R.C.S. & L., K.C P., etc.

Mr. G. Schutze wishes his numerous friends and customers to know that he has opened a Branch in No. 7 Royal Arcade (opposite the Post Office), Melbourne. Please kindly give a call when visiting Melbourne. Send for illustrated Catalogue and price list.

RANDOLPH

Will again stand at Spring Creek, Buangor.

RANDOLPH is four years old, and has grown into a very handsome horse. He is of a dark bay or brown color, stands about 16½ hands high, possesses great bone and substance, has a most docile temper, and is a fast trotter. He is a suitable horse for getting carriage horses and horses for the Indian market.

RANDOLPH by Patchwork, dam by Scarsfield, a son of Panic (imp). He has taken 7 first prizes, 6 as a thoroughbred, and 1 as a carriage horse or roadster at Ararat parade.

Terms :—£3 3s each mare. Good grass paddocks provided. Every care taken, but no responsibilty. Mares may be left at the Golden Age or Railway hotels, Beaufort, and will be called for without extra charge if three days notice be given to

G. PEARSON,
Spring Creek, Buangor.

SALE BY PRIVATE CONTRACT.

The undersigned has been favored with instructions from George Newall, Esq., to Sell, all his VALUABLE FARM LANDS, situate near the Bald Hill, Trawalla, containing 103a. 2r. 13p. Terms Liberal. Apply

W. EDWARD NICKOLS,
Auctioneer, Beaufort.

IMPOUNDED AT BEAUFORT

Bay horse, hind fetlocks white. W near neck
Bay mare, like JCT near shoulder
Brown mare, like JCT near shoulder
Chestnut horse, no visible brand
Bay horse, hind feet white, like JCT near shoulder
Bay horse, near fore and hind feet white, like JCT near shoulder.

If not claimed and expenses paid to be sold on 8th October, 1887.

W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

FAMILY HERALD.

The half-yearly bound volume of the "Family Herald"—January 1 to June 30, 1887—(colonial edition), can now be obtained from the undersigned, at the published price, viz., 3s 6d.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
News Agent, Beaufort.

NOTICE.

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

Correspondents.

WANTED for this journal, in the Country. Apply HENNINGSEN and KLUNDER.

COTTAGE to LET, near the Court-house, Beaufort. Apply

H. P. HENNINGSEN.

On Sale
AT
JEREMIAH SMITH'S
TIMBER YARD,
CORNER OF LIVINGSTONE & WILLOBY STREETS—

American shelving boards
Do lumber do
6 x 1 T and G Scotch flooring
6 x ½ do do lining
6 x ¾ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
⅜in., ⅝in., 1in., 1¼in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.

NEXT TO POLICE STATION

Presbyterian Church Bazaar.

ALTERATION OF DATES.

NOTICE.—The BAZAAR in connection with the above Church will be held on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 6th and 7th OCTOBER, in lieu of the 11th and 12th.

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 finally 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 for 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 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 trouble 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 8th, 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,

"Hannah King."

THE EFFECTS HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL

"Ilford Road Dispensary, Dunkinfield,
May 5th, 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 Lowe."

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FOR SALE.

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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.

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

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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.

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SHOULD BE CAREFUL NOT TO HAVE

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OR

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Wolfe's Aromatic

SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.

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ONLY SPIRIT

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

Allopecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY — COMOTROPHUS — COMOTROPHUS CO. Ballarat, Vic. — All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

ONE BOX OF

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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, 1s. 6d each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

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For Sprains, Curbs, and Splints when Forming.
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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."

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Wanted,

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

THE STUD.

THE PURE-BRED CLYDESDALE COLT

TIME OF DAY,

Will stand this Season at BEASLEY'S BRIDGE, nine miles from St. Arnaud.

TIME OF DAY is a dark dapple bay, 3 years old. His sire, Darwin, bred by John Smith, of Dean; dam Jess by Crown Prince (imp), g. dam by A. Rowan's Scotchman (imp).

TIME OF DAY is half brother to the champion mare at Smeaton in 1884, bred by Mr. Davis, of Kingston, and his half-sister Ellwoods got first prize for dry mare at the Grand National Show held at Talbot in 1885, beating the hon. H. Miller's Princess of Wales the 5th. TIME OF DAY's g. dam Princess Maud the 8th, was exhibited 14 times and succeeded in getting 13 first prizes. She also won the Ballarat Champion Cup two years in succession, competing against imported and colonial stallions; also champion at Geelong two years in succession against imported or colonial stallions; thus 4 years in succession the champion male or female, a feat which has as yet not been approached by any male in Victoria. Her sire, Cox's Prince of Wales (670), out of Jess, by Clydesdale Tam (175), out of Maggie by Lothian Tam (506), thus proving, for purity of Clydesdale blood and illustrious prize-taking ancestry, Time of Day can compare most favorably with any horse in the federated colonies. He gained first prize at Talbot as a yearling, second at Clunes, first at Cargarie, second at Geelong, and first at Beaufort, as a two-year-old. Time of Day is entered for the Sires' Produce Stakes at Beaufort 1888. A foal by Time of Day won THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE Cup in 1887.

TERMS:—£4, to be paid when the mares are removed, or made good by promissory note due 1st day of March, 1888. A good grass paddock for all mares sent. All care taken of mares, but no responsibility incurred.

N.B.—Sundays strictly observed.

For further particulars apply to
KENNETH McKINNON,
Beasley's Bridge, P.O., via St. Arnaud.

THE CELEBRATED CLYDESDALE STALLION

PURVES

Will stand this season at his Owner's Farm, Middle Creek, and travel the surrounding district.

PURVES is a dark bay, foaled 2nd November, 1881; sire Carmyle, dam Gipsy. In 1882, as a yearling he carried off first honors at Smeaton for the best yearling draught colt on the ground, and one of a group of three; also two champion prizes. At Ballarat, in the spring of 1882, he won first prize for the best draught colt. At Kyneton same year he took first prize; and also won the Mares' Produce Stakes of £40; open competition. At Clunes he was again first in his class. At Echuca he took 1st prize, and also a special for the best yearling colt on the ground. At Bendigo Grand National Show, first again, and his half-brother (got by the same sire) coming second; open competition. At Glenlyon he won 1st prize for the best yearling; thus showing an unbeaten record for no less than a dozen times as a yearling.

His sire, Carmyle, is too well known in this district to need comment.

PURVES' dam was Gipsy, by Surprise (imported); g.s. dam's side, Surprise; etc.

PURVES began his two year old show-yard triumphs in Adelaide, S.A., in September 1883, at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show there. He won first in his own class, and Hart Bros.' silver cup, value ten guineas; and the same day, in the All-aged Stallion Champion Class, in which many first-class horses competed, notably Waverley, Purves carried off the Massive Silver Medal and Ten Guineas. At Clare, S.A., the following week, he was again first in the all-aged class, winning the Champion Prize of Ten Guineas, and in his own class the two-year-old's 1st prize also.

His owner returned to Victoria in time to show Purves at the Grand National Show in Geelong. He again won first in his own class, and in competition with colts and fillies, two years old, he won the Champion prize.

At Ballarat he won first in his class; at Clunes, shown among the three-year-olds, first; at Smeaton, among the three-year-olds, first; at Kyneton, the Larnarkshire of Victoria, Purves, for the second time, carried off the Sires Produce Challenge Cup, value 15 Guineas, defeating Mr. Bourke's grand two-year-old Black Prince, the 1st prize horse in Melbourne in the Sires Produce Stakes. Purves was also first in his own class. First at Donald Show in 1885; and again first at Ballarat in 1886.

Two of Purves' first gets were shown last September—one at Donald and one at Charlton—and got 1st prize on each occasion.

PURVES has won 32 1st prizes, and won £213 prize money.

TERMS:—£4 each mare, to be paid at the end of the season. All mares paddocked must have hind shoes taken off. Good grass paddocks, with plenty of water, provided. All care taken, but no responsibility incurred.

For further particulars apply to the Owner,
THOMAS JESS, Shirley P.O.

THE DRAUGHT COLT

WEE JOCK,

Will stand this Season at his Owner's Farm Granite Hill, and travel the surrounding district.

WEE JOCK is a beautiful bay, with black points, having immense bone, with splendid feet. Stand 16 hands 1 inch high, on short legs, and is rising five years old. Bred by A. McKinnon, of Beasley's Bridge, St. Arnaud. Dam Rose, by Glen Esk (imp), g.d. Bess, by Wrestler (imp), g.g.d. by George Buchanan (imp). Sire, that well-known horse England's Glory (imp), purchased at auction by J. Penberthy and Co. for £1165 10s cash; is a beautiful dark bay, stands 17 hands 1 inch high, on short legs, is very wide, showing immense power, has great substance of bone with quality, and splendid feet—a point so very necessary in a draught stallion. Bred by C. H. Manning, of Milton Ham, Northamptonshire, whose family have bred many of the best stallions in the world. England's Glory is by that good-specimen of a waggon-stallion, Sampson, the property of J. Manning, Esq., of Orlingbing, Northampdenshire, a brown horse 17 hands 1 inch high, unquestionably one of the best cart-stallions in England, and got by Young Matchless, the property of Mr. Fletcher, grandsire Old Matchless, great grandsire that noted horse Ploughboy, the property of Mr. Hutchison, of Weston. The dam of Sampson Nell, a very first-class brown mare, by that well-known horse Stafford, the property of Mr. Hutchison, and winner of many prizes. Liberty, the dam of the above colt, England's Glory, a splendid bay mare by that celebrated prize-taker A1, the property of Mr. Wynn, of Grafton, near Alcester. He was the winner of fifteen first prizes at Worcester, Gloucester, Manchester, Liverpool, and various other places from 1867 to 1872. The dam of Liberty was by that big horse Brown Stout. He took first prize at the Buckinghamshire Agricultural Show, Alesbury; also at the Thames Agricultural Show, same year. Sampson has won prizes to the amount of £256, besides medals; and geldings and mares by him are making great prices.

Entered for the Sires' Produce Stakes, Beaufort, 1888.

TERMS:—£3; £1 to be paid when mares are stinted, and the balance when proved in foal. Grass as per agreement. To ensure a foal, £4.

N. McPHIE, OWNER.

THOMAS GEO. ARCHARD,

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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.

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—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.

Bangor, 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.

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, bad pains in my head and bones, and felt low and out of sorts. Ever since the first week of taking your pills I have been better, and now I sleep like a child, and awake refreshed and ready for breakfast. All my aches and pains are gone, and although I am turned 67 years of age, I feel, thanks to your Pills, as well and as strong as I have been for the last 20 years. You are at liberty to use this as you please, and I hope it may increase your popularity, and likewise benefit many sufferers as well.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, JOHN DONALDSON, Barkly street south, Ballarat.

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

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 Clinic, of Prof. McIntyre, College of Physicians and Surgeons, St. Louis—Scirrhus of Breast—Excision, Eucalypti Extract employed. No swelling, heat or discoloration. Cured in 14 days. [ADVT.]

FOR COUGHS COLDS, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coryza, Influenza, Consumption, &c.

KAY'S COMPOUND OF LINSEED, Anised, Senega, Squill, Tolu, &c., with Chlorodyne.

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

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. Contain Quinine, Iron, &c.

COAGULINE.—Cement for Broken Articles Sold everywhere.

Sole Makers—
KAY BROTHERS, LTD., 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:—

"Stapleton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1887.

"To 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 six and seven 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. They purify the blood, correct disorders of the liver and stomach, stimulating the bowels, and purifying the blood, have secured for themselves an imperishable name throughout the world. A few doses produce comfort, a short continuance effects a complete cure. Invalids may look forward towards this refreshing and revivifying medicine with the certainty of obtaining relief.

How to Enjoy Life.

Is only known when the blood is pure, its circulation perfect, and the nerves in good order. The only safe and certain method of expelling all impurities is to take Holloway's Pills, which have the power of cleansing the blood from all noxious matters, expelling all humors which taint or impoverish it, and thereby purify and invigorate and give general tone to the system. Young and old, robust or delicate, may alike experience the beneficient effects. Myriads attest 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 Consitutions—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 their 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 most searching known to the world for the following diseases:—

Ague	Piles
Asthma	Rheumatism
Bilious Complaint	Retention of Urine
Blotches on the skin	Scrofula or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary 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 civilized 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.

TRADE MARK.

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

FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

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.

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.

Fistulas and Excoriations.

The cures which this Ointment effects in healing old 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. Wherever the Ointment has been once used it has established its own worth, and has again been eagerly sought for as the easiest and safest remedy in all disorders of the kidneys.

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

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

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; also by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the Civilised World, in boxes and Pots. The smallest box of Pills contains four dozen; and the smallest 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 (be or she) sit quietly down in the privacy of their own apartments, and with calm mind 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 without have treated by letter during the last 32 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, nor 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 out of old!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOUIS L. SMITH.

Address

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

Consultation Fee by Letter, £1.

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

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

182 COLLINS-STREET EAST Melbourne.

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.

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

The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 623.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 24, 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 ule 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.

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, 886.

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

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager.

12m.D.31.87.

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.

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 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.

MELBOURNE AGENTS
FOR THE
RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE
MESSRS. GORDON & GOTCH
Co INS STRE T Ws

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.

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.

Geelong Wool Sales.
SEASON 1887-88.

Geo. Hague & Co.

BEG to intimate to Wool-growers and others interested that they will hold Sales of Wool every Tuesday during the coming season. Their well-known Warehouses and large

NEW SHOW ROOMS

are unrivalled for extent and suitability for the trade, combining, as they do, all the latest modern improvements for the

EFFICIENT DISPLAY OF WOOL.

The Stores now run in one unbroken flat from street to street, giving ample space for a catalogue of 10,000 BALES to be exhibited at one time.

The Wool when stacked being easily accessible, the fullest facilities are available for inspection, not only in sample but also in bulk, thus ensuring more confidence in purchasing.

CAREFUL VALUATIONS

made prior to sale, and every lot is protected up to full market value.

FARMERS' CLIPS

receive special attention, and no effort is spared to secure utmost value for even the smallest clips.

English, Continental, American, and Colonial buyers attend all the sales in full strength.

Account Sales and Cheques for proceeds rendered invariably THREE days after sale.

Charges are the lowest ruling in the colony, and growers will find that they save about Seven Shillings per bale by selling in Geelong instead of Melbourne.

Separate Warehouses are provided for the disposal of Sheepskins, Hides, and Tallow, auction sales of which are held weekly throughout the year.

GEORGE HAGUE and CO.,
Wool Brokers.

Geelong, 1st July, 1887. 6m.D.31.87

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.

BEE-HIVES
AND APPLIANCES

OF the Best Quality, at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE, to be obtained from

Charles Dickens and Son,

STEAM HIVE FACTORY, WAKEFIELD ST., ADELAIDE.

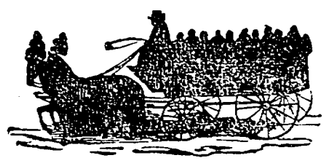
Standard Langstroth Hive, made of one-inch best seasoned pine planed both sides, body, floor board, cover, tin runners, and ten frames, all complete in the flat; a very superior-made article, for 7s 6d. All Hives are interchangeable.

ITALIAN BEES—Comb foundation, foundation mills, extractors, feeders, smokers, sections, wax-melters, and every requisite for the bee-keeper manufactured by CHAS. DICKENS and SON.

See exhibit in court 5—Western Annexe Jubilee Exhibition.

Bee Farms fitted and arranged up to 500 stocks.

"The Australasian Bee-keepers' Guide Book" 1s; post free thirteen stamps. Write for price list.



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.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

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

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

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.

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,

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

BOOKSELLER,

STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK STREET BEAUFORT

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 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, OMESITT and Co., Melbourne.

GEELONG WOOL SALES.

WE shall hold AUCTION SALES of WOOL on each

TUESDAY and THURSDAY

throughout the coming season.

We draw attention to some of the advantages we have to offer for the sale of Western and Wimmera clips.

A SAVING IN CHARGES AND FREIGHT
of, as compared to Melbourne, about
SEVEN SHILLINGS PER BALE.

The attendance of all the European and American Buyers, and, in addition
A LARGER LOCAL CONSUMPTION
of Wool than in any other Australian town.

Our Warehouse accommodation, which enables us to store or display a catalogue of 9000 bales, and its situation, which is within a stone's-throw of the SHIPPING.

Our new Sale-room adjoins our warehouse, so that Buyers being on the spot, we can at once obtain a re-examination of any lots passed in at auction.

THE CAREFUL VALUATION and personal attention of each member of the firm.

Trusting that our efforts to provide Growers with every facility for the sale of their Wool in the Colony will meet with a correspondingly increased support,

We are, etc.,
DENNYS, LASCELLES, AUSTIN & CO.
Geelong, August 24th, 1887.

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

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

DALGETY and COMPANY,
LIMITED.

HEAD OFFICE—52 Lombard street, London:
BRANCHES—Melbourne, Geelong, Sydney, Newcastle, Dunedin, and Christchurch.

Agents and Correspondents in all Important Towns in the Australian Colonies and New Zealand.

Capital, fully subscribed	... ...	£4,000,000
Capital, paid up	... ...	1,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	...	85,000

MANAGING DIRECTORS IN MELBOURNE
James Aitken, Esq. | A. R. Blackwood, Esq.
BOARD OF ADVICE;
C. M. Officer, Esq., M.L.A. | Alexander Wilson, Esq.

Liberal Cash Advances made on Land, Stock, Station Properties, and Wool and Produce of all descriptions consigned for Sale in any of the Colonial or European markets.

Specially Low Rates of Interest quoted for Loans on Freeholds in connection with Wool and other business.

Auction Sales of Wool and Grain will be held once a week from the opening of the ensuing season.

Auction Sales of Skins of all kinds, Hides, Tallow, &c., are now being held three times a week.

Consignors are reminded that in consequence of the position of our Warehouses, we are able to afford them special advantages and saving of expense in the sale of their produce.

Full particulars may be obtained on application.

GREAT JUBILEE SALE
OF
Seasonable Drapery,
AT

JAMES TYLER'S

MANCHESTER HOUSE,
11 and 13 BRIDGE ST., BALLARAT.

IN the midst of so many Drapery Sales in Ballarat James Tyler is determined to keep up the reputation of Manchester House for the

Cheapest and Best Goods in the District.

While thanking my numerous patrons for a winter trade that exceeds any of my past returns, I beg to announce that I taken the advantage of the very depressed state of the wholesale markets and have secured a lot of most useful lines, which, with the remainder of my Winter's Stock, I will offer during the next month at

UNHEARD OF PRICES.

I don't often announce a sale, and when I do my customers know that I mean it, and on Saturday Next, I will, **for one month only**, make a **Jubilee Gift** of my profits, and give the public the benefit of my recent cheap investments.

THIS IS NO MISLEADING DRAPERY PUFF!

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT IS A FACT!

Why?

Because my winter's amount of business is already done. My stock is slightly heavy, and sales being the order of the day in Ballarat, my sound position in the trade has enabled me to secure a few Melbourne bargains that must impress buyers and make the professional puffer stand aside.

Every householder should see what I have to offer, and even if you are not in immediate want of

Blankets, Flannels, or Overcoats,

you will find that I can give you better interest for your money than the Savings Bank.

THE SALE BEGINS ON JULY 2ND

Pay me a visit. Walk through my premises, and if you buy nothing, you will get civil treatment.

JAMES TYLER,
MANCHESTER HOUSE,
11 and 13 Bridge street, Ballarat.

3m.Sp.30.87. TERMS STRICTLY CASH

HOPPER'S
MILK PUNCH
GENUINE OLD ENGLISH ELIXIR
VITÆ

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

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

There has been no marked activity in the produce market during the past week, few sales of any kind being reported. In wheat a few up-country lots have been landed here at 2s 5d per bushel bags in, but no locally grown has changed hands. Flour is active at £8 5s per ton. Wheat shows a slight decline at Horsham, 3s 1d per bushel now being given. At Donald, 3s 3d is quoted, and a similar figure is given at St. Arnaud. In this district oats have been almost unnoticed, the last transaction recorded being at 2s 7½d for a very fine sample. Cape barley is inquired for at our figure. No Warrnambool potatoes have come in, the market being supplied from Ballarat at £2 17s 6d per ton. Hay is well supplied, value being unchanged. Fresh butter is forward in large quantities at 10d per pound, and eggs are very plentiful and now only fetch 7d. A load of cheese in to-day was taken up at 6d and 7d per pound. We quote:

Wheat, 3s 5d per bushel bags in
Oats, 2s 7½d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 1s per bushel
Bran, 10d per bushel
Flour, L8 5s per ton
Cape barley, 3s 3d per bushel
English barley, none
Peas, 3s 6d per bushel
Potatoes, Warrnambool, to L3 per ton
Potatoes, Ballarat, L2 17s 6d per ton
Hay, sheaves, L3 per ton
Hay, trussed, L3 5s per ton
Straw, oaten to to 35s per ton,
Straw, wheaten, to 30s per ton.
Chaff, 3s 9d per cwt
Carrots, 3s 6d per cwt.
Onions, 6s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 10d to 11d per lb
Butter, potted, 8d per lb
Hams, 10d per lb
Bacon, 9d per lb
Cheese, to 6d to 7d per lb
Eggs, 7d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Messrs. A. M. Greenfield and Co. report under date of Sept. 22:—

Wheat, 3s 6d to 3s 7d for prime milling; oats, Danish 2s 9½d to 2s 10d, stout, 2s 11d to 3s per bushel; peas, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; Cape barley, 3s 3d; malting barley, 5s 6d to 6s; mangolds, 30s; carrots, L1 10s; potatoes, L2 2s 6d to L2 5s; hay continues brisk, prime chaffing, L3 10s to L3 12s 6d; medium, L3 to L3 5s; oaten straw, L2 7s 6d; wheaten, L2; manger hay, L4 10s to L5 5s. These quotations are all bags in.

DALGETY & COMPANY'S WEEKLY WOOL REPORT.

Our cable advices during the week respecting the progress of the London Wool Sales report a fairly steady market, without further change of importance. Arrivals of the new clip at our Newmarket warehouses for sale by us steadily increase, and we shall have a large catalogue for our opening sale early in October. During the week instalments of the following important Riverina and Victorian clips have reached us, viz., Booabula, Hartwood, Quiamong, Tandara and Stanhope over W & G P, besides many smaller ones.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORT.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, September 21:—

Wool—At the London Sales during the week, prices have been somewhat irregular. Cross-breds and superior merinoes, both scoured and greasy, are firm, while medium scoured and all inferior and faulty wools have been easier. The English buyers have been the main support of the market. The Germans have been very reserved, but the French buyers have operated freely in the grades suitable for their requirements. There is no American competition. Up to date, about 148,000 bales have been catalogued, and about 15,030 withdrawn.

Hides.—Sold as follows:—Heavy and superior, in good condition, from 3½d per lb upwards; average to good, salted, 3d to 3¼d per lb; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d per lb; kip, 3½d to 3¾d per lb; calf, 4½d to 5½d per lb.

Sheepskins.—Butchers' fresh-killed, 24d to to 42d each; good to superior, 45d to 60d each; country and station skins, 18d to 40d each, superior to 48d each, and 3d to 5½d per lb; pelts and short-woolled skins, 1d to 2½d per lb, and 1d to 12d each; lambskins, 2d to 3½d per lb.

Tallow—Shipping demand quiet. We cleared our usual weekly supply of odduments to the local trade at current rates.

Best Cut Aromatic Tobacco can be obtained at H. P. Henningsen's, tobacconist, etc., Neill street, Beaufort.

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

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

FLORILINE!—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Floriline" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth 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.

£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.

SPRING GOODS.

:o:

OUR

First Shipment

OF SPRING GOODS

NOW OPENING.

:o:

Wotherspoon Bros AND CO.

IMPORTERS, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

HAWKES BROS.,

BEAUFORT AND GEELONG,

Wholesale and Retail Ironmongers, Furniture Dealers, Importers of China, Glassware, and Crockery, Oils, Colors, &c.

:o:

SPECIALITIES—Fencing Wire, Woolpacks, Sheep Shears, and Shearing Requisites.

General Agents for all Agricultural Machines and Implements.

:o:

GOOD FURNITURE

Many people are at a loss to know where they can buy the

CHEAPEST,

And by discovering the situation of

HAWKES BROS.

You will then find an immense stock and a great variety at

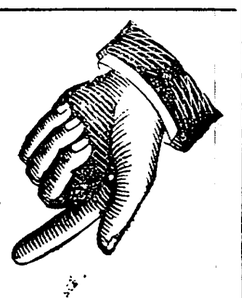
MELBOURNE PRICES.

:o:

TIME-PAYMENTS TAKEN.

:o:

WHOLESALE and RETAIL AGENTS for CHAPMAM'S CELEBRATED EUCALYPTUS PREPARATION.



MANCHESTER HOUSE.

:o:

G. H. COUGLE,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

:o:

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.

:o:

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

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.

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

SUFFERERS FROM WIND ON THE STOMACH, Indigestion, Costiveness, Giddiness, Sick Headache Heartburn, Disturbed Sleep, Palpitat of the Heart, Colic, Ague, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Skin Eruptions, &c., shouldlose no time in availing themselves of that most excellent medicine—"PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS," which for 30 years has held the first place in the world as an effectual antidote to the above and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach, bowels, or liver. Tonic, invigorating and purifying, they form the best remedy extant. Sold by all Medicine Vendors in boxes at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 3s 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.

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.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

LOCAL BOARD OF HEALTH.

APPLICATIONS are invited from gentlemen qualified to hold the office of OFFICER OF HEALTH under the Public Health Amendment Statute, 1883, for the East Riding of this Shire, which will be received at this office up to the hour of 11 a.m. on Thursday, the 13th day of October next.

Particulars of remuneration, &c., can be obtained from the undersigned.

D. G. STEWART,
Secretary Local Board of Health.
Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 19th September, 1887.

Presbyterian Church Bazaar.

ALTERATION OF DATES.

NOTICE—The BAZAAR in connection with the above Church will be held on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 6th and 7th OCTOBER, in lieu of the 11th and 12th.

SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1887.

RETURN VISIT OF ALF.

LAWTON'S MINSTRELS,

AND SPECIALTY UNION.

New and Original Programme, including Ballads and Farces, Acts, Clog Dancing Specialties, &c.

Popular Prices—2s. and 1s. Few reserved chairs, 3s.

MOONLIGHT! MOONLIGHT!

LATEST NEWS

J. V. FLATOW has opened in Neill street. Beaufort, next Beaufort Hotel, for a short period. The finest collection of SHELLS and other MARINE CURIOS in the Colony on exhibition and for sale.

NOTICE.

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

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

THERE are few things more pitiful than to be compelled to say of any public man, who has long occupied a prominently central position—"Superflous lags the veteran on the stage." It is doubtly pitiful, when the position occupied, affords constant opportunity for the display of diminished power and impaired capacity. If Mr Lalor will not be placed by the historian in the front rank of Victorian politicians, the most necessarily occupy a conspicuous position in the record. He was one of those who took active part in a movement which might have resulted in far reaching consequences, and which actually did exercise much indirect influence upon the current of events. He has been a member of Parliament for many years. He has held the seals of office—of a collection of offices, in point of fact—for a few years; and, latterly, he has presided for a long term over the deliberations of the popular branch of the legislature. It is not an exaggeration to say that, for a considerable proportion of that term, Mr Lalor was a signal success as Speaker of the Assembly. Firm, dignified, courteous—he ruled the House with temper and discretion; secured submission to his ruling; and compelled respect for himself. It is, on every account, desirable that the record should end at this; or that, if he has, perhaps gone one stage beyond this, it should go no further. As Speaker of the Assembly, Mr Lalor has played his part worthily, and if we could have wished that there had been less of the quality of bargaining, preliminary to the steps which were taken in the Assembly on Tuesday, we may be content to let that pass. There will be a general concurrence in the wish that Mr Lalor will find restoration of physical health, in the greater ease which he will now be able to obtain, and that his successor will find no difficulty in conducting the deliberations of the Assembly. The historian of the future will, perhaps, find something remarkable in the fact that the two occupants of the Speaker's chair in Victoria, during the most notable period of early constitutional government, owned their positions, at least in some degree, to rebellious resistance to legally constituted authority. It was Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's boast that "he was a rebel to the back bone and spinal marrow." Mr Lalor has no need to make any such boast. He carries about with him the outward and visible evidences of his rebellion. Both are living examples of the fact that we, in Australia, have succeeded in solving at least one knotty problem, without, in the slightest measure, lessening our loyalty to the Empire. There can be no more complete a conversion, than that of a doughty rebel into a effective Speaker; and although our means of making the illustration have become exhausted, the purpose has been served; and we shall be satisfied, if the next occupant of the Speaker's chair shall prove as worthy as his predecessors.

ONCE more the country may congratulate itself upon having obtained an eminently satisfactory report from the Department of Public Education. The document presented to the Assembly last week is encouraging in every material respect. There was an increase in the number of children under instruction during the year—not a large increase, it is true, but this is not to be expected, now that the system has been worked up to as near an approach to complete effectiveness, as appears to be practicable. There was an improvement also in the average attendance, an even more important matter. In this latter respect we are still behind New Zealand and South Australia, but the difference is very slight, and is being diminished year by year. That there is also an increased expenditure, is to be looked for; but the increase under this heading is very insignificant indeed, when compared with those in the more important sections. Moreover, it is not in the mere matter of figures that we obtain gratifying evidence of progressive improvement. There has been an extension of the range of tuition; and whilst for the previous year we had the largest number of passes which had then been obtained, last year's report shows a still larger number. These are eminently satisfactory points. The country may be satisfied, for the present, with the progress which is being made, and with the assurance which is obtained that this progress appears certain to be steadily continuous.

There has been some controversy of late as to the relative merits of the New South system of public instruction and our own. There are material points of difference in the two, and with a view to obtaining reliable information upon the subject, Mr. Brodribb, one of our most reliable and experienced inspectors, was recently commissioned to make a personal enquiry into, and examination of the system across the Murray. The conclusions arrived at are embodied in the report just issued. Mr. Brobribb compares and contrasts the two systems. In New South Wales there is no payment by results. Indeed, it is pointed out that, with the exception of Great Britain and Victoria, this system has been adopted in no country, and, in Mr. Brodribb's opinion, we should do well to discontinue it, because, "by its mechanical and non-intellectual character, it restrains the clever for diligent student, and puts a premium on cramming." The advantages, which were apparent in the adjoining colony, were that individuality, both as regards teachers and scholars, is less cramped than with ourselves. Summing the matter up, Mr. Brodribb says:—"The system of New South Wales works smoothly. Teachers and inspectors like it, and carry it out loyally and heartily. It leads to brightness of manner, and quickness of thought, while there is less temptation than with us, to spend undue time in back work, or in the grinding of mere facts, and undoubtedly it advances pupils more rapidly. Perhaps for exceptionally dull and lazy children, our own plan may have advantages, but for the clever or even the average child I prefer the system of New South Wales." For the reasons given, and for others which are stated in his report, Mr Brodribb expresses his conviction that in spite of some manifest defects, the educational system of New South Wales is a sound and beneficial one, and that as an instrument of popular instruction and metal training, it is superior to our own. Various facts are given in support of this conclusion, but the Minister considers it advisable that a fuller and more searching investigation should be made before adopting a change of so sweeping a character as that which is advised.

We have been accustomed to regard ourselves as taking the lead amongst the colonies in this matter of education; but the facts adduced hardly waarant this assumption. Whilst Victoria has been advancing, the other colonies have not been standing still, and it appears that, at least in some respects, our neighbours are beating us in the race. So long as our own system is as satisfactory as it can be made, we are not justified in complaining that we are not first in the race. But we cannot afford to drop behind through any fault of our own. And it is not with the mere matter of instruction in its literal sense that we have to concern ourselves. Our elementary schools serve very little of their real purpose if they merely turn out youngsters, who, whilst they have been subjected to school discipline, have done what has been required of them. We want an education which so far as it goes shall at least be lasting. What is learned at the public schools should after all be only the introduction to what has to be learned after the schools have been left behind, and it is in proportion as it serves this latter purpose that we have reason to be satisfied or dissatisfied with our system.

The rainfall at Beaufort from September 15th to 22nd, as registered by Mr. McFarlane, was 0.55 inch.

We understand that an effort is being made to obtain a cannon as an ornament for the Beaufort Park.

By a Kerang paper we notice that Mr Robert Kirkpatrick, jun., of Stockyard Hill, carried off first prize for thoroughbred foal, and also first prize for draught foal, at the Kerang show.

Mr. J. Flatow, a Victorian colonist, announces in our business columns that he has opened the shop in Neill street, next Beaufort hotel, where for a few days his collection of curiosities will be on view and for sale. Inspection is free.

As a great deal of time will elapse between the day originally fixed for receiving entries for the handicap events in the rifle competition to be held next month, in Beaufort, before the dates of the firing, it has been deemed advisable to postpone the date of entry until the 8th of October. Letters bearing that date in the postmark will be received, and late entries, if accompanied by an additional 2s 6d, will be taken up to the 12th of next month. Subscriptions towards the prize funds have been and are still coming in satisfactorily.

Messrs. Hawkes Bros. have a special announcement to the public, appearing in to-day's issue.

Mr. W. Edward Nickols advertises a sale of freehold land, to take place next Saturday at his rooms, Neill street, Beaufort.

The Shire Council of Ripon, in their capacity as Local Board of Health, invite applications from medical gentlemen competent to fill the vacant position of health officer for the East Riding.

The Beaufort branch of the A.N.A. held its quarterly meeting on Tuesday evening last, Mr Eddy (president) in the chair. Several accounts were passed. A satisfactory reply having been read from the Mechanics' Institute committee respecting the terms they would let the new committee room at, the advisability of changing the meeting place was fully discussed. Finally it was resolved that, as the Mechanics was more central, and would be likely to prove more convenient for members, the branch accept the terms offered, and in future meet in the new committee room of the Mechanics'. The secretary reported the branch to be in a good position numerically and financially, and the receipts for the evening amounted to over £5. It was mentioned that probably a delegate from the Board of Directors would be present at the next meeting of the branch, but failing his attendance, a paper on "The superior advantages to be obtained by becoming members of the A.N.A.," will be read by the vice-president, the meeting being open to the public.

An interesting wedding took place on Wednesday last, when Mr. Thomas Gibson, of Main Lead, was joined in the mystic bonds to Miss Julia B. Jackson, daughter of Mr. J. Jackson, of Beaufort. The ceremony was performed at the bride's parents' residence, by the Rev. H. Heathershaw. The bride looked well in a costume of fawn cashmere, with grey striped silk trimmings, eidelweiss lace, and wore the customary wreath and veil; while the bridesmaids were very prettily dressed—Miss R. Jackson in grey nun's veiling with blue plush facings and lace; Miss M. Gibson in grey cashmere with silk trimmings; Miss H. Heathershaw, in cream cashmere with blue plush facings: Miss L. De Baere in cream, blue plush and lace. The bridegroom's attendants were Messrs. R. Gibson, R. and J. Jackson, and C. W. Tompkins. After the ceremony the guests (about forty) sat down to a bountiful breakfast, and the health of the newly-married couple were proposed and duly honored. The evening was pleasantly spent, and the pair left by the last train on their honeymoon.

The quarterly meeting of the Progress Tent, No. 43, I.O.R., Beaufort, was held in the Societies' Hall on Monday evening last, a large number of members being present. In compliance with arrangements made by the district council, Bro. Coltman, P.D.C.R., paid his official visit to both tents—adult and juvenile. The worthy bro. occupied the chair, supported by the C.R. Bro. Elliott, and Bro. Prentice, sub-district president; and after the usual out business had been disposed of, gave an excellent address to the members, which was listened to with marked attention. In pointing out the prosperous condition of the Order generally, he was proud to say that the I.O.R. stood first on the list of benefit societies, as regards its financial position for sick and funeral benefits, as shown by the Government Statist report. He strongly advised the members to take more interest in their tent, and attend its meetings with regularity. By so doing, they would rapidly increase, and those we now have would be encouraged to remain. He was much pleased to see such a large and well conducted juvenile tent, which was a credit to the order, and urged its members to remain firm and true to the principles of temperance. He concluded his address by saying that he hoped the tent would be true to its name, true to its principles, and rapidly progress year by year. P.C.R. Bro. Thomas moved, and P.C.R. Bro. Prentice seconded, a hearty vote of thanks to Bro. Coltman for his visit and able address, which was carried with acclamation. The tent being closed, an adjournment was made to the back room, where an excellent repast was provided by the secretary, and presided over by Mrs. Mason, the Misses Prentice and Elliott; after which several speeches, songs, and recitations were given by the members. Miss Prentice also rendered a song in excellent style. The proceedings closed by singing the National Anthem, and the visitor left for Ballarat by the last train.

On Tuesday evening next, September 27, the Alf. Lawton Minstrel Company will pay Beaufort a return visit. It is now about four years since Mr. Lawton and his company were here, and during the interval the company has been materially strengthened by the addition of several first-class artists, both ladies and gentlemen. The ladies are well-known as vocalists of no mean ability, as they have been leading members of the comic opera companies in Melbourne and Sydney, notably Miss Minnie Hope and Miss Alice Johns, who have been associated with Messrs Williamson, Garner, and Musgrove for a considerable time. The other ladies are well-known to fame, and the gentlemen are artists of well-established repute. The comedians of the company are Messrs Alf. Lawton and W. Wallace, so that there should be a lively time while either of the gentlemen are on the stage. The musical arrangements are in good hands, Mr. G. P. Abbot being the conductor. Therefore, a treat is in store for those who visit the Societies' Hall on Tuesday evening. The advertisements gives particulars as to admission.

MINING ITEMS.

It is pleasing to hear that the prospects of the company now boring on the Raglan Flat are becoming more and more favorable. Our readers will doubtless recollect that the fourth bore was bottomed at a depth of 222 ft., giving one foot of wash, from which several small specks of gold were obtained. On Thursday last No. 5 bore, 60 feet from the previous one, was bottomed at a depth of 235 ft, having about eight feet of wash. The boring is very satisfactory, proving the existence of an extensive lead, and should command the attention of all interested in mining. Two or three more bores will probably be sufficient to thoroughly test the ground.

New Keng Meng, Majorca—Yield for three days ended 22nd September—40l oz 13 dwt.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 63oz; New Victoria, 36 oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, —; Saxon Consols, 36oz.

WEATHER FORECASTS

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, Sept. 23, 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Straits.—Showery, but tending to finer weather; west and north-westerly winds.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Showery, but tending to finer weather; west and north-westerly winds.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for:—Anderson, Mrs J. Adams, H. Beaufort, Wm. Burn, G. Bell, J. G. Brolnsi, B. Callaban, R. Dale, J. Dawson, A. G. Edwards, Thos. Ellis, R. Fox, S. Fountain, Mrs Gevith, J. Harrington, G. Haynes, H. Inchbold, Hy. Jones, Thos. Lewis, Miss McIntosh, P. McCord, Jno. Miller, A. McPherson, P. Murphy, Mrs Milliary, W. Miller, Miss McDermott, J. Nolan, J. Pamment, Mr Robsen, J. Rogers, W. Russell, E. Rogers, D. Tuddenham, Mr Trew, J. Thompson, S. Tweedale, D. Tracy, H. Walker, J. Walsh, W. Williams, F. Wigney, Mr Yates.

The Riponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

Would we Return?

Would we return
If once the gates which close upon the past,
Were opened wide for us, and if the dear
Remembered pathway stretched before us clear
To load us back to youth's lost land at last,
Whereon life's April shadows lightly cast
Recalled the old sweet days of childish fear
With all their faded hopes and brought anear
The far off streams in which our skies were glassed?
Did these lost dreams which wake the soul's sad yearning,
But live once more and waited our returning,
Would we return?

Would we return
If love's enchantment held the heart no more
And we had come to count the wild sweet pain,
The fond distress the lavish tears—but vain;
Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst the roar
Of mountain gales, or, on some alien shore,
Worn out the soul's long anguish and had slain
At last the dragon of despair—if then the train
Of vanished years came back, and as of yore,
The same voice called, and with soft eyes beguiling.
Our lost love beckoned, through Time's gray veil smiling,
Would we return?

Would we return
Once we had crossed to Death's unlovely land
And trod the bloomless ways among the dead
Lone and unhappy; after years had fled
With twilight wings along that glimmering strand,
If then—an angel came with outstretched hand
To lead us back, and we recalled in dread
How soon the tears that once for us are shed
May flow for others—how like words in sand
Our memory fades away—how oft our waking
Might vex the living with the dead heart's breaking,
Would we return—
Would we return?

Novelist.

DAYS OF CRIME AND YEARS OF SUFFERING.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

Reprinted from "The Australasian" of 1867 by special permission.)

CHAPTER XIV.

NEWGATE.

Newgate. How suggestive the very word! What associations cluster round the name! How the heroes of the far-famed "Calendar" start into life at the very sound, and are visioned before us in all their pristine glory! How it bears the memory back to the good old times, and begets a reverence for

"The grand old law, the simple plan,
That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can."

Ghosts glide before us as we breathe the mystic syllables, and Claude Duval, Captain Maheath, Jonathan Wild, and Jack Sheppard seem, in the spirit, present. Newgate! thou great school for the improvement of the mind upon the mutual instruction system; thou world of recondite mysteries; thou teacher of unknown tongues; with thy choice precepts and thy perfect examples, with thy philosophical theories and thy daily practices, how many a youth hast thou filled with a spurious and misdirected emulation, and been the means of raising to the most exalted station, thy records chronicling his fame, and the mansion itself becoming his mausoleum! More than once have I trodden thy passages where sleep the dead in their unepitaphed notoriety, and I have thought of the poet's words and found it easy to believe that there might rest

"Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre."

I have often heard it said that simplicity should be twin to greatness, and I never was so forcibly struck with the truth of this remark as when the liveried footman of Her Majesty's carriage handed me out at the door of Newgate. I had seen the outside of one or two of the modern—or model, if you like—palatial seminaries for ethical tution, and the meretricious manner in which they were decked out appeared to me to be a sort of carved commentary upon their own weakness. But here, how different! No wide portals replete with architectural ornamentation were opened for my reception. A little wooden wicket turned on its hinges, and in a moment the busy street was behind me, and a turnkey, a second Daniel Lambert in size, stood before me with a not unpleasant smile upon his face. In those days photography was not in the service of the prison, and so my personal appearance and previous history had to be sketched with pen and ink. This was done instanter—five feet seven and a half, slender, light brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, read and write, Protestant, born at Finchley, Middlesex, age sixteen, once in prison before for vagrancy, congenital brown mark on right side near upper ribs—and the picture was complete. I was then introduced to the reception ward, where there were already three inmates. I was by no means appalled by the look of the place. I had been familiar worse in my non-professional days. There was accommodation only for nine, if my memory serves me rightly. The sleeping berths were contained in a three storied frame, and there were three rugs and a mat to each berth. The ward contained a fire-place, but the weather being warm there was of course no fire. Over the fire place was a bust rudely carved, which my companions assured me was a traditional likeness of Jack Sheppard. Above this was a large board, on which was a painted notice that any defacing or injury of the books placed in the ward would meet with punishment. *What* books were referred to I cannot say, for I never saw any, except in chapel, during my sojourn in the prison. There was a dietary sale hanging up by the side of the ward door, and a glance at this convinced me that the turtle-loving civic authorities had framed it in a sympathetic spirit. I should like to minutely record their generous bill of fare, but my memory is treacherous. I know that the gruel was nice and sweet, that the bread was good, and the meat and potatoes satisfying. The precise quantities I cannot now specify. I only passed one night in the reception ward, and this I spent listening to the narrations of my companions, two of whom were in for passing counterfeit coin, and the other for picking pockets. I must admit, however, that their language for the most part was incomprehensible to me. The pickpocket described how he fanned a bloak's kick, and then touched him of a dummy; that the bloak tumbled and gave out the pay; that he made tracks like winken; that the bloak continued to give beefment; that a flat stopped him, and handed him over to a crusher; that he had slung the dummy; that the bloak rapt hard against him, and so he was fullied to the start, and was sure to get seven stretch on account of his formers. The two for the bad money talked about being out of date, smashng half bulls and counters, ringing the changes, &c. I told them I didn't know the meaning of all their terms, and so, laughing at my greenness, they explained everything to me. I in my turn astonished them with some of my own doings, and they soon declared I was no flat after all. In this manner passed my first night in Newgate.

The next morning, after the medical officer had examined me, I was placed in one of the ordinary day-wards of the prison. The ward, with the exception of being larger, was in all respects the same as the reception-ward. There was the fire place, and the painted board with the book notice, the rack sleeping berths, the mats and the rugs. There were also two tables and four forms, which I remember exceedingly well, as the forms were used for draught-boards, and the tables for playing at shove-half-penny, buttons being used instead of halfpence. There were not more than fifteen prisoners in the ward, and when I entered, eight of these were employed at a well-known prison game called "coddem." As I was well-dressed and differed a good deal in appearance from the general inmates of the place, attention was immediately directed towards me. I can bear testimony both to the zeal and skill of some of my companions, for before I had been in the ward an hour my silk handkerchief, which I afterwards ascertained was a "belcher," had changed ownership, having been adroitly filched from my pocket by some light-fingered artist in the "dipping" line of the profession. I made a virtue of necessity, and bore the loss good-humoredly, and as I could tell a good story, I soon became quite a favourite with my companions. My prison acquaintances were by no means limited to those confined in the same ward with me, for when we were out in the airing-yard, which we were half the day, the inmates of three or four yards were together. I don't pretend that my virtue was much alarmed at the scenes I daily moved among; but I certainly was astonished that proceedings such as I witnessed hour after hour should be allowed in a prison. Publicly in the airing-yards lessons in crime were zealously taught on the mutual instruction principle. The burglar sketched upon the prison pavement the instruments of his trade, and, with fluent tongue, explained their various uses. The shop-lifter explained the various methods by which his branch of the profession might be profitably pursued. The pickpocket was more apt in deed than in word, and gave practical instructions in "buzzing." In short I have no hesitation in saying that the zeal of the professors in this college was so untiring, the methods of instruction so varied and so apt, the knowledge imparted so extended, that any person with ordinary intellect would, after a term or two, be qualified for a degree. Two prisoners specially devoted themselves to me. One was a young man not much over twenty, good-looking, tolerably well-dressed, but altogether without education, understanding the word merely in its scholastic sense. He was one of the most expert pickpockets in London, and was known as "Sullivan the Wire." The other was a middle-aged man; had been three times transported, and boasted of it; knew every cant term of the prison, and could do something in all the branches of prigism; was a shrewd man of the world with a fair amount of intelligence; was a clever sophist in attempting to justify crime; carried on business in London as a "fence"; was awaiting trial for receiving stolen property, but, for want of sufficient evidence, was sure to be acquitted. These two companions were apt teachers, the one giving practical lessons, and the other enforcing with a dangerous plausibility his favorite theories. Many an hour Sullivan busied himself with an earnestness worthy of a better cause in instructing me how to pick pockets. He was an adept at the business himself, and by constant practice I soon became as expert as he was. I have never exercised my skill for my own profit in the world except on one occasion, when, having had my pocket book taken from me on the Melbourne racecourse by one of a party of three, I followed them into a drinking booth, and in ten minutes had recovered my property and emptied their pockets into the bargain, a regular "diamond-cut-diamond" affair. My other Newgate companion—Johnson the fence—was, in his teachings, of a far more dangerous character. In favor of crime he advanced the same sort of argument that had occurred to myself. But there was this difference between us, however cunningly I might entangle myself in my own sophisms, I was never completely deceived by them, but always had an innate conviction of their falsity. With Johnson it was otherwise. His mind was so utterly warped that he believed as he argued, and had no vision of the truth which lay beyond his own pernicious doctrines. Faith, either in the false or the true, begets earnestness; and thus Johnson was a most earnest teacher, and, as a result, made many proselytes. His arguments on myself were thrown away, for I have never confounded vice with virtue, or attempted to justify to myself the evil I have committed. Johnson's knowledge of cant I largely availed myself of, and if I am now an authority in technical terms it is owing to his teachings. I composed several flash songs for the great master linguist, to be sung in the prison yard, but I now turn from them myself with loathing, and cannot suppose that the reader would do otherwise. These compositions were more curious than edifying. It was thus that I passed the time in Newgate. But what could be expected? The activities of the mind will employ themselves, and in the absence of everything good they are sure to occupy themselves with evil. With no books, no occupation of any kind, it is not much to be wondered at that I and my fellow-prisoners discussed crime in all its ramifications, and were daily fitting ourselves for still more guilty deeds on our return to the world than those for which we were then awaiting our doom.

There was no attempt at classification, and as for some reason or the other the men were frequently changed from ward to ward, by the time the sessions commenced I had made the acquaintance of nearly every committed prisoner in the gaol. I thus had the criminal character before me in a variety of its phases; and, young as I was, and quite as criminal as any there, I analysed it with a kind of philosophical interest. Among the rankest weeds there were still flowers struggling for existence—in the natures the most depraved redeeming traits were to be found. Most of the crime around me was of prison growth, and the fountain-heads whence flowed all its streams were ignorance and poverty.

(To be continued.)

Dion Boucicault has been telling that his slender waist and youthful air due to always rising from the table hungry. Mr. Gerge W. Childs has a complexion like a fresh apple, and he seldom eats anything at the great dinners he gives, and touches neither tea nor coffee;—Sensible man!

A Tigress Tamed.

When Mr. Archibald Brooke is described as the nephew of his uncle, and is depicted in the library of his uncle's mansion in Devon, reading an idle book of verse at eleven o'clock in the morning, it becomes evident that he belongs to what is known as the privileged class of Englishmen. And yet, on the May morning in question Mr. Brooke was in a somewhat ticklish position. From his father he had inherited nothing but a bony, muscular frame, and a pleasant, if not very handsome, face; from his mother nothing but a heart not altogether adamant, and two kindly grey eyes, the which he, however, disfigured with spectacles.

None of these hereditaments will do very much for a man nowadays; and Mr. Brooke's friends had thought him uncommonly lucky when, being left an orphan, his maternal uncle, Sir John Tutt-Maxted, had taken him home to Maxted Towers. The country-side, indeed, considered Archie—as he was called for miles around—his uncle's heir beyond all peradventure. But one fine spring day Sir John Tutt-Maxted went up to town to attend to some little matters of business, and when he returned to Devonshire he returned a married man. Nor was this all. He had married a saucy little American girl, who laughed and chattered in and out of season, and talked atrocious slang. Worse yet, the bride brought a cousin of hers, another Yankee maiden, by name Miss Ruth Payson, in her train: and the two turned the towers, and the home farms, and the village of Bishop's Teignton very much topsy-turvy.

Archie Brooke behaved, on the whole, remarkably well for a man in such a position. He certainly thought that his fair step-aunt would have been better in place if she had stayed in California, and he treated her with, perhaps, a little more punctilio than was needful. But he was seldom ironical in his courtesy; and to the pretty Miss Payson he inclined to be more than courteous.

Like many young men with deep voices and little to do, he had a habit of reading aloud, for his own delectation, such scraps of verse as pleased him, and on this particular morning he was rolling out some of Denham's ponderous lines:

"These outward beauties are but the props and scaffolds
On which we build our love, which, now made perfect,
Stands without these supports."

Just as he had dropped his voice effectively on "*supports*" the library door opened, and he rose from his chair to greet Lady Tutt-Maxted.

"What are you reading Archie?—I suppose one may call one's nephew 'Archie,' even if he does not approve of one."

"I was reading an old forgotten poem, written by a certain Sir John something, who went mad."

"And married an American?"

"I don't think Americans—or, at any rate, the present delightful sort of Americans—were invented in those days."

"Archie, how old are you?"

"I was six-and-twenty before you opened the door, and have gained more pleasure than years since then."

"Don't you think you are old enough to know which side your bread is buttered on?"

"I believed the accepted theory to be that one's bread is buttered on the side nearest the floor."

"You are very silly, for all your grave airs, I came here to do you a favor."

"Command me—how can I serve you?"

"To do *you* a favor, I said."

"When I have done what you have in mind that I should do for you."

"You are not stupid, after all."

"Stupid before all, then?"

"Let me talk. Archie Brooke, when I came to this house I expected you to make yourself nasty. Don't interrupt me—it's an Americanism to interrupt. You haven't been as nasty as I thought you would be, but still you thought that I was a poor quality of goods to trim up for a Lady Tutt-Maxted. I didn't mind what you thought—much. But now I want to make friends, Archie, *real* friends. I suppose you feel that I've put your nose out of joint. Well, I probably did move it a little to one side. And you don't like it where it is now. But maybe you don't want it where it was before, either. Maybe your ideas about the best place for a nose have changed. Now suppose I were to help you to set the dislocated nose in a nice new shape, what would you do for me?"

"My dear Lady Tutt-Maxted, I would do anything in the world for you if I had no nose at all—except indeed choose your roses."

"You are very tiresome. Archie, truly, I have changed my mind about you. I want to be nice to you. I don't want to stand in your way with Sir John the least bit. I want to help you about something else that you care even more about. Ah, *that* wakes you up! Will you make up and be friends *please?*"

"I will; I swear it on this lily white hand."

"—'m. Well, its your aunt's hand, isn't it? Now, Archie, I want you to do something for me."

"You surprise me."

"No, don't play now. I'm in terrific earnest. I didn't like you at first, but I do now. You are a *little* queer, aren't you, now, Archie?"

"Alas, dear aunt—alas!"

"You're not the regular thing in the way of a Britisher at all, and that's why I didn't take to you. I thought you ought to have side-whiskers an an eye-glass—or curly hair anyhow. You look just like our college professors, you *do!* And so I thought you were sly. It looked so, didn't it?—just like a real man in disguise. But it's all right now. Archie, I'm in a real scrape."

"Already?"

"If you're going to be horrid I'll go back to Ruth. And if I do I'll settle your chances in *that* direction. No, it's nothing *now*; it's an old story, back in California."

"Letters?"

"How *can* you say such a thing to me? Well, you see, Archie, girls in America have a great deal more liberty than they do here."

"So I have heard."

"And a girl is usually engaged three or four times. But no one thinks anything of it: And they read—well, they read everything!"

"And write—everything?"

"No—But of course if a girl is allowed to be engaged without her folks knowing it, when she is only seventeen, and allowed to read all sorts of novels at libraries, she'll write very silly letters to—people."

"Has he got 'em?"

"Has *who?*"

"The other one?"

"Archie, you're a *dear* boy. No, but somebody else *has!* He was as common as—ugh!"

"Are they very—er—?"

"Um—Pretty. And Sir John is so particular."

"Yes."

"And so easily grieved.'

"Yes."

"It's a woman."

"O-o-o-h!"

"She got hold of them. She was in San Francisco. She is half a Spaniard. She was a manicure—and all that. She is a *wretch!* I have given her money without end; for two years—long before I came to Europe."

"And she wants more?"

"Worse than that. She wants me to receive her—to invite her here. Of course she was not in society out there—but she knew—she knew everybody—everything. She says she would not write to anybody about being here; but she *would.* And Ruth, *she* would wonder—she wouldn't make allowances. She is real jolly—but she has always been so lucky that way! There isn't a thing—not a *thing.* And girls like that are uncharitable. Besides, Sir John has been good to me, and it wouldn't be right to him—she is odious! Help me, for his sake—no, for *my* sake, dear Archie."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Anything. *Strangle* her! She is too wicked to live."

"I don't doubt it, but this is not California."

"Oh, I feel nearly *crazy* when I talk about her. She is an old cat—and pretty! She is ever so much prettier than I am—with her make-up on. She sells those things too. How smart she is! Will you get me the letters?"

"Yes."

"How *can* you?"

"I haven't come to that question yet."

"Archie, you know a lot about everything, don't you? You really *can* do things, can't you?"

"Some things. What is her name?"

"Juanita de Legaspe, Mme. de Legaspe. She says she is a Spanish officer's widow. She's a great many widows, *I* believe."

"Where is she?"

"In London—the Hôtel de Draguignan, Leicester Street, you know, one of those little French hotels around Leicester Square. She does not even go to a decent hotel, and then she wants to come to Maxted Towers!"

"If you had the letters you would feel easy!"

"I would snap my fingers, my nephew!"

"Consider them snapped already."

"If it will help you any, she keeps the letters in a horrid little beaded bag, one of those buck-skin tobacco-pouches the squaws make. They were in it when she got them; it was one that——"

"You don't know where she keeps the bag, do you?"

"She had it with her, in her pocket, whenever I saw it. I guess she keeps it there all the while—she is just spiteful enough. She hates me—and how I loathe her!"

"I will get them."

"But *how*, Archie?"

"Buy them of her, reform her out of them, beguile them out of her, steal them, arrange an earthquake, anything! I will go to town to-night."

"Archie."

"Yes."

"Kiss your aunt for Cousin Ruth. I will pass it on. There!"

"Don't! Keep it until I redeem it with the letters, and I'll ask you to give it back to me then."

"They are not so *very* silly after all, Archie. I don't want you to think—not for a moment!"

* * * * *

Pierre Brunox was one of the fugitives who, between the end of May and the beginning of June, 1871 found it expedient to deport themselves to the side of the Channel furtherest from McMahon and law. Unlike many of the heroes of the commune, Brunox fled empty-handed. And this was the more remarkable in that many of these gentry did their thieving in the mere exuberance of their riotousness, wheras Brunox's connection with the insurrection was only an incidental result of his thievishness, a characteristic which in his case had developed from a propensity into a profession. There had been plundering, of course, and Brunox had plundered; but owing to some mischance he arrived in England penniless.

"And yet I am rich!" cried Brunox, as, with dramatic insistence, he pressed his foot into the black mud of the Dover quay. "Have I not Jeanne? Revive, Jeanne! Forget the pitching of the steamer which disturbed thee! We are free, we are in England, the ground does not roll, the gendarmes smile upon us—forget Vinot, L'Amirault, Cissey, and Douay—we are rich—I in thee, thou in me!"

When a man felicitates himself on his personal liberty and the society of the object of his affections, it is obvious that the reverse of these blessings must recently have been presented to his attention. Such was certainly the case with Brunox, who, only a week before, had seen every reason to expect an enforced domicile in a land where gendarmes do not smile.

On the night of the 23rd of May, two of the greatest scoundrels in Paris sat on a pallet, playing cards. Their faces were the faces of men who drink, but their throats had itched in vain for months. They were men of the sort who wave their hands, and stamp their feet, and shout when they play cards, but they scarcely moved as they shuffled the pack, and spoke in undertones. For the pallet was in a cell, and the cell was in the Depot des Condamnes. Brunox, "La Trique" was his name among the crooks; and "Sourd-Muet," the man who in horrid silence murdered six poor girls one night, dumb to their questions, deaf to their pleas, going from house to house with his hidden knife in greed of their wretched earnings, and yet escaped the knife of justice; these were the two. They had but three days more in sunny France, and then they were going to *travail force* in sunnier New Caledonia.

The stake on the game was a pinch of wretched midrib tobacco—enough for a cigarette, perhaps, but all they had between them; at any rate a sufficient stake, as what is not?—to excite a quarrel.

"Bah, Brunox! You will not play by rule. We made our convention; we arranged the game; if I catch you 'jumping the cut' you lose the deal, and now you deny it when I saw you; I will have the deal; I detected you; your fingers are toes, you are a pig of the Ile de la Cité; I will kick your teeth out, scar-nose! Disease catch you! I am a man; you—you are a woman long dead!"—all this in a hissing whisper; the man's yellow eyes blood-shot with impotent rage, for he dared not fight in the jail.

"La-la! You see two ways. Toes, indeed! My feet are better at cards than your hands! We will not quarrel—to death the cards, they are as sermons to me to-night. They must be having fun outside, those rioters. Is Jeanne in it, I wonder, Jeanne of the Pyrenees, my little counter-cleaner?"

"Your Jeanne has stuck her pins in another wall-paper by now, sot."

"Possibly. It matters nothing now. She could not be in New Caledonia, if she wished."

"I wonder is it as bad as they say out there."

"Is it! There is a spider, 'noskee,' they call him. He spins threads you can hardly break—the islanders eat him—eat the green clay under foot—eat each other—eat us. The guards are devils—they play stick-knife on your stomach—it will be fun, that. Eh? What's that? Listen! Hi, the boys are in Rue d'la Rognette! The noise! They are breaking in! Will they free us? They are quaint, those lads! They should use me well—I, who robbed the General Lecomte. Alas, why were we not politicians. See! they are in the corridor.—*Vive la Commune! Vive Blanqui!* Shout you fool! *Hola-a-a!* Release us, we are with you!" A dozen men paused at the door, iron bars in their hands, torn from the railings.

"Will you carry petroleum, if we let you out?"

"Yes, yes. Is Goucher there? He knows me, Brunox, La Trique—ask him!"

"Come then," and the iron lattice fell.

"Is the boy right—your fat brother, there?" asked one of the men, as he freed Brunox from his irons.

"No; he is a dog, an ape of the aristocrats!" cried La Trique, and struck Sourd-Muet down with a shackle which had fallen from his own leg. "Now, will you kick out my teeth?"

Sourd-Muet made no reply; his head lay against one of the legs of the pallet, rolled a little, and his tongue lolled out from his mouth, and seemed to reach toward an ace of clubs on the flagging by his side.

Free, Brunox reeled through Paris with the mob that night, and in the morning sought for Jeanne. He found her, and when a few days later it became evident that the commune was doomed, they two, who had involved themselves in its crimes, fled to England.

Jeanne was pretty, and Jeanne was plausible; Jeanne told a story of pathos and horror to the good people of Dover; she and her husband were political fugitives; were poor, homeless, expatriated, and she got enough money to take them to London. They found congenial society in Soho, haven beloved of exiles: and Brunox looked about for work, work of a certain sort, be it understood, for was not he called La Trique? After Jeanne had learned her way down town, she took a little walk without her dear Brunox one day, and visited a pawnbroker in Greek street, to whom she showed a *chatelaine* studded with sapphires, a bit of pickings in the Rue de Rivoli. It had, she said, been her mother's—her mother was of the emigres—and she wanted money so sorely. The worthy man of the golden balls may have had his doubts, but the thing was of foreign make—the risk could not be very great.

"It ain't 'all-marked, you see, Miss, and them danglers ain't got any sale lately. W'at's the least oher kun do with?"

After some haggling a sum was fixed, which was small enough to leave the broker a bargain, but seemed a fortune to Jeanne.

She said nothing to Brunox about the *chatelaine*, and she said nothing about the roll of bank-notes. The love of a young girl is full of delicious reticences. But she wrote him a sweet little note. Jeanne was said by some of her sprightly young friends of the Quartier Montmartre to have been a Cagot by birth, and a frog-catcher by occupation for a time; but, still it was a well-written note that she pinned on Pierre's pillow before she took the train for Liverpool:

"DEAREST BRUNOX: I am a burden to you, therefore I leave you. Think of me sometimes. I will come back some happy day. I go to Yorkshire, where there are makers of artificial flowers.

Adieu. Thine sadly, JEANNE."

Brunox swore a little; he did not much believe in Yorkshire and the artificial flowers. He watched the music-halls and other resorts for Jeanne, but she was not to be found. He consoled himself with a Mme, Ducange, who kept a little restaurant in Leicester Street, and married her. The restaurant grew into a private hotel, and was named after Madame's native village. They were pastorally happy. They watched flocks of customers browsing about the *table d'hôte* in search of everything *à discrétion.* In process of time she died, and her place in the kitchen was taken by a red-haired young *blanchissense* from across the street; a girl with a mole on the tip of her nose, but an excellent cook of the Burgundian school, as the patrons of Brunox agreed.

And where meanwhile was the faithless Jeanne? In a word, she was everywhere. From Liverpool she sailed to New York, drifted to Chicago, to New Orleans, bettering herself always, until she found her fortune in San Francisco. There she opened an establishment for the sale of cosmetics and the treatment of finger-nails—her own hands were very slim and pretty—and did a little blackmailing at intervals; all under the name of Mme. de Legaspe, a Carlist patriot's widow—one who had seen happier days on the banks of the Manzanares. San Francisco is not the worst place in the world for the exercise of such talent as those which the Bon Dieu had given Jeanne, and a knock-about life developed. Jeanne may or may not have paddled about the marsh of Bigorre for frogs, but she certainly showed great acuteness in finding the frogs she wanted in San Francisco; the men who would submit to *chantage.* In the land of the late Legaspe, the periodical press is supposed to do all this work, but as the newspapers of San Francisco are, happily, not in this line of trade, it has to be conducted less systematically. Jeanne never made an error. One of her "audience" consulted Kennard, the great attorney of Montgomery-street. The lawyer stroked his shaven jowl with the back of his hand, flecked a mote from his polished index-nail, and said; "If she's after you, she's got hold of *something.* The fair Juanita is pretty fly. I think on the whole I'd part." And the point of it was that this sage adviser had been taking his own medicine for a long time past!

Yes, Mme Legaspe was a clever woman.

When Jeanne had become very prosperous, she became discontented, as fortunate people will sometimes. She was a little bored. Mr. Kennard called her "the fair," and in truth she was a marvellously pretty little nervous brunette, with eyes like black diamonds. But, as she had been heard to say, the men of San Francisco admired only two styles of women; these were babies and mountains of flesh. Jeanne was neither one nor the other, and of course she was a little faded—just the least thought in life faded. Not all the cosmetics in Constantinople could quite conceal that. The gilded youths and their golden seniors grew to neglecting Jeanne.

Finally, and in a fit of the blues, she wrote to one of the most respectable citizens of San Francisco a note which did him infinite honor, showing, as it did, the poor widow's frank confidence in his benevolence. In this note she requested him to buy out her shop in its entirety.

The capitalist did as he was requested—not indeed without a little persuasion. He had, of course, many other claims upon the goodly proportion of his income which he devoted to widows and orphans. But he considered it prudent to be benevolent in this case.

Thus it was that Jeanne was enabled to shake the yellow dust of the Bay City from her dainty shoes. Paris was her destination—what mattered the events of ten years before? But she would fold her wings and shake the folds out of her dresses at London, pausing there in her flight to the great aviary. There was a little lady in England who would be glad to see her, who would perhaps *not* be glad to see her—but who would give the poor widow of a patriot a few of the nice crisp English bank notes, the notes of Greek Street, so different from the dingy and dog-eared greenbacks. Better yet, the kind lady would be hospitable to the widow, would open to her the wonderful gates of English society. The county families should knew and admire Juanita!

In London she saw Brunox in the street—and so far from being discomfited, deigned to ake up her residence at his hotel.

And it was in this way that the letters in the beaded bag found their way to the Hotel Draguignan, Leicester Street, London, W. C.

. . . .

Mme. de Legaspé was a little out of temper. London seemed a wretched place—the fog, the subfuse tone of English life weighed upon her; it seemed like a dimly-lighted cathedral in which a funeral continued endlessly, the obsequies of youth, and mirth, and pleasure. San Francisco had grown wearisome—but London! The men with their red faces and their loutish bearing, their great boots, like *sabots*, that they planted on the greasy flags as solidly as if they all bore burdens on their heads; the odious hansoms, as difficult to enter as a buggy; the theatres, with their heavy, pompous atmospheres: the morning papers, with their magniloquently offered platitudes; and not a line of news that one could read; the weeklies in which the spiciest gossip was the meanness of the Queen; the monthlies, with their outer air of pamphlets and their inward air of tracts; the shops—*mon Dieu*, the shops, with their girls as slow as oxen, and their men as dull as sheep; while their windows showing diplomas where they ought to show their goods; the houses, built like prisons, and their curtains always drawn; the parks, as dull as graveyards; public-buildings, glum as tombs; and the costumes on the women, dowdy-looking, hung like bath-wraps, worn as Biddy wears her clothes. "If I look at the streets I want to *scream!*" cried Juanita.

At the first sight of Brunox, she had imagined that he would amuse her, that in talking with him she would recall the Jeanne of old days, the joyous vitality, the appetite for *pralines* and rough jokes; forget the "pump-stabs" under her knees, and the nervous headaches that even morphine would not always kill.

"He has an air of distinction, has Brunox, he is more like an old soldier than a retired thief—he is as military as my poor Legaspe!" thought Jeanne, and flashed her little teeth in a charming laugh as she realized that she herself had at last accepted her mythological antecedents as facts, and come to regard the Legaspe phantom as a reality.

When, however, she had talked a little with Brunox, it was a different matter. Originally on a plane inferior to hers, he had remained where he was, while she was accommodating herself to a more rarefied atmosphere. He had become, practically, an honest man—but his honesty was *bourgeois*, as his rascality had been vulgar. He had been a rat, furtively gnawing at the cheese of Paris; contemptible certainly, but at any rate predatory, challenging society, if only in forays. And now he was torpid, tumid, viscous, maggot; fattening in the heart of the cheese of London, permitted by the pantry-man. He had never possessed any trait befitting a man, except his recognized individuality, and he had now merged that in the smooth emulsion of law-abiding mankind.

The little woman amused herself in observing Brunox's recognition of the change in their relative positions. His intercourse with her was a comedy. He sometimes ventured to recall an incident of the old days, or to tell a queer little story of "Paris in London," but always with a tentative familiarity, preserving the attitude of a favorite valet who ventures to tell his master a bit of gossip. The change in Jeanne could not escape even his dull perceptions. There had been much familiarity about her relations with her clients in San Francisco, nor had the familiarity been contemptuous on their part. The social atmosphere of the city is anomalous, it seems as distraught as the cave of the winds. She, at any rate, had not recognized her social subordination to the ladies who resorted to her; and she had caught their distinctive tone, that combination of bohemianism, snobbishness, critical morality and delicate impropriety which makes them at once the safest and the most alarming of daughters and wives, and which, grafted upon temperaments as incongruously inclusive, renders them the most fascinating women in America, at any rate.

Against Nina Duggan, now Lady Tutt-Maxted, she cherished a little feminine animosity. There had been a matter of a man—a scamp who had been engaged—deeply engaged—to Nina and then not married her, and who had drifted into the silken meshes of Jeanne's net—and in the course of a little flirtation had given her the letters, or let her steal them from him; and there were little responsive endearments in the letters which aroused Jeanne's jealousy. Jack, the scamp mentioned, had been very charming. And Nina had played with his moustache and called him her pirate, before Jeanne indulged in those little follies—or so Jeanne thought. He had been very much of a pirate, certainly. There had been an affair of Jeanne's gold-mounted *lorgnette* which was even too bad for a pirate. With the mien of a prince and the personal charm of a poet and a grand tenor, he had apparently inherited a taint of the blackguard. Nina had once accused him of Negro blood; that was her simple explanation of his disparities.

Reading the Will.

This morning I received a note from my affianced bride, Constance Graham, requesting me to attend at two o'clock that day at the house of her late uncle in Harley street, for the purpose of hearing his will read. I had the greatest pleasure in complying with this invitation. I had really begun to fancy that old Mr. Graham was going to remain perpetually on the earth, like Mrs. Nortons's "Undying One;" he was always on the point of death, and always cured, and better than ever in the course of a few days; last month the cold water system seemed completely to renovate him, but he suddenly relapsed, departed from the world, and left fifty thousand pounds and a will behind him.

Though Constance is the prettiest and most amiable girl of my acquaintance, I had determined never to marry her while her uncle lived! he had frequently proclaimed her his heiress, but as frequently took offence at something or nothing in her behavior, and bequeathed his wealth to a hospital, prison, or some lunatic asylum. I felt quite easy on the present occasion, for Mrs. Bates, Mr. Graham's housekeeper, had given me information that, only an hour before her master's death, he had told her he had handsomely provided for Constance. I felt, however, that it was my policy to appear ignorant of that circumstance, Constance being very romantic, and Constance's mother very suspicious.

At the appointed time I walked into the drawing-room in Harley-street; the very few relatives of the old gentleman were assembled. There was Constance, looking as Hebe might have looked if Hebe had ever worn crape and bombazine; Constance's mother, looking stiff, cross, and uneasy; an elderly female cousin, and a stripling nephew of the deceased. I feared none of them. I knew that Mr. Graham disliked his fine lady sister-in-law, despised the servility of his elderly cousin, and dreaded the frolics of his stripling nephew. I seated myself by Constance, and in a soft tone began to protest my affection and disinterestedness.

"Knowing the caprice of your uncle, my beloved," I said, "I have every reason to conclude that I shall hear you are disinherited; this, however, will be of little moment to me; I have enough for comfort, though not for luxury, and, as the song beautifully says:—

"'Still fixed in my heart be it never forgot
That the wealth of the cottage is love.'"

"I fancy, Mr. Chilton," said Constance's mother, looking excessively sneering and shrewish, "that it is pretty well known that my daughter is the sole heiress of her uncle's wealth."

"Indeed, madam!" I replied with a start of surprise, "I was not aware that any surmise was hazarded concerning the contents of Mr. Graham's will."

"I have heard a surmise hazarded," sharply interposed the elderly cousin, "that Mr. Graham was not in his senses when he made it."

"The mind must be both base and weak," retorted Constance's mother, "which would give credence to such a rumor."

Then a sparring dialogue took place between the two ladies, during which I whispered to Constance a page of Moore's poetry done into prose.

Temple now entered the room, the solicitor and friend of the late Mr. Graham. He was a handsome young man, and had presumed as one time to lift his eyes to Constance. He opened the will, and we all became mutely attentive. Oh, what a disappointment awaited us! Three thousand pounds were bequeathed to Constance—this was the old fellow's idea of a handsome provision!—five hundred to the elderly cousin, ditto to the stripling nephew, small legacies to the servants, and the remainder of his wealth to found a cold water establishment for the reception of those who were not quite rich enough to pay a gratuity for being half drowned. Temple read the names of the attesting witnesses, and then refreshed himself with sherry and biscuits. As he was a friend of the family, his presence was no restraint on conversation.

"That will ought to be contested; I do not believe Mr. Graham was in his senses when he made it," said Constance's mother, reddening.

"I thought that the mind must be both base and weak which could give credence to such a surmise as that," sneered the elderly cousin.

"Dear Mamma!" said Constance, "do not be discomposed; I am very well contented—I shall not be quite a portionless bride."

Constance held out her delicate white hand to me—I affected not to see it.

"My dear Miss Graham;" I said, "do not believe me so cruel and selfish as to wish to plunge you into poverty."

"I thought you said that your income was sufficient for every comfort," remarked the stripling nephew.

I did not condescend to answer him, but continued,—

"No Constance, though it breaks my heart to do so, I give you back your freedom, saying in the pathetic words of Haynes Bayly, 'May your lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me!'"

I was just making for the door, leaving Constance looking more like Niobe than Hebe, when Temple said,—

"I think the party had better remain till I have read the codicil."

I reseated myself in amaze, and Temple forthwith read that the testator, being convinced that he had received no benefit from the cold water system, revoked and rescinded his legacy to it, bequeathing the same to his Constance Graham.

"Constance! dear Constance!" I exclaimed in the softest of tones. But Constance looked neither like Hebe nor Niobe, but as stern and severe as Medea. I then attacked Temple. "Is it legal," I said, only to read part of a will?"

"I read every word of the will," he replied, "and having greatly fatigued myself by so doing, I trust it was perfectly legal to refresh myself with a glass of sherry before I read the codicil."

I was going to utter some further remarks, when Constance's mother said, "Good-morning, Mr. Chilton!" in a tone of voice which left me no alternative but to echo her leave-taking, and I descended the stairs pursued by a smothered laugh from the drawing-room, returned home very low-spirited, and entered my adventure, or rather mis-adventure, in my diary, deducing from it this valuable piece of advice to gentlemen in search of fortunes.

"Never believe that a will is concluded till you have enquired whether there is any codicil to it."

Parting the Hair.

It is, truly, a strange fact that among people in the remotest antiquity the "middle" or "woman's part" should have been so universal in both sexes, and in both the high and low walks of life. Mayhap nature taught man this simple trick of style, inasmuch as straight hair has a natural tendency to divide itself evenly on each side of the head. This is true of that ancient people the Egyptians, who, though they were wont to shave their heads through motives of cleanliness, yet in the making of their huge periwigs, displayed the middle parting. Of this custom the Greeks and Romans were borrowers. No vestige of the side parting is met with in the classic days. This deviation from the general custom was not destined to make its appearance till many centuries later, and very like it is that it took its rise under some circumstances which called for distinctive hair partings for the two sexes.

Among the ancients, maid and matron divided their tresses in this manner upon the crown of their heads, while in the stronger sex either the hair was shorn close, or, if curly, allowed to cover the head quite evenly in short ringlets, secured at times by a band or a fillet. Then, as now, high foreheads among women were deemed destructive of facial beauty, and were partially covered by bands of hair drawn and held in place by ornaments of gold or silver.

The Roman dude besmeared his ringlets copiously with ungents; hence arose that classic *mot* descriptive of the pomatumed coxcomb: He scratches his head with one finger;" meaning that he was a dude, and feared lest he might disarrange the graceful cluster of his curls. In statues of the Olympian Jove his masses of hair are parted in the middle. So, too, with a slight modification, are the locks of the Apollo.

Deep drinking and heavy eating play sad havoc with man's hair, and from the days of the Roman emperors down to the advent of the pigtail in the last century periwig, bag-wig and bobwig held sway, and in one and all the middle parting kept its place almost universally, even when quite hidden from view by tier upon tier of puffs and rolls. With the disappearance of powder and pigtail, there was a scramble among the male sex to make the most of their crops of hair that had come down to sons and grandsons from long lines of roisterers and *bon vivants*: and hence the invention of the double part and roll. Perhaps it was excusable, but it was certainly none the less amusing to watch these gentlemen of the olden time in their constant and anxious efforts to lift these poor rolls up in an encouraging manner, when the curl given them by the heated tongs began to grow weak and they showed a tendency to collapse and tumble over the forehead.

There is one style of half-parting common among many gentlemen in certain walks of life. It might be proper to call is an effort only; for no matter what the unfortunate maker may succeed in persuading himself that it is, the heartless world is sure to pronounce it "an effort only."

The joys of this life are numerous and enticing. They lead us on so seductively that we are hardly conscious of the long journey which we have made in the land of enjoyment of good cheer and boon companionship, until we look at our heads some morning after an all night seance and find them bald! Bald! Oh, dreadful thought! Then there is hurrying to and fro for wash and lotion and tonic. Too late, it cannot be! The poor owner of the denuded poll gathers together the longest and most vigorous specimens of fringe and draws them across the vast expanse of his intellectual skating rink. He thinks he has parted his hair. Alas 'tis the "parting of Ichabod." It was, but is no more. Its "glory has departed."

In this matter of parting the hair there is a great deal of human nature. It is in truth a natural proceeding. All animals part their hair, so to speak, adjust their plumage, look after the hang and lay of their covering.

Some men who are anxious to present a fair outside, and to look equally presentable front and rear, continue the parting over the peak of the cranium, down the occipital surface, passing over the region of the cerebellum, and terminating at the nape of the neck. The effect is very pleasing, if you like it. Some do. Generally speaking, however, they are those who never had a good look at the back of their heads.

SUPPLEMENT.

Good Stories.

The Baby-King of Rome.—When Marie Louise bore a son, who was designated King of Rome, the Emperor Napoleon I. was highly pleased, and took great interest in the child, a frolic with whom always put him into good humor. Persons who came at such times to solicit favors were pretty sure to be graciously received.

M. V., a man of real talent, who was at once highly informed and very poor, asked for an appointment; but, having no patron, three or four petitions which he presented never reached the hands of the emperor. Worn out, impatient, and daily growing poorer, he devised a stratagem which would have been worthy of a courtier of Louis XIV. Necessity often inspires happy thoughts; he drew up with great care a little petition, which he addressed to "His Majesty, the King of Rome." He asked for a place worth one hundred louis; this was a very modest request.

Full of hope of success, he went to M. D., a superior officer, who was aide-de-camp to the emperor, stated his distressful case, and showed him the petition. M. D., whose kindness was equal to his valor, led the petitioner into the presence of Napoleon.

His majesty took the paper and noted the superscription with evident pleasure as well as surprise.

"Sire, that is a petition for his Majesty, the King of Rome," said the applicant.

"Very well, then, let it be taken to its address," said the emperor.

The King of Rome was then six months old. A chamberlain was ordered to conduct the petitioner into the presence of his baby majesty.

M. V., seeing that no fortune smiled upon him, was equal to the occasion. He presented himself before the cradle of the king, and, after he had made a profound and respectful reverence, he unfolded the paper and read its contents in a loud and distinct voice.

The infant king having uttered some inarticulate sounds, M. V., and the chamberlain again saluted his majesty and returned to the emperor, who asked with the greatest seriousness what answer they had obtained.

"Sire, his Majesty the King of Rome made no reply," said the chamberlain.

"Very well, silence gives consent," returned Napoleon.

Shortly afterward M. V., was appointed to a post in a departmental administration with a salary of six thousand francs.

A singular discovery has been made at the Odeon Theatre, Paris. From time to time the sound of hammering had been heard, apparently coming from the roof of the theatre. The other night the new manager, M. La Rounat, heard it during the performance of *Britannicus*. Inquiries were made. "It is the cobbler," said a scene-shifter. The manager and the stage-manager looked at each other in astonishment. "What cobbler?" The *concierge* did not know. Guided by the noise, the manager arrived at a little room with a skylight. In it indeed there was a cobbler, working gaily enough. "Who are you?" asked the manager. "I am a cobbler." "Again!" The cobbler was requested to clear out. The question now was how he had got there. Everybody knew him by sight. At last one of the oldest members of the theatre traced the cobbler back to the days of George Sand's piece, *Les Beaux Messieurs de Bois-doré*. A great many boots were needed in this piece. At the dress rehearsal most of the boots were found too small. The stage-manager sent for a cobbler, and, in order to prevent the noise of his hammering from interrupting the rehearsal, he had been sent upstairs to enlarge the boots. He had remained there twenty years. The people in the theatre had been accustomed to see him with his leathern apron; and, as he interfered with nobody, nobody interfered with him.

Lady X., it is stated, wrote no fewer than eight letters requesting an invitation to the Blues' Ball for herself and two daughters. The first letter was honeyed with sweetness and confidence, the second was a reminder, the third was plaintive, the fourth dignified, the fifth pressing, the sixth touching, the seventh remonstrating, and the eighth imploring. On the receipt of the eighth letter an invitation was good-naturedly sent. It had scarcely been despatched, when a ninth letter was received, abusing the ball, the invitation committee, and the whole of the regiment. An attempt was made to stop the invitation; but it was too late. One of the Blues met Lady X. and bowed to her frigidly. He being an elder son, Lady X. was moved by his apparent want of enthusiasm, and, stopping him, said: "Why do you look so black this morning?" "The Blue replied: "Well, my lady, I am very savage with you." "Savage with me! But why? I have always been most amiable to you. What have I done?" "Well, I find that I am the only man in the regiment you have not asked for an invitation to our ball." Lady X. straightway took her daughters out of town.

Who would ever have suposed that the late Paul Feval, once the chief of the sensational school of fiction, but always the mildest of men, and in his last years a sincere Christian, was one of the undiscovered assassins of Paris? The author of "Le Bossu" ("The Duke's Motto") was attacked late one night, in an outlying quarter of the capital, by a footpad. Favel succeeded in flooring his enemy with a vigorous kick below the belt, and went his way, leaving his aggressor unconscious. Next morning, the police found him there dead, and active efforts were made to find the murderer; but Feval did not think it worth while to give himself up to justice. And the world would not have known of the adventure but for a note found among the papers of the dead author.

Mrs. J. G. Blaine, Jr., is an uncommonly handsome woman. Mrs. Blaine, for all her gentleness, has no little force of character. Shortly after her romantic marriage, her husband counselled her to see no reporters during a brief absence of his. A certain irrepressible reporter sent up his card seven times in less than half as many hours. Each time word was brought him that Mr. Blane was out. The intrepid scribbler finally sent up a message saying that if Mr. Blane did not come down, he (the reporter) would come up. Mrs. Blaine returned for answer: "Mr. Blaine is out. Mrs Blaine is at home and will see him if he comes up, but he will regret it." He did not come up.

An Englishman, the younger son of a lord, married several years ago the daughter of a wealthy Boston gentleman. He spends three months every year in Sydney with his wife, and the other nine months in England alone. He has never taken his wife over with him to his own home. He was asked by a friend on one trip why he did not bring his wife. "Oh," said he, "she is kept at home by a baby, I believe, or something like that."

"Mr. Mallock's works do not appear to be admired by the members of the Athenæum. He was put up for that respectable club the other day, and was rewarded by a hail-storm of blackballs. "I cannot express how much I feel delighted and honored at having met you, Mr. Carlyle," quoth Mr. Mallock, after a conversation with the Sage of Chelsea. "Eh! well, I hope I may not meet you again!" is said to have been the pleasant reply.

Frank Shelley, the only surviving relative of Percy Bysshe Shelley, made a *mot* one night at Delmonico's when the Duke of Sutherland was dining with him, Edmund Yates, and Nugent Robinson. The duke had brought an unknown lady with him. He nevertheless remarked several times that the Americans were singular. "Ah, yes," Shelley said, "they go out with their wives."

A well-known mathematician in Macon, U.S., and who has published a series of arithmetics, recently received a letter from a teacher asking him to send him a key to the Third Grade Arithmetic. The mathematician wrote back: "Dear Sir: It has no key; it is a stem-winder."

Boys' Column.

Jock o' the Mill.

As every one knows, it was not so many centuries ago that the borderland between England and Scotland was considered fair hunting-ground for those who lived within reasonable distance of the Tweed. It was claimed by various lords who probably had small right to it, but who tried to enforce their rights with little regard to the justice of their claims.

After Chevy Chase the ill-feeling between the border clans became still more bitter, and involved the unhappy people who lived in the neighborhood in still greater misery than before. The raids of the English were avenged by the Scots, and *vice versa*, and numberless petty encounters took place of which neither history nor ballad takes any note.

The Baron of Melton was one of the chief raiders. In fact, in spite of his title, he was no better than a common robber. His misdeeds were connived at by the English Government because he was useful in checking the advance of the Scots, of whose inroads into England there was a constant dread. So the baron was permitted to enrich himself as well as he could from the plunder of his neighbors.

There was, however, a thorn in the baron's side. Jock o' the Mill was a man of no account socially speaking. He had been a plain miller, till his mill had been plundered and his cattle driven off by the baron. He had been molested several times before, but had managed to carry on his business in spite of it. That last attack, however, convinced him that it was useless to try and continue his peaceable trade whilst such men as the baron were within a short night's ride.

So he gave up his grinding and turned his mill into the nearest approach to a fortress that he could contrive. The situation greatly favored him. By building a barricade across a narrow path which ran along the side of the precipitous rock bank of the river which fed his mill he was able to render it impregnable on one side. By raising the dam of his mill-stream he was able to flood the marshy ground around him, so that on the whole he was well defended. Add to this that the approaches to the mill, with the exception of the barricaded path, were through a tangled glen of which scarcely any one knew the secrets.

It was not long before Jock had a following of nearly a score of men who had suffered from the incursions of the English and were eager for revenge. They made occasional expeditions on their own account as they grew stronger, and soon became known through the country-side. They made no attempt to attack the large castles and strongholds of the English, but confined themselves to exploits which were not hazardous.

Jock's chief desire was to revenge himself on the baron, yet he durst not attack him openly. But every now and then a shower of arrows would drop into the castle when least expected, wounding or perhaps killing a man or two, and the baron guessed rightly that Jock was at the bottom of it, though no trace of any one could be found. More than once the baron's march home had been annoyed and impeded by sudden and rapid attacks, the enemy disappearing almost before they were seen.

All this was very annoying to the baron, who was a powerful lord, able to muster a hundred men-at-arms at need. He determined to root out Jock and set his mill on fire, disposing of him once for all. So with fifty men he marched to the mill one dark night.

That was the most disastrous expedition he had ever made. He was ignorant of the existence of the barricade, so went steadily forward until it was reached. The hinder riders pressed on those in front; one horse went over the precipice, not without noise; Jock's sentinels were aware of something going on and hastened to give the alarm. The attacking party soon found boulders rolling down on their heads; the confusion became still worse. By the time they regained a place of safety their number was reduced by nearly a third.

It can be easily imagined that the baron did not intend to sit down idle under this rebuff. He vowed the most terrific revenge. But he was wise enough to see that he must be more cautious next time. Jock was not an enemy to be despised.

So the baron dispatched some spies, who were to discover the way down the glen so as to avoid the path along the hillside. But the spies were singularly unsuccessful in their search. The fact was that the first had been caught and killed on the spot, and the rest saw that to venture into the glen was certain death, for Jock was now always on the alert.

But the baron suspecting that cowardice was at the bottom of their reports, gave the last comer, a hind named Pierce, a taste of his heavy hand and sent him out again, vowing to hang him if he came back without certain news of the approaches to the mill.

It was a week before he returned. The baron had almost given him up.

"Have you succeeded?" asked his lord imperiously.

"I have penetrated even to the mill itself. I know every approach," replied Pierce, humbly.

"Good for you that you do," said the baron, "or your bones would soon be whitening! Lead the way to-night, and tell the men-at-arms to prepare. There is no room for horses?"

"In single file through the glen, but there is open space enough close to the mill."

"That will do," said the baron.

When night fell the little army sallied forth. Pierce rode in front to lead the way, promoted for the time to the dignity of a horse. The baron followed with his company, leaving those on foot to make the best of their way in the rear. He knew the ground would soon be so difficult that they would overtake the horsemen.

The journey was made without mishap. By four o'clock they were at the head of the glen. The moon was low on the horizon, but on the east were some signs of dawn.

They plunged into the dark wood, closely following at the heels of Pierce.

"I don't quite like this," said the baron, as his steed stumbled down the narrow path.

"It will be better soon," said Pierce.

It certainly was, and progress became more easy than they had anticipated. But there soon came a check. The horses sank rather deep into the miry ground and the baron halted.

"Is there no way round this quag?" he asked. "We shall sink over our heads in this, by the way it looks."

Pierce slipped off his horse.

"There is a path if you will follow me," he replied. He led his horse straight on. The baron tried to follow. Then Pierce's horse began to sink; he made desperate struggles, but got deeper and deeper. Pierce, however, did not stay to help him out, but leaping lightly from boulder to rush-tuft, was quickly out of reach.

It was hopeless to try and follow him. There was a bog on each side of the path, and the floundering horse blocked the way and helped to obscure the proper stepping-places, even had the men known them. The archers were in the rear, ignorant of what had happened, so that Pierce made his escape without even risking a scratch.

It was evident the baron was betrayed. He gave orders for an immediate retreat. But it was not to be ended without interference. From all sides there soon came a galling shower of arrows. The horsemen could do nothing amongst the trees, and the footmen and archers were at a terrible disadvantage fighting against invisible foes and ignorant of the ground. By the time they emerged from the glen half their number were either killed or wounded, among the latter the baron himself. Mocking shouts greeted them as they left the wood, Pierce's voice being especially distinct.

The explanation of the ambush is easy. Pierce was tired of the baron's severities, and when he was threatened with hanging unless successful in his reconnoitre, thought that the simplest way would be to turn traitor at once and make his neck safe. He was warmly welcomed by Jock and persuaded to return and lead the tyrannical baron into the glen. He was made complete master of the intricacies of the bogs, as the event showed, and had the satisfaction of seeing his stratagem successful.

Jock's desire was accomplished. He had not anticipated so easy a victory. He knew, however, that the baron must ultimately be too strong for him, so he and his companions left the neighborhood and secretly oined the Scottish king's army. So that when the baron did at last penetrate to the mill he found no one there on whom to wreak his vengeance. However he burnt the mill to the ground, and tried to persuade himself he had gained a victory.

The Wine That Conquer's Care.

Nay, frown not, fairest! Chide no more,
Nor blame the blushing wine;
Its fiery lips are innocent
When thrills the pulse with thine.
Go, leave the goblet in my hand,
But veil thy glances bright,
Lest wine and beauty mingling here,
Should wreck soul to-night.

Then, dearest, to the ancient vine,
In sculptured beauty rare,
Bow down thy red, arched lip and quaff
The wine that conquers care;
And breathe upon the glowing cup,
Till thus its perfumes be
Sweet as the scent of the orange groves
Upon some tropic sea.

Then while the fingers idly stray
In dalliance o'er the lyre,
Sing to me love, some rare old song
That gushed from heart of fire—
Song such as Grecian phalanx hymned,
When freedom's field was won,
And Persia's glory, with the light,
Faded at Marathon.

Sing till the shouts of armed men
Ring bravely out once more!
Sing till again the ghost-white tents
Shine on the moonlit shore!
Bid from their melancholy graves
The buried hopes to start,
I knew ere many a storm had swept
The dewdrops from my heart.

Sing the deep memories of the past!
My soul shall follow thee—
Its boundless depths are echoing
Thy glorious minstrelsy;
And as the sweet vibrations hang
Enfettered on the air.
I'll drink, thy white arms round me, love,
The wine that conquers care;

A Great Traffic in Fowls.—Speaking of the immense number of fowls received weekly at Marseilles, France, a London journal says: The fowls arrived from Italy in railway vans of the ordinary size, but specially constructed for this traffic. The sides are of lattice-work, and internally the van is divided into nine tiers, or shelves. On each tier there are twelve cages, and each cage is calculated to contain thirty birds. In this way the prodigious number of three thousand, two hundred and fifty fowls is conveyed in a single waggon. The cages are provided with tins for water on one side and for corn on the other, and there is a door in each through which any fowl that is injured or sickly can be at once removed. The birds are said not to suffer at all to deteriorate on their journey, though they come from Milan or even from Venice, and in many cases are sent through direct as far as the Spanish frontier. We often thank Heaven that we are not as the Italians in the matter of the treatment of animals (and no doubt as a rule we do so with justice), but if the Irish poultry consigned to the markets of London or Glasgow could see the arrangements that are made for the accomodation of their Italian brethren, they would surely pray to be delivered from the careless kindheartedness of the English, and handed over to the calculating mercies of the Italian.

Beggars Supported by Gamblers.—Perhaps the gamblers are the best support of beggars. If you know where a poker game or a faro bank is located—of course you don't; you never saw anything of that kind, and I know—it will be quite a surprise to you to learn that they exist, if, indeed, you know what they are—you'll always find beggars and loafers around.

Gamblers are superstitious, and they will not upon any consideration pass a beggar by without giving him a small contribution. It would be bad luck. Perhaps there's a trifle of conscience about it, and they have, after all, a sense of some power above them to be appeased by their helping the needy. A gambler will borrow to give to a beggar.

I have known actors imbued with the same sentiment. I only knew one dramatist who owned the superstition. He had a play coming out, and the night it was to be produced, just before the curtain went up, a beggar tackled him. He gave him a penny.

"There," said he, "that's good luck. My play will be a go."

It was a terrific failure.

"I wish I'd given him a florin!" he said.

The superstition was all right. The amount hadn't been enough to appease the goddess Fortune.

His Costumes.—Richard Wagner generally received his visitors in mediæval costumes such as he always wore when composing. Alexandre Dumas, calling on him one day, was highly amused at the masquerade. "You are all dressed up to play 'Gessler,' eh?" said Dumas, with his good-natured laugh, which rather hurt the feelings of the author of "Tannhauser," who nevertheless returned M. Dumas' visit when next he went to Paris. After same delay M. Dumas appeared at last, arrayed in a magnificent dressing-gown with large flower pattern, a helmet with flying plumes, a life-belt round his waist, and enormous riding boots.

"Pardon me," said he majestically, "for appearing in my working costume. I can do nothing without being dressed in this manner. Half of my ideas live in this helmet, and the other half are lodged in my boots, which are indispensable to me when I write my love scenes."

Moral Courage.—There is a brave man in Kentucky. The State is noted for the bravery of her sons and the beauty of her daughters; but the man we speak of has a kind of courage which is rare everywhere and at all times. His name is John S. Rhea. On the stump recently, Mr. Rhea descanted with freedom upon another speaker, who replied by a challenge to mortal combat. Rhea declined to fight for four reasons: 1. He did not believe in duelling. 2. It was against the law. 3. There was some one dependent upon him to whom he owed protection. 4. His acceptance of a challenge would exclude him from the practice of his profession in Kentucky. These are arguments which his opponents will find it difficult to answer. At the same time, speakers who do not believe in duelling are practically bound to treat their opponents with the most scrupulous personal respect.

A feeble but facetious applicant for employment in Brisbane called upon the alderman from his ward, the other day, and pressing his claims to consideration upon the ground of service rendered upon election, urged the alderman to secure him a place. "Why, my dear fellow, you are too sick to work. I would gladly do anything I could for you, but it is out of the question: there is no one of the departments that would fit your case." "Isn't there? What's the matter with the Health Department?"

Female students are numerous in Paris (most of them Russians), and generally poor, so they club together and put their resources into a common fund. One room is used as a dormitory, another as a study, etc., and a single cook does for all.

Health.

Atmospheric Humidity.—The amount of aqueous vapor that the atmosphere is capable of holding varies with its temperature, being greater when the air is warm, greater in Summer than in Winter and greater in a warm than a cold climate. The relative humidity exercises a powerful influence upon animal and vegetable life. It is a well-known fact that the inhabitants of a dry climate are as a rule, thin and sallow, while those living in a moist insular country have well developed figures and fresh, ruddy complexions. It is to the greater dryness of this country that we owe the peculiar phisique of our people, which is so different from that of our English Ancestors. Schagintweit, a German, who travelled extensively in this country, notes this peculiarity, asserting that we are very proud of the leanness of our women: "According to Pettenkofer and Voit, the human body exhales from the lungs and skin twenty eight ounces in twenty-four hours and of this a little over seventeen ounces is from the skin alone and, as the amount exhaled depends in a great measure upon the hygrometric condition of atmosphere, it becomes apparent that even a slight change of only 1 per cent, in the relative humidity exercises a marked influence upon the cutaneous and respiratory exhalations, produces a corresponding increase in the urinary secretions and not infrequently in that of the intestinal canal." "Dry climates by diminishing the water in the blood, act as a powerful stimulant to the nervous system, increasing its functional activity, causing excitement and sleeplessness." Hence such climates, although admirably adapted to the treatment of pulmonary diseases, are contra-indicated in many nervous affections. "This effect is evolved even in healthy persons on their removing to a dry climate, or to one of considerable elevation and exhibits itself in a certain degree of restlessness." Sudden changes in the percentage of relative humidity operate very sensitively in a diseased organism their first effects being a sudden increase or diminution in the blood pressure. Hence high altitudes, owing to diminished atmospheric pressure, even when combined with a high percentage of relative humidity, is similar in its effects to a dry climate with lower elevation.

The Preservation of Health.—To be really well in health means to be cheerful, even in temper, contented, and free from any condition that tends to render life a burden. I believe that each and all of these qualities or conditions are factors of the state we call health, and ought to be thus regarded. If a man waits to be cheerful, even tempered, contented and free from unreasonable anxiety until he finds himself in the enjoyment of perfect health, he will wait until it is too late to be well and happy; whereas, if he will only set himself to develop the qualities to which we have alluded, he will do much, not merely to sweeten life, but to make it healthful and enjoyable. Few of us have any adequate notion of the extent to which the will is potential as regards the body, simply because we do not so act as to test our inherent powers of self-control. For example, we place our faith in "warm wraps" as against cold, and avoid heat, instead of determining to dare and bear it. So it is with disease; we tremble in its presence, and take it "from fear." It is not by worrying the consciousness and exhausting the mental strength with anxious endeavors to keep up the health of the body that its integrity of function is to be maintained. Carefulness—with "pampering" and "coddling"—may be itself a cause of weakness. The will should be concentrated upon the total result rather than on details. A man should will to be healthy and vigorous, rather than waste time and strength in worrying himself in endeavors to discern flaws and faults in the working powers or construction of his organism. An intelligent respect for the laws of health is all that nature requires of us. All beyond is craven timidity and unnecessary fear.

Eating and Drinking.—A physician says that a large proportion of intemperance in the use of stimulants may be laid to the light breakfasts eaten by most people. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day, and sufficient importance is not attached to it in the majority of households. After the long fast enforced between supper or late dinner and seven or eight o'clock in the morning, a person in good health should feel hungry; and it is at this hour of the day that the heartiest meal may be eaten with the least probability of bad results. The man who starts out in the morning after having eaten a hearty breakfast will seldom, unless suffering from chronic indigestion, experience any of the discomforts which might follow a similar meal at any other time of day. The chances are he will also enjoy a happier frame of mind all day; whatever be his custom, he will find himself with an excellent appetite. Eating creates appetite. The very opposite results will follow the other course in this matter, and the man who has not had a good breakfast will not enjoy a good dinner. I have treated a good many cases of habitual drunkenness, and in a great many of them I have found that the evil practice of tippling was begun to satisfy a gnawing, faint sensation in the stomach in the morning which was nothing more or less than disguised hunger.

Perspiring Hands.—A correspondent writes to the *Jewellers' Weekly*: "There is no general remedy for perspiring hands. A number of them have been suggested, among others the application of cold water, but all these are apt to endanger health. I always was troubled with perspiring hands, and, although I employed every remedy I heard of or could think of, I am still troubled with them. All articles of steel or iron which I touched with my fingers were sure to rust next day, and during my apprenticeship my employer made it a rule that I should touch no watch parts, whether large or small, with bare fingers; and, when I could not avoid doing so, I had to rub the parts at once with an oiled rag. In the same manner did he insist that I rub all my bench tools with an oiled rag every evening before I laid them away, to which I am now so accustomed that I do it regularly from force of habit. I find the practice an excellent one, for my tools and utensils remain always bright and clean, and many of my fellow-workers consider them new and still unused. Thus, owing to the diligent use of the oiled rag, the perspiring of my hands has no baneful effects."

Dr. Brown-Sequard, in a communication made to the Societe de Biologie, points out a method by which that common but uncomfortable experience known as catching a cold may be avoided. He remarks that the parts of the human skin which are most sensitive to the action of cold are at the neck and at the feet, and these should be hardened and accustomed to withstand rapid changes of temperature with impunity. His treatment to attain this end consists in blowing upon the neck daily a stream of cold air from an elastic bag and placing the feet in water the temperature of which should be gradually reduced from day to day until the coldest water is used.

A Queen's Kitchen Cabinet.—In Queen Victoria's kitchen there is a bookkeeper to give orders to grocers, provision and other dealers, four clerks to aid him in his work, a chief cook, four master cooks, two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, four scourers, three kitchen maids, a store keeper, two "green office" men, two steam apparatus men, first and second yeomen of confectionery, an apprentice, three female assistants, a baker and assistant, and three coffee room women. There is an extensive wine cellar, superintended by a man of large salary, and an army of officers engaged in various departments suggestive of eating and drinking.

Ladies' Column.

Jennie June's Opinions.—"Than journalism there are few harder things that a girl can try, if instead of confining herself to occasional fashion notes and gossip correspondence, she takes a place on the regular staff of a paper and shoulders some of the serious work of journalism. For the five years that I was on the weekly and Sunday Times the staff never exceeded three, and for the most part included only two persons. That was in war times, too, when people expected a good deal of life and fire from their papers. Between us we wrote the whole sheet except the weekly short story.

"I was the exchange editor, the dramatic critic, the musical critic and the book reviewer. I never turned in less than two columns, broad columns they were too, of editorials and another column and a half of minion editorial sketches of politicians and generals. With all this I kept up a column and a half of my special department, 'parlor and sidewalk gossip,' and attended to pretty much all the mail and telegraph matter. Once for three weeks, when the editor was laid up with rheumatism, I wrote the whole paper, including the London letter—which was got up this side of the water, by the way—and all.

"It was a hard life, and it is not any easier; though a good deal different, now. And yet a great many young women like it and are doing good, honest work in it right along to-day.

"The best chance for a woman still, especially in New York, is in lines that women found their way into first, correspondence, social topics—and I'd rather take that in its best than in its worst sense—and book-reviewing. It happens often enough, especially in the smaller cities, that a woman is accepted soberly as an editorial writer, and her mother—wit is utilized—gratefully enough too, since she works for small pay—on every topic with which the masculine brain is called upon to grapple, but such instances are as yet, I believe, the exceptions, though they are multiplying fast and may before long form the rule.

"It is one of the pleasantest things of to-day that there is no sex in good work. Sooner or later women will find their level, and what they can do there will be no lacking chances for them to do. As yet, we lack, the most of us, the training that gives exactness and accurate habits of mind, but so fast as we find out what our deficiences are, I believe we have common sense enough to remedy them."

Sensible Women Wanted.—Specialized education does not necessarily create companionable nor even sensible women; else, by parity of reasoning, would all professional men be personally charming and delightful, which undoubtedly they are not. A girl may be a sound Grecian, a brilliant mathematician, a sharp critic, a faultless grammarian, yet be wanting in all that personal tact and temper, clear observation, ready sympathy and noble self control which make a companionable wife and a valuable mother. Nor is unprofessional or unspecialized instruction necessarily synonymous with idleness and ignorance; while a good all round education is likely to prove more serviceible in the home and in society than one or two supreme accomplishments. Many of us make the mistake of confounding education with acquirements and of running together, mental development and intellectual specialization. The women of whom we are most proud in our own history were not remarkable for special intellectual requirements so much as for general character and the harmonious working of will and morality. The Lady Fanshawes and Elizabeth Frys, the Mary Carpenters and Florence Nightingales, whose names are practically immortal, were not noted for their learning, but they were none the less women whose mark in history is indelible and the good they did lives after them and will never die. And taking one of the at least partially learned ladies of the past—is it her Latinity and her bookishness that we admire so much in Lady Jane Grey, or is it her modesty, her gentleness, her saintly patience, her devotion—in a word, is it her education or her character—the intellectual philosopher of the sweet and lovely and noble woman?

Dresses for Children.—To keep children's dresses in good order and suitable variety involves never ending labor. In renovating costumes, wonderful efforts can be produced by the judicious use of a yard of velveteen, plush, or velvet, cut up to form a new collar, cuffs, and band to trim the remodeled dress. Ribbed velveteen is much used for the inexpensive costumes, and looks very pretty when combined with a shade to match in woollen material. The skirt should be made of the velveteen, which also trims the bodice. Frocks with full skirts and long-waisted bodices are again becoming fashionable for little girls of seven or eight years. A good model can be made of cashmere, or later of wash goods; the full skirt is mounted with gathers, a second row of gathers about three inches below the first, keeping the skirt flat over the hips; a short puff is added to the back. The sleeves are gathered and finished off with deep cuffs. Beautiful dresses can be made from the great varieties of cotton goods with which the shops abound. Etamine is shown in great variety; some with cream color grounds, figured with cardinal or blue, are extremely pretty, and inexpensive. These made up with ribbon bows matching the design in color are pretty, and if made at home the cost is a mere nothing. White is always pretty, whether of woollen goods of the soft creamy shades or of the various cotton materials so lavishly displayed. Ginghams are shown in endless variety. These always wash well, if bought in a good quality, and are extremely pretty, the soft shades combining so exquisitely in the stripes, plaids and changeable varieties shown. Colored embroideries can be used for trimming these or plain white as a contrast, if preferred.

Teaching Canaries to Sing.—When it is remembered that a canary who can whistle a tune commands a large price—not less than £25—it seems quite worth while to teach this accomplishment to the willing little creatures. The canary is very imitative. It will pick up notes with surprising quickness. If you whistle an air repeatedly in the room, he will soon endeavor to catch it. Select your tune, repeat one bar of the music at a time; repeat the lesson over and over again until he has mastered it. Then go a step further, and so on, until the tune has been thoroughly caught. It is best to confine your teachings to a young bird. Canaries are naturally tame, and yet, as a rule, I have found that birds who will allow themselves to be handled or petted are apt to do very little singing. The best singers I ever saw were very shy when an attempt was made to catch them. It is also better for their health that they should not be fondled. "I have refused some fine offers for my feathered pet," says a bird fancier. "When the home organ is played, he instantly follows up with 'Hold the Fort,' or 'Strangers Yet.' He will sing as though his dear little throat would burst, and keep up the tune with such well regulated time that it is surprising. I myself taught him both tunes by the method given above, time and patience doing the work."

To Curl Ostrich Plumes.—Have ready some corn cobs and common salt, and let the fire in the cook stove burn down until you have a good bed of coals; lay the cobs on and sprinkle them with salt and shake the feather in the salt. Add cobs and salt from time to time, and be sure to shake the plume well, turning every part in the smoke. The harder you shake the feather the better it will look. Be careful to hold it far enough from the fire to keep it from burning. The livelier the coals without blaze the better. I have tried to make this plain. I thought my plumes completely spoiled till I tried this method. I saw a milliner wash a white plume once and recurl it this way, and it looked as nice as new. She washed it in suds and rinsed it in clear water, and shook it vigorously until about dry, and then shook it over the smoke.

Odds and Ends.

Coleridge and Pigopetta.—And do you know that "The Tale of the Ancient Mariner" was born down yonder on the other side of this great sea—the Pacific? Magellan, or rather Fernando Magellano, the Portugese navigator, under the flag of Spain, took with him a historian, Pigopetta by name, who gave the world one of the greatest books that has ever been forgotten! I doubt if it has ever been translated into English, though it may be. But I found it in the library in Mexico city; and its pages fairly glowed.

Yes, I know that we are told that this weird and wonderful story of the "Ancient Mariner" is purely imaginary, opium eating and all that. But Coleridge was a ravenous reader. Lamb says he would utterly devour a library, even to the catalogue. And surely when reading up to found his colony in America, he must have fallen in with Pigopetta's account of the very first voyage around the circle of the globe. But of course, it is no disparagement to the great poet that I say this. I beg you, however, to read Pigopetta if you want to know anything about this sea of seas that lies here throbbing and thundering at my feet as I write.

Read where they first broke through the Straits of Magellan and flew before the hurricane into the boundless unnamed sea before them.

We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea!

It is all there, the crossbow and all. The crossbow about the neck of the withered mariner was the holy cross, which they hung about the neck of the giant Patagonian to convert him. Of course the great poet made the poem. But he did not make the sea; the awful scenes when their water turned to worms; their bread to dust; and then the rain; and rest at last—

The creaking of cordage;
The perfume of the sea.

Joaquin Miller.

Hawthorne and Pierce.—The following is a little story told by the Rev. Dr. Cheney on a recent lecture on the life of the late Nathanial Hawthorne. On a tour in search of reminiscences he found a number of gentlemen airing themselves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument, one of whom he accosted:—

"Did you ever know Nathaniel Hawthorne?" he asked.

"Know Nat Hawthrne? Why, of course I knew him; he and my brother were great cronies."

"Then you know, probably, something about his early works?"

"Works? Nat Hawthorne's works? Say, was he any relation to you?"

"No."

Well, then, just let me tell you something about Nat Hawthorne. He was the confoundedest laziest chap that ever drawed breath. Why, I've seen that fellow settin' round the woods and fields nappin' and thinkin' and winkin' like a sleepy toad. He never could do anything until Frank Pierce was elected president, and he was a friend of Nat's and got him a job in the Custom House. After that I believe he had some place in England or some other foreign country."

"But don't you know that he wrote some very beautiful books?"

"Oh, yes, I remember 'bout his hobby for writin', and mind ye, that's about all he would a-done if it hadn't been for Frank Pierce."

The possession of social gifts is sometimes of advantage to an artist. Mr. Hubert Herkomer while in America, pleased people enough to receive their orders for portraits at five hundred pounds apiece. He talked well, and made himself agreeable generally. M. Chelminski got a thousand pounds from a citizen of St. Paul for painting his children, his horse, and himself during a visit to that city, and has gone home with a small fortune. M. Bertier, who came over with M. Munkascy, has been so successful that he has taken a studio in New York. A prominent art dealer explains all these successes as due to the social gifts of the respective artists.

Fully a hundred people stopped to gaze at a hansom that stood for a few moments in front of Mrs. Langtry's home, in Twenty-third Street, New York city. It was the property of Mr. Fred. Gebhard, and its brass mountings and high polish made it fairly glisten in the sunshine. Presently the Lily came from her house, escorted by her husband that is to be. She looked more charming than ever in a coffee-colored silk, with a Gainsborough hat of the same color. Mr. Gebhard is growing stout. The driver cracked his big coaching-whip and the couple were off.

The successor of "Cham" as the leading Parisian caricaturist is "Caran d'Ache," which is a Russian *nom de crayon* meaning pencil-holder. The artist's real name is Emanuel Poirè, and his clever drawings are found in *Figaro*, *Le Vie Parisienne*, and *Le Monde Illustre*. His sketches are ludicrous in their exaggeration of the truth, and are finished with extreme artistic care. He is a dude under thirty, and strolls along the Champs Elysées on fine days linked to a fat pug-dog by a silver chain.

"No, sir," thundered the old gentleman; "I have made up my mind that my daughter shall never marry a man who plays poker." "She might do a great deal worse, sir." "Impossible. Poker has proved the ruination of thousands of men, and its victims never recover from the infatuation. She could never do worse. Excuse me, sir, but I am sure she could. She might marry some fellow who thinks he plays poker." The old man thought it over.

A man bought an estate in Ireland recently. He was of small stature, we are told, and very thin and wiry-looking. When he went down to see the place, the tenants turned out to inspect the new landlord, and, after his departure began to discuss him. "Well, Pat, what do you think of the new landlord?" "Oh, begorra, not much! Why, that little gossoon would be as hard to shoot as a jack-snipe!"

Bank Manager:—"Sorry but I can't accomodate you; your paper is not good" *Indignant Customer*—"I remember when you were a poor man, twenty years ago I lent you a thousand pounds without security." *Bank Manager* (pleasantly)—"I remember the circumstance, and I also remember how I wondered at your greenness. You probably have more sense now, and so have I. Good morning."

Miss Cockett—"Yellow roses are supposed to indicate flirtatiousness, and moss roses mean love, do they not, Mr. Neversmile?" *Mr. Neversmile*—"So I'm told; and white roses mean silence." *Miss Cockett*—"Well, what do these large cabbage roses and jacks mean?" *Mr. Neversmile*—"Bankruptcy, Miss Cockett—bankruptcy, every time."

"There are three things," said Broughne, to his wife, "that a woman can't be persuaded to do without." "She can't, eh?" said Mrs. Browne, in an incredulous tone; "I guess she can do without them as well as man can, if not better. What are they?" "Food, clothes, and life," quietly replied Broughne; and his wife retorted: "You think you're smart, don't you."

Some Freethinkers in a quiet unorthodox discussion of divine mysteries appealed to a silent listener to give his views on the subject. "My opinion is," said Mr. H. "that one man knows just as much unknowable things as another," a preposition which called for so much study in order to seize the point of attack that it broke up the discussion.

Abraham Lincoln considered the familiar poem, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" the sweetest flower of modern verse, and used to repeat it as often as Daniel Webster before him repeated "Gray's Elegy."

Humor.

Personal Preaching.—"Sir," said a lady, one fine Sunday, to a clergyman, just after the morning service was concluded, "sir I hope that you will not preach that sermon again."

"Why not, madam?"

"It was very personal."

"Indeed? What part of it?"

"Oh, that part about worldly-mindedness and covetousness."

"But how could that be personal—the remarks were general enough?"

"You may not have intended to apply it personally, but the congregation will."

"To whom, madam?"

"Why, to me."

The lady and clergyman parted, but not very cordially, as she could not extort from him a promise never to preach against worldly-mindedness any more. A week passed, and on the Sunday following the same clergyman preached on the subject of "providing all things honest," etc.; his text occurring in the service of the day, which generally guided him in the selection of subjects. In this sermon—thought he—there is surely nothing to arouse the feelings of the lady who complained of the former discourse; but on the morning following, as he was fetching his letters from the post-office, he met the lady's coachman.

"If you please," said John, touching his hat, "if you please, sir, I can explain all 'bout the hats."

"Explain all about the hats, John! I don't understand you."

"Why, sir, the hats as you preached about yesterday."

"The hats I preached about?"

"Yes, I quite understood you."

"That's more than I can do as to you, John; pray explain yourself."

"Why, sir, you see, mistress and me has had a row about the livery hats; and me, sir, and the butler and the footman, sir, felt quite sure as how mistress had set you to preach to us."

"Well, John, call at my place on your way home."

John did so, and the sermon was produced and read to him."

"Yes, that's it, sir."

"Well, now look at the outside of that sermon, and you will see that it was written twelve years ago; and the reason that it was preached yesterday was, because the text came in course of the service. I knew nothing about your quarrel, and your mistress has not spoken to me since the Sunday before last."

John professed himself satisfied.

"I see, John, that hats will sometimes fit as well as caps. Good morning to you."

The Human Eye.—The eye is a very sensitive subject to touch upon, as you discover when it is switched with a whisk broom or punched with the end of an umbrella. Noah Webster, who spells it with but one letter, says I is a personal pronoun, and personal matters should be treated with great delicacy.

The eye was held in such great esteem by the ancients that they elevated it to the rank of a deity and "My eye!" was a favorite exclamation of profane Roman youths.

Demosthenes placed great confidence in the power of the eye. Being asked one day how it was that he contrived to subdue tumultuous assemblies so easily, he replied, with a cunning wink: "It's all in my eye." It will thus be seen that this peculiar expression of the eye can boast a classic origin.

It has puzzled mortals a good deal to determine who Betty Martin was, but the most rational conclusion was that she was a female oculist who astonished the ancient mariners by her successful manner of treating an inflammation in the eye of the wind, hence sailors expressed their astonishment by exclaiming: "My eye and Betty Martin!"

The eye is of varied shape, color and expression. It is most prominent with egotistical people, which does not include the blind, because with them the "I" is continually out of sight. It is a peculiarity of the eye that it can look a variety of colors, no matter what its own individual color may be.

Black eyes can look blue, blue eyes look dark, brown eyes look green, and bright eyes look blank if necessary. Even very dull eyes may learn by experience to "look sharp."

It Drew all the Same.—A hardware man was setting up a coal stove. He had figured for twelve feet of pipe going straight up, and for forty more to run to the back end of the store, then a turn and twelve feet additional would take it into the chimney.

I want a hole cut in the floor and the pipe to drop down and run into a basement flue," said the merchant.

"But it won't draw,"

"But it will!"

"It can't!"

"It must!"

"Humph!"

"We'll see."

"Well, I've been in this business twenty years, and I know."

"Can't help that; I want it as I told you."

"Smoke must ascend."

"You go ahead."

"Well, don't blame me."

The hole was cut, the pipe put down and run to a flue, taking only five or six feet, and the result was astonishing. There is a better draught and more heat to that coal stove than can be duplicated in the city. In fact, dampers must be put in the pipe to lessen the draught.

"Travels Like Pisen."—Not long since an old lady entered the telegraph office, and said she had a message to Albury. In a few minutes her note was deposited in a dumb waiter, and ascended in a mysterious manner through the ceiling.

"Does that go to Albury?" inquired the old lady.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the clerk.

"I never was there," continued she, "but it hardly seems possible that there town lies in that direction. How soon shall I get an answer, Mr. Telegraph."

"I can scarcely tell, ma'am; it may be two or three hours."

The old lady went away, and returned in exactly two hours. Just as she entered the door, the dumb waiter came down through the ceiling.

"There is the answer, ma'am," said the clerk.

The old lady took the neat yellow envelope in her hands, with a smile of mingled gratification and astonishment.

"Now that beats all," exclaimed she. Bless my heart; all the way from Albury and the wafer still wet. That's an awkward looking box, but it can travel like pisen."

Love Tactics.—A certain young and beautiful lady of Brisbane received among her many Christmas presents a handsome diamond bracelet which was the gift of an old admirer. Now the young lady is engaged to be married, and when her best young man saw the bracelet he strenuously objected to her retaining it and demanded that it be sent back. She, like the rest of her sex, loves diamonds and hated to part with her pretty present. Finally a happy thought struck her, and when her young man next appeared she greeted him with the remark that the bracelet would not trouble him any more.

"Why," he asked, smiling, "have you sent it back?"

"No," she replied; "I took it down to Bailey's, bought another diamond and had them all made into a ring. It is not his present any more."

The astonished young man gave one gasp and then sat down.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

D Company (Ballarat) v. Beaufort Rifle Club.

The first ten men of D Company, Ballarat Battalion of the Militia, came to Beaufort on Saturday last to fire a match with a like number of the Beaufort Rifle Club. The utmost confidence was reposed in the local men from the start, and, as the result showed, that confidence was not misplaced. The Ballarat men, however, did not shoot up to their usual average; but previous to starting the match they paid a tribute to the skill of the local marksmen by saying that the result would be a very close one, but they were afraid that they (the visitors) were not good enough. That this was the feeling of some of the men was shown by the steadiness and length of time taken in firing. The wind was across the range, and at times gusty and not to be relied upon, but as it prevailed during the whole day it was no better for one side than the other. The light was all that could be wished for, and the targets were well washed for the occasion. The ranges were 400, 500, and 600 yards, seven shots at each range. Captain Thomas (of Beaufort Rifle Club) was present on the ground, as were also Captain McWhae (of D Company), Lieut. Claxton, Lieutenants White and Rosse. At the conclusion of the match, three cheers were given for the visitors and responded to. The following are the scores made:—

D Company.	400 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.	Total.
Sergeant Allsop...	31	26	27	84
Private Buley	30	28	21	79
Private Grose	23	29	26	78
Private Mitchell	32	27	26	85
Private Liddiard	29	17	23	69
Private Farr	30	26	24	80
Private Parry	24	29	27	80
Private Jackson	27	26	18	71
Lance-Corporal Flockhart ...	29	24	17	70
Lieutenant White	22	22	21	65
	277	254	230	761

Beaufort Rifle Club.	400 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.	Total.
J. McRae	35	29	26	90
S. W. Male	31	24	29	84
J. McKeich	28	27	27	82
A. A. Trompf	25	22	32	79
T. A. Archard	31	30	24	85
J. W. Harris	22	29	18	69
Captain Thomas	29	20	16	65
J. A. Lord	32	25	22	79
J. Chapman	33	28	28	89
E. J. Thomas	30	33	24	87
	296	267	248	809

After the match, at the invitation of Captain Thomas, all the shootists adjourned to the Camp hotel, where they joined in a glass of wine, etc. The toast of "D Company, coupled with the name of Captain McWhae," was given with musical honors, Captain Thomas, in proposing it, referring to the pleasure it gave them to vanquish a team of such known skill as that of D Company. He assured them that, without apologising in any way for having done so, he personally had thought Beaufort were in for a good doing. However, he was pleased at the friendly spirit that had prevailed throughout, and he hoped that this would not be the last contest the militia and rifle club would engage in. Captain McWhae, in replying, said he hoped that his team had shown them that they could take a beating with as good grace as they could give a defeat. He was pleased at the reception given them; but he would not deny that his pleasurable feelings would have been greater had he to speak for the victors instead of the vanquished. Without boasting he would tell them that the team that day on the losing side had had an almost unbeaten record; he always felt proud of them, and his pride was not the least diminished because of the sound beating they had got. These matches between the two branches of the defence force should always be encouraged; and he liked to see so friendly a feeling existing between them. He hoped the Beaufort Rifle Club would try to meet them in a return match on their own (Ballarat) ranges, when they would endeavor to turn the tables on them. Mr. T. G. Archard (president rifle club), Lieut. Claxton, and others spoke, and after a pleasant half-hour the visitors were escorted to the train, and took their departure.

A HANDICAP MATCH.

On Tuesday, in consequence of the great improvement shown by the second best five shots of the club, a handicap match was fired at the local ranges, the distances being the three at the large targets. As will be seen by the scores some excellent shooting was done. Mr. E. J. Thomas has earned the proud distinction of being the first to made the possible at the 500 yards distance at these ranges; he fired excellently all through, and made the handsome total of 96. Mr. J. McRae come next highest with 88. The following is the result:—

First five.	400 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.	Total.
Captain Thomas	33	29	22	84
J. Chapman	30	26	30	86
J. McRae	34	30	24	88
S. W. Male	29	33	25	87
T. A. Archard	30	31	26	87
	151	149	127	432

Second five.	400 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.	Total.
E. J. Thomas	32	35	29	96
J. W. Harris	26	30	20	76
J. McKeich	27	25	23	75
A. Trompf	29	26	26	81
J. A Lord	26	28	19	73
	140	144	117	401

THE UNION CLUBS' COMPETITION.

The third competition for the Union Clubs' Trophy was fired on Wednesday last at Great Western. The day was the worst yet experienced since the match was commenced, and was by no means favorable to large scores being made. The wind blew strongly from all quarters, and rain fell at frequent intervals in heavy showers. The light was as variable as the wind and very deceptive. Only two targets were in use; but these were in thorough condition, and the mounds, which were slight elevations, were found very convenient and comfortable. The range at Great Western is an excellent one, and the Beaufort club have reason to envy the local club in this respect. No expense is necessary to give every distance up to a thousand yards at the Western. Two lads marked with commendable activity and gave general satisfaction to all the riflemen. As in the previous match Beaufort is to the front, this time with a majority of 28 over Stawell. Great Western beat Ararat. On the ground all the visitors were entertained with refreshments. The following is the result:—

Beaufort.	400 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.	Total.
Captain Thomas	30	26	21	77
E. J. Thomas	33	29	21	83
J. McRae	33	27	29	89
T. A. Archard	32	28	17	77
J. Chapman	32	20	29	81
	160	130	117	407

Stawell.				
Aitkon	28	26	22	76
Cahill	28	24	16	68
Playford	31	28	24	83
Parker	32	27	20	79
Whitehead	27	27	19	73
	146	132	101	379

Great Western.				
Haines...	29	27	5	61
Best	23	21	17	61
Nason	26	13	22	60
Conroy...	23	29	26	78
Young	21	27	24	72
	121	117	94	331

Ararat.				
Richmond	19	19	21	59
Asche	26	23	13	62
George	26	20	11	57
Blease	27	23	19	69
Longford	20	25	9	54
	118	110	73	301

The following are particulars of the results of each of the three competitions, from which it will be seen that Beaufort's chance for the trophy is immensely sure:—

	1st match	2nd	3rd	Total
Beaufort ...	418	410	407	1235
Stawell ...	419	408	379	1206
Ararat ...	342	408	301	1051
Great Western	330	352	332	1041

The final match is to be fired at Ararat, on Wednesday, 12th October.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions expressed by our correspondents. It is desired that letters to the editor shall be accompanied by the real name and address of the writer, not for absolute publication, but as a bona fide guarantee.]

AN OLD BEAUFORT IDENTITY.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

Sir—I tell a story of an enthusiastic Yank who was found dead drunk in the street one night and conveyed to the morgue for identification. On waking up and seeing several bodies lying around, he exclaimed, "Hurrah for America—first up at the resurrection!"

I say "ditto for Victoria" if they go in for colonisation. I notice, sir, that one of our Beaufort boys has arrived as an ambassador from Fiji with a petition for annexation. As Mr T. A. Pritchard was a prominent resident of this township many years ago, and connected with the first paper issued here by Mr T. Wilkinson (now proprietor of the "St. Arnaud Times") I feel interested in his success, more especially as we want more room for our working population, where they will not have to complete with sheep for their sustenance from the soil. Sheep may be a national improvement to any country; but it is doubtful if population employed in directly supporting themselves from the land would not be better off, as one human being could live where 20 sheep do. "Punch" has suggested that the world should be divided between Chinamen and the rabbits; but Victoria is pretty well divided between sheep and rabbits, to the exclusion of the working classes, hence—unions, strikes, and over crowding of towns. I certainly do not know of one working man who took up a piece of land and retained it, who does not support his family much easier than at any other occupation. Capital only can work sheep at a profit; but cannot make cultivation pay; so humanity must stand on one side.

Mr Pritchard, go in and win; if you have soil, we have labour and brains, which is wanted to make a successful colony of Fiji.

It was often remarked when Mr Prichard went hence to Fiji, that if he escaped the "oven" and other perils humanity is heir to, he would make his mark. How the "Vagabends" friend (King Thakumbau) let him pass, I do not know, for he certainly would have made a toothsome meal; but as that is rather a delicate subject just now, I will let it drop, and sincerely hope that Victoria will accept the offer—Yours, etc.,

OLD GROWLER.

September 23, 1887.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills will be found the best friend to persons afflicted with ulcerations, bad legs, sorts, abscesses, fistulas and other painful and complicated complaints. Printed and very plain directions for the application of the Ointment are wrapped round each pot. Holloway's alterative Pills should be taken throughout the progress of the cure, to maintain the blood in a state of perfect purity, and to prevent the health of the whole body being jeopardised by the local ailments; bad legs, old age's great grievances, are thus readily cured, without confinidg the patient to bed, or withdrawing from him or her the nutritious diet and generous support so imperatively demanded, when weakening diseases attack advanced years or constitutions evincing premature decrepitude.

"A Miraculous Salve."—For the cure of ulcerated Bad Legs, Boils, Abscesses, Scrofulas 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.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[By "Tomahawk."]

'Well,' said Mrs. Tomahawk, after my last had appeared in print, 'you have just put your foot in it again. If ever I tell you another thing that I am told I don't hope to get a new summer bonnet for three months.' 'Can't you extend the time, Mrs. T.? Times are very hard just now. Could you defer your hopes for say six or twelve months; it would be a great deal more convenient if you could manage that?' 'Oh, if you are going to grumble, I'll make it one month instead of three. You know I didn't get that Jubilee present you promised me.' 'Not likely to get it now, I assure you, my dear Mrs. T. I've just got to-day a jubilee bill for a jubilee something or other, and all that I can understand about the matter is that it's a jubilee sight too long for my liking.' 'What is it?' 'A dressmaker's bill, Mrs. Tomahawk! A Jubilee dress, with a flimsy-flomsy what-you-may-call-it and a pellican's pouch; altogether totals up to L3 17s 6d.' 'Well, you told me I could get it made and charge it to you,' 'Yes, but you told me it was only to cost fifteen or sixteen shillings to make, and here I have had a bill sent me for L3 17s 6d, in addition to the cost of the material. Well, I shan't pay it.' 'And I'm sure I shan't,' said Mrs. T. 'Why in the world don't you ask the price of things before you get them, and not——' 'So I did, my dear; let me see the bill.' I handed her the bill, remarking that it was a peculiar thing women could not tell the truth to one another, if they sometimes told a man a fourfolder. 'My dear,' said Mrs. T., this is perfectly right—see, "making costume, sixteen shillings." These are all extras.' 'Well, if you like to order extras, I am not going to pay for them.' 'But, my dear, how ridiculously you talk; the dress couldn't be made without them.' 'Don't my dear me; I'm not in the mood for soft soap. Here, what's this item—"three dozen yards of trimming;" and this, "eight dozen buttons to match," and this, "2½ satin for facings," and this, "fifteen and a quarter yards colored lining," and these, "2 reels white cotton, 4 reels drab silk thread, steels, tape, sundries;"—what does all that mean?' 'It's easy enough to understand if you only make up your mind. You know they use so much cotton in sewing and tacking; the silk was to saw on the buttons, and the sundries include the breaking of needles and loss of thimbles——' 'Yes, yes, and the loss of men's wits if they think those things are to be paid for. When a dressmaker tells you she will make a dress for so much, she mustn't expect any more than that. A tailor tells a man straight out, and a man knows exactly what he has to pay, and he pays no more; but you women—why, I fully believe you've formed a league against your natural protectors to utterly ruin them.' 'Just so, my love,' I heard my other half say as I turned towards the door; 'you look as if you were being ruined; *you* look as if you had lost your wits, poor bald-headed old darling. What in the world has made him so angry; come back here, my love, and I'll show you something. But first tell me—If I promise in future to make all my own dresses, will you pay this little account.' 'Well, I don't know. Can you keep your word?' 'Yes, I think so.' 'Very well, then, on those conditions I will.' 'Now, look here,' showing me the bill opened out its full length, 'I won't ask you to.' 'What! is it settled?' 'Yes, dear, settled; paid by one of the women who has joined the anti-Natural Protector's Society for the utter ruination of their——' 'There, that will do. I'll take you to the next social.'

It may be right, strictly proper, and decent, regarding it from an army point of view, that a young man who offends at a public meeting shall make an apology at a similar meeting; but the local "army" contingent, of about half-a-dozen strong, took advantage of a slight indiscretion (it was nothing else) of a young man at their recent coffee and sandwich scramble, to blare it forth on two separate occasions of public gathering that the said offender had been compelled, on a threat of justicial proceedings, to make an apology for his conduct on (last) Sunday evening. The anticipated result of these announcements was a great crowd, and a big collection; the former was obtained for a certainty; as regards the latter, it is not for me to say anything about. I presume the official organ will contain a glowing account of "another glorious defeat of the devil." Poor old Mr. Devil! He ought to be pretty well exterminated by this time. He should be greatly exhausted over his reported many unsuccessful attempts to get the best of the S.A., for indeed, they must have been terrible struggles. "Money is the root of all evil," and "The devil is at the bottom of all that is bad" are synonymous terms. If there is any truth in these quotations, "money" and "his majesty" are indistinguishable one from the other. The conquest of the latter (by name) is taking place piecemeal; and—(I say this parenthetically and in strict confidence)—won't there be a scattering of the innocents when the last hair of his tail is taken?

'Waste not, want not,' is a maxim that seems to be but very little headed in Beaufort when there is a wedding. The custom of throwing rice at a couple when about to depart at the railway station on their honeymoon is growing into a nuisance, and it would be well for the little dears who foolishly spend their pennies on 'half-pounds of rice' if their mammas were to put a stop to the waste. These people seem to treat marriage as a huge joke, and they carry it out as far as they possibly can. The ancient custom was to throw an old slipper from the threshold of the house the bride was leaving, and although it might be counted a superstitition of good luck, there was evidently an appearance of more wisdom in that act than there is in the practice of a few of the Beaufort young maidens, who recklessly scatter the snow-white grain everywhere but in the vicinity of the object they aim at, to say nothing of the quantity of it that is literally wasted on the platform.

Oh, those cows! Who owns them? Why aren't they paddocked at night time, instead of being allowed to wander the streets or monopolise the footpaths? Almost any night in Willoughby street several cows may be seen—and sometimes not seen, although they are there—lying across the footpath on either side of the street. What was almost a nasty accident occurred the other night. A young man was going home, and it being pretty dark he didn't notice anything in the way until he stumbled over a quadruped that had taken possession of one of the aforesaid footpaths. The animal being disturbed, suddenly rose, and turned the young man a complete somersault over its back. Luckily, he was not much hurt; but had he fallen on his head I shouldn't like to be the owner of that cow. Isn't there some law or regulation pertaining to wandering cattle? If so, why is it not enforced? The herd of half-wild goats, also, is a terrible nuisance to people who are compelled to be our after seven o'clock at night. Will the inspector please see if something cannot be done in this matter.

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 22nd September, 1887:—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Sept. 16	7	£2 2 9	£3 5 5
,, 17	78	11 15 7	7 8 4
,, 19	39½	8 11 8	3 18 0
,, 20	26	6 1 3	8 18 4
,, 21	26	5 9 8	1 11 3
,, 22	19	6 1 11	3 18 10
Totals	195½	£40 2 10	£29 0 2

A GHASTLY WORK.

In the Pitti Palace, at Florence, is a table which, for originality in the matter of construction, and ghastliness in conception, is probably without a rival. It was made by Guiseppe Sagatti, who passed several years of his life in its manufacture. To a casual observer it gives the impression of a curious mosaic of marbles of different shades and colors, for it looks like polished stone. In reality it is composed of human muscles and viscera. No less than a hundred bodies were requisitioned for the material. The table is round, and about a yard in diameter, with a pedestal and four claw feet, the whole being formed of petrified human remains. The ornaments of the pedestal are made from the intestines, the claws with hearts, livers, and lungs, the natural color of which is preserved. The table top is constructed of muscles artistically arranged, and is bordered with upwards of a hundred eyes, the effect of which is said to be highly artistic, since they retain all their lustre and seem to follow the observer. Sagatti died about fifty years ago. He obtained the bodies from the hospitals, and obdurated them by impregnation with mineral salts.

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.

"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 m 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. Whise." "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."

For Sale,

Horse, buggy, and harness Apply A. Andrews, Beaufort.

WASTE PAPER IN LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES FOR SALE.
At the
"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

CRAWFORD'S, STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

THE LARGEST DRAPERY OUTSIDE OF MELBOURNE.

FIRST SHOW OF SPRING GOODS.

[Extract from the Ballarat "Evening Post."]

That Crawford's Drapery Eporium, Sturt street, is the largest business of the kind outside of Melbourne, we, after a careful examination of the extensive establishment, have not the slightest doubt. That inspection was made on Thursday evening, and our opinion of it we intend giving to our readers.

The rise and progress of Crawfords is closely identified with the progress of Ballarat, and the facts here given illustrate what can be accomplished by energy, enterprise, perseverance, and civility, such as has always been characteristic of the management of Crawford's. The staff of employees originally numbered eight, while at present there are 230 persons employed on the premises. The business done has been (to use an expressive colonial phrase) something tremendous. In February last Mr. Crawford retired upon a well-earned competency, and the business passed into the hands of Messrs. Snow and Room, the present proprietors. That under the new management things have not deteriorated is shown by the fact that the past half-year's business has been the largest ever done on the premises. This notwithstanding the dullness of trade.

The establishment, as at present constituted, consists of a fine imposing three-storey building, with a frontage of 110ft to Sturt street by about 80ft to Armstrong street. The building, unlike many other pretentious city properties, is not only "all front," but runs back at the front altitude the full depth of the allotment, and even further, for the show rooms are behind some of the adjoining properties.

Shakespeare tells us that—

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violets
To smooth the ice, to add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with tape-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

And he speaks truly. So also we think that to endeavour to add to the beauty, variety, or quality of the display made by Messrs Snow and Room, would indeed be wasteful and ridiculous excess. At half-past seven o'clock in the evening everything was in readiness and the doors were thrown open. Within half an hour the massive pile of buildings was crowded, and from that until after ten there was a never ceasing stream of visitors, so that there must have been altogether fully 5000 persons present during the three hours, and from the hundreds of expressions of admiration that greeted our ears as we wandered here and there, we should say that the general verdict was in the words of Goldsmith in She Stoops to Conquer, was

"The very pink of perfection."

The whole place was one blaze of light and beauty and resembled more than anything else we can liken it to a gigantic bazaar, and exhibition of art. The general appearance of a shop was entirely absent. The walls were hung with oil painting, oleographs, steel engravings, and various kinds of pictures of rare beauty. The ceilings were richly draped with handsome lace curtains, flags of all nations, and "festooned" with laces, and ribbons of every color, shade and hue. The counters were all covered with rich cloths and upon them were displayed the many beauties of the establishment—articles and fabrics of colonial manufacture and from every port of the world. Naturally the most crowded portion was always the show rooms, where, as a matter of cause the most beautiful and delicate articles were displayed to the many admirers A striking exhibit here was an immense glass case filled with Parisian millinery, the variety of which was bewildering, and in the the words of Carlow, "Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars." We think it is Addison who, in one of his essays, says—"There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head dress," and of the truth of that saying we are now thoroughly convinced. To describe the variety displayed is an utter impossibility, so far as we are concerned, because we have no idea of to-day trebling the size of this journal, so that we will pass on, simply saying that in this department nothing could have been finer, nothing more beautiful. The counters of the show rooms were covered with cases and stands of feathers, birds, flowers, fans and other articles, too numerous to particularise. The flowers, however, are more than worthy of passing notice, so natural, so graceful, and so beautiful were they. New designs in German baskets filled with artificial flowers proved a never-ending source of attraction. Art in this respect comes nearer to nature year by year. Above the counters in the upper show rooms glass cases were ranged round the room. One of these cases was filled with bridal attire, and it was curious to note how the ladies present inspected this case with its lovely orange blossom. The quiet, calm look of some told the tale that they had had their experience, while the blushing nervous glances of others, being interpreted, meant that they were in expectation. Another case of marabout feathers of all the newest shades of colors was also greatly admired, the most fashionable colors generally being gobelins in green and blue, viux rose, and coquilicot. In the mantle portion of this room, great taste was shown in the display. "The Masher Jacket," "Derby," and "Royal Family" appear to be the principal, a noticeable feature being the jet trimmings upon all. There was an endless variety of pretty little summer capes, shawls, dolmans, and visites. Passing on we noticed some pretty designs in children's sunbonnets, a variety of pinafores, and a case of hand-made underclothing. The dress department was attractive, and contained many novelties. The dresses were of the choicest descriptions, and ranged from the most elegant ball costume to the plain but neat house dress. The fancy department was itself an exhibition in itself, and a large one too. Displayed in it, in the most attractive form, were real lace, French and Swiss embroideries from one to forty inches wide; fancy glassware of every descriptions, a new assortment of French tabeliers, jet trimmings, French ribbons, an endless variety of hand oags, etc. Some Italian bronze statuettes were very striking and rare. Hanging around the walls were sunshades of the newest shapes and shades of color, the carving on the handles being works of art. The display of gloves, in tens, golden browns, fawns, and gobelin shades, in plain and fancy stitched backs, looked well. The dress pieces displayed around this room comprised new fashionable tweeds, a beautiful variety of box costumes, jersey cloths, French nun's cloth, mervilleauxs, Sicilian silks, Duchess satins, and ottoman silks, with trimmings to match alongside of each. The Manchester department was full to over flowing with the best of articles. Table linen of all descriptions formed one good exhibit. The carpet and general furnishing department contained carpets from such quality that it would seem almost a sin to step upon down to the commonest; nankeen, terra cotta, lace and old gold curtains, crewel work covers, mantle borderings in art designs, and rugs in great variety and beauty. The clothing, mercery and tailoring departments were full of excellent exhibits, and brought to mind the words—

Clothes do not make the man, perhaps
But if he's poor in dress
The world is bound to notice it
And, somehow, love him less.

This need not, however be the experience of the majority when we are told that a Ballarat tweed suit may be purchased for £2 10s. A large assortment of Dr Jäger's sanitary clothing was inspected with interest. Travelling bags, ties by the thousands, regatta shirts, buttons of al patterns, frillings in all shades, and pyramids of Pear's soap were passed in turn, and in the boot and shoe department, neatly arranged, were from navvies quartz crushers to the most dainty ball shoe.

It would be easy to go on enumerating as we have done a few of the "things of beauty" here and there and fill columns. Such an exhibition has never before been seen in Ballarat, and those fortunate enough to be present could not fail to enjoy themselves. We cannot refrain from remarking upon the general courtesy shown and in conclusion congratulate Messrs Snow and Room upon their first grand exhibition—the first of the kind, too, held in Ballarat—and which again repeating the words of Goldsmith, was "the very pink of perfection."

G. SCHUTZE,
TAILOR AND OUTFITTER,
27 and 29 STURT STREET,
BALLARAT.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM.

Buangor, May 25th, 1887.

Mr. G. Schutze.

Dear Sir,—I have now being wearing Dr. Jaeger's goods (which you introduced to me) for some considerable time, and I must say that they are all that you represented them to be, they are made of such a beautiful texture, and by far surpass the ordinary flannel, as they are very comfortable to wear and do not shrink if they are washed according to your directions.

I have suffered from Rheumatics for some time past, and as you recommended them for that complaint I am very thankful to you for having done so, as I'm sure anyone adopting Dr. Jaeger's System will derive the same benefit that I have done.

Yours truly,
Robert Hornsby, Postmaster.

P.S.—I have no pains at all since I have worn them.—R. H.

Ararat, May 16th, 1887

Mr. G. Schutze.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in testifying to the excellent qualities of Dr. Jaeger's Woollen Goods. They are both cool in summer and warm in winter, and I believe that anyone adopting the system properly, will find the goods a great preventive against catching cold, if not altogether from doing so, as they being of a porous nature, allow the air to constantly play upon the body (which linen or cotton goods do not), thus keeping the skin always in a healthy state, and not allowing the body to perspire too freely, and also hardening it off at the same time. I have no doubt that the "System" will prove a decided success, and I am sure it will be a great boon to Australia, by increasing the demand for wool, and therefore increasing the price.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
John Little.

Mr. G. Schutze wishes his numerous friends and customers to know that he has opened a Branch in No. 7 Royal Arcade (opposite the Post Office), Melbourne. Please kindly give a call when visiting Melbourne. Send for illustrated Catalogue and price list.

BEAUFORT.

SATURDAY NEXT, 1st OCTOBER, 1887.

SALE BY AUCTION,
At TWO o'clock.
At NICKOLS' AUCTION ROOMS,
Neill street, Beaufort.

Freehold Farm Lands.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS has received instructions from George Newall, Esq., to Sell, as above,

All that valuable piece of LAND being portions of allotments 66 and 72, in the parish of Trawalla, containing 103a 2r 13p, or thereabouts, situate on the Lake Goldsmith road, near the Bald Hills.

Terms at Sale.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS.

SALE BY PRIVATE CONTRACT.

The undersigned has been favored with instructions from George Newall, Esq., to Sell, all his VALUABLE FARM LANDS, situate near the Bald Hill, Trawalla, containing 103a. 2r. 13p. Terms Liberal. Apply
W. EDWARD NICKOLS,
Auctioneer, Beaufort.

IMPOUNDED AT BEAUFORT

Bay horse, hind fetlocks, white. W near neck
Bay mare, like JCT near shoulder
Brown mare, like JCT near shoulder
Chestnut horse, no visible brand
Bay horse, hind feet white, like JCT near shoulder
Bay horse, near fore and hind feet white, like JCT near shoulder.

If not claimed and expenses paid to be sold on 8th October, 1887.

W. G. STEVENS, Poundkeeper.

FAMILY HERALD.

The half-yearly bound volume of the "Family Herald"—January 1 to June 30, 1887—(colonial edition), can now be obtained from the undersigned, at the published price, viz., 3s 6d.
H. P. HENNINGSEN,
News Agent, Beaufort.

RANDOLPH

Will again stand at Spring Creek, Buangor.

RANDOLPH is four years old, and has grown into a very handsome horse. He is of a dark bay or brown color, stands about 16½ hands high, possesses great bone and substance, has a most docile temper, and is a fast trotter. He is a suitable horse for getting carriage horses and horses for the Indian market.

RANDOLPH by Patchwork, dam by Scarsfield, a son of Panic (imp). He has taken 7 first prizes, 6 as a thoroughbred, and 1 as a carriage horse or roadster at Ararat parade.

Terms:—£3 3s each mare. Good grass paddocks provided. Every care taken, but no responsibility. Mares may be left at the Golden Age or Railway hotels, Beaufort, and will be called for without extra charge if three days notice be given to

G. PEARSON,
Spring Creek, Buangor.

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
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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

A WOMAN FROM AUSTRIA.

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

The people of England speak confirming the above.

APTER 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 troubles 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,

"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 Ewo

WASTE PAPER

FOR SALE.

APPLY

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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Full supply of all school requisites—the latest edition of the School Atlas.
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H. P HENNINGSEN.

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

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

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

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.

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SHOULD BE CAREFUL NOT TO HAVE
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Some Cheap Inferior Article
Palmed off on them as the GENUINE
Wolfe's Aromatic
SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.

THE
ONLY SPIRIT
RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

Allopecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY — COMOTROPHUS — COMOTROPHUS CO. Ballarat, Vic. — All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

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,
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For Sprains, Curbs, and Splints when Forming.
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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,
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ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION — ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION, — FOR — RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES, STIFFNESS, SORE THROAT FROM COLD, CHEST COLDS, The Safest, Quickest, most certain remedy. 1/12 — Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS & Co. SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

12m D.31.87.

Wanted,

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

THE STUD.

THE PURE-BRED CLYDESDALE COLT

TIME OF DAY,

Will stand this Season at BEASLEY'S BRIDGE, nine miles from St. Arnaud.

TIME OF DAY is a dark dapple bay, 3 years old. His sire, Darwin, bred by John Smith, of Dean; dam Jess by Crown Prince (imp), g. dam by A. Rowan's Scotchman (imp).

TIME OF DAY is half brother to the champion mare at Smeaton in 1884, bred by Mr. Davis, of Kingston, and his half-sister Ellwoods got first prize for dry mare at the Grand National Show held at Talbot in 1885, beating the hon. H. Miller's Princess of Wales the 5th. TIME OF DAY's g. dam Princess Maud the 8th, was exhibited 14 times and succeeded in getting 13 first prizes. She also won the Ballarat Champion Cup two years in succession, competing against imported and colonial stallions; also champion at Geelong two years in succession against imported or colonial stallions; thus 4 years in succession the champion male or female, a feat which has as yet not been approached by any male in Victoria. Her sire, Cox's Prince of Wales (670), out of Jess, by Clydesdale Tam (175), out of Maggie by Lothian Tam (506), thus proving, for purity of Clydesdale blood and illustrious prize-taking ancestry, Time of Day can compare most favorably with any horse in the federated colonies. He gained first prize at Talbot as a yearling, second at Clunes, first at Cargarie, second at Geelong, and first at Beaufort, as a two-year-old. Time of Day is entered for the Sires' Produce Stakes at Beaufort 1888. A foal by Time of Day won THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE Cup in 1887.

TERMS:—£4, to be paid when the mares are removed, or made good by promissory note due 1st day of March, 1888. A good grass paddock for all mares sent. All care taken of mares, but no responsibility incurred.

N.B.—Sundays strictly observed.

For further particulars apply to
KENNETH McKINNON,
Beasley's Bridge, P.O., via St. Arnaud.

THE CELEBRATED CLYDESDALE STALLION

PURVES

Will stand this season at his Owner's Farm, Middle Creek, and travel the surrounding district.

PURVES is a dark bay, foaled 2nd November, 1881; sire Carmyle, dam Gipsy. In 1882, as a yearling he carried off first honors at Smeaton for the best yearling draught colt on the ground, and one of a group of three; also two champion prizes. At Ballarat, in the spring of 1882, he won first prize for the best draught colt. At Kyneton same year he took first prize; and also won the Mares' Produce Stakes of £40; open competition. At Clunes he was again first in his class. At Echuca he took 1st prize, and also a special for the best yearling colt on the ground. At Bendigo Grand National Show, first again, and his half-brother (got by the same sire) coming second; open competition. At Glenlyon he won 1st prize for the best yearling; thus showing an unbeaten record for no less than a dozen times as a yearling.

His sire, Carmyle, is too well known in this district to need comment.

PURVES' dam was Gipsy, by Surprise (imported); g.s. dam's side, Surprise; etc.

PURVES began his two year old show-yard triumphs in Adelaide, S.A., in September 1883, at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show there. He won first in his own class, and Hart Bros.' silver cup, value ten guineas; and the same day, in the All-aged Stallion Champion Class, in which many first-class horses competed, notably Waverley, Purves carried off the Massive Silver Medal and Ten Guineas. At Clare, S.A., the following week, he was again first in the all-aged class, winning the Champion Prize of Ten Guineas, and in his own class the two-year-old's 1st prize also.

His owner returned to Victoria in time to show Purves at the Grand National Show in Geelong. He again won first in his own class, and in competition with colts and fillies, two years old, he won the Champion prize.

At Ballarat he won first in his class; at Clunes, shown among the three-year-olds, first; at Smeaton, among the three-year-olds, first; at Kyneton, the Larnarkshire of Victoria, Purves, for the second time, carried off the Sires Produce Challenge Cup, value 15 Guineas, defeating Mr. Bourke's grand two-year-old Black Prince, the 1st prize horse in Melbourne in the Sires Produce Stakes. Purves was also first in his own class. First at Donald Show in 1885; and again first at Ballarat in 1886.

Two of Purves' first gets were shown last September—one at Donald and one at Charlton—and got 1st prize on each occasion.

PURVES has won 32 1st prizes, and won £213 prize money.

TERMS:—£4 each mare, to be paid at the end of the season. All mares paddocked must have hind shoes taken off. Good grass paddocks, with plenty of water, provided. All care taken, but no responsibility incurred.

For further particulars apply to the Owner,
THOMAS JESS, Shirley P.O.

THE DRAUGHT COLT

WEE JOCK,

Will stand this Season at his Owner's Farm Granite Hill, and travel the surrounding district.

WEE JOCK is a beautiful bay, with black points, having immense bone, with splendid feet. Stand 16 hands 1 inch high, on short legs, and is rising five years old. Bred by A. McKinnon, of Beasley's Bridge, St. Arnaud. Dam Rose, by Glen Esk (imp), g.d. Bess, by Wrestler (imp), g.g.d. by George Buchanan (imp). Sire, that well-known horse England's Glory (imp), purchased at auction by J. Penberthy and Co. for £1165 10s cash; is a beautiful dark bay, stands 17 hands 1 inch high, on short legs, is very wide, showing immense power, has great substance of bone with quality, and splendid feet—a point so very necessary in a draught stallion. Bred by C. H. Manning, of Milton Ham, Northamptonshire, whose family have bred many of the best stallions in the world. England's Glory is by that good-specimen of a waggon-stallion, Sampson, the property of J. Manning, Esq., of Orlingbing, Northampdenshire, a brown horse 17 hands 1 inch high, unquestionably one of the best cart-stallions in England, and got by Young Matchless, the property of Mr. Fletcher, grandsire Old Matchless, great grandsire that noted horse Ploughboy, the property of Mr. Hutchison, of Weston. The dam of Sampson Nell, a very first-class brown mare, by that well-known horse Stafford, the property of Mr. Hutchison, and winner of many prizes. Liberty, the dam of the above colt, England's Glory, a splendid bay mare by that celebrated prize-taker Al, the property of Mr. Wynn, of Grafton, near Alcester. He was the winner of fifteen first prizes at Worcester, Gloucester, Manchester, Liverpool, and various other places from 1867 to 1872. The dam of Liberty was by that big horse Brown Stout. He took first prize at the Buckinghamshire Agricultural Show, Aleshury; also at the Thames Agricultural Show, same year. Sampson has won prizes to the amount of £256, besides medals; and geldings and mares by him are making great prices.

Entered for the Sires' Produce Stakes, Beaufort, 1888.

TERMS:—£3; £1 to be paid when mares are stinted, and the balance when proved in foal. Grass as per agreement. To ensure a foal, £4.

N. McPHIE, OWNER

THOMAS GEO. ARCHARD,
CIVIL ENGINEER,

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

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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.

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. HN 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.]

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 (uremia), 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.]

FOR COUGHS COLDS, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coryza, Influenza, Consumption, etc.

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

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

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. Contain Quinine, Iron, &c.

COAGULINE.—Cement for Broken Articles Sold everywhere.
Sole Makers—
KAY BROTHERS, LTD. Stockport England.

"For the Blood is the Life."

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 rom 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:—

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"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

"Gentlemen,—Some ten years ago my wife became ame with ulcerated legs. I tried every recommendation for a cure, and also a large number of doctors (some of these very clever men with diseases of kind), but to no effect. After being in this state for bewixt 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 inquiles to my address as follows,—C. S., Midland Station, Carlton, near Nottingham."

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

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

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

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

How to Enjoy Life

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

Our Mothers and Daughters.

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

Debilitated Constitutions—Bad Coughs.

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

Indigestion and its Cure.

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

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

Ague	Piles
Asthma	Rheumatism
Bilious Complaint	Retention of Urine
Blotches on the Skin	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptoms
Female Irregularities	Tic-Dolo-reux
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.

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

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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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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 Cough Sore Throat and Shortness of Breath.

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

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

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

Gout and Rheumatism.

There is no preparation for salutary effects comparable to this remedy. It should be well rubbed over the affected parts after their due fomentation with warm water. It actsby 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.

Fistulas, and Excoriations.

The cures which this Ointment effects in healing sores and fistulas of long standing, after they have resisted all other applications, have been so countless and numerous 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 ineffacacious.

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. Where remedies Ointment has been once used it has established its own worth, and has again been eagerly sought for as the easiest and safest remedy in all disorders of the kidneys.

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

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

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

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.

The only legally qualified practitioner advertising and registered under the Medical Board of Victoria, and practising the last 35 years.

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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.

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