The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 624.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY OCTOBER 1, 1887. PRICE SIXPENCE

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

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

Subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly or at an early hour of the morning would much oblige us by immediately forwarding their names to the office of this paper, Lawrence street, in order that such errors may 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order as to number of insertions, will in all cases be continued until countermanded, and no advertisement can be withdrawn without an order in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.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[r tw]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, [an]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.

Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

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

AGENTS WANTED.

12m.D.31.87.

W, BAKER,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

W.B. has ON SALE the following lines:—

Pine Shelving, Flooring, and Lining Boards; Californian, Kauri, and Clear Pine, up to 36 inches; Cedar, all thicknesses and widths; Table Legs, Sashes, Doors, Architrave and other Mouldings, Window Glass, White Lead, Oils, Turps, and all other Building Requisites.

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

Hardwood supplied at Timber Yard Prices.

GRATEFUL.—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA,

BREAKFAST.

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

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

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

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

MELBOURNE AGENTS
FOR THE
RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE
MESSRS. GORDON & GOTCH
Co[ll]ins Stre[e]t W[est]

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 Be[st] 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 [sal]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.

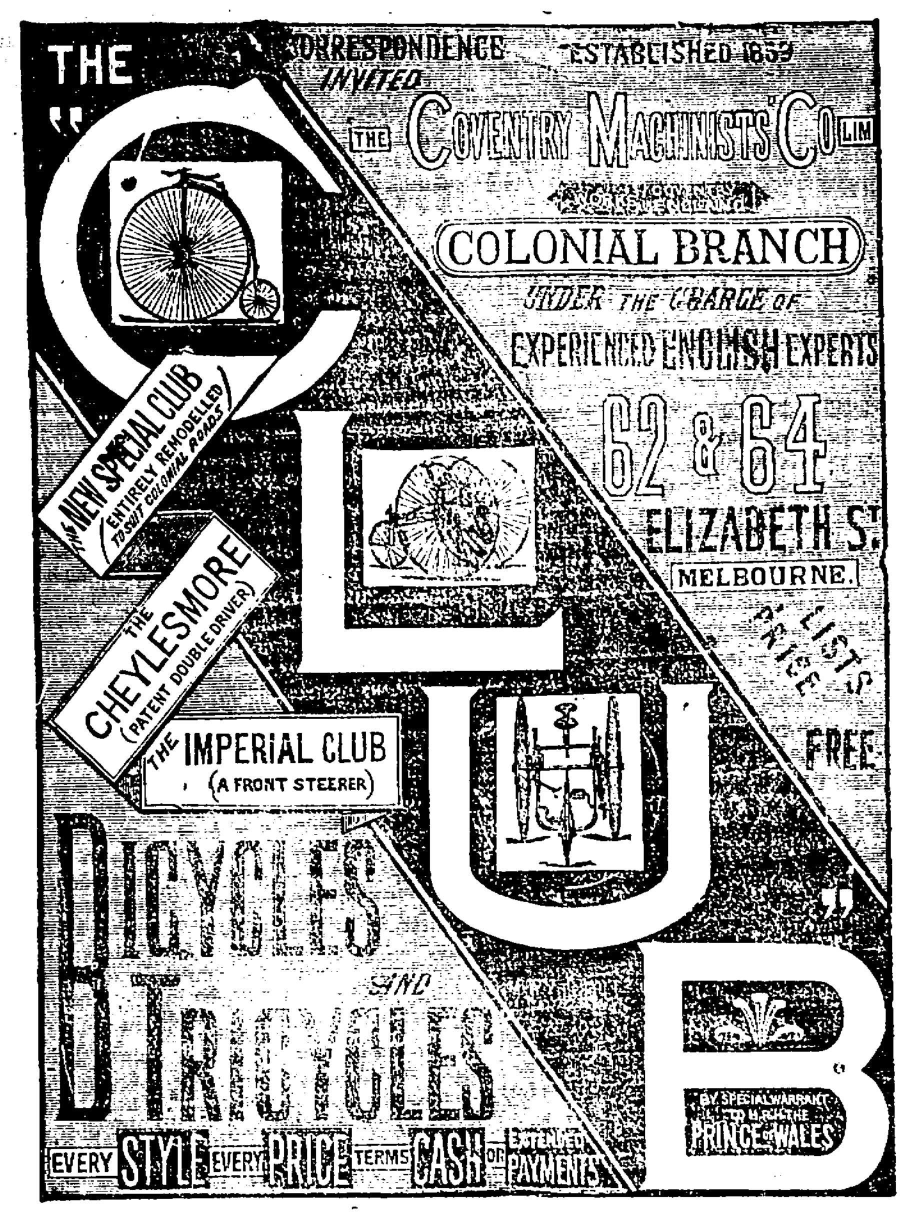
English, Continental, American, and Colonial buyers attend all the sales in full strength.

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



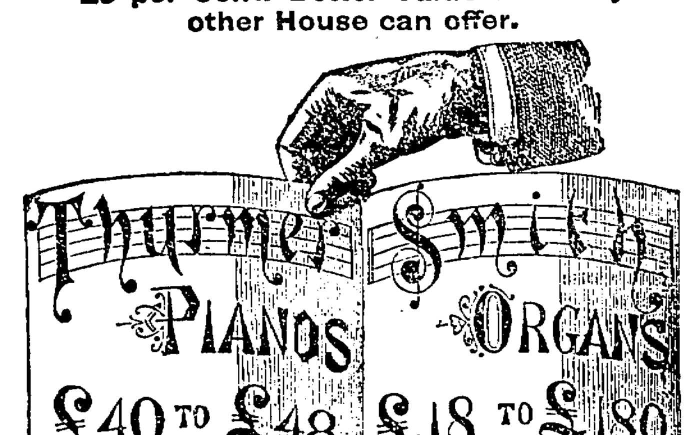
Agent for Beaufort: **P. DE BAERE**, Watchmaker, etc.

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.

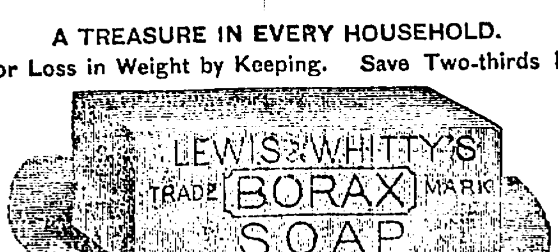
TIME-PAYMENT for all INSTRUMENTS.

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 and 4s 6d each, and may be obtained of every respectable Chemist and Patent Medicine Vendors who, if they have not it by them, can easily procure it from the Wholesale Agents without any extra charge. Wholesale Agents FELTON, GRIMWADE and Co., and ROCKE, TOMPSITT and Co., Melbourne.

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 over 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 Carngham.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

There is little change to note in the prices current in the produce market this week. There has been nothing done locally in wheat, but some parcels are still coming down from up-country, and are landed at slightly under our quotation. Flour is active, and a good deal has gone out. At Horsham the tendency of the market is still downward, the quotation now being 3s per bushel. A reduction is also observable at Donald, where 3s 2d is now given, and a like decrease in value has taken place at St. Arnaud, the market price being 3s 2d. In this district oats attract little attention. One load changed hands about the middle of the week at 2s 7d per bushel, bags in. No potatoes have come in from Warrnambool, the market being wholly supplied from Ballarat. Hay is brought in fully up to requirements. Several farmers have, during the past month, been reducing their stocks by cutting a large quantity of chaff, which they have trucked to the metropolis. They have obtained £4 per ton, the cost of transit being 19s. At present a lull has been experienced, the market being oversupplied. Fresh butter is supplied in great abundance, and has eased to 9d and 10d per lb, and eggs are very plentiful at 7d per dozen. 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, none
Potatoes, Ballarat, L3 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, 7s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 9d to 10d per lb
Butter, potted, 7d 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. 29:—

Wheat, weak, at 3s 6d for prime milling; oats, Danish 2s 9½d to 2s 10d, stout, up to 2s 11d 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 to L2 2s 6d; hay continues firm, 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.

Wool is now coming forward freely, chiefly from Riverina, though some consignments from Sydney and Adelaide have also reached us, besides some early Victorian Wools. Our receipts comprise the following important clips:—Den, A over Banyinong, Glenlyon, WHC over Monomeith, WW over M, Duggan, W & K over S, JS over S. Our first sale will take place on 17th October, by which time a full muster of buyers will have arrived. There will be one or two sales previously, so that the market will be fully tested. The Adelaide sales opened last Tuesday with a dull tone, and only about half the catalogue was disposed of, local buyers being the chief operators. Prices were at the full parity of London, but about 1½d. below average rates of last season. Advices about the London sales are less satisfactory, some decline from opening rates being noticeable in most descriptions, while buyers profess to have no confidence in the maintenance of present values.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORT.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, September 28:—

Wool—As the London sales progress the market exhibits a weaker tone, and, with the exception of super greasy, all sorts show a decline on the opening rates. Up to date about 200,000 bales have been catalogued and about 25,000 withdrawn. Locally we have had a brisk demand: the factories are all short, and although we have been offering an exceptionally large quantity for the time of the year, we have found no difficulty in clearing all submitted at satisfactory prices. The catalogues have consisted almost entirely of country and local fellmonger's scoured and slipe wool, which have realised up to 16d per pound for scoured merino to 15d for fine crossbred scoured, to 11d for coarse crossbred scoured, and to 10½d for merino slipe. The new clip is coming to hand more freely, and we are daily receiving consignments for our opening sale, which will take place about the 18th proximo. The samples so far to hand are well grown and sound, and lighter in the grease than usual.

Hides.—Sold as follows:—Heavy and superior, in good condition, from 3¼d per lb upwards; average to good, salted, 3d to 3¼d per lb; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d per lb; kip, 3¼d to 3½d 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—We have a line of 300 pipes under offer for shipment, which we hope to close for during the week, and have cleared our usual supply of country lots and oddments to the local manufacturers at current rates.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company report:—

Lower prices have again been accepted for Wheat, and the depressed condition of the European market holds out but little prospect of any improvement. The world's Wheat crop, according to the best authorities, shows this year a considerable surplus, and with unusually heavy yields looked for in South Australia as well as here; the outlook for holders is not encouraging. At the present juncture, indeed, it would seem the best policy to face the market, and, if possible, induce shippers to operate on the bulk of the stocks of old wheat prior to the new coming forward. Of course the adoption of this policy will necessitate a further reduction in price now, but it may save a collapse in the market later on.

GUILTY OF WRONG

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and fi this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of: Dr Soule's American Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them. "Tribune."

BEAUFORT.

MONDAY, 10TH OCTOBER, 1887.

SALE BY AUCTION,
At twelve o'clock.
At NICKOLS' AUCTION ROOMS,
Neill street, Beaufort.

HOUSEHOLD
Furniture and Effects,
HORSE, HARNESS, & double-seated BUGGY, SILVER PLATE, etc.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS is instructed by the executors named in the WILL of Dr. CROKER, late of Beaufort, Surgeon, deceased, to Sell, as above,

The whole of his HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and EFFECTS, comprising—Drawing and dining-room Suites in cretonne, leather, etc., fenders and fire-irons, pictures, diningroom and other tables, chairs, carpets, linoleum, door mats, pier glass, double and single iron bedsteads, washstands and ware, dress tables, dress glasses, spring mattress, palliasse, h.h. mattress, chests of drawers, both large and small, commodes, baths, bed curtains, blankets, sheets, kitchen requisites and cooking utensils; set dish covers, tea and coffee pots, silver and E.P. ware, meat safe, china, glass, and crockery, linen presses, ice chest, wheelbarrow, and a quantity of useful sundries.

S.B. BREECH LOADING GUN.
Horse, Buggy, and Harness.

The Auctioneer begs to call special attention to the above Sale, which is absolute and

WITHOUT RESERVE,
FOR CASH.

In consequence of the large number of lots, the sale will commence at Twelve o'clock prompt.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

WOOL AND GRAIN.

The siding from railway line into our Warehouse will be completed this week, after which all Wool and Grain consigned to us from an up-country railway station will come direct into store, and thus be subjected only to the ONE HANDLING, besides saving the item of cartage.

Forwarding Agents are requested to note that consignments must be made to us direct.

DENNYS, LASCELLES, AUSTIN, & CO.
Geelong, 26th September, 1887.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President, and enclosing 5 per cent. deposit, will be received up till 11 a.m. on Thursday, 13th October, 1887, for the following works:—

NORTH RIDING.

Contract No. 439.—Building a timber bridge and making approaches by the Church, Raglan.

Contract No. 440.—Making 16 chains of metal road, and other work on the east of Mount Callendar, Burrumbeet.

Contract No. 441.—Making 20 chains of quartz road by Mrs. Miller's paddock, old Ararat road.

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

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted
H. H. JACKSON,
Shire Engineer.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 29th September, 1887.

Australian Natives' Association.

THE BEAUFORT BRANCH of the above will meet in future at the Mechanics' Institute. Members are particularly requested to ATTEND the meeting on TUESDAY EVENING next, 4th instant, when Mr. A. J. PEACOCK, ex-President of Board, will be present. Open to the public.
C. W. TOMPKINS, Secretary.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

Final Series of the Jubilee Excursions to Adelaide Exhibition.

On Fridays, 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th October, and 4th, 11th, and 18th November, a Jubilee Excursion train will leave Melbourne at 9.50 a.m., picking up passengers at Geelong, Ballarat, Ararat, Stawell, Murtoa, Horsham, Dimboola, Nhill, and Serviceton stations. The specials will reach Adelaide at 7.15 a.m. 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 Tuesdays, 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th October, and 1st, 8th, and 15th November, and will be available for return for 28 days. For instance, a ticket dated 7th October will be available for return up to and inclusive of the 3rd November. Passengers must return by one of the specials hereunder mentioned, and the journey cannot be broken either going or returning. Special trains will leave Adelaide at 9.45 a.m. on Thursdays, 13th, 20th, and 27th October, 3rd, 10th, 17th, and 24th November, and 1st, 8th, and 15th December. 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 fare. Passengers will also be booked at Kyneton, Castlemaine, Sandhurst, Echuca, Maryborough, Avoca, Portland and Hamilton for these excursions at the same fares and on the same conditions. Tickets issued at Kyneton, Castlemaine, Sandhurst, and Echuca will be available to Ballarat and Melbourne by ordinary trains on the Thursdays preceding the days of excursion, or from Kyneton by 6.15 a.m. to Melbourne on the Fridays. Tickets issued at Maryborough will be available by first up train on the same dates as the excursion to Ballarat, thence by special leaving at 1.52 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Tickets issued at Avoca will be available by the two last trains to Ballarat on the Thursdays preceding the days the special runs, thence by special at 1.52 p.m. Tickets issued at Portland and Hamilton will be available to Ararat by the first up train on days of excursion, thence by special leaving at 4.15 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Intending excursionists from stations other 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 such 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 specials to stations at which the trains stops; 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.

Applications for Gold Mining Leases.

IN pursuance of the Act of Parliament 29 Victoria No. 291, Section 41, it is hereby notified that after the expiration of one month from the date hereof it is intended to grant the leases undermentioned, subject to such excisions, modifications, and reservations as may be necessary.

ARARAT DISTRICT. RAGLAN DIVISION.

No. 1118; 15 years; J. Wotherspoon; 12a 0r 37p; Waterloo.

No. 1119; 15 years; A. Ansaldi; 6a 3r 25p; Wateloo.

D. GILLIES, Minister of Mines.
Office of Mines,
Melbourne, 26th September, 1887.

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.

Beaufort Fruit and Confectionary and Refreshment Rooms.

GEORGE WHITE,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, NEXT BANK OF VICTORIA,

RESPECTFULLY invites the PATRONAGE of his friends and the public.

REFRESHMENTS AT ALL HOURS.

HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAVING
SALOON.

Tobaccoes, Cigars, &c., in great variety.

Stationery and School Requisites.

NOTICE.

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

Church of England, Middle Creek.

A MEETING of the Subscribers to the above will be held (D.V.) in the Public Hall on MONDAY, October 17th, for the purpose of electing trustees of the Church land.

Births.

PROWSE.—On 20th September, 1887, at Beaufort, the wife of J. B. Prowse—a son.

WHITE.—On the 28th September, at Beaufort, the wife of George White—a son.

Marriage.

GIBSON—JACKSON.—On the 21st September, 1887, at Beaufort, by the Rev. H. Heathershaw, Thomas, second son of Mr. Robert Gibson, of Main Lead, to Julia Barbara, eldest daughter of Mr. John Jackson, of Beaufort.

Deaths.

CAMPBELL.—On 27th September, at Trawalla, Neil, the youngest son of Norman Campbell, after a short illness; aged 21 years and 6 months.

Beloved by all who knew him.

WOTHERSPOON—On 26th September, at his residence, Beaufort, John Wotherspoon, merchant; aged 53 years.

THE
Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

We have received from the Chief Secretary the conditions of competition for the prizes offered by Government for the best irrigated farm; also for the best variety of irrigated crops. These may be seen at this office.

It is announced in our advertising columns that in future the local branch of the A.N.A. will meet at the Mechanics' Institute; also that on Tuesday next, Mr. A. J. Peacock ex-president of the Board of Directors, will be present to address members and the public.

Mr. W. E. Nickols announces the sale by auction, on Monday, 10th October, of the whole of the late Dr. Croker's furniture and effects. The sale will be held at the auctioneer's rooms.

Messrs. Dennys, Lascelles, Austin, and Co. have an important announcement in to-day's issue, to which we are requested to call the attention of wool growers and grain producers.

The Shire of Ripon invite tenders for various works in the north riding.

We have received from the secretary to the Centennial International Exhibition circulars announcing the wish to secure a thorough representation of the industries and products of the colony at the Exhibition; also stating that he will forward the various documents from time to time as they are published. Those who are interested may therefore be able to inspect these papers at the "Advocate" office as soon as they are received.

A meeting of the ratepayers who were prominent supporters of the late Mr. John Wotherspoon, was held yesterday morning, when it was unanimously resolved to requisition Mr. George Wotherspoon, who has come to live amongst us again, to allow himself to be nominated for a seat in the council, rendered vacant by Mr. John Wotherspoon's decease. Mr. George Wotherspoon replied to the effect that he would endeavor to fill his brother's place in public matters, and as it appeared to be the general wish of the ratepayers, he would accede to the requisition, and would announce himself as a candidate in due time.

A very pleasant evening was spent on Monday last, by the pupils attending Miss Greenwood's night and day schools in the schoolroom, Neill street, during which an almost spontaneous step was taken by them to show the esteem in which the teacher is held by the scholars. Miss Greenwood was taken quite by surprise by the receipt of numerous little memos, which were accompanied by parcels of variable sizes. On enquiry as to the cause, that lady was told that as the next day was her birthday, the little ones desired to manifest their love in a practical way, and begged her to receive the presents. Amongst them were a handsome album, a pair of pretty vases, a shell-worked jewellery case, toilet case, and silk-lined case, containing pen, pencil, paper knife, and steel knife; all useful articles; besides numerous other little presents which are highly prized by the recipient.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the week ending September 29, as registered by Mr. McFarlane, amounted to 0·75 inch; the fall for the month of September is given as 3.35 inches.

Archdeacon Julius gave a very interesting lecture at the Public Hall, Middle Creek, on Tuesday last, the subject being "Three years in an English country parish." After giving a minute description of a little village in Somersetshire, he traversed the ground of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and the church work accomplished there. The lecture abounded with amusing character sketches, which kept the audience in constant roars of laughter. The attendance, although the weather was very unpropitious, was extremely good. The proceeds are in aid of the new church which is to be built at Middle Creek.

At the Beaufort Police Court on Monday last, before Mr. J. C. Thompson, P.M., and Messrs. Cushing, Andrews, and Thomas, J.'sP., two or three debt causes were disposed of, and an order was made against William Stewart for the payment of 2s 6d per week for the maintenance of his step-son at present in the reformatory. Stewart had replied to the department to the effect that he could not afford to pay more, but was willing to pay that sum; the department desired, however, to have the order made by the magistrates.

We would remind our readers of the fancy fair and sale of gifts to be held in the Societies Hall on Thursday and Friday next, 6th and 7th October. We are informed that a splendid assortment of plain and fancy articles will be displayed, and that the prices to be charged are not beyond moderation.

Just prior to the lecture at Middle Creek on Tuesday evening last, the committee of the church met and decided upon the plans for the new building. In our advertising columns will be found an advertisement calling a meeting of subscribers for the purpose of electing trustees of the new church. It has been suggested that the building be vested in the diocesan trustees, but the meeting will have to decide this question.

Two funeral in the one day at Beaufort cemetery is seldom heard of. Such a scene, however, was witnessed on Thursday last. The large procession which followed the mortal remains of our late respected townsman, Mr. Wotherspoon, to their last resting place, were quietly dispersing, when there came in view the funeral cortége of the late Mr. Neil Campbell, who returned home from Melbourne a short time ago striken with sickness, and after a patient though brief suffering passed away at his father's residence, Trawalla, on Tuesday last. A large number of residents met the procession at the gates of the cemetery, and followed to the grave, where Rev. Mr. Adam read the service and delivered a short and touching address. The day to him was one of mournful surroundings. Scarcely had he spoken over the grave of an old friend past the middle age of life, who had fought life's battle, when he was brought to another open grave to commit to the dust the body of a young man who had just commenced the battle with the world. These things should impress upon those around the uncertainty of life, and do much to urge them on to make their lives happier and nobler in the works of Christianity, and faith in Christ. Mr. Baker conducted the funeral arrangements.

We are in receipt of the "Illustrated Australasian Sketcher" for the current month, which contains, amongst other excellent engravings, scenes incident at the recent Derby Castle disaster and the survivors' sojourn on Enderby Island. Mr. Henningsen is local agent.

"Punch" for this week contained a large two page supplement, giving the portraits of the premier 20 of Carlton footballers. The reading matter is, as usual, excellent. Mr. Henningsen is Beaufort agent.

At the meeting of the Ballarat Group of the Municipal Association held on Thursday, the following resolution of the Shire of Ripon was adopted on the motion of Cr Cushing:—"That the Municipal Association recommend the insertion of a clause in the Amending Bill to give shire and other councils the power to make by-laws adopting subsection 1, part VII., and 13th schedule of Local Government Act 1874, for the prevention of chimney fires."

An adversisement in our business columns notifies that the business hitherto carried on by the late Mr. John Wotherspoon under the style of Wotherspoon Bros. and Co., will be carried on as usual and in the same manner as heretofore.

We would direct the attention of our readers to the business announcement of Mr George White, which appears in our issue to-day.

To meet the demand of the public for facilities to despatch parcels to their friends at Christmastide, the post office authorities have arranged to allow gifts to be transmitted by the parcels post at the following rates:—2 lbs or under, 2s.; each additional 1lb., 1s. The parcels will be delivered at the addresses without any further change. Parcel mails closing in Melbourne on November 3 and 11 will reach London on December 21 and 26 respectively.

The selling wool trade of Geelong has shown year by year a constantly increasing volume of business, and the brokers have always evinced the utmost readiness to meet its growing requirements. The latest improvements are at the stores of Messrs Dennys, Lascelles, Austin and Co., where a new iron building, 182 feet in length, is being erected on a portion of Messrs Scott Bros. timber yard, which has lately been acquired, along with the land occupied by Messrs Keown and Ebbels, by the firm in question. They thus own the solid block of land extending from Brougham Place to Corio-street, with the full frontage to Clare-street and Brougham Place, and a partial one to Moorabool-street: a total area of 1¾ acre, in the very heart of Geelong, and within a stone's throw of the shipping. Such a block similarly situated in the metropolis would be saleable at fully £200,000; whereas, in Geelong the cost has been very little over a hundredth part of that amount. In the light of such a difference it can easily be understood why the charges on sale of wool are so much lower than those ruling in Melbourne. The situation of Messrs Dennys, Lascelles, Austin and Co.'s warehouse has enabled them to make arrangements with the railway commissioners to construct a siding from the Railway Pier line into it. This work will be completed during the week, after which wool and grain received by railway will come straight into store, and can also be sent out by trucks to vessels loading at the Railway Pier. We understand that the opening sale of the season will be held on the 18th prox., when a much larger catalogue than that of the first sale last year will be submitted.

MINING ITEMS.

New Kong Meng, Majorca—Yield for three days ended 29th September—400 oz.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 80oz; New Victoria, 35 oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, —; Saxon Consols, 33oz.

NO MORE HARD TIMES.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. "Chronicle."

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.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN WOTHERSPOON, J.P.

Our readers will by this time be quite familiar with the truth that in the demise of Mr. John Wotherspoon, Justice of the Peace, and councillor for the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon, this district has lost a staunch friend, and a gentleman whose place in public matters cannot be more worthily filled. It is nearly a month since we announced that owing to a severe sickness, Mr. Wotherspoon was unable to be present at the council meeting, and it will be remembered that allusion was made at that council meeting to the most graceful act on the part of deceased in foregoing his turn for the presidential chair in favor of Cr. Murray, of the East Riding. This was only one of the many graceful acts performed by Mr. Wotherspoon during the last twenty-one years. It is almost needless to say that he was greatly esteemed as a townsman; the word does not carry us far enough into the region of respect in which deceased was held, not only by residents of of Beaufort, but by residents throughout the whole of this district, and even beyond its boundaries; and the expressions which have been used only slightly convey the warmth of affection cherished for his memory now that he is no longer with us in the flesh. For more than twenty years the deceased has been a public man, and all his actions have been marked by an entire absence of ostensibility; he has always shown a sound desire for the and welfare of the district.

Commencing with the constitution of this shire as a road-board, he was one of the few who worked hard to obtain secessions from the Lexton and Carngham road boards. With the latter the fight was most severe, and at one time it was feared the efforts of obtaining the end of their desires would be unsuccessful. But the committee—consisting of Messrs. Joel Tompkins, John Simpson, Henderson, John Wotherspoon, and one or two others—worked hard, and were ultimately successfully. In 1864 the Shire of Ripon was constituted, and the deceased was appointed the first secretary and treasurer. This position he held for nearly three years, when he resigned in order to devote more time to the private business in which he and his brother, Mr. George Wotherspoon, were engaged. Originally the firm only carried on a wholesale business, but the shop and good will of Mr. Henderson having been put in the market, the firm purchased it, and ever since the wholesale and retail business has been carried on. This necessitated deceased's retirement from the secretaryship of the shire; but in the following year he was nominated for and gained a seat at the council table, as representative for the North Riding of the shire. He has contested seven elections, but so great was the confidence in him, that the ratepayers always returned him as their member. Three times he has been elected president, and would undoubtedly have been a fourth time, had he not with characteristic grace, waived his right in favor of the East Riding. Some twelve or thirteen years ago, Mr. Wotherspoon advocated the supply of water to Beaufort, and was successful in obtaining the supply from Mount Cole springs, conjointly with the Railway department; having gone so far, he went farther, and through his endeavors chiefly the town was reticulated, and residents obtained one of the greatest boons they could desire, viz., good wholesome water at their very doors.

Mr. Wotherspoon took a great deal of interest in ornamentation, tree planting, &c Through his efforts, a lease was obtained of the present Beaufort Park, and to this reserve he directed a great deal of attention; his chief object was to provide some attractive pleasureable resort to the ratepayers of the district. In most, if not all, of the work done at this place, Mr. Wotherspoon was chief mover, and yet no municipal expenditure was recklessly sought, but always so that the ratepayers would receive some lasting benefit. In fact, so great a delight did he manifest in affairs at the park, that a proposition to name it after him would have been carried out but for his own wish in this respect. In all sports held in the park, Mr. Wotherspoon helped considerably, although he would take no active part. He loved to see people enjoy themselves.

Mr. Wotherspoon was also the original mover to obtain a free library for this town, and from the inception of the movement to the day of his death, he held a position as trustee. From time to time the institute has received substantial aid from him.

In mining, Mr. Wotherspoon was a large supporter of local mines, and it is well-known that he has spent large sums of money to help develope new ground. He was prime instigator of the movement to get a grant from Government to prospect the Dividing range, and it was a very great satisfaction to him to learn that the movement was turning out as well as anticipated, the working party having come upon quartz leaders showing gold, and the prospecting likely to lead to far better results. He interested himself greatly in the mines of Waterloo, and his death is considered as great a blow to this town as to Beaufort.

The working miner and agriculturalist have lost a fast friend, and many will remember for a long time to come the help that they have received from him. As an employer of labor he is spoken of as a generous, kind-hearted man, a better than whom there was no room to wish for.

Mr Wotherspoon was one of the pioneer members of the Loyal Beaufort Lodge, M.U., I.O.O.F., his name being the first or number one on the Lodge Books, and for several years he was an active member and trustee. He also, as a trustee of the Beaufort Cemetery took a great deal of interest in the improvement of the reserve; and he had in contemplation the suggestion of further extensions and improvements to this place.

He took an earnest interest in the Presbyterian Church of Beaufort, to which denomination he belonged; but was always ready to help other denominations; and it is certain that the great loss the whole district has sustained will be for some considerable time mourned.

THE FUNERAL

took place on Thursday last. All the business places, both in Beaufort and Waterloo, were closed, and the mines at the latter place ceased work to allow those employed to attend the funeral. Never has there been so great impressiveness reigning in this town. Residents from all parts came into Beaufort very early, and friends gathered in mournful conversation along the streets until the time for the procession to start. After a service in the house, at which the immediate friends and relatives of deceased were present, the procession was formed. The members of the Fire Brigade, of which deceased was a prominent supporter, led the way, and those of the Loyal Beaufort Lodge M.U.I.O.F. followed. Then came the hearse and the carriage containing the chief mourners. These vehicles were followed by the whole of the employés of the late Mr. Wotherspoon, each of whom carried in his hand a wreath of choice flowers and evergreens. Next came the councillors and officers of the Shire of Ripon, representatives of other councils, and Mr. Uren, M.P., and behind these about 800 residents of the town and district, who followed on foot four deep. The whole procession measured over a quarter of a mile in length. From two o'clock the fire-bell was tolled, at intervals. On arrival at the cemetery, about 200 persons met the *cortège*, and the last rites were conducted by the Rev. A. Adams, M.A., who delivered a short and pathetic address at the grave. He said—Dear friends,—It is not usual on such occasions like these to say more than is absolutely necessary in committing a body to the grave; but this is a time when I feel I must speak a few words, respecting a most intimate friend, who had been associated with Beaufort ever since it became a town; who had, as it were, grown with him and it. The large assembly that had come to the grave of the departed one showed how great was the respect in which deceased was held, and their presence was not only a mark of respect to the memory of deceased, but spoke too plainly of a loss that had befallen Beaufort and district. The deceased had left a gap which they could not fill. The whole of his life had been devoted to the welfare and prosperity of this district, and although it was his expressed desire to me that he might live a little longer to complete the work which he had taken in hand, I can say that his end was peace; that he died fully believing in the merits of Christ as his Saviour. I cannot speak too much of his association with the church, and I feel that we have all lost a good friend and helper." He then went on to say that this was a time that should bring to the mind of all the desire to live well so that when death comes they might die well; that it was an occasion when all were brought face to face with a stern reality that all must die. It had often been said that life was not worth living. He said it was not if there was nothing after this life. No one lived truly for this world; their faith should lead them to live a higher and much nobler life. The rev. gentleman was greatly overcome with feeling, and during his few remarks there were many moistened eyes in the large crowd of persons who were present. One very touching incident of the funeral was the spectacle of a number of Chinamen, who had come—some from Jock's Gully, some from Main Lead, and others from Waterloo—to follow the remains. On the sight of the coffin as it was carried from the house to the hearse, they all took off their hats, and tears were observed trickling down their cheeks. They then joined in the procession, and were amongst the last who took a farewell look at the coffin before it was covered in the grave.

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

The Ripon-shire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

To-Day and To-Morrow.

Boast not thyself for the morrow,
How little ye know of the day;
The hopes that to-day are the brightest,
To-morrow may vanish away.

To-day you may stand in the sunshine,
To-morrow you'll stand in the shade;
To-day you may gather the blossoms,
To-morrow they'll wither and fade.

To-day you may witness the bridal,
To-morrow you'll stand by the bier;
To-day your rollicking laughter,
To-morrow the scalding tear.

To-day we rejoice in our riches,
To-morrow they'll vanish away;
To-day we cherish an idol,
To-morrow we'll find it but clay

To-day we have worldly ambition,
To-morrow our hearts will be crushed;
To-day we have pride without measure.
To-morrow we'll bow in the dust.

There are thorns with all our roses,
And tares with all our wheat;
Sunshine and shade in succession,
To-morrow the bitter and sweet.

So we pass through life not knowing
The scenes of the coming day;
But trusting we look for the morrow,
For the future looks hopeful and gay.

Novelist.

DAYS OF CRIME
AND
YEARS OF SUFFERING

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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

CHAPTER XV.

PRISON LIFE.

The first week I was in Newgate a boy not more than ten years of age was placed in my ward. He was crying bitterly when he entered the ward, and as nearly all the other prisoners laughed at what they termed his snivelling, I attempted to soothe him, and inquired the cause of his tears. The little fellow told me he had been employed as an errand boy at some military tailor's shop, and that one of the men had given him a couple of epaulettes to take to some place. As he was on the point of leaving the shop, the foreman saw him with the articles, and asked what he was going to do with them. He told him they had been given to him to take out for one of the men; but when the man was referred to, he denied the statement of the boy, and swore he knew nothing about them. It seems the man had worked a long time in the shop, and as his character was good, the boy was disbelieved, given into custody, and committed for trial! *I* was quite convinced of the boy's innocence, but the jury arrived at a different conclusion; and the poor little fellow was sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate for three months, and to be twice whipped. Ten years afterwards a brutal murder was committed by two young men near Sawpit Gully, in this colony. Both were condemned and sentenced to be executed. The name of one was Roach, I was then a prison-clerk in the Melbourne Gaol, and I was in the habit of sitting up with those who were gallows-doomed during the last few nights of their sojourn upon earth. Thus, I sat up with Roach! The last night he wrote a letter to England to his father, which he handed me to read. It was a long, sad letter, but the saddest passage it contained was this:—"I am guilty, very guilty, now dear father, and in a few hours I shall be dead; but indeed, when I was flogged and imprisoned in Newgate for stealing the epaulettes, I was innocent and good. You will believe me now, for God will judge me soon, and I would not tell a lie in my last moments." On reading this passage it flashed upon me directly that Roach was the same little boy (and yet how different!) whom I had comforted with kind words in Newgate ward, and I was right. When I mentioned the circumstance to him with an intensity of mental vision that I have on other such occasions found to be possessed by those who stand on the verge of the grave, he looked back upon the far-off past and recalled at once the minutest particulars of our first meeting. I was terribly affected at this sudden recognition; and picturing to myself the poor weeping innocent boy whom I had pitied in Newgate, and seeing the blood-stained unhappy being before me whose last sun was set, I was unable to control my feelings and I sobbed like a child. He, too, wept, and our tears mingled. The first kindness that had visited his prison-life he had received at my hands, and the last consolation, which in that dread hour only faith could give, I breathed into his ear in the Saviour's words.

I might, by way of episode, give his story, but I have heard so many like it, that to me it seems too common-place to narrate at length. It may be condensed into half-a-dozen lines. In Newgate he was familiarised with crime, contracted a prison-intimacy with one older than himself, was met by him outside the prison, for crime was shortly after arrested again, was in the course of a few months transported, had suffered a good deal of punishment in Van Diemen's Land, and, completely hardened in heart, had finally committed murder.

Some time during the first week of my confinement I was sent for by the chaplain, and interrogated with reference to my previous history. My interview was a very long one, for, as he told me I could speak to him in all confidence, I related to him my whole history. At first he scarcely believed me, but after a pretty keen cross-examination I succeeded in convincing him that my narration was perfectly true. He addressed me in very kind words, and appeared, by his manner, to be really sorry for me. I could not avoid mentioning to him the fact of there being no books in any of the wards, and he said that the prisoners had destroyed them so frequently that the prison authorities seemed to think it useless to supply any more. He stated, however, that he would make a demand for some entertaining books, and recommend that they should be issued to prisoners personally, and not placed in the wards as heretofore, a method which would lead to individual responsibility, and thus cause the books to be more carefully used. On the following day he again sent for me, and lent me, from his own private library, a couple of volumes—*Reid on the Mind* and *Cowper's Poems*. These books were a source of never-failing enjoyment to me, and I used to think then when so little could make one happy, how foolish it was to commit sin by wholesale, in the vain pursuit of happiness. During my stay in Newgate the chaplain sent for me, from time to time, and was always ready with a fresh book when I solicited the favor. The Rev. Mr. Davis, the then Ordinary of Newgate, was without doubt a true servant of his Heavenly Master, and I now record with grateful remembrance the Christian kindness which he extended to me. Surrounded as he was by the worst elements of human nature, he had faith in God's power to redeem. He dealt largely in gentleness, knowing that

"The rugged rock oft holds within its bosom,
Deep hidden, a fount of sweet and living waters,
That needs but the soft power of some sweet influence
To call it gushing forth."

It was in Newgate that I had noticed the ceaseless craving which exists among prisoners for tobacco. It is in the gaol what money is in the world. Only possess tobacco, and you can command the services of those around you in any way you may wish. For a couple of chews of tobacco I have frequently known a man to part with nearly the whole of his day's food. Of course it was in Newgate a prohibited article; but somehow, despite the vigilance of turnkeys, it used to penetrate even to the very condemned cells. It was no unusual thing to see a man cutting off the large buttons off his coat, which in reality were round pieces of the narcotic weed neatly covered. I have known worshippers of the mighty nicotine principle sacrifice their last shirt in testimony of their own great devotion. Everything was appraised by a tobacco standard of value. "Bill's togs," one would say, "is worth three cosh of stuff." A third would be making anxious inquiries for some one to give him "three-parts of a cosh for his satin Benjamin." A kosh or sosh (the orthography is uncertain) of stuff is, in plain words, a fig or plug of tobacco. I remember one day, when tobacco was an exceedingly scarce commodity, I was laughing at the woeful-looking visages of those around me, who, unable to obtain the least particle of the coveted weed, had very much the appearance of men who were going to be hanged. They were all so ill-tempered there was no getting even a civil word from any of them, and even the ordinary professional avocations seemed to be at a standstill. The old lag was down on his luck, and hadn't a word to say. The housebreaking artist no longer sketched his illustrations upon the yard pavement; and young Sullivan was so terribly out of temper that he refused to give me my daily lesson in the dipping line. To put them all in good humor I managed to obtain a pencil and a bit of a white calico shirt, and I composed "A cross chap's address to his mate in a time of great tobacco scarcity." The lines were rubbish, which I should be ashamed to repeat, but I did not think so at the time. Having improvised the rhyming appeal to the charitable, I stuck it up in the yard, and it attracted the attention of the turnkey. But the idiot had no soul for humor, and he introduced both me and my verse to the governor, and I was locked up for three days.

There was a murderer in the prison awaiting trial. This wretched man was the general subject of conversation. We all saw him in chapel apart from ourselves, in the place assigned for prisoners committed for any capital offence. But little attention was given to the service; and after it was over, before any of us had left the chapel, whispers could be heard which plainly indicated how the minds of those who were assembled professedly for the worship of God had been really occupied: "He looks game on it, don't he, Bill?"—"I say Tom, do you think they'll scrag him?"—"He's a lumpy sort of a cove, he won't want much of a fall—"He's well togged; he'd better sell his dude for stuff, instead of letting the hangman have them"—"A little white about the gills; he'll turn out a soft 'un in the end" these and a hundred other such remarks followed upon his first appearance in chapel; and every morning this poor wretch, who in a few days was to be doomed to the gallows, was the centre of staring observation and the object of unfeeling remark. After his condemnation he was narrowly observed by the prisoners to see if he showed anything like the white feather. The morbid curiosity evinced on all sides was really shocking to witness. The minutest scraps of information as to how he slept, how he ate his meals, how he passed his time, what he said &c., were eagerly sought after, and repeated from mouth to mouth. But the grand thing which all seemed eagerly looking forward to was the condemned sermon. The Sunday came at last for this piece of display. The chapel was "got up" in the best style; the pews were filled with well-dressed persons who came to witness the exhibition (for it was by no means to be a prison monopoly); the prisoners were all assembled; the pulpit was hung with black; and then, when everything was ready and expectation stood waiting on tip-toe, the poor victim, for whom all this preparation and parade were made, was marched in between two turnkeys, who conducted him to a seat just outside the governor's pew. The text I remember well. It was from the 72th Psalm—"Let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before Thee; according to the greatness of Thy mercy preserve Thou those that are appointed to die." The sermon was a finished production, full of eloquence, and very effectively delivered, but it was by no means level to the capacity of the *one* who should have been most benefited by it. I closely scanned the appearance of the condemned man during the whole of the time we were in chapel, but I could perceive no trace of emotion in him. He listened throughout with the most stolid indifference, and at the conclusion of the service rose from his seat, said in a loud firm voice, "Good-bye, lads," and then marched out with the air of a hero. And then, as soon as the rest of us were back in our wards, we all spoke of him in admiring terms, and were unanimous in pronouncing him, "a plucky cove." So much for the example *within* the prison!

And *without* the prison—what of the example here? Long before daylight—hours before the death-bell tolled forth to the city's throng that there was work that morning for the gallows—the low murmurings of thousands who had assembled to see a fellow-creature strangled could be heard distinctly in the wards and cells of Newgate. How many crimes were committed in view of this "warning to the world" I cannot pretend to say; but this much I do know, that the day after the hanging spectacle two youths were committed to Newgate for pocket picking in sight of the gallows, one of whom is, at the time I am now writing a prisoner in this department, undergoing a sentence for a similar offence committed in Melbourne.

CHAPTER XVI.

DOOMED.

When arraigned, I pleaded "Not guilty;" and as in the prison the game of "judge and jury" was carried on pretty extensively, I had exercised my oratorical powers in acting as counsel for the parties accused, and as my speeches had elicited some applause from the spectators of the mock court, I determined to try the effect of my eloquence upon the solemn tribunal where Justice presided in its stern reality. The evidence was very quickly got through, and then I commenced my address. It was reported at length in the papers, and I managed afterwards to obtain it, cut out from *The Times*. Having had it a long time in my possession, and read it several times to different persons, it became firmly impressed upon my memory, and remembering it still, I am able to give it:—

My lord, and gentlemen of the jury,—Where ignorance largely exists, crime does not astonish; but were guilt is found allied to knowledge, it is either the natural growth of a depraved heart, or the product of peculiar circumstances. The offence with which I am charged, and the facts detailed in the evidence, are of a character which refuses me the shelter of ignorance. You behold in me, then, gentlemen, the most mournful of spectacles—that of the union of guilt and intelligence; my brow radiant with youth, my soul darkly shadowed by sin. Gentlemen, I see that you are surprised by the manner in which I address you. You pity my youth, you wonder at my words, you are at this moment speculating upon the cause of my crimes. My guilt I confess; its causes I will explain.

Judge.—I am sorry to interrupt you; but as you admit your guilt, it is unnecessary to take up the time of the court in lengthy explanation to the jury. If you have anything to urge in mitigation of punishment, you had better address yourself to me after the verdict has been returned. It is the province of the jury to decide upon the guilt or innocence of the accused, and not to consider the remote causes of an admitted crime.

Prisoner.—I beg your lordship's pardon if I trespass too much on the time of the court, but I respectfully crave permission to proceed with my address.

Judge.—The time of the court cannot be taken up in listening to irrevelant statements. Anything you can advance that directly tends to extenuate your crime I shall be glad to listen to; but having acknowledged your guilt is needless to detain the jury with any lengthy address.

Prisoner.—Gentlemen of the jury, his lordship has enlightened me. This solemn tribunal, this array of learning before me in the bar, the sheriff in his robes, the judge in his ermine, the police-officers around me, the spectators in the gallery above me, all these and you, gentlemen, as well, are here assembled just to determine guilt and to pronounce a doom. This court, taken collectively, does not hold an authority delegated by society (as in my ignorance I imagined) to acquaint itself with the causes of crime and penetrate the arcana of the guilt it deals with. Satisfied that the guilt exists, strong on its power to punish, the sentence is pronounced without delay, and——

Judge.—I cannot allow you to proceed in this strain; in you position such conduct is neither seemly nor prudent.

Prisoner.—As to the propriety of my conduct I cannot agree with your lordship; its prudence I make no attempt to vindicate. There are moments when the cool, calculating promptings of policy are unheeded. This, with me, is one of them. I am not restrained by prudential motives. If I were I should be silent, humbly acquiescing in all that falls fom your lordship. I know there is wisdom in the oriental maxim, "Speech is silver, but silence is gold." But on this occasion I ignore, indiscreetly enough no doubt, the lesson it teaches. I have one right pertaining to me yet, the right of addressing the jury; that right cannot be denied me, and I dare command its exercise even from the judge who will pronounce my sentence.

Judge.—You are mistaken. You have only the right to address the jury in your defence, and having confessed your guilt, lengthy explanations to them are altogether out of place. I shall direct the jury to return a verdict, the facts being so plain.

Prisoner—You force me, my lord, to be disingenuous when I wish to be truthful, and to your lordship's power, I must oppose my own ingenuity. (To the jury.)—My guilt, gentlemen, I confess; its causes remain to be developed. This was the last sentence I addressed to you when his lordship interposed. His lordship, however, misconceived this sentence. He viewed it as a particular admission of my guiltiness of the offence for which I stand indicted. But I spoke only in general terms, with no direct reference to the indictment. Besides, I am indicted on two counts—one for uttering, the other for forging; can it be said that my admission is sufficient to preclude me from speaking as to the degree in which I am guilty? Surely not. If my guilt is co-extensive with that charged in the indictment, not being the result of ignorance, it either is the exponent of innate wickedness, or the unhappy effect of circumstances. My heart, grown familiar with evil, may now be prone to its commission, but I can look back to a time when I knelt at my mother's feet, and the prayer that I uttered and the faith that I felt were not premonitory of any tendancy to criminal pursuits. The years are but few since that time, and yet how many are the sufferings and the trials which a sad destiny has crowded into them. I am not an orphan, and yet at the age of twelve I was friendless and destitute upon the streets of London. The sufferings of poverty cannot justify crime; for thousands who endure its privations preserve their integrity. But the battle of life is like the gory battle-field of war, some are doomed to fall. I have fallen, but it was not poverty that overcame me. That I patiently endured. But when my poverty was punished as a crime, and I learned in gaol that a thief was better treated than a pauper; when, gentlemen, the state taught me this lesson, I was conquered with its own weapons. The day that I was released I abjured vagrancy and virtue, and dissociating myself from all the holier impulses of my nature, I abandoned myself to wickedness, and having in the first instance been sent to prison for being houseless, I now stand charged before you with being criminal. I would have addressed you at greater length, and given you my history in detail, but the remarks of his lordship have their significance. Gentlemen, I am guilty, and you can return your verdict."

As a matter of course the jury returned a verdict of guilty on both counts of the indictment. I was then asked if I had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon me. I addressed a few words to the judge to the following effect:—

"I have no doubt, my lord, that many in this court who had listened to your lordship's remarks and witnessed my contumacy are anticipating that your lordship's disapprobation of the course I have pursued will be made manifest in the sentence you pronounce. I entertain no such fear. I am too insignificant to excite anger, and were it otherwise, your lordship is too exalted in mind to allow personal feeling to mingle with the awards of justice. If there is room for mercy, I am sufficiently humble to beg for it. If I stand without its pale, I trust that God will give me strength to bear the severity to which justice may condemn me."

(To be Continued.)

THE CASHIER'S STORY.

"I have tried time and again to reason myself out of it. I don't like the idea of going through life acknowledging that I am indebted to the supernatural, for my very existence. I am not going to believe it now if I can find any other way of accounting for my being here, instead of at the foot of a gravestone out on the hill yonder."

We had been discussing spiritualism before the open fire in Charley's room, and had drifted from arguments on the condition of the dead to the relation of incidents of a mysterious character influencing the lives of the living.

"I don't like to figure as a creature of the mysterious," Charley continued, "because it seems to commit me to a belief in all sorts of outlandish and unnatural things—to enclose me in an atmosphere altogether unearthly; but my only relief seems to lie in an utter repudiation of an occurrence too real and too productive of practical results to be repudiated, so you see I am in a good deal of a mess over it."

Charley is one of the most matter-of-fact of men. At the bank where he holds the position of cashier, such an admission on his part would have produced a sensation. In the familiar circle where he sat that night it only provoked curiosity. This curiosity he at once proceeded to satisfy, beginning with the abrupt question,—

"Do you remember the night of the fifteenth of March?"

No one seemed to remember, for no one answered him.

"That's singular," he said, after a moment's silence. At the same time you all took an interest in at least one of the occurences of that night. I refer to the attempted bank robbery."

Certainly we all remembered that. We had simply failed to locate it on the date given—the night of the fifteenth of March?"

"Well, when I left the bank that evening" Charley continued, "I was accompanied by Dick Munson, the paying teller—a pale nervous little fellow, with a memory of faces and signatures almost phenomenal, and an instinctive ability to detect frauds. We stopped on the bank steps for a moment to speak to a customer, and then passed on up the street together. His rooms were about half a mile further out than mine, and when we were kept at the bank later than usual, as on that occasion, we frequently dined together at a neat little restaurant not far from my chambers. We did so on that night, occupying a table alone in a small alcove from which a window looked out upon a side street.

"We were well through the meal, when Dick called my attention to the figure of a man standing on the outer edge of the walk, and facing across the side street.

"'Do you remember having seen that person before this evening?' he asked.

"I glanced up carelessly, and replied that to the best of my recollection I then saw the man for the first time.

"'Then,' he added nervously, 'note some peculiarity in dress or attitude, so you will know him if you see him again. Wait; the face is the best index. He may turn this way in a moment.'

"As though influenced by our rigid scrutiny, the man on the walk turned almost before Dick had finished speaking, and faced the window where we sat.

"'Don't look now,' Dick said, turning his own eyes away. 'He is watching us. When you do look, notice the upper portion of his face. People of his kind usually point out their peculiarities by trying to hide them. Look sharp under the rim of the slouch hat he wears for some distinguishing mark.'

"While the teller was speaking, I caught a full view of the man's face. The eyebrows were very thick and black, and came close together. There was no arch to speak of, and the general effect was that of a straight, unbroken line crossing the lower forehead. It was a face not easily forgotten.

"'I thought you would find something there,' Dick said, when I told him what I had seen. 'I was not quick enough to see the fellow's face, but I should know it anywhere. He stood in front of the bank steps when we stopped there to-night, and has kept us in sight nearly all the way up. Unless he is frightened off we shall hear from him before long.'

"I laughed heartily at Dick's view of the matter, and nothing more was said on the subject until we reached my rooms. Then, placing his hand on my arm, he exclaimed:

"'I can't get over what we were talking about at the restaurant. I can't get that slouching figure on the edge of the walk out of my mind. Let me remind you once more to look sharp for that face wherever you go. Good-night.'

"He was off before I could make any reply, and I went on up stairs, laughing quietly at what I considered the nervous fears of a tired out and naturally suspicious man.

"On my sitting-room table I found a note reminding me of an important engagement in another part of the city, and left hurriedly. To this day the janitor insists that I left my door unlocked, but I am positive that I did not. Not long after my departure, however, he found it ajar, looked carelessly through the rooms, saw that I was not there, and locked it. Had he been more thorough in his search he would doubtless have saved me from a very strange experience.

"It was midnight when I returned to my rooms. The gas was burning dimly in the sitting-room, but the sleeping-room beyond it was in total darkness. Opening from the sleeping-room was a large bath-room, and adjoining this was a large clothes-closet. I locked the door as usual, turned off the gas, and went to bed, as I frequently did, without striking a light in the sleeping-room or opening the doors leading to the bath-room and closet.

"I went to sleep immediately. How long I slept soundly I cannot tell. I am utterly unable to describe the first sensations I experienced. Dimly and afar off I heard Dick Munson's voice, speaking as though in a terrible fear or from out an overpowering nightmare.

"At first the sounds came to me like a voice muffled by the walls of a close room, and conveyed to my mind no distinct form of words; but the tone was one of warning, and told me as plainly as words could have done that I was in deadly peril of some kind.

"After a time the voice ceased, and I heard, as plainly as I now hear, the rumbling of wheels outside, the rapping of a private signal known only in the bank when he desired to attract my attention to any face or suspicious circumstance in front of his window. This was repeated several times. Then I heard the voice again, clear and distinct this time, as though a door or window had been opened in the room from which it proceeded.

"There was no mistaking the words this time. I heard them over and over again, as one hears words in vivid dreams:—'Lock the bath-room door! I can't get that slouching figure out of my mind!' With the words came a feeling which I cannot describe, but which you have doubtless all experienced—a sensation of immediate personal danger, coupled with a physical inability to control a muscle to meet it.

"The words and the private signal alternated many times, and then I heard a crash—such a crash as would follow the falling of a heavy window-sash. Absolute silence followed, and with the silence came a sense of physical depression, as though a current of electricity which had wrought my nerves to the utmost tension had suddenly been withdrawn.

"I awoke instantly. When I say I awoke, I mean that I awoke to consciousness of the things immediately around me, for it is my belief that my mental condition previous to that time cannot be expressed or described by the word sleep.

"I heard a clock strike one, and tried to sleep again, but could not do so. I could think of nothing but the slouchy figure I had seen early in the evening on the outer edge of the walk; I found it impossible to forget the mysterious warning to lock the bath-room door.

"I should have got out of bed and made a tour to the bath-room and closet, only it occurred to me it would be a rather ridiculous thing to do. Men who pride themselves on a practical turn of mind dislike to do ridiculous things, even when alone. Besides notwithstanding the effect produced upon me by what I had heard, I regarded the matter as an unusual clear-cut dream, and was not in the least alarmed. The longer I lay awake the more thoroughly did I become convinced that the nervous suspicions of the paying-teller were alone responsible for my losing a good hour of sleep, and I resolved to make up for lost time as soon as possible by turning over for another refreshing nap.

"If I had not as a preliminary step to the resolve so formed, raised myself in bed and made a great noise beating up and re-arranging my pillows perhaps the most trying portion of that night's experience would have been spared me. Be that as it may, the facts remains that before I had arranged my pillows to my liking my attention was diverted from my task by three rather startling objects.

"First a dark lantern was pouring its round red rays full in my face. The second was an unusually long and unnaturally bright self-cocking revolver located within six inches of my nose. The third was a particularly villanous face, with thick, black eyebrows running together above the nose, forming no arch to speak of, and producing the general effect of a straight unbroken line crossing the lower forehead.

"Was I frightened? Yes; but I scarcely think my fright took the usual form. I knew in an instant, as well as I know now, that it was not my life, nor the trifling amount of money he might find in my room, that the intruder wanted. I recognized his presence there as a part of a well-laid plan to rob the bank. The intruder's words confirmed my suspicions.

"'Get up and dress yourself. We want you at the bank. If you value your life be quick and make no noise,' he said in a whisper.

"You are to go with me to the bank and open the vault," he said, holding his weapon close to my head as I dressed. "The first movement you make to escape or call assistance will be your last. My mates are below. If I miss my aim they will not. If we meet an officer at the bank or on the way there, and you are questioned you are to say that you want important papers left on your desk, and pass on. You will not be harmed. We want money, not human life. Do you understand?"

"In a short time I was at the outer door of my sitting-room dressed for the street. Never for an instant, in all my journeys about the room to secure my clothes, had the threatening weapon been removed from the close position of my waking moment. Still I had not abandoned hope. Surely between my room and the bank some opportunity for escape would present itself. I had no intention of unlocking the vault. At the last moment I should have risked a few shots from the robber's revolvers.

"My escort unlocked the sitting-room door and paused with his hand on the knob. At that instant a sound of footsteps was heard on the stairs. The key was quietly turned in the lock, and I felt the cold rim of the revolver on my temple. The steps passed my door, and the weapon was lowered. You all know what followed. Before the weapon could be raised again, the door fell in with a crash, and the robber, who stood directly in front of it, was clubbed to the floor and handcuffed by a squad of policemen led by the paying teller.

"Dick did not return to his own chamber that night. We spent the time until daylight in my sitting room. At first he absolutely refused to explain his sudden appearance with the officers, for Dick is a hard headed sort of fellow, who scouts everything that cannot be demonstrated by set rules and figures, but finally he unbosomed himself, telling his story before I had even given a hint of my own mysterious experience.

"'I slept soundly until nearly one o'clock,' he said, with the air of a man who expects to be laughed at, 'and then I passed into a strange, trance-like dream. In that dream I saw, as plainly as I ever saw in my life, the interior of your bath-room, and seated at the foot of the tub, where the opening door would have concealed him from any one looking in, I saw the man we had last seen opposite the window where we dined. I recognized at once the slouching figure and the level line of eyebrows he then attempted to hide beneath the rim of his slouch hat.

"'There was no light in the bath-room or anywhere about the apartment, but I had no difficulty in tracing every line of his face, nor in seeing you sound asleep in bed. My mind at once became filled with the one idea that you were in danger. In my sleep I called out to you to lock the bath-room door, and warned you that I could not get the slouching figure we had seen out of my mind! I could not make you hear. In my alarm I gave the private signal we use at the bank. I actually awoke to find myself sounding it on the head of my bed, and repeating over and over again the words I have told you.

"'I laughed at myself as a superstitious idiot, and went to sleep again, only to renew the experiences described—to see the slouching figure in the bath-room, and to repeat my cries of warning and the private signal I awoke again to find myself standing by the open window (I must have raised it in my sleep, for I closed it on retiring) sounding the private signal on the sash and repeating the warning words. How long I should have remained there I cannot say. My blows on the sash must have loosened the catch, for the window fell with a crash. In a moment I heard a clock strike one.

"'I was thoroughly awake, but I could not drive from my mind the impression created by my singular dreams. Perhaps I should have gone to bed again only for the fact that the figure my dreams had shown me in your apartment were the same I had warned you against on parting with you for the night. I resolved to dress myself, and seek you in your room.

"'I was ashamed to come to your room openly at that time of night, with no excuse to offer for my presence save such an one as any old woman would have laughed at, so I crept up-stairs like a spy and listened. I saw the flash of the dark-lantern at the threshold. I heard enough to satisfy me that something was wrong. So I went for the police.'"

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

A tropical night on the Pacific! The sky is studded with stars, which are mirrored in the vast deep beneath. There is just enough air to keep the "Dolphin" moving at a quiet rate, and the passengers are gathered upon deck to enjoy the matchless evening.

A short distance away stand two lovers—Edmund Prescott and Florence Harris—looking out upon the ocean, and meditating and conversing upon the scene.

"How different this sky from our northern firmament!" remarked the latter, after a pause. "I can hardly recognize my favorite constellation. The Southern Cross is beautiful but then I miss the others. Ursa Major has entirely disappeared, and as for the Minor bear, scarce a star of him is visible."

At this observation, which was intended for no ears in particular, Adolphus Fitzgibbon aroused himself.

"Aw—what's that, Miss Harris? Aw! have you seen bears at sea?"

"Yes, and monkeys, too," was the quick but good-natured reply.

All of us laughed, while Fitzgibbon looked very silly, then grinned hagely, then seemed to meditate some scathing witticism, then concluded he would not, and stretched out upon his side with his back towards the lovers, and pretended to, or really did fall asleep within the next fifteen minutes.

I was reclining on the deck, about a dozen feet from where the lovers stood—not with any intention of listening to their words, but simply because I had taken my position first, and was too languid to change it. I had been an invalid for years, and now was recovering from a severe spell of sickness. I was lazily drawing at my Havannah, puffing the thin fragrant smoke from my mouth without removing the cigar, and gazing upward at the brilliant stars as they slowly sailed overhead, I was in that delicious, dreamy state, half asleep and half awake, hearing only the murmur of the voices around me as one hears the faint sound of a distant waterfall.

I presume I had lain thus for nearly an hour, and my cigar had burned almost to my mouth, while the long column of ashes was still unbroken, when something struck my ear like the sound of a bell. It was not until I had heard it several times that it seemed really to affect my senses. All at once I gave a start, the ashes dropped upon my bosom, and I arose to a sitting position, and gazed around me.

"Hark! Didn't you hear that bell?" I said.

"Just what I have been trying to make Edmund believe," laughed Florence Harris; "he persists in not believing it."

"Listen!" I said, raising my hand.

Immediately there fell a death-like silence. And while thus intently listening, there came across the sea, faint but distinct, the soft, distant sound of a bell. We scarcely breathed for a minute. The strange, solemn sound was repeated at regular intervals, as if swung by the hand of some exhausted sufferer, or tolled by the swell of the ocean.

The captain had by this time approached the spot, and stood in the attitude of attention.

"We must be near the land?" I ventured to say, rather in the form of an enquiry than of an assertion.

"No, sir," responded the captain. "The nearest island is a good eight hundred miles away, and this sound does not come from there, I should think."

"What can it be?" asked several, in the same breath.

"The sound comes from that direction," said Florence Harris, pointing in the direction of the equator.

"Perhaps it is on board a ship," I once more ventured.

"Don't think it is," replied the captain, with a shake of the head.

"What can it be?" asked Florence.

To this no one ventured a reply for several moments. In the meantime the tolling of the bell had become quite distinct, and Adolphus Fitzgibbon gave a yawn, a groan, and a kick, and then he awoke.

"Aw—yes—aw—I was about to suggest—aw—that the tea-bell should ring—aw—aw—aw!" he stammered, confusedly rising to his feet, and pitching back and forth. Then seeing us all in the attitude of attention he asked, "What—aw—the dooce is the matter?"

"It's the Bell of Doom?" exclaimed Backstay Bob, a tall, scarred sailor, from his position at the wheel.

"Pshaw! you're too childish," replied the captain. "Whatever it is, we are rapidly approaching it, for just notice how much louder it sounds now."

Such was the case. The bell was now heard clear and distinct to the south, and was approaching nearer every moment. Shortly after, the captain took his night glass and gazed long and earnestly in that direction. When he lowered the glass he said:—

"I can just discover a dark body rising and falling on the wave but nothing more. Backstay Bob, you have the best eyesight of any one on board. See what you can make of it."

Bob resigned his place at the wheel to one of the men, and came forward and took the glass. He held it to his eye for several minutes without speaking, and, to all appearance, without even breathing, while we awaited his words with the deepest interest. Finally, he gave a great sigh, and lowered it.

"Blow me if it ain't old Davy Jones afloat!" he said.

"How does it look?" several of us enquired in the same breath.

"I'll be hanged if I can tell! There's no bowsprit, and—"

Here he levelled the glass again and gazed at it, and then continued:—

"There's no sail—no nothing."

"There must be something."

"Aw—certainly—aw—something, certainly if your vision—aw—is able to discern it" ventured the gentle Adolphus.

"Don't you see anything like a sail?" inquired the captain.

"Not a speck, nor any place to put one either. Hold a minute; I've got her in range now. She ain't got the least mite of a boom, yard or anything like. She looks like some great hulk of a light-boat. Hold on again! I see the bell. They have rigged it up at the mast-head, so that it swings back'ards and for'ards every time the thing gives a lurch to leeward."

"Can you see anything aboard?"

"Not a cretur, living or dead."

"Keep away a couple of points," cried the captain to the man at the wheel.

"Ay, ay, sir."

And the ship's course was altered, so as to bring her rapidly near the mysterious craft toward which every eye was turned.

Several of the company now openly remarked that there was something supernatural in the appearance of this boat with its tolling bell. To all of these Florence Harris and her lover replied lightly, neither of them having the least faith in their credulity.

The captain listened impatiently, and then exclaimed:—

"You are all a set of cowards! No doubt you imagine Old Nick is aboard, with a crew of little imps, bound for the Gallapagos Isles with a load of brimstone. If you'll content yourself for half an hour longer, I'll tell you something about it, for I intend to board that old lumbering hulk, even if it turns out to be the Flying Dutchman, or old Davy Jones's flagship, and shall explore it from stem to stern."

A boat was lowered, and the captain having selected a crew, pulled away toward the hulk. I asked permission to accompany them, but, on account of a recent illness, was refused. Fortunate, indeed, for me was that refusal!

There was something so extraordinary regarding the appearance and action of the hulk, that the curiosity of us all was so intense as to be painful. We strained our gaze, as the captain and his crew drew rapidly near it.

We saw the distance swiftly decrease between the two boats until the shadowy forms merged into one. And then followed an impressive silence—suddenly broke by a howl, a pistol shot, and a scream; and as our hearts almost stopped beating, we saw, a moment later, the boat put off from the hulk, and the men rowing with all their might back to the ship. As they came nearer we discerned that the captain was missing.

Backstay Bob dashed toward the boat, and, shaking his fist at the returning party, demanded furiously:—

"You cowardly dogs, where is Captain Luster!"

"The devil has got him!"

Absurd as the reply might have seemed at any other time, it was uttered in solemn earnest, as the ghastly faces of the crew attested.

In reply to our eager questions, they said the moment they came alongside the craft they heard a low, hollow, unearthly sound which caused them to hesitate. The captain climed up the side of the vessel, descended the hatchway, and disappeared from view. He was hardly out of sight when the noise they had heard at first was repeated, but louder and fiercer. The next moment the report of the captain's pistol was heard, followed by a terrific shriek, and then all was still! Horror-struck, they called loudly and repeatedly to their commander, but receiving no answer, pulled away from the ship.

"You're a purty set of cowardly sneaks ain't you, to go and desert your captain this way, when, like enough, he needed you to save his life," exclaimed Backstay Bob, forgetting in his fury that the first mate was among those whom he denounced. "I am going back to that old hulk; and if I can't get at the devil in any other way, I'll put a keg of powder in it and blow it to blazes."

"Bob is right, if his excitement does make him forget his manners," said the mate. "It was not my intention to desert Capt. Luster in trouble. The men were so frightened that I thought it best to come back and get a new set."

There was some difficulty in procuring the requisite number, and accordingly Prescott and myself were accepted. As the former went over the ship's side, Florence Harris said:—

"Don't come back Edmund, until you have discovered what has become of poor Capt. Luster."

He gave her his promise, and a few minutes later the boat shoved off, and we rapidly neared the hulk which had acquired such strange interest to us all.

Prescott, in addition to his revolver, had a small Italian dagger, which I observed he handle, as if to assure himself that it was reliable. Then, as he replaced it, he remarked to me:—

"There's no telling what's inside that mass of lumber, and this may be the weapon we need, after all."

Arrived at the craft, after a short consultation, it was agreed that the four earsmen, the mate and myself, should remain behind while Backstay Bob and Edmund Prescott should explore the mysterious hulk. As was morally certain that some dreadful danger menaced all who entered the craft, and as I was good for nothing, I needed little more urging than did the mate to make me remain in my position.

Prescott went first, holding his pistol in one hand and a lantern in the other, while Bob closely followed with his cutlass. We saw them descend the hatchway. All was still, and then I heard the single exclamation from Prescott.

"Oh, my God!"

This was followed by a terrific roar, a quick succession of pistol-shots, a fierce struggle, and then all was still again. The next moment both Prescott and Backstay Bob emerged to view, covered from head to foot with blood.

"Come aboard. The danger is all over," said they.

The next instant we were on deck. We rushed to the hole and gazed down.

Merciful heaven! what did I behold? By the dim light of the lantern we beheld the mangled body of Capt. Luster. The head and one of the limbs were gone, and there was scarcely a semblance of humanity in the remains before us. Near him was the gaunt, terrible form of an expiring Bengal tiger, killed by the bullets, cutlass, and dagger of Prescott and Bob.

The two latter, on entering the cabin first, saw the mutilated body of Capt. Luster. A low growl warned them of danger, and as Prescott turned his gaze, he saw the tiger crouching and in the very act of springing. Dropping his lantern he fired, his revolver; and, as the terrible animal bore him to the floor, he drew his dagger and stabbed him again and again. The needle-pointed instrument reached his heart, which united with the slashing blows of Bob settled his hash before he could inflict material injury.

We now made a critical examination of the place. A number of human bones were strewed on the floor, and several articles of wearing apparel, which seemed to indicate that the place had been tenanted by two human beings of opposite sexes. They had probably been torn to pieces by the famished tiger. The room was long and low, extending the whole length of the vessel, and having at either extremity a massive iron chain, terminating in a heavy ring at one end, the other being fastened by a strong staple to a beam in the vessel's side.

The brute had a chain on his neck, and had been confined to one corner of the room by a delicate iron ring, which had been put there to be broken. Over the centre of the room was written something in an Indian dialect, which was pronounced by the mate (who had spent several years in India) to read:—

"I have sought—I have found that which I sought—vengeance!"

Carefully removing the captain's body to the little boat, we scuttled the mysterious craft and saw it sink to the bottom of the ocean. Shortly after, the captain was wrapped in his winding-sheet, and followed.

The strange, awful tale regarding the old craft, we never learned. It ever remained to us all an unveiled mystery of the sea.

SUPPLEMENT.

Farm and Garden.

Floral Talks.

For a hedge, or to plant along any old fence which you find it desirable to conceal, you can find no better annual than the sweet pea. It is a robust grower, a profuse bloomer, and its flowers are beautiful and fragrant, and are produced until late severe frosts come. The seed can be planted any time after the ground becomes dry and warm. Frosts will not injure the young plants. Plant the seed four or five inches below the surface. Let the ground be rich and mellow. When the plants show a tendency to "run" give them some support. A row of brush is as good as anything I know of, and the plants will soon conceal it with their foliage. Strings are not what sweet peas like to cling to. They will attach themselves to a trellis, with a little assistance at first, but brush suits them best of anything. When they come into flower do not be afraid to cut them freely. The fewer seeds you allow to form and ripen, the more flowers you will have. Every woman who wants beautiful flowers for the corsage, as well as vases, should grow sweet peas.

Phlox and petunias are old stand-bys for beds where a brilliant and constant show of color is desired. Sow as soon as the weather becomes warm. Cut from them freely, and allow no seed to form. All the care the plants will ask for after they have become well established is to have the weeds kept down and water given occasionally if the season should be a very dry one.

Mignonnette and sweet alyssum are favorite flowers for any purpose where real beauty is more desirable than mere show. They can be utilized effectively for edging beds, as they never grow tall. Mignonnette will be extremely useful to cut from, for use in the house or buttonhole bouquets, as it has such delightful fragrance.

The aster is our best fall annual. It comes in a great variety of most beautiful colors, blooms in wonderful profusion at a time when most other flowers have passed their prime, and lasts until cold weather puts an end to the beauty of the garden. In planting this flower, as well as the phlox, I should always advise buying packages of seed in which each color is kept by itself. I would plant the separate colors in rows, or after some pattern which suits the taste. Circles, stars, diamonds, and crescents are favorite designs, because they are easily arranged and are effective when well worked out by a proper filling of plants. The phlox and aster are both excellent for such beds, and they are rather compact in their habit of growth, and little given to straggling, like the petunia or verbena, which delight in trying to see how much ground they can cover. Plant pink and white varieties of phlox together, using only these two colors, and you will have a beautiful bed. Plant white, rose, and purple asters together, keeping each color by itself, and you will have a delightful result along in March and April. The aster of to-day is as fine in shape and color as the popular chrysanthemum which it so much resembles. True, we have no yellow aster, but we have no blue and royal purple chrysanthemums, so that "honors are easy" between these excellent plants.

The calliopsis is a fine flower for producing a brilliant and intense show. It is a rich golden yellow, with velvety markings in brown and maroon. The blossoms are born on long and slender steams, and have an airy grace that reminds one of butterflies. It is most effective when used in masses. Planted in rows it is not satisfactory, as it does not grow compactly enough to be effective when used in that way. For a brilliant show the nasturtium is good. The zinnia is good for a back row, but too coarse for beds in front. Whitlavia is a pretty bell-shaped blue flower. The clarkia is delicate in texture and habit, and its pretty rosy flowers are always admired. The scarlet and blue salvias are very fine for groups.

In planting a garden be sure to not attempt too much. Grow a few plants and give them all the care they need, rather than have a large quantity and take little of them.

The Flower Garden.—Now that flower seeds may be bought in some of the large city stores for two or three pence a paper, the expenditure of a half-penny or two will transform the dooryard to a spot of bloom and beauty. Mignonette, portulacca, candytuft, sweet alyssum, calendulas, marigolds, asters, petunias, sweet peas, morning glory vines and nasturtiums, will grow almost anywhere, and require litte care. Geraniums make excellent centre pieces in flower beds. Around these in parallel lines may be massed other plants of different colors. Right here is where most people lose half the beauties they might get from their flowers. They scatter them too much. They must be massed to bring out in greatest perfection the beauties of their coloring. To successfully carry out the plan of massing, perhaps the best form of bed is that of a diamond with triangular sections, cut off by narrow walks from each sloping side of the figure. This virtually gives it the form of a square. Now plant alternate rows of white and all other colors possible to obtain. In the centre of each bed place some graceful plant, either with or without blossoms, but whatever you choose let it be one with ample foliage, the deeper hued green the letter. Close beside or around this plant let the flowers be of some brigh color and show very little except the blossoms. Next to this white blooms, and so on, alternating white with the other colors, but always let the bordering of your bed be white. Scarlet, crimson, pink blue, purple and green are surely sufficient variety of coloring to gratify any taste. If your house has a porch, vines can be trained to clamber over it. Dainty flowers can be procured anywhere. One of the most beautiful flower gardens I ever saw had nothing but American plants. One bed was composed of wild blue and white violets so common over all New England in spring time. These with an occasional root of the dog violet, gave ample return for the labor expended in cultivation, by continual masses of bloom. Mass them if you wish to see how beautiful they are. The simple forget-me-not is a delicate plant for bordering, not ranking second to the famous mignonette, for that purpose.

Pansies.—I've had in the heat of summer, where the sun lay till late in the afternoon, pansies an inch and three-quarters across, from seed two years old from the florist, and a sixpenny packet in the beginning. I use a mixture of cow manure, partly rotted forest leaves, and wood ashes. Three quarts of ashes to a bushel of manure is enough, but two-thirds of the soil of the bed of the manure and leaves is not too much for pansies. It makes no difference whether the manure is fresh or rotted, but it is best to have it buried with a couple of inches of rich soil over it, in which to set the seedlings.

A mulch of leaves or grass round the plants will keep the ground from drying, but if it is not rainy they should be watered every night. I think it is best to plant the seeds in a large box filled with the mixture mentioned, and in the same proportion; as the seedlings are rather slow in growth they can be cared for easier in this way.

Young plants beginning to bloom, covered with evergreen boughs during the winter, bloom best in spring and early summer. And seeds planted as early as possible in the spring do best for late summer and fall. Pinching out the heart of the plants when small will make them branch more freely. During the summer the size of the flowers may be kept up by watering two or three times a week with water in which cow manure has been soaked till the color of strong coffee; you can hardly give them too much of it; if it gets on the leaves rinse them with clean water. Pick off the faded blossoms; if you want seed tie a rag round the largest, finest blossoms, and leave but one seed-pod on a plant till ripe.

Good Stories

Comte de la Grandiere belonged to the marines, from which he deserted and was punished. Next he turned swindler, and made money for a time. His speciality was to declare that he belonged to fashionable society. He demanded to view all the first-class furnished apartments which were to be let, and managed, while viewing the rooms, to prig some valuable bibelot as a souvenir.

He came round a baron, and agreed to take his rooms for eighty-five pounds a year. After verbally accepting the conditions he and the baron swore an eternal friendship, and the latter lent the count six pounds out of his pocket-book, which was stuffed with bank notes. More, the baron invited him to pass the night in his apartment.

In the morning, just as the baron was getting up, the comte came to take leave; he wanted to give his notary instructions to prepare the lease and pay the rent in advance.

"By the by, baron," said the count, "does your bath work well?"

"Capitally, dear comte, come and see."

Both entered the bath-room; the baron undressed and jumped into the zinc tub. The comte went to his clothes, snatched the pocket-book, and bolted, not forgetting to lock the door. The baron escaped by another exit, and, naked and dripping, gave chase. The comte screamed "Murder! Madman!" The baron was stopped by his own servants as a lunatic; the more he struggled to get to the street the more firmly he was held. But when his case was known, the comte was nowhere.

After the money was all spent he returned the pocket-book to its owner. This supplied a clue, and the comte was arrested while in the act of writing religious letters, soliciting assistance as a persecuted convert. The baron has taken down the bills as to his apartments being to let.

Pleasant Company.—The Kentuckians tell a good story of ex-Gov. Magoffin of that state, who is a good talker and likes to do most of the talking himself. One day, in making the journey from Cincinnati to Lexington, he shared his seat in the car with a bright-eyed, pleasant-faced gentleman. The governor, after a few commonplace remarks, to which his companion smiled and nodded assent, branched into a description of the scenes that he had witnessed in different parts of the country, grew eloquent over the war, described with glowing speech the horse races he had witnessed, talked learnedly of breeding, and told thrilling stories of his battles with the Indians in the Northwest.

The hours slipped rapidly away, and when the train was nearing Lexington the two exchanged cards and parted with a cordial shake of the hands. The governor drove to an inn, and to a number of friends he remarked that the time had never been so short before.

"Then you must have had pleasant company aboard."

"You are right. I met a gentleman of unusual intelligence. We conversed all the way over. I never was brought in contact with a more agreeable man."

"Indeed! Who was he?" asked his friends.

"Wait a minute; I have his card," and the governor felt in his pocket and produced a bit of pasteboard. "His name is King."

"Not Bob King?" shouted a dozen of them in one breath.

"Yes gentlemen; Robert King—that is the way the card reads," was the proud reply.

A roar of laughter followed.

"Why, governor, Bob King is as deaf as a post. He was born deaf and dumb."

Hector Berlioz, whose statue has lately been inaugurated in Paris, had a violent hatred of Wagner. It arose out of a simple jealousy. One day Berlioz went to the reception at the Tuilleries, and had the honor of a chat with the emperor, who inquired about his opera "Les Troyens," adding that he should like to have a look at it. Berlioz, transported with joy, resolved to demand an audience of his imperial majesty, and looked forward to the speedy production of his work at the opera. But days and weeks passed by, and no news came. Suddenly one morning he was startled by the announcement that, in pursuance of imperial orders, the 'Tannhauser' of Wagner was to be immediately brought out at the opera. Berlioz flew into a passion, and from that moment spent all his bile on Wagner. He attacked him right and left on every occasion.

"Wagner," he wrote to a friend, "is evidently mad; he is sure to die in an asylum."

To another person he wrote:—

"I will not write any criticism on 'Tannhauser;' I shall protest by my silence."

He was then musical critic of the "Debats." In another letter he said,—

"The public laughed outright at the bad style and burlesque orchestration of Wagner."

When "Tannhaüser" failed, he exclaimed,—

"Thank God, I am richly avenged!"

At length "Tes Troyens" was produced at the Lyrique and turned out a fiasco. It was the death-blow to Berlioz. Wagner in his turn was "richly avenged."

Hundreds of persons in Boston recently stood several hours, on a cold afternoon, to obtain tickets for some lectures to be given by James Russell Lowell. Again and again did late-comers attempt to gain a place in the ranks by unfair means, sometimes with success, but oftener with deserved failure. A handsome woman, richly dressed, and endowed with that mysterious something which the fashionable call style, walked up to a gentleman in the line, saying, with the air of conferring a favor: "Will you kindly allow me to step in before you?" He hesitated; it was a trying position, and he was about to yield, when a little blue-eyed woman behind him interposed. "Do you think," said she, politely, but very firmly, "that would be quite fair to the rest of us, madam? Some of us have been standing since seven o'clock." "But I am in a great hurry," said the other, endeavoring to preserve her dignity unimpaired. "So are the rest of us," said the little woman, courteously, "it is a very busy world." "This is a particularly busy day for me, and I cannot possibly go to the end of this long line." "I am busy, too, all days as well as this. I am a working-woman. Perhaps it is because I have been one all my life that I do not like to be defrauded." The other woman turned, and walked slowly away. She had been convinced that she was in the wrong, and had the good sense to make use of her lesson.

A number of years ago, when Sunday "through" passenger trains were practically unknown, a Sydney man found himself one Sunday in an certain city about one hundred miles from Sydney, with no prospect of getting through by passenger train until the next day. He ascertained that a way freight train would be started for Sydney Sunday afternoon, and on applying to the local authorities he was given permission to travel in the caboose car. The train dragged along and the solitary passenger tossed in the conductor's bunk all night long. At almost every stopping place he noticed the suspicious sound of ripping, tearing, and breaking up. As the train drew toward Sydney, Monday morning, he mentioned to the conductor the queer sounds he had heard. "Oh that's all right," said the conductor, "You needn't be worried about any fright you've got on the train. That noise was the boys on the train tearing down fences for kindlings. Pickets make bully fire-wood. I tell you we mean to keep comfortable in the caboose, and save up a little wood for use at home besides."

The late Alexander Mitchell once asked a friend, Mr. Merrill, to go into a certain speculation with him. The latter declined. A few weeks later Mr. Mitchell handed him a check for £6000. "What's this for?" inquired Mr. Merrill. "Oh," was the reply, "that's your share of profits in the deal I asked you to go into. You thought you weren't in, but you were."

Sketcher.

In a Monster's Embrace.

"We were lying about half a mile off the beach at the Barbadoes, overhauling the standing rigging," said James Gillis, an able seaman, "when the mate ordered John Webb, an apprentice boy and myself into the yawl, which had been covered and brought around to the port side, that some painting might be done just abaft the mainmast. It was a terribly hot day, with the water very warm and the men having very little energy. The paint was lowered down to us, and while I used the brush the boy held the yawl in position. We had been at work for about a quarter of an hour when the boy suddenly yelled out in affright, and as I turned to him he declared that he had seen a horrible looking object pass under the boat, and so on under the ship.

"There are plenty of strange creatures floating about in those waters, and a patch of seaweed will sometimes assume a queer shape. I laughed at the boy's fears, but at the same time saw how pale and frightened he looked.

"'What's wanted below there?' called the mate as he leaned over the rail, having heard Webb's cry of alarm.

"'I—I saw something go under the boat, sir.'

"'Oh, you did! Well, if you bawl out again you will feel something go under your jacket, or I'm mistaken.'

"'I began work again, and had been at it only three or four minutes when the yawl heaved away from the ship two or three feet, and at the same instant the boy screamed out again. His voice had scarcely reached my ears when something flashed before my eyes, something caught my arm and pulled it down and pinned it fast to my body, and in five seconds more I knew what had happened. A devil fish had flung one of his arms about me. Webb was screaming at the top of his voice, and as I got a look at him I saw that two of the beast's feelers were clutching him, The arm or feeler which had reached me pinned my arm to my side as if in a vice, making a clean wrap around my body, and the extreme end of the feeler crept up along my neck and face. Talk of pain; I never felt anything like it. The teeth of a bull-dog could not have hurt worse. It was a burning biting, blistering sensation, as if a live coal had been laid on the flesh. I added my yell to those of Webb but before anyone came to the rail I was jerked to my knees in the boat and saw that the creature's object was to pull me overboard. I heard the boy go down and thrash about, and then three of the men came to our assistance.

"The devil fish had outwitted himself. He had gone under the ship and fastened to her keel, and as soon as he began pulling on us he of course pulled the yawl close against the ship's side. That closed the gap, and he could not pull us overboard, although I think he would have upset the yawl, for we we were both down on her starboard side and she was almost on her beam ends when the men jumped down. They began to cut and slash and hack, with their knives, and after two or three minutes they had us free—not of the arms, but of the creature. We were hoisted on board howling and groaning, with the feelers still biting, and they had to be cut from us almost by inches. Webb got it far worse than I did, as he wore a cotton shirt and was barefooted. He was bitten on one foot, both hands and across the breast, and it was a long two weeks before he was on deck again; his face swelled up until one eye was closed, and the poison made me ill for many days. Wherever one of the cups or suckers took hold the skin was entirely taken off, and it seemed as if pins had been stuck in the raw flesh. A native doctor brought me some herbs of which to make a poultice; and, though that relieved the pain and helped me to get around again it was months before my face was entirely well."

A Narrow Escape.

The dark masses of clouds which had emptied themselves on our devoted heads, were hurrying away to leeward, and in a few minutes the sky began to clear in the west. Overhead, large masses of low-flying scud, their woolly fringes gloriously lit up by the silvery beams of the moon, were speeding on like the rear guard of a defeated army, and the blue vault of heaven was without a cloud. The moon was in her second quarter, and by this time was within an hour of setting, and as she descended, the stars overhead sparkled with more intense brightness in the deep blue firmament, more profoundly dark and pure from the heavy squall which had recently passed over us.

At this moment I was startled by my companion roaring out at the top of his voice:—

"Ship ahoy! Port, port, hard-a-port!"

Looking around, I saw to my dismay a large vessel, her white sails gleaming in the moonlight, bearing down upon us from the eastward, and only a few cables' length from us.

"Call them up, sir; she'll be right into us," continued Jim.

I put my head down the hatchway and sung out, and the skipper and the rest came, tumbling up in their drawers and stockings, just as they had turned in. As if by instinct we all raised a great shout. The vessel was a brig, and was on the port tack, and was now only a cable's length from us. Daniel flew to the helm and put it hard-a-starboard, which gave our little craft a sheer to port, but it was not enough to clear us.

At that moment the crew of the brig began to wake up as it were, and her head began to wear round; then, as she rose on the crest of a sea, she seemed no longer to answer her helm. She hung motionless over us, and I expeced the next plunge she made into the trough of the sea, the poor little "Polly" would be dashed to pieces.

I had thrown off my waterproof and coat, and kicked off my shoes, in readiness for a swim; but, to my intense relief, with a graceful bow, the brig sheered off, the water roaring from her bows, as the stem tore through it, and dashed it right and left into smoke as she rushed past us, leaving a white sheet of buzzing water, which, as she glided off from us spun away in a long, straight wake astern.

For a second or two we all stood like men bewildered and paralyzed. Then the skipper fetched a deep breath and said:—

"That's the closest shave I ever had. I thought sure we were all booked for old Davy Jones's locker."

"Yes," I replied, "but thank Heaven it was only a shave. You may talk of hair-breadth escapes, but you could not beat that if you lived to the age of Methuselah."

Strange Bodies in Timber.—Cornelius Smith has the contract for sawing into lumber a large number of logs cut from trees standing on the fields of Antietam, at the time of the battle fight. He says that all sorts of missiles, from cannon balls to buck shot, are almost daily met with in the timber, and that it is really dangerous to stand near the saws when such lumber is being cut, a number of saws having been snapped into fragments, when running at a high rate of speed, by striking iron shot embedded in the logs.

A large, angular fragment of a shell was struck by a saw, and a perfect shower of sparks rained about the mill from the contact of the metals, the saw being finally snapped in several pieces. In another instance a grape shot was cut through by a a saw, leaving a bright polished surface on each hemisphere of the missile. Many leaden bullets, which offer little or no resistance to the saws, are revealed in boards and planks.

It was a really smart little miss who soon after the arrival of her baby-brother looked with pity upon her sick mamma, and remarked: "I mean to have all *my* children before I am married, and enjoy myself afterwards."

Nature.

Some Queer Fish.

A far more singular walking fish than any of these is the odd creature that rejoices, unfortunately, in the very classical surname of Periophthalmus, which is, being interpreted, Stareabout. If he had a recognized English name of his own, I would gladly give it; but he hasn't, and as it is clearly necessary to call him something, I fear we must stick to the somewhat alarming scientific nomenclature. Periophthalmus, then, is an odd fish of the tropical Pacific shores, with a pair of very distinct forelegs, theoretically described as modified pectoral fins, and with two goggle eyes, which he can protude at pleasure right outside the sockets, so as to look in whatever direction he chooses without even taking the trouble to turn his head to left or right, backward or forward. At ebb tide this peripatetic goby literally walks straight out of the water, and promenades the bare beach erect on two legs, in search of small crabs and other stray marine animals left behind by the receding waters. If you try to catch him, he hops away briskly, much like a frog, and stares back at you grimly over his left shoulder, with his squinting optics. So completely adapted is he for this amphibious longshore existence, that his big eyes, unlike those of most other fish, are formed for seeing in the air as well as in the water. Nothing can be more ludicrous than to watch him suddenly thrusting these very moveable orbs right out of their sockets like a pair of telescopes, and twisting them round in all directions so as to see before, behind, on top, below, in one delightful circular sweep.

There is also a certain curious tropical American carp which, though it hardly deserves to be considered in the strictest sense as a fish out of water, yet manages to fall half way under that peculiar category, for it always swims with its head partly above and partly below. But the funniest thing in this queer arrangement is the fact that one half of each eye is out in the air and the other half is beneath the water. Accordingly, the eye is divided horizontally by a dark strip into two distinct and unlike portions, the upper one of which has a pupil adapted to vision in the air alone, while the lower is adapted for seeing in the water only. The fish, in fact, always swims with its eye half out of the water, and it can see as well on dry land as in its native ocean. Its name is Anableps, but in all probability it does not wish the fact to be generally known.

The African Honey Bird.—We came to a large piece of timber, and while passing through it I had my first experience with the honey bird of South Africa. This curious little bird is, in size and plumage, about like an English sparrow, and gets his name from the fact that the little fellow, who is very fond of honey, being unable to obtain it for himself, will lead men to places where the wild bees have hidden their stores of rich, wild honey. Whenever this bird sees a man he will fly close to him, hovering around, uttering a twittering sound; then he will go off in the direction of the place (generally a tree) where the honey is, flying backward and forward, in a zigzag fashion. Then back he will come come, twittering in the same manner, as if to say, "Come along, I'll show you where it is." These actions are repeated until the tree is reached, when the bird will indicate it very plainly by flying to it and hovering around it. If the distance is great (and sometimes the honey bird will lead a person who is willing to follow, a distance of ten miles), he will wait on a tree until the follower comes up and will then continue his business of piloting. He is very persistent and will do his best to draw any one on, but if the party is not posted about honey birds and refuses to follow, or goes in the wrong direction, the bird will leave, probably in search of some person who will appreciate his efforts to provide him with sweetmeats.

While the bees are being smoked out and the honey taken up, the bird will hover in the vicinity until the job is done, when of course his reward comes in the shape of a feast on the fragments that are left. If he knows of other hives, just as soon as one is disposed of he will lead the way to another, and I have, since this time, known as many as four trees to be taken up by a party in one day. When the honey bird has shown one tree, if the hunters are satisfied with that and refuse to follow him further he leaves them; but I have never heard of an instance in which the bird misled one, in regard to finding honey. It frequently happens, however, that a honey bird will lead a person into very dangerous places and unless the hunter keeps his eyes about him, when following this bird, he may run on to a lion, a venomous snake, or some other equally undesirable acquaintance.

The Chakar.—I was once very much surprised at the behavior of a couple of chakars during a thunder storm. On a still, sultry day in summer I was standing watching masses of black cloud coming rapidly over the sky, while a hundred yards from me stood the two birds also apparently watching the approaching storm with interest. Presently the edge of the cloud touched the sun, and a twilight gleam fell on the earth. The very moment the sun disappeared the birds rose up and soon began singing their long resounding notes, though it was loudly thundering at the time, while vivid flashes of lightning lit the black cloud overhead at short intervals.

I watched their flight and listened to their notes till suddenly as they made a wide sweep upward they disappeared in the cloud, and at the same moment their voices became muffled and seemed to come from an immense distance. The cloud continued emitting sharp flashes of lightning, but the birds never reappeared, and after six or seven minutes once more their notes sounded loud and clear above the muttering thunder. I suppose they had passed through the cloud into the clear atmosphere above it, but I was extremely surprised at their fearlessness, for as a rule when soaring birds see a storm coming they get out of its way, flying before it or stooping to the earth to seek shelter of some kind, for most living things appear to have a wholesome dread of thunder and lightning.

The Albatross at Sea.—Mr. Froude, the historian, in a description of his voyage around the world, says:—"We always have a bodyguard of albatrosses, Cape hens, and sea hawks—the same birds, so the sailors said, following the ship without resting all the way. I know not whether this be so or how the fact has been ascertained. One large gull is very like another, and the islands in the middle of the passage are their principal breeding places. Anyway, from fifty to a hundred of them were round us at sunrise, round us when night fell, and with us again in the morning. They are very beautiful in the great ocean solitude. One could have wished that Coleridge had seen an albatross on the wing before he wrote the 'Ancient Mariner,' that the grace of its motion might have received a sufficient description. He wheels in circles round and round, and forever round the ship—now far behind, now sweeping past in a long, rapid curve, like a perfect skater on an untouched field of ice. There is no effort. Watch as closely as you will you rarely or never see a stroke of the mighty pinion."

A Crab that Climbs a Tree.—In some of the Malay Islands the cocoanut is obtained in a curious manner. An enormous crab is found there that lives on the fruit, climbing the trees and tearing them off, either hurling them down or breaking them by tearing off the husk, and then beating them against the rocks with its huge claws. The husk that the crabs take from the fruit they carry to their holes at the foot of the trees and make a bed of it, and knowing this, the Malays visit and rob the crabs once or twice a year, using the husk to weave into mats.

Ladies' Column.

Beauty may be but skin deep, but in this thin covering lies much of the physical charm of humanity, and great is the crime of choking the pores with bismuth or any other foreign substance. There are still enough well-washed English faces and well-kept and comely English hands, and always the beautifully-kept English finger-nail to keep up the tradition, at least, that the Anglo-Saxon people are the cleanest in the world. The American hand is smaller than the English hand, but the nails are not as handsome. The English nails are almost universally rosy and shell-like, and, cut to a rounded, slightly-tapering point, kept always scrupulously clean. The skin at the base is pushed back to show the onyx, a little white half-moon. The onyx is carefully cultivated and polished by the creoles of New Orleans, to show that they have no black blood in their veins. No matter how fair the complexion, the valuable insignia of pure blood is wanting to the octoroon if the onyx is clouded. The American suffers from the dryness of the climate, as a foreign picture painted on panel suffers from the same cause. White hands with rosy palms, so beloved of our grandfathers, have gone out of fashion. The fashion of playing games without gloves, such as lawn tennis, archery, boating, rowing, ball, the habit of walking gloveless through the country in a hot summer, the exposure to the salt-sea air, has made the feminine hand brown and tough. As an object to kiss, a white and well-kept hand is very important. The kiss of respect should be imprinted on the hand. It is a Continental fashion still, and might well be introduced everywhere. The hand is, after all, the natural member to salute. The French rarely shake hands, and only with intimate friends. They often give the left hand as nearer the heart, "la main du cœur" they call it. On the Continent the etiquette of hand-shaking is observed with delicacy. No man should assume to shake hands with a lady unless she extends her hand first. It is the privilege of a superior to offer a hand. In a ball-room there is no shaking of hands. The more public the place of introduction the less hand-shaking takes place. Still, among effusive foreigners, both hands are frequently extended to old friends.

The great characteristic of the Viennese carnival season is the number and variety of balls that are given. Nearly every order, nationality, and even religion, has its own balls, the proceeds of which are used for charitable purposes. The principal event of the season is the merchants' ball, for it is attended by the emperor and empress, all the archdukes and archduchesses, and all the nobility and gentry of town and country. A great many persons are ambitious to be presented to the emperor and empress; therefore, every one crowds to this festival to get a gracious glance from their majesties. The richness of the dresses, laces, and jewels is fabulous, and many persons come from afar to see this grand spectacle. The next entertainment in importance is the Concordia ball which is the ball of the Vienna journalists and authors. If at the former festival riches and opulence meet, here all the authors and representatives of art and science gather, and it is interesting to see how, on that evening, the prominent ladies of the artist world are courted by the young gentlemen of the aristocracy and by the diplomatists. Here is to be seen the great tragedian, Wolter, conversing with the German ambassador; there stands Sonnenthal, who holds a levee; and, in another corner, sits Materna, who talks about Wagner; opposite to her is a favorite opera-singer, who turns the heads of all the young dandies. The ministers, ambassadors, and members of Parliament are present. On this evening the critics are silent, and these severe judges walk arm-in-arm with the muses. The Crown Prince Rudolf, who has written several excellent books about the country and its people, honors the ball with his presence.

The burning question at Parisian breakfast-tables to-day is whether a Frenchman can legally open his wife's letters. Of course, madame says it is a shame even to suggest such a thing, and monsieur politely remarks that he would never resort to so undignified, so unworthy a proceeding, though there were a hundred laws in his favor. When M. Cochery was minister of 'posts and telegraphs,' an anxious husband, knowing that his wife had letters addressed to her "*poste restante*" ("to be called for"), demanded of the proper official that the suspected correspondence should be handed over to him, as head of the family, or "community." Upon the refusal of the latter, the husband appealed to the minister, who laid the matter before the Council of State. Its decision was couched in these words: "No; the husband has not the right to take possession of letters to his wife, and the official in charge must refuse to give them up." The Council of State also laid down the general principle that letters belonged, in every case, to those to whom they were addressed, and to no one else.

There are two things easily done by men which it has been triumphantly said women could never accomplish. One is whistling, another sharpening a pencil. The pencil idea has long ago been proved a fallacy; and now comes two, not one, but two whistling women —Mrs. Alice Shaw and Miss Chamberlain, showing that the faculty exists on the most diverging lines—whose whistling powers are most miraculous. The whistling of these ladies rivals the sweetest birds, and harmonises with precision the most difficult musical compositions. Songs, duets, whole scenes from the "Chimes of Normandy," have been listened to with delight, during the past season in England, and will doubtless be a feature at fashionable receptions. So the last little masculine distinction has disappeared before the inexorable law of progress.

House-Cleaning Hints.

Mix some plaster of paris in an old cup with cold water till a not too stiff paste is formed. Fill with it all the cracks and mend all the broken places in walls that are to be whitewashed. This will serve to preserve the walls in good condition, besides adding much to the beauty of their appearance. Mix but little of the plaster at a time, as it sets or hardens very quickly, and soon becomes unmanageable. Use a thin, broad-bladed knife to apply with, excepting where cracks are in the corner of a room, in which case you will be obliged to use your fingers.

For a good common whitewash, take a piece of stone lime as large as a child's head, having it new and entirely unslaked, and put it into an iron kettle that will hold a pailful. Pour over it a few quarts of boiling water at night; cover and let stand till morning; then fill up with water and set on the stove. Add a handful of salt, and stir occasionally till hot. Pour off into a pail, and if too thick, add more water. Allow it to become cool before using, as the smoke will strike through worse if used hot. For a nicer whitewash use Spanish white, about ten pounds for an ordinary room. Pour warm water over it, and let it stand for a few hours. Melt four ounces of white glue in a little water and add.

To clean papered walls, tie a soft, dry cloth about a broom, and go over the paper, brushing and rubbing lightly on every part. To paper walls that have been whitewashed, wet the wall thoroughly with strong vinegar or alum water, and when dry, brush it all over hard with a stiff broom. Use a paste made of starch, moderately thick, and apply to the paper cold.

Save up your tea leaves for a few days before house-cleaning time, then steep half an hour in a tin basin, strain and use this tea for cleaning varnished wood-work and pictures and looking-glass frames. For cleaning, white paint, take a small quantity of whiting on a damp flannel cloth, and rub lightly over the surface, rinsing with clear water, and wiping dry.

Miscellaneous.

Shod With Gold.—In the year 1855 a storekeeper named Donald Cameron, carrying on business in what was known as the Woolshed, Victoria, was elected first member of Parliament for the Ovens district, and he had the honor—unique in the history of the colony—of being driven in triumph from the Woolshed into Beechworth in a gig in tandem team, the leading horse of which was shod with gold. Just before the election an eccentric individual, known as Tinker Brown, who had made a lot of money on the diggings, suddenly purchased a circus, with tents, horses, and waggons complete, and coming into Beechworth with his company, he offered to drive the newly elected member and supply golden horseshoes for the occasion. The Woolshed bosses, who were greatly elated over the result of the election, warmly took up Brown's idea, and they resolved in addition to present their member with a diamond scarf-pin. The horses' shoes were made by a working jeweller named Tofield, and weighed nine ounces each. The team was driven from the Woolshed to Beechworth, and back as far as the La Serena hill. On removing the shoes of the leader (a piebald circus horse) they were found to have lost a total of one and three-quarters ounces. Before Tinker Brown died he willed them to a married daughter keeping a public-house at Wagga Wagga. They were in existence until about four years ago, when the owner had them melted and turned into sovereigns.

Character Reading by the Nails.—The man who has white spots on his nails is fond of the society of ladies, but is fickle in his attachments. He who keeps them well rounded at the tips is a proud man. He whose nails are detached from the finger at the further extremities, and when cut showing a larger proportion of the finger than usual, ought never to get married, as it would be a wonder if he were master in his own house, for short nails betoken patience, good nature, and, above all, resignation under severe trials. Nails which remain long after being cut level with the finger end, are a signal of generosity. Transparent nails with light red mark a cheerful, gentle, and amiable disposition. Lovers with transparent nails usually carry their passion to the verge of madness. If you come across a man with long and pointed nails you may take it for granted that he is either a player of the guitar, a tailor, or an attorney. He who keeps his nails somewhat long, round and tipped with black, is a romantic poet. The owner of very round and smooth nails is of a peaceable and conciliatory disposition. He who has the nail of his right thumb slightly notched, is a regular glutton, even nibbling at himself, as when having nothing eatable at hand, he falls to biting his own finger nails. And, lastly, he who keeps his nails irregularly cut is hasty and determined. Men who have not the patience to cut their nails properly generally come to grief; most of them commit suicide or get married.

In Narrow Bondage.—In small communities many families are divided in an interminable quarrel, kept alive by petty injuries and still more petty jealousies, and made more sharp by the secret deep affection, and the strength of the mysterious bonds of blood. It is probable that this lamentable state of affairs is due to the friction of the narrow bonds of family life. Father, mother and children are too often shut in by their kinship to act and react perpetually upon each; with no objects of mutual interest outside of their home. In consequence, these objects assume exaggerated proportions; trifling words and opinions are magnified; petty defects and faults, seen too close, expand into crimes, just as a fly under a microscope grows into a monster. A father who knew the world and human nature, had two sons of nearly the same age, who were deeply attached to each other in childhood. He sent them to different schools in the same town. "Are you not afraid that they will become estranged from each other by separation?" asked a friend. "No. They will not weary of each other by revolving in too small a circle. They come home at night, each with his little store of experiences and confidences to relate. Each will keep the charm of novelty for the other." The experiment proved successful. The brothers grew to manhood, intimate and faithful friends, their love untarnished by petty friction.

Friends of the Farmer.—There are two kinds of weasels in the Eastern States. The smaller kind feed chiefly on mice and insects, and is not known to kill poultry. The larger preys also mainly on mice and rats, but in addition sometimes kills rabbits and poultry. Both species are friends of the farmer, for the occasional loss of a few chickens is of trifling consequence compared with the good that these animals are constantly doing in checking the increase of mice. You ask my opinion in regard to the beneficial and injurious qualities of the hawks and owls which inhabit Pennsylvania. Our hawks and owls must be ranked among the best friends of the farmer. With very few exceptions their food consists of mice and insects, meadow mice and grasshoppers predominating. The exceptions are the fierce goshawk from the north and two smaller resident hawks, locally known and named, which really destroy many wild birds and some poultry. These three hawks have long tails and short wings, which serve, among other characters, to distinguish them from the beneficial kind.

Lunatics.—Some lunatics seem to live in a world of their own. An old lady once astonished and amused us by exclaiming, without any warning or provocation: "Two cats and the bird of paradise are waiting to convey you to your heavenly home, and you are to sit for nine days between the cats and the bird of paradise." Then she stopped, and forgot that she had said anything. It was like an alarm clock saddenly going off, startling every one by its unexpected meddling with what is going on, and ceasing just as quickly and suprisingly. A patient lived in the bathroom and made friends with the rats, for which she had a great affection. They would actually do what they were told. Some one else thought she was the wife of President Buchanan, and had the hallucination that her husband frequently ran a locomotive through Washington Avenue, Philadelphia, with a big bonnet in front of it, to remind her of the annoying fact that in her young days she had been a miliner.

Anecdote of the Grand Duke.—The Grand Duke Nicholas came near being the first during the war of 1877, to put foot on Turkish soil. A pleasing anecdote is told of him in this connection. Ignoring the bridge that the Russians had thrown over the Danube, the grand duke embarked in a skiff with an aide-de-camp and a few men. Turkish bullets whistled around his head while he was crossing.

"Get out of the boat," he said to his aide, when they had reached the other side.

"After you, monseigneur."

"Get out of the boat, I say."

"I will not."

"I say you shall."

And with the ejaculation "dourak"—stupid—he almost threw the young officer on shore and immediately followed him.

The next day the aide-de-camp was raised to the rank of chevalier of St. George, having been the first to set foot on Turkish territory.

Balsams are magnificent summer flowers if properly cared for. Plant in light, mellow soil after the soil becomes warm, and all danger of frost is over. When the plants begin to bloom, take the shears and clip off at least half the leaves up and down the stalks. If this is not done the flowers will be nearly concealed by the foliage. When they are given a chance to show themselves they make as fine an appearance as any choice conservatory plant can. They are extremely brilliant and delicate in color. The blossoms are large, double, and set close together that the branches have the appearance of wreaths of bloom.

Humor.

Presence of Mind.—I guess young Jones will get on. He's in an office in Collin street Melbourne or somewhere thereabouts. He's careless, and had made so many mistakes that he knew the one he made last would be fatal. He went back from lunch the other day and a fellow clerk met him on the stairs.

"You'll get it, Jones. The old man's just boiling, and he has been calling for you the last fifteen minutes."

Jones stopped on the landing and cogitated. He must head off the old man somehow. He ran down stairs and up the street as hard as he could go, to a florist's. There he purchased a sixpenny *boutonniere*, and marched gaily back.

"Mr. Jones," came in a loud tone from the private office.

"Yes, sir," and he deposited his hat, hid the flowers in his coat, walked into the private office and closed the door carefully.

"Mr. Jones, I have frequently—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I have a private message for you."

"Mr. Jones, you've been— A private message! What is it?"

His tone quickly changed as Jones quietly laid the flower on the desk before him.

"What is this?"

"It's a little bouquet. A lady came in while you were out—a young lady—and inquired for you.

"'He's not in,' I said; 'can I do anything for you?'

"'Can I trust you?' she asked.

"'With the utmost confidence.' I said.

"'Will you give this flower to Mr. Johnson? And don't let any one see you, and tell him it was left by the lady in the blue bonnet.'

"And here it is, sir."

"Dear me! that's odd."

Jones saw a beam come into his face and knew that he was all right.

"The lady in the blue bonnet! Bless my soul, Jones, that's curious. I don't know any —what was she like?"

"She was very pretty."

"Pretty! Very well, Mr. Jones, you'll really have to be a little more careful. You've been making another—by the way, Jones, if you can find out anything about the lady—you needn't mention it, of course—you can let me know."

And the old man's been looking fixedly at every woman in a blue bonnet he has met since.

A Little for the Church.—We had scarcely entered the hotel at Chattanooga when a colored man approached and asked a subscription for a black church which had been destroyed by fire. We gave him a shilling apiece, and after breakfast, as we strolled down the road, towards Lookout, we met the same man again, and he said:

"Gem'len, our cull'd church had de misfortin to be blowed down in de great cyclone. If you would only be so kind as to help de folks along a little I'm sure de Lawd would bress you."

We shelled out again, and two hours later the same individual walked up to the trio and observed:

"Gem'len, our cull'd church has had de misfortin to be swept down the ribber by a freshet. If you would—

"Say, old fellow," interrupted the Judge, "this is the third time you have hit this crowd."

"'Zactly, sah."

"What's the matter with all the colored church buildings around Chattanooga?"

"Dunno sah, but dey's havin' powerful hard times."

"Come, now, but are you canvassing for a building or for yourself?"

"For a buildin', sah, but arter I has 'lowed myself ninety per cent. commission dar ain't so very much left to de church, you see, an' I has got to skirmish 'round powerful lively like."

A Novel Way of Popping the Question.—A young Aberdonian, bashful, but desperately in love, finding that no notice was taken of his visits to the house of his sweetheart, summoned up sufficient courage to address the fair one thus:

"Jean, I was here on Monday nicht."

"Ay, ye were that," replied she.

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht?"

"So ye were."

"An' I was here on Wednesday," continued the ardent youth.

"Ay, an' ye were here on Thursday nicht an a'."

"An' I was here last nicht."

"Weel, she says, what if ye were?"

"An' I'm here the nicht again."

"An' what aboot it, if ye cam' every nicht?"

"What abot it, did ye say? Div ye no begin to smell a rat?"

When lovely woman's feet are sevens,
And such a size her soul abhors,
What does she then? Why, gracious heavens!
She squeezes them in number fours.
And when the years come onward pacing
And show her waist increased in size,
What does she? Flies to tighter lacing,
And shows her suffering in her eyes.
And when old age draws nigh and nigher,
What then does lovely woman do?
She makes herself a right down l—r
And says, "I'll soon be thirty-two."
Thus lovely woman's e'er deceiving,
Dispelling ever love's young dream;
And men must own, tho' sadly grieving,
That women are not what they seem.

How to Preserve Teeth.—A green, gawky countryman was recently seen standing in the museum at Sydney, gazing at the bones of a mastodon.

"What do you think of that?" queried a visitor, who observed the countryman's preoccupied air.

"Waal," said the greeny, rousing from a semi-stupor, "I wuz jist a-thinkin' ef my teeth wuz ez big ez them thar bones I'd hate to have 'em pulled. I also thort ez how I hed figgered it out why his teeth was so sound."

"You did, eh? Well, how do you account for the remarkable preservation of the animal's teeth?"

"Waal, I dunno, but I guess he jist kep' his mouth shet and didn't ax quěstions."

"No," said the aristocratic Englishman. "I have never visited your country. But I am going on a tour of the world soon, and mean to see all the sights, y'know."

"Then I guess," replied the beautiful American, "you had better take a good look at me. I am the most remarkable sight you'll see."

"I—er—don't exactly—ah—understand—aw—"

"Why, you see, I am only a plain, ordinary commonplace American girl. All you will meet over there will belong to the first families."

Their engagement has just been announced in the Society papers.

Comprehensive.—A gentleman hunting for gold in Dakota came across a boarded-up shanty with a half dozen boards across the door, upon which were the following touching inscriptions:—

"Four miles from a nayber."

"Sixty miles from a postofis."

"Twenty-five miles from a railroad."

"A hundred and atey from timber."

"Two hundred and fifty feet from water."

"God bless our home."

"We've gone east to spend the winter with my wife's folks."

Jennie's Description of a Monkey.—A monkey is a blamed funny insect. You can't tell how many feet he has, cause he ain't made up his mind yet whether his front feet is hands or feet, an' he uses them both ways. When he smiles his fetchers work hard enough to pan out somethin' ginowine, but the real flavor don't seem to be fetched out. Monkeys don't dress enough to suit most folks, an' besides their clothes is made of such thin stuff that it wears off when they sit down.

ARARAT MINING BOARD.

TUESDAY, 27th SEPTEMBER 1887.

A special meeting of the above board was held at the board room, Ligar-street, on Tuesday last, there being present—Messrs. Frost (chairman), Foyster, Hodgetts, Curnick, Glisson, Brown, Williamson, Humphreys, Burke and Hunter.

The preliminary business having been disposed of, the following affecting this division was transacted amongst other:—

From the Under-Treasurer, approving of the scheme forwarded for the allocation of the Prospecting Vote.

From the Secretary for Mines, inquiring if there were any objections to the application of W. Baker for the sale of 40a. of land in the parish of Beaufort.

A lengthy discussion arose on the alleged imperfect arrangements existing at Beaufort for the issue of miner's rights and the registering of claims, and ultimately Mr Browne proposed—"That this board again strongly urges that the existing arrangements be altered for the reasons previously given, and for the following:—That on the 15th instant Mr Wilkins travelled from Chute to Beaufort, a distance of nine miles, to register a claim, but found the office not open, a notice being posted on the door stating that it was closed owing to a visit of the Audit Commissioners. Again, on Thursday, the 22nd, it was closed owing to the Licensing Court having been held on the previous day." Mr Humphrey seconded the motion, which was carried.

Mr Browne proposed, Mr Humphreys seconded, and it was resolved—"That this board views with indignation and alarm the attemqts that are about to be made, as reported by the press, to induce the Hon. the Minister of Lands to prohibit the removal of timber by splitters from grazing areas, and trust that the Government will not repeal the existing regulations which secures the right to the holder of a splitter's license to cut and remove timber from such areas, as any such prohibition would be a great blow to the mining industry; and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the several mining boards, asking for their co-operation and assistance to carry this matter out."

It was resolved, on the motion of Mr Browne, seconded by Mr Hunter—"That the clerk write to the Gippsland Mining Board asking to be informed as to the views, if any, expressed by the other boards, *re* the holding of the proposed conference in November next; and also write to each of the several boards, stating that this board, feeling that the holding of a conference in November next, as proposed by the Gippsland Mining Board, and thereafter one annually, would materially strengthen the position of the boards, and be of benefit to the mining interest, would strongly urge that a conference be held as proposed, and that such board send delegates to same."

The application of Mr Baker for the sale of land at Beaufort was referred to the divisional members for a repoat.

VITAL QUESTIONS!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?
And he will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all diseases and ailments peculiar to women"—
And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically, "Buchu."
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:
Mandrake! or Dandelion!
Hence when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,
And compounded into Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is
Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"
For years and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.
Women gone nearly crazy!
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.
People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula,
Erysipelas!
"Saltrheum, blood-poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact, almost all diseases frail"
Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Dr. Soule's Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.
☞ None genuine without a bunch of green hops on a white label, and Dr. Soule's name blown in the bottle. BEWARE of all the vile stuff made to imitate the above.

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

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

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

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills 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.

LAWTON'S MINSTRELS.

The Alf. Lawton troupe of minstrels paid a return visit to Beaufort and played to a very poor house on Tuesday evening last. The weather, however, militated against a large attendance. The performance, notwithstanding this drawback, was gone through in excellent style. The circle consisted of three ladies and the same number of gentlemen, the corner men being Messrs. Wallace and Chapman, and the interlocutrix, Miss Minnie Hope. The singing of the company was such as is seldom heard here, although Miss Holmes and Mr. Harrison (tenor) were suffering from colds. All the items of the programme were thoroughly enjoyed, and each performer was called upon to repeat his or her song. Miss St. John and Miss Hope rendered a very pretty duett, "Our Mountain Home," and Messrs. Wallace and Chapman in character as Irish emigrants were most original and laughable in their portrayal. Miss Holmes did not appear many times, but the audience were delighted with the music her rich voice supplied, her rendition in the first part, of "When the leaves begin to turn," being a treat, and was red. Mr. Harrison's "White wings" was excellently rendered, while Miss Hope in "Do they do it for love?—No fear" showed that this lady is at home as much with serio-comic as in the more sentimental vocalisation. The performance wound up with a farce, which sent the audience home well satisfied.

WEATHER FORECASTS

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, Sept. 30, 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Straits.—Fine; light and variable winds, chiefly east and north.

Highest temperature observed at Melbourne observatory during the day, 69·5.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Fine; light and variable winds, chiefly east and north.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Letters, &c., are lying at the local post-office for — Anderson, Mrs Jane Adams, Miss Audas, J. G. Brebner, Geo. Bell, J. Dunn, Henry Dennis, C. Jacobsen, Percy McCord, John Miller, Patrick Murphy, Miss McDermott, J. McDougall, A. McPherson, Miss J. McIntosh, J. W. Miller, J. Rodgers, John Roycroft, Mrs Stuart, D. Tracy, S. E. T. Tweedale, H. Walker, Mr Yates.

RAILWAY RETURNS.

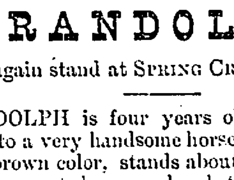
The following is a statement of the passenger traffic, as far as the tickets issued at the Beaufort railway station are concerned, and the value of goods, for the week ended Thursday 29th September, 1887:—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Sept. 23	23	£3 13 9	£6 11 4
,, 24	62	8 13 7	9 5 1
,, 26	34	6 5 1	17 15 9
,, 27	35	7 19 6	0 8 0
,, 28	38	5 9 8	13 5 0
,, 29	22	5 18 9	2 15 3
Totals	214	£39 14 10	£50 1 1

IN accordance with the will of my late brother, John Wotherspoon, the BUSINESS carried on by him under the style of WOTHERSPOON BROS. and CO., will be CARRIED ON AS USUAL, and in the same manner as heretofore.

G. WOTHERSPOON,
Sole Executor.

30th September, 1887.



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 Searsfield, 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 ¾ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
½in., ¾in., 1in., 1½in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.

NEXT TO POLICE STATION

For Sale,

HORSE, BUGGY, and HARNESS. Apply A. Androws, Beaufort.

WASTE PAPER IN LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES FOR SALE.
At the
"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

SPRING GOODS.

OUR

First Shipment

OF SPRING GOODS

NOW OPENING.

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.

SPECIALITIES—Fencing Wire, Woolpacks, Sheep Shears, and Shearing Requisites.

General Agents for all Agricultural Machines and Implements.

GOOD FURNITURE

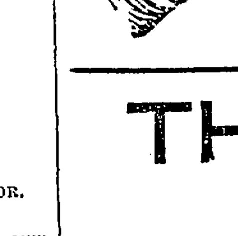
Many people are at a loss to know where they can buy the
CHEAPEST,
And by discovering the situation of
HAWKES BROS.
You will then find an immense stock and a great variety at
MELBOURNE PRICES.

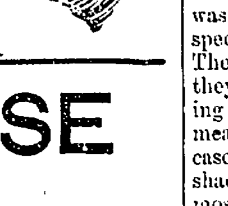
TIME-PAYMENTS TAKEN,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL AGENTS for CHAPMAM'S CELEBRATED EUCALYPTUS PREPARATION.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

G. H. COUGLE,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.





THE BLUE HOUSE

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Having decided on leaving Beaufort early next month, I will offer the WHOLE OF MY STOCK AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

The DRAPERY portion especially will be **Sold at and under Cost,** to save expense of removal.

Regular customers and others are invited to anal themselves of this chance of securing **Unheard of Bargains.**

All outstanding accounts to be paid without delay, to save further trouble.

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

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 everywore 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 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 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, n Tins, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d each.

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 and stands of rooms were covered with flowers, fans and other articles, feathers 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, vieux 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 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 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, mervilleaux, 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.

June 14th 1887.

Mr George Schutze, Ballarat.

Dear Sir,—I do not exaggerate when I say, that since I adopted Dr Jaeger's Woollen Goods, the comfort and happiness of my physical life have been wonderfully increased.

I was very much amused when I first saw Dr, Jaeger's five-toed socks, but I found for those who suffer from sore feet or corns, there is nothing to surpass them, independent of their sanitary point of view. I have become an enthusiastic Jaegerite, and can really recommend the system.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
GEO. A. BEYER, Auctioneer

Bollond House, Melbourne, June 5th, 1887.

My Dear Sir,

Having now worn Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System, of underclothing in particular, very excellent especially in a climate subject to such sudden and great varieties of temperature as here in this part of Victoria. The garments are light and durable, they maintain the surface warmth of the body without adding to the weight of the clothing; a most important consideration to delicate persons, and particularly those suffering from chest complications, and therefore from my own and wife's experience, also several of my patients who have adopted this system of clothing, can recommend it with confidence.

Yours very truly,
M. GUNST, M.D.

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 ist.

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.

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? Is there 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 proprieters, 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."

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

The people of England speak confirming the above.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

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

Dear Sir,—Mother Seigel's medicine sells exceeding well with us, all that try it speak highly in its favor. We had a case of a young lady that had been 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,

"Harriet King."

THE EFFECTS HAVE BEEN WONDERFUL.

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

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

"Pro Ed wwo

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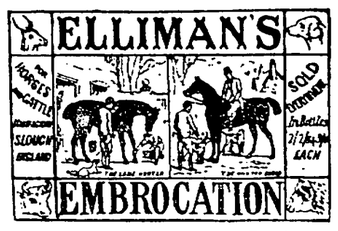

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From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.

"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.

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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 defeating Mr. [illegible] Challenge Cup, value 15 Guineas, Black Prince, the 1st prize horse [illegible] grand two-year-old 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, Aylesbury; 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.

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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—

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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 TAKELI'S AMMOMILE CATHARTIC PILLS, which I have taken with 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 [illegible] pains in my head and bones, and felt low and out of sorts. Ever since the first week of taking your pills I have been better, and now I sleep like a child, and awake refreshed and ready for breakfast. All my aches and pains are gone, and although I am turned 67 years of age, I feel, thanks to your Pills, as well and as strong as I have been for the last 20 years. You are at liberty to use this as you please, and I hope it may increase your popularity, and likewise benefit many sufferers as well.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly, JOHN DONALDSON, Barkly street south, Ballarat.

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

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

FOR COUGHS COLDS, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, 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.

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CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

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

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

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

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

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1886.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

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

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

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

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

TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

NO family should be without these Pills. They only need a trial to prove their extraordinary efficacy in correcting disorders of the liver and stomach, stimulating the bowels, and purifying the blood, have 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 the beneficient effects. Myriads affirm that these Pills possess a marvellous power in securing these great secrets of health by purifying and regulating the Kidneys 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[illegible]
Fevers of all Kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Venereal Affections
Headache	Worms of all kinds
Indigestion	Weakness from whatever
Liver Complaints	cause, &c., &c.
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.

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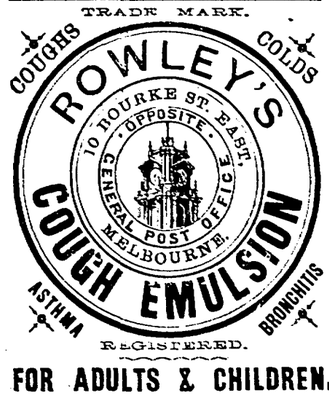

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FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

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.

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

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

Bronchitis Diphtheria Colds Coughs Sore Throat and Shortness of Breath.

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

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

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

Gout and Rheumatism.

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

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 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 ineffectuous.

In Disorders of the Kidneys, Stone, and Gravel

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

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

Let such persons (he or she) sit quietly down in the privacy of their own apartments, and with calm 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 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.

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. 625.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY OCTOBER 8, 1887. PRICE SIXPENCE

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

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

Subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly or at an early hour of the morning would much oblige us by immediately forwarding their names to the office of this paper, Lawrence street, in order that such errors may 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 are chargeable 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 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 7.30 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.

12m.D.31.S7.

AGENTS WANTED.

Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

FRANK VIAL, Universal Leather Belt Factory, Macaulay Road, Kensington, and 59 Blair 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 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.

MELBOURNE AGENTS
FOR THE
RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE
MESSRS. GORDON & GOTCH
Collins Street West

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.S7

WASTE PAPER

FOR SALE.

APPLY

THIS OFFICE.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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

Office: Lawrence Street, Beaufort

Plain and Ornamental Printing

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

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ON REASONABLE TERMS

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

Prepared on the shortest notice

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 "CHEYLESMORE" (PATENT DOUBLE DRIVER) — NEW SPECIAL CLUB (ENTIRELY REMODELLED TO SUIT COLONIAL ROADS) — THE IMPERIAL CLUB (A FRONT STEERER)

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED — ESTABLISHED 1859

THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS' CO. LIMITED
COVENTRY & WORKS: ENGLAND
COLONIAL BRANCH
UNDER THE CHARGE OF EXPERIENCED ENGLISH EXPERTS
62 & 64 ELIZABETH ST. MELBOURNE.
LISTS FREE

BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES

BY SPECIAL WARRANT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

EVERY STYLE EVERY PRICE TERMS CASH OR EXTENDED PAYMENTS

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

LEWIS & WHITTY'S

A TREASURE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

No Waste or Loss in Weight by Keeping. Save Two-thirds in Freight.

Specially Prepared for Household and Domestic Purposes.

LEWIS & WHITTY'S TRADE BORAX MARK SOAP

Brightens the Colors, does not Bleach.

PRESERVES THE FABRIC. SOFTENS THE SKIN.

BORAX SOAP

Can be used in Hot, Cold, Hard or Brackish Water.

CLEANSES, HEALS, AND PURIFIES THE SKIN.

THE SAFEGUARDS FOR HEALTH,

BORAX EUCALYPTUS SOAP!

—AND—

BORAX CARBOLIC SOAP!

Prevents Decay, Infection, and is Cheaper than the Ordinary Household.

Combining all the qualities of the Borax Soap, together the Medicinal and Disinfecting Properties of the Eucalyptus and Carbolic.

REFRESHING AND AGREEABLE.

☞ The Only Makers of Eucalyptus Soap in Australia.

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SQUARE BLUE EGG POWDER BLACKING AND WASHING POWDER STAND UNRIVALLED!

To be had from all Grocers and Storekeepers.

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

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PIANOS £40 TO £48 Or 30s. Monthly
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A Striking Contrast in Appearance, Tone and Finish to all other Instruments of Similar Price.

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TIME-PAYMENT for all INSTRUMENTS.

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.

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Established 1860.

WILLIAM BAKER,

UNDERTAKER,

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

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

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SPECIALTY:
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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.
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21 Market Street, Melbourne.

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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.

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COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT,
ACCOUNTANT, ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

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Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

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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 "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 over 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

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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.

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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And all the London Wholesale Houses.

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NO ENGLISH STABLE IS CONSIDERED COMPLETE WITHOUT

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

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

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.
1/1½
Prepared only by
ELLIMAN, SONS & Co.,
SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

12m D.31.87

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Business in the market has again been quiet, and the only change we have to report is a slight decline in value in several lines. Wheat remains as last quoted, but no local is offered, supplies being wholly drawn from the Wimmera district, the landed cost being 3s 5d per bushel. Flour is a trifle easier, a good lot having been sent out at £8 2s 6d per ton. The Horsham market is still weak, the highest price being 3s per bushel. The Donald market shows a further decline, 3s being now given, but at St. Arnaud 3s 2d is still quoted. In this district oats are almost unnoticed, but the figure remains firm. Bran and pollard are both a little lower, the inquiry now being restricted, as feed is fairly abundant. No potatoes have come in from Warrnambool, and it now appears that for the rest of the season the district must draw supplies from Ballarat, there being no surplus stock available from the south. Hay has been well supplied. In dairy produce it may be remarked that, contrary to expectation, both hams and bacon have risen in value, the deliveries having been unusually light. Fresh butter is over-supplied and has eased to 8d per pound, whilst eggs are offered in abundance at 6... We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 5d per bushel bags in
Oats, 2s 7½d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 10½d per bushel
Bran, 9½d per bushel
Flour, L8 2s 6d per ton
Cape barley, 3s 6d per bushel
English barley, none
Peas, 3s 6d per bushel
Potatoes, Warrnambool, L3 per ton
Potatoes, Ballarat, L2 15s 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, 7s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 8d per lb
Butter, potted, 6d per lb
Hams, 11d per lb
Bacon, 10d per lb
Cheese, 6d to 7d per lb
Eggs, 6d to 7d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

DALGETY & COMPANY'S WEEKLY WOOL REPORT.

Wool.—Arrivals at our warehouses have been on a large scale during the past week, and have comprised further instalments of large clips already mentioned, besides the usual number of farmers' and selectors' parcels, and the following well-known additional brands, viz. :—East Loddon, Gunbar, Kynuna, Buckalow, McFarland and Dale, etc. The Melbourne sales will be opened on 5th instant, but in all probability the selection of Wools will not be very important, and in view of the fact that buyers so far show no eagerness to operate, no very satisfactory results are looked for. Although we have already between 3000 and 4000 bales in store waiting disposal, we have decided not to hold our opening sale until 17th inst., as by that time a fair idea of the market will be attainable, and additional buyers will have arrived. We are unable to give any encouraging reports about the progress of the London September sales, as our latest advices are to the effect that rates ruling at date of our last report are barely maintained.

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Messrs. A. M. Greenfield and Co. report under date of Oct. 6 :—

Wheat, weak, at 3s 6d for prime milling; oats, Danish 2s 9½d to 2s 10d, stout, up to 2s 11d 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 to L2 2s 6d; hay continues firm, 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.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORTS.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, October 5 :—

Wool—We held a small clearing-up sale today, preparatory to starting the season. The lots offered consisted entirely of town and country scoured and slipe wool, and oddments of greasy. We effected a clearance as follows :—Scoured merino, 11d to 15d per pound; slipe merino, 7d to 10d per pound, and oddments at satisfactory prices.

Sheepskins.—Butchers' fresh-killed, 24d to to 42d each; good to superior, 40d to 54d 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.

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, 3¼d to 3¾d per lb; calf, 5d to 6d per lb.

Tallow.—We have just succeeded in placing a line of 400 pipes for shipment to France, at a satisfactory figure, considering the state of the London market; and the local trade have taken our weekly supply of oddments at current rates.

Messrs. Dennys, Lascelles, Austin and Co. report :—

Messrs Goldsborough and Co. opened the selling season on Wednesday, when they submitted a catalogue of 2474 bales. There was a full attendance of buyers from all parts, but a few familiar faces were absent, who are passengers by the incoming mail steamer. The bulk of the catalogue comprised Darling and back Lachlan clips. Although these were well grown, in many cases the improvement in this respect was more than counterbalanced by the great prevalence of grass seeds, some of the pieces and bellies being perfectly matted with them. In sympathy with the London market, biddings for fault sorts were not brisk, but for good bulky free wools, whether fleece, pieces, or lambs, there was good competition. It may be stated that there were no American lots in the catalogue, so that owners of such need not accept as a criterion the result of Wednesday's sale. There are larger orders than usual from America, and, provided owners are not extreme in their views, we are confident a large proportion of our western wools will go to the States. Wool is now arriving freely, and portions of the following brands are in store, viz., M & A over Narramine, Waitche, Springfield, C A, Carr's Plains, Lake Corrong, Longerenong, Swan Water, Morago, Weering, A & J M, and North Maribed, besides other smaller clips. For our own opening sale of the 18th inst. we will submit a large and representative catalogue, by which time the market will have been thoroughly tested.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company report :—

A further decline has taken place during the past week in the Wheat market, the supply offering being fully equal, if not in excess of the demand. Of course with a restricted outlet millers command the market, and are thus able to dictate prices. Still, if we accept the outlook abroad, holders would appear to be only exercising due caution in not declining offers, for with heavy stocks of old Wheat, and the promises of a large harvest both here and in South Australia, it is very unlikely that quotations later on will, under ordinary trade conditions, be as high as they are to-day. The London market is indeed a tone stronger, but 30s. 6d. to 3[illegible]s. per quarter of 480 lbs, c. f. & i., means less than 3s. 6d a bushel here, hence there is no room for shipments even at nominal freights. The accounts from all the country districts speak in glowing terms of the crop prospects and should these be realised, we shall have a larger outturn of Wheat to deal with this year than any other period in our Wheat-growing history.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

NOTICE is hereby given that the time is EXTENDED to the end of the present month for killing Young Rabbits, and paying of a BONUS of 6d per dozen for the SCALPS.

The Rabbit Inspector will attend at the Shire Office every Saturday to receive scalps.

D. G. STEWART,
Shire Secretary.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 7th October, 1887.

SHIRE OF RIPON.—NORTH RIDING.

Election of one Councillor.

EXTRAORDINARY VACANCY.

NOTICE is hereby given, that an ELECTION OF ONE COUNCILLOR to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Councillor Wotherspoon will be held on Thursday, the 20th day of October.

Nomination day, Tuesday, the 11th day of October.

I require Candidates to be Nominated at the Offices of the Shire of Ripon, before the hour of 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, the 10th of October. Nomination papers, with the required cash deposit, will be received by my deputy Mr. D. G. Stewart, Shire Secretary.

W. C. THOMAS.
Returning Officer.

Beaufort, 4th October, 1887.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

Extraordinary Vacancy

IN THE
NORTH RIDING.

To the Ratepayers:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

AT the request of a number of Ratepayers I have consented to allow myself to be nominated for the Vacancy caused by the death of Cr. Wotherspoon, and most respectfully solicit your votes and interest.

I am,
Yours truly,
ALBERT ANDREWS.

POLLING DAY:

THURSDAY, 20th OCTOBER.

MR. ANDREWS will MEET the RATEPAYERS of North Riding at Waterloo on Thursday evening next, 13th inst.

Shire of Ripon—North Riding.

ELECTION OF COUNCILLOR.

A MEETING of the Committee and Supporters of Mr. George Wotherspoon will be held at the BEAUFORT HOTEL on Monday next, the 10th instant, at 8 o'clock p.m.

J. T. HARRIS,
Hon. Secretary.

NORTH RIDING ELECTION

October 1st, 1887.

To George Wotherspoon,

ESQ., BEAUFORT.

SIR,—

We, the undersigned Ratepayers of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon, respectfully request that you will allow yourself to be nominated for the vacant seat in the Council, and we assure you that we will do our best to secure your return.

We are, Sir,
Your obedient servants,

W. C. Thomas	R. Mitchell
H. P. Henningsen	A. Kay
J. F. Watkin	J. Rutherford
Thomas G. Archard	J. B. Conway
Tobias James	John Smith
William Smith	R. Wangler
Richard Farley	Gordon Ward
Denman Mason	W. Newey
Wm. Buchanan	E. Newey
Jeremiah Smith	L. Smith
Thomas Kenny	J. Ogilvie
David Troy	David Cochran
Jno. Jackson	J. Robinson
J. W. Harris	Mrs Sarah Frusher
John Cochran	R. Armstrong
Thomas Welsh	Joseph Hasler
E. R. Smith	William Simmonds
John Owen	Jane Witherden
James Cowans	W. Hinchcliffe
George White	W. Bourke
David Esplin	W. Dunn
John Walsh	William Pearson
George Manners	Joseph Harris
Wm. McFarlane	Robert Robinson
E. Whiting	John Edwards
Mrs Gilloch	H. Edwards
Thomas Jess	Elizabeth Knipe
Patrick O'Loughlin	William Evans
John Jess	James Wilson Smith
Henry Jamieson	Fredk. Wilkins
E. Thomas	Hy. Dell
J. W. Browne	H. Willox
R. Humphreys	W. Brough
W. F. Vance	John Campbell
George Ison	A. Hatfield
John Brooks	H. Ramsay
Agnes Johnston	James Coudick
Edwin Rogers, jun.	Wm. Callister
Joseph McDuff	T. D. Martin
Robert Bone	D. P. Roberts
P. O'Brien	H. M. Stuart
W. McDuff	Wm. Backhouse
Alfred Loft	Thomas Cummings
Thomas Gibson	Valentine Nothnagel
Mark J. Lilley	Thomas Tuddenham
E. S. Baker	John Provis
T. Buchanan	Reubin Lowe
John Abbott	Jacob Nothnagel
Wm. Stickland	Henry Judd
Daniel Mulcahy	H. Watkin
J. Myres	L. Becker
Samuel West	Robert Gibson, jun.
John Cadle	Robert Gibson, sen.
J. Lockhart	L. Wilkins
M. Wites	W. Crasweller
Martin Fitzpatrick	Laura J. Ninham
George McDuff	C. Broadbent, sen.
A. L. Stuart	Chas. Loft
G. Cuthbertson	Joseph Woods
James Cuthbertson	Walter Johnson
W. Edward Nickols	Luke Lilley
John Loutitt	J. Pitcher, sen.
Jno. B. Hill	Allen Wilkinson
William Driver	William Willox
Petrus De Baere	William Brierley
P. Blackmore	James Ward
E. McCracken	Matthew Waddell
Thos. M. Moore.	

[REPLY.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I am much gratified at receiving the above Requisition from so large a number of Ratepayers, feeling as I do that it is a high mark of respect to the memory of my deceased brother, your late representative.

It gives me great pleasure to accede to the request, and I can assure you that I will, if elected, endeavor, to the very best of my ability, to promote the the welfare of every interest in the Riding, and thus strive as far as I can to imitate the example of my late lamented brother.

I am,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Yours very respectfully,
G. WOTHERSPOON.

Beaufort, 7th October, 1887.

SHIRE OF RIPON

TENDERS, addressed to the President, and enclosing 5 per cent. deposit, will be received up till 11 a.m. on Thursday, 13th October, 1887, for the following works :—

NORTH RIDING.

Contract No. 439.—Building a timber bridge and making approaches by the Church, Raglan.

Contract No. 440.—Making 16 chains of metal road, and other work on the east of Mount Callendar, Burrumbeet.

Contract No. 441.—Making 20 chains of quartz road by Mrs. Miller's paddock, old Ararat road.

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

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted

H. H. JACKSON,
Shire Engineer.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 29th September, 1887.

BOXING DAY SPORTS.

A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in the Shire Hall on TUESDAY, the 11th inst., at 8 o'clock p.m., to make arrangements for carrying out the above sports or otherwise.

JOHN HUMPHREYS,
Hon. Sec. pro tem.

IN THE INSOLVENT ESTATE OF CHARLES WOOD, of Mount Cole, Sawmiller.

TENDERS are invited by the undersigned for the PURCHASE of the

SAWMILL LEASE,

Engine, Saws, Benches, Jinkers, Timber Waggon, 9 Horses, Harness, Tools, Breaking Down Plant, Sheds, Housing, &c.

All in good and thorough working order.

A full inventory can be inspected at the office of Messrs. Harris and Troy, Beaufort; and at the Assignee's office, Lydiard street, Ballarat.

Separate TENDERS will also be received on Wednesday, 12th October, for
200,000 feet of SAWN TIMBER.
7000 feet of PICKETS.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Both tenders must be sent in to the undersigned on or before Wednesday, 12th October, accompanied by a deposit of 10 per cent.

FRED. M. CLAXTON, Assignee.

3rd October, 1887.

WOOL AND GRAIN

The siding from railway line into our Warehouse will be completed this week, after which all Wool and Grain consigned to us from an up-country railway station will come direct into store, and thus be subjected only to the ONE HANDLING, besides saving the item of cartage.

Forwarding Agents are requested to note that consignments must be made to us direct.

DENNYS, LASCELLES, AUSTIN, & CO.

Geelong, 26th September, 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.

IN accordance with the will of my late brother, John Wotherspoon, the BUSINESS carried on by him under the style of WOTHERSPOON BROS. and CO., will be CARRIED ON AS USUAL, and in the same manner as heretofore.

G. WOTHERSPOON,
Sole Executor.

30th September, 1887.

Beaufort Fruit and Confectionary and Refreshment Rooms.

GEORGE WHITE,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, NEXT BANK OF VICTORIA,

RESPECTFULLY invites the PATRONAGE of his friends and the public.

REFRESHMENTS AT ALL HOURS.

HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAVING
SALOON.

Tobaccoes, Cigars, &c., in great variety.

Stationery and School Requisites.

BEAUFORT.

MONDAY, 10TH OCTOBER, 1887.

SALE BY AUCTION,
At twelve o'clock.
At NICKOLS' AUCTION ROOMS,
Neill street, Beaufort.

HOUSEHOLD

Furniture and Effects,

HORSE, HARNESS, & double-seated BUGGY
SILVER PLATE, etc.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS is instructed by the executors named in the WILL of Dr. CROKER, late of Beaufort, Surgeon, deceased, to Sell, as above,

The whole of his HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE and EFFECTS, comprising—Drawing and dining-room Suites in cretonne, leather, etc., fenders and fire-irons, pictures, diningroom and other tables, chairs, carpets, linoleum, door mats, pier glass, double and single iron bedsteads, washstands and ware, dress tables, dress glasses, spring mattress, palliasse, h.h. mattress, chests of drawers, both large and small, commodes, baths, bed curtains, blankets, sheets, kitchen requisites and cooking utensils; set dish covers, tea and coffee pots, silver and E.P. ware, meat safe, china, glass, and crockery, linen presses, ice chest, wheelbarrow, and a quantity of useful sundries.

S.B. BREECH LOADING GUN.

Horse, Buggy, and Harness.

The Auctioneer begs to call special attention to the above Sale, which is absolute and

WITHOUT RESERVE,
FOR CASH.

In consequence of the large number of lots, the sale will commence at Twelve o'clock prompt.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

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
¼in., ⅓in., ½in., 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

NOTICE.

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

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THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

A rumor having got abroad that it was not likely that Mr. George Wotherspoon would settle again in Beaufort, we have had several enquiries as to the truth of this. We are in a position to say that Mr. Wotherspoon has made definite arrangements to settle in Beaufort, and has taken the residence of the late Dr. Croker, where he will be established within a few days.

The County Court and Court of Mines will hold sittings in Beaufort on Monday, November 21st.

Tenders, we understand, will be called for the erection of a new school at Skipton this week.

A public meeting will be held in the Shire Hall on Tuesday evening next, to discuss a proposal for carrying out sports on Boxing day.

Mr. Albert Andrews announces in our advertising columns that he is a candidate for the vacancy in the Riponshire Council, and will address the ratepayers at Waterloo on Thursday evening next.

The assignee in the insolvent estate of Mr. Chas. Wood, sawmill proprietor, Mount Cole, notifies that the business, plant, etc., is to be disposed of by tender (see advertisement).

A lad named Jaensch, an employé of Mr. W. Lewis, of Stoneleigh, met with an accident on Monday last while riding on horseback. He was in company with a young man named Pimblett, who was also on horseback. Jaensch's horse took fright and bolted, and in his course jumped a wall. In doing so Jaensch was thrown and received an ugly contusion on the forehead. He was picked up insensible and conveyed to the station, whence (the wound having been temporarily dressed) he was forwarded into Beaufort, and received surgical attention from Dr. Nolan. He is, we understand, doing well.

It is pleasing to note by an official announcement in last week's Gazette, that in future miners' rights can be obtained and renewals of miners' rights effected daily at Beaufort post-office. This step has certainly been enforced by the persistent efforts of the Ararat Mining Board to obtain the same concessions for the whole of this division of the mining district, as have been hitherto for a considerable time prevailing in part. Registrations and re-registrations (if necessary) will only be effected on application to the registrar.

An official notice in our advertising columns to-day gives particulars respecting the election to fill the vacancy in the north riding of the Shire of Ripon, caused by the death of Cr. J. Wotherspoon. The time for receiving nominations is fixed at not later than four o'clock on Monday next, the 10th inst.; the poll will (if necessary) take place on the 20th October.

Mr. Edward Nickols, J.P., held a magisterial enquiry on Saturday last, on the body of John Turner, 77 years of age, at Buangor. The body was discovered, after the man had been missed for seven days, by Mr. Jones, one of the search party, near Mt. Cole. Dr. Nolan made a post mortem examination, and was of opinion that the cause of death was syncope and congestion of the lungs. Mr. Nickols certified as to the cause of death in accordance with the medical evidence.

We are informed that it is the intention of the Secretary for Mines (Mr. Langtree) to visit the Beaufort district within the next few days. The object of the visit is to inspect the country at Lillirie, where the diamond drill now is. There seems to have been a misunderstanding with respect to the site for commencing operations, and probably Mr. Langtree's visit will be in connection with this matter. We understand that when the date is fixed a party from Beaufort will accompany Mr. Langtree to Lillirie.

Mr. George Wotherspoon having been requested by a very large number of ratepayers to allow himself to be nominated for the seat in the council, vacant through the demise of his brother, announces in our issue to-day that he has acceded to their request, and will endeavor if elected to fill the position in public matters so long and worthily held by his brother, Mr. John Wotherspoon. Another advertisement announces that a meeting of all favorable to Mr. Wotherspoon's return will be held at the Beaufort hotel on Monday next.

We are requested to tender, on behalf of the Beaufort Rifle Club, thanks to Mr. J.F. Watkin for having gratuitously carried out a considerable amount of work at their ranges. A great portion of the tailings heap near the 400 yards range has been cut away, and the stuff spread about to make a good pathway from the mantlets to firing points. Mr. Watkin's donation to the club must therefore be considered a valuable one.

The rainfall in Beaufort for the period commenced on 1st October, 1886, and ended on September 30th, 1887, was 27.48 inches. In October last year 4.04 in. of rain fell; this quantity was topped by .02 points in June of this year. In the three following months, July, August, September, 3.25 in., 3.11 in., and 3.25 in. respectively fell. The smallest rainfall occurred in March, 1887, when only .30in. fell.

Mr. Lord, of Raglan, furnishes us with the following incident, showing the daring ferocity of that little pest of the poultry-yard, the sparrow-hawk. Having a pair of canaries in a cage, Mrs. Lord on Thursday last, as she had done many times before, hung them just outside the window of the room in which she was employed. They had not been there many moments when a sparrow-hawk, which had been previously disturbing the fowls, made a dart at the cage, knocked it down and killed one of the birds. By this time Mrs Lord was out, and drove the creature away. In the fall the door of the cage came open and the other canary flew out, but was instantly pounced upon and knocked down by the watchful hawk, which had evidently made up its mind to serve number two as it had done its mate. In this, however, it was disappointed, for a well directed shot from a gun brought the creature to earth, thus paying the penalty of its crime.

On Monday last a young man named Robson, in the employ of Mr. Dunnet, of Stockyard Hill, had a narrow escape from losing his life. It appears he was returning home with a waggon and four horses, which he was driving, and had just commenced to go down the Long Hill, about four miles from Beaufort, when some person discharged a gun near by. This caused the horses to bolt, and Robson did all he could to steer them straight, but the animals brought the waggon against the side of the cutting, and it was overturned. Robson was thrown out of the conveyance, and the horses fell. Singular to relate, neither Robson or the horses were injured, only the points of the shafts being broken. Dr. Nolan, who was on his way to visit a patient at Skipton, was the first person that came to the assistance of Robson, and with this aid, after yoking two horses to the off side of the waggon, it was set right. Had the accident occurred near the bridge at the bottom of the hill, where a sharp turn takes places in the road, nothing, in all probability, could have saved Robson or the horses from serious injury, if not death.

A meeting of the Managers of the Beaufort Common was held yesterday, when the Secretary reported :—Balance in bank, £43 1s; cash in hand, £6 18s; making total credit of £49 19s. Fees received up to date for current half-year £38 7s 4d; unpaid fees due on stock branded by the herdsman, £9 1s 4d; making total assessment to date £47 8s 8d. Percentage due to the herdsman £17. That as Mr M'Innes failed to pay within the stated time the trespass demanded from him, the matter was placed in the hands of Mr. Gaunt, barrister, who prepared the case for hearing on the 26th ult., but Mr. M'Innes came to Beaufort on the 24th, and settled the case out of court by paying £9 trespass. The herdsman reported that 4750 sheep and 160 head of cattle had passed through the common, and that he had seen all the commonage bulls during the month. The following accounts were passed for payment :—Herdsman, £8; Secretary £3 (including expenses to Ballarat); W. H. Gaunt and legal expenses, £6 17s 6d; Jas. Brown, 7s 6d; total, £18 5d.

One day this week Mr Robert Gibson, of Main Lead, met with and despatched a huge snake which measured 7 feet 4 inches in length, and was of great thickness. The continuance of warm days such as we have had a touch of during the week, will no doubt cause many more of the reptiles to be seen.

The time for receiving scalps of young rabbits, and paying for them at the rate or 6d per dozen, having been extended by the Government, the Council of the Shire of Ripon has followed suit.

BEAUFORT JUBILEE HALL FANCY FAIR.

We are requested to acknowledge, with thanks, the following additional donations in money and goods received by Mrs. D. G. Stewart, on behalf of the Mechanics' Institute fair :—A Friend, Mr. H. Watkin, Mr. G. H. Cougle, Mr. Prentice, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. M'Donald, Miss Nolan, Miss Shaw, Mr Archard, Mrs. Male, Mrs. T. Welsh, Mrs. H. H. Jackson.

MINING ITEMS.

The party boring on the Raglan Flat met with misfortunate last week. While passing through some very hard clay, at a depth of 45 feet, one of the rods broke, leaving one rod with augur attached below. To recover these they had of necessity to sink a depth of 26 feet. As time means money, the loss to the men will be fully £20.

New Kong Meng, Majorca—Yield for three days ended 6th October—405 oz. 15 dwt.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 113 oz; New Victoria, 36 oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, —; Saxon Consols, 34 oz.

LITTLE CHIPS.

[BY "TOMAHAWK."]

"If ever I cease to love,
If ever I cease to love,
May old Mother Kelly
Make me into apple jelly,
If ever I cease to love—"

Were the words that accompanied a melodious (?) strain that issued from the labials of a tall, dark, broad-shouldered, full-chested, long-nosed, sandy-moustached individual, who with his hands stuffed deeply into the pockets of his pantaloons, wended his way along ——— street the other evening. I should not have taken any notice of this, had not another incident happened a few moments afterwards. I had nearly come abreast of a certain edifice, when the angry voices of two of two of Eve's delightful daughters reached my ever-open auriculars. I'll not say who the damsels were; but this is what I heard :—

"You're a nasty selfish little thing, Aramintha. You might just as well have found some excuse to stay at home, or go back for something, after we started out. The fact is I believe you're jealous, and want Mr. ——— all to yourself; but you shan't get him if I can help it."

"Pooh! indeed I don't wan't him. Mother tells me to go out with you, and I will go if I like."

"Why do you take hold of his arm, and whisper to him, when you don't want him?"

"Why? Because I like a walking-stick. Besides isn't he going to be my brother, Ciss?"

"He never will be, if you don't give him a chance. He wrote to me to-day to say he wanted to see me alone to-night, and I believe he was going to propose——Whose that?"

"Only your humble servant," said I, as I passed on continuing the refrain—

"If ever I fall in love,
If ever I fall in love,
I will hang around your gate
Until half-past seven or eight
Till I see you all alone, my love.

Well, the bazaars have begun. The present is a most fitting time to hold a bazaar. It is shearing time, and the unionists are making the most of it. In the Societies Hall on Thursday evening the lambs were fleeced with astonishing rapidity, and can it be wondered at? The beautiful shearers, bedecked in all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow, beaming with smiles bewitching; with voices alluring, eyes sparkling with merriment and twinkling with roguishness!—Why, he must have been made of stone who could resist the appeals. One young man tells me he parted with seven and sixpence before he had taken five steps into the hall. You know the old aphorism, my young friend! Why didn't you buy something, and get value for the cash?

The Councillor who moved that we all be fined if our chimneys take fire is hereby notified that he might as well go "the whole hog" as stop half-way. There is a matter of much greater importance to this community than a foul chimney. It is a positive fact that in Melbourne the best bread is marked up at 4½d the quartern loaf (weighed on delivery), while we have to pay 6d. for a loaf which may perhaps just turn the scale at 3¾ lbs. It is surprising that in the country where wheat is grown, and flour is made, that we have to pay a heavy premium for bread, the staff of life. I was shown a loaf of bread the other day which was a regular deceiver. It certainly was of good size and colour, but 2½ oz. short of 2 lb. weight; when cut it had an immense hole in the centre of it. I think the same regulations should be enforced here as in other towns in all cases, as well as in the matter of foul chimneys. We shall have all to keep books, weigh our bread, and deduct the price of the missing quantity when settling up.

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 guarantee of good faith.

ELECTION DODGES!

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

Dear Sir,—I ask if you will kindly allow me, as a ratepayer, to call the attention of my brother ratepayers to a series of objectionable dodges that are being perpetrated upon us just now. I don't know who can be the author, and I suppose that it would be a difficult matter trace all the rumors and yarns that I have heard to the imaginative brain box where they were concocted; but there is one thing, my fellow ratepayers, that I would draw your attention to, and that is, there is not a single particle of a foundation for any of these statements that are going the rounds.

A good old story was current some time ago respecting a country parson who had charge of a large district, and had to preach three sermons a day in three different towns. After a deal of worry, the old gentleman dropped down to a thing or two, and instead of laboring under the glare of the lamp and the smell of "the midnight oil" for three or four nights a week, he prepared only one sermon, which he adapted, by the alteration of a word or two, to each town in its turn. When he preached in G——, he would say that a certain incident happened in A——; and when at B——, he would say that the incident happened on to road from G—— to A——.

A gentleman came in from an adjoining sub-division of the North Riding of this Shire, and in conversation with some of my fellow ratepayers in Beaufort about the prospects of the various candidates said to be on the eve of coming forward, made a statement which very much very much reminded me of the old parson. I am not going to mention names, or a personal apology will have to be made for a breach of confidence; but I only trust that the ratepayers will select the best possible of the eligible gentlemen who may pose as candidates for the seat rendered vacant by the death of our late friend and helper, Cr. Wotherspoon.—I am, Sir, yours &c.,

RATEPAYER.

METROPOLITAN NOTES.

(BY A CONTRIBUTOR.)

Whatever "His Natural Life" may be from point of excellence as a literary effort, and whatever was the aim and object of the author in publishing it, are two subjects in which can be found food for endless debate. It is held by many that the services of the late Marcus Clarke should be recognised by the colony in the shape of a bonus of L1000 to the widow and family, the said services having taken form in exposing the evils of convict life and the tyranny of oppressors who were acting by and with authority. In this matter I think the Assembly has taken a common sense view of the question, and having negatived the proposal to vote the L1000 as aforesaid, have given scribblers like mys'f the straight tip to understand that if our genius soars and soar to realms where red-tape, &c., &c., &c., has predominated, with the object of exposing "a little game," we must insure our lives, and make provision for our widows in the policy.

Some interesting information was supplied to the Assembly on Wednesday night, respecting the railway management. How often we have heard that railways do not pay, I cannot say; but it appears that for the last financial year the profits from the Northern System were L248,938; from the North-Eastern, L254,982; Eastern, L64,937; Western, L315,356; and Hobsons Bay, L141,747; a total of L1,025,960. Under the circumstances, one might ask if it would not pay even better if the fares were reduced all round.

History repeats itself! That is to say, there is nothing new under the sun. Mr. Hall, the Reformer, made a big mistake when he submitted his motion for free passes for old members of Parliament; and now, having found it out has turned tail on himself. Probably he suspects that some free passes are issued to persons who are not entitled to them; one thing is certain, they are not issued to the fourth estate now, and, personally, I think that if any one is entitled to a free pass besides our brave defenders it is the representative of the press. If a select committee is appointed, the evidence taken before it will be intensely interesting, without a doubt.

A discussion took place on Wednesday, in the Assembly, relative to the enfranchisement of holders of residence areas under the mining regulations. Colonel Smith brought the matter forward and urged that all doubts as to whether such persons are entitled to be placed on the voters' roll for the Legislative Council should be decided by the passing of a bill. Mr. Deakin said that the question would be made the subject of a suit of determination of the Supreme Court, in order that the law might be made clear. In reply to further demands for the immediate alteration of the law, Mr. Gillies asked members not to anticipate the judgment of the Court. An eminent counsel was of opinion that Sir Bryan O'Loghlen was wrong, and if the Court took that view no change would be necessary. If the residence area holders were not entitled to be enrolled, it would be advisable to allow the Legislative Council to initiate legislation on the point. The Government, he assured the House, would not neglect its duty.

Holloway's Pills.—Indigestion and Liver Complaints.—The digestion cannot be long or seriously disordered without the derangement being perceptible on the countenance. These Pills prevent both unpleasant consequences; they improve the appetite, and with the increase of desire for food, they augment the powers of digestion and assimilation in the stomach. Holloway's Pills deal most satisfactorily with deranged or diseased conditions of the many organs engaged in extracting nourishment for our bodies from our various diets—as the liver, stomach and bowels, over all of which they exercise the most salutary control. By restoring at an early stage of this malady to these purifying and laxative Pills, the dyspeptic is speedily restored to health and strength, and his sallowness gradually vanishes.

The Ripon Advocate.

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Poetry

Cowslips.

When mists beside the river kneel,
Like still gray nuns at matins,
And catkins o'er the willows steal,
All dressed in silvery satins,
Before the soldier reeds unbind
Their swords to tilt against the wind.

Before the grass begins to toss,
Its pretty fancies trilling,
Or buttercups find yellow floss
Enough to make their frilling,
The cowslips sit in golden crowds
Beneath dim April's frowning clouds.

Along within the fields they hide;
No lover that way lingers;
The aiders by the brooklet's side
Reach down their long brown fingers;
One lonely robin, on the wing,
Is calling plaintively for Spring.

But still, as brave and glad are they
As any Summer beauty;
They ask no rosy holiday;
They smile, for that's their duty.
And all the meadow's gladness lies
Within their brave and shining eyes.

They promise days in one bright wreath
Of bloom and sunbeams airy;
The sweetness of their fresh young breath
They give the showers to carry
To lonely homesteads, near and far,
Where hearts that long for Springtime are.

As if it were dew, the raindrops wet
They take with cheery lightness.
None praise them; but, with fair pride yet,
They wear their homely brightness.
For truest courage has its birth
In an inward sense of worth.

Novelist.

DAYS OF CRIME
AND
YEARS OF SUFFERING.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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CHAPTER XVI.—*(Continued)*

The sentence pronounced on me was seven years' transportarion, which, under the circumstances, was not a severe one. My speechifying had the effect of bringing me rather prominently under the notice of the authorities, and the day after my trial I received a visit from the sheriff, who subjected me to a lengthy cross-examination. As there was a something in the manner of this functionary which was not calculated to invite confidence I was rather curt in my replies, and the turtle-fed gentleman (for it was rumoured in the prison that he imported turtle for his own private feeding) left me in high dudgeon at my reticence. To the chaplain, who had shown me a great deal of kindness, I spoke freely, and made him acquainted with my history. He offered, if I would give him the address of my parents, to call upon them for me, but I declined to do so. I wrote a few lines to Mrs. Lee and her daughter, telling them I was transported, and should never see them more, but that, however sad my fate, I should always think of them with affection. I wrote this note in the chaplain's private study, and he undertook to forward it. God bless that good-hearted clergyman; he had a sympathising heart.

The day previous to my removal from Newgate was a visiting day. Suddenly I heard my own name called by the turnkey who was doing duty in the visiting avenue, and I hurried to the grating. Mrs. Lee and her daughter Ellen were there! Dear, good Ellen Lee! I think I see her now, leaning her light form against the iron railing, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Our interview was limited by the prison regulations to fifteen minutes, and we were two deeply moved to say much. The little that was spoken was spoken to console. The mother pitied me. I entertained for Ellen a brotherly affection, she was so good and so clever, and had tried so hard when we were together to win me from evil, that I valued her very much as a friend in whom I could confide, and loved her as I might have loved a favorite sister. Ellen's feelings had taken deeper root, and her young heart was filled with a passion earnest and intense as a girl's first love can be. When we rambled together in the grounds near Rochester I was but a mere boy, and no serious thoughts ever came into my head. I had never speculated upon Ellen's feelings, I knew she liked me and I felt really fond of her, but neither of us spoke about love. But in that prison interview I saw that the young girl loved me very deeply; her whole manner betrayed the fact; and once, when I spoke of my friendship for her, she sobbed out the lines—

"Oh call it by some better name,
For friendship sounds too cold."

In return for a locket I had given her in better days, she brought me a very small one containing a tiny tress of her hair, which, after some little persuasion on her part, she induced the turnkey to give me. The interview was soon over, and I returned to my ward and cried bitterly. In the dark years of sorrow that have come since then I have often thought of dear Ellen Lee, and when in my better moods I have knelt in prayer to God, I have prayed that He would make her happy and keep her pure and good. I think of her still, and would not wish to be myself forgotten. Such remembrances are hallowed things, as some of my own lines declare:—

Love's memories, Love memories,
Oh scare them not away;
For if the heart's love hath been pure,
Earth's holiest things are they.

I never think of Newgate, with all its gloom and crime, but I see standing out amid its shadows the fair form of Ellen Lee, whose nature was so guileless, and whose heart was so loving and so pure. Oh! for the might-have-beens of life

CHAPTER XVII.

MILLBANK.

Once again Her Majesty's carriage is placed at my service. The servant in the blue livery hands me in with the most attentive politeness, and then, doubly careful of my precious person, locks me in a tiny box, out of which, should any accident occur, it will be impossible for me to fall. Briefly, I am in the police van, leaving Newgate prison for Millbank Penitentiary. I look from my locomotive prison through a small airhole out upon the moving world from which I am for years cut off. How much gloomier appears my own fate as I gaze into the streets bright with sunshine, and full of life and bustle. My own passiveness seems dreadful in contrast with the activities around me. Many a face is upturned to catch a glimpse of the terrible van as it speeds along. There are rosey smiling faces upon which sorrow has never yet lighted, and as they glance upward I can see that the smiles vanish, and a grave shadow steals over them. There are faces harsh and deeply careworn, and these seem to look glad that the world holds others whose fate is more wretched than their own. Here, as we pass a gin-shop, there are twenty blear-eyed faces which stolidly look up, and give a nod which seems to say that they are quite familar with the thing they gaze on. But I am weary with looking upon the world from which my crimes have dissevered me, and my head droops down upon my shoulder, and there is a tear trickling along my cheek. I am suddenly roused from this dejected state by an exclamation from my next door neighbor. Once more I look through the ventilating aperture, and before me, rising as it were out of the mists of the Thames, looms Millbank Penitentiary, with its grim towers and far-stretching walls. Weeping now is useless—it is too late for tears. I know that I have much to suffer, and that all my fortitude will be required to enalbe me to bear the adversity which I have created for myself. I wipe away my tears, I kiss Ellen Lee's locket, I place it in my mouth, and in another minute I stand within the walls of the mighty prison.

Wretched still, wretched because criminal. I have lived over again in my memory some of the misery of the past, because the recollection of a bygone suffering can scarcely intensify the sufferings that are being endured. The happy of the world may shudder as they recall the endurances of the years that are gone, but misery can look back on the dark hours of life and shed no tear.

I don't like making weak confessions; but I must admit that I very much dreaded an entrance into the prison of Millbank. Let me try and recollect all particulars concerning it. First, after my introduction to the reception ward, where, I may mention parenthetically, they regaled me with some nice white bread and a piece of well-flavored cheese, the medical officer examined me, poked me about the chest, looked between my fingers, and finally pronounced me all right. I was then conducted to the bath-room and directed to strip. This I did, and my clothes were immediately taken away. The turnkey then pointed to me a bath, telling me that there were two taps, one to let in hot and the other cold water, and that I could adapt the temperature to my own liking. This certainly didn't look so very unpromising; and when I saw a clean towel placed for my accommodation, and a decent, warm-looking suit of clothes awaiting me to put on, I began to take heart, and thought, after all, that this terrible prison was a much better place that any pauper-dwelling I was acquainted with. After the completion of the bath, dressing, &c., I was marched into the interior prison to "No. 16 cell, 'A' ward, Pentagon 5." A glance round the place was most encouraging—what a contrast, by the bye, to the wretched dungeons I have seen in Victoria. The cell was large and light, and warmed to an agreeable temperature with hot-air pipes. In one corner was a hammock, a mattress, three blankets, two white clean sheets, one rug, and a woollen night-cap, and looking back to the Refuge in Playhouse Yard, I thought I might manage to get a night's rest with such sleeping accommodation. In the middle of the cell stood a table, under which was placed a pewter washing basin bright as polished silver. On the table were a few books, a slate, a salt-cellar, a spoon, and a wooden platter. What tramp's lodging-house was ever furnished so luxuriously as this terrible prison cell? Being of a studious disposition, I of course proceeded at once to examine the books. The first was entitled "Sibi's Soul's Conflict," a very good work no doubt, but not exactly as my own taste. The next was of a more promising character, being an abridged history of the Reformation, and as I had never read much about Luther and his time, I thought I might add something to my stock of knowledge by a perusal. A third book was *Wilberforce's Practical Christianity*, and although I cared little for the author's religious views I was attracted by his style of composition, and I resolved to read it. The only other book was a treatise on algebra, and as I had when at school advanced as far as Quadratic Equations, I was quite delighted to meet with such a work, and I determined to thoroughly master the whole treatise. By the time I had made myself acquainted with the entire furniture of my cell, feeling hungry, I began to wonder if the good people of the prison intended to give me any more to eat that day. As, however, there was no indication of any immediate revitualling, I sat myself down on my little wooden stool (which I have omitted to mention in the inventory of my cell furniture), and commenced reading the history of the Reformation. Throwing myself into the past—watching the struggle between intellect and superstition—sympathising with the trials of the wonderful monk, I completely forgot my own position, and ceased to feel hungry. Suddenly my cell door was opened, and through an aperture of the iron gate, which was placed inside the wooden door and was rarely opened, a tin can was thrust. "Late dinner for new arrival," said the warder, slamming the door, and passing on. Very curious to see how my guardians intended to deal with me in the matter of diet, I immediately commenced a minute inspection of the contents of the can. On opening it I found it consisted of two compartments, one of which contained three tolerable-sized potatoes, and about six ounces of good boiled beef. On the other side was an eight-ounce loaf and a small knife. After partaking of this liberal fare I commenced on algebra, and managed the solution of a few problems. Again, about five o'clock, the wooden door opened, and a pint of gruel, sweetened with molasses, accompanied with a six-ounce loaf was handed me in. Either the allowance of food was excessive, or my mental labours had deprived me of my appetite, for I was wholly unable to consume the quantity of food supplied me. As soon as it grew dark the warder once more appeared at the cell door and handed me in a light, telling me to turn on the gas, and not on any account to burn paper or rag. With a full belly, the cell comfortably warm and cheerfully lighted, the certainty of a clean snug bed to sleep in, and the prospect of a cocoa breakfast in the morning. I could not help thinking of the hundreds who on that night would crave admittance to the work houses, thankful if they obtained a dirty blanket and a hard board to lie on, and that even this would in many instances be denied to the poor starving wretches who preferred to sue for parish charity instead of qualifying for a prison home. 'Tis a pity, said I to myself, that the world should surround us with so many good things when we become criminal, and yet withold the assistance that might keep us far from crime. The state teaching the felon, while the peasant's children knew nothing of a schoolmaster, certainly seemed strange. But then I was very ignorant, and the state an embodiment of wisdom, so of course these things were quite as they should be.

At nine o'clock the gas was turned off, and I turned in. The sheets appeared to be well-aired, the woollen nightcap was quite cosy, and yet when I thought of the straw-rick in which I used to seek a shelter in the days of my honest poverty, I wished that I could return to it and forget all that had happened since. At six next morning the bell warned me it was time to rise, so I jumped out of bed and proceeded to make up my blankets in the prison fashion. This I thought I had managed quite artistically, but on the warder visiting my cell to inspect the pewter, &c., he politely assured me that unless my bed was made up better the next day he should introduce me to the governor. He explained to me that the sheets and blankets were to be so folded, that when done up in the rug the whole was to form a perfect eighteen inch cube. As he had a pattern bed fetched which he left with me for a couple of hours I soon mastered the mysteries of prison bed-making, and I believe at this moment I can do more in this particular branch of art with three blankets and a rug than any man in the hulk. My bed is the pattern bed, and is exhibited as such to all new comers. So much I owe to my Millbank experiences.

At nine o'clock I was marched through half a mile of corridors and passages to the prison chapel. I suppose there were fully twelve hundred convicts in it. On returning from chapel, I was furnished with some pieces of list, thread, thimble, &c., and told that I could, if I wished, occupy myself in making some braces. This was a description of work that I did not much relish, and, therefore, as it appeared altogether optional whether I worked or not, I made but little progress with the braces. On the third day of my admission the Rev. Mr. P——, the principal chaplain, visited me. I had no Bible in my cell, and at this he was greatly shocked. At his direction a Bible and a Prayer-book were immediately brought by the warder, and he read a part of a chapter, and then spoke for half an hour. Just then I was in a reckless mood, and I gave him frankly to understand that I did not intend to be a candidate for prison canonization. He abruptly took his leave, and I returned to my book. In the course of the same day I was visited by the deputy-governor, and upon my telling him that I disliked sewing, he directed me to be removed into a cell where there was a loom for the weaving of fancy mats and hearth-rugs. I was allowed to take my books with me, but I put them by for the day, as I busied myself in mastering all the machinery of the loom prior to making any attempt to weave. The employment suited me well, and at the end of the week I turned out a tolerable rug. I accustomed myself to work every day until four o'clock, and from that hour until nine I either read, scribbled verses on the slate with which the schoolmaster had furnished me, or else worked away at the algebra. One afternoon, after I had been in prison about ten days, the chaplain paid me a second visit. I was busy at the moment he entered in an attempt to thoroughly understand Newton's binomial theorem. He immediately commenced another religious exhortation, to which I gave very little heed. He observed my inattention, and reproved me for it. I told him that I was not religiously disposed, and to pretend that I was would be sheer hypocrisy. I ventured further to assure him that from all I had seen and heard in Newgate, I was convinced that the majority of prison conversions were nothing better than studied pieces of acting, and I expressed my surprise that clergymen should be so prone to regard them as genuine. My free speaking made him quite angry, and taking up the algebra, and then running his hand over my head, he declared that my intellect was of too logical a cast, and that I was quite destitute of veneration and imagination. The good gentleman's phrenological dicta amused me not a little but as it was more entertaining than his proselyting harangues, I contrived, by quoting a little of Combe, to keep him at it. Before leaving my cell he intimated to me in a manner that was not to be mistaken that my future position would chiefly depend upon the nature of the report which he would have to furnish to the inspectors, and he hoped, therefore, that I would see the necessity of attending to his spiritual instructions. These remarks were quite significant, and I pondered them over in my mind as I lay on my bed that night. Anything approaching to sham in matters of my religion was my abhorrence; and yet I saw plainly that a sanctified demeanor was the best passport to favor. I knew well that if I was disposed to play the part of a prison saint, I could enact the character to perfection. Bad as I was, I shrank from pursuing such a course of studied dissimulation: and yet, with the chaplain's words echoing still in my ears, it seemed the only line of conduct I could adopt. Before falling asleep I came to the conclusion that the chaplain should have the honor of converting me, and that I would become a pattern prisoner in his eyes. It was very wicked; but then the chaplain's report to the inspector was a serious matter. The next day in order to convince the chaplain that I was not utterly without imagination, I composed some verses on the "Lost Star of Love," which I intended to hand to him when he again visited me. These I afterwards copied, with many others, into a book which I brought with me to Melbourne, and in 1851 they were published there in one of the newspapers, so that I need not give them to the printer again. Two days passed without a visit from the chaplain, but on the third he again entered my cell with a large bundle of tracts in his hand. After listening to the customary homily I took up my Bible and asked him to explain to me the meaning of some obscure passage. He gave the explanation, and told me he was glad that I had commenced to interest myself in the Book of Life. I requested him to be so good as to select a portion of Scripture for me to commit to memory. This he did very readily, and was evidently much gratified with the change in my demeanour—which of course he attributed to his own persuasive eloquence. Finding he was in a most gracious mood, I introduced the verses to his notice, telling him that I had composed them to vindicate my claim to some small degree of imagination. He directed me to read my composition aloud for him. After doing this I handed him the slate, and he commenced looking over the verses with a very critical eye. I could see by his manner that he did not believe they were my own; in fact he said he had met with something very much like them before. At all events he was not disposed to be a partial critic, for he remarked of one line—"Yet they heard not her voice breathing music and light,' that it certainly evinced a very remarkable degree of imagination, and wished to know how I could conceive of a voice breathing light, I told him it was a mere poetical fancy and he replied that poetical nonsense was the proper term to apply to it. He observed a second time that he had read something very like it, and he asked me if I would compose him some verses by his next visit if he gave me a subject. I promised to make the attempt, and he gave me the Prison Bell to write upon. He said he would call in again the next evening to look at them. Before going to bed I had learned by heart the passage of Scripture, and read twice over the two tracts. I made no attempt to compose the Prison Bell, as I was too much occupied with my algebra after finishing my religious studies. The next day I was too eager to finish a fancy mat that I had in the loom to be able to spare any time for versifying, and so when the reverend gentleman presented himself in the evening the Prison Bell remained uncast. However before it was referred to I repeated the Scripture lesson, and let the chaplain see how profitably I had meditated upon the excellent tracts with which he had supplied me. I told him I began to see clearly how wicked I was, and that perhaps, after all, it was a good thing for me that I had been transported. I assured him that I had slept little all night, thinking of my poor soul having kept me awake. At last he asked me if I had written the verses; and upon answering that I had not yet been poetically inclined, he said curtly, "I thought so, and made some remark to the effect that memory in some people supplied the place of imagination. I then said, "Oh, sir, don't think that in my present frame of mind I could dare to deceive you; come again to-morrow, and I will have the verses for you without fail." What a mystery the prison chaplain was to me! Travel out of his beaten path, and speak of matters solely of a mundane character, and no one could be more keenly critical or more disinclined to credit mere assertions than he; and yet tell him that you, who six months before was a thief doing business on an extensive scale, had, through his teaching, become completely changed, and you at once figured in his diary as, "another remarkable conversion, &c." I judged him very harshly at the time, and yet the earnestness with which he performed his duties proved that there was no insincerity on his part.

I never held myself in such utter contempt as I did at this period of my life. Practised as I was in all manner of deception, religious hypocrisy was a thing repugnant to my disposition. And yet to be forced into it, to have to study carefully for the part, to be compelled to dissemble when my whole inner nature was struggling to make itself heard, to see the most hallowed things desecrated by the daily mockeries was, I may say, threatened into practising—these were things that made me inwardly rebellious, things that were but too well calculated to engender within me an irreverence for all the sanctities of life.

But I am quite forgetting that the "bell" has to be done into rhyme, and so, without letting the reader into the secret of what Mr. Edgar Poe calls the "philosophy of composition," I shall at once write down the verses precisely as they were eventually written to meet the eye of my spiritual teacher.

THE PRISON BELL.

Hark to the bell of sorrow!—'tis awak'ning up again
Each broken spirit from its brief forgetfulness of pain.
Its sad sound seems to me to be a deathwail for the past,
An elegy for buried joys too pure and bright to last.
It haunts me like an echo from the dark depths of despair,
And conjures up the fiend-like forms of misery and care;
The saddest of the sorrowful, its tones bright dreams dispel,
For waking woes are summoned by the harsh-toned prison-bell.

It tells me that I am not now what once I used to be
A dearly loved and loving boy whose heart was light with glee;
It tells me that life's coming years must be long years of pain,
And that my brow with innocence can ne'er be wreathed again;
That I must wander through this world all friendless and forlorn,
Unsolaced by affection's smile, the thing of shame and scorn.
Those fearful tones, those dirge-like tones, what fearful tales that tell!
It rings the death of hope and joy, that sadly-sounding bell.

How oft when some bright vision of the days of olden time
Comes o'er me like an angel-dream from Heaven's own hallowed clime,
And beautiful and holy things—the bright stars and the flowers,
And childhood's prayer—were dear to me as in life's sinless hours.
How oft, too, when in such sweet dreams I wander by the side
Of one fair form when virtue might have won me for my bride,
They come, those tones so terrible, those drear tones through my cell,
And memory shuddereth to hear the harsh-toned prison bell,

That bell!—how many hear it sound who've ceased to struggle long,
Who, reckless of crime's after-doom, have linked themselves to wrong;
And heard it is with shuddering and tearful vain regret
By those who for one first bad act for years must suffer yet.
'Tis also sadly heard by some strange struggling being who
Cling to the false and evil while they love the good and true;
And some—a few—all innocent, who've learned, alas too well
That man's best judgment sometimes errs, may weep to hear that bell.

I've heard it when bright memories have crowded to my brain;
And it hath sought to crush each thought that fain would save from ill,
As wildly it hath chanted forth, "Despair; be evil still,"
But no; a prison oft hath proved a holy place of yore,
And if the heart yearns for the good, God will the good restore.
Then courage soul; let faith's bright beams grief's darksome shades dispel,
And days of joy may yet be thine far from the prison bell.

The chaplain allowed a day to intervene before he visited me again, and when I placed in his hands the "bell made to order," I could see he was a little surprised. No doubt in his own mind he had decided that the "Lost Star of Love" was a literary theft, and that the Prison Bell would never be produced. He favored me with a few criticisms not over partial, and he took particular objection to the lines—

"And some—a few—all innocent, who've learned, alas! too well
That man's best judgment sometimes errs, may weep to hear that bell,"

assuring me that he did not believe there was a single innocent man in the prison. I thought different myself, but I did not venture to argue upon the matter. Another line he told me was quite incomprehensible to him—"Cling to the false and evil while they love the good and true." He observed that men were either good or bad, and that their actions were the fair exponents of their characters and that it was absurd to suppose a man who lived in the habitual commission of wickedness to be innately inclined to good. He pointed out to me the necessity of distinguishing between emotions and principles, and warned me not to mistake the mind's perception of the beauty of truth and holiness for a disposition towards them. He invited me to reply, and I defended my poor line with a great deal of earnestness. I quoted from Ovid, from Seneca, and from St. Paul, authorities classical and divine, in support of my view. I frankly admitted what he insinuated himself—that I was thinking of myself when I penned the line. But I did not argue from a personal point of view. I contended that it was quite possible for a well-disposed person to be forced by circumstances beyond his control into a course of conduct wholly at variance with his principles and foreign to his natural disposition. No one could deny that many a man's principles were better than his conduct; or assert that a weak-minded man, succumbing to temptation and pursuing sin, might not still love, vainly and impotently, the good he had forsaken. As I got warm the chaplain became angry, told me that I was indulging myself in very dangerous sophistry, and repeated again that the conduct of any man was a fair index of his disposition.

"I then said, "I shall instance one exception to this rule—my own conduct in this prison cell. Naturally, I have a very strong repugnance to hypocrisy, and yet, in dread of your influence with the inspector, I have commenced to practise it. I now tell you the truth, and if I ever tell you otherwise, you may take it for granted that I am deceiving you."

He looked at me for a minute in silence, said I was a strange lad, and without any other remark walked out of the cell, taking the verses with him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DEMON TREASURE.

That money or jewels buried beneath the ground, ostensibly for safe keeping, should be guarded by a supernatural and evil influence, seems to have been the firm belief of past ages, perhaps from the mere fact of its being consigned to the care of the earth, beneath whose dark and heavy bosom they believed burned the everlasting fires of the Inferno.

Into the keeping of Satan it was said the treasure must be given, and something of a secret nature performed at the burying, so that should others than the rightful owner seek the hidden hoard, they would be thwarted by weird mystery and Satanic intervention.

In the time of the wicked Kidd, of piratical fame, it was known that large chests of ill-gotten gold and silver were concealed by him in various places, but principally along the then wild coast of Long Island, for the waters that wash its shores were frequently darkened by the shadow of that craft whose dread ensign bore the horrible figure of the skull and crossbones; the treasure was thought to be invariably placed in the charge of some evil spirit, as Kidd was supposed to be on intimate terms with all the legion of hideous demons inhabiting the dark and filthy circles of that rayless domain we know as hell, over the entrance to whose fearful abode Dante tells us is inscribed, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Among many other tales, it has been related of Kidd that he owned a small negro lad about ten years old, and dumb from his birth; this poor, unfortunate child, instead of receiving pity for his affliction, was subjected to the most inhuman treatment that the depraved and hardened hearts of the brutal captain and his sailors could devise; beaten and buffeted and half starved, compelled to do the meanest drudgery on shipboard, and to witness the bloody scenes that were constantly being enacted, life must have been a weary term of terror to the fear-smitten boy.

One dismal night, when the sky was black with heavy clouds, and the sea lashed into foam by a wild storm that swept across it, Kidd ordered the ship, which was rocking frightfully, anchored, and a small boat lowered; knowing him too well to resist such an odd yet dangerous demand, the sailors silently obeyed. Picking out two of the worst of his desperate band, Kidd motioned them to man it; a heavy chest, together with some digging implements, was lowered; he then sought the trembling negro boy, threw the boy to the sailors, gave some surly command to the remaining crew, and springing quickly after, ordered the men, with an oath, to pull for the coast about two miles distant, but entirely invisible through the darkness and storm.

After a long and heavy row in the tumultuous sea, upon which element Kidd seemed to bear a charmed life, the land was reached. He and the two sailors, by the aid of lanterns, began to dig an immense hole in the earth, at a distance from the tide line. Meanwhile the storm increased in violence; the wind fairly sobbed along the barren dreary shore, and the rain fell in fitful gushes.

Very soon the excavation was completed, and the men lifted the heavy chest from the boat, and half dragged, half-carried it to the edge of the pit. Roughly seizing the sobbing boy, Kidd threw him down upon the heavy bound chest, then stepping backward a few paces he said grimly, "I order you to take care of this chest full of money until I come for it, and to deliver it to no one else"—and finishing with a blood-curdling curse, deliberately drew a pistol from his well-supplied belt and shot the child dead.

Even the rough and brutal sailors felt a thrill of horror at the diabolical act, and had sprang forward in remonstrance only to meet the deadly barrel of the pistol pointed at themselves, and precipitately retired; but their trembling forms and stifled voices spoke louder than words of the sickly beating at their hearts. However, the chest and dead boy were quickly lowered into the hole, the earth hastily thrown over it, and by the time that dawnlight began to streak the east both the storm and the terrible scene were ended, the sea running high, but reaching blue and clear as far as the eye could scan, and not a sail upon its wide surface, and scarce a sign upon the lonely strand to tell of the weird and inhuman tragedy—a tragedy which gave rest to the cruelly persecuted child.

Many wild stories are told of people who have at various times tried to find these buried chests of precious but blood-stained gold, and although highly improbable and often ridiculous, they yet possess a sort of odd fascination.

An old man dreamed for three nights in succession that Satan came to him and warned him of the spot where some of Capt. Kidd's treasure was buried; it was under an old button ball tree in a lonely churchyard, which he, the dreamer, knew well; but he was to observe this precaution, that no matter what he heard or saw, he was not to speak one word until he held some of the uncanny gold in his hand, otherwise the spell would be broken and the money forfeited.

Upon relating this queer dream to two friends, they persuaded the old man to go with them to the place indicated and search for the concealed prize; accordingly the next night, after the townspeople were calmly sleeping the sleep of the unsuspicious these three stole like guilty thieves to the place under the tree that had been alluded to in the dream, and began to dig; silently and diligently they worked, deeper and deeper they dug, while eerie shadows seemed to chase each other over the lonesome place, the tombstones gleamed strangely white and ghostlike in the uncertain starlight, the distant town clock struck twelve, each toll of the bell sounding slowly and distinctly on the still night air; harder and faster the men worked when suddenly a black object seemed to spring out from beneath their very spades, and ran three times in a circle about the frightened diggers; it was Satan, doubtless in the form of a black cat, whose eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire. Simultaneously a chorus of meows was heard in several key notes of utterance, and there demurely watching proceedings sat four more black cats upon as many graves near by. Chills of horror seized the men; their arms seemed to be caught and knocked at by invisible hands, their spades twitched nervously; yet still they were not baffled, but worked heroically until a dull kind of ringing sound was heard as their spades struck some hard substance, and the chest was found.

With much laborious exertion, the immense box was finally brought to the top of the ground. Forgetting in their hurried fear and excitement, the injunction they were to remember, they almost simultaneously exclaimed,—

"We've got it!"

Immediately the chest sank back in the ground as if pulled by giant hands, the displaced soil flew back over it as if by magic, the cats squeaked in exultation and disappeared, the town clock struck three, dawn was approaching, and the weary, disappointed and disgusted workers, *sans* gold, left the spot and returned to their homes.

Once there lived in a remote country town in Holland two brothers; one seemed to have prospered greatly in this world's goods, being very wealthy; the other one, although working much harder, and seemingly more honest, was discouraged by ill luck, and almost poverty stricken; and though often humbly asking a little assistance from his rich brother was always angrily refused and told to work and earn his own living.

One night as Hans (as we will call the poor brother) was returning home, being detained later than usual at the farmer's where he worked, he saw his brother Fritz, not very far ahead of him, busily digging in the ground. It was a lonely place; there was not a house in sight, and only a few scraggy bushes growing in clumps here and there, and one lone tree, under which the brother seemed to be working so industriously.

Hans possessed a large quantity of curiosity, and resolved to learn by fair means or foul what the intentions of his brother were. Accordingly, he crept behind a bunch of brushwood and patiently waited results.

By-and-by Fritz shouldered his spade and walked quickly away. What could it mean? Hans crept cautiously from the cover of the bushes, and as his brother's form receded in the distance, he grew bolder and walked to the spot. There was quite a deep hole dug in the earth, and Hans determined to watch still longer, feeling assured that he had not seen the last of the adventure; so, climbing up the tree, which fortunately was thick with foliage, he proceeded to establish himself comfortably.

Waiting was not easy work. One hour passed and then another. What would his poor, patient wife think had become of him? It was growing very late—nearly midnight—and the wind blew chill and damp across the wide, bare common. Surely Fritz would not come now; probably the hole was dug to bury a dead dog or cat in the morning.

Hans thus ruminating, was just on the point of scrambling down, calling himself some hard names for his impertinent curiosity, when hush! footsteps were approaching. Hans leaned down, and by the faint light of the moon struggling through stormy clouds he saw his brother Fritz staggering along under a heavy burden. He stopped beside the opened hole in the ground, and heaving a sigh of supreme satisfaction, put down a large iron pot, which, as he removed a heavy lid, Hans saw was filled with coins of sparkling gold, and uttered such an exclamation of delight that nearly betrayed him, for Fritz covered the pot quickly and peered around cautiously in all directions. However, feeling satisfied that the noise he heard was naught but the wind in the tree top, he threw himself face downward on the earth and whispered some mysterious words.

Instantly a vivid flash of lightning lit up the country for miles around, and a loud and startling clap of thunder sounded, as if the very earth was rent in sunder, and there, surrounded by a kind of bluish light, and smelling fearfully of brimstone, stood the evil one himself.

Hans crossed himself in fear, and trembled so with the chills that passed over him that he nearly tumbled out of the tree, but yet had presence of mind enough to remain quiet, and rather admired the cool way in which Fritz met this awful being from the lower regions. Hans took a good look at his devilship, and as he had always pictured him black, was surprised to see that he was quite red, and looked for all the world like a burning coal. Hans thought, perhaps, he had just stepped out of the furnace, and glowed still with the heat. While he thus pondered, Satan spoke:—

"Well, friend Fritz, you have summoned me again, after helping you to wealth and power. What more do you want, 'ere comes the day for me to claim my own?"

Here the demon smiled hideously, and Hans crossed piously and listened.

"I want," began Fritz, "to place this money for safety in your care, and you are never to yield it to anyone unless—I make this proviso—he comes at midnight with a dish of hot spawn."

Fritz chuckled as if he thought he had made a condition that could never be filled by any one but the owner.

"All right," answered the demon; "it shall be as you say."

He immediately vanished, leaving a reminder of his presence in the strong odor of sulphur that tainted the air.

Fritz then placed the pot of gold in the hole, covered it up, and went away.

Stiff and sore from sitting so long in one position, cold and chilly and trembling, yet with a sensation of fear, Hans slid down from his lofty perch and hurried homeward, where the strangely weird story he had to relate, kept himself and wife up until nearly morning.

The next night it will not seem odd for Hans to be busily digging beneath that identical tree, with a dish of hot spawn beside him. Shovelful after shovelful of dirt flew in the air, and soon the hidden pot of gold was unearthed. Hans stooped to lift it out, raised it to the ground, and opened the lid; but no sooner had he touched the gold than with a lightning flash that blinded poor Hans and a peal of thunder that shook the ground, the evil spirit rose right before him from a jagged break in the soil, seized the dish of hot spawn, threw it into the face of poor Hans, and disappeared.

Hans choked and spluttered and brushed the spawn from his clothes; it had become slightly cool, however, and did not burn him very much, and he carried his well earned treasure joyfully home, and from that time prospered so well that Fritz, not knowing of the loss of his buried gold, looked on in envious wonder and unconcealed chagrin.

So the quaint old stories run; one could make a volume of the weird tales for the present generation to read and laugh to scorn. But, however queer and strange it may seem now, it is certain that large quantities of money and jewels have been buried in the earth, as in the time of a war many people would bury their treasure in some secure spot, to save it from being plundered by enemies, though why the transaction should be associated with the guardianship of demons is still an unexplained mystery.

Making Cigarettes.—"How many cigarettes can a girl make in a day?" was asked of a manufacturer.

"That depends upon how nimble her fingers are. A smart, quick girl can make about thirty-five hundred. The pay is about 3s. 4d., per thousand, according to the grade of cigarette made. There are a few girls who can make more than two thousand per day. Making the cigarettes looks easy enough, but if you should try it you will find it very hard and tedious. When a girl goes to her work in the morning she receives a small bundle of paper and two and three-quarter pounds of tobacco, from which she must make one thousand cigarettes. A small piece of extra heavy paper, about twice the size of a cigarette paper, is used in rolling a cigarette. One edge is pasted fast to a marble or smooth flat stone about one foot square that is on a table. A stick, about a foot in length and about as thick as a match, is used to paste with. The cigarette paper is laid on the heavy paper, and a small quantity of tobacco is put upon it. Then the edge of the heavy paper is turned over, and by sliding the flat of the hand over it the cigarette is rolled. Then the paste stick is run over the edge of the cigarette paper, and one more roll completes the cigarette. After the ends are cut off it is ready for the trade.

"Great caution must be used when rolling and pasting, for if they were pasted crooked or soiled in any manner, or made too hard or too soft, the thousand would be returned to the maker, who would have to make them over again. This happens very often, and is a loss of several hours to the maker. There may be plenty of employment in smoking cigarettes, but there is none in making them."

Jenny Lind's Latter Days.—A recent writer says: I was speaking the other day with an elderly Swedish gentleman about the stories one hears in Australia of the sensation the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, created in 1850—of how people still told of hearing her marvellous voice in the street outside the halls and churches in which she sang. He had known her ever since childhood, and is an intimate friend of an old gentleman still living in Stockholm who was the tenor in the old opera company she first belonged to in 1837, and who was engaged to be married to her. He told me many things of her later life. She is plain and white-haired now, with a severe expression of face. She is very pious, and most of her time is spent in bemoaning the days when she was sinful enough to appear on the stage. She is intolerant toward young singers, sneering at their voices and their vocations alike, and rebukes any one who ventures to address her as Jenny Lind. I was told of a case some years ago, when she was visiting in London, and her host brought to her a young Swedish singer, who had won fame and respect in Europe and America, and was proud of the opportunity of paying homage to Jenny Lind. She made the mistake of alluding to this name, and was so cruelly snubbed in consequence that Mme. Goldschmidt was never again asked to that house.

Pocket-Money.—An Australian, while visiting England, was much impressed by the fact that a penny is a rare possession to an English child, of whatever rank. He says: One day a little lady, six or seven years old, who was sitting on my knee, while her younger sister sat with her mamma hard by said to me with an amusing air of importance, "I had a penny yesterday" the room in which she made this announcement was hung with antique tapestry that had been given to one of her ancestors by a king—"and I had it," she went on, "for reading." Whereupon her little ladyship opposite spoke up, saying, "and I had a penny, too; and I had it for not reading."

A young lady whom I knew well was at a famous school on the continent of Europe where she had not a few titled schoolmates. Certain exercises being required which were mere manual drudgery, and a certain orderly arrangement of the toilet table, my fair friend being somewhat lazily disposed, was able by her excess of pocket-money over those of her noble companions, to have her exercise copied by a princess, and her toilet table kept in order by a countess. As to which, I think that, looking forward, the discipline of the noble young ladies was of better omen than that of the Australian merchant's daughter.

White Hair as the Result of Fright.—That excessive grief or joy does affect some persons in a remarkable manner is beyond a doubt. Some persons will die, others go mad, and others turn gray-headed in a short space of time. Many instances are recorded to establish the fact that sudden alarm or grief will, as Sir Walter Scott has said, "blanch at once the hair." The hair of Ludwig, of Bavaria, who died in 1294, on his learning the innocence of his wife, whom he had caused to be put to death on a suspicion of infidelity, became almost suddenly as white as snow. The same thing happened to the Hellenist, Vanvilliers, in consequence of a terrible dream; and also to the French comedian Blizard, who, having fallen into the Rhone, remained for some time in imminent danger of his life, clinging to an iron ring in one of the piles of the bridge. A like change was wrought in the case of Charles I., in a single night, when he attempted to escape from Carisbrook Castle. Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate queen of Louis XVI., found her hair suddenly changed by her distresses, and gave to a faithful friend a portrait inscribed "whitened by affliction." The beard and hair of the Duke of Brunswick whitened in twenty-four hours upon his learning that his father had been mortally wounded in the battle of Auerstadt.

From Winter to Summer.—"In this part of Canada," says the "Montreal Witness," we have no spring. There is a straight leap from winter to summer. On Tuesday afternoon the ice towered on the mountains before the city. On Thursday morning the grass grew green and tender in Place D'Armes. Within a fortnight, while traces of winter will still be seen in nooks and culvert, the snow-ball will be swinging from its stem, and its successor, the lilac, will not be far behind."

SUPPLEMENT.

Sketcher.

Literary Self-Estimates.—That genius is seldom underestimated by its possessor is proved by many noteworthy examples. Southey and Landor both appreciated their own literary work at its highest value. Wordsworth nourished in his breast a sublime self-complacency, and, in spite of adverse criticisms, wrote calmly on, "in the full assurance that his poems would be unpopular, and in the full assurance that they would be immortal. Byron was no better judge of his own poetry than he was of other people's. His "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" he thought inferior to his "Hints from Horace," a feeble imitation of Pope and Johnson, which he repeatedly designed to publish, and was witheld from doing only by the solicitations of his friends, whom, to his astonishment, he could never bring to think of the matter as he did. "There are two things," said Dr. Johnson, "which I am confident I can do very well; one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion proving, from various causes, why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and the public.' The doctor was, on the whole, a very honest critic of his own productions. Macaulay may be ranked among the writers who have formed correct judgments of their own works: "I have written several things on historical, political and moral questions of which I am not ashamed, and by which I should be willing to be estimated." Horace, in one of his finest odes, says of himself: "I have erected a monument more durable than brass, and more lofty than the regal height of the pyramids." In a similar strain, Shakespeare writes in one of his sonnets:—

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this lofty rhyme;
But you shall shine more brightly in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time."

It would fail us to repeat all the anecdotes that might be told of the vanity of scholars. Richard Bentley, whom Macaulay calls the greatest scholar that has appeared in Europe since the revival of learning, always spoke, wrote, and acted as if he considered a great scholar the greatest of men. In the preface to his edition of Horace, he describes at some length the characteristics of the ideal critic, and pretty plainly indicates that he regarded himself as that model individual. If, in scholarship Samuel Parr was inferior to Bentley, his vanity was at least equally colossal. "Shepherd," he once said to one of his friends, "the age of great scholars is past. I am the only one now remaining of that race of men." "No man's horse carries more Latin than mine," he one day observed to an acquaintance with whom he was out riding. Which goes to prove the truth of the assertion that of all writers great classical scholars are the vainest—excepting amateur poets.

An Abe Lincoln Story.

I heard a story repeated the other day as an "Abe Lincoln Story," but which is older and must have slumbered somewhere for a good while. Certainly, it is not one that the politicians would be likely to repeat on the stump, because it reflects on their craft. In a little group at the Parker House, a rather noisy young politician from the City Hall was echoing the sentiments of Henry Watterson, and defending the principle that the spoils belong to the victor. "I see no reason," said he, "why any Republican should be kept in a Federal office here in Boston while I, a Democrat, who have worked hard for the party, am left out in the cold." "That reminds me," said an elderly man, whom all the town would recognise if I were to describe him, "of an incident that I heard of early in Lincoln's Administration. There was a local politician who went on to Washington to get an office that he felt sure only awaited his application to be given to him. In a couple of weeks he came back. 'Well, did you get your office?' his friends asked him. 'No,' said he. 'Did you see the President?' 'Yes, of course.' 'What did he say?' 'Well, we went in and stated our errand.' He heard us patiently, and then said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry that I have no office for Mr ——, but if I can't give you that, I can tell you a story." We thought it best to hear the story and let him go on. "Once there was a certain king," he said, "who kept an astrologer to forewarn him of coming events, and especially to tell him whether it was going to rain when he wanted to go on hunting expeditions. One day he had started off for the forest with his train of ladies and lords for a grand hunt, when the train met a farmer, riding a donkey on the road. 'Good-morning, farmer,' said the king. 'Good-morning, king,' said the farmer; 'where are you folks going?' 'Hunting,' said the king. 'Lord, you'll all get wet!' said the farmer. The king trusted his astrologer, of course, and went to the forest; but by midday there came on a terrific storm, that drenched and buffeted the whole party. When the king returned to his palace he had the astrologer decapitated, and for the farmer to take his place. 'Law's sake,' said the farmer, when he arrived, 'it ain't me that knows when it's going to rain, it's my donkey. When it's going to be fair weather, that donkey always carries his ears forward, so. When it's going to rain he puts 'em backward, so.' 'Make the donkey the court astrologer!' shouted the king. It was done. But the king always declared that that was the greatest mistake he ever made in his life." Lincoln stopped there. "Why did he say it was a mistake?" we asked. "Didn't the donkey do his duty?" "Yes," said the President, "but after that time every donkey in the country wanted an office!"' " The shout of laughter that echoed from the hotel corridor at the telling of this narrative would have made the fortune of two or three new stories.

The Alligator Industry.—The business of catching and killing alligators gives occupation, it is stated in a St. Louis paper, to many persons in the South. The hide of a large alligator is worth eight to ten shillings. It is almost a day's task to skin a large one. Alligator oil (which has at first a most unpleasant smell) is much valued as a remedy for rheumatism. Fishermen sometimes eat portions of the animal's body. The flesh of the tail, when cooked, is said to be like veal in look and like pork in taste.

Col. Williams, some time ago, made a contract with a fisherman to stock a hole at Spanish Fort, known as the alligator pond, for him, and in a fortnight he had it stocked with thirty alligators, ranging from six inches to seven or eight feet. The mode of capture, in which the men showed no fear, was as follows: Some of the young are caught out from where the old one is lying, and a strong noose is placed so that she must thrust her head in it on emerging.

When all is ready, the young are allowed to cry out, the old one appears, and is caught in the noose. She is then dragged around in the water till nearly choked, when another noose is secured to her tail, and she is firmly strapped, stomach downward, on a wide board. Her head is then fastened to the boat, the noose around her neck is removed, and she is towed away after her young have been placed in the skiff.

Young ones are bought by dealers from eight to sixteen shillings a dozen, if not over a foot in length. They fetch a much higher price when retailed, and they are hard to keep alive. There is an increase in the selling price of half-a-crown to four shillings for every additional foot over a certain length. Alligators sixteen or eighteen inches long are often found by dozens in shallow water, and they may be handled without trouble, provided the old one does not take alarm. Most alligator-fishers are usually turtle-hunters as well, pulling out the animals from a hole with a hooked pole.

Traveller.

Life in Wild Siberia.

"In each cabin is the large fireplace, which is used for both heating and cooking," said Lieut. W. H. Scheutze, who has travelled in north-west Siberia. "There is seldom more than one room in these cabins, and usually the owner's cattle, if he has any, occupy one end of the room in which he lives, being tied, or prevented from trampling on the babies by a bar. The houses are commonly very comfortable, but are very dirty, and smell—there is no word to describe it. Often, until I got used to it, I would rather lie down in the snow outside, with the thermometer fifty degrees below zero, than sleep in one of these huts. But you have no idea what a man can stand when he has to."

"Have they windows in their houses?"

"Yes, ice windows. They use ice as we use glass. A clear piece is selected about five or six inches thick, mortised in the window-opening in blocks two feet and sometimes four feet square, and with water is made solid. The water is as good as putty. When the window becomes dirty they scrape it off with a knife, and when it has been scraped thin they substitute a new pane."

"Doesn't the window ever melt?"

"Bless you, no; it is freezing cold that far from the fire. If the room ever got warm enough to melt the ice the Yakut couldn't live in it, and would have to go out doors to cool off. At night the fire is allowed to go out, as they have to economize in fuel. All they have is driftwood, gathered on the banks of the Lena river in summer."

"How do they sleep? Do they undress when they go to bed?"

"Always. They strip to their shirts, which are made of a thick sort of Russian cloth, as heavy as our canvas. The men and women wear the same kind of garments, and never have more than one at a time. I took up a lot of thick flannel for them, enough to last the rest of their lives, and it will be a great deal more comfortable than the native stuff, although they don't like it at first. When they undress they get into bunks built in the side of the house, sometimes a man, his wife, and all his children in the same bunk. They have reindeer skins under and over them, and curtains of the same hanging before the bunks."

"Do they ever bathe?"

"Never in their lives. They haven't any word for bathing in their language, and the impossibility of keeping clean is one of the greatest hardships of Arctic life."

"What do they eat?"

"Reindeer meat, beef—they have cows, queer looking animals about half as large as ours, with a hummock on their backs like a camel—fish, bread made of black rye flour, tea, and an imported food made of chopped beef, rolled into balls about the size of a marble and covered with a dough. These they pound up and make into a soup. Then there is a wood that is very nutritious when it is ground up and boiled. Mixed with reindeer meat it makes a good soup. They often eat their fish raw. Of course they freeze solid as soon as they are taken out of the water, and the native, particularly if he is on the road, cuts them off in shavings as thin as our chipped beef, and eats them raw. They are palatable, and I have lived for days at a time on them, with a cup of coffee made over an alcohol-lamp, by way of variety. The greatest luxury they have is butter, and they will eat it by the pound as our people eat confectionery. A poor sort of butter is made from the milk of a native cow, that looks and tastes more like cheese, and they prize it above all other classes of food. The amount of butter a native will eat when he can get it is astonishing. A friend of mine in Siberia told me of a man who ate thirty-six pounds in one day, and then didn't get all he wanted. They have a way of pounding up a red berry and mixing it with butter, which gives it a beautiful tint and improves the flavor. Their drink is the Russian vodka, almost pure alcohol, and they will trade their shirts for it. The liquor is scarce and expensive, so they are necessarily a temperate people."

A Queer Adventure.—While dashing furiously along I suddenly felt myself sink into the earth up to my armpits. At the same instant I heard down in the ground the shrieks of human beings—women and children. I felt hands clutch at my legs and naked human bodies pressing against them. I uttered no sound—I was too much frightened. I held my breath and shrank within myself. Every instant I expected to feel a knife or a spear thrust into my body. My feet were on the ground, and without knowing what I was doing, I gave a strong push with my breast. Finding that something was giving way I plunged forward and up a steep slope of two or three feet, when I found myself bounding like a deer across the level meadow with a great contrivance of basket-work suspended from my hips, and extending a yard or more on all sides. I looked for all the world as if I had donned a huge hoop skirt.

While making a momentary halt, in order to disengage myself from the singular machine hanging upon me, I cast my eyes backward and saw an old woman and three or four naked children scrambling out of the hole from which I had just made my escape. Yelling at the top of their voices, they dashed away as fast as their legs would carry them, making for the nearest hills. By the time I had pushed my basket skirt down to my heels and stepped out of it, I saw a dozen or more black heads emerging from the earth in my immediate neighborhood. Seeing the shaggy heads popping up all about me, I darted away at a pace that must truly have astonished the natives. I think I must have left the village at least five miles behind before I halted. I then threw myself upon the ground too much exhausted to even load my gun.

"Was it one of their houses that you had jumped into, uncle?" here asked a small boy, who had been listening with "all his ears."

"Yes, boy, the roof of one of their huts You see these miserable root digging, frog-eating devils live in holes dug in the ground, just like so many wood-chucks. They make a kind of basket work dome of willow, which they place over the hole and cover with grass and earth by way of roof, and in very hot weather they sometimes strew this roof with green leaves as an additional protection from the heat of the sun. The one into which I plunged was so covered, and the framework being old and rotten I popped through it easily enough."

A Very Singular Race.—In Sumatra there is a very singular race called the Kubus, who are too shy to mix with the other races of the island, and dwell in the recesses of the forests. They are looked on as inferiors by the Malays, and thought to be little better than beasts. Such is their shyness that they will never willingly face a stranger. Their trade with the Malayans is consequently carried on in a strange manner. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong, and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The Kubus approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat a gong, and retreat. The trader returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient, as he thinks, for the purchase of the goods on sale. Then he retires, and the Kubus reappear again and consider the bargain.

And so, after more withdrawals and approaches and gong-beatings, the respective parties come to an understanding and carry off independently their bargains. The Kubus, in their wild state, do not bury their dead. They live on snakes, grubs, fruits, and the flesh of any deer or pigs they can slay. They are skilful spearmen, and throw stones with marvellous accuracy. They know of no state after death. In some respects they assimilate closely to the anthropoid apes.

Boys' Column.

Fooling with a Panther.

"When I was a lad of ten," says Silas Smith, an old pioneer of Wisconsin, "my father removed to this state from New England, and settled about three miles from Madison. The place was a village then, and a small one at that, and I remember once seeing a deer running down the main street with a dozen dogs after him. The road from the village to our clearing was little better than a path. There were only two farmers having oxen and waggons, and so there was little use for roads. Just at the edge of the woods outside of the village was a log barn belonging to a storekeeper named Roberts. That was the last building we passed going home, and the first one come to as we entered the village clearing. From that stable to my father's house, three miles, there was only one break in the forest, and that was only a ten acre clearing.

"After having passed over the route several times with my father, I was permitted to travel it alone when anything was wanted from town. After a time I could have almost followed the trail with my eyes shut, and I had no fear of the wolves and panthers I heard talked about, because I was told that no wild beast ever attacked people by daylight.

"It was one of the first days of October that, as I was about halfway through the woods on an errand to the village, and the time being midforenoon, a panther sprung from the limbs of a large beech under which I was passing, and alighted up on the ground beside me. There was not even a growl to warn me of his presence, and he dropped down beside me as softly as a cat and as good-natured as a rabbit.

"I had never heard a panther described, and, while I suspected this was one I was not sure. He jumped into the path ahead of me, and began to zigzag back and forth across it, purring all the time like a cat, and seeming to be highly pleased when my legs rubbed against him. I was a bit frightened at first, but after a few minutes I made up my mind that it was some animal that would not hurt me, and then we had a romping time. I would clap my hands and shout 'sick 'em!' and the panther would go skurrying here and there like a young pup, sometimes rolling over and over on the leaves, and again making such leaps and bounds as excited my admiration. When we came to a level piece of ground I ran a race with him, and when he got in the path ahead of me, I seized the tip of his tail and hung on and laughed until the woods rang. On two or three occasions, as the panther was gambolling about me, he made a clean spring right over my head.

"It was only when we reached the edge of the village clearing that I suspected the identity of my visitor. The near presence of other human beings seemed to anger him, and he snarled and growled and tore at the earth with his claws. I patted him on the back and smoothed his fur, and he began purring again and was soon restored to good-nature. He trotted alongside of me about half-way to the barn I have mentioned, and then slipped away into some fallen timber.

"I had been quite badly frightened for some minutes, and now seized this chance to make off. My movements were hastened by an ominous growling from the timber, and I walked off at a fast pace, and was within a few steps of the barn when I heard a fierce scream, and turned my head and saw the great cat bounding toward me. The door of the barn was partly open, and without an instant's reflection I sprang inside and closed it. Before I could have counted twenty the panther was at hand. Luckily for me it was a strong rough door, made of slabs and well put together. The beast made terrible efforts to get in, and his sharp claws made the splinters fly as he set them into the wood. There was no inside fastening, and I had to brace with all my might to prevent his ingress. He was now worked into a fury, and I believe every hair on my head stood on end as I fought to keep him out.

"When the panther found that he could not get in by the door he sprang upon the roof. I heard him as he alighted on the shingles, and facing about, I saw there was a square hole in the roof, left for a chimney, never built. There was nothing to prevent him from leaping down, and this was just what he intended to do. I saw his shadow as he peered over the edge of the opening, and I was all ready as his lithe body alighted on the floor. In two winks I was outside and had the door pulled to, and again he was foiled. He was mad and no mistake, and, although I was a young boy and almost upset with fear, I had sense enough left to be on the watch for him. The eaves of the building were so short that standing by the door, which had a button outside and an old strap on the inside to pull it to, I could see the ridge pole. In two or three minutes I heard the clatter of claws, as the beast went up the logs, and the moment half his body showed through the opening I changed my position to the inside. He came down the roof, sputtering and growling, and again made a fierce attack on the door. I was too much for him, and he again tried the roof and the chimney hole. He come down and I went out, and he went up and I came in. He was at the door, snarling in a way to send shivers up and down my back, when I heard the report of a rifle, and directly two men came running up. The shot had been fatal and the panther was dead. The men were going to the woods to hunt, and, although close at hand, the panther had not noticed them.

A Hunting Adventure.

William Christopher, a well-known farmer of Stockton, California, arrived in town some time ago with a curiosity in the shape of the skull of a monster wild boar which he had killed in the tules near the head of Twenty-one-mile Slough the week before. The circumstances attending the killing of the animal are as follows:—

Early in the morning one of the men employed on the Christopher ranch armed himself with a shot-gun and went into the woods in search of game. He had not proceeded far when he heard a noise, as though some heavy animal was forcing its way through the thick tangle of the scrub that grew on either side of the track. A moment later the hunter was startled by seeing an enormous wild boar step from the brush a few feet in front of him, and effectually blockade the beaten track. The animal appeared to be as much surprised as the man, and stood for a few seconds gazing at the hunter. The latter turned and ran for a small willow tree. The boar with an angry snort gave chase. The man dropped his gun and "shinned" up the tree with alacrity, while the boar, foiled in obtaining his prey, went to work on the trunk of the tree with his sharp tusks.

The hunter shouted himself hoarse in the hope of obtaining assistance. His cries were heard by Mr. Christopher, who went to the rescue armed with a rifle. Upon seeing the predicament in which the man was placed, Christopher when within an easy range of the boar, brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired. His aim was certain and with a shrill scream the huge animal dropped, mortally wounded. Another shot from Christopher's rifle finished the business.

As soon as the fellow up the tree was satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt that the boar was really dead he hastened to thank his rescuer, who had proven himself a friend in need. The boar weighed seven hundred and fifty pounds. His tusks were fully four inches long, and their edges were almost as sharp as razors. Judging from the seams that extended the full length of each tusk, it was estimated that the animal was about twenty-one years old. It is said that the dead boar's mate has her head quarters in the vicinity of Twenty-one-mile Slough. Mr. Christopher has offered a reward of ten pounds for the capture, alive, of the animal, now at large.

Health.

Contagious Diseases.—An eminent physician says that scarlet fever is very much less contagious than is commonly supposed; much less, in fact, than measles and whooping cough; and in proof of his opinion, he cites the fact that, while it is the rule for measles and whooping cough to affect all the children in a household, scarlet fever usually limits its attacks to one or two, even though there may be others who have never had the disease, and are therefore presumably susceptible. There is one point which the doctor it seems to us, does not lay sufficient stress upon; and that is, that, while parents dread scarlet fever, they have but little fear of measles or whooping cough, and, being influenced by that popular, pernicious and foolish impression that all children must at some time of their lives have these latter diseases, they take no pains to isolate the sick from the well, as they do if the disease be scarlet fever. The writer could give repeated instances where the most rigid isolation was practiced in cases of measles, in which but one member of a family was attacked, though there were a number of others who were presumably susceptible. Until, therefore, the same scrupulous care is taken to separate the affected child from the unaffected in measles as is done in scarlet fever, we shall hesitate to accept the conclusion that scarlet fever is much less contagious than measles. This will probably never be done until parents are taught that measles is not a trivial disease, but is, in fact, many times a most serious one.

Nutritious Value of Certain Foods.—It has come to this: That the simplest articles of diet are the safest, and that is another argument in favor of plain living. Yes, the simplest are the safest, and let me add, the best are the cheapest. The butcher, for example, or the egg-merchant cannot adulterate his wares, but he may have several qualities; and there is a stage at which all animal foods arrive, when kept in shops, which render them to a large extent poisonous, and that is as bad, if not worse, than adulteration.

We often hear it said that shop eggs, as they are called, are good enough for frying, with bacon, for example. This a positive mistake. An egg that has even a suspicion of staleness about it is deleterious to health, not to say dangerous, no matter whether it is fried or boiled. And the same may be said of flesh meat of all kinds, and I will not even except hare or venison.

It may be said without much fear of contradiction that any kind of food or any mixed diet or meal that requires the aid of stimulants, either of the nature of condiments or wines, is not salutory. Such diet as this is a tax upon the whole system, and causes heat and discomfort, and a feverish state of the blood, which can only end in debility of the nervous system, and more or less of prostration. But those who would obtain the greatest amount of health and comfort from the food they eat must be most careful in its selection.

Harm of Tea.—There is a curious observation that has occurred to me in connection with the disturbing influence of tea on digestion. You will find that certain persons can at certain times take tea in moderation without its producing any disturbing effect on their digestive processes, while at other times its use leads to much distress and discomfort, causing annoying palpitation and an uneasy sensation often amounting to actual pain about the upper part of the cardiac region, generally on the left side.

Now you will find that this difference in their capability of tolerating tea is often dependant on some emotional disturbance of the nervous system; the instant there is any worry or anxiety or mental uneasiness tea will at once disagree with such persons, and when the emotional wave has passed by, and a condition of nervous calm has been re-established, the use of tea can be resumed. It is often important to be able to recognise this disturbing influence of tea, especially on cardiac innervation, and particularly in the production of that peculiar præcordial pain which I have described above, and to which I am not aware that attention has been pre-previously called.

Oysters for Indigestion.—It is not so generally understood as it should be that oysters have medicinal qualities of a high order. They are not only nutritious but wholesome, especially in cases of indigestion. It is said "there is no other alimentary substance, not even excepting bread that does not produce indigestion, under certain circumstances, but oysters, never." Oyster juice promotes digestion. By taking oysters daily indigestion supposed to be incurable, has been cured; in fact, they are to be regarded as one of the most healthful articles of food known to man. Invalids who have found all other kinds of food disagree with them frequently find in oysters the required aliment. Raw oysters are highly recommended for hoarseness. Many of the leading vocalists use them regularly before concerts and operas, but their strongest recommendation is the remarkably wholesome influence exerted upon the digestive organs.

Standard Remedies on Hand.—Some enterprising druggist should get up a system of family medicine chests. They can be made of all sizes and prices. They should contain all the standard remedies for the minor ills that flesh is heir to, the bottles being labelled with the English name of the drug, and giving explicit instructions as to the size and administering of the dose. The average family accumulates a large number of bottles during the year, the result of getting a new prescription every time anyone is sick. A few doses are taken, the patient gets well, and the remainder is a clear loss, because no one would risk using the same medicine again, being ignorant of the fact that the medicine in the bottle is some simple and standard remedy that no househould should ever be without.

Two Causes.—Tea drinking is said by a London medical officer to be the greatest cause of infant mortality in the city. The mothers drink tea three or four times a day and the children are regularly dosed with it. Another cause of infant mortality is given as the Salvation Army. Wherever it it stationed the mothers go to the Salvation Army hall in all weathers and at all hours, leaving the children to look after themselves, the results being that they "often caught cold, were burnt or scalded."

Persian Musical Criticism.—In Persia, story telling or poetical recitations take the place of our spelling bees and acting charades, and often as soon as the repast is finished music commences, or perhaps a vocalist will vary the programme with a song.

His repertory may consist of one song only; but, no matter, he will sing it over and over again with as much pride as though he could boast of an unbroken descent from Orpheus himself; over and over again, without any apparent sign of weariness, and, what seems more strange, to the unflagging interest of the listeners, although it sounds very weird and uncanny to the unaccustomed ears of a European.

"Bah, bah, bah, good in the extreme!" is echoed from one to another, while the singer pipes at the very top of his high voice, and shakes his head to bring out the quavering sounds to their fullest extent.

"Exactly like the bulbul," (nightingale) says the host.

"When it sings to the roses in the spring," says another.

"Yes, Allah's works are wonderful," exclaims the first sententiously, as he puffs away at the kalian, for his turn has, by this time, come round.

In Persia, a loud, high voice being equivalent to a good voice, the singer who can sustain a note the longest is pronounced the best, for the skill of the vocalist depends upon the length of time upon which he can trill a note.

Ladies Column.

Guests.—It is always rather startling when a guest turns fractious on the hands of her entertainers, who in all likelihood do their best to please. Such a lapse of good manners may be patiently endured; but the only pleasant feature of such a visit is the day of departure. People of this sort are not agreeable anywhere; they are cut on the bias and will always be a little askew. But the person of average good nature and intelligence can, by observing several rules, at least avoid being positively tedious, if not at all times entertaining. When expecting to be met at the station, be sure and state the day of the week as well as month, and the train on which you will arrive. Be sure to send the letter several days in advance, especially if to the country; it may save you a day of weary waiting at some out-of-the-way place. One should adjust taste, sight, smell, etc., to the different conditions of the homes she visits. It is far from pleasant to feel that our guest has, with the plummet-line of her superior wisdom, fathomed our shallows in domestic economy or family government, found a disagreeable odor or discovered the "skeleton" in our closet. Again, make it a point to eat breakfast with the family, no matter how early the hour, though your hostess insists that you "need not do it." You have ample time for an afternoon nap. Do not follow your friend about while she is busy with domestic duties. Choose that time for a quiet ramble, or letter writing in your own room. Do not have your personal belongings strewn all over it or over the house. Some visitors who are very notional about their apartments when at home, still act as though they had special license to keep their friends' spare room in a pandemonic state. When leaving, be sure the room is in perfect order. Do not put your clothes into the family wash unless certain it will not incommode; even then always pay the servant, if one is kept. It is only the ignorant who attempt to entertain their friends the entire day; it is very annoying. Leave them awhile each day for their private reflections and duties. A truly polite guest will try to be equally agreeable to each member of the family, and by noticing some awkward or shy child may do much towards developing her. She should never expatiate on her aches and pains, her domestic infelicities and the like gloomy topics; or speak much of her rich relatives, how they do in the city, her trip to a foreign land, etc. Modesty suggests subjects with a small i. People visiting in the city should endeavor to dress tastefully, though their means may dictate extreme simplicity. It will add materially to their enjoyment as well as that of their friends. A neat, stylish travelling suit, a wrapper for morning, and an afternoon dress, with a choice variety of neck garniture, will make one presentable in almost any society for a short visit. Those visiting in the country should be careful not to make a foolish display of their finery. Tokens of love and remembrance, however simple, are always pleasant; and it is always well to remember the servants. Last, if you desire your stay to be an agreeable visit rather than a visitation, do not stay too long. Take your departure while your friends are still anxious for you to remain.

A Chilling Medium.—There are few of us who have not suffered from the chilling influence of the wet blanket. What a tendency it has to kill our little enthusiasms with its frosty touch, to accent our ignorances, to arrest our progress, to annihilate our pet conceits. She who does not know the wet blanket is a fortunate being, perhaps, but she lacks this means of development and discipline, though most of us would vastly prefer to remain undeveloped and undisciplined to the end of our days. It is not cheerful to be matured by misfortunes; one would rather submit to the natural process of time. The wet blanket renders us self-conscious and shrinking; it makes us feel as if we were too insignificant, too stupid, to accomplish anything serious or serviceable. It is worse than a narcotic for stupefying the faculties, and benumbing the activities; one could no more live under its constant application than under that of a chronic blister; it is a species of torture which, although slight, ends by paralyzing effort, spontaneity and originality. Under its influence the most enthusiastic become dull, the hopeful, despairing. The wet blanket is largely used in the domestic circle, and one can usually count among one's friends a few who keep it constantly on hand, and do not scruple to use it in order to subdue high spirits, contented minds and lofty aspirations; like the cold compress, it is a sure means of reducing the temperature and bringing the fever of high enterprise down to the normal pulse of commonplace repose. However medicinal this treatment may prove, we all like to swallow our bitters voluntarily, and not have them thrust upon us like greatness; and to whatever school of medicine we may belong, we place little confidence in the saving grace of the wet blanket for our own personal disorders, however we may insist on its efficacy with regard to others.

No article of furniture should be put in a room that will not stand sunlight, for every room in a dwelling should have the windows so arranged, that some time during the day the sunlight may enter freely into the apartments. The importance of admitting the light of the sun freely to all parts of our dwellings cannot be too highly estimated. Indeed, perfect health is as nearly dependent on pure sunlight as it is on pure air. Sunlight should never be excluded, except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes. And walking should be in bright sunlight. A sun-bath is of more importance in preserving a healthful condition of the body than is generally understood. It is a well established fact that the people who live much in the sun are generally stronger and more healthy than those whose occupations deprive them of sunlight.

Plain Elegance.—The days of bric-a-brac and gilt are numbered, and we are about to feel a strong reaction toward the classic styles and severe simplicity. The architects and decorators in the cities say that people profess themselves weary of the clutter they have been having round them in their houses and asked to be furnished in white and gold. Of course this was to be expected sooner or later. In former and less hurried times, the reaction would have been delayed some time longer, but in these days fashions change with great rapidity. Very likely we may go all the way back to the Grecian type of house before we stop, when once the mania for simplicity sets in. The people who are putting up intricate and much ornamented Queen Anne boxes, had better take warning that they will soon be out of style.

A Summer game for Children.—When the children need something fresh in the way of amusement, try the following simple game: A little heap of pebbles is piled up in a certain spot on the lawn. Each person is led, in turn, to a certain distance from the heap, blindfolded, given a stick, turned round three times, and then told to start off and do his best to beat down the little heap of stones. It is delicious to see the solemn air of some of the performers, and watch the vigor with which they pound away at nothing, whole yards off from the place were the stones are. It is seldom that any one knocks over the stones. No matter how you may fix their exact position in your eye, and pace it out before you are blindfolded, you are certain to go wide of it. It is an odd thing, but a true one.

Apply a heavy coat of paint on kitchen or pantry floors; this saves the housekeeper a great deal of hard scrubbing. Renew woodwork frequently with fresh paint and varnish; these are great beautifiers, and will save in labor and time fully as much as they cost. A few shillings' worth applied to window and door screens, before they are adjusted for the season, will add greatly to their appearance as well as to their durability.

Miscellaneous.

Teaching Jack a Trick.—I heard a dog story the other day that would serve as a text in a reformatory school, or, to bring it nearer home to some people, as an argument in favor of educational discipline.

The hero of this tale is a stubborn Irish setter, amiable enough, but stubborn, and trained only to be good. He never showed any special talent, save to keep house and live up to his canine instincts of barking at seedy looking strangers and evincing a proper affection for the family whom he honored with his maintenance.

Not very long since a young relative of the family undertook to teach Jack a trick. He was told the dog was too stubborn to learn anything, it was useless to waste time over him; but the more the obstacles thrown in his way the more the young man persisted, for he said it was time Jack knew something, and he had just taught his own dog several amusing tricks which Jack should and must acquire forthwith. Whereupon he called Jack into the dining-room, shut the door and began the task of making the creature sit up and give his paw. In itself nothing could be more simple.

This was the very kindergarten of canine culture, but Jack didn't see it in that light. He would not sit up nor would he give his paw. Over and over again, with the greatest patience, was the instruction given, while Jack, in the most idiotic way refused to hear what what was told him. After two hours' labor the poor dog's kind mistress begged that he might be excused.

"No! I've begun and must go on now or the dog will be ruined," was the stern reply.

Finally, owing to the lateness of the hour, the disciplinarian led Jack into the cellar, where the household would not be disturbed, and then renewed the contest with a little more severity. As the clock struck twelve the dog seemed to get it through his pate that unless he obeyed like a gentleman he would have to stay there all night. So he up and flopped a tawny paw just once! This was enough, the fight was over and the victor rushed away to take the last car home.

Jack never told any one of that night's experience; perhaps no one thought to ask him about it, or if he would kindly exercise his dearly acquired accomplishments. At all events, some weeks passed away ere his new master and conqueror came to the house. One night Jack heard the voice at the front door, and with the impetuosity peculiar to his race he threw himself headlong against the visitor, and then, suddenly withdrawing, sat down on his haunches and held up a paw. The victory had been complete, and Jack had remembered his lesson.

Mozart's Genius while a Boy.—From a letter of Court Trumpeter Andreas Schachtner to Mozart's sister, I take the following details. I may first be allowed to say that a trumpeter then was not what he may be now, and that this Mr. Schachtner was a man not only of musical but literary culture, who often lent a helping hand with Mozart's libretti. He writes:—

"Once I came home from church with your father, and I found Wolferi engaged with his pen." Wolferi—the diminutive of Wolfgang—means in German just the same as in English, a small wolf. "The child had a paper before him, and would not let us see what he wrote because it was not ready. It was full of ink spots because he pushed his quill to the bottom of the inkstand. His father at last took it away from him, and found it was the manuscript of a concerto for the piano, and on his remark that it was too difficult, the little boy jumped up and said, 'It is a concerto. Let those who want to play it study hard;' and he sat down to the instrument and played it."

Evidence of his remarkable capacities was given in his seventh year. A trio was played and he begged to be allowed to play the second fiddle. His father, knowing that the boy had never had regular instruction, would not hear of it. The boy insisted. So the father ordered him out of the room. He then resorted to the infallible means with which children and women govern their so called masters, the men—he began to cry. Of course, one of those present begged that the child might be allowed to have his will, and, to the utter amazement of all those present, he sat down and played without a fault, first the second, then the first fiddle, until it was the father's turn to shed tears of surprise and admiration.

"Perfectly Lovely."—Talking of the cant phrase of the day, a sprightly lady correspondent thus expresses herself: First and last let me anathematize "perfectly lovely." Bah! That is truly nauseating. I venture to affirm that much abused phrase is used at least ten times daily by every school girl, every college girl, every young lady in this country. It is *the* stock phrase at Wellesley Smith and Vassar; in fact, conversation would droop and languish without it. A young lady comes in to see me, and she begins: "O Miss Sanborn, how perfectly lovely your rooms are! and isn't it lovely to live in a flat! and you have an elevator—how lovely! It's just horrid to climb three flights as I had to yesterday, although the bride I called on was so lovely I didn't mind, you know. Her rooms were fitted up so lovely with her wedding presents, don't you see, and she had on a perfectly elegant reception dress—just too lovely for anything, doncher know? I can't describe it, but it had lots of jet on satin, and 'twas just lovely. Her hair, you know, is just that exquisite, lovely chestnut shade, with a ripple of gold, doncher you know, and all that sort of thing. You don't know how I enjoyed your reception last week, the music was so splendid! And that pretty woman who whistled, wasn't she bewitching! just too lovely for anything! And the men! you do get such nice men—good looking and such swells! Oh, ma and I said, when we got home, that it was perfectly lovely!" I have heard that phrase applied to a young pig, to a sausage, to an opera, and to a corpse! I would like to start a society for its suppression and extinction.

A Lowell Dog Story.—A few days ago a stray young dog came to the residence of a gentleman with an apparent desire to make it his home. The gentleman owned a dog which did not look with favor upon the new comer, and watched him very jealously, especially whenever he went in the direction of a shed where there was a litter of young kittens. After watching for several hours, and treating the stranger very coolly, the resident dog suddenly started up and began to play with the new comer in a friendly manner, and gradually coaxed him into the street, and finally quite a distance from the house, going through several streets. The old dog then suddenly left his waif before he was fully aware of it, and returned home by a circuitous route, having evidently accomplished his object, viz: to get the stray dog away from the house, and then leave him, so that he could not find his way back again.

Cave-Dwellers.—In the "Transactions" Verein fur Erdkunde at Halle, a writer describes certain cave-dwellers in the province of Saxony. The Balkan Peninsula (in the Lom Palanka region, for instance) but is is somewhat startling to find them used now in such a cultivated place as Saxony. They are in the neighborhood of Halberstadt, quite close to the village of Langenstein. Here in a sandstone hill, about a dozen caves have been dug which are used as dwellings. They have different rooms, light and dark, as well as chimneys, windows and doors, and are said to be very dry and habitable. The writer of the account, a physician, says that he found the inhabitants quite comfortable, and that some of them had lived there for more than thirty years without suffering from any evil effects to their health.

To clean silver or plated ware, wet a soft cloth in kerosene, dip it in whiting and rub the article all over with this; then wash in suds made of home made soft soap; wipe dry and polish with chamois skin.

Humor.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

By Mrs. Bowser.

All husbands find fault with their meals. I know this to be true, because Mr. Bowser says so. I think it nothing strange when Mr. Bowser sits down to his dinner and begins:

"Humph! Same old corned beef!"

"Yes, my dear; it's the same corned beef you ordered as you went down this morning."

"Oh, it is! I didn't know but it was some I ordered a year ago. What do you call these things."

"Potatoes, of course."

"Potatoes, eh? I'll try and remember that name. And what's this?"

"Cabbage, my love."

"Oh! I didn't know but it was wood-pulp, my love. Was this bread made since the war?"

"Certainly. It is only two days old."

"Humph! Buying some poor coffee again, I see! Look at that! That stuff looks as if it was dipped out of a mud-hole!"

"But you ordered this very coffee yourself only night before last."

He growls and eats, and eats and growls, and I've got used to it. It is only now and then that he proceeds to violence. The other day he expressed his fondness for pumpkin pie, and I ordered the cook to make two or three. We had one brought on at supper, and as soon as Mr. Bowser saw it he sternly inquired?"

"What do you call that performance there? When was it born and where is it going to?"

"Mr. Bowser, you said you wanted some pumpkin pie."

"Yes."

"Well, here it is, and as good a one as you ever ate; I made it myself, after mother's favorite recipe."

"Mrs. Bowser, do you call that a pumpkin pie?"

"I do, sir."

"Then I want to be branded a fool! What do you take me for, anyway? Don't you suppose I was eating pumpkin pies before you were born?"

"Why isn't it a pumpkin pie?"

"Why isn't a boot-leg a boot? Where is your other crust?"

"But pumpkin pies never have any upper crust."

"Don't they? Mrs. Bowser, you can deceive the cook, for she is a confiding foreigner, and you can stuff most any yarn down our poor little baby, but don't try to bamboozle me. It won't work. I'm glad for your sake that my mother isn't here to laugh at you."

In two days I had a letter from his mother, affirming that there was no upper-crust to a pumpkin pie, and I brought my own mother over in the flesh as a further witness, but what did Mr. Bowser do but loudly exclaim:

"Bosh! You old women have forgotten half you knew! You are thinking about pudding and milk, you are. Of course there is no upper-crust to pudding and milk, and I never said there was."

He cost me a good girl last week by one of his whims. I happened to wonder aloud during the evening if she had put her bread to raise, when he promptly inquired:

"Mrs. Bowser, do you know why bread raises?"

"Because of the yeast."

"But why does the yeast expand the dough?"

"Because it does."

"Exactly. You also live because you do, and that's all you know about it! You ought to be ashamed of your ignorance of natural philosophy. I'll see if the girl knows any better."

He went out and inquired:

"Jane, have you put the bread to raise?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you expect it to raise?"

"Of course."

"Why don't you expect it to fall?"

"Are you running this kitchen?" she sharply demanded.

"Virtually, yes. My object is to see how well you are posted on natural philosophy. Why does the bread raise instead of fall?"

"Because it's a fool, and I'm another for staying in a place where a man is allowed to hen-hussy about the kitchen. I'll leave in the morning!"

And leave she did, and all the consolation I got from Mr. Bowser as he came up to dinner was:

"It's a good thing she left. She might have mixed something together which would have caused our deaths. Come, now, hurry up the dinner."

Mr. Bowser has improved some in the direction of taking care of the baby. I can now leave them together as long as fifteen minutes without fear that one will kill the other by trying some experiment. They had been alone about seven minutes the other day while I was upstairs, and when I came down Mr. Bowser seemed quite agitated and whispered to me:

"I've suspected it all along."

"What!"

"That our child is somewhat of a monstrosity! Look at that!"

And he pointed to the soft spot on the child's head where a throb could be detected.

"Every child has the same," I replied in a reassuring voice.

"Oh! they have, eh! What infant's asylum have you been matron of? Perhaps I married the mother instead of the daughter! I tell you that's a freak of nature, that is, and I shan't be surprised to come home any day and find a horn beginning to sprout!"

An Old Fox.—A swell who had been paying devoted attention to a rich banker's daughter, interviewed her father on the subject. After a few preliminary remarks he said,—

"I love your daughter, sir, and want to marry her."

"Ah, is that so?" replied the father, looking at him sharply over his glasses. "I'm not surprised at it. She's a good girl."

"Yes, sir; and it was her goodness which won me from the first."

"Ahem, yes. I've heard you had some very extravagant habits, and some of them as bad as they were extravagant."

"I've not been a saint, sir, but when I'm married and brought under the tender influence of a good and loving woman, I shall reform."

"I'm glad to hear that. It would be unpleasant for your wife if you did not. Are you aware, sir, that when I give you my daughter I give you with her £50,00?"

"I was not aware of that, sir, but it would make no difference to me. Pecuniary considerations do not enter into my calculations at all."

"No?"

"No, sir; love is of far more importance. It is a wife, not a bank account, I am looking for. Money is trash, sir."

"Don't give yourself away, young man; don't give yourself away. I said when I gave you my daughter I'd give you the money; but you see I'm not going to give you my daughter, and that alters the aspect of affairs very materially. Good day. Call round after you've been reformed about fifteen years."

They had come in from way back, in a waggon. He was tall and agricultural. She was short and rural. He had been buying some cloves at retail, and at the depot made some remarks while his meek wife prevented the children from getting mixed up with emigrants. "I ain't afeerd of the biggest man that walks," he remarked. This sentence seemed to please him, and he repeated it. At last the wife arose and said, "Pete!" "Eh?" "You know me?" "You bet." "Squat and shut up." And he did.

BEAUFORT BRANCH A.N.A.

The above branch met in the Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday evening, the president (Mr. G. A. Eddy) in the chair. After the usual routine business had been disposed of, Mr. D. J. Wheal, vice-president of the Board of Directors, was cordially welcomed, and delivered an excellent address to the members who were present. He prefaced his remarks by stating that the board had decided to watch over the younger and struggling branches of the association, as they were aware that assistance was necessary in order to place them firmly on their feet with regard to a knowledge of the three-fold objects of the association. The association, when seeking to gain a hold in Ballarat had had a desperate lot of fighting—not against open attacks, but against under currents and unreliable and misleading statements. The same thing to a lesser extent was going on at the present time, but the association was now strong enough to hold its own. Branches in different places had had the same things to contend with; but it was not the object of the A.N.A. to retaliate, because they did not enter into opposition or competition with any other benefit society. He then briefly dealt with the objects of the A.N.A., taking the national, benefit, and mutual improvement planks in rotation. In national politics, he touched on Federation, and annexation of all the islands belonging by right to this continent. As a benefit society, no other in existence could show the same satisfactory position in so short a time as that in which the A.N.A. had been in growing, and one of the strongest portions of their financial foundation was the fact that they had a consolidated funeral fund. Out of this fund all demands could be paid. At the rapid rate the association was extending its operations it would be impossible for branches controlling their own funeral fund to pay even one allowance without calling upon other branches for assistance or making heavy levies. So far the board had met every demand upon this fund, and in no case had a levy to be made. The association was conducted on the lowest contribution and initiation basis possible, and the fact that no levies were ever deemed necessary spoke volumes for the association. The advantages of the mutual improvement plank were known to everybody, and in illustration he said that he had met many men of consequence in the commercial world who have always regretted that in their youth they did not avail themselves of advantages such as are afforded in a mutual improvement association. It is in these institutions that young men learn how to address themselves at a moment's notice to a variety of questions; they are afforded opportunities of collating information on a large number of subjects, and young men are prepared for any emergency that may occur in their after life, if they are called upon by their fellow townsmen or citizens to accept any public position. The A.N.A. did not want to push themselves forward, they must either progress or retrogress; they could not remain stationary; the old pioneers were fast fading away, and their sons must take their places. In all branches of the Association the suggestions of the older men were listened to with rapt attention. But death was gradually laying them aside, and unless the Native Australian prepared himself, how could he expect to take a part in building a grand superstructure on the excellent foundation that had been laid for them. Mr. Wheal occupied considerable time, and was frequently applauded. Several members spoke, and Mr. S. W. Male in moving a vote of thanks said that Mr. Wheal had, he felt sure, imparted a great deal of information to them, concerning which some members had been in ignorance. He had listened very attentively, and should Mr. Wheal again visit the branch, or any other member of the board, the Beaufort branch would give them a hearty welcome. Mr. Wheal replied, and the meeting shortly afterwards dispersed.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH BAZAAR.

This amusement was opened at half-past twelve o'clock on Thursday last; but none but a few folks who were in from the outlying districts were able to avail themselves of a chance to see the nice things displayed until the evening, when there was a large attendance. The hall was as usual very nicely decorated, and the stalls containing the various articles to be disposed of were well stocked, with plain and fancy needlework, crewel-work, crochet-work, wool-work, aprons in abundance, and refreshments. Each person received a ticket on entering, which entitled the holder to a chance for three prizes, which were drawn for at the close. During the evening songs and musical items were given by ladies and gentlemen. The young ladies were very active in arranging art unions; and the handsome return for the evening showed that they had been most successful, upwards of £56 having been taken. The refreshment stall was fairly well patronised, and a modest little sum was received in return for those things which delight the palate. The ladies who had charge of the stalls were Mesdames Adam, Archard, Jackson, W. Smith, Male, and Ison; and those who assisted were the Misses Adam (2), Smith (2), Male (2), Tulloch (2), McFarlane (2), and Bywater. The singers were Messrs. McCraith and Elliott and Miss Adam. In carrying out the arrangements Messrs T. A. Archard and S. W. Male rendered valuable assistance in a variety of ways, and Messrs H. H. Jackson, McRae, and H. Jackson, jr., were also conspicuous in usefulness.

The bazaar was continued yesterday afternoon and evening, and was, as on the first day, well patronised. The amount taken was about £20; making a total of upwards of £70.

Our readers are again reminded of the sale of the late Dr. Croker's household furniture and effects, which takes place on Monday next, at Mr. W. E. Nickols' auction rooms.

The fourth and last match for the Union Clubs' trophies will be fired at Ararat on Wednesday next, after which all the teams will wind the competition up with a jollification.

GUILTY OF WRONG.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of: Dr Soule's American Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them. "Tribune."

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 6th October, 1887:—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Sept. 30	18	£4 0 4	£14 4 2
Oct. 1	112½	19 18 11	3 15 6
,, 3	216	11 1 2	5 3 1
,, 4	68	6 11 0	4 10 5
,, 5	25	6 7 9	6 0 11
,, 6	14	6 1 5	7 7 9
Totals	453½	£54 0 7	£41 1 10

SCRAPS.

A certain young man being out of employment, requested of a former employer, a well known secretary of a building society, a letter of recommendation to aid him in securing a situation. The letter was written and handed to the applicant, who was totally unable to read it, as was every other person to whom it was shown. A friend advised him to take it to a printing-office, as compositors are noted for being able to make out the very worst specimens of chirography. It was handed to the compositors, and in turn given up without being deciphered—at last, as a forlorn hope, it was taken to a druggist, who who makes up a great many prescriptions, and who has the reputation of being able to read anything. The man of drugs took the scroll, gazed at it long and thoughtfully, seized an empty bottle, and then made a raid around the shop, taking some fluid of various colors from sundry bottles, finally shaking the compound vigorously; then, handing it to the owner of the letter of recommendation, he remarked to that much-astonished individual, "A shilling, please. That's a very good cough mixture.'

Wife: Cyrus, this is a pretty time for you to be coming in. It's hilf an hour past midnight. You've been at the club again drinking." Husband (with impressive gravity and maintaining equilibrium with much effort): "M'ria, dear, you do me injustice; I was caught on jury. Couldn't get off till few minutes ago. Came straight home." Wife: You are deceiving me, Cyrus, say memomandransanctificadubanellelopedonisemically." Husband (cautiously): "Certainly, m'dear. Memoran — moran — bandansaect—(getting reckless and letting go all holds)—Gout o' my way, madam! If I can't get into my own house 'thout giving fernal password, I'll resign as head o' this family. G'way!"

In a small town out west an ex-country judge is cashier of the bank and building society. "The cheque is all right, sir," he said to a stranger, "but the evidence you offer in indentifying yourself as a 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."

VITAL QUESTIONS!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?

And he will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all diseases and ailments peculiar to women"—

And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically, "Buchu."

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!

Hence when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist it's power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula,

Erysipelas!

"Saltrheum, blood-poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact, almost all diseases frail"

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Dr. Soule's Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green hops on a white label, and Dr. Soule's name blown in the bottle. BEWARE of all the vile stuff made to imitate the above.

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 torlabel of the yellow wrapper.

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

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills 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.

AN ERROR FOR THE HUMOURIST.

There is a sort of humourist whose manuscript turns up in this office with the utmost regularity, and goes out of it with the utmost regularity. This is the man with the joke about the young lover and the father with a large boot and a larger bull-dog.

This merry-maker is spending a large portion of his substance in postage-stamps, and common humanity demands some interference on our part. We cannot let him go down to the poor-house without some attempt to steer him toward the right course.

Bull-dogs! Boots! Gentle Idiot, there are no bull-dogs, there are no boots for the young man who comes a-courting now-a-days. He must be a worthless character, indeed, if he be not welcome in the house of many daughters.

Dear Idiot, the path of the marrying young man is strewn with roses. He is not a man to be snubbed and slighted; he is a man to be welcomed with great joy, and with timbals, and with the sound of the sackbut. The mother bows down when she meets him, and the father goes into the front gate to bid him enter. A feast is provided for him, and a great entertainment; and free-lunch is spread on both sides of the path that leads into the house-door.

Know you not, Sweet Idiot, that it costs a dollar or two to keep a daughter in decorative idleness? If a horse may be said to eat his head off, what shall we say of a young woman whose heaviest burden is her winter bonnet?

Nay, Fair Idiot, there is no one in that young woman's family who has ought to say against the young man who designs to visit her with matrimonial intent. Well does that young man know that his father-in-law-to-be will never support him. The main question with him is slightly different. He has to make sure that he will not have to support his father-in-law.

For, be it known to you, O Idiot, it is the young men who are making money; it is the old men who are paying interest on the mortgages. The time has gone by when a man had to marry at twenty for fear of being called an "old bach." at thirty. There are no old bachelors now. The man of forty is a charming young fellow, if he is unmarried. Everybody courts him. Everybody asks him to dinner. He has to learn to spar, so to speak, to keep off eligible daughters. Bull-dogs! Boots! Why, the man's ears are deaf with listening to the praises of Jane Matilda and Maud Louise.

If you must write of such matters, Wild Idiot, write of the shining truth. Write down the fact that Charles Augustus, be he ever so homely, ever so mean and small, ever so vicious, and ill-bred, is made at home in the family circle, because it may come to pass that he will look with favourable eyes upon Charlotte Augusta, and wed her, in the end, if he is given sufficient encouragement.

Write of this, and your tales will be printed. Down into oblivion, with the dullest and most sickening thud known to our nineteenth century civilization, have gone your merry jests about booted and bull-dogged parents, for the truth was not in them. Arouse yourself! Trumpet forth to the world the fact that a young man who can support a wife is at present selling at about two hundred per cent, premium—and strike a popular chord. Bull-dogs! Boots! Write of young men who would give good money if they could get out of a house full of daughters—or, even, full of one daughter—as easily as they could get in.—"Puck" New York, August 17th.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

(Professor J. Stuart Blackie in Cassel's Magazine.)

There is a good deal of talk at the present day tending towards the abolition, or at least the softening down and shading away of the great lines of demarcation which nature and the traditions and usages of all nations, from the oldest times, seem to have drawn between the sexes. That this tendency has a certain root of rightness in it seems not to be doubted; for in so far as either sex may be able to borrow the graces and virtues of the other without losing its own peculiar type, it will, of course, be the more perfect. If the granite could appropriate the warmth of the sandstone without losing its hardness, or if the sandstone could take to itself the hardness of the granite without losing its warmth, then, of course, there would be in each case a union of excellencies in the compound, which does not exist in either of the rocks taken separately. But here precisely lies the difficulty. The union of opposite qualities is, undoubtedly a higher excellence; but in a great many cases this higher excellence can only be obtained by sinking or subordinating some distinctive feature of one of the types.

Those who are so zealous to break down the wall of partition that by the precedent of ages has established itself between the sexes, should observe, in the first place, that Nature seems to be of a different opinion; for she has certainly, in the physical presentation of the two creatures, taken care to make them look as distinctively different as a birch-tree is from an oak. The structure of a woman is altogether more slender, her stature, as a rule, less, her tissue more fine, her nerve more delicate, her muscular strength and capacity for hard work less.

In close connection with this more delicate constitution of a woman is the fact that her emotional nature is more keen, her sensibility more quick, her passions more violent, her instincts more imperious, and less submissive to necessary limitations, than in the man. This strongly-rooted sensibility in women is the cause of their characteristic persistency in all matters that depend in any considerable degree on sentiment. It is in vain to combat sentiment with reasons. A woman of strong passion and fine sensibility will held by her instincts, and leave your arguments to float, and in so doing may, in not a few cases, be right; but if the case is one in which cool judgment and not keen feeling, is to decide, she will probably be wrong. Arguments in such cases are stronger with a man, because he is either naturally less richly furnished with sentiment, or has trained himself to keep his sentiment in subjection; but with the woman it is omnipotent, as belonging radically to the constitution of her nature. You may bend the branches of a tree, and force them to grow, as we sometimes see, contrary to Nature, downwards; but if you tug at the roots, you kill it.

Again, the faculty of observation is more quick and more minute than in man. She deals more in particulars than in generals—in persons rather than in principles. She is more akin to the artist and to the poet than to the philosopher, and in all cases describes better than she concludes. This seems to argue that in brain-force, or power of thinking, she is, as a rule, inferior to the man. She argues generally rather by induction from special facts than by deduction from large principles; and she has a habit of leaping from a fact or two, accidentally picked up, to a sweeping generalization, such as can safely be built only on a broad and deep foundation of facts. She seems to have neither range, nor patience, nor grasp, for severe reasoning. Those who deny this—and I have no pleasure at all in maintaining it—are forced to attribute the general inferiority of women in persistent brain-work to neglected education, a narrow sphere of action, and the hereditary social tyranny of the stronger sex; but in the face of so many manifest differences, both physical and moral, it seems difficult for an impartial mind to believe absolutely in the cerebral equality of the sexes.

If woman is differentially inferior to man in the thinking faculty, she is decidedly superior to him in the finer emotions; and let this not be considered a small matter; the emotions are the steam-power that sets the great moral machinery of the world in motion. Women have proverbially more love and more fidelity than men; and, if they have less energy, they have less selfishness. To those on her own level, woman is more sympathetic and more communicative; to those beneath her, more pitiful, more merciful; and more benign; to those above her, more deferential and more respectful. Her greater reverence and respect for authority makes her more devout and more religious than man, and she will overlook or ignore a gross superstition in the gratification of a noble emotion; insomuch that, while an irreligious man is not uncommon now even where the received faith is least liable to sceptical objections, and may, without piety, practise many virtues and exhibit many graces that will secure the esteem of his fellow-citizens, an irreverential and irreligious woman is always out of nature, and a sort of monster.

A WOMAN FROM AUSTRIA.

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

"Professor J. T. Eastwood.

NO MORE HARD TIMES.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. "Chronicle."

"A MIRACULOUS SALVE."—For the cure of ulcerated Bad Legs, Boils, Abscesses, Scrofula, Suuruy, 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.

HOPPER'S
MILK PUNCH
GENUINE OLD ENGLISH ELIXIR
VITÆ

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

SPRING
GOODS.

:o:

OUR

First Shipment

OF SPRING GOODS

NOW OPENING.

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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

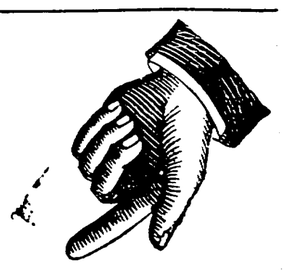
MELBOURNE PRICES.

: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., should lose no time in availing themselves of that most excellent medicine—"PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS," which for 30 years has held the first place in the world as an effectual antidote to the above and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach, bowels, or liver. Tonic, invigorating and purifying, they form the best remedy extant. Sold by all Medicine Vendors in boxes at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 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.

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

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 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 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 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, mervilleaux, 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 Bell... tweed suit may be purchased for £1 10... 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 o 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."

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

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

£1 ORDERS.

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

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

ONE POUND STERLING.

These are being Cashed daily

1000 ORDERS,

Representing the sum of

£1000,

Have been found and Cashed.

THE PUBLIC

SHOULD BE CAREFUL NOT TO HAVE

IMITATIONS

OR

Some Cheap Inferior Article

Palmed off on them as the GENUINE

Wolfe's Aromatic

SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.

THE ONLY SPIRIT

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

Allopecia Baldness The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY

COMOTROPHUS

COMOTROPHUS CO. BALLARAT, VIC.

All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

G. SCHUTZE,

TAILOR AND OUTFITTER,

27 and 29 STURT STREET,

BALLARAT.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM.

June 14th 1887.

Mr George Schutze, Ballarat.

Dear Sir,—I do not exaggerate when I say, that since I adopted Dr Jaeger's Woollen Goods, the comfort and happiness of my physical life have been wonderfully increased.

I was very much amused when I first saw Dr. Jaeger's five-toed socks, but I found for those who suffer from sore feet or corns, there is nothing to surpass them, independent of their sanitary point of view. I have become an enthusiastic Jaegerite, and can really recommend the system.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
GEO. A. BEYER, Auctioneer

Bollond House, Melbourne, June 5th, 1887.

My Dear Sir,

Having now worn Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System, of underclothing in particular, very excellent especially in a climate subject, to such sudden and great varieties of temperature as here in this part o Victoria. The garments are light and durable, they maintain the surface warmth of the body without adding to the weight of the clothing; a most important consideration to delicate persons, and particularly those suffering from chest complications, and therefore from my own and wife's experience, also several of my patients who have adopted this system of clothing, can recommend it with confidence.

Yours very truly,
M. GUNST, M.D.

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 almost 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 e... charge if three days notice be given to

G. PEARSON,
Spring Creek, Buangor.

Wanted,

TWENTY 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,

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.

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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, JOHN DONALDSON, Barkly street south, Ballarat.

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

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 Eucs. Extra. proved magnificently successful in very severe contusions, bruises, sprains, wounds scaldings, broken ribs and limbs. (Med. Journal., Nov., 1881).—In diseases of the kidneys, either active congestion or suppression (uræmia), or albuminuria, dropsy, lithiasis nothing will equal in its action Eucalypt Extract. Doses, 5 to 8 drops. Mosler, M.D. Prof. University, Greifswald, reports:—Diphtheria. Tonsils continually coherent, presenting ulcers with white exudats. Cured in 14 days. Surgical Clinc. of Prof M'Intyre, College of Physicians and Surgeons, St. Louis—Scirrhus of Breast—Excision, Eucalypti Extract employed. No swelling, heat or discoloration. Cured in 14 days. [ADVT.]

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.

"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 Scurvy Sores
Cures Cancerous Ulcers
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases
Cures Glandular Swellings
Clears the Blood from all Impure Matter,
From whatever cause arising.

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

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts;

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1882.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

"Gentlemen,—Some ten years ago my wife became lame with ulcerated legs. I tried every recommendation for a cure, and also a large number of doctors (some of these very clever men with diseases of kind), but to no effect. After being in this state for 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 pot and can be had in any language, even in Turkish Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

TRADE MARK.

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

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, 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 sores 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 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 or 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 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 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, 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 thankful 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, on the post his letter, is by return of post put in 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, and a stamp 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 only 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 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, £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.

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 Lawrance street, Beaufort Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 626.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY OCTOBER 15 1887. PRICE SIXPENCE

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

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

Subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly or at an early hour of the morning would much oblige us by immediately forwarding their names to the office of this paper, Lawrence street, in order that such errors may 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.

AGENTS WANTED.

Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

BRANCH VIAL, Universal Leather Belt Factory, Macaulay Road, Kensington, and 59 Max 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.

12m.D.31.87.

W. BAKER,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

W.B. has ON SALE the following lines:—
Pine Shelving, Flooring, and Lining Boards; Californian, Kauri, and Clear Pine, up to 36 inches; Cedar, all thicknesses and widths; Table Legs, Sashes, Doors, Architrave and other Mouldings, Window Glass, White Lead, Oils, Turps, and all other Building Requisites.
Sashes, Doors, and all kinds of Joiner's Work made to order at the Lowest Possible Prices.
Hardwood supplied at Timber Yard Prices.

GRATEFUL.—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA,

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural 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
CORNER OF COLLINS STREET WEST

Ballarat Wool Sales.

Everingham, Greenfield, & Co

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

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

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

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

CORN EXCHANGE, MELBOURNE,

And daily (privately) both in Melbourne and Ballarat

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

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

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

WASTE PAPER

FOR SALE.

APPLY

THIS OFFICE.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

JOB PRINTING

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

Office: Lawrence Street, Beaufort

Plain and Ornamental Printing

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

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

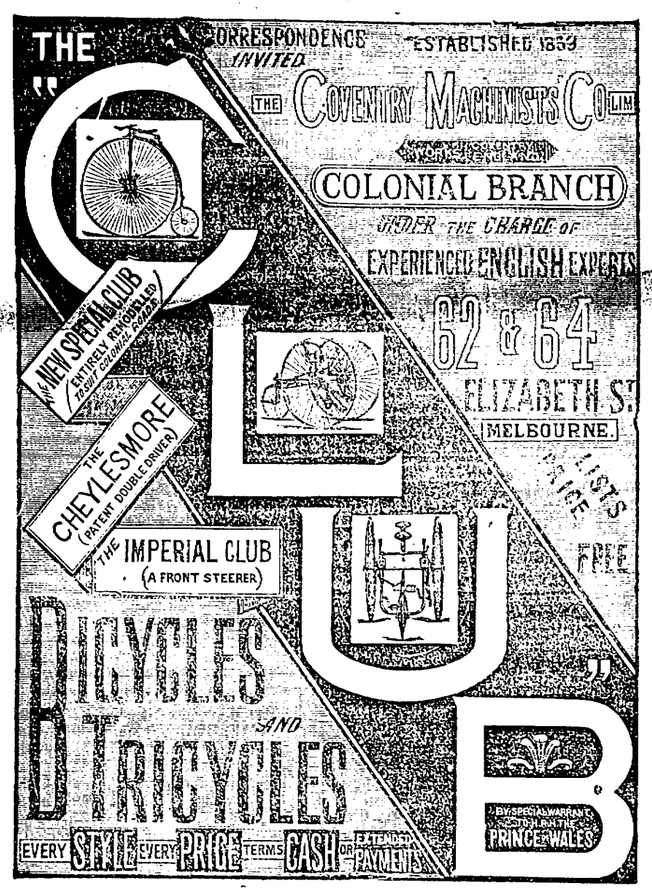
MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,

Prepared on the shortest notice

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.



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.

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.

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, COMPSITT and Co., Melbourne.

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,

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.

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.

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

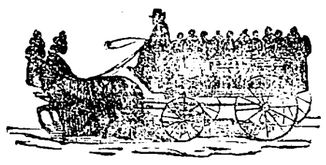
BEE-HIVES

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.

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.

Beaufort Fruit and Confectionary and Refreshment Rooms.

GEORGE WHITE,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, NEXT BANK OF VICTORIA,

RESPECTFULLY invites the PATRONAGE of his friends and the public.

REFRESHMENTS AT ALL HOURS.

HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAVING
SALOON.

Tobaccoes, Cigars, &c., in great variety.

Stationery and School Requisites.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

BOOKSELLER,

STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK STREET BEAUFORT

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.

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,
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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.
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Wool and Produce Manager.
Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins Street west

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Capital, fully subscribed	£4,000,000
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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.

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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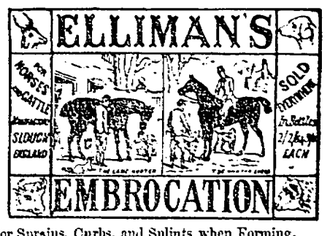

For Sprains, Curbs, and Splints when Forming.
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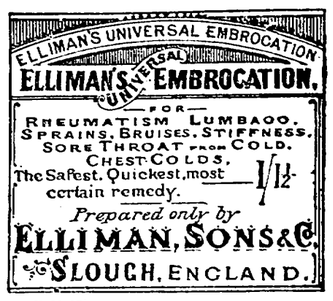
For Broken Knees, Bruises, Capped Hocks.
For Sore Shoulders, Sore Backs.
For Foot Rot, and Sore Mouths in Sheep and Lambs.
For Sprains, Cuts, Bruises in Dogs.

SPECIMEN TESTIMONIALS.

From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.
"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1, 1879.
"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I think it very useful. RUTLAND,
"Master of Belvoir Hunt."

"Castle Weir, Kington, Herefordshire,
"Dec. 3rd, 1878.
"Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in my stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for lumbago and rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.
"R. H. Price, Lieut-Col., Master of Radnorshire Hunt."

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



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COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Business in the produce market has been limited this week to a few unimportant transactions. The only wheat in has come from the Wimmera district, a good quantity now being sent down by rail. The price has suffered a decline, and parcels now coming in are landed at 3s 2d per bushel, bags in. Flour continues active, a good quantity being sent out at £8 2s 6d per ton. At Horsham, wheat has receded to 2s 10d and 2s 11 per bushel, and the market is dull. The Donald market also shows a big fall, 2s 9d per bushel being quoted; whilst at St. Arnaud no sales are made, the nominal price being 3s. In this district oats are almost unnoticed, and we have no sales to record. Potatoes continue to be supplied from Ballarat, and it is not expected there will be any more loads from Warrnambool for some time. Hay is brought in fully up to requirements. In dairy produce, fresh butter contiunes to be liberally supplied, and has cased to 7d. Eggs are abundant and are now worth 6d. A load of cheese in during the week was cleared at 6d and 7d. Bacon is scarcer and meets with a ready sale. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 2d per bushel bags in
Oats, 2s 8d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 10½d per bushel
Bran, 9½d per bushel
Flour, L8 2s 6d per ton
Cape barley, 3s 6d per bushel
English barley, none
Peas, 3s 6d per bushel
Potatoes, Ballarat, L2 15s per ton
Hay, sheaves, L3 per ton
Hay, trussed, L3 5s per ton
Straw, oaten none in
Straw, wheaten, to 30s per ton.
Chaff, 3s 9d per cwt
Carrots, 3s 6d per cwt.
Onions, 6s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 7d per lb
Butter, potted, 5d to 6d per lb
Hams, 11d per lb
Bacon, 9½d per lb
Cheese, 6d to 7d per lb
Eggs, 6d to per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Messrs. A. M. Greenfield and Co. report under date of Oct. 12 :—

Wheat, weak, at 3s 5d for prime milling; oats, Danish 2s 9d to 2s 10d, stout, up to 2s 11d per bushel; peas, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; Cape barley, to 3s; English barley, 5s 6d to 6s; mangolds, 30s; carrots, L1 10s; potatoes, L1 17s 6d to L2; hay continues firm, prime chaffing, L3 10s to L3 12s 6d; medium, L3 to L3 5s; oaten straw, L2 10s; wheaten, L2; manger hay, L4 10s to L5 5s. These quotations are all bags in.

DALGETY & COMPANY'S WEEKLY WOOL REPORT.

The Melbourne sales were opened on 5th inst., when a catalogue of some 2500 bales was submitted, the selection being, as is usual at the outset, of a rather restricted character. The wools chiefly greasy and scoured of average quality and indifferent condition, no superior descriptions being as yet offered. The attendance of buyers is if anything larger than last year, England, France, Belgium, Germany, and America being all well represented, besides the usual number of local buyers. Competition was fairly animated up to the level of values current in Europe, and prices may be said to have ruled 1d. to 1½. below last year's average, or fully 2d. below opening rates of last season. About 1000 bales were sold, greasy realising up to 6½d., and medium up to 8½d., while scoured sold at 11d. to 13½d. for medium to good. Some of our largest buyers have arrived during the past day or two, and as two or three important sales will be held this week our constituents will have the benefit of full competition, and probably a settled market for our opening sale this day week.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORTS.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, October 12 :—

Wool—The unsettled state of the weather has interfered with shearing operations to some extent, and rather retarded deliveries of the new clip. Consignments, however, are reaching our stores daily, and we anticipate having a fair catalogue to submit at our Opening Sale on Tuesday next, the 18th instant; and as the whole of the English, Continental, and American buyers have not arrived, we will have the benefit of the full strength of their competition on Tuesday next. The London September sales have just concluded, and out of about 270,000 bales catalogued about 25,000 bales were withdrawn and held over for future disposal. The sales closed with a weak tone, and without any recovery in prices.

Sheepskins.—Butchers' fresh-killed, 18d to to 36d each; good to superior, 39d to 54d each; country and station skins, 18d to 36d each, superior to 48d each, and 3d to 5½d per lb; pelts and short-woolled skins, 1d to 2d per lb, and 1d to 12d each; lambskins, 2d to 3½d per lb.

Hides.—Sold as follows :—Heavy and superior, in good condition, from 3½d per lb upwards; averags to good, salted, 3d to 3½d per lb; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d per lb; kip, 3½d to 3½d per lb; calf, 5d to 6d per lb.

Tallow— We have placed a small line of 45 pipes for shipment at a satisfactory price, and our usual weekly supply of oddments and country lots at current rates.

GUILTY OF WRONG.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of : Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them "Tribune."

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 cutt pine weatherboards
6 do do.
American clear pine
¼in., ⅓in., 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

IN accordance with the will of my late brother, John Wotherspoon, the BUSINESS carried on by him under the style of WOTHERSPOON BROS. and CO., will be CARRIED ON AS USUAL, and in the same manner as heretofore.

G. WOTHERSPOON,
Sole Executor.

30th September, 1887.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

Extraordinary Vacancy
IN THE
NORTH RIDING.

To the Ratepayers:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

AT the request of a number of Ratepayers I have consented to allow myself to be nominated for the Vacancy caused by the death of Cr. Wotherspoon, and most respectfully solicit your votes and interest.

I am,
Yours truly,
ALBERT ANDREWS.

Mr. Andrews will address the Ratepayers at BEAUFORT, on Wednesday, the 19th instant, at the Golden Age Hall.

POLLING DAY:
THURSDAY, 20th OCTOBER.

NORTH RIDING ELECTION

October 1st, 1887.

To George Wotherspoon,
ESQ., BEAUFORT.

SIR,—

We, the undersigned Ratepayers of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon, respectfully request that you will allow yourself to be nominated for the vacant seat in the Council, and we assure you that we will do our best to secure your return.

We are, Sir,
Your obedient servants,

W. C. Thomas	R. Mitchell
H. P. Henningsen	A. Kay
J. F. Watkin	J. Rutherford
Thomas G. Archard	J. B. Conway
Tobias James	John Smith
William Smith	R. Wangler
Richard Farley	Gordon Ward
Denman Mason	W. Newey
Wm. Buchanan	E. Newey
Jeremiah Smith	L. Smith
Thomas Kenny	J. Ogilvie
David Troy.	David Cochran
Jno. Jackson	J. Robinson
J. W. Harris	Mrs Sarah Frusher
John Cochran	R. Armstrong
Thomas Welsh	Joseph Hasler
E. R. Smith	William Simmonds
John Owen	Jane Witherden
James Cowans	W. Hinchcliffe
George White	W. Bourke
David Esplin	W. Dunn
John Walsh	William Pearson
George Manners	Joseph Harris
Wm. McFarlane	Robert Robinson
E. Whiting	John Edwards
Mrs Gilloch	H. Edwards
Thomas Jess	Elizabeth Knipe
Patrick O'Loughlin	William Evans
John Jess	James Wilson Smith
Henry Jamieson	Fredk. Wilkins
E. Thomas	Hy. Dell
J. W. Browne	H. Willox
R. Humphreys	W. Brough
W. F. Vance	John Campbell
George Ison	A. Hatfield
John Brooks	H. Ramsay
Agnes Johnston	James Condick
Edwin Rogers, jun.	Wm. Callister
Joseph McDuff	T. D. Martin
Robert Bone	D. P. Roberts
P. O'Brien	H. M. Stuart
W. McDuff	Wm. Backhouse
Alfred Loft	Thomas Cummings
Thomas Gibson	Valentine Nothnagel
Mark J. Lilley	Thomas Tuddenham
E. S. Baker	John Provis
T. Buchanan	Reubin Lowe
John Abbott	Jacob Nothnagel
Wm. Stickland	Henry Judd
Daniel Mulcahy	H. Watkin
J. Myres	L. Becker
Samuel West	Robert Gibson, jun.
John Cadle	Robert Gibson, sen.
J. Lockhart	L. Wilkins
M. Wites	W. Crasweller
Martin Fitzpatrick	Laura J. Ninham
George McDuff	C. Broadbent, sen.
A. L. Stuart	Chas. Loft
G. Cuthbertson	Joseph Woods
James Cuthbertson	Walter Johnson
W. Edward Nickols	Luke Lilley
John Loutitt	J. Pitcher, sen.
Jno. B. Hill	Allen Wilkinson
William Driver	William Willox
Petrus De Baore	William Brierley
P. Blackmore	James Ward
E. McCracken	Matthew Waddell
Thos. M. Moore.	

[REPLY.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I am much gratified at receiving the above Requisition from so large a number of Ratepayers, feeling as I do that it is a high mark of respect to the memory of my deceased brother, your late representative.

It gives me great pleasure to accede to the request, and I can assure you that I will, if elected, endeavor, to the very best of my ability, to promote the the welfare of every interest in the Riding, and thus strive as far as I can to imitate the example of my late lamented brother.

I am,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Yours very respectfully,
G. WOTHERSPOON.

Beaufort, 7th October, 1887.

TO the ELECTORS of NELSON PROVINCE.

GENTLEMEN,—

In response to numerous requests, I beg to announce myself as a CANDIDATE for the seat rendered vacant by the death of your late esteemed representative, the Hon. Thomas Bromell.

AGAR WYNNE,

Terrinallum, Darlington.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE NELSON PROVINCE.

GENTLEMEN,—

In response to numerous requests from all parts of the electorate, I have the honor to announce myself as a CANDIDATE for the seat now vacant by the decease of the Hon. Thomas Bromell. I do so more willingly because for many years my interests in the province have necessarily caused me to take careful notice of its wants and requirements.

I am prepared to contest the seat upon a broadly Liberal platform, and on the same lines as your late lamented representative, believing that the Legislative Council has an increasingly important work to do in the legislation of the colony.

A wise and discriminating protectionist policy, which aims at fostering and establishing native industries, has my strongest sympathies.

With the leading principles of the progressive legislation of the last few years I am in entire accord, and, if elected, will do my best to build up the prosperity of the colony upon a solid and enduring basis.

EDWARD MOREY.

Linton Park, 13th October.

Tenders

WILL be received until 6 p.m. on the 29th inst., at the Mechanics' Institute, Skipton, for ADDITIONS to same in WOOD.

Specifications, &c., can be seen at the Institute up to the time of opening the tenders.

A deposit of £5 must accompany each tender, the lowest or any of which will not necessarily be accepted.

By Order,
J. DALY, Hon. Sec.

Skipton, 7th October.

NOTICE.

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

SHIRE OF RIPON.—NORTH RIDING

EXTRAORDINARY VACANCY.

Election of One Councillor.

I hereby give notice that the undermentioned Candidates have been duly NOMINATED for the office of Councillor :—

ANDREWS, ALBERT
FLYNN, MICHAEL
WOTHERSPOON, GEORGE.

As the number of Candidates exceeds the number to be elected, a Poll will be taken at the

Shire Office, Beaufort,
State School, Raglan,
State School, Waterloo,
State School, Nerring, and at the
Public Hall, Middle Creek,

On Thursday, the 20th day of October, 1887, commencing at 8 o'clock in the forenoon, and closing at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

W. C. THOMAS,
Returning Officer.

Beaufort, 10th October.

WE, the undersigned nominators of Michael Flynn as a Candidate at the Election of Councillor to be held on the 20th day of October, 1887, in and for the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon, do hereby WITHDRAW the said MICHAEL FLYNN as such candidate.

JAMES FRUSHER
RICHD. TRENGROVE
E. SMITH
WILLIAM SIMONDS
GEO. HANRAHAN.

And I, the said Michael Flynn, do hereby retire from being such Candidate.

MICHAEL FLYNN.

SHIRE OF RIPON

RABBIT SUPPRESSION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Council of of this Shire will pay a BONUS of Thirty Shillings per hundred for all Rabbits caught and killed on the Beaufort United Common.

A statutory declaration must be made of the rabbits being caught and killed on the said common. The Rabbit Inspector will attend at the Shire Office every Saturday.

D. G. STEWART,
Shire Secretary.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 14th October, 1887.

SHIRE OF RIPON

NOTICE is hereby given that a PUBLIC MEETING will be held at this Office at the hour of noon on Tuesday, the 18th instant, for the purpose of nominating a trustee for the Beaufort Cemetery, to represent the Presbyterian denomination, in the room of the late Mr. John Wothorspoon.

WM. MURRAY,
President of the Shire.

BEAUFORT MECHANICS' INTITITUTE

FANCY FAIR.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Esq., of Stoneleigh,
Will open the above at 3 o'clock p.m., in the Golden Age Hall, on

MONDAY NEXT, 17th OCTOBER,

The Fair will be continued on Tuesday and Thursday.

MOST BRILLIANT AFFAIR
Of the kind ever held in Beaufort.

The Ladies will appear in Fancy Costumes!
Mr. J. McCRAITH, Musical Conductor.

On THURSDAY, the 20th,
The Celebration will wind up with a Grand
PLAIN and FANCY COSTUME SOCIAL.
Admission 6d; Refreshments, 6d.

JACKSON FAMILY
Will supply the music.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

Final Series of the Jubilee Excursions to Adelaide Exhibition.

On Fridays, 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th October, and 4th, 11th, and 18th November, a Jubilee Excursion train will leave Melbourne at 9.50 a.m., picking up passengers at Geelong, Ballarat, Ararat, Stawell, Murtoa, Horsham, Dimboola, Nhill, and Serviceton stations. The specials will reach Adelaide at 7.15 a.m. 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 Tuesdays, 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th October, and 1st, 8th, and 15th November, and will be available for return for 28 days. For instance, a ticket dated 7th October will be available for return up to and inclusive of the 3rd November. Passengers must return by one of the specials hereunder mentioned, and the journey cannot be broken either going or returning. Special trains will leave Adelaide at 9.45 a.m. on Thursdays, 13th, 20th, and 27th October, 3rd, 10th, 17th, and 24th November, and 1st, 8th, and 15th December. 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 fare. Passengers will also be booked at Kyneton, Castlemaine, Sandhurst, Echuca, Maryborough, Avoca, Portland and Hamilton for these excursions at the same fares and on the same conditions. Tickets issued at Kyneton, Castlemaine, Sandhurst, and Echuca will be available to Ballarat and Melbourne by ordinary trains on the Thursdays preceding the days of excursion, or from Kyneton by 6.15 a.m. to Melbourne on the Fridays. Tickets issued at Maryborough will be available by first up train on the same dates as the excursion to Ballarat, thence by special leaving at 1.52 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Tickets issued at Avoca will be available by the two last trains to Ballarat on the Thursdays preceding the days the special runs, thence by special at 1.52 p.m. Tickets issued at Portland and Hamilton will be available to Ararat by the first up train on days of excursion, thence by special leaving at 4.15 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Intending excursionists from stations other 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 such 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 specials to stations at which the trains stops; 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.

Marriage.

PARKINSON—COLLINS.—On the 12th October, at St. John's Church, Beaufort, by the Rev. C. M. Lowe, J. T. Parkinson, Victorian Railways, to Norah Collins, of Beaufort.

THE
Riponshire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

THE ratepayers of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon are called upon to exercise their privileges at the ballot on Thursday next, and choose for themselves a representative at the municipal council table in the room of the late Cr. John Wotherspoon, who for the past 19 years has represented them in an indisputably able manner. There are two candidates to choose from. It is not ours to make choice for the ratepayers. Both gentlemen, we believe, are very well known, and there is no reason to doubt that he whom the ratepayers believe to be the most able of the two to fill the vacancy will prove himself worthy of the confidence and trust reposed in him.

Three entrance prize tickets to the late Presbyterian bazaar are—First night, No. 63 takes 2nd prize; second night, No. 50 1st prize, No. 18 2nd prize. If these prizes are not claimed by 10 a.m. on Monday, they will be handed over to the Mechanics' fancy fair.

We would call the attention of all interested that in order to entitle the holders of miner's rights to vote at the election of members for the Ararat Mining Board in the early part of next year, renewals of rights now running out must be made three months previously. Those who are desirous of voting at the election in January are reminded that rights must be taken out at once.

At the meeting of the Board of Health held after the Shire Council meeting on Thursday, Dr. J. G. Scantlebury was appointed health officer for the east riding, vice Dr. Stewart (deceased). The only other application for the position was that of Dr. J. R. Hayes. Several health reports and unimportant correspondence was read and dealt with.

The Mechanics Committee advertise the opening of their fair on Monday afternoon at the Golden Age Hall. The ladies who are conducting the affair will appear in fancy costume, and arrangements have been made in a very complete manner. W. Lewis, Esq., of Stoneleigh, has kindly consented to open proceedings. Amongst the numerous excellent articles to be disposed of isa suite of furniture, which has been presented to the Committee, and some valuable and handsomely-framed pictures. We commend the object of this fancy fair to our readers, as one worthy the support of all classes. On Thursday evening, as announced in our advertising columns, a social will be held in the same hall, to wind up the Jubilee demonstration, tickets for which may be obtained on either night at the fair. The Jackson family have kindly volunteered their services in providing the music. Mr J. McCraith will conduct the arrangements for supplying music and singing at the fair each evening.

A pleasant and homely little wedding party repaired to St. John's Church on Wednesday, to witness the nuptials of a former resident of Beaufort, but now of Murtoa, and employé of the Railway department, Mr John T. Parkinson, and Miss Norah Collins, better known as the adopted daughter of Mr Wm Loft, of the Railway Hotel. The ceromony of uniting these two in the bonds of matrimony was performed by the Rev. C. M. Lowe. A feature of the ceremony was the appearance of the bride and bridesmaids. The former was costumed in dove-coloured cashmere with white plush to match the wreath and veil worn by the bride, and she looked very pretty. The bridesmaids were four in number. Miss M. Loft wore a dress of cream nuns veiling trimmed with satin, and Miss M. Baker was dressed in pink and cardinal. Two little children, Miss Eva and Miss Stella Baker, dressed in cream and blue, appeared to great advantage, and were very much admired. The wedding party after the ceremony drove back to the former home of the bride, where a sumptuous breakfast was laid out and partaken of with great gusto. A pleasant afternoon and evening passed away, and the happy pair departed by the midnight train amidst the enthusiastic exhibitions of the well wishes of their friends.

The vacant chair at the Shire Council table on Thursday last, which has been so long and ably filled by the late Cr. Wotherspoon, was draped in black, and all the Councillors and the officers of the council wore a badge of mourning on their left arm as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased. The council passed a minute recording their great sorrow at the loss the Council and district has sustained; and also decided to send a letter of condolence to the widow and family of their late brother councillor.

Messrs Agar Wynne, solicitor, of Ballarat, and Edward Morey, Linton Park, announce themselves in our columns to-day as candidates for the vacant seat in the Legislative Council, caused by the death of the Hon. T. Bromell, who represented the Nelson Province.

In another column Dr. T. C. Wright, advertises his specialties.

The Beaufort Rifle Competition commences to-day. For this first annual affair a considerable number of entries have been handed in for the Handicap events, in all upwards of 120, and Mr J. McKeich, the handicapper has performed his duty and placed the results of his work in the hands of Mr Wotherspoon, as they are not to be opened until after the competition is over. The fact of the Ararat Club having postponed their competition will probably cause a large number of entries for the post entry events. On Wednesday the teams competition will take place. There is a good entry, including the Rupanyup cracks, and the Ballarat Company. These teams with Beaufort gained places at Hamilton, and a certain amount of interest is manifested in the result of Wednesday's trial of skill. The whole of the week will be taken up with the competition.

We understand that in future where transfer of licenses for public houses are required, it will be necessary to give three months notice.

Tenders are invited by the Skipton Mechanics' Institute Committee for additions to their building. (See advertisement.)

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 150 oz; New Victoria, 30 oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, — ; Saxon Consols, 41 oz.

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 13th October, 1887 :—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Oct. 7	9	£1 12 0	£9 8 2
" 8	54	11 13 8	2 13 8
" 10	30	4 19 9	5 11 5
" 11	21	4 6 8	1 17 4
" 12	34	6 19 3	8 11 2
" 13	18	3 1 2	16 9 9
Totals	166	£32 12 6	£44 11 6

RIPONSHIRE COUNCIL.

Thursday, October 12th.

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

MINUTES.

The minutes of the statutory meeting, and the previous ordinary meeting were read and confirmed.

THE LATE CR. WOTHERSPOON.

Cr. Cushing moved that the President and Crs. Lewis, Thomas, and the mover, be appointed to draw up a minute having reference to the death of Cr. John Wotherspoon, and that the Council adjourn for a few minutes to enable them to do so. Cr. Oddie seconded the motion, which was carried, and the adjournment took place.

On resuming, the President moved "That this Council hereby records its profound sorrow at the death of Cr. John Wotherspoon. The many conspicuous services he has rendered the community as a councillor during the last nineteen years; the unvarying kindliness of his disposition; his assiduous attention to the interests of the shire; together with the cordial and generous relations he always maintained with his brether councillors, evokes this tribute of their personal esteem for his memory as a friend and brother councillor, and that a letter of condolence be written to the widow and family, embodying the foregoing sentiments, with the expression of the council's deep sympathy in the affliction which has befallen them."

Cr. Lewis seconded, and it was carried unanimously.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Chief Secretary's office stating that as it had been determined to obtain an authoritative decision as to the enrolment of holders of residence areas under miners rights or business sites under business licences as ratepaying electors under the Legislative Council Act 1881, the council were notified that the question previously asked in a circular was now withdrawn.—Received.

From E. Whiting, offering to undertake the care of the Park and other reserves &c., for the sum of 7s per week.—Referred to north riding members.

From shire of Waranga, stating that at a meeting of that Council it was decided to ask all council's to give the Cental System their earnest support, representing the district.—Co-operation granted.

From Beaufort Benevolent Society, forwarding balance sheet for year ending 20th June 1887.—Received.

From W. Dowsley, jun., Secretary Kara Kara Farmers' Federal Union, forwarding report of meeting held to discuss the subject of a "Bounty on Exported Wheat," and asking co-operation.—Received and to lay on table.

From Maffra Stock Tax Farmers' and Graziers' Protection Society, setting forth the resolutions of society, and asking council's opinion on the following points :—1. The necessity that exists for combination among farmers and graziers, so that their interests may have Legislative protection extended to them. 2. That the duty on stock be increased. 3. That the grazing and agricultural interests should assist each other through the period now approaching when Parliament will revise the tariff. Also intimating that a conference of delegates will be held shortly, and asking that a delegate may be appointed to that conference.—Received.

From the Victorian Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, asking for assistance to funds.—Received.

From B. Pamment, stating that it was impossible for him to pay the fine inflicted on him recently at the Court in Beaufort, for neglecting to destroy rabbits.

From George Wotherspoon, asking to have his name inserted in the ratebook for the property formerly occupied by the late Dr. Croker. Cr. Thomas moved, and Cr. Oddie seconded—That the alteration be made. Carried.

From Peter Grant, jun., again requesting attention to the portion of the Fiery Creek cutting from the crossing opposite Mr. John Ball's to Cuthbertson's Lane; stating that the council had promised to have it done this year.—Referred to north riding members, with power to act if they think necessary before next meeting.

From secretary Beaufort cemetery trustees, stating that is necessary for the president of the council to call a meeting to nominate a trustee, in the room of the late Mr. John Wotherspoon.—Received.

From Joseph Frusher, objecting to be charged 30s for water rates, as he had only two horses in use.—Referred to water committee.

From Public Works department, stating that Mr. J. H. Cole had been appointed Government auditor for the council for the year ending 30th September ultimo.—Received.

From Town of Footscray, asking co-operation of of council in protesting against the issue of free passes for life to ex-members of Parliament.—Cr. McKenzie moved that co-operation be given; and that a vote of thanks be tendered to the council for taking the matter up. Cr. Thomas seconded the motion, and would go further still, and include the abolition of free passes to members who travel on them to transact private business. Carried.

From Cuthbert and Wynne, enclosing certificate of title of land purchased from Mr. Calwell, transferred to council and Victorian Railway Commissioners.—Received.

From William Allen, Beaufort, asking for further time to pay his rates.—Received.

From Mrs. M. Rankin, Waterloo, making similar request.—Rates remitted, on motion of Cr. Thomas.

From Executive Committee of proposed Imperial Institute, requesting assistance, and asking president to allow his name to be added to the General Committee.—Received.

From Victorian Infant Asylum, forwarding report this year and requesting assistance.—Received.

From Shire of Caulfield, inviting co-operation of council in an endeavor to have clause inserted in the Amending Local Government Bill legalising within certain limits the stacking of road metal at the sides of the roads; also forwarding newspaper report of trial "Kennedy v. Shire of Caulfield," and counsel's opinion *re* appealing in such a case.—No action.

From Ballarat Benevolent Asylum and Lying-in-Hospital, making request for annual donation.—Received.

From J. H. Horwood, Castlemaine *re* road rollers and metallic finger post notices.—Received.

From Mr. McFadzean, *re* lighting at Skipton. Referred to East Riding members.

FINANCE.

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

President's allowance ...	£70 0 0
Salaries—Engineer	33 6 8
Secretary	20 0 0
Mrs. Taylor	1 15 0
Cr. Cushing, travelling expenses	2 2 0
W. G. Stevens	4 2 0
J. Tompkins, com. on weighbr'ge	1 12 6
Petty Cash...	6 2 2
Henningsen and Klunder ...	19 17 9
Beaufort Free Library ...	20 0 0
Wotherspoon Bros. and Co. ...	1 6 6
Rabbit Suppression	33 12 10
John Whitfield, surface man ...	17 3 4
Joe Whitfield, do.	9 0 0
W. McFarlane, do.	10 0 0
Josiah Pitcher	13 0 0
R. Gibson	10 0 0
M. Carrigan	17 10 0
Isaac Storey	10 0 0
J. Robertson	3 6 8
M. Muir, ...	10 0 0
M. Meehan	16 10 0
Henry Stuart	3 17 6
Richard Farley	12 19 11
John Owen	1 19 0
Peter Page...	5 0 0
Jas. Thompson	6 0 0
Hawkes Bros.	31 4 9
Neil McIntosh	3 10 0
Chas, Dunn	2 5 0
	£396 13 7

CONTRACT ACCOUNTS.

North Riding—R. Humphreys	£10 0 0
East Riding—Peter Page ...	30 0 0
" Walter Dunn ...	10 0 0

REPORTS.

The Engineer, Mr. Jackson, reported—That satisfactory progress is being made with the contracts now in hand. Tenders are invited, returnable this day, for a bridge at Raglan and other works in the north riding. With respect to the complaint of Mr Geoghegan, that Hehir Bros. have some roads fenced in in the parish of Trawalla, I find that the roads referred to are between Hehir's selections. One of them is a short road which terminates at an allotment, and is not required by the public; the other passes over steep ranges, and I am not aware that it has ever been used. Hehir's land has been fenced in as it is now for a great number of years. Hehir's lately applied to the council to have a fence of Geoghegan's removed that was in the way of traffic. Received and adopted.

Mr. McRae, the rabbit inspector, reported that the case against Mr. Pamment had resulted in defendant being fined L1, and L3 4s costs. After the case was over, defendant was informed that if he did not take active measures to destroy the rabbits within a fortnight, I would have to put men on. He failed to take advantage of the time allowed him; consequently three men were engaged on the 3rd inst. to do the work at his expense. Referring to Mr. N. Wilson's letter, complaining of rabbits on the Beaufort common, the council was informed that the inspector went to Trawalla station to see Mr. Wilson or his manager, but did not see either. On the 15th ult. he wrote to Mr. Wilson, asking him to send one of his men to point out the place he complained of, so that if necessary men could be put on to destroy the rabbits, but no reply was received. The inspector had been on the common several times, but could not see many rabbits on any portion of it; and on the 3rd, he accompanied the herdsman and examined the southern fringe of the common late in the evening, and saw only two rabbits. There are rabbits on the common, but so far as he could ascertain they were not numerous.—*Re* Pamment. Cr. Oddie said the very fact that this man had no means to pay the fine showed that he had no means to keep stock on the land. The Council were in possession of information that stock were grazing on the land, and it was patent that Pamment must be a medium for some one. He would like to know whether that stock could be seized under distress. He moved that legal advice be obtained respecting the case, and that Pamment be sued for expenses, and that the Government be requested to cancel the lease. This was seconded and carried. *Re* Mr. Wilson's complaint.—Cr. Cushing moved that a bonus of 30s per 100 be given for the scalps of rabbits killed the common; and that a statutory declaration be made by each party claiming the bonus that the rabbits were killed on the united common. Cr. Lewis seconded, and a long discussion ensued, several councillors speaking emphatically on the subject of the obligations of the managers of the commons to destroy the rabbits. The experiment of allowing the bonus should be tried, and the amount paid should be made a charge against the managers of the commons, and in the event of the managers repudiating their liability, application to be made to the Government to abolish the commons. The motion was agreed to.

The treasurer reported that at the conclusion of the financial year the council had a credit balance at the bank of L74 5s 9d, with assets in excess of liabilities amounting to L315 9s 10d. The rates received during the year are—General, L3132 13s; water, L219 4s 6d; leaving outstanding—North riding, L3; east, L3 10s; water rates, L3 10s. The north riding has exceeded its expenditure in the sum of L297 17s 4d; to meet this L100 is expected out of the next vote in aid of establishing parks and gardens. The east riding expenditure is L10 18s 10d in excess. The west riding, upon payment of L142 7s 6d due from Araratshire Council for works on boundary road, has a surplus of L235 4s 1d. The receipts for the year amount to L7527 7s 7d.—The report was received.

TENDERS.

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

NORTH RIDING.

Contract No. 438.—Building a timber bridge and making approaches by the Church, Raglan.

W. C. Pimsdett ... £76 18 0

Contract No. 439.—Making 16 chains of metal road, and other work on the east of Mount Callendar, Burrumbeet.

J. F. Watkin ... £130 0 0

Contract No. 440.—Making 20 chains of quartz road by Mrs. Miller's paddock, old Ararat road.

J. F. Watkin ... £136 10 0

NOTICE OF MOTION.

Cr. Thomas moved the resolution standing in his name that a proportionate reduction

The Riponshire Advocate.

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Poetry.

Dolly's Slipper.

Dolly's slipper with its rosette,
Once of blue—now faded gray,
In the attic grim I found it,
And I dragged it into day.
With its toe so pointed, taper,
And its dainty heel of leather;
Ah! no wonder swains would caper
Where the slippers danced together.

Where's its mate? That doesn't matter;
Half the world's as good's the whole.
You can't count a maiden's conquest
Gazing on a single sole.
Ah, me! fancies they engender
Dreams elysian of the olden
Past-tide when the hearts so tender
Melted into channels golden.

Here, the slipper, slim and dainty,
Half reveals the waltzes gay,
Though its rosette, once so pretty,
Now is faded, prosy gray.
Fifty years or so—no matter,
With its little mate a prancing
In a rhythmic sort o patter
O'er the waxen floor 'twas dancing.

Put the satin slipper, laddie,
'Mong the dust again to rest—
For, a cunning little mousie
In the toe has made its nest.
Long ago, no matter, matter,
Dainty trifle, cute and chipper,
With its mate it used to patter—
Dolly's was my mother's slipper.

Novelist.

DAYS OF CRIME AND YEARS OF SUFFERING.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

THE JUVENILE REFORMATORY.

The next morning I was taken before the governor, Captain Grooves, who told me he had heard a very unfavorable account of me from the chaplain, and asked me what I had to say for myself. I replied that I felt too nervous to reply to him as clearly as I wished, and I should therefore feel thankful if he would allow me to write a letter to him, that I might the better state what I had to urge in defence of my conduct. Paper was supplied to me that evening, and before I went to bed I had completed a long epistle to the governor, in which I had placed the whole matter fairly before him. I asked him to judge me by my conduct and general habits as observed by the officers. To be guided, in estimating a prisoner's character, by the clergyman's report of his religious demeanor, particularly when the prisoner was fully aware that his fitness or unfitness for any indulgence would be determined by it, was, I remarked, to hold out a premium for all kinds of hypocrisy. [illegible] quite of my way of thinking, for when he sent for me the next day he spoke very kindly to me, said he had read my letter very attentively, and finding from his inquiries that I was industrious and well-behaved, he would see what he could do for me.

The same afternoon I was removed to the juvenile reformatory ward, which was then an experiment in the prison. This ward was a very large pentagonal-shaped building, with accommodation for about three hundred boys. Four sides of the pentagon were fitted up with boxes very much resembling those seen in a London eating-house or coffee-room. Each box was for six boys, and a range or side of these boxes constituted a ward. Thus there were four wards, A, B, C, and D, each ward containing fifteen boxes, or "bays," as they used to term them. The fifth side of the pentagon was fitted up with writing-desks, at which the boys practised writing every evening. In each "bay" was a table with folding legs, which at night was placed upon the floor, and which during the day answered not only for feeding purposes, but served also as a shopboard for tailors. Along the whole length of each ward ran a couple of rails about a foot apart, and upon these, beautifully folded, was placed the bedding. This consisted of a hammock, two sheets, three blankets, a thin description of mattress, and a rainbow-colored nightcap. At night the hammocks were hung in double tiers in the bays, six in each. The furniture of each bay consisted of a pewter pot, a wooden platter, a knife, a spoon, and a towel for each boy. There were also three slates, a saltcellar, and a few books, all of which were arranged very tastefully upon a shelf at the end of the bay. In the centre of the ward was placed an elevated platform, from which an officer could survey the whole room.

On being conducted into the room I had again to go through the bathing performance, after which I was attired in a suit of grey clothes, cut in quite a military fashion. I was then told off to D ward, and belonged to No 3 Bay. A highly-polished brass badge was given me, upon which was inscribed D15; and, sinking my name, I had always to answer to this number.

Let me place before you, my patient reader (for you *are* patient if you read all this), one day's existence in the juvenile ward, and in the picture you will have a very fair representation of what it was for a year.

We arose at six o'clock in the morning, and, after washing, were employed from that time until eight in cleaning the bays and polishing the ward floor with beeswax. At eight we had breakfast, which consisted of three-quarters of a pint of cocoa and an eight-ounce loaf of white bread. We then were ranked up in double file in front of our respective wards, and inspected; and woe betide the boy who bore about him any mark of untidiness or want of cleanliness. After inspection the Rev. Mr. P. read the morning prayer, and expounded some portion of scripture. At half-past nine we commenced our work—either as shoemakers or tailors—and worked away until twelve. We were then ranked up, one of the boys was called out to say grace, and dinner was served. This was not always the same—sometimes a kind of thick stodge, sometimes rice pudding, sometimes meat and potatoes—but there was always plenty, at least I thought so, although there were boys who craved for more. At one o'clock we were taken out into the garden of the prison—or, I ought to say, the grounds—and we were there drilled. This lasted until two, and from that hour until five we worked at our sewing or shoemaking. Then followed supper—sweet gruel and six ounces of bread. We then had a wash, smartened ourselves up, got the school forms out from the lavatory, and arranged them properly, and by six were quietly seated in classes awaiting the arrival of the schoolmasters. There were five of these attended the juveniles, and painstaking men they were, too. A Mr. Maunders was the instructor of my class. He was a good mathematical and classical scholar, and I owe much to the pains which he took in teaching me. He made me a present of a Hunter's *Virgil*, and also lent me Hutton's *Mathematics*. Once a week either the chaplain or one of the schoolmasters was accustomed to deliver a lecture upon some subject which was named a week before. Before the lecture commenced the lecturer would call upon some boy to ascend the platform and tell the others all he knew about the subject, and after the conclusion of it any boy might give an opinion or ask any question. There were about three of us who used to read up for these lectures, and sometimes when we were called upon before the lecture we did not leave much for the lecturer to tell afterwards. The school was excellently conducted, and, mentally speaking, I owe much to it.

At a quarter before nine prayers were read by one of the schoolmasters, and a hymn sung by the boys; by nine we were all snug and quiet in our hammocks.

Thus passed the days in the juvenile reformatory ward of Millbank prison; and most likely, as the reader revolves the system in his mind, he will be inclined to pronounce it as one well calculated to have a reclaiming effect.

There may perhaps be about my own views of institutions of this kind a certain degree of morbidness, and so they must not pass for more than they are worth. I read over my own brief description of the place, and I find there is nothing in it but what strikes one as favorable. The whole seems to make up a perfect system. The treatment is mild, the training judicious, the moral and mental influences precisely what they ought to be. But, despite of all these things, I fear, as I look back and call to mind all that came to my knowledge—when I search beyond external and keep into the inner life of that youthful company—when I see at work influences beyond the ken of official vision—when, in short, I see each acting on each, not for good but for evil—I fear, I say, that the juvenile ward was in no sense a reformatory. At the time I entered the ward it contained 270 boys, none of whom were under sixteen and none over twenty. These with a few exceptions, were regularly trained thieves. Neglected by their parents, and in some instances, encouraged by them in their depredations, they had lived all their lives without the pale of all wholesome influences; and as they repeated to each other their various experiences in crime, and taught the language and mysteries of their own particular vocations, this intercommunication increased their guilty knowledge, and stimulated them to greater degrees of wickedness.

There were six boys in my bay (self included), and as far as my memory serves me I will give a sketch or two of them. D 11 was a Birmingham boy, eighteen years of age, but did not look more than sixteen. His parents belonged to the republic of thievedom. To speak in his own language his father made "shrofell," and his mother and himself used to "smash" it. That is to say his father made counterfeit coin, and he and his mother put it into circulation. He had been at this "racket" since he was eight years old, and a fine "lay" it was too. He had travelled all over Warwickshire with his mother, and some weeks got rid of ten pounds' worth of "smash." He had been in prison twice before, and so at last they had dished him up with seven-pennorth. He got lagged all owing to having a bad memory. Thus it was. He had once in Coventry passed some bad money, "rung the double changes," at a tobacconist's shop. He explained what this was. He first called for a bundle of cigars, and threw down on the counter a *good* sovereign, out of which payment was to be taken. The tobacconist gave him in change half a sovereign and the residue in silver. Palming the good half sovereign he threw a bad one down on the counter and said, "I don't like the look of this, give me another," varied sometimes with a request that all the change should be given in silver. Three years afterwards he again paid a visit to this shop, and was going through the same process (forgetting he had been there before), and thus was arrested, and a quantity of bad money found upon him; and thus, through having a bad memory, he was "lagged."

D 12 had no mother. His father lived in a court in Westminster, and sold baked potatoes for a living. He had never been sent to school, and used to play with other boys in the street. He used to pilfer anything eatable that he could sneak from the shops, and at last was sent to gaol for three months. He was discharged with another boy who was older than himself, and who had been doing a sentence for lob-sneaking (stealing a till). The two went together, and they got a "lob" the first night with £4 in it. When this was spent they did a little in the area-sneaking business, and followed this for six months without detection. At last D 12 was "nabbed" just as he was emerging from a baker's shop with the till under his arm. That time he was sentenced to a year. A week after his release he was again detected stealing some boots from a shop door, and upon conviction was sentenced to two years. After serving this sentence he joined in a burglary, and being afterwards arrested and convicted for the crime, was transported for two years.

D 13 was a real professor of appropriative science, and was possessed of great versatility of talent. He couldn't recollect the time when he didn't know how to thieve. His whole family repudiated such fanciful things as virtue and honesty. His father was known as "Ned the Cracksman," and was not unfamiliar with the interior of Newgate, although, as I was exultingly assured, "they had never got him to rights yet." His mother was clever at "hoisting" (shop-lifting), but had latterly been unfortunate, and was rusticating for a year in Coldbath-field House of Correction. As for D. 13 himself, he could turn his hand to anything. He had been twice previously convicted. He was eighteen, good-looking, and intelligent, but altogether illiterate. Now, however, he can read and write, and was hand-cuffed to me an hour ago. In short, he is in the next cell, under sentence of twelve years for an extensive store robbery.

D 14 and D 16 were brothers, and both well educated lads. Their friends were respectable, and lived on an independent income, somewhere in the Kingsland-road. The two boys were both, on leaving school, placed in a mercantile house; and having got into fast company they had at first embezzled, and afterwards forged, to the extent of some hundreds of pounds, to support them in their extravagances. Most of the money had been lost gambling. They were under sentence of seven years. They came out with me to Melbourne; one keeps a store at Bendigo, and the other is doing a sentence at Pentridge for uttering a forged cheque.

Fancy an assemblage composed of nearly three hundred such promising youths as these: fancy the interchange of thought and experience, the stories related, the crimes related, the crimes extolled, and the emulation begotten; fancy each individual mind becoming imbued with the collective wickedness of the whole; and then wonder, if you like, why the juveniles of Millbank Reformatory were not reformed.

I was at Millbank altogether about sixteen months, during which only one circumstance occurred that is prominent enough to be recorded.

One day at drill I attempted to pass to a boy who, for misconduct, had been deprived of his dinner, my loaf of bread. This was observed by one of the officers, and I was immediately ordered to fall out of the ranks. This I did, and the officer advanced to search me. I had Ellen Lee's locket round my neck, and remembering this, instead of standing to be searched I ran off as fast as I could. I succeeded in hiding the locket near the prison burial-ground, and then I returned back to the officer. For this offence I had to undergo three days' solitary confinement in the dark cell with bread and water diet. As I knew I should be able to recover my locket, the punishment did not much trouble me.

Before I had completed the three days the governor visited me, and expressed his surprise that a boy who was so generally well conducted should have acted as I had done.

I said I would explain my conduct to him if he would have the patience to listen. He consented to hear what I had to say, and I told him the whole story of Ellen Lee and the locket; told him what a good kind girl girl she was; how dear she was to me in memory; and how greatly I valued the little memento she had given me of her affection in the dark prison of Newgate.

Well, he was the governor of a prison, but he was, nevertheless, human, and perhaps when young had loved himself; and so, forgiving me the residue of my solitary punishment, he accompanied me to the prison burial ground, and gave me formal possession of my locket.

I think I said a prayer that night, and in it asked God to bless Captain Groves, the governor of Millbank prison.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OLD SETTLER.

"Peleg" said the Old Settler, as he filled his pipe after supper and dragged the splint-bottomed rocking chair out on the verandah for a quiet smoke, "run over to the 'squire's an' see if his folks has got through with their las' week's Clarion Blast o' Freedom yit. Seems to me it takes em' a good w'ile to read that paper through. I sent over fer it yisterday, an' they sent back word they was readin' on it theirselfs yit. It'll be time for nex' week's paper to git aroun' 'fore I have a squint at wa'at were goin' on las' week if the squire's folks hold on to that paper much longer. I never see how selfish some folks is. Run over, Peleg, an' see if they're through with it, an' if they can't send it this time, they kin keep their ol' paper for all o' me. Run along, Peleg."

Little Peleg put on his hat and started. He was about climbing the garden fence to make a short cut to the 'squire's when his grandfather called him.

"Hey, Peleg!" he called. "Hol' on a minute. Come here."

Peleg came back. The Old Settler took a few vigorous puffs on his pipe and then said:

"Yer gran'mamm's gone to 'xperience meetin,' hain't she?"

Peleg said she had, and his grandfather said: "All right," and Peleg started once more for the garden fence. But the Old Settler called him back again. After a few more vigorous puffs at the pipe and a cautious glance into the kitchen, the Old Settler said, in a low and confidential tone:

"I—I s'pose ye don't know whar yer gran'mammy keeps that air—that air bottle o' rum an' snake root o' her'n, do ye?"

Peleg said he didn't' and his grandfather told him to go on after the paper. When Peleg had mounted the fence, the Old Settler knocked the ashes out of his pipe, dragged his chair back into the kitchen, and lighted a lamp. Then he put on his spectacles, took the lamp, and went into the pantry. He looked along the shelves, felt behind two or three big platters that were slanted on a shelf against the wall, took down a ketchup bottle, smelt of it and put it back, looked behind the door and in all the corners, and came out into the kitchen apparently disappointed. He thought a moment and then hurried to the tall old clock that ticked solemnly in the corner. He opened the clock and examined the interior. Disappointment evidently met him there. Then he opened the drawer in the kitchen table, looked carefully into it and shut it with a slam. The bedroom off then attracted his attention. He went in, rummaged through all the bureau drawers, looked under the bed, and came out again with disgust mingled with disappointment on his face. Then he sought the sitting-room and the spare bedroom, examined every nook and corner, and came back into the kitchen looking very hot and mad. He put the lamp down on the table, threw himself with a snort into his chair, and at last said:

"I guess M'riar's afeered th't burglars 'll bore their way in here some evenin' an' walk away with that bottle o' durn bitter stuff o' her'n. They'd hef to want sumpin' to drink pooty bad if they did. I never see, b'gosh, how s'picious some folks is. 'Specially women."

Just then little Peleg came in with the paper from the 'squire's.

"Wall," said the Old Settler, "they made up their minds at las' to let ye have it, did they?"

"Yes," replied Peleg, "but Aunt Peggy said that maybe you hadn't never thought of subscribing to the paper yourself as being a good way to get the news when it was fresh."

"'Scribin' to it!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "'Scribin' to it! W'y, didn't I usety 'scribe to it? Didn't I 'scribe to it jis' to help the feller along th't started it? An' didn't he sen' me a bill fer eight shillins 'bout a year arterw'ds, an' say he'd be obleeged if I'd drop in we'en I came to town an' settle, or sen' it down by a neighbor? That's w'at I done, an' that's w'at he done. Wall, I jis' sent word to the ongrateful chap th't we'en I 'scribed for his paper jis' to help him along I 'sposed he 'prec'ated it, an' th't I wa'n't use to no setch doin's ez his. I tol' him to stop sendin' his paper to me immejitly an to wunst, ez I wouldn't have his ornery sheet in my house. An' I hain't took it sence, an' I wouldn't compermise myself by takin' it nuther. Peleg, w'en a man don't 'preciate his friends ez want to help him along the sooner he quits the better. W'at's in the paper, sonny? Open it up and preceed. Has they b'en any Injin fights lately?"

Peleg sat down and opened the paper.

"Look for Injin fights fust, Peleg," said the Old Settler.

Peleg glanced over the paper, and his eye fell on a column headed "Deadly Work in the Wild West."

"That's it!" exclaimed the old settler. "That's Injins!"

Then Peleg read about some peaceful settlements on the frontier, and how the terrible cyclones had swept down upon them, killin' men, women and children, destroying their houses, and even carrying little children away before their dying parent's very eyes.

"The darned scoundrels!" exclaimed the Old Settler, greatly excited. "Injins is the terriblest critters ez ever roamed on the face o' the 'arth, takin' 'em all together; but I've allus said th't that Cycloon tribe was the darndest on 'em all! I only wish I were this goverment 'bout a week! If I wouldn't send a lot o' sojers out thar tha'd wipe ev'ry red devil of a Cycloon offen this mortal globe in less time th'n it'd take me to tell it; then I'd go out thar' an' let 'em chaw me, b'gosh, bones, boots, an' buttons, dod durn em! Wa't else is th' startlin' Peleg?'

Little Peleg read column after column, until he began to get hoarse and wanted to stop.

"Wall, all right," said his grandfather; "but give us the Sugar Swamp jottins fust. Le's see w'ats goin' on in the Sugar Swamp deestric."

So Peleg turned to the "Jottings from Sugar Swamp" and read them through. The principal items were that Simeon Shortlip's heifer had given birth to three calves, all alive and healthy; Obadiah Frazier's tame bear had choked to death on a turnip, and Jacob Pindibble had blasted a big white oak stump, and, besides blowing the stump had uncovered a den of snakes, out of which came one-hundred and three big black snakes, ninety-three rattlesnakes, forty-seven copperheads and so many ordinary every-day snakes that Pindibble couldn't count 'em.

"Them calves I b'lieve is a lie," said the Old Settler, "an' 'ez fer the tame b'ar, that's a 'tarnal shame. Thar's that Obe Frazier, a big, strappin' six footer of a bushwhacker, the very sight of him bein' enough to skeer, a decent b'ar inter the wust kind of conniptions, yit he's act'ally afeered to go inter the woods alone, 'cause he says he mowt run foul of a big b'ar an' be chawed up, an' his family mowt suffer. But las' spring he comes onter a little bit of a cub a-whinin' in a holler log, waitin' fer its mammy to come back an' give it sumpin' to eat. W'at does Obe do? He gathers up the cub an' cuts his sticks on the double quick fer home, an' ez he happened to ketch a ride with a lightnin'-rod peddler that had a rattlin' good hos, he throwed the ol' b'ar ofen the scent an' gits home with the cub all hunkey. Now, if he'd only jist left that cub whar it were, the chances is that it mowt had growed up to be a tearer, an' some o' the boys mowt ha' run ag'in it an' had a bully ol' rassel with it. But no. Obe yanks the onpertected cub to his cabin, chains it to a pole, an' raises it to be a durn ornery' no-'count ba'r, that 'stid o' comin' to an' end ez'd ha' did it an' its fam'ly credit, setch ez gittin' a knife in its gullet of an ounce or two o' lead in its gizzard, it turns up and dies ez the fool dieth, by chokin' to death on a turnip. Obe Fraser orter be prosecuted! He had, b'gosh!"

"Ez to them snakes," continued the Old Settler, after a pause, "knowin' the Sugar Swamp deestric' ez well ez I do, I should say th't Jake Pindibble must ha' ben short o' sumpin, to do, to go an' make a talk over setch a insignif'cant find o' snakes ez that. Jeewhizz! W'en I were a boy, and lived in that deestric,' I didn't think nothin' o' goin' outan—but, pshaw! Wa's the use o' talkin'? Th' hain't no snakes no more."

"Oh, yes, there is, grandpop!" said Peleg. "Me an' Bill Simmons seen three big ones down 'long the creek yesterday, and Bill says he knows where there's a heap of 'em."

"He does, hey?" replied Peleg's grandfather, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone. "Wall, does he happen to know whar he kin clap his eyes on a drill-tailed egg-spitter? Did Bill Simmins mention anything 'bout no-'count sarpints o' that name in that c'lection o' his'n?"

"N-no," said Peleg, opening his eyes wide. "He didn't say anything about it, but he says he knows a snake that milks cows and carries the milk in a bag that hangs from his neck, and takes it around and peddles it to other snakes that like milk but can't milk cows. Bill's going to show me that snake some day."

This seemed to stagger the Old Settler for a moment, and he looked uneasy. But he recovered himself and said:

"Bill knows whar thuz one o' them baggy-necked milk peddlers, does he? Wall, Bill's an obsarvin' boy, but I'm afeared he's a follerin' pooty clus in his daddy's footsteps, an' the fust thing he knows he'll l'arn to lie. His daddy, ol' Jake Simmons, fit shy o' the truth till his dyin' day.

"But them drill-tail egg spitters, they was a sarpint th't Sugar Swamp deestric' were proud on w'en I were a boy. They was a tol'able curious snake, an' I don't see w'at people could ha' been thinkin' on to let their breed die out, 'cause they was a useful part o' nat'ral sixty years ago. But 'tain't likely thur ez much ez a dried skin o' one left in the bull deestric'.

"The drill-tailed egg-spitter didn't brag much on his height, but w'en it comes down to heft he alluz ockypied a front seat at the show. That is, 'specially the he-male. These snakes was fixed up by natur' in a curious way. Ye know, Peleg, th't in the honey-bee fam'ly thuz the queen, the drone, and the worker bee. Now these drill-tail egg-spitters was cut out by natur' in pooty much the same way, 'cept th't they didn't have no drone. Not much they didn't. They had the he-male, the she-male, and the worker. The he-male had the drill-tail, the she-male had the egg-spitter, an' the worker he jist worked. To make this int'restin' lectur' in nat'ral hist'ry plain an' simple, I'll call the feller the drill snake, the she un the spitter snake, an' the worker'll come under his proper name o' worker snakes.

"The drill snake, Peleg were not over two foot long. He were two inches an' a half through, an' the same size all the way down, like a round stick o' wood. The head were 'bout the shape of an' ol'-fashioned flat turnip, an' weighed two poun's. In the middle o' the tail end, which were cut square off, just like a round stick o' wood is sawed off, th' were fitted a drill mebby six or seven inches 'ong, an' an inch thick where it were fastened to the snake, an' tapered off to a tol'able sharp p'int. Six inches or so of the tail end o' the snake were got up on the plan o' one o' these twisted springs that ye kin push way down ez flat ez a sasser, almost, but w'ich jumps up ag in quicker'n a powder flash w'en ye let go of it. The drill snake were about the color of a fifty-year-ol' barn ez hadn't never been painted. So ye kin see, Peleg, th't this sarpint wa'n't ez pooty ez a pictur' more'n he did on his height. W'at he bragged about were his uncommon git-up an'-git.

"The spitter snake didn't seem to hev many p'tic'lar p'ints 'bout her ez fur ez ye could see, 'ept th't she were jist ez purty ez her ol' man were humly. But her innard arrangements was a leetle differ'nt from them o' any other sarpint ez had manag'd to 'scape from the ark with Noar, for 'stid o' layin' her eggs like common ord'nary snakes does, she fetched 'em up like a cow does her cud, an' spit'em out. Then w'en she travelled she alluz got herself up in the shape of a letter S, an' went sailin' along ez pooty ez a swan a swimmin', an' kinder puttin' ye in mind o' one, too.

"The worker snake o' this curious sarpint fam'ly were a dandy. Peleg, I only wisht I'd a thort fur enough ahead w'en I were a boy, an' I'd a keep a speciment o' this snake jist to show to you, so ye could see w'at funny things natur usety to th't she don't seem to care a durn 'bout doin' nowadays. It'd a pleased ye, I know, an' I'm consarned sorry. Wall, the worker snake were a dandy. It were built on the plan of a shingle ez to thickness, but its tail was roundin', like an eel's. The worker snake was probably six inches wide, flat an' smooth on top, but roundin' on the bottom. W'en it travelled it didn't wriggle itself along with a sideways wriggle like other snakes but got over the ground by an up an' down kinkin' of itself th't were amazin' to see. The worker were nigh onto three feet long. Its head came to a sharp p'int like the bow of a boat. A few inches back from the head end sumpin' th't looked like a thin piece o' bone, mebbe three inches high an' four or five wide, 'pearred to raise up onten the worker snake's back. That was bone, but it wa'n't fast to the back. Runnin' from the middle o' the under edge o' that thin plate o' bone, an' fastened to it, were a roun' piece o' sumpin' th't looked like a lead pencil, only 'twere bigger. That disappeared in the worker snake right at the shoulder. Pooty soon ye'll see, Peleg, wa't that apparatus were for.

"'Long in the last o' April was the time th't this fam'ly o' sarpints got ready for their season's hatchin'. Then ye'd see the drill snake, pickin' out their ground. W'en that were foun' to suit em, the drill snake'd stiffin hisself like an axe handle, gave hisself a spring up in the air, and come down with his drill straight in the groun' and to its full length. As he struck, the weight of his head 'd drive the spring at his tail end down flat, but in the tenth of a second it 'd fly up to its place agin. That'd throw the drill snake up in the air, an' he'd sail ahead mebbe ten foot, w'en down he'd come ag'in, an' drill another hole, fly up agin', an' so on, ez long ez he wanted to. Wall, follerin' right along arter the drill snake come the spitter snake, twisted in her pooty letter S shape. She'd sail up to the fust hole her ol' man had drilled, stop for a second, shoot her head down to the hole an' spit an egg inter it. Then away she'd go to the nex' hole. I forget to tell ye that she had three egg chambers. One of 'em held the egg th't hatched the drill snake, one held the spitter snake eggs, an' the third the worker snake eggs—cause, ye see, they had to kep up sure supply o' each kind o' snake. In one hole she'd spit one kind o' egg, another kind in the next, and t'other kind in the next, or all three to wunst in one hole, if she wanted to. An' so she'd go on follerin' the drill snake ez he went leapin' over the country, peggin' holes in the ground for her to spit in.

"Followerin' the spitter snake come the worker snake, churnin' its way along fast an' easy. It'd stop at the fust hole the spitter had been at, an' then ye'd see sumpin' funny. That sheet o' thin bone'd raise up from the worker's back, an' ye'd see th't w'at I said looked like a lead pencil were a handle fast to the bone, an' worked on a hinge at the snake's shoulder, an' ye'd see at wunst th't the hull business were ez complete a hoe an' handle ez anyone could whittle out. Well, Peleg, the worker would throw that little hoe ahead of itself, an' it'd strike the groun' on t'other side of the hole. Then the worker'd hump itself a little, an' pull the dirt back with the hoe, an' kivver up the egg th't had been spit in thar, an' it were pertected the slickest kind, an' could go right on a hatchin'. Then the worker'd foller on to the next hole an' the next jest ez long as the driller ad' the spitter thort best to keep up the plantin'. Mustn't that ha' been a sight, Peleg?"

"Yes, gran'pop," replied little Peleg, with bulging eyes; "but what did they make the worker snake so flat for?"

"Xzac'ly," said the old Settler. "Xzac'ly, I know'd ye'd ast me that, Peleg. I'll tell ye why the worker were flat. Natur' don't make no mistakes. Ye see the drill snake were so heavy th't he couldn't swim, an' its often happened in their journeys 'roun' the country th't they had to cross rivers an' ponds. It were part o' the duties o' the worker snake to take the driller aboard of itself an' ferry him over to t'other side, an' that were the reason the worker were built that way. The hoe layin' on its back at them times made a bully sail, an' helped the worker on its voyages amazin'.

"Now this fam'ly o' sarpints were ez docile ez elephants, an' ez harmless as ginger pop. My poor ol' father struck an idee one day th't he see a good labor-savin' machine in them snakes, and he ketched a fam'ly o' young uns an' trained 'em. The neighbors hardly believed it the next spring, w'en they come to our clearin' an' see a driller snake, an' a worker snake just more th'n drillin', an' droppin' an' kiverin' corn in one of our fields. My ol' dad had teached 'em to do it. All he had to do, arter the sarpints see w'at were 'spected of 'em, were to fill the spitter snake's egg chambers with corn an' start 'em out, an' away they'd go. They could drill, drop, an' kiver more corn ground in one day, than ten men could in a week. I don't see w'at in the world they ever let setch a race o'—but sh-h-b! Peleg! Here's yer granmammy!"

"But Peleg was asleep, and when Maria came in the Old Settler was deep in the columns of the Clarion Blast of Freedom.

A TIGRESS TAMED.

(Concluded.)

And, now, Nina had made a brilliant marraige, and would not be civil to an old friend! There were not only the letters, thought Jeanne, as she sat tapping her feet on the fender, there were stories one could recall. Nina had not been one of the quiet girls at the seminary; none of her class at the seminary had been very quiet. Those letters she certainly should not have for money—at any rate, not just yet; a determination which, Jeanne, having formulated it, she emphasized with a dainty little kick at the fire shovel. This proved an incautious movement, and, with a little grimace of pain, she returned to her book, treasure trove at a shop in Lisle Street.

At that moment Adolphe, the senior gargon of the establishment, gave one of his discreet raps at the door. An invaluable creature, Adolphe—he had been captain of the waiters at the Continental until he was detected in some little irregularities, and he adored Mme. de Legaspe and her gowns; she gave a tone to the hotel, as he remarked to Brunox.

"A gentleman to see madame; no card, but a person of distinction."

"I will see him," said Jeanne, rearranging herself; back to the window, firelight striking the side of her face. Her profile was her strong point, and she never neglected a detail of that sort.

Archibald Brooke entered the room. Adolphe closed the door, and Jeanne rose at once with an air at once gracious and dignified.

"Madame de Legaspe?"

"Monsieur's memory for faces, must be much better than mine—or else I do not know him. And mine is excellent"

"It is to remedy the misfortune of which you accuse me that I present myself to you—Archibald Brooke."

"Mr Brooke—Brooke? Ah, I think I know now; it is the nephew, you are from Nina, you are of the house of Tutt-Maxted! This is, indeed a distinction."

"The honor is mine, madame."

That is the obeisance of a diplomatist. "And you come with a mission; is it not so?"

"If I had come with a thousand, I should have forgotten them in your presence."

"Oh, *les fleurettes!* You are not a true Englishman, you are too amiable—or too adroit. How is dear Nina, and the pretty Ruth—the young lady of the millions? You should make your speeches to her?"

"They are both quite well."

"She is a good girl, the pretty Ruth. Marry her, Mr. Brooke. Our dear Nina, she is a feather-head but Miss Payson is one of the angels. Now, tell me what you want, and we will be pleasant afterwards."

"I want to acquire the privilege of counting myself among your friends."

"You do not like to come to the point! Let me help you. Dear Nina wants something; dear Nina could not get it, and she has coaxed you to be her ambassador. Have you come with your pockets full of money? I am greedy, oh, how greedy I am! Did she tell you that?"

"On the contrary, she told me that you despised money."

"She always did tell fibs, Mr. Brooke. Since the seminary! But this time, perhaps, she is right, or half right. I want money; what woman has not wanted money since dear Eve left the garden? But from Nina, no—or, rather, yes; money from Nina with pleasure, but not what Nina wants in exchange for the money."

"My dear Mme. Legaspe you are so very direct!"

"Ah, that is my nature, unhappily. You do not know me yet, Mr. Brooke. Since I was a child, gathering wild flowers in the shadows of the Pic du Midi de Begorri, I have been always too frank."

"That is a virtue, madame—you confess to a good quality. In your face I see only the most charming characteristics. See how I am crippled. I come with a mission; you have already divined that fact; you possess the insight, as well as the charm of an enchantress, and I am discouraged at finding you perfection, and, therefore, unassailable. I see you have the 'Calandrier de Venus' in your hand, and it tells us that 'on possede les femmes par leur defauts, rarement par leur qualities.' See how helpless I am."

"You read Uzanne! Then we must be friends. Let us be candid. Of course you have come to offer me money. No, *No*, No!! Now, try your next card. Is it to be a nine? Will you take the line I have indicated before—will you make Nina welcome me to the Towers of Tutt Maxted? No, I see you will not. Now what can you do? The law? No—it will not help you. Force? That is the last resort. Here are the letters—in this bag. So. I will not even put it back in my jewel-case. But Brunox, Brunox, the man of the hotel, Brunox, of the Commune; you would never get out of the house with the letters—he is like your bull-dog. What a neck has Brunox. Now the force?"

"Force, my dear madame, against so charming a lady!"

"Bah! When you English are tiger-hunting you do not inquire the sex of the tiger. I am a wild animal—you want my fur. Get it."

"When I say that I could not use force, you defy me to do so. And yet you say I could not pass this terrible Brunox of your's."

"Try!"

"Ah, madame, I fear your eyes more than your Brunox. I could not attack a lady—how then could I be sacrilegious enough to molest a goddess?"

"What an Englishman! He has the *Calendrier de Venus* by heart, and he is so polite—he is the poet of diplomacy. Kiss my hand! I will permit that much *galanterie* to you; it is right that you should not go away without something for your trouble."

"I am the happiest of men. To have seen madame was a delight, to have touched her hand will be imperishable memory."

"Are you going to marry the excellent Ruth?"

"You should ask her whether she is going to marry me—the presumption is that every man wants to marry every woman. You see you must go to her."

"Since you are so accomplished, perhaps you speak Spanish—I am half a Spaniard, Mr. Brooke, and the Spanish say 'Quien tiene boca, no diga á otro, Sopla!'"

"But I am occupied in making a suit to you."

"Make it."

"That is a fine ruby you wear."

"Yes. And you think I want some more? I do. There is a set in Prout's window in Bond Street at which I gaze every morning."

"And they do not tempt you?"

"No. You want my terms?"

"Yes."

"Answer me a question, and I will state them. Have you proposed to Ruth yet?—on your honor!"

"No."

"Then you have not kissed her. I know her. She keeps her kisses in the bank. What interest must be accumulating. And you will take the whole, eh! Well, my first condition is this, that you kiss me once before you kiss Miss Ruth."

"A prelibation! Certainly."

"No, no, monsieur, no now; not until you fulfil the second condition."

"If it is like the first——"

"It is a still stranger one. Mr. Brooke, you think I am a rapacious monster, that I think always of money. Well—I have chased money very hard—in all sorts of ways; I am not like your Miss Ruth, born rich. But I have done with all that. I have enough—I am going to rest—to forget. It was to vex Nina I have persisted in keeping this. There is an old grudge—I do not love Nina. But you, you please me, I will be amiable. I don't want any money, thank you. But I will try you a little. When I told you that if you seized the letters from Brunox would be in your way, you smiled. I don't care. It is not Brunox with whom I want you to fight, it is with me! Let it be a combat of our wits. If you seized the letters now, Brunnox would come. But if you can get the letters away from me without that, you may have them. It is not that I want you to take them by force—it is that I want you to prove that you could. Explain to me how you could avoid a collission with Brunnox if I saw you move toward me, and cried? You see, I lose nothing. I ask you to show that you can get the best of me; if you can I will give you the letters. It is a truce now, while we are settling the conditions of the combat. When that is done, you begin. Outwit me, and my terms are complied with. You must take the bag without anyone getting in your way. I need not say that you are not to hurt me, I have no fear of that. Now—the truce is at an end. The bell is near my hand—and you can do nothing!"

"Very well, that is the agreement. But I want you to see some other rubies, far better than Prout's. They are in Johnson and Carter's window, in South Audley Street. Desert Prout's to-morrow, and see if these others do not tempt you."

"Is it an appointment you wish. Fi, monsieur! Never make an appointment of that sort with a lady. It is compromising; and needless when she is ready to receive you at her own apartments. As for me, I shall be charmed always. After all, I don't suppose you could rob me in the open street. I will be there at noon, then, and look at them; and you shall buy me a locket, and put some of dear Nina's hair in it."

"May I approach you to say good-bye?"

"Oh, yes; there is the bell."

"*Au revoir*, madame."

"*Au revoir*, monsieur."

* * * * *

Archibald Brooke went to his club, and there found Captain Arbuthnot, a delightful old gossip, who knew everything about everything about everybody, and would dine with the devil if he could order the dinner himself and eat it outside. Brooke dined him nobly, astounded him with the audacity of a Chateau-briand smothered in sauce Beckamel parmesaned, and then browned for a moment; and over their liqueurs said:

"By the way, remember that man Kynaston?—went to the bad—driving a cab, isn't he?"

Arbuthnot dropped his chin, by way of assent, and wondered, a trifle uneasily, how that filet was going to digest.

"Where could I find him, think?"

"Don' know," and the captain considered whether a second drop of Caragoa mandarin would be advisable—heartburn or indigestion.

"I was in same form with him! decent sort."

"Used t' see him good deal at Turf Club; dam' fool; always stood on five—kill any man's luck. If you don't pray you won't get—that's Bible an' cards, too."

"Yes. I wanted to ask him 'bout something."

"'Bout that Martin gel? Went to Belgium. Nice little davel."

"No. Forgotten her."

"Tell you, Brooke, commissionaire at door there extra'orny chap. Was in my comp'ny Crimea. Great hand to keep track people."

"I'll ask him. Nice curagoa that!"

"Yes. Balfour got it on list. Discovered it 't Rome—Spillman's shop.'

"Good man on a house committee, Balfour. Excuse me now won't you? See you soon; good night." And Brooke made for the door, succeeded in refreshing the commissionaire's memory, learned what yard Kynaston got his cab from, and set off to the place. He was lucky enough to find his man, just backing his night horse into the shafts.

"Kynaston, is that you?"

"My name's Smith. Who the devil are you?"

"Archie Brooke. What's the use of being rusty?"

"Oh, it's you, eh? First time I've heard my name in a year."

"Thought I'd look you up—the fact is, Kynaston, I want you to do me a favor."

"Want me to back a bill for you? Late in the day for that—name not very good in the city."

"Is there a pub' near here where we can get a nip while we talk? I'm thirsty."

"You mean you think I am. Down at the Chapel Street end of the Mews."

The bar-maid of the Chough and Crow was greatly impressed by the appearance of the gentleman with the gardenia in his coat, an unusual sight in the Mews, but, as she confided to her sister that night, "He was so occupied with Smith, at Cobb's yard, the one that owes for a broken Banbury jar, that he never looked at me."

* * * *

At noon next day Madame Legaspe strolled up South Audley Street. She looked curiously at the signs, the shops of the class becoming extinct in these days of "every nobleman his own co-operater."

The rubies in Johnsons & Carter's window were certainly very fine, and she stood for a long time admiring their quaint setting, a reproduction of Vatali.

So much indeed was she interested, that a four-wheeler drew up at the curb without attracting her attention. Mr. Archibald Brooke alighted from the "growler" and left the door open. Kynaston sat on the box, his whip upraised, and a horse in hand that would have looked better in a hansom.

"Yes, on the whole, they were better than Prout's," thought Jeanne; and Brooke stepped quickly up to her back, put his hands under her elbows, lifted her off her feet and into the cab; and before she found voice to scream, they were half way to Grosvenor Square. As she was about to cry murder or fire, and hesitating between the two, she recognized her captor.

"*Oh!* I am abducted, eh? Very fine, Mr. Brooke, but the little bag, this does not win it. I will drive with you to the four-mile radius, to the end of the world, but I have only to cry for help and you would be arrested. You must think of a better trick—or shall I call out?"

"You needn't do that," replied Brooke, and leaning out of the window said: "Cabby, pull up when you see a constable."

A moment later the cab stopped at the sidewalk. Mme. de Legaspe put her head out and said; "Policeman, this gentleman is running away with me. Tell him to let me out."

"She's my wife, constable!" said Brooke.

"Can't interfere between 'usband an' wife, mum," replied the law-abiding Bobby, and the cab drove on.

"Now" said Brooke, "I can drive you off somewhere if you insist on it, but you must see that I've got the best of it."

Jeanne did not look very angry.

"Ah, you are magnificent. I adore a man of expedient, a man of determination! Come to the hotel—you shall have the letters. I have them with me."

Arrived at the hotel Draguignan. Jeanne unbosomed the letters.

"I think there was a second condition," murmured Archie.

A faint sweetness of Chypre exaled from the little beaded bag, and Jeanne said, "That was only a *blague*."

"It was an uncommonly *nice* joke."

A soft flush warmed one of Jeanne's cheeks.

"Monsieur! Vous m'offensez, mais voici l'autre cote—je sais mon Evangile!"

The other cheek blushed in sympathy, and Jeanne's head drooped.

"Does the Evangelist say nothing about the 'juste milieu'?" asked Archie, and gently raised her head till his eyes looked into hers. The soft checks showed a still brighter warmth, the red lips trembled, answering his, and the flush spread down her rich, full, creamy throat.

"And what would Miss Ruth say?" asked Jeanne, as she arranged a disordered ribbon with a hand that pulsated gently.

"That's neither here nor there," said Archie. "I wish there was another packet of letters——"

"You wouldn't need a cab, Mr. Archibald," said Jeanne; "the second condition is trial enough for you, I think. Suppose I had fought in the cab?—I wish I had!"

. . . . . .

"I'm glad to get back from town, I can tell you, Miss Payson."

"Was it very hot there yesterday?—it was like August here?"

"It seemed pretty warm, I thought. But I was thinking about something else."

"Yes?"

"Something that has been in my mind constantly of late."

"I get things running in my head that way sometimes—scraps of songs, and can't remember what they're from. There are so many new songs."

"This is a very old song that was in my mind, but it's a very sweet one—a song I should like to have you sing for me."

"Do I know it?"

"You could sing it."

"But I can't read at sight.'

"I read it almost at first sight, and I am no musician."

"It must be very simple."

"It is at once the simplest and most intricate of songs, and yet men have grieved their whole lives long because they could not teach it to the pupils they chose. Miss Payson, I know I ought not to speak—Ruth, dear Ruth, I love you. There, I have told you, and that is the end. I know that I am unworthy. Will you give me hope?

His answer was not given in words. The fair girl's head drooped; she did not withdraw her hand from his eager grasp, and presently she unresistingly permitted him to draw her to his breast and seal her consent with a kiss.

* * * * *

Mr. Archibald Brooke that evening upon retiring, packed his portmanteau, and, among other things took from it a book entitled "Le Calendrier de Venus," tossed it over toward his bed, perceived with a grin an odor of Chypre, walked over to his dressing table to put out the light, and looked at the glass for a moment. His foot was on a great white rose, that had fallen unnoticed from his coat as he stripped it off—the rose was, indeed, too large for a man to wear.

Examining his face in the glass, he said, half-aloud: "That was a beastly job at shaving I did this morning! However, it did well enough. Two in a day—that would be seven hundred and thirty a year—and that's doing jolly well for an ugly mucker like you, my friend in the glass. And it's a cold million if it's a shilling!"

The light was extinguished, and Mr. Brooke was soon asleep. The rose, crushed on the carpet, gave out great masses of perfume, fresh and sweet. But the cunningly distilled Chypre, hanging in the pages of the cynical little book, killed the other odor and pervaded the sleeper's dreams. And she of the Rose and she of the Chypre were dreaming their dreams, too—and each had a gargenia under her pillow.

The frogs in the moat of Maxted Towers called: "Croak! croak! croak! Ours is the music for this world! Croak! croak! croak!"

Perhaps they were right.

SUPPLEMENT.

Good Stories.

Whilst recognizing the noble part the pulpit has taken in the reformation of the world and education of the people, it must be admitted that it has been occasionally the scene of humorous incidents, some of which, perhaps without irreverence, it may be permissible to recall.

Possibly the greatest number of pulpit recollections hang upon the misquotations and misplacement of terms. Only recently, a minister was heard to declare "it was impossible for any man by thought to add one stature to his cubit"—a truth so important to his mind as to merit an impressive repetition. Another minister affirmed, on the authority of the scriptures, "Moses pulled off his feet, for the ground on which he stood was holy."

It was a curate who informed us that "immediately Peter crew the cock went out and wept bitterly." Another of his order said, "Till heaven and earth pass, one tit or one jottle shall in nowise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Another pulpit orator, quoting from Job, gave out: "Skin for skin—as the old patriarch said," leading us to infer that Satan was the progenitor of a family, in addition to being the father of lies. A popular preacher, speaking of Goldsmith's poor parson, told a crowded audience that "children plucked the coats of that good man's tail to share his kindly smile." These children must have been a contrast to some others spoken about by one, who, illustrating more depravity, said he had "seen even little children that could neither walk nor talk run about the streets blaspheming."

A minister once commencing grandiloquently, "Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message," paused, and thinking, somehow, it scarcely sounded right, he repeated: "Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message." Still querying the correctness of his version, and anxious to make it correct, he said again rather more slowly, "Jacob sold his birtiright for a pot of message." Seeing the puzzled and amused looks of his congregation, he hesitated once more, only to assume a determination that this time at any rate there should be no mistake on this point, by saying very deliberately, "My dear friends, some of you do not appear to sufficiently appreciate the full import of my quotation of a biblical fact; for the benefit of such, I will repeat it, and repeat it with emphasis—that 'Jacob—sold his birthright—for a—pot—of—message.'"

Of all scriptural characters to whom special attention has been paid, not one has received more unremitting favor than the retrospective spouse of Lot, and we can understand the feelings of long-suffering hearers who had heard the same minister preach nine times upon "Remember Lot's wife." "Remember Lot's wife!" cried the afflicted hearer, "why it is absolutely impossible for me ever to forget her!"

Tom Sheridan (who to kind heart and sweetness of disposition added social talents which, if not of the high and commanding order of his father's, were infinitely more agreeable to those who knew him) used to tell anecdotes for and against himself, one of which we shall take the liberty to relate.

He was staying at poor Lord Craven's, at Benham, or rather Hamstead, and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with "only his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game until unconsciously he entered the domain of some neighboring squire.

A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him at the top of his speed a jolly, comfortable looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as if prepared for conflict. Tom took up a position, and coolly awaited the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you, sir," said the squire, when within ear shot, "what are you doing here?"

"I am shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire.

"I am here, sir," said Tom.

"Here, sir," said the squire, growing angry; "and do you know where here is, sir? These are my manors; what do you think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," remarked the squire: "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan," said the squire, coolling a little. "Oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know that, sir—I—"

"No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan," said the squire; "you don't know what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been to with them; it is all very well for you to talk, sir, but if you were in my place, I would like to know what you would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in your place, under all the circumstances, I should say:

"'I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me, and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshments.'"

The squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say) "it is needless to add," acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

At a ball given in Pyrmont, a celebrated watering-place in Germany, the tutor of a young count, a Gottingen student, requested a young lady to dance with him. Just as the dance was about to commence, the lady inquired of the student,—

"With whom have I the honor of dancing?"

"I am the tutor of Count Von Z——," replied her partner.

"And a commoner, I presume?" rejoined the lady.

"Yes."

"Oh, then," said the lady, as she withdrew her hand from that of the tutor, "I beg you will excuse me, for mamma has forbidden me to dance with a commoner."

This rebuff completely threw the modest preceptor out of countenance; for, on the Continent, to be so deserted on the eve of a dance, is to lose caste for the rest of the night, if not longer. It is supposed to indicate the existence of some moral taint discovered by the person who quits the side of another, and which is exaggerated into something heinous by the company, particularly if they are utterly ignorant of what it is.

The young man quitted the room, and sought the open air to breathe more freely and collect himself. His pupil followed him, and learned the cause of his distress.

"You shall soon have ample satisfaction for this mortification," said the count.

He then hastened back to the ball-room, followed by his tutor.

The moment was propitious. Preparations were going forward for another waltz; the young count requested the rejector of his tutor to be his partner in the dance, and she eagerly accepted the proposal, no doubt greatly rejoicing at the immense stride which she had taken from ranking with the humble tutor, to pairing off with the wealthy noble. Just before the dance began, he addressed to her the question which she herself had put to the poor tutor:—

"With whom have I the honor of dancing?"

"With the Lady Von B——," she replied.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the count, "but papa has forbidden me to dance with any but countesses."

It has always seemed to me that there is a lot of nonsense in the rule that our charities—incomparably the loftiest duties and the sweetest pleasures of mankind—must be performed in the dark. To do good is the thing. The doing it in secret does not make the action finer.

Traveller.

Language Used by Eastern Traders.—In the open air markets of Eastern countries, especially those devoted to the transactions in hides, leather, wool, grain, and fruit—it is no uncommon thing to see a couple of sedate-looking traders seated on the ground, each with his right hand concealed in his neighbor's capacious sleeve, and engaged, to all appearances, in squeezing each other's fingers. For a few minutes they will remain in this position, one nudging the other occasionally, but without exchanging a word; and then, rising, they will separate and go their way. Sometimes the performance is varied a little. A couple of merchants will stand in the middle of a brawling and gesticulating crowd by which they are surrounded and observed; one will raise the end of his long robe or unroll the muslin veiling of his turban and under cover of this the pair will begin to clasp hands and fingers as before. To the uninitiated spectator who does not know what is going on this spectacle is extremely puzzling; but in point of fact the traders are simply engaged in what they call "fixing the price," or bargaining, by means of a code of manual signs almost universally used by Eastern merchants, who are compelled to do much of their business in the open air, surrounded by people who are quite as curious about every affair in progress as the principals themselves. This system of dealing has been adopted for a very simple reason. Most ordinary transactions between buyer and seller in Eastern markets are carried on with a vast amount of noise, swearing and gesticulation; but yet more remarkable is the active part taken in the negotiation by the spectators—the idlers, loafers and busybodies, who abound in all Oriental markets. Every one has something to say, some advice to give or suggestion to make. And as the unwritten code of the East does not permit the parties to resent the meddling of the crowd, it is impossible, under ordinary circumstances, to arrange any matter of business without the knowledge of half the market. And so it is that the Moslem merchants avail themselves of a code of manual signs, expressed by pressure of the hand or finger in concealment.

Well-preserved Meat.—The river Viloui in North Siberia is frozen a great part of the year. In the cold season the natives follow its course to the south; and as spring comes on they return. It was during one of these migrations that an entire rhinoceros was discovered.

The river, swollen by the melting snow and ice, had overflowed its banks and undermined the frozen ground, until finally, with a crash, a huge mass of mingled earth and ice broke away, and came thundering down. Some of the most daring natives ventured near, and were rewarded by a sight wonderful in the extreme. A broad section of icy earth had been exposed, and hanging from a layer of ice and gravel was a creature so weird that they would not approach it. It hung partly free, and had evidently been uncovered by the landslide. From the head extended a long horn as tall as some of the children, while behind it was another smaller one. But the strangest feature of the curious monster was that it was covered with hair.

At first the astonished discoverers thought the creature was alive, and that it had pushed aside the earth, and was coming out. But the great rhinoceros was dead, and had probably been entombed thousands of years. The body was frozen as hard as stone, and the hair covered hide seemed like frozen leather, and did not hang in folds as does the skin of living species. Several months passed before the animal was entirely uncovered, and so perfectly had nature preserved it, that it was then cut up and the flesh given to the dogs for food.

The news of this discovery passed from native to native, and from town to town until it reached the ears of a government officer. He at once sent orders for the preservation of the carcase, but the flesh had already been destroyed; and now only its head and feet are preserved in one of the great museums of Russia.

Paris Fish-Wives.—The fish-women are either built upon the general principle of a Dutch vessel, very broad from the hips up, with an enormous head and no neck, the head being anchored securely between the shoulders and wagging there as though set loosely in a bed of fat, with enormous arms as red as beets, finished off with hard, red hands, with clumsy fingers, always between fifty or sixty, or else they are slim girls of sixteen to eighteen, with no fat, more than is sufficient to round a figure, and with hands that, while they are red, are by no means stumpy.

Here is a mystery. The girls are the daughters of the fish-wives and are in proper course of training to be fish-wives themselves. It would seem to be the proper thing to see girls of sixteen, eighteen of twenty, of thirty, forty and so up growing in fat and stumpy red fingers, as they progressed in years. But it is not so. It is either the slender girl or the enormous fat woman.

Do they keep on being slender for a certain number of years and then in a night develop into broad women? Or, when they get to a certain age, do they quit the fish market and stay away from it till they have widened and broadened sufficiently to go into the market again of the orthodox shape? As no one in time of peace ever saw a dead mule the question is naturally what becomes of the mules when they get old? So in this case, how is it with the fish-woman? Why is it that you only see the two types? There are many mysteries in nature—too many.

But slender or ponderous they know all about fish. They can handle them with a celerity, and dwell upon their merits with an unction that would make their fortunes in any lucrative business. And then the fine sarcasm that follows if you are not satisfied with her stock and go elsewhere. Woe be unto you if there is anything peculiar about you—you have been measured beforehand and the sore spot in your make up is mercilessly touched. Fish wives the world over are noted for sharp tongues. The Billingsgate women in London are abusive, coarsely so, the French are finer, and therefore much worse. It is the difference there is between a broad axe and a rapier. You are not stunned with vulgar abuse, but you are made to feel your utter insignificance.

Hotel Reckoning.—A traveller who has been much about the world, and is familiar with the different ways of doing things, gives the following account of how they keep the reckoning and make the bills at hotels in Portugal:—

Here, when the traveller asks for his bill, the landlord pleasantly rubs his hands together and answers, "Whatever your excellency pleases to give."

This will not do at all, for the traveller is sure to offer too much or too little, and to be thought either a spendthrift or a niggard; so he has to make a speech, thank the landlord for his courteous confidence, and beg for a detailed statement. Then the landlord, politely deprecating anything of the kind, is slowly persuaded to check off the various items upon the fingers of his hand, with a long argument before each successive finger is done with and doubled down.

"What does it come to?" asks the traveller, taking out his purse at last, when the hand and the account are finally closed.

"Why bless us! Did his excellency not add it up?"

His excellency having been incapable of this act of mental arithmetic, the addition is gone over again, backwards with a finger or two, perhaps, representing forgotten items, brought into account from the other hand; and the sum total is gladly paid, and host and guest part mutually content, the guest well knowing that he has not been overcharged more than, perhaps, a thumb and one or two fingers.

Sketcher.

Mrs. Elliort's Burglar.

Mr. Elliort had eaten his supper, and as it was yet early in the evening, he thought he would go out and get a cigar.

"I wont be away no more than an hour," he said to his wife. "I'll run in to the barber's and have my hair cut a trifle, and be back before you can say, Jack Robinson."

Mrs. Elliort did not want to say Jack Robinson; she preferred Jack Elliort.

"Don't go off somewhere with those horrid boys," she said, with a pout. "I shall expect you home at eight o'clock precisely; no respectable and well-behaved married man—"

But Mr. Elliort had snatched a kiss and the sentence never was finished.

The hour soon passed.

The girl had finished her work and gone out. Mrs. Elliort was alone, but she did not mind it as she now expected her husband every moment.

The clock struck eight.

Mrs. Elliort was startled by a ring at the front door.

Then she remembered that Mr. Elliort had said he would ring as his latch key was in his other coat.

So she hurried to the door expecting to see her handsome husband—Mr. Elliort was a sort of Adonis with brown curling hair, hazel eyes, white teeth, and a lo-v-e-l-y moustache, parted in the middle and curled at both ends, while a generous beard fell in luxuriant waves over his shirt front.

Hoping to see that vision of manly beauty, Mrs. Elliort opened the door, and after one look saw that she had admitted a stranger.

For the man—it was a man—stepped into the hall, and only that she barred the door would have gone into the parlor.

"Sir!" she demanded, in tones that she tried to make stern and steady, "what means this intrusion?"

"I came to beg of you—"

"I have nothing to give *you*."

"That diamond ring!"

Oh heavens! it was her engagement solitaire.

She looked at the wretch while all the thoughts of a lifetime crowded into that brief moment, with this idea the most prominent:

"How shall I identify him if he does not murder me?"

Then she began taking notes as she temporised with him.

"I shall not part with this ring while I have life. One word—(the wretch has a dimpled chin) would bring my husband, who has a six-shooter ready cocked (shaved skull, looks like a convict) and you would at once be given over to the authorities (the wretch has recently shaved, traces of a moustache). If you will go at once I will make no outcry (what a fiendish expression) and I do not want my husband's hands imbrued in your blood (the wretch actually grinned) and you will never, never, never possess yourself of my diamond ring. (Oh, heavens! why doesn't Jack come!")

"Madam," said the wretch, "I cannot loiter. My pals are waiting for me round the corner. Give up the ring without more ado!"

"Never, base wretch, take that, and that and that," and she laid on blows fast and furious, with an umbrella which she had secured by a backward motion of the hand.

"Jenny," said a calm voice as the umbrella was coolly taken out of her hand by the turn of an athletic wrist, "*are* you going to give me that ring?"

"Jack—are *you* that wretch?" and Mrs. Elliort dropped on the lowest stair, as limp as a rag doll. "What on earth *have* you been doing to yourself?"

"Getting my hair cut and my spring shave on. Perhaps you don't like it?"

"W-w-h-ere's your moustache?"

"At the barber's."

"You look just like a murderer, or—or—a burglar!" cried Jenny, who discriminated in the profession. "I took you for a——"

"Lawyer, doctor, beggarman, thief, as we used to say when we were children. Well, they said my best friend wouldn't know me," laughed her husband.

"Come in," said Mrs. Elliort, reluctantly. "I suppose I must give you house-room, but if ever there was a bare-faced swindler you are one, Jack."

Wonderful Clocks.

Many years ago, two clocks of great ingenuity and elegant workmanship were made in London and presented to the emperor of China, by the East India company, a wealthy organization engaged in commerce. Each clock was made in the form of a chariot, in which was placed the figure of a lady leaning her right hand upon a part of the chariot, and under it was the clock of curious workmanship. It was smaller than a shilling piece, would repeat and strike the hours, and would go for eight days. Upon the finger of the lady sits a bird, finely modelled, set with diamonds and rubies, with its tiny wings extended in a flying posture. By touching a diamond button the bird would actually flutter for a time. The body of the bird, although it contained a part of the wheels that gave motion to the clock, was not more than one-sixteenth of an inch in size. The lady held in her left hand a gold tube, not much thicker than a large pin, on the top of which was a small round box, to which was fixed a circular movement set with diamonds and not much larger than a sixpenny piece. Over the lady's head was supported by a small fluted pillar, a double umbrella. The pillar was no larger than a quill. Under the largest umbrella a bell was fixed at a considerable distance from the clock, with which it seemed to have no connection; but in reality communication was secretly conveyed to a hammer that regularly struck the hour, and repeating the same at pleasure by the touching of a diamond button fixed to the clock below. At the feet of the lady was a gold dog, and before it, from the point of the chariot, were two birds fixed on spiral wires, the wings and feathers of which were set with jewels of various colors, and appeared as if flying away with the chariot. From another secret motion the chariot was made to run in a straight, circular, or indeed in any direction. Above the umbrella were flowers and ornaments of precious stones, and it terminated with a flying dragon, ornamented in a similar manner. The whole clock was made of gold, most delicately executed and embelished with rubies and pearls.

A wonderful piece of mechanism known as the Clepsydra, or water clock, was once upon a time presented by a Turk of high rank to Charlemagne. In the dials of the clock were twelve doors opening at the hours which they represented, and little balls equalling the hours in number appeared and struck the time upon a brazen bell. The doors continued open until noon, when twelve knights, mounted on horseback, issued forth, one from each door, and after parading around the dial of the clock shut themselves in again.

In the tower of the Town House, in the city of Heidelberg, Germany, there existed many years ago a clock so constructed that when the hours struck, the figure of an old man pulled off his hat, a cock crowed and clapped his wings, and bands of soldiers appeared and fought with each other. This curious piece of workmanship was burned in the year 1693, together with the castle and town.

In olden times there was a remarkable clock in the cathedral of London. Every hour two horsemen came out of the clock to encounter each other, a door flew open disclosing the Virgin Mary on a throne, with Christ in her arms, people are gathered around presenting gifts, and two trumpeters are sounding their horns. The clock also showed the month, the day of the month, day of the week, and all the festivals and holidays of the year.

Boys and Girls.

Boys Who Have Become Famous.

SNATCHED FROM A FALLING HOUSE.

The month of January, 1759, was long remembered in the west of Scotland as the stormiest of the whole year. None save the boldest fishermen—and very few even of *them*—dared to venture out to sea in the teeth of the roaring gales which had raged unceasingly ever since Christmas Eve, while the hardiest peasants of the hills, though familiar from their childhood with every ridge and hollow for miles around, often had hard work to find their way from place to place through the blinding snows and furious winds of the stormy season.

The last day of the month had come, and still the wild weather continued unabated. But neither the howl of the rushing blast nor the crash of the falling trees along the frozen river disturbed the slumbers of a little boy, hardly a week old, who lay sleeping in the rude clay hovel which his father's spade had hastily thrown up not many months before.

A sturdy little fellow he was, and his strong arms and limbs, fully revealed by the kicking off of the tartan shawl that had been spread over him, might have served any painter as a model for the infant Hercules. Well might his mother look fondly and proudly at him as she sat near the wicker cradle, hard at work upon a half-finished pair of coarse blue stockings, such as the Scottish peasantry of that time used to wear.

But the furious gust of wind, which flung the snow in huge drifts against the rattling casement, gave another turn to her thoughts, which were, in truth, anything but pleasant ones. Her husband was out in the full fury of this storm. For there was no staying at home for *him;* however wild the weather might be, to work he must go.

And the worst of it was that no matter how hard he might work, or how hard *she* might work to help him, they seemed only to be getting poorer and poorer. Everything appeared to go wrong with them somehow, and if this winter were to prove as hard a one as the last, they would be sorely straitened to find food for themselves and their child.

Another and a fiercer blast made the door and window rattle as if it would drive them in, calling up to the lonely woman's troubled mind visions of the deep snows and treacherous ice and steep slippery paths and falling rocks which had widowed many a wife during that terrible month. Was the sorrow which had already fallen upon so many now about to strike *her* likewise?

Fiercer and fiercer grew the fury of the storm, making the frail clay walls literally rock with every gust; but the lonely watcher was far too much occupied with the thought of her husband's danger to heed her own.

"Oh, I wish—I *wish* he were hame!" she muttered, clasping her thin hands convulsively.

Crash! The weakened end of the eastern wall gave way before a tremendous blast, and fell inward with a fearful noise, shaking the whole house from top to bottom, and filling it with a blinding cloud of dust.

The mother sprang to her feet, and with one bound she was beside the cradle, bending over it as if to shield the infant with her own body. At the same moment the tottering door was dashed open, and her husband came bursting into the room, followed by two of his neighbors.

"Haste ye, lassie; there's nae time to lose," he shouted, snatching up his wife's light figure, like an infant, in his strong arms, while one of his comrades caught the baby out of its cradle.

There *was* no time to lose, indeed. Scarcely had the last of the three men sprang through the doorway when the whole roof came crashing in, and the hovel fell to pieces like a house of cards. Pressing closely together the brave men fought their way foot by foot, and bore the rescued mother and child safely to the house of a farmer who lived a little higher up the stream.

When they entered it the farmer's old father (who was fast approaching his seventieth year, although his eye was still as bright and his cheek as ruddy as that of many a younger man) rose from his seat by the fireside to greet his unexpected guests, who told him a few hurried words what had happened.

"The Lord bless ye, my bonnie bairn!" said the patriarch, laying his hand tenderly upon the child's head. "I'm thinkin' He will hae some great wark for ye to do yet, since He has stretched forth his hand to save yer wee life frae the storm."

The old man lived to see the prophecy fulfilled more than twenty years later, when that rescued baby made all Scotland ring with the name of ROBERT BURNS.

Shadow Buff.—This is another and amusing game of blind man's buff, suitable for evenings, and is played as follows:—The shutters being closed and the lamps lighted, a white sheet must be stretched at one end of the room, in the same way as it is arranged for a magic lantern performance, or a large tablecloth may be fastened on the wall. In front of this is placed a chair. Having decided by lot who shall act the part of blind man, and supposing it to have fallen on a little girl, she must be placed in the chair facing the sheet, and with her back to the lights, but without having her eyes blindfolded. Her companions then pass one by one behind her, so as to cast their shadows on the white surface. They may put on wigs, hats, shawls, they may walk lame, dance, hop, bowl hoops, throw balls, and disguise themselves in any manner that may occur to them, so as to make the shadows more grotesque and more difficult to find out. Three guesses are allowed to each figure, and when one is identified, he or she sits in the chair, whilst the others again commence their pantomimic action. This game is a quiet one, and will be found to make a pleasing interlude between more fatiguing games, or even between dances; but it must, of course, be played by candlelight.

True to Self.

A brute of low condition—
  You've heard of him, I s'pose—
Had meekly gained permission
  To warm his precious nose;
And then with rough assurance,
  Quoth he, with brazen face,
"This crowd—'tis past endurance!
  Old fogies, leave this place."

Now for this fable's mission:
  When faults peep through your gate,
Don't let them gain admission
  Beside your cheerful grate;
But turn them the cold shoulder,
  And chill them through and through
Lest they grow bold and bolder,
  As fabled camels do.

Your face may be as charming,
  As that of fairest rose;
But deem it most alarming
  If there's a camel's nose
But touches it with small deceit.
  I'll tell you what to do:
Just show that camel to the street,
  And "to thyself be true."

Your raiment may be simple,
  Though very rich and fine;
Your cheeks may wear a dimple,
  Your eyes be "just divine."
But if you shirk your duty
  To spy out others' sins,
I would not for your beauty
  Give half a row of pins.

You may perchance be "homely,"
  But if your thoughts be fair
Your features will see comely—
  Thoughts leave their impress there.
And think of this, my brothers,
  And you, my sisters, too:
"You'll not be false to others,
  If to yourselves you're true."

Odds and Ends.

Wassail.

Here's a hilth to ye, Mr. Moriarty!
Oi've no wish to jar yer sobriety.
  But seein' ye lunch
  On a sup of this punch
Would greatly refoine yer society.

It's mebbe ye has the marlaria,
An' jist to defend the intarior
  From being subjued
  Be a party so rude,
Than a gargle there's nothing shuparior.

So take a dip, Mr. Moriarty:
I'll be reconciled to your poiety
  If whin the jug's droy
  Ye've a wide-open oye
Wid divil a sphark of anxoiety.

Metempsychosis.

A chicken lived, a chicken died;
Its drumstick and its wing were fried,
Its feathers by a dealer dried,
And, very shortly after, dyed.

Soul it had none; admitting that,
How comes it? I here, upon her hat,
Its plumes—a mortal chicken's—rise,
A glorious bird of paradise.

The Czar's eldest son, who recently entered upon his twentieth year, has a tenor voice of rare beauty and great compass. For some time past his musical studies have been interrupted owing to ill-health, but they have been recently resumed.

William A. Wheller had been Vice-President of the United States, and lived an honorable life. When he died the flags on the government building were not half-masted. Contrasted with the respect shown to the memory of the rebel Jake Thompson, this action shows the nice Democratic appreciation of the fitness of things.

Buffalo Bill's vigorous Western style of expression has not been spoiled by close contact with effete monarchy. In a letter to a friend in New York he says: "I have got all the big bugs solid from the Queen down." He thinks his show will make £200,000, before leaving Europe. In one week two hundred and fifty-six thousand two hundred and twenty-seven persons paid to visit the camp.

The death at the age of eighty-eight years is announced of the Ven. Frederick Twistleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, Lord Saye and Sele. He was the thirteenth baron of that name, and the twentieth in descent from Geoffrey, Lord Saye, who was one of the twenty-five barons appointed to enforce the provisions of Magna Charta. The first baron of the Fiennes family was beheaded by Jack Cade in 1451

Rudolph Hertzog is the largest dry-goods merchant in the city of Berlin. He says that before he began to advertise he barely cleared his expenses. The first year he spent £48 in advertising, and his income rose to £1428; so he went on increasing the amount and his profits in proportion, until at present his advertising bills foot up to £30,000 every year.

It is reported in London official circles that the press will not be forgotten in the distribution of jubilee honors. Sir Algernon Borthwick, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Lawson who owns the *Daily Telegraph*, are to receive baronetcies. Edwin Arnold, the managing editor of the latter paper, and Editor Buckle of the *Times*, are to be knighted, while Mr. Walter is to be rewarded for the assistance rendered the government by his series of articles on "Parnellism and Crime" with a peerage.

Robert Stafford, for many years a cotton broker in Charlestown, U. S., took up his residence at Groton, Conn., in 1860, with his wife and children. He was often absent from his home when he was supposed to be attending to business. In 1877 he died, leaving £72,000, the interest on which was to be paid to the testator's three daughters. It has just been discovered that Mr. Stafford had three families—one in Charlestown, one in Pennsylvania, and one in Connecticut—and that he left property in the South which is now worth £200,000.

The sons of the late "Extra Billy" Smith, rebel, of Virginia, were fond of adventure. His oldest son, William Smith, was a midshipman in the navy, and was lost in the Indian Ocean. Austin Smith, the great bowie-knife fighter, was killed at the battle of Seven Pines fighting on the rebel side. Peter Bell Smith was accidentally killed by a pistol-shot soon after the war. James Caleb Smith and Col. Thomas Smith figured as duellists. Of "Extra Billy's" children but three survive him—a daughter, Col. Thomas Smith, and Frederick Smith of New Mexico.

The late Miss Catharine L. Wolfe was in the habit of closing her magnificent New-Port villa at ten P. M., but in order that her cook should not be inconvenienced, she had a bedroom built for him in a corner of the edifice, on the first floor, which had but one door, and this door opened directly into the courtyard, whence also the room was lighted by a window. He could enter this room freely, at any hour of the night, but neither he nor any one else could pass from this into other parts of the house. The rest of the servants were expected to be in by ten o'clock.

My Landlady.

She's a widow, *petite,*
Scarcely up to my shoulder,
  Twenty-nine, and so sweet!
  She's a widow, *petite,*
  Debonnaire and discreet,
(I wish I were bolder!)
  She's a widow *petite,*
Scarcely up to my shoulder.

She has hair, golden-brown,
And such wee, dainty freckles!
  But never a frown—
  She has hair, golden-brown;
  To smooth its folds down
I'd give all my shekels;
  She has hair, golden-brown,
And such wee, dainty freckles!

There's a "swell" from the club,
Alas! who calls on her—
  While I scribble and scrub
  There's a swell from the club
  But this fellow I'll drub
When we meet, 'pon my honor!
  There's a swell from the club,
Alas! who calls on her!

A Laggard Lover.

HE

Farewell—with humble air
  I kiss your finger-tips;
The while my bold heart flies
  In fancy to your lips.

The dainty glove I kiss;
  A plague upon the fashion!
My purpose thwarts, duenna-like,
  A-warding off my passion.

SHE

Prithee, why should he be content
  With kissing of my fingers?
Sure all the world such homage pays—
  And yet the Dullard lingers!

The Reason Why.

She did not speak to me, tho' I
Am sure she saw me passing by.
Capricious sex! now who would know
She was my sweetheart long ago,
And gave my ardor sigh for sigh?
Her glance still mocks an April sky.
Her cheeks a mermet rose outvie;
I credit all her graces, though
  She did not speak.

Has she forgot love's tender tie,
That bound us each his sworn ally?
The vows we pledged for weal or woe,
The kisses we exchanged? Ah, no!
My wife was with me; that is why
  She did not speak.

Miscellaneous.

His First and Last Battle.

A SOLDIER'S THOUGHTS.

Why should I dread the impalpable king?
Why should I shrink at the beat of his wing?
  Each hour I draw near him;
  'Tis baseness to fear him—
    The bugle doth call.

Hark? the glad sound of the drum and the fife,
Rousing the soul to the ardor of strife.
  Others have faced him well,
  Strung by no battle-yell,
    He cometh to all.

Pain is man's heritage upon earth,
Given him with breath at the moment of birth.
  Life will soar from this dust,
  And the shot or the thrust
    Brings freedom from thrall.

Now we are marshalled and ready to slay,
Silent and stern in our serried array.
  Whence this strange dreamy thought,
  Reckless and fearing naught?
    See'st not thy pall?

.   .   .   .   .   .

Clinging to life 'mid the whirl of the fight,
All life's bitterness sunk out of sight.
  O! what a burning pain;
  God; I am struck again—
    How lightly I fall.

No Taste for dull Books.—Novels are intended for the amusement of the reader; or they should be. If people want philosophy, theology or social science, they know where to find them. If people seek novels they seek them for amusement, and whatever else they may do, novels that do not amuse do not live. Apply this rule to the list and you will find ample proof of the assertion. It is true that there may be a taste for dullness, just as there sometimes may be a taste for ugliness. It is true, too, there are always a few persons who are impressed with the conviction that a very dull thing, whether a book or a newswaper or a play, must be intensely profound, or "strong." But the taste for dullness and the taste for ugliness are essentially freakish and unsound, and therefore ephemeral. "Don Quixote" is not dull, neither is "Gil Blas," nor "Pickwick," nor "Waverly" nor the "Scarlet Letter," nor the "Comedie Humaine," nor the "Leatherstocking Tales," nor "Vanity Fair," and none of these novels are dead yet, or likely to die. In due course, then, after a little phase of prosperity for dullness or obscurity in fiction, there is an inevitable reaction. He who can tell a graphic tale will be sure of his audience. We admit at once, as Victor Hugo, with nervous fire, has pointed out, that the classical writers in fiction, as elsewhere, sometimes beat their romantic brothers hollow; but this, in almost every modern case, will be found to be the fact only when they have stolen the romantic thunder.

The Left Hand.—Why not train the left hand as well as the right one, so that if either be the recipient of an injury the other may carry on all the functions possible for one hand to do unaided? Such a course would often save us from spending months of valuable time in the tedious task of educating muscles and bringing them under subjugation to the will after they have become hard and stubborn by reason of age, training that should have been and could easily have been accomplished in childhood. From home the child goes to school, and here the same senseless prejudice awaits him. Through the dictates of instinct or caprice, he holds the pen or crayon in the forbidden left hand, and his knuckles are sharply rapped for it. Why not let him learn to write and draw with both hands? He would be free at any moment to rest a hand exhausted by protracted use without any interruption of his work. We have frequently seen an artisan, whose ability to handle tools with either hand as occasion demanded, gave him constant advantage over his one-handed fellows, not only in the avoidance of fatigue, but in the performance of nice work and the overcoming of difficulties hard to come at by those restricted to the use of a single hand. The right-handed man who can use a hammer or a knife readily with the left hand, or can tie or untie a knot when his right hand is otherwise engaged, will find frequent use for his skill. Indeed, the advantages we miss through the non-cultivation of the neglected member, are infinite in number and of incessant recurrence. Why should we pay such heavy tribute to a ridiculous custom?

A Parcel Post.—A strong effort is being made in England to establish a "parcel post," by means of which fresh butter and new-laid eggs can be cheaply and quickly brought from the farm into London. Such a system, it is thought, would bring producer and consumer into closer trade relations, and do away with a certain class of middlemen. Beside, it would insure fresher and better produce. Perishable goods, like butter and vegetables, lose rapidly in value when kept in the sun and exposed for sale. Those who have eaten green corn an hour after it is taken from the stalk know how superior it is to that kept for hours in the sun. It is much the same with butter and eggs. If some system could be arranged in this country whereby city consumers and country producers could be brought into closer relations, both would be benefited.

Lovers of the Weed.—Women there be, and many who smoke. The French housekeeper delights in her afternoon "cigarette." The senora of Barcelona loves in the evening to wrap her black crepe about her head, and, while gently puffing her long tobacco cigarette, cast heart-thrilling glances from her baclony above the walk at the wights below. While the German frau is fond of her cigarette, or even cigar, and the Russian wife is not behind in her enjoyment of the weed, and even the Japanese, Chinese, Tartar, Dutch and Soudanese wives all like to let smoke curl from their pretty mouths toward the sky, the Italian signora is, perhaps, the most passionately fond of the long, thin cigar of the country called the "Virginia." It is no uncommon sight of a summer evening to see a party of ladies sitting in some cool terrace overlooking the sea on the campagna, while the music of their velvety language keeps tune to the soft splashing of the sea against the shore, and sending rings of smoke from their fragrant cheroots.

A Rogue's Trick.—A well-dressed man recently entered a city hotel, registered, engaged a room, and then, taking a sealed envelope from his pocket, handed it to the clerk, saying: "There is a cheque in this envelope for £100. I want you to put it in your safe and keep it for me till Saturday. Don't give it to me before that time, for if you do I'll be sure to get it cashed and spend it all." On the strength of this he ran such a bill that the proprietor's suspicions were aroused, and, after trying in vain to get the stranger to settle up, he had him arrested. The envelope contained a piece of tissue paper. The fellow played the same trick more than once in that city.

He Would Smoke.—Our train had been snowed in for three days. The company sent us food, but they didn't send any cigars, and the train boy's stock was exhausted the first day. In the express car we found and confiscated a box of smoking-tobacco, but there wasn't a pipe on the train. Among the passengers was a Connecticut Yankee who was just dying for a smoke. He got out in the snow and looked around for a weed, or something of that sort, which he might use in the manufacture of a pipe, but he couldn't find anything. "I'm going to have a pipe, anybow," he said. So he took a lead pencil, opened the wood, took out the lead, and, placing the two strips together again, wound them tightly with the tin foil which came out of the packet of smoking tobacco, making them air-tight. Then he took an apple, hollowed a bowl out of it, stuck his lead pencil stem into it, and had one of the nicest pipes you ever saw.

Humor.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

Four weeks ago Mr. Bowser began to behave in a strange manner. I noticed him looking at the outside of the house from the front and back, accompanied by strange men, and from my open window I heard them talking about "modern colors," "meadow green" and other mysterious things. It was not until I found a board in the back yard with half a dozen colors of fresh paint on it that I suspected anything. Then I asked Mr. Bowser:

"You can't be thinking of having any painting done around here this spring?"

"I think the cornice ought to be touched up a little."

"But we had everything painted a year ago, and your said it would stand for ten years."

"If I said so it will, but the style of color has changed this year, and I guess I'll have a man for two or three days."

"And you'll have us all in a muss for the next month. Mr. Bowser, can't you let this house alone for a day or two?"

He gave me a look of deepest reproach and turned away. I had begun to feel sorry for my expression when a wagon load of poles drove into the alley. It had not yet unloaded when another wagon loaded with paint-be-daubed ladders drove up. Then came a dray on which there were kegs and buckets, and cans and brushes, and I was compelled to realize that Mr. Bowser was going to paint. The cook had also seen the outfit, and she presently came in to me and asked:

"Are you going to have the painters around here?"

"Yes, Hannah, Mr. Bowser proposes to touch up the cornice a little."

"And he may touch up an intelligence office while he is about it, for I won't stay! We've been papering, cleaning, putting down carpets, sodding the back yard, oiling the wood-work, and doing something or other for the last six months, and I'm tired out. It is now thirty-one seconds to 5 o'clock. At sharp 5 I leave the house!"

She was as good as her word, and when I told Mr. Bowser of her going, and related the cause, he indignantly replied:

"Now I'll paint the barn and fence to boot—see if I don't! I'll show that girl that she can't run this family while our name continues to be Bowser."

Next morning the painters went to work. That is, they didn't exactly go to work. They came and sat around in the barn and smoked, and some of 'em feebly stirred away at the paint-pots, and some more of 'em looked at the house and inquired of each other when Mr. Bowser got out of the lunatic asylum. Next day the force of painters was increased by three, and they got two ladders up, pounded some putty into three or four nail holes, and stirred up seven or eight colors of paint. Along towards supper time one of the crowd toiled up one of the ladders in a weary, despondent way, jabbed at one of the brackets with a brushful of paint, and the others stood off to examine the effect and give their criticisms. It seemed to be a very delicate operation. Some of them kept walking backwards to get a better squint until they walked out of sight, and others had to sit down on the grass and light their pipes and rest their eyes by looking at the hired girl next door.

On the third day Mr. Bowser remained at home, and the men dug holes all around the house to set their poles, got up a scaffold to work on and almost finished painting one bracket. They might have wholly finished it if they had agreed on colors. Some of 'em wanted the bracket of a lilac color, with for something more lively or more æsthetic. Mr. Bowser said he would consult the old masters, and seven drops of rain descended from the heavens just in time to let the men off at 4 o'clock. When they had gone I found seven windows smeared with paint, a pane of glass broken and the knobs of six doors "touched up" in the latest Paris style.

The painters are with us yet. Not those painters, but some others. The first gang lasted two days. Then Mr. Bowser suddenly asked the man who seemed to be the foreman—at least he loafed away the most time—what they were going to do to earn their money.

"This isn't a job to be rushed!" calmly replied the man. "If we should get one of these seventeen delicate colors in place of another your house would be ruined."

Mr. Bowser reduced the delicate colors to fourteen, and hired a new gang. In the course of a week this new lot managed to plant forty-eight big daubs on the pencilled brick work, break three windows, daub over three oiled doors, and ruin half our clothes, and Mr. Bowser advised them to turn to landscape work. The third gang is still with us. All the scaffolding has finally been put in place, and the ladders leaned up against the house, and all the neighborhood covered with paint-pots and brushes. When the brackets had been finished Mr. Bowser concluded that the window casings ought to be touched up to correspond. Then it was the hoods and porches and steps. Next week it will be the fences and the barn. Seven different ladies have walked up the freshly-painted front steps to call on me, but walked down again without ringing the bell. Twenty odd tramps have walked the length of the freshly-painted verandah to ask for a bite to eat, but went off hungry and tired. Three of my dresses are ruined, our washings are paint-spotted, and the sidewalks, fences and shade trees in our neighborhood have been spattered and speckled until strangers stop and gaze in astonishment. I was intending to say to Mr. Bowser last night that I wouldn't stand it another day, but before I had a chance to he went out for a smoke. In his absent mindedness he walked up the front steps, and sat down to muse in the gloaming. I think he mused for half an hour, at the end of which time he came rushing in. He was covered with green and lead color and Queen Anne and purple paints, and as he turned himself around for me to see he waved his arms and shouted:

"Woman, don't you laugh at me! You dragged me into this, and if I don't get even with you my name isn't Bowser!"

An Unexpected Answer.—"Darling," he said as he fondly stroked her hair, while a look of unutterable love shone from his eyes; "darling," he whispered, "who of all on earth would you miss most by the cold and remorseless hand of death?"

"Why, how could you ask it, Charles?" she said, turning her yearning, soulful eyes upon him.

"But I must know," he replied earnestly.

"Oh, Charles—it is——"

"Who?" he asked with a bated breath.

"It is—it is—my dressmaker!"

Had Him There.—Johnny McPhelter—"Pa, why do they call ship captains old sea-dogs?"

McPhelter—"Because they wag such big tails—ha, ha!"

"Well, pa, when captains spin their yarns, do they do it on the wheel?"

"Don't ask so many questions, I'm reading."

A Good Reason.—A negro in Alabama was brought up for stealing a pair of chickens, but declared, solemnly, that he "didn't steal dem ar fowls," declaring, on the other hand, that the complainant had beaten him brutally with a club.

"But," said the judge, "you're twice as large and strong as he. Why didn't you defend yourself?"

"Why, jedge, see hyar: I had a chicken in each hand, an' what's two raw chickens agin' a club?"

be made in the valuer's salary, compatible with the nature of the duties of which he has been relieved owing the Council's decision not to have a valuation this year.

Cr. McKenzie seconded the motion for the sake of testing the meeting.

The motion on being put, found its only supporter in the mover; all the rest voting against it.

RABBIT INSPECTOR.

Mr. McRae was re-appointed rabbit inspector for the next six months on existing terms.

CHARITABLE VOTE.

The annual charitable vote and donations were passed as follow:—Ballarat Hospital L30, do. Benevolent Society L30, do. Orphan Asylum L15, Ararat Hospital L10, Deaf and Dumb Asylum L5, Eye and Ear Hospital L5, Carngham Widows and Orphans Fund L10, Carngham Mechanics' L15, Beaufort Benevolent Society L10, do. Mechanics' £15, do. Fire Brigade L10, Skipton Relief Fund L5, Hospital for Children L3, do. for Incurables L3, Waterloo Mechanics' L5, Skipton do. L5, Humane Society L2, Discharged Prisoners Aid Society L3, Society for the Protection of Animals L2 2s., Homœopathic Hospital L3, Victorian Infant Asylum L2 2s.; total L188 4s.

GENERAL.

The Engineer was instructed to report on a suggested site for a dam at Preston's Hill.

The Secretary was instructed to notify the Bank of Victoria that the Council were not disposed to pay them more that 6 per cent. interest on overdrafts, and to direct attention to the fact that all other banks were only charging this rate.

On the motion of Cr. Thomas, it was resolved that application be made to the Government to reserve a site of about 30 acres the common for the purposes of a pound paddock; also, that the same be fenced in.

The Council then adjourned.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

UNION CLUBS' TROPHY.

The fourth and last of a series of competitions took place at Ararat on Wednesday last, between the Ararat, Beaufort, Great Western, and Stawell Rifle Clubs. From the commencement of the series the match was looked upon as a sure thing for Stawell or Beaufort, although the latter were by no means sure of a victory until after the third match, when they obtained a lead of 29 points. The best shooting was in the first match, which was fired at Stawell. The result was a win for the home team by 1 point only. The next match was fired at Beaufort, and the home team turned the tables on Stawell to the tune of 2 points, giving them a lead in the two competitions of 1 point. At Great Western, however, Beaufort held their own, and came away with a long lead, although the day as regards weather was the worst experienced throughout the competition—dull light, drizzly and heavy rain making the day very bad for shooting. Stawell, however, expected to wipe out the difference. Mr. McRae, whose average in the three previous matches was 89, found, at the last moment, that he was unable to go. The circumstance was regretted by all the team when they were acquainted with the cause. Firing was commenced at about 10 o'clock. When three men of Stawell and Beaufort had fired at 400 and 500 yards, things looked blue indeed for the latter; Stawell having gained 8 points on them. But at the 600 yards range this score was wiped off, and 12 put on to the good. The last two men to fire in each team shot very well and evenly; they had less of the choppy wind that prevailed in the morning. Mr. S. W. Male made top score of the day; and Mr. Playford, of Stavell, came next with 90. Of Great Western, Best and Young shot well, making 82 and 84 respectively. They beat Ararat this match by 24 points. The result of the tour matches is as follow:—

	Beaufort	Stawell	Ararat	Great Western
First Match	418	419	342	334
Second Match	410	408	408	352
Third Match	407	379	379	332
Fourth Match	405	391	391	360
	1640	1597	1387	1378

The following are the scores of Wednesday's match:—

BEAUFORT.	400 yards	500 yards.	600 yards.	Total.
Captain Thomas	32	27	27	86
E. J. Thomas	25	22	24	71
S. W. Male	33	31	27	91
T. A. Archard	33	23	17	73
J. Chapman	30	28	26	84
	153	131	121	405
STAWELL.				
Aitken	29	29	17	75
Vivian	29	26	15	70
Playford	31	31	28	90
Parker	32	26	14	72
Whitehead	31	28	25	84
	152	140	99	391
GREAT WESTERN.				
Best	30	26	26	82
Bacon	29	25	22	76
Conroy	22	20	17	59
Young	23	29	26	78
Allowance	31	26	27	84
	134	117	109	360
ARARAT.				
Richmond	28	17	25	70
Asche	24	18	16	58
Hamilton	25	18	20	63
Blease	35	26	20	81
Longford	18	24	22	64
	130	103	103	336

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.

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.]

CHOOSE YE ON THE 20th INST.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—The lamented death of Mr. John Wotherspoon, the late senior member for the north riding in the Riponshire Council, is causing a contest for the seat thus rendered vacant. The candidates who are seeking the suffrages of the ratepayers are two ex-councillors, the one being Mr. Geo. Wotherspoon (brother to the late member), and his opponent being Mr. Albert Andrews, chemist, of Beaufort. Now, Sir, it behoves the ratepayers to carefully analyse the claims of the two candidates to the high and important trust of looking after their interests at the council table. In the first place, I expect the ratepayers will naturally ask themselves, "Can Mr. Andrews be the same gentleman who, on a previous election occasion, at the Golden Age Hall, Beaufort, made certain statements accusing the shire engineer of malpractices, thereby implying that the council who employed him were also corrupt?" The meeting was very adroitly held the night before the election, and there was no time to refute the slander before the poll came off. Mr. Andrews having thus jumped on the back of the engineer, stuck there, and actually rode into the council on the engineer's back, and insisted that he (the engineer) was an old screw, and not fit to do the work as a thorough pacer ought to. On that occasion, I think it will be remembered the old screw bucked the chemist off, and launched him in a quagmire, where he stuck till he had to beseech Mr. Jackson to lift him out of the hole, as all the statements he had made concerning him were without foundation, and therefore false. An advertisement appeared in the *Star*, *Courier* and *Riponshire Advocate* which read thus:—"[COPY]. Beaufort, 16th September, 1885. To Mr. H. H. Jackson, Beaufort. Sir,—Having made statements at the Golden Age Hall, on the 12th August last, reflecting on your private character, I now beg to state that I was in error in so doing, and wish to retract such statements. A. ANDREWS. Witness—J. B. Pearson, solicitor, Ballarat." After that, all common sense people thought that Mr. Andrews would have allowed the Riponshire Council to have known him no more. Such was not the fact, as Mr. Andrews stuck to the seat like grim death to a dead nigger. His admirers felt disgusted and annoyed, when they discovered that their idol, instead of being made of sterling metal, was composed of rotten clay, with a thin veneering of brass; and when he transferred his belongings to St. Kilda, he had the effrontery to ask the council for leave of absence, which was very properly refused. It seems, Mr. Editor, that there is a certain organisation in Beaufort, which some people call the "Mutual Admiration Society," and these mutual admirers expect that by the outside public they should be "Admired as heroes, and as gods obeyed," and a brother admirer was selected to step into Mr. Andrews' seat when he resigned. But "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee," and the little arrangement fell through owing to the good sense of the ratepayers rejecting Mr. Andrews' nominee. So now another attempt is to be made to pitchfork a pigmy (metaphorically speaking) into the shire council to replace a giant. Forbid it, common sense! It is a trite saying that the "cobbler should stick to his last," and I predict that on this occasion the ratepayers will tell Mr. Andrews to stick to (his last) the dispensing of medicine, as public business (especially shire council) is not his *forte*, and therefore outside his line.

Well, what claim has Mr. George Wotherspoon on the ratepayers that they should elect him to the council. In the first place, he is a shrewd, intelligent man of business; truthful in speech; honorable in all his dealings with the public; and represented the north riding as member at the shire council for a number of years, with credit to himself and benefit to the north riding ratepayers, as all who were connected at that time with the council well know. He also had the honor of being the first honorary secretary who organised the Beaufort Agricultural Society; and when his connection with the society as such ceased, he was presented with a solid massive silver inkstand of most elaborate workmanship, in recognition of the valuable services he had rendered the society. Mr. George Wotherspoon is not a man of many words; he is an active worker, and not a talker, which is the main thing required at the council table.—I am, Sir, yours &c.,

LYNX EYE.

October 13th, 1887.

CR. THOMAS' MOTION.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate

SIR,—I would suggest through you that meetings be held in each of the ridings of the shire to consider the action of the shire council on Thursday, in respect to Councillor Thomas' motion to reduce the engineer's salary. As far as the north riding is concerned, we ratepayers should take immediate action in the matter. This year our water rates have been raised. There is to be no valuation made, and next year we shall be expected to pay the same rate. Now, Sir, it is a fact,—we have it on the authority of the late Cr. Wotherspoon,—that L100 has to be made up on the water supply revenue every year out of the general rates revenue, and while this is going on, for the next year, L50 is to be paid to the valuer for work that it has been decided not to do. Nothing but united action on the part of the ratepayers throughout the shire can put a stop to this little game. Would Cr. Thomas call a meeting to discuss the question in the north riding?

I am, yours &c.,

RATEPAYER.

14th October.

NORTH RIDING ELECTION.

MR. ANDREWS AT WATERLOO.

Mr. Albert Andrews, one of the candidates for the vacancy in the North Riding for the Council of the Shire of Ripon, addressed a meeting of about 150 ratepayers at Waterloo on Thursday night last. C. J. Leadbeater, Esq., J.P., presided, and in introducing the candidate, asked that he might be accorded a patient hearing. Mr. Andrews, on rising, was well received, and spoke for a considerable time, dealing with the question of local government generally, advocating the extension of the powers of the local governing bodies; he also supported the suggestion to readjust the ridings of this shire, being of opinion that the present subdivision is unjust to the ratepayers of the North Riding. He also spoke favorably to the proposed trust scheme being carried out to augment the water supply of Beaufort and provide a supply of water for Waterloo; and also referred to the closed roads question, and a number of other municipal matters. At the conclusion of the address, a vote of confidence was passed in the candidate, and another of thanks to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

Mr. Andrews also addressed a meeting at Raglan last evening, and will speak at Beaufort on Wednesday evening next.

VITAL QUESTIONS!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?
And he will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all diseases and ailments peculiar to women"—
And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically, "Buchu."
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:
Mandrake! or Dandelion!
Hence when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,
And compounded into Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is
Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"
For years and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.
Women gone nearly crazy!
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.
People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula,
Erysipelas!
"Saltrheum, blood-poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact, almost all diseases frail"
Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Dr. Soule's Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green hops on a white label, and Dr. Soule's name blown in the bottle. BEWARE of all the vile stuff made to imitate the above.

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 it 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 af 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 accomdanied 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. 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."

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

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills 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.

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

NO MORE HARD TIMES.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. "Chronicle."

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

A
SIGNAL VICTORY OVER DISEASE

"PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE"

OR,

THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF NERVOUS AND SPECIAL DISEASES ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF NATURE AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE.

THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE REVOLUTIONIZED.

NO MORE MERCURY OR OTHER NOXIOUS STOMACHIC CONTAMINATIONS.

There is hope for the Weak, the Nervous, and the Diseased.

DR. T. C. WRIGHT

M.B., Ch. M., etc.,

The expert specialist on Kidney, Nervous, and Special Complaints, registered by the Medical Boards of Victoria and England (and the only legally qualified practitioner advertising in Australia who holds the diploma of Physician and Surgeon), has established the Victorian Progressive Medical Institute, 53 Flinders-street West, Melbourne, for the scientific and effectual cure of all phases of Nervous Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decay, Genito-Urinary Disorders, Female Complaints, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Chronic and complicated affections.

Dr. Wright cures Fits, Spinal Complaints, Nervous, Head, and Mind Affections, Impediments to Marriage, Effects of Indiscretions, Abuses, or Excesses, Scrofulous Humours, Eruptions, Spermatorrhœa, Premature Decay, Incapacity for Study or Business, Female Complaints, Liver, Heart, Lung and Kidney Affections, and all morbid conditions of the system, no matter from what cause arising.

It matters not what your troubles may be, call or write to Dr. Wright, and get his honest opinion of your complaints. If it is curable, he will tell you so; if not, he will tell you also, for he will not undertake a case unless he is confident of effecting a cure. It will cost you nothing for consultation, so satisfy yourselves that the Dr. understands your case.

CONFIDENCE ABSOLUTE.

Sufferers can be Treated equally well at a distance.

N.B.—I wish it distinctly understood that I do not claim to perform impossibilities, or to have miraculous power. I claim only to be a skilled and successful Physician thoroughly informed in my specialty

NOTE ADDRESS—

PROGRESSIVE MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
53 FLINDERS ST. W.,
Box 253, G.P.O. MELBOURNE

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.

SPRING GOODS.

OUR
First Shipment
OF SPRING GOODS
NOW OPENING.

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.

SPECIALITIES—Fencing Wire, Woolpacks, Sheep Shears, and Shearing Requisites.
General Agents for all Agricultural Machines and Implements.

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.

TIME-PAYMENTS TAKEN,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL AGENTS for CHAPMAM'S CELEBRATED EUCALYPTUS PREPARATION.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

G. H. COUGLE,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Having decided on leaving Beaufort early next month, I will offer the WHOLE OF MY STOCK AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

The DRAPERY portion especially will be **Sold at and under Cost,** to save expense of removal.

Regular customers and others are invited to anal themselves of this chance of securing **Unheard of Bargains.**

All outstanding accounts to be paid without delay, to save further trouble.

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

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 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., should lose no time in availing themselves of that most excellent medicine—"PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS," which for 30 years has held the first place in the world as an effectual antidote to the above and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach, bowels, or liver. Tonic, invigorating and purifying, they form the best remedy extant. Sold by all Medicine Vendors in boxes at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 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.

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

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 andbeauty 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 paintings, 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 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, merveilleauxs, 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 o 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."

The Name of M. MOSS & Co. Is on every Genuine Bottle.

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

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

COMOTROPHUS

COMOTROPHUS CO. Ballarat, Vict.

All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

G. SCHUTZE,

TAILOR AND OUTFITTER,

27 and 29 STURT STREET,

BALLARAT.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM.

June 14th 1887.

Mr George Schutze, Ballarat.

Dear Sir,—I do not exaggerate when I say, that since I adopted Dr Jaeger's Woollen Goods, the comfort and happiness of my physical life have been wonderfully increased.

I was very much amused when I first saw Dr, Jaeger's five-toed socks, but I found for those who suffer from sore feet or corns, there is nothing to surpass them, independent of their sanitary point of view. I have become an enthusiastic Jaegerite, and can really recommend the system.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
GEO. A. BEYER, Auctioneer

Bollond House, Melbourne, June 5th, 1887.

My Dear Sir,

Having now worn Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System, of underclothing in particular, very excellent especially in a climate subject, to such sudden and great varieties of temperature as here in this part o Victoria. The garments are light and durable, they maintain the surface warmth of the body without adding to the weight of the clothing; a most important consideration to delicate persons, and particularly those suffering from chest complications, and therefore from my own and wife's experience, also several of my patients who have adopted this system of clothing, can recommend it with confidence.

Yours very truly,
M. GUNST, M.D.

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 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.

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 £250, 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.

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 Bottles, 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, 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 or 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 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, &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.

"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 warrante ree from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, the Proprieto solicits sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts;

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1882.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

"Gentlemen,—Some ten years ago my wife became ame with ulcerated legs. I tried every recommendation for a cure, and also a large number of docto (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 inquirles 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 ong 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 o 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 be remedy known in the world for the following diseases:—

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

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

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

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

Fistulas, and Excoriations.

The cures which this Ointment effects in healing pile 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 kidney

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

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

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; also by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the Civilised World, in boxes and Pots. The smallest box of Pills contains four dozen; and the smallest Pot 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 sexe 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 it I lived in your own town, and with the additional advantage of thorough privacy.—Yours, truly,

LOUIS L. SMITH.

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

Consultation Fee by Letter, £1.
Fee for personal Consultation, L1 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine,

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

The only legally qualified practitioner advertising and registered under the Medical Board of Victoria, and practising the last 35 years.

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 Lawrance street, Beaufort Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate

[No. 627.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY OCTOBER 22 1887. PRICE SIXPENCE

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The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WATERLOO COACHES.

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

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

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

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.3 a.m.

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

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

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

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

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.

R. MANFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

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

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.

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

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
Co INS STRE T We

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

WASTE PAPER

FOR SALE.

APPLY

THIS OFFICE.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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

Office: Lawrence Street, Beaufort

Plain and Ornamental Printing

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

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

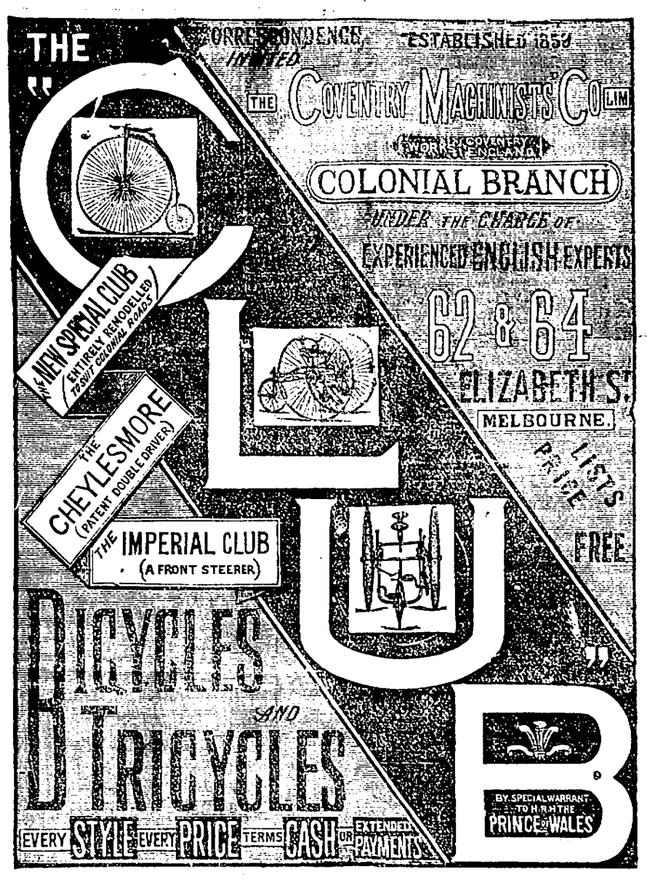
MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,

Prepared on the shortest notice

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, Pourness 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.



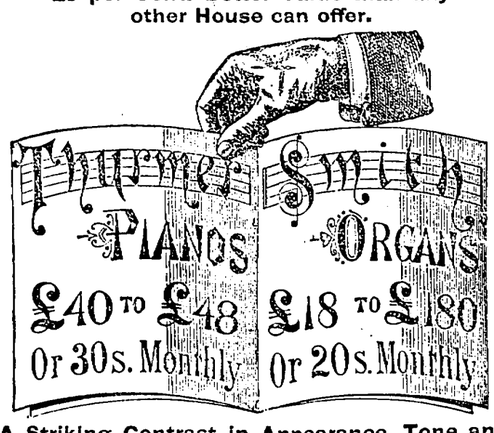
Agent for Beaufort: P. DE BAERE, Watchmaker, etc.

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.

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 catologue 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.

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 FELTON, GRIMWADE and Co., and ROCKE, OMPSITT and Co., Melbourne.

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,

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.

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.

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

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.

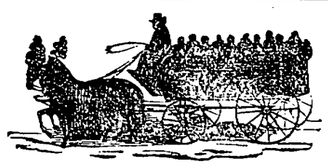
Standard Langstroth Hive, made of one-inch best seasoned pine planed both sides, body, floor board, cover, tin runners, and ten frames, all complete in the flat; a very superior-made article, for 7s 6d. All Hives are interchangeable.

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.



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Established 1860.

WILLIAM BAKER,

UNDERTAKER,

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

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

Extraordinary

Announcement.

S. NATHAN,

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

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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.

Beaufort Fruit and Confectionary and Refreshment Rooms.

GEORGE WHITE,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, NEXT BANK OF VICTORIA,

RESPECTFULLY invites the PATRONAGE of his friends and the public.

REFRESHMENTS AT ALL HOURS.

HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAVING
SALOON.

Tobaccoes, Cigars, &c., in great variety.

Stationery and School Requisites.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

BOOKSELLER,

STATIONER & NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK STREET BEAUFORT

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.

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.

ONE BOX OF

CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS

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

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

EXPORT AGENTS.

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

MELBOURNE AGENTS.

ROCKE, TOMPSITT, & Co., Melbourne.
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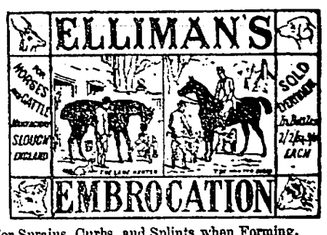
NO ENGLISH STABLE IS CONSIDERED COMPLETE WITHOUT



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

SPECIMEN TESTIMONIALS.

From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.
"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1. 1879.
"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I think it very useful. RUTLAND,
"Master of Belvoir Hunt."

"Castle Weir, Kington, Herefordshire,
"Dec. 3rd, 1878.
"Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in my stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for lumbago and rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.
"R. H. PRICE, Lieut-Col., Master of Radnorshire Hunt."

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

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

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

Little activity has been displayed in the produce market during the past week. In wheat we have again a weaker feeling to report. Several small lots have come down from the Wimmera district, being landed at 3s 1d per bushel, bags in, whilst one lot of 200 bags of local w s under off r on Saturday at 3s 1½d, bags in, at Maroona, but we are not aware whether the transaction was completed. Flour shows a corres, onding decline, though a good deal has been sent out at £8 per ton. The Horsham wheat market is very depressed, the nominal quotation being 2s 10d. A further decline is observable at Donald, the only sales repor ed being at 2s 9d per bushel, but at St. Arnaud 2s 10d is still given. Oa s have in this distr ct been almost unnoticed, no sales of importance have taken place. Ballarat potatoes came in freely at late quotations. Hay is liberally supplied. Fresh butter is plentiful at the reduced rate of 7d, and eggs are now abundan ly supplied at 6d per dozen. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 1d to 3s 1½d per bushel bags in
Oats, 2s 8d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 10½d per bushel
Bran, 9½ per bushel
Flour, L8 per ton
Cape barley, 3s 6d per bushel
English barley, none
Peas, 3s 6d per bushel
Potatoes, Ballarat, L2 15s per ton
Hay, sheaves, L3 per ton
Hay, trussed, L3 5s per ton
Straw, oaten none in
Straw, wheaten, to 30s per ton.
Chaff, 3s 9d per cwt
Carrots, 3s per cwt.
Onions, 6s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 7d per lb
Butter, potted, 5d per lb
Hams, 11d per lb
Bacon, 9½d per lb
Cheese, 6d to 7d per lb
Eggs, 6d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Messrs. A. M. Greenfield and Co. report under date of Oct. 21 :—

We held our first wool sale of the season on Thursday, when buyers were well represented, and every lot was bid for freely, and at fair rates, considering the condition of the London market. The ca alogue was a small one; the wool forward showed considerable merit, and the quality is, if anything, slightly over last year. We quitted a fair merino, grown in the Rokewood dis.rict, at 8¾d, and the first cross for the same grower at the same price. The wool was light and well grown. For some merino grown at Windermere 8d was realised, far a small clip from Trunk Lend 7¾d for a fair merino. A small lot from the Beaufort district brought 7½d. Pieces ranged from 2½d to 5d, and bellies 2½d to 4d.

Wheat, weak, at 3s 4d for prime milling; oats, Danish 2s 9d to 2s 10d, stout, up to 2s 10d per bushel; peas, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; Cape barley, to 3s 4d; prime malting 5s 6d to 6s; mangolds, 30s; carrots, L1 15s; potatoes, L1 15s to L1 17s 6d; hay continues firm, prime chaffing, L3 10s to L3 12s 6d; medium, L3 to L3 5s; oaten straw, L2 10s; wheaten, L2; manger hay, L4 15s to L5 These quotations are all bags in.

DALGETY & COMPANY'S WEEKLY WOOL REPORT.

Wool.—We have received for sale during the week the first instalments of several new clips from New South Wales and Victoria, of which the following are the most important :—AC over TCt(in square), B over TC (in square), LO, O (in diamond), MH, Murdeduke, A. Tobin & Sons over Wingadee, and RS over Kalkal. The last-named, which is from the Hon. Robert Simson's station near Trawalla, deserves special mention, being one of the finest clips from the Western District of Victoria, and one which has realised, as washed wool, as high as 3s. 0½d. per lb. in the early London sales of this year. On this occasion, however, the clip comes forward in the grease. We held our opening sale before a crowded attendance of buyers and others interested, and submitted a catalogue of 2574 bales, comprising some of the best known and choicest clips of Riverina and Victoria. Competition was very animated, and we sold by auction and privately 2117 bales, realising very satisfactory prices considering the state of the European market.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORTS.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, October 19 :—

Wool—We held our opening sale of the season to-day, when we submitted a catalogue of 452 bales. Biddings throughout the sale were exceedingly animated, and prices were up to the best ruling since the sales opened in the colony this season. Greasy fleece, average to good, 8d to 10½d; do do, inferior to medium, 5d to 7½d; do pieces, 3½d to 5¾d; washed fleece (cold water) 11d to 14d; do pieces, 9d to 10½d; scoured merino, 9¾d to 15½d; do crossbred (fine) 11½d to 13½d; do do (coarse) 8½d to 10½d; slipe merino (1s and sup) 8½d to 9½d; do fine crossbred, 8½d to 9¾d; do coarse do, 7d to 8d.

Sheepskins.—Butchers' fresh-killed, 18d to 36d each; good to superior, 39d to 50d each; country and station skins, 18d to 36d each, superior to 48d each, and 3d to 5½d per lb; pelts and short-woolled skins, 1d to 2d per lb, and 1d to 12d each; lambskins, 2d to 3½d per lb.

Hides.—Sold as follows :—Heavy and superior, in good condition, from 3½d per lb upwards; average to good, salted, 3d to 3½d per lb; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d per lb; kip, 3½d to 3½d per lb; calf, 5d to 6d per lb.

Tallow—We have sold our usual supply of oddments and country mixed lots at current rates, and 53 pipes good beef and mutton, for shipment at a satisfactory figure.

Holloway's Pills.—Nervousness and want of Energy.—When first the nerves feel unstrung, and listlessness supplants energy, it is the right time to use somealterative as Holloway's Pills to prevent disorder running into diseases These excellent Pills correct all irregularities and weaknesses. They act so kindly, yet so energetically on the functions of digestion and assimilation, that the whole body is revived, the blood is rendered richer and purer, the muscles become firmer and stronger and the nervous and absorbent systems are invigorated. These Pills are suitable for all classes and all ages. They have a most marvellous effect on persons who are out of condition; they soon rectify whatever is in fault, restore strength to the body and confidence to the mind.

FLORILINE!—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Florileine" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produces a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or impurities, hardens the gums, prevents tartar, stops decay, gives to the teeth a peculiar pearly-whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Florileine," 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.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

Final Series of the Jubilee Excursions to Adelaide Exhibition.

On Fridays, 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th October, and 4th, 11th, and 18th November, a Jubilee Excursion train will leave Melbourne at 9.50 a.m., picking up passengers at Geelong, Ballarat, Ararat, Stawell, Murtoa, Horsham, Dimboola, Nhill, and Serviceton stations. The specials will reach Adelaide at 7.15 a.m. 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 Tuesdays, 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th October, and 1st, 8th, and 15th November, and will be available for return for 28 days. For instance, a ticket dated 7th October will be available for return up to and inclusive of the 3rd November. Passengers must return by one of the specials hereunder mentioned, and the journey cannot be broken either going or returning. Special trains will leave Adelaide at 9.45 a.m. on Thursdays, 13th, 20th, and 27th October, 3rd, 10th, 17th, and 24th November, and 1st, 8th, and 15th December. 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 fare. Passengers will also be booked at Kyneton, Castlemaine, Sandhurst, Echuca, Maryborough, Avoca, Portland and Hamilton for these excursions at the same fares and on the same conditions. Tickets issued at Kyneton, Castlemaine, Sandhurst, and Echuca will be available to Ballarat and Melbourne by ordinary trains on the Thursdays preceding the days of excursion, or from Kyneton by 6.15 a.m. to Melbourne on the Fridays. Tickets issued at Maryborough will be available by first up train on the same dates as the excursion to Ballarat, thence by special leaving at 1.52 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Tickets issued at Avoca will be available by the two last trains to Ballarat on the Thursdays preceding the days the special runs, thence by special at 1.52 p.m. Tickets issued at Portland and Hamilton will be available to Ararat by the first up train on days of excursion, thence by special leaving at 4.15 p.m. on the day they are dated for. Intending excursionists from stations other 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 such 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 specials to stations at which the trains stops; 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.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

Excursions to Melbourne in connection with the Victoria Racing Club Spring Meeting on 29th October, 1st, 3rd, and 5th November, Derby, Cup, Oaks, and Steeplechase Days.

Return Tickets, at Holiday Excursion Fares, will issued for Melbourne only by all stations (Deniliquin and Mathoura included), from 24th October to 9th November inclusive. Excursion passengers may travel by all ordinary and extra trains to Melbourne on the day the ticket is issued, and return by any train up to the night of the 15th November inclusive. Passengers may also travel by express trains, provided there is ample room. Excursion tickets will also be issued at Sydney and Adelaide for Melbourne, from 24th October to 4th November, available for return for two months. Adelaide excursion tickets will be available by express trains.

Horses and Vehicles.—From the 27th October to the 15th November inclusive, the Department cannot engage to forward Horses and Vehicles by passenger trains, unless accommodation can be provided by special arrangement.

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

Nelson Province Election.

BY virture of a Writ bearing date the fifteenth day of October, 1887, in the fifty-first year of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and issued by the Hon. Sir James MacBain, the President of the Legislative Council of the Colony of Victoria, for the return of One Member to serve in the Legislative Council for the Nelson Electoral Province, I hereby give notice that Nomination Papers, in accordance with the provisions contained in the 83rd Section of the Act 29th Victoria, No. 279, together with the declaration in accordance with Section 41 of the act 45th Victoria, No. 702, will be received by me or my substitute, at my office Victoria-place, Stawell, in the Colony aforesaid, on each day, from eleven o'clock a.m. to two o'clock p.m. up to the 24th day of October, instant, and from eleven o'clock a.m. to six o'clock p.m. on Monday, the 24th day of October instant, the day preceding the day of nomination.

I also give notice that I will proceed to such Election, at my said office, Victoria place, Stawell, at noon on Tuesday, the 25th day of October, 1887.

And in the event of the said Election being contested, a Poll will be taken on Tuesday, the 8th day of November next, between the hours of eight o'clock a.m. and five o'clock p.m., at the following places :—

Camperdown, Skipton (within the division). Lismore, Terang, Cobden, Port Campbell, Pomborneit, Darlington, and Cowley's Creek State School, No. 1708, for the Hampden Division; and at Mortlake, Ellerslie, Woorndoo and Keilambete East for the Mortlake Division; and at Moyston, Mooney's Gap, Catheart, Maroona, Watgania, Wickliffe, Bolac, Streatham, Buangor, Dobies' Bridge, Warrack, Elmhurst, Tatyoon, Jallukar, Rhymney, Opossum Gully, and Ross's Bridge for the Ararat Shire Division; and at Ararat for the Ararat Borough Division; and at Beaufort, Raglan, Waterloo (within the division), Stockyard Hill, Skipton (within the division), Chepstowe Carngham, and Middle Creek, for the Ripon Division; and at Scarsdale, Linton, Haddon, Cape Clear, Illabarook, and Smythsdale, for the Grenville Division; and at Learmonth, Coghill's Creek, Burrumbeet, and Miner's Rest for the Ballarat Division; and at Lexton, Amphitheatre, Springs, Evansford, Glenpatrick (within the division) and Waterloo (within the division), for the Lexton Division; and at Avoca, Homebush, Natte Yallock, Redbank, Moonambel, Landsborough, Crowlands, Glenpatrick (within the division), Barkly and Bung Bong, for the Avoca division; and at Great Western, Glenorchy, Illawarra, Joel Joel, Parish of Stawell, Marnoo, Wallaloo, Warrenook, Witchilleba, and Glynwilln, for the Stawell Shire Division; and at Stawell for the Stawell Borough Division.

The Writ is returnable on or before the fifteenth day of November, 1887.

I further notify that I have appointed Mr. Alfred Bussell Clames, Shire Secretary Stawell, as my substitute.

Given under my hand, at Stawell, this seventeenth day of October, A.D., 1887.

RICHARD DAWBARN OLLARD,
Returning Officer for the Nelson Province.

Address of Mr. J. P. Macpherson to the Electors of the Nelson Province.

GENTLEMEN,—As most of you are aware a vacancy in the representation of your Province in the Upper House has arisen, and in response to the request of a very large number of influential residents in our electorate, I have consented to come forward as a Candidate for your suffrages. I accede to the wishes of my friends, because being Australian born, and having only the interests of my country at heart, I will be enabled, in my place in Parliament, to advocate your wants.

If elected, I shall take every opportunity of urging the necessity of more mature consideration being shown to the mining industry in the Upper Chamber than it has received hitherto. In the Nelson Province a falling off in gold production has been apparent of late years, and in no district is there so much mineral ground as yet undeveloped, but which could be made to yield up its treasure if a fair meed of assistance and recognition were given by the State.

There are many other necessary works in various parts of the province which should be considered in the same manner; and, if elected, I will certainly use my exertions in forwarding them as fully as possible.

Now that the greater part of the land of the colony has been alienated from the State, it is imperative that the rising generation should be instructed how to utilise the land to the best advantage; therefore, as an Australian, I would advocate a thorough teaching, in our State schools, of agricultural knowledge throughout the length and breadth of the country.

Irrigation is so closely allied to agriculture, that one is necessary to the other in the arid districts of the colony; and I will favour any scheme by which water can be stored and utilised for increasing the product of the soil.

I am of opinion that federation of the colonies is a necessity, and am in favour of steps being at once taken to forward the movement.

The foregoing are my views briefly upon some of the leading questions of the day, and which must engage the attention of Parliament. But I shall make it my duty to address you upon other subjects. If elected, I will serve you honestly and well, and to the best of my ability.

I have the honor to be,
Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
J. P. MACPHERSON.

Nerrin Nerrin, 14th October, 1887.

To the Electors of the Nelson Province.

GENTLEMEN,—Having at the request of a number of the electors of the Province become a Candidate for the seat vacant in the Legislative Council by the death of your esteemed representative, the late Hon. Thomas Bromell, I beg to briefly lay before you my views upon the various questions of the day.

I am of opinion that more attention should be paid to technical education; and that industrial supremacy can only be gained by careful study in industrial training. I will advocate the extension of colleges and experimental farms in the agricultural districts, and the affiliation of colleges with our school of mines.

Forest conservation being most important, especially in the mining and farming communities. I am in favor of creating forest boards which should attend to tree planting, and the preservation of State forests.

Having a firm faith in the great future of Australia, I will warmly support the federation of the colonies, believing that there are many vital questions that can only be dealt with by a federated Australia.

Having resided in Ballarat nearly all my life, I have been interested in developing many of the largest mining ventures in the district, and have invested a considerable amount of capital in these enterprises. I have thus had an opportunity of gaining mining experience of a thoroughly practical nature. I believe it would be the means of inducing the investment of a much larger amount of capital in mining if the mining laws were symplified and titles rendered unassailable so long as bona-fide work is carried on. If elected, I will use every endeavor to have the necessary reform carried into effect.

The prospecting grant should be largely increased, and sums set apart to assist in draining known leads where the water is too heavy for single companies to battle with. There are many parts of the electorate where systematic prospecting by means of the diamond drill would result in great good. I will use my best endeavors to have these fields thoroughly prospected.

The colony mainly owes its present prosperous condition to its protective policy. I will warmly support all tariff impositions that are distinctly protective. I have always taken a practical interest in native industries, being largely interested in several woollen mills and other labor-employing interests.

I am distinedy in accord with the main principles of the Education Act.

The question of "local option" is surrounded with many difficulties, but I am in favor of giving electors the fullest possible control of the liquor traffic, consistent with justice and equity to the hotelkeepers, who should be fairly compensated.

Railway extension I deem an absolute necessity, and will urge the immediate extension of the Scarsdale line to Camperdown.

All my interests being in the Province, I need hardly say that I favor a fair and equitable distribution of the Government expenditure, and an increase of local responsibility, being strongly opposed to centralisation.

I will take every opportunity of making my views more freely known to you personally.

I am,
Gentlemen,
AGAR WYNNE.

Ballarat.

To the Electors of the Nelson Province.

GENTLEMEN,—I intend to contest the seat for the Nelson Province, vacant through the lamented death of the Hon. T. Bromell.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES P. MACPHERSON.

To the Electors of the Nelson Province.

GENTLEMEN,—I cannot but feel highly flattered by you liberal promises of support on the announcement being made that I proposed coming before you as a candidate to represent your Province in the Legislative Council, but in consequence of business engagements, and a previous promise to Mr. J. P. McPherson that I would support him in his candidature, I now WITHDRAW from the contest.

Heartily thanking you for your kindness, should you require my services in the Council on a future occasion, I shall be happy to place myself at your disposal.

Yours, &c.,
E. MOREY.

Linton Park, 14th October, 1887.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE NELSON PROVINCE.

JOHN KING, Esq., President of the Ballaratshire, has been elected, and kindly undertaken the CHAIRMANSHIP of Mr. J. P. MACPHERSON'S Central Committee.

JAS. A. WEBSTER,
Hon. Sec. Central Committee.

SHIRE OF RIPON.—NORTH RIDING.

Election of One Councillor.

Result of the Poll taken the 20th day of October, 1887 :—

ALBERT ANDREWS ... 255 votes
GEORGE WOTHERSPOON 248 votes

I declare Mr. ALBERT ANDREWS to be duly ELECTED a member of the Council of the Shire of Ripon for the North Riding.

W. C. THOMAS,
Returning Officer.

Beaufort, 10th October.

NELSON PROVINCE ELECTION.

MR. MACPHERSON

WILL
ADDRESS THE ELECTORS
AT THE
GOLDEN AGE HALL
ON
TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, 25th instant,
At 8 o'clock.

ALBERT ANDREWS, Esq., J.P., Chairman of Committee, will preside.

Beaufort, 20th October, 1887.

SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY!

WEDNESDAY NEXT, 26th OCTOBER

TAYLOR'S
"CALLED BACK"
DRAMATIC COMPANY.

Prices as Usual.

GEORGE LEE, AGENT.

MISS LATTER, Teacher of Painting, including mirror, satin, and pen painting, purposes RESUMING TUITION in Beaufort, at Miss Tempest's, on Friday next, 20th inst.

THE
Riponshire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

THE efforts which are being made in various agricultural centres, to secure something of the nature of protection to farmers, is at least intelligible enough. We are constantly being told that the manufacturing interests of the colony are in an eminently satisfactory condition, and that they have been rendered so by the agency of protection. Production—manufactured production—is steadily increasing, profits are well maintained, and the manufacturers are growing rich. All this, it is claimed, has been brought about by means of the tariff. Something more has, it is true, been brought about by the same agency. The metropolis has been practically converted into the colony, with a monopoly of concentrated wealth, with almost a monopoly of labour, and with a frightfully disproportionate amount of poverty and crime. The latter elements are not laid great stress upon by the protectionist evangelists, but if they are kept as far as possible out of sight, they have their existence nevertheless, and it is as well to take heed of them. The farmers are bent rather upon taking heed of their own position. If it be really true, they are arguing at the various public meetings which are being held, that protection has done so much good to others, why should it not be utilised to do good to us? Shut out foreign agricultural products. Shut out live stock. Make the growth of exotic vegetables profitable by the imposition of prohibitory import duties. Treat us all alike. If we have cheerfully submitted to a heavy increase of taxation., for the benefit of Melbourne manufacturers, give us some share in the beneficent system. Give protective sauce to the agricultural goose, as well as the manufacturing gander. Let us all be in the swim, and let us all grow rich by that wonderfully beneficent device of producing only for ourselves, of trading only with ourselves, and of dividing all that we have and all that we earn amongst ourselves.

This would be the ideal protectionist millenium. But it is very remote from the point of actual realisation—so remote as to appear to be hardly worth hoping for. In the meantime, the farmers are content to strive and hope for something less. They are agitating for the imposition of a bounty on wheat, as the most practical method of enabling them to share in the blessings of protection. The agitation is drawing to a focus. Early next month there is to be a great representative gathering in Melbourne, at which the demands of the farmers are to be enforced upon the Government. Ill-natured people will very likely say that this is only another of the devices by which country people are attracted to Melbourne at Cup time; but, we decline to give heed to such a shallow invention. The coincidences of common life are quite numerous enough to prevent us from wondering greatly that a popular racing festival and an important political event should be made conveniently contemporary, or that the locality of the one should be selected for the other. It will be more to the purpose to consider whether the demands to be made are rational ones, and whether they are at all likely to be acceded to. As to the first point the position is easily summed up. Agriculturists complain that for years past, whilst they have been striving, in the face of serious difficulties to develop the natural resources of the country, they have been heavily taxed—taxed in a score of different ways—to assist those who have been endeavoring to acclimatise industries for which the country is only secondarily adapted. They have borne their burdens contentedly if not cheerfully; and they have done their work effectively. They have reduced the cost of the necessaries of life to a minimum. They have largely over-supplied their natural market, and the only outside market open to them is one in which even the narrowest margin of profit is not always to be depended upon, in consequence of its distance, and the heavy incidental charges which are entailed. This is the position of the tariff-burdened Victorian farmer of the present day; and his demand for a bounty is urged for precisely the same reasons, on exactly the same grounds as the manufacturing protectionist was accustomed to urge before he got what was wanted. There is this, also, to be said in its favor. It could not raise the price to the local consumer. That, at least, could be effectively guarded against, whilst it would tend largely to increase the available capital of the country and render agricultural development more certain and more remunerative.

This view of the case will hardly be disputed when the agriculturalists urge their demands upon the Government. Their abstract equity will be conceded. But we doubt whether any further concession is to be expected. It is not so much that a bounty would be unpopular; it is not at all certain that it would be unpopular. But it would be a new departure, which might lead no one can exactly tell whither, and cautious politicians, such as those at the head of affairs, are apt to be wary of creating precedents which, in the unforeseen future, are liable to be used against them. There is no strong force of public opinion at the back of the farmers. The proposal is comparatively a new one. It will have to be discussed and ventilated before it takes root in the public mind. It may never take root. But it would be foolish to assert on that account that it ought not to do so. It would above all, be foolish for protectionists to assert this. They owe support to the farmers; whilst the freetraders, who have been content to put their principles in their pockets whilst the antagonistic system has had a trial, may, without doing extreme violence to their convictions, go one step further, and prove whether the new agricultural nostrum will work the cure which its advocates are disposed to believe.

THE election of a councillor for the north riding of the Shire of Ripon, in the room of the late Cr. John Wotherspoon, took place on Thursday last, and resulted in the return of Mr. Albert Andrews, by a very small majority over Mr. George Wotherspoon, viz., 7 votes. The polling was a great surprise to those who had recorded in favor of Mr. G. Wotherspoon, and this surprise will have been carried far beyond the confines of Beaufort before this morning's issue is read by our subscribers. The interest that has been stirred up over this election has brought forth, to the minds of many, recollections of contests in the earlier days. It has certainly proved to the supporters of each candidate that no stone must be left unturned if success is to be ensured. For this seat, just decided, it cannot be denied that the riding has been thoroughly well canvassed by both sides, but the question whether the ratepayers have all been faithful to their own interests,—to the welfare of the riding,—remains yet to be answered. In saying this, we do not mean to imply that the successful candidats will not make a good public man. His recommendation of himself at the meeting on Wednesday night—"Gentlemen, I have the "time, the talent, and the ability to represent you"—should certainly be a sufficiently well-concocted pill for anyone to swallow, and the majority of the ratepayers having swallowed it, their action leaves us no room or occasion to grumble with them on their decision. As concerning the ratepayers, whose welfare is as much our aim as it can be their own, we accept the verdict; congratulate Mr. Andrews on his re-entry to the Council; and while hoping that he may always prove worthy of the confidence of the majority, we may finally remind him that "great things are expected from him who "promiseth much."

AT Mr. Andrews' meeting at the Golden Age Hall on Wednesday evening last, the candidate delivered himself of a prodigy—an outburst of indignation against ourselves. We were inclined to let it all pass unnoticed, especially as we did not hear all of the remarks; but as Mr. Andrews thought fit to lay a charge against this journal, of not having afforded him fair play, or, in the stronger terms that he used, that the local press had "gagged" him, we wish to emphatically deny it,—and to state that Mr. Andrews, in making such an assertion, spoke that which he knew to be utterly incorrect, and when asked for a personal explanation on Thursday morning, he admitted that "you know "that we must say something to raise a "laugh." Mr. Andrews, from time to time, has been highly favored by this journal, without any return, and no one knows it better than himself; and we are confident that he can have no just reason to credit us with an ability which enables us to successfully perform an impossibility. We respect Mr. Andrews as a townsman, also the gentleman he opposed; and in these columns we asserted nothing in favor of either. Mr. Andrews took exception to the publication of a letter in our last issue, signed "Lynx Eye," and said that we had no right to insert it without affording him a chance of replying. We contend that he had the best possible opportunity of replying to that letter at his meeting on Wednesday night, and that that was the proper place for the candidate to reply, if reply were necessary. We certainly dispute Mr. Andrews' right to dictate what shall and what shall not be inserted in this journal; in matters of this kind, we exercise our own discretion, a qualification which Mr. Andrews' utterances on Wednesday night do not lead us to believe he exercised. At the same time, we would point out to that gentleman that neither candidate at this last election received at our hands more than could be expected from a newspaper taking up an independent position, which we certainly did in respect to both candidates, and if Mr. Andrews refers to the first paragraph of our last issue, he will find the only comments we indulged in over the election, and we leave it to any reliable and reasonable man to say whether anything could be more impartial. We might mention that we entertain no animosity against Mr. Andrews, but make these remarks merely in reply to his accusation.

The hon. secretary of the boat committee begs to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. Geo. Wotherspoon, who when recently in town purchased for them two valuable and serviceable boats for the park lake, and at the same time gave the committee a donation of £2. The boats arrived yesterday, and were placed on the lake..

The annual meeting of the Beaufort District Agricultural Society will be held at the Satre Hall to-day at 2 o'clock.

The rainfall at Beaufort from October 1st to 20th, both days included, was 2·45.

We received the following wire from Ballarat yesterday afternoon :—"MacPherson's nomination papers lodged this morning.—Charles DYTE, MacPherson's Committee rooms, George Hotel."

Messrs Molesworth and Ware's East Charlton sheep station was sold to a Sydney syndicate on Thursday last. It will now be cut up for farms, and it is believed will greatly benefit Charlton.

"Punch" for this week is to hand.

We have received from Mr Hugo Wertheim, of Sewing machine fame, a novelty in the form of a birthday book, which has been compiled by Mr Garnet Walch, the well known author of several publications. In advertising mediums Australia is certainly coming to the fore in the issue of novelties. The publication before us is a useful work, and besides containing the spaces for recording the birthday of any friend, also supplies a lot of historical and interesting information which one would hardly think it possible could be included in its pages.

Taylor's "Called Back" Dramatic Company will visit Beaufort on Wednesday next, as announced in our advertising columns.

NORTH RIDING ELECTION.

The election of councillor for the north riding of Riponshire, in the room of the late Mr. John Wotherspoon, took place on Thursday last. The committee of each candidate set to work at a very early hour, and at the outset it was seen that both parties meant business. The voting was regularly recorded, and a constant simmer of excitement prevailed throughout. Up to one o'clock also 210 votes had been recorded, and by Mr. Wotherspoon's friends it was estimated that his chances were secure. The afternoon, however, told the tale, and Mr. Andrews' committee redoubled their efforts to bring every man to the poll, and the excitement rose to the point that caused a rumor to go round that each candidate would require every vote he could get. The announcement that at the Beaufort booth Mr. Andrews led by a majority of 8, was received with vociferous cheering by his supporters; but those of the other candidate were dumbfoundered. It is believed that scarcely ever has such a surprise taken place. The Waterloo returns added four to the majority obtained by Mr. Andrews. This was also another surprise. Raglan increased the lead to 19; and the cry was "Middle Creek will decide it." But Middle Creek did not. It was left for Norring to do, and the crestfallen's hopes rose in anticipation that the promises obtained at this place would be sufficient to number off the lead of three, to which the Middle Creek returns had reduced the totals. It was not to be, however, and Mr. Andrews was elected by a majority of seven votes. The number of votes polled was 503, but this was not up to the number polled at the last election.

The following is the result of the poll :—

		Andrews	Wotherspoon
Beaufort	...	147	139
Waterloo	...	60	56
Raglan	...	31	24
Middle Creek	...	9	25
Norring	...	8	4
		255	248

Majority for Andrews, 7.

WEATHER FORECASTS

For the next 24 hours.

Friday, Oct. 21, 1887, 3 p.m.

Southern Districts, including Bass' Straits.—Finer, but cloudy; south-west and southerly winds.

Highest temperature observed at Melbourne observatory during the day, 64·2.

Northern Districts, including Riverina.—Finer, but cloudy; south-west and southerly winds.

The Ripon shire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

The New Jerusalem.

There is a New Jerusalem,
Far yonder in the sky,
Where we may dwell 'mid Heavenly hosts
Through all eternity:

Its hills are bright as burnished gold,
Its rivers silver flow,
Its fields and valleys give sweet rest
To weary ones below.

Oh! look aloft when sorrow comes
To chill earth's beauteous flower,
To where the Heavenly Father rules
With Love His only power:

Our loved ones cannot come to us,
But we may go to them
And dwell forever with the blest
In sweet Jerusalem.

Novelet.

DAYS OF CRIME
AND
YEARS OF SUFFERING

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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

CHAPTER XIX.

THE VOYAGE OUT.

Having been very far from a favorite with the chaplain of Millbank, my surprise was great when I found that I was appointed as clerk to the religious instructor on board the convict ship "Joseph Soames," freighted with two hundred and forty-nine convicts, and bound for Melbourne. In fact, the appointment had in the first instance been intended not for such a miserable, unconverted sinner as myself. But, upon examination, the caligraphy of the contrite youth who had been selected, was found to be not on a par with his piety, and so the post was conferred upon my ungenerate self.

I was drafted on board the Joseph Soames with some sixty odd juveniles from Millbank, all destined for Melbourne, and promised conditional pardons on arrival. There were already on board a hundred and thirty prisoners from Pentonville Prison; and the ship had to put in at Cowes, Isle of Wight, to take on board some fifty boys from Parkhurst Reformatory.

The between-decks was very comfortably fitted up with sleeping berths, much in the same manner as an ordinary emigrant vessel. The hatchways, however, were very strongly barricaded, and this, with the soldier on guard with drawn bayonet in hand, sufficiently indicated the character of the ship. While at Woolwich, ascertaining that we should lie there for some days, I wrote a letter to a relative to whom I have, for cogent reasons, purposely refrained from alluding in this narrative, asking him to come, if possible, to see me before I left England. I was, however, disappointed in my wish. I wrote also to Ellen Lee, and the day before we sailed from Woolwich, she and her mother came alongside in a boat, but as no visitors were allowed to come on board, I could only speak to them from the gangway. Poor Ellen cried very bitterly, and begged of me to write to her as often as I could, promising to answer all my letters. The mother spoke very kindly to me, and said I was still young, and there might be plenty of happiness in the future for me if I only clung to what was right and good. They did not come empty-handed. They brought me a large parcel of little niceties for the voyage, and as they were about to depart Ellen handed me through the sergeant, who was present at the interview, a letter which she made me promise not to open until I reached Melbourne. Kind-hearted Ellen Lee! When I did open that letter, four months afterwards, I found enclosed a Bank of England note for £10, and the letter itself full of sorrow and affection. With so much goodness as I have met with in the dark journey of my life I am doubly wicked in my own badness!

Before leaving Woolwich the chaplain of the Pentonville Prison paid us a visit, and he delivered a most affecting farewell address. He evidently was a favorite with the prisoners, for the Pentonville men crowded around him, and were quite demonstrative in thanking him for all his kindness to them during their sojourn in the prison. For the first nine or ten days after we got fairly to sea, I suffered too much from sickness to be able to look around me with anything like an observing eye, but when the motion of the vessel ceased to affect me, I scrutinised everything pretty closely. The government of the prisoners was vested in the surgeon-superintendent and the religious instructor. The first was a doctor, who wrote R.N. as well as M.D. after his name; the latter had been for some years a schoolmaster in Millbank prison, and had been twice to New Holland with prisoners in the same capacity as he was now engaged on board the "Joseph Soames." Dr. E. was proud, distant, and severe. Mr. C., on the contrary, was familiar, easy of access, and mild. Dr. E., by the rigid enforcement of a stringent discipline, exerted himself to coerce the men into unreasoning obedience; Mr. C., believing in the might of gentleness, sought to win the hearts of those around him, so that they might be influenced to good by the promptings of their better nature rather than impelled to it by the dread of punishment. The result was that the doctor was hated, and the religious instructor loved and respected. From the very first I could plainly perceive that there was an antagonism between these two gentlemen; and throughout the voyage, nearly everything which the religious instructor proposed for the amelioration of the mens' position was opposed by the surgeon-superintendent. During the voyage each day was passed, when the weather would permit, in making hats, tailoring, knitting, and other such employments. There was also school for a couple of hours, prayers morning and evening, and now and then Mr. C. would give an amusing lecture. The prisoners also delivered an occasional lecture. The Pentonville prisoners, when they first came on board, were moody-looking men. They had been shut up in a lonely cell for nearly two years, excluded from all intercourse plied with religious exhortations, and furnished with books of more or less devotional character. I held frequent conversations with some of the most intelligent men among them, and they told me that when they emerged from their Pentonville cells they really believed themselves to be deeply imbued with a true religious faith that would influence the whole of their after lives. Others assured me that during the whole period of their solitary confinement they were constantly haunted by thoughts and desires of the most wicked kind. Surely there is truth, then, in the classic saying "*Homo solus aut Deus aut dæmon.*" During the whole passage there were fourteen of the prisoners flogged, and for very trifling offences. I was sentenced to three dozen myself, and was tied up to undergo the infliction, but was fortunate enough to escape through the intervention of the religious instructor. I will briefly state my offence, if offence it really were.

At the commencement of the voyage Mr. C. assembled nine or ten of the best educated among us, and suggested that we should produce by our joint efforts a weekly paper, to be entitled *The Exile's Miscellany.* I was from the first a contributor to this paper, and when about half the voyage was completed I was the editor of it. Two copies were transcribed from the original MSS. sent in by the contributors. One copy circulated among the prisoners, the other was monopolized by the cabin passengers. Neither was allowed to circulate without first being subjected to the censorship of Mr. C. In imitation of more pretentious journals, *The Exiles Miscellany* had a column for appointments and promotions, in which it was customary to notice any changes which had occurred during the week among the prisoners who, so to speak, were officially employed. Now, it happened that the servant of the surgeon-superintendent one week was dismissed, and neither he nor anyone else knew the reason why. In the paper, therefore, appeared this paragraph—"The smart young gentleman who has for some time in his white drills and pumps been the envy of one portion of the community has suddenly found that his occupation is gone. He was yesterday summarily dismissed from his exalted office, and now in dirty fustian mingles with the common herd. The cause of his dismissal is unknown." This passed the censorship, was duly admitted into the cabin, met the eye of the doctor, and drew down the doctor's wrath upon myself. He sent for me on the quarter-deck, my name appearing on the paper as editor, and he desired me to inform him who was the author of the paragraph which referred to the dismissal of his servant. I told him that I had written it myself, but that I did not for a moment suppose (which was the truth) that there was anything in it calculated to give offence. The doctor replied that he would teach me better than to investigate the causes which influenced his conduct, and he immediately had all the prisoners piped on deck, and directed the boatswain to give me three dozen lashes. As I was being tied up, Mr. C. emerged from the cabin, and asked the doctor what I had done to deserve a punishment of so degrading a character; and then, calling the captain of the vessel and one of the military officers, he intimated to the doctor that he wished to speak to him in the cabin in the presence of these gentlemen. What passed I never ascertained, but in a few minutes the doctor returned to the quarter-deck and ordered me to be taken down. I may here mention that a week or two after this occurrence one of these flogging exhibitions nearly ended in a tragedy. A lad named W., whose friends were highly respectable, and who had been sentenced to seven years for forgery, was sentenced for playing at cards to receive thirty lashes. W. was nineteen years of age, but had a very boyish appearance; and he was to receive the punishment in the ordinary form of school castigation, cats being used, however, in the place of birch. He was tied over one of the guns, and although the lashes were administered with such severity that the blood flowed down his legs, he bore his punishment with Spartan fortitude. Two days afterwards the unfortunate lad was again caught playing at cards, and he was sentenced to thirty lashes, and to be confined for three days in the "box" on bread and water. On being called the next morning to go on deck to receive his flogging, he ran up the ladder, mounted the bulwarks, and was overboard before anyone could stay him. Fortunately the ship was becalmed, and a boat being immediately lowered he was picked up, but was senseless when brought on board. Animation, was, however, soon restored; and the inexorable doctor, three days afterwards, actually had the sentence carried into effect; and on this occasion, the cats having been made heavier, and the lads' flesh being sore from the previous flagration, he found the pain beyond endurance, and his shrieks were heartrending to hear. The boy was, after being untied, carried down to the hospital, and the poor fellow cried for hours, not at the pain he was suffering, but in very bitterness of of spirit, because he had cried out for mercy during the infliction. I did all I could to rally him, and laughingly assured him that when I was tied up myself I was nearly singing out before the boatswain commenced, and that if if ever I really did have to undergo the torture, I meant to shout all sorts of things.

Never mind, W.; never mind. The pain of the flogging has long since been forgotten, and you have now a happy home, some bright-eyed little ones, and a good paying business in a stirring country town.

As far as I was personally concerned, the voyage was by no means irksome or unpleasant. I had my hands tolerably full of work, and as I used to visit Mr. C.'s cabin daily to receive instructions, I frequently obtained little luxuries which he procured for me from the steward. I wrote several compositions in verse during the voyage for the *Miscellany*, but though a great many of my rhymes cling to my memory with remarkable tenacity, I cannot recollect a single stanza of anything I produced at this period. During the passage I delivered three lectures, which were very well received. "Authors," "Books," "Readers," were the titles of these productions. I accustomed myself to speak without having the manuscript before me, and I found that I always met with a more favorable reception than those who merely read what they had written. I met with one disappointment at which my literary vanity was greatly mortified. A prize of £2 was offered by Mr. C. and the doctor for the best essay on the Prevention of Crime. Six of us competed, but the adjudicators pronounced my essay to be very excellent in theory but impossible in practice, and they awarded the prize to a Pentonville prisoner, who was a schoolmaster by profession, and who certainly produced a very good paper on the subject.

I studied hard the whole of the voyage, as I wished to qualify myself for a private tutorship, but Mr. C. frequently told me when I mentioned my hopes to him of obtaining something of the sort, that I had much better learn how to use a stock-whip and how to manage sheep, and I found out afterwards that he was perfectly right.

CHAPTER XX.

MY FELLOW-PASSENGERS.

My berth was in the hospital, and as there were no cases of serious illness during the voyage I had for my companions the hospital dispenser, the doctor's clerk, the inspector of the week, and the librarian, all men of education. The dispenser had formerly been an apothecary in Hull, and had received a sentence of ten years for stealing a horse and chaise. Two years of this sentence he had undergone in Pentonville prison. Not a night passed but this man declaimed most bitterly against the fallibility of human judgment, denouncing the whole judicial system as defective, because under its operation the guilty frequently escaped while the innocent were condemned. He declared himself to be wholly guiltless of the crime for which he had been ruined in his business, severed from his wife and little ones, and exiled from his country. I certainly regarded all this as mere frothy declamation, for the man was excessively fond of hearing himself oratorise, and the evidence adduced against him was, even as told by himself, of the most conclusive character. It was to the following effect:—One Sunday a person proceeded to a livery stable in Hull, and hired a horse and chaise for the day. Neither horse nor chaise came back, and the matter was placed in the hands of the police. In the course of a few weeks the police discovered that both horse and chaise had been disposed of in London to a gentleman who lived at Walworth. The gentleman had purchased them at an auction in Barbican, but nothing positive was there known of the person who had entered them for sale. Some short time after this the apothecary was passing near the livery stable, when the proprietor seeing him, at once accused him of having stolen the horse and chaise, and immediately gave him into custody. As the apothecary was at the period leading rather a fast life, the police fully believed in his guilt; and upon the auctioneer's clerk being sent for, he swore most positively that the apothecary was the man who had put up the horse and gig for auction, and that he had handed him the money after the close of the sale. The ostler at the livery stables, as well as the proprietor, also swore most positively to the apothecary as being the man who drove the chaise out of the yard. It turned out upon inquiry that the apothecary was actually in London at the time the sale took place. It is needless to say that, in the face of such evidence, all the arguments of counsel availed nothing, and the jury without retiring from the box, immediately returned a verdict of guilty. And yet this man was really innocent. A year after his arrival in Australia the real thief was arrested for a transportable offence, and after conviction acknowledged to the act, entering into full particulars of the manner in which he had got the horse and gig to London, and other little circumstances, which fully bore out his statement. The witnesses, too, in the former trial of the apothecary were summoned and they at once identified the man. I read this account myself in one of the Melbourne papers, and ascertained that a free pardon had been sent from England for the apothecary, and that the passage of his wife and family to the colony were paid by the home authorities. The victim of mistaken identity has ever since carried on a lucrative business, and deservedly enjoys the respect and confidence of his fellow-colonists.

Some of my other companions of the voyage have also become distinguished, but in a far less pleasant way. The inspector of docks, for an extensive gold robbery, is at this moment doing penance at Pentridge. The librarian has undergone three sentences for forgery, and I have to-day heard is now awaiting trial in Sydney for a similar offence. It was his boast on board that he could imitate any signature, and I have seen him spend whole evenings in practising. But for some time at least he will again have to substitute the pick for the pen, and hard work, as I know from experience, by no means improves one's caligraphic performances. By the bye, I just remember an amusing story of this good gentleman's ingenuity, though I by no means vouch for the veracity of the narration.

I had just concluded one evening, when we were all in a communicative mood, an outline of my own experiences, when the librarian suddenly said—"Do you remember that line of Virgil—

"'Post varius casus, per tot discrimina rerum?'"

"Yes," said I, "and now we are ploughing the deep, the other line,—

"'—multum ille et terris jactatus, et alto.'"

"Never mind classics," rojoined the librarian, "but listen to me a bit while I tell you one of the events in my own life of vicissitude, illustrative of the art of living by one's wits."

Of course we were at once all attention, and the librarian rattled away something to the following effect:—

(*To be Continued.*)

In riotous youth I was prone to regard as a gloomy shadow of Presbyterianism the idea that the sweetest pleasures in life are those which spring up in the onion beds of duty. In the light of mature years I read a far different lesson; and were it not that I pity myself a little for the pain and the unquiet that pursue me for neglect of duty I might extract comfort from good intentions—of which paving materials I have some millions of cords.

Were I a teacher in pulpit, forum, or otherwhere, I would reduce Captain Rhetoric to the grade of lieutenant and promote Corporal Thought to the rank of Colonel.

If I could have my way I would persuade the young to read an hour and think a day.

A LIFE OF CRIME.

Jean Goujon was the son of a laborer employed in the conservatory of Pere La Chaise, Paris. He had never known his mother and had grown up a street gamin. In 1835, as a Jewish funeral was entering the cemetery by Rue St. Andre, Jean Goujon, then in his fifteenth year, stole a watch from one of the mourners. He was captured and sent to prison. In 1838 he was again free and was ready for almost any crime. He professed to help his father in decorating graves.

A wealthy Spaniard named Diaz, had recently lost his only daughter, and before quitting Paris, he paid a visit to her grave in Pere la Chaise. Jean Goujon saw him arranging for the decoration of the grave of his child and observed the well-filled pocket-book which he carried. He seized a pruning knife and followed the Spaniard until he reached a convenient spot, well shrouded with folinge. He plunged the deadly weapon into the stomach of the unsuspecting stranger, tore the pocketbook from his vest and decamped, leaving a corpse behind him. Three days later, when he was spending the money like a prince, in Mother Tarratan's den in the Rue Serpente, a companion said to him,—

"Where did you get your money? What man did you plunder? Was it you who carved the Spaniard, in Pere La Chaise?"

Jean Goujon laughed and appeared gratified, as though a compliment had been paid him. When it was dark he wished his companion to go forth and enjoy the night. On the pont Neuf, just before reaching Quai du Louvre, Jean stabbed his friend in the back and ran. Fortunately for the young man, whose name was Jacques Riverin, the thick leather suspenders which he wore turned the blade, and although badly wounded, he recovered. Jean was captured, but he got rid of all the money he stole from the Spaniard, and there was nothing that connected him with that crime. For stabbing Riverin, however, he was sent to the galleys for six years.

In 1844 Jean was once more at liberty. He went to the conservatory at Pere la Chaise, where his father still worked, and removing two bricks from the rear of the furnace, hauled out a pocketbook containing several several thousand francs. He put the money in his pocket and restored the book to its hiding place.

"Nothing like a cemetery," he said to his father, "for either acquiring wealth or safely depositing it."

Jean was now twenty-three years of age, was tall, well-built, with a full, oval face, dark complexion, dark eyes and black hair, which curled all over his head. The first joint of the third finger on the right hand was missing. There was a long white scar on his forehead close to his hair, which he drew over it to hide it. As he was leaving the place where his father was at work someone darkened the entrance. Jean started back when he saw Jacques Riverin, the man whom he had stabbed six years before. Jean suspected that something was wrong, and stepped back into the furnace room.

"Here, father, take care of this money for me," he said.

He handed him all the notes he had just taken from the hiding place in the rear of the furnace. Then he faced the new-comer. Old Goujon took the notes and put them in his pocket. Then he hesitated. On the wall was a strongly bound box, with a lid which was fastened with a padlock. In the lid was a slit into which orders were dropped for the employes. Old Goujon drew forth the notes, folded them in convenient form, and thrust them into the slit. He knew how to recover them at the right time. It was none too soon for Riverin was, accompanied, or rather, followed by three officers, who at a word from him, laid hands upon Jean Goujon.

"Ah, Monsieur Jean," said Riverin, rubbing his hands, "we have got you this time for good; you are wanted for the murder of Senor Diaz a little before you tried to put me out of the world. Madame Terratan, that charming old lady who you know, has revealed all that she knows about it and—gentlemen, right, here, back of this furnace, must be the spot where the proofs of the crime are to be found."

Without much difficulty the hiding place in the rear of the furnace was reached, and the empty pocket-book produced. It bore part of Senor Diaz's name in gilt letters on the flap. The rest of the flap was missing.

"That dear old lady, Madame Tarratan," said Riverin, "has the rest of the flap in safe keeping."

Jean was tried for the murder of Ramon Diaz. He had confessed the crime to Mother Tarratan and given her the pocket-book to keep for him. Then he had quarrelled with her and snatched it out of her hands, leaving part of the flap in her grasp. Afterwards they had made it up, and Jean had told Mother Tarratan where he had deposited the book and the money. She had remained faithful to him all during his imprisonment, but when he came out of prison and, instead of returning to his old friend, went to the establishment of a hated rival, Mother Tarratan's wrath was roused, and she made a confident of Riverin, Jean's deadliest foe.

Now, strange as it may appear, the greatest affection existed between Jean and his father, and but for this fact Jean would never have been convicted for the murder of Senor Diaz.

"It is clear," said the judge, "that your father knew of your crimes."

"What crimes?" asked Jean.

"Don't question me, sir," replied the judge; "your father must have had his suspicions aroused when he saw you take his pruning-knife from his side."

"I did not take his pruning-knife," said Jean in hot anger; "I picked the knife from the grass, and had no thought of—"

Then he saw that he had fatally committed himself, and would say no more. He was convicted and sentenced for life. As he parted with his father he said:

"You have the money safe?"

"Aye, that I have," was the answer.

"Take good care of it," Jean said, "and when you receive a letter or a message, get the money and come where the letter or message bids you. You understand?"

"I understand. How long first?" the old man said.

"That depends—certainly within the year," was the answer.

Then the father and son separated.

Goujon, the elder, worked early and late at his earth and manure and plants. He had stowed his son's money away in a safe place, and he had no fear of any one but his son getting it.

Old Goujon lived in the rear of the sausage shop on the Rue St. Maur, and kept a big black dog in his room all day. The dog sat at the window and showed his misshapen teeth at the children who ventured near. When he was tired he went and lay down on an old coat which his master flung on the floor for him every morning and told him to watch. In the lining of that old garment was Jean Goujon's money, and no one would have a chance of getting it so long as life was left in the dog.

Months went by. At length, one evening in March, 1845, when Goujon, the elder, came home, he saw a scrap of paper lying on the floor, evidently having been thrust under the door. He took it up and read it. This is what it contained:—

"An old friend wishes to see you this evening at nine at Tignetonne's, Rue de Charonne, near Rue Ste. Marguerite. Don't come empty-handed.

Just before nine o'clock Goujon was at Tignetonne's wine shop, and found there a woman eating blood pudding and drinking wine. Presently a priest came in and ordered some chops and a small bottle of red wine. The priest leaned back while he waited and said,—

"It is nine o'clock, and no news from Pere la Chaise."

The landlord, who was drawing a cork, stopped in the act and scowled at the speaker. Goujon drew out of his pocket a roll of bank notes and looked at them.

"Poor Jean, poor Jean," said the priest, as if musing aloud; "his own father has forgotten."

Here Goujon made a sign to the priest, and patted the roll of bills. The priest took no notice, but ate his chops and drank his wine. Then he got up, paid his score, and quitted the place. Goujon followed, and was almost startled out of his wits when the priest seized him, gave him a hug and bade him come along. Then he knew it was Jean, who said,—

"I made my escape yesterday week from Cherbourg, and found it hard work to get to Paris, and then get word to you. You remember Father Berneval, who buried the faithful at the cemetery, until he scandalized the place and his profession by getting drunk? Well, I found him out, and he remembered how I used to smuggle the cognac to him, and was grateful. He put the note under your door, and fixed me up in this guise to meet you. Come right with me to his abode in the Rue Simon le Franc, and we will have a talk. I have a proposition to make to you."

The father and son walked together to the place named and remained in close conversation until a late hour. When they separated Jean said,—

"And now for a new life."

In 1869 Monsieur Theroud was one of the richest and most honorable citizens of Strasburg. For twenty four years he had resided there, and by industry and ability acquired a large fortune. Soon after his arrival, in 1845, he went into business for himself. Then he got married and brought his old father to reside with him. Seven children were born, all of whom died except the oldest, Henri. Monsieur Theroud was a great railroad man, and had made himself a name. He had just been chosen president of a scientific society, and his portrait had been published in several periodicals. He had built himself a fine dwelling near Strasburg, and his only son was following in his steps, and gave promise of a brilliant career as a civil engineer. Now it so happened that a gentleman named Riverin, who has already figured in this narrative, had mended his ways, and was engaged in selling periodicals and newspapers in the Rue St. Lazare, Paris, near the entrance to a large railroad station of the West. Amusing himself in a leisure moment with looking over some pictorial papers, his eye fell upon a portrait which greatly attracted his attention. He examined it closely. It was the likeness of M. Theophile Theroud, the railroad magnate of Strasburg, recently chosen president of a scientific society.

"What a likeness!" exclaimed Monsieur Riverin; "I could swear it was Jean Goujon."

Then he read the half column of letter-press that described Theroud's career.

"'He first settled in Strasburg in 1845'—the very year Jean escaped from Cherbourg, and passed out of sight. For many years his father resided with him'—old Goujon disappeared from Pere la Chaise at the same time; and up to the close of his life, three years ago, it was the great delight of the venerable gentleman to cultivate flowers'—that was old Goujon's business in a fashion at the cemetery. This is a very singular thing. I could swear this was a likeness of Jean Goujon."

So Monsieur Riverin read and commented. At home that night he thought the matter over and said to himself,—

"If this is Jean, my fortune is made. If I go and identify him he will pay me handsomely to keep his secret, for he is, despite all his wealth and high position only an escaped convict, and liable to be returned to the galleys to serve out his time. I will pay him a visit."

Monsieur Riverin next day gave his book and newspaper stand into the care of a friend, and journeyed to Strasburg. Once there he found no difficulty in getting a good look at Monsieur Theophile Theroud.

"He is my man! The top of the third finger of the right hand is gone. He is Jean Goujon, the escaped convict!" exclaimed Monsieur Riverin. "My fortune is secure. I will change my name. My identity ceases from this time. I am—who am I? Let me think. Ah! I am Monsieur Paul Desmoulins; that is a great name. He will pay handsomely—at least two hundred thousand francs. I will never return to Paris. I will wipe out my past life. I will retire to a quiet place and marry. Why not? I am only forty-eight. Where shall it be, Monsieur Paul Desmoulins? Time enough for that. Now I will get my cards engraved and prepare for a career."

His cards were engraved, and he took care that those with whom he came in contact at the hotel where he was staying should know that he was Monsieur Paul Desmoulins. He called on Monsieur Theroud at his private office and had an interview. He brazenly disclosed his mission, and Monsieur Theroud made no denial of his having been formerly known as Jean Goujon.

That evening—it was November 23, 1869—Monsieur Theroud quitted his house and did not return until late. His son sat up for him and observed that he was excited and wandering. The son heard the father walking his room all night long; nevertheless he went to his business as usual the next day.

That evening—November 24—he again quitted the house. The son followed him. Monsieur Theroud crossed the small park in which his dwelling stood, and entered a wood at the right hand. There he met a man. Henri, the son, secreted himself and watched. His father and the stranger talked long and citedly. Presently there was an outcry and Henri started up. He saw his father strike three or four blows in quick succession at the other man who staggered and fell. Then Monsieur Theroud stood over the prostrate man and struck once, twice more. Then Monsieur Theroud turned away, rushed toward the park and hastened homeward.

The son, astonished and terror-stricken, watched his father depart. Then he entered the wood and went toward the fallen man. There was just light enough to enable the son to see that the man was dead, and that blood flowed from wounds in his neck and breast.

The coroner, known as le juge d'instruction, made a very satisfactory investigation. When Monsieur Theophile Theroud was examined he was greatly moved, and even the strongest man wept.

"I know who this man is," he said. "He had private business with my son, and several nights in succession my son left the house evidently to meet him. On this night of November twenty-fourth my son quitted the house, and I did not see him again until next morning. He came to my room early and said, 'I have killed a man. He is my enemy, and pursued me. You will find his body not far from here.' He then departed, I know not whither, and I have never seen or heard of him since."

A hunting-knife, which it was shown had often been used by the son was found near the body. The doctors testified that his wounds had been inflicted with it. Search was made for young Theroud, but no clue to his whereabouts was discovered. Neither was Monsieur Paul Desmoulins identified by any friends beyond the people at the hotel.

For years Monsieur Theroud lived on, honored and respected and with the sympathy of all who thought they knew the great sorrow that weighed him down. In 1880 he died, a prematurely old man. But before his death he made a confession of the crime, the guilt of which his son had assumed. In that confession all his former deeds were enumerated as here recorded, and then came a full account of the killing of Paul Desmoulins, otherwise Jacques Riverlin.

"I promised him fifeeen thousand francs for his silence and absence forever from France. But he grew rapacious and demanded more. Finally, he demanded half my fortune, and to become a perpetual resident in my abode. His demands and threats drove me mad. On my first meeting with him near my dwelling he seized me by the throat and threatened violence. The next evening I took the knife for protection. I had no intention of killing him unless he assailed me, but when he threatened me with exposure on the morrow unless I agreed at once to his demands, I lost my reason and slew him.

. . . . . .

"My son sacrificed himself for me, and now, when the end is come, like a coward, not until then, I make this confession.

After Monsieur Theroud's death his son returned home. He had really never been further then Switzerland, and had repeatedly visited his father and received visits from him without the slightest suspicion being excited.

A LESSON IN FRACTIONS.

It was such a blow to me, such a bitter, overwhelming blow! I had been so comfortable and happy since the schoolmaster had boarded with me. The big front chamber had been so grim and ghostly, always shut up and empty. It was our spare room when dear Charley was alive, but now that I was a widow and poor, it was a needlessly luxury to keep a guest chamber. None of our old friends cared to visit me now, just when I most needed them. But when Mr. Slade took the room I didn't grieve about the loss of friends. It seemed odd to have money for the guest chamber, but the way I was situated reconciled me to the thought very speedily indeed.

Then when my boy Charley got into that scrape at school I should have died if it had been anybody but Mr. Slade.

"Madam," he said, "your boy is mischievous—very mischievous."

"Yes, sir," I said very meekly.

"And to extend a rope in such a manner that the unconscious heels of his teacher should be tripped up thereby; to fill the hat of his instructor with stones; to put wax upon the bench so that the tails of his coat may adhere to the sticky substance—all these things are very reprehensible, madam, and merit condign punishment."

"Yes, sir," I replied, and wiped away my regretful tears, for I knew what was coming. Either Charley would be expelled from the school or dreadfully beaten by the injured man. It was better to have him beaten than expelled, but either was horrible. "Please don't expel the boy, Mr. Slade," I said. "He must be punished, of course, but please don't beat him very hard."

"I shall not beat him at all," he said.

"Don't expel him," I entreated.

"Nor expel him," he replied. "If you'll leave the boy to me, there will be no further trouble. He has a good heart, an open, generous, manly nature. I'll appeal to these, madam, if you'll allow me. I think we can get along with Charley if we take the right way."

"Oh, Mr. Slade!" I said, "how noble you are! How very gracious! How magnanimous! I think Heaven was good to me to send me such a—a—a boarder!"

He grew a little red under my praise, and as it was school time, bowed himself out; but really he looked like an archangel to me as he walked down the street. Of course the simile was absurd. He was tall and lean and ungainly; the tails of his coat did not flap as gracefully as many another coat close by. Charley said he was knock-kneed, perhaps he was; I don't know what that means. He might have been knock-kneed, but to me that day he was all that was desirable in man.

The way he managed Charley after that was miraculous; there is no other word for it. The boy was as wild and untamable as a young colt when Mr. Shade took hold of him, and shortly afterward he was the most tractable and orderly of mortals. I could see, though, the time and trouble it cost to work such wonders with him. In the spring they went fishing together, and Mr. Slade taught Charley how to manage his hook and line, and wheedle the poor little fish to his bait. In mid-summer they got up a collection of beetles and bugs and all sorts of things. It was terrible to the poor insects, I suppose; but, oh, dear Heaven! What a rest and comfort it was to me to have Charley amused and kept out of trouble.

I began to rest upon Mr. Slade, to confide in him, to ask his advice, and invariably take it upon all occasions, to gratefully take advantage of his knack in repairing things about the house, putting in troublesome domestic utensils. He always put up the shades in the house-cleaning time, and hung the pictures; and what I should have done without him that time the machine got out order, Heaven only knows. And, to crown all, the nice pumpkin pie I had made for Mr. Slade's luncheon was burned to a crisp. It seemed to me so sad and terrible I wanted to lie down and die, when in walked Mr. Slade to his luncheon.

"It's no use coming in," I said. "I don't know how you can board here, anyway, I am such a miserable housekeeper. It would be so much better if Charley and I were dead."

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Slade.

I felt ashamed when I saw the look of alarm in his face.

"It is very sad to burn the crust of a nice pie all to a crisp," I said.

"Do you think so?" said Mr. Slade. "Now for me it is a most excellent mischance. Of all things in the world I revere the burned crust of a pie. I have hesitated to declare this predilection, because I know it is a remarkable one, and not at all likely to be shared by the majority of people; but fortune has favored me to-day. Mrs. Sweet, let us have the pie by all means."

And he actually lifted the horrible black thing to the table and ate it—yes, he ate it—which was the most graceful piece of martyrdom I ever saw in a man. And then I got courage to tell him how I burned it; that Mrs. Chappel must have that dress, and the machine had begun to squeak in the most horrible way; that I'd oiled it and fussed with it, all to no purpose, and how I was to finish that dress of Mrs. Chappel's with the dreadful noise distracting my brain, I didn't know.

"We'll look at it," he said, in that resting, comforting, soul-cheering way of his, and as I followed into the sitting-room, I knew in my heart that he would exorcise that squeaking demon from the machine, and he did.

"Do you see the trouble?" I asked.

"It is the ball," he said; "it has become smooth from friction, and if you will bring me a little flour or meal, Mrs. Sweet—stay! here is a piece of chalk, which is better than all."

And with that little white lump that he took out of his pocket he made the machine perfect in five minutes.

Now, how could I help watching him from the door again as he walked away to school? And let his coat-tails flap as they would, or be knock-kneed to eternity, how could I help sending after him my heartiest benediction? And can it be wondered at that when, only two or three months after he was going away, I was like one stunned? We were sitting in the little front room, and I was finishing off that diagonal overskirt for Mrs. Chappel. Charley had gone hunting to the woods, for it was already autumn, and an early frost had set the leaves aflame. The soft, warm day of golden light suddenly clouded over.

"I have an opportunity for advancement in my profession," he said, "which it would ill behove me to put by. In my native town is offered me a position of trust and confidence, no less, I may say to you, dear madam, than a professor's chair."

"I hadn't the least idea what he meant. I knew that one chair differed very much from another, and whereas one chair was comfortable, easy, enjoyable, another might be for the time being a seat of torture, but wherein a professor's chair excelled I could not at that time imagine. I sat quite still, and the ruffle fell from my hand; my foot rested upon the treadle of the machine, and I sat and stared at Mr. Shade like one demented.

"And it has occurred to me," he went on, "that the position I have left here, which is an exceedingly easy and pleasant one, might profitably and suitably be held by one of the other sex; the duties are not at all hazardous, and could be performed more readily, it appears to me, than those pertaining to the needle. I have spoken to the committee in your behalf, and with a little attention upon your part to the simple mechanical requirements necessary, and a little help upon mine, you will be ready to fill the position at once."

"Who? I, Mr. Slade? Why, you must be crazy!" Then feeling that this was not a respectable way to speak, I added that his kindness for me had led him to overrate my capabilities. "Why, Mr. Slade, I never got beyond the four rules in arithmetic, said I.

"And upon these depend everything," he replied. "Come, put by your work, and let us see what we can do for a first attempt."

It was of no use to refuse. His was one of those master natures that always conquer.

Half an hour after I was sitting close by his side at the table, with Charley's slate under my blurred eyes and Charley's pencil in my trembling fingers. The rosy evening light streamed in upon us, the soft south wind bringing resinous odors through the windows from the wood where Charley yet lingered.

"Now my dear Mrs. Sweet," said Mr. Slade, and the very gentleness of his tone, the tender rendering of my name, made me shiver and shake, for I could not get the thought out of my head that when he was gone there was nobody left to deal tenderly with me or mine, "now pray try and give your thoughts to the subject in hand. It is the simplest thing in the world, and these rudiments once conquered the rest will follow. Now, a man sold his farm for £1,650 and fourteen-fifths of this is seven-ninths of the cost of his house, and the house cost seven times as much as the store, now what was the cost of the house and store?"

His voice was so persuasive, so distinct, it must have been a pleasant voice to listen to at school, even if the poor little blockhead could make neither head nor tail of his meaning. I looked at Mr. Slade, and then out of the window, where the mellow light of the sunset shone, and away over at the wooded hills beyond, and I thought how, such a little while ago, it was a spring landscape all bathed in tenderest-green, and now it was autumn, the grass was sere and brown, the leaves were falling, the branches like skeletons against the evening sky.

"Madam—my dear Mrs. Sweet," said the voice of the schoolmaster, "I beg your attention to these few first rules. It is distasteful to me to leave you a prey to the coarse habits of these village women, who flaunt their finery in an obtrusive and unbecoming manner and grudge you the poor reward for your labor."

"She said the seams were crooked, and perhaps they were," I said, for I knew he meant Mrs. Chappel. "I am not very good at sewing—or at anything."

Then two big tears rolled out of my eyes upon Charley's slate, and blurred the schoolmasters figures, which so distressed him that he got up and took a turn about the room again.

"Dear Mrs. Sweet," he said, quite imploringly, "if you would only make up your mind, to master these first rules. A man sold his farm for £1,650—"

"And I'm sure he got a good price for it," I broke in; "and whatever he got for his house, it must have been all it was worth. As for his store, I don't want to know anything about it; I can't see that it's any of my business, Mr. Slade, and I can't bother with it just now. If it was a house alone, or a store alone, or a farm—but to cut them all up and put them together again like a patchwork quilt is impossible for me to think of, Mr. Slade. I can't do it, I never could, and it's ridiculous to ask me such a thing, Mr. Slade. All I can do after you go away is to go on working for Mrs. Chappel till I drop dead; and if it wasn't for Charley, I wouldn't care how soon that would be."

Then I put my head down on the table and cried, ready to break my heart. I couldn't help it. I was the most wretched creature in the world, and my heart was full. I couldn't help the cry, and I'm glad now that I did.

Suddenly I felt his strong arms tremble on the back of my chair.

"It is so sad and terrible," I said. "You have the seams always crooked, and Mrs. Chappel—"

"Confusion to Mrs. Chappel and her crooked seams! Tell me, madam, Mrs. Sweet—tell me, dear little heart, would it not even be better to give your future to a grim old pedagogue like me? It shall at least be free from crooked seams and puzzling problems."

I heaved a sigh of relief, and his strong arms fell shelteringly about me.

"If Heaven will vouchsafe to me," he said getting back to his dear old worldly way, "your sweet companionship for all the days to come, I can even find it in my heart to be grateful to Mrs. Chappel and wish her well."

I don't know what I said, but everybody knows that I never could see any fault in Mr. Slade, and I don't to this day. He fills his professor's chair, and I have ever so many comfortable ones at home. Charley is a splendid mathematician, but there is a little fellow just creeping in fractions, and he came to me the other day, his dear little brains sore and puzzling over the self same sum.

"And please, mamma," he begged, "a man sold his farm for £1,650, and fourteen-fifteenths of this is—"

"Go to papa, darling," I said; "he found out the cost of it long ago, but as for me, dear, I'm glad to say that I never could make it out—never."

Age of Animals.—The elephant is believed by the East Indians to live three hundred years, and instances are on record of elephants having been kept in captivity as long as one hundred and thirty years, their age being unknown when taken from the forest. Camels live forty or fifty years. Some birds attain great age, such as the swan and the eagle, which have been known to live one hundred years. Parrots have been known to live eighty years. A tortoise lived one hundred and twenty years, and then perished by accident. Water animals also attain great age, such as the carp, which has been known to live in a pond ninety years. It is said that in 1497 an enormous pike was caught in a lake near Hulbroan, Switzerland, with a brass ring tied to it, recording that it was put in the lake in 1230. There are indications that the whale lives four hundred years.

Men of smallest souls are men of largest arrogance.

SUPPLEMENT.

Good Stories.

A Budget of Famous Jokes.—George Colman, the younger, being asked if he knew Theodore Hook, replied, "Certainly; Hook and eye are old associates." During the last illness of Colman, the doctor, being late in an appointment, apologised to his patient, saying that he had been called in to see a man who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned out poor George. Theodore Hook, on presenting himself for matriculation at Oxford, was asked, according to the form at that time *de rigueur*, whether he were willing to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles. He replied with alacrity, "Certainly; forty, if you please." An illiterate vendor of beer wrote over his door at Harrowgate, "Bear sold here." He spells the word quite correctly," said Theodore Hook, "if he means to apprise us that the article is his own bruin." Mathews being asked what he was going to do with his son (the young man's profession being that of an architect), "Why," answered the comedian, "he is going to draw houses like his father." A friend attending on Mathews in his last illness found that he had given him some ink from a phial in mistake for his medicine. On discovering the error he exclaimed, "Good heavens, Mathews, I have given you ink!" "Never mind, my dear boy, never mind!" said Mathews, faintly, "I'll swallow a little piece of blotting-paper." On the production of an opera, "The Haunted Tower" by Cobb, a genial friend said to the author: "What a misnomer to call your opera 'The Haunted Tower!' Why, there was no spirit in it from beginning to end." A lady having put to Canning the silly question, "Why have they made the spaces in the iron gate at Spring Gardens so narrow?" he replied, "Oh, ma'am, because such very fat people used to go through"—a reply concerning which Tom Moore remarked that "the person who does not relish it can have no 'perception of wit." Sir Robert Peel, speaking of Lord Eldon, remarked that "e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;" upon which it was observed that his lordship's failings resembled the Leaning Tower of Pisa, which, in spite of its long inclination, had never yet gone over. 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."

A Vienna Paper relates the following anecdotes of the artist Amerling. One day he met a girl of rare beauty and boldly spoke to her. She turned away without answering, whereupon he remarked:—

"I am the painter Amerling, and would like to paint your portrait on account of your beauty."

She gently declined the honor, whereupon he remarked:—

"I must paint you, even though I should have to marry you first."

Four weeks later, the beauty, whose mother was Spanish, was his wife, and four months later a divorce followed.

"The saddest thing about her," he remarked, "was that she did not take the slightest interest in my art work. I believe she has never looked at any of the pictures on my walls."

Amerling was not fond of teaching his art, but one day a lady appeared with a girl and asked if he would not instruct her. He said no, but added that if she would sit in a corner and watch him, she might do so.

For a number of days the lady came with the girl, and Armerling did not pay the slightest attention to them, till one day he discovered by chance that the elderly lady was the Princess Christine of Saxony, mother of King Carlo Alberto.

Two of the school committeemen of a neighboring town got into a fierce argument. One said that a man sits down, while the other was equally sure that he sets down. Seeing that there was no hope of coming to an agreement, they decided to leave it to the chairman of the board. That dignitary heard the arguments advanced on either side. He then hemmed three times, swallowed his Adam's apple twice, inflated his chest till he looked like a pouter pigeon, and delivered himself thus: "Gentlemen you are both wrong. You don't say a man sits down, nor sets down; you say he sot down. And now let us go on with the examination of the applicants for the vacancy in the high school. They've got to be mighty spry if they pass my catechizing."

Who is your husband, madam!" asked a real-estate agent in Melboune of a woman who sought to hire a flat of him.

"I haven't any," she answered sadly. She was a widow who maintained herself and her young children by sewing.

"Who will be responsible for your rent?"

"I am responsible for it," she said, and by permission gave the name of the husband of one of her customers as reference.

"Unless the gentleman you name will be responsible for the rent," said the agent, "I can't let you have the flat. I'm sorry. If your husband was the most worthless man in the world and you were supporting him he would still be legally responsible and you would have no trouble, but no agent in the city will let a flat unless some man goes security."

A lady, accompanied by a big retriever dog, muzzled, entered a photographer's studio. Said she sweetly:

"I want you to photograph my dog, if you please, Mr. X."

"Certainly," replied the unsuspecting man.

"I am afraid it will be rather a difficult matter; still, I know that you take such trouble over animals that I thought I would come to you in preference to anybody else."

"You are very good, madam," said the flattered photographer. "Of course you don't want him taken with his muzzle on?"

"No," returned the lady; "but that is just where the difficulty comes in. You see he was bitten yesterday by another dog, and, though I don't think there's the slightest danger, I thought I would like to have him photographed, poor fellow, in case symptoms of hydrophobia set in and he had to be killed. None of us have dared to take off his muzzle yet, but we thought, Mr. X., that as you were so used to animals you would not mind." The photograph did not come off.

Several years ago, in an aristocratic old town in Massachusetts, there lived a wealthy judge who had an only daughter. She was a little deficient mentally, but this fact was to a great extent ignored on account of her father's money. One day the family were at a stylish dinner party, and after several good, old-fashioned dishes had been served, the waiters brought in plates containing on each a piece of apple and a piece of custard pie. The judge's daughter addressed one of them in a loud voice, saying, "I do not like apple pie, but I will take two pieces of the custard."

There are thousands in the world to whom religion is what Matthew Arnold calls "sweetness and light," but there are some, however, on whose natures spiritual influence seems to have quite a contrary effect. Some are never so vinegary as when they are most religious.

"Dear," said a religio-shrewish wife to her husband, "isn't it time our daughter Amanda joined the church—she's got to be a grown-up woman?"

"Heavens, no!" said the husband; "it is all we can do to get along now, with your religion. If we had two such Christians in the house it would be impossible to live in it."

If I saw Obesity waddling and puffing and prespiring in the road along which I must travel, I would take unceremonious farewell of stuffing.

Traveller.

Visit to a Cuban Sugar Plantation.—After a few moments' converse, by the invitation of Senor Roderiquez, we arose and followed him over the plantation. That season's crop had all been harvested and sent away, and the huge crusher, mammoth tanks, and the powerful engine were lying idle, but outside of the buildings in which the machinery was placed, the work of planting was going on quite briskly. A string of miniature carts, each drawn by a single bullock which was driven by a negro, backed up in turn to a large pile of matasse (which is the refuse of the cane after it has passed through the crusher), and after loading about as much as a good strong white man could carry on the tines of a pitchfork, dragged it lazily off to where other negroes were scraping out long drills in the rich, mellow soil. In these trenches the drivers of the carts sprinkled their load and returned for more. The matasse forms excellent manure, and is very strengthening to the land. In one corner of the field, and under the shade of a guava tree, were seated several old men and young boys with a large pile of cane stalks beside them, which they were busily engaged in stripping off their leaves and cutting in halves the lower part of the stalks to be crushed and the juice made into sugar for home consumption, while the top with its tender shoots sprouting out at each joint or about six inches apart, was for seed. Sugar cane grows from its sprouts or stalks and not from a kernel of grain as does our corn, which it slightly resembles when springing up from the ground. As we passed among the workmen, several on seeing the proprietor and knowing him to be the man of money, could not resist the temptation of stopping their work and asking for their wages. Dropping their hoes or halting their bullocks, they ran to the overseer for an order, and back to the planter, who was obliged to pause and settle. Some of them, however, on getting their money, instantly returned to the overseer and reported themselves for duty. They seemed to be anxious to get their money into their possession, appearing to think that the master might make a trip away from home and they be obliged to wait till morning for their pay; at any rate they felt safer to have it in their own pockets. It was a great bother, but the planter was helpless, and obliged to make the best of it.

The Coolest Point.—The northernmost and coldest point of Iceland, says a recent writer, is Grimsey, a speck of an island. Eighty-eight people—no more—live on it. They have tried to keep a few cows, but the winters are too hard for them. Two horses and a very few sheep with coarse fleeces are the only animals of the kind on the island. A good minister, Peter Gaodmanson, lives in this remote place. He is a poet and an astronomer, and is employed to take observations for the Meteorological Institute at Copenhagen. Once or twice a year some of the islanders visit the mainland, but the stormy seas, covered with icebergs, make the passage always dangerous. On one side of the island, which is a high precipice, countless birds build their nests, and the collecting of eggs is one chief means of living for the little settlement. Men are let down over the face of the rock by ropes. They wear suits thickly wadded with feathers to save themselves from being hurt on the sharp rocks. Each man carries a pole to help himself with, and a ladle for scooping up nests that he cannot reach with his hands. There is in his frock a great pocket in which he can put 150 eggs. There he works with the sea roaring beneath him. Many accidents occur and many lives are lost in this business.

Saxon Peasant Weddings.—Of the games enacted at some of the Saxon peasant weddings there is one that deserves to be mentioned, affording, as it does, a curious proof of the tenacity of old pagan rites and customs transmitted by verbal tradition from one generation to another. This is the *Rossl Tanz*, or dance of the horses, evidently founded on an ancient Scandinavian legend to be found in Snorri's "Edda." In this tale the gods Thor and Loki came to a peasant's house in a carriage drawn by two goats or rams, and with the peasant and his family consumed their flesh for supper. The bones were then ordered to be thrown in a heap on the hides of the animals; but one of the peasant's sons had in eating, broken open a bone to get at the marrow within, and next morning when the gods commanded the goats to get up, one of them limped upon the hind leg, because of the broken bone. At first Thor was in a great rage, and threatened to destroy the whole family, but finally allowed himself to be pacified, and accepted the two sons as hostages. In the peasant drama we have now before us the gods Thor and Loki are replaced by a colonel and a lieutenant colonel, and instead of two goats there are two horses and one goat; also the two sons of the peasant are here designated as Wallachians. Everything is, of course, much distorted and changed, but still all the principal features of the drama, which space forbids me here to enlarge upon, are clearly recognizable. The killing of the goat and its subsequent resurrection, the rage of the colonel, and the transferment of the two Wallachians into his service, being all parts of the performance.

Milling Industry in India.—A new and promising step has been taken in India in the direction of developing home industries to supply home needs. Hitherto the product of the teeming wheat fields has been shipped to Europe, and from Europe, has been brought in return the same wheat ground into flour for Indian consumption. This was a capital arrangement for ship owners and European millers. But it has dawned upon the native mind that the work of grinding may as well be done at home, and the profits of European merchants and millers saved for the Indian people. Accordingly, a great native milling corporation has been formed at Bombay, and there are indications that it will be imitated in other Indian cities. This will probably mean higher prices to the wheat grower and lower prices to the bread-consumer, and general advantage to the Indian people. Indeed it is not imposible that the milling of wheat for the European market will yet be done within sight of the Indian wheat field.

The idea is suggested that here is an excellent opportunity for Australian manufacturers of all kind of milling machinery to introduce their goods into a region that is rapidly coming to the front as a wheat producing country.

Hawaiian Fireworks.—The visitor to Hawaii is delighted with unique displays of fireworks. These take place on the north side of Kanai, where the cliffs rise sheer out of the water to a height of nearly two thousand feet. On a moonless night the spectators put to sea in their canoes, and the "pyrotechnist" walks up the cliff with a bundle of dry papala sticks (Charpentiera) with their feathery blossoms. He lights one and flings it down, and the wind which blows up the face of the cliff, catches it and whirls it about. Then he launches another and another; and soon there is a grand display of stars careering madly about, until, when the wind drops, they glide down gracefully into the sea.

How much more seductive Wrong than Right! Singular, is it not, that Good (which is Right) never tempts us, and that Evil (which is Wrong) is always setting snares for us? Truly, I do not know why Good and Evil persist in standing on their heads, and so give us confused and dizzy notions of the Scheme.

There is that in the commonest salute of the courtly man by instinct which stirs in me a generous emulation. And whenever I am strong enough to rise above the foggy atmosphere in which I practice life as a rule the congenial task of imitating him employs me in holiday fashion—something as if the wood-chopper by occupation engaged his leisure in painting the Madonna.

Boys and Girls.

A Child's Pity and Gratitude.

There is a rich store of sympathy, which cannot find expression in words, locked up in the bosoms of children, that completely escapes the notice of the average observer. People are ordinarily accustomed to call them young barbarians, and to excuse their mockery of deformity and suffering, on the juvenile inability to grasp any depths of misery; sympathy being but the reflex function of that instinct which leads us to fear and avoid suffering. But save in the case of a few sensitive ladies, I have never seen such uncalled for sympathy offered without reserve, as has welled up from the heart, and overflown at the eyes of little children; and it was not always confined to those of delicate nurture and fine nerves. In this exception I count the little urchins across the street as the best example, and an incident I shall relate will explain my preference.

Some time ago, as Charlie was perched on the gate-post, a well-dressed man with a club-foot passed by. Immediately the youngster clambered down, and running after him, slipped a dirty little paw into the clean palm of the gentleman, and looking up into his face with large, honest, blue eyes, said.—

"Say, what makes you wear that sort of a shoe?"

"I have to, sonny; my foot is bad. I can't wear any other kind."

"That foot ain't like the other?"

"No, sonny."

"Never was?"

"No."

"Allers been different?"

"Yes, and always will be."

"Hurt any?"

"Yes, sometimes it's very tender."

During this short dialogue, the child's eyes were fixed on the gentleman's face with a grave expression. When the final answer came, the idea of pain took instant hold of his susceptible bosom, his heart swelled, and putting his dirty apron to his eyes, a long howl issued from behind it. He dropped the gentleman's hand and ran homeward, wailing pitifully, and followed by a surprised and half melancholly smile from the stranger.

About the time indicated by the little imp, in a curious conversation between us, as to the date of his birthday, I bought and sent him a little express waggon; for the fights between him and a neighbor's child were many and frequent, the latter owning a small cart which he was not always willing to loan to Charlie, who, indeed, evinced a truly kingly spirit in regard to appropriating all and everything in the possession of his liege subjects, his playmates.

When I returned at four o'clock that day, Charlie stood patiently at my front door, with his prize drawn up behind him, and delivered himself of the following speech, evidently the joint concoction of the family circle, of which he was chief and foremost—

"Say, if you please, mister, I see you've forgot—that is, you didn't mind what I said. I didn't think you were no good, you talked so like a fool. Mother says I'm very thankful, and I would be, if it had a name on it like your boy's has. Grandmamma says I was to tell you you was the kindest man in the world; but I won't cos' it's a lie. Old Dick, the ashman, is. He don't scold me, and allers gives me the stump of his toby, and mended Jack's hind paw when it was mashed—and Jack's better'n two express waggings. But I'll tell you what I'll do: when your Todd's a-playin' round the back door, I'll keep the dogs away, and the big boys. He's afraid of dogs and big boys. I ain't. I believe he's afraid of anything."

His long speech at this point, dropping into a soliloquy, he seated himself on the lowest step, and began laboriously to trace some rude characters on the side of the waggon with a piece of clay, as I, with a rather dubious sense of gratification at this qualified praise and thanks, stepped up back of him into the house.

Food for the Mind.

"Dreams, books, are each a world, and books we know
Are a substantial world both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils, strong as flesh and blood
Our pastimes and our happiness will grow."

Before we commence a book it would be well to know something of the author, thus adding so much more of interest and pleasure. Acquaint yourself with his life and character, and if possible the motives which prompted the writing. Next, look carefully at the title-page; then, the preface, which I fancy few ever look at, and in this you will find, often, the key, as it were, to the entire book. The author takes you into his confidence, tells you why he writes, to whom and for whom; often there are several prefaces; a new one written upon the issue of a second or third edition, and each having a certain charm. All this may seem very tedious, but if any one of you will follow this last, I might almost guarantee that it would be continued indefinitely. As the preface has many times been called an "appetizer" our next step is to the "bill of fare," the table of contents; here is a condensed plan, each part a step in the journey through the book.

When you read try to concentrate your thoughts on the subject matter before you, follow closely and try to comprehend clearly all the ideas, and enter into the spirit as much as possible. Should a passage strike you as being a little obscure, read it aloud, if convenient, and it may assume a new meaning. Many have a habit of marking passages, making marginnal notes and comments—this is all very well in a book which is not to be stored in a library—the better place is to have a note-book, where you may jot down as briefly or copiously any facts, arguments or sentences which may then be used for future references.

Almost all great scholars have been great note-takers. In this way the memory is strengthened; the mind stored with material that can never be taken from it to be lost.

With all the foregoing it may be proper to say that all the people who read books do not read them for the cultivation they give, but merely as recreation to while away the time when it hangs heavily and they know not what to do.

And here let me ask them to omit the reading of this, as if it were a preface, for it will be tedious and dull at best, and yet there is much still to be said.

Petrarch said of his books considered as his friends: "I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me—they are of all ages and of every country. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service. I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I put to them. Some relate to me the events of the past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires and to depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies."

What wonder, when we read the opinions of the great and wise readers, that he who cultivates the reading habit can not only have the best friends and resources ever with him, but can say most truly, and with all modesty to himself: "My mind to me a kingdom is."

Miscellaneous.

A Dealer's Testimony.—Unless you know all about mens' furnishing goods you would be surprised at the contrivances for comfort that are now put on the market. You see that well-dressed man there? Yes? Well, he is a customer of mine. He has on at this moment, I hope it won't sheck your renders, if you try to tell it, silk undergarments, then a suit of camel's hair, then a chest protector. All this is before he gets to his tailoring. His beaver overcoat covers a suit of dress goods, through which the wind could no more penetrate than through a stone wall. He can defy the cold, except at the pavement. That is the weak spot of fashion. Both men and women insist on making their feet as small as possible. They have shoes a full size too small for them, and wear the thinnest silk hosiery in winter, when they should have lamb's wool or merino. The men make up for their carelessness somewhat by wearing shoes with cork soles, but the fashionable woman is constantly in danger of pneumonia and lung disease caught from the cold pavements through her thin foot-gear."

Specimens of Cloth.—A carpet merchant of Vienna has a curious collection of ancient woollen and linen cloths, including more than three hundred specimens. Many of them have been taken from tombs, and are stretched on folios of cardboards to preserve them. Some of the fragments are only a foot square but the larger ones make up an entire Roman tonga. There are a great many embroidered dresses, and a deal of knitting and crewel work. Double chain stitch seems to have been as familiar to the Egyptian seamstresses, sewing with bone needles, as it is to modern women. There are some very quaint and unusual designs in the old collection of cloths, but there are also some very common things. It is curious to find that the common blue-check pattern of our dusters and workhouse aprons was in general use among the Egyptians more than a thousand years ago.

Antidote for Snake Bites.—In a letter from a German physician, who is a resident of Brazil, it is stated that permanganate of potash is as infallible an antidote for snake bites in that country as in India and that every farmer keeps some of it in his dwelling.

How Pure Beeswax is Obtained.—Pure beeswax is obtained from the ordinary kind of exposure to the influence of the sun and the weather. The wax is sliced into thin flakes and laid on sacking or coarse cloth, stretched on frames, resting on posts to raise them from the ground. The wax is turned over frequently, and occasionally sprinkled with soft water if there be no dew or rain sufficient to moisten it. The wax should be bleached in about four weeks.

Melodious in Sound.—Electric whistles very melodious in sound, and said to be less expensive in manufacture than electric bells, are being favorably received in France. The whistle is made by fitting a small brass tube with suitable apertures so that it opens against the spring of a suitably formed commutator, or circuit "make and break."

The Difference.—The essential difference between a good and a bad education is this, that the former draws on the child to learn by making it sweet to him; the latter drives the child to learn by making it sour for him f he does not.

Painting Sound.—Some of the happiest hours spent together by Millet and the children were in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau. Millet, wearing an old red, sailor's jacket, weather-beaten hat and wooden shoes was like a boy himself. One could not go far with him in an afternoon. He found a picture at every step. At every step he stopped, pointing to the sunlight on the trees, or to the mosses on the rocks. Often, when coming home in the twilight, Millet was attracted by the fire of the blacksmith's forge, and paused with his friends, exclaiming at the play of light upon the figures near the forge and at the flickering shadows beyond. One evening he came upon an old country cart with a loose wheel which made a noise "poum poum," as the cart rolled on. He stopped and listened, and presently said that he should like to paint a picture which would make those that saw it feel that sound coming through the twilight. It seems a contradiction to speak of a sound in a picture, but in Millet's greatest picture, "The Angelus," we see a slender spire outlined against the sunset light, two reverent figures in the fore-ground, and we feel at once that at the sound of the distant church bell the peasants have bowed their heads in evening prayer.

A Posthumous Poem by Victor Hugo.—A recent number of the Paris Figaro contains the following:

"The Master left several unpublished poems. * * Most of these are love verses. The ensuing piece we have been kindly permitted to print. The splendid wing-beat of the great poet will be recognized in it."

TO HER.

Thy trembling arm I pressed
Fondly; our thoughts confessed
Love's conquest tender.
God filled the vast sweet Night;
Love filled our hearts—the light
Of stars made splendor.

Even as we walked and dreamed,
'Twixt Earth and Heaven, it seemed
Our souls were speaking.
The Stars looked on thy face;
Thine eyes through violet Space
The stars were seeking

And from the astral height
Feeling the sweet soft light,
Thrill to thy soul,
Thou saidst: "O God of Bliss;
Lord God of the Blue Abyss,
Thou madest the Whole!"

And the Stars were whispering low
To the God of Space: "We know,
Lord God of Eternity!
—Dear God, all love is thine—
Even by love's light we shine;
Thou madest Beauty!"

A Very Curious Clock.—You have all heard of the wonderful clock at Strasburg, and the ingenious mechanism by which its heavenly bodies move in their orbits, the bells ring out the day and the hour, and the procession of angels and apostles come and go. There is also a smaller clock with a number of similar curious contrivances at Lyons, in France, and indeed, it seems as if the mechanicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were never tired of exercising their inventive wits over clocks, so many strange and ingenious contrivances in the way of timepieces are still found in the older circles of Europe.

But for an amusing clock, a laughter-provoking clock, a kind of negro minstrel of a clock, one made by a man named Droz something like a century ago certainly takes the palm. When it was completed the proud inventor carried it to the palace of the King of Spain. His majesty was pleased to examine the clock, and when set up ready for exhibition it was found to consist of a dial beside which sat a negro, a shepherd with a basket of apples by his side, and a dog. When the hour struck, the negro drew his bow and played six tunes on a violin, after which the dog, endowed with a taste for music, rose and caressed him.

"Should it please your majesty to touch one of the apples in the shepherd's basket?" suggested the clockmaker. The king put out his hand to take an apple. Determined to protect his master's property, the dog flew at the royal hand, biting and barking, until a "really truly" dog in the room took up the strain and began to bark too. The king, laughed heartily, and so, I think, would we have done had we been there to see.

Health.

Health and Rosy Cheeks.—The typical Australian beauty is robust and active, with roses in her cheeks. Her form is developed be athletic culture. Many wealthy homes have their private gymnasiums where the daughters of the house may preserve health, gain muscle, and have a jolly good time all at once. "I can tell by a lady's attitude alone, whether she is an adept at gymnasium work or calisthenics," said an observing gentleman, who is an enthusiast on the subject. "When you see a lady stand on both feet, with her shoulders back and her head erect, you may be sure she has acquired it by what, if it were not so interesting, would be called hard work; and it is worth years added to her life, to say nothing of the banishment of headaches and all those ills which come from inactivity and acquired indolence. It is natural for a woman to lean against some object—a chair, a piano, or even a man if nothing is handy. Generations of tight lacing and bad shoes have left their mark in this tendency. I don't know how else to account for it." Many mothers prefer to train their daughters at home. A lady I know instructs her girls in one or two simple exercises. Each girl takes a corner in the room, her face turned toward it, her heels placed together and her hands flat on either side. Then as the mother counts they bend forward, the shoulders going beyond the hands which are kept firm and bracing them backward. The feet are not moved. After this swaying motion has been kept up for two or three minutes the daughters are allowed to rest. The next exercise, which is an old fashioned one, is carrying a pail of water on the head, and performing simple evolutions without allowing any to spill. This gives a graceful poise to the head and shoulders, which is noticeable in the lower class of Italian women who bear extremely heavy burdens in this manner. These simple exercises and scores of similar ones are within the reach of any girls who care to cultivate their physique without recourse to training schools or private tutors.

Care of the Feet.—Ladies whose feet have become misshapen from excessively narrow boots can do much to remedy the difficulty by care and pains. Select easy, roomy shoes and stockings of soft fabric. Bathe the feet thoroughly in water comfortably warm, never allowing it to grow cold enough to feel chilly, and wipe them thoroughly dry with a soft towel—coarse crash is almost poison to sensitive skins, and often causes irritation and a small eruption like rash. Then rub into them thoroughly about the joints or injured parts cold cream, or what is better glycerine, perfectly pure, and mixed with double the quantity of water. Especially should it be diligently applied in the joints of the great toes if they are enlarged or painful. Wipe off with a damp cloth and dry carefully, after which powder the feet thoroughly with rice flour powder. Brush off all that comes away easily and put on the stocking, being careful that no semblance of a seam comes over the sensitive joint. Adjust the shoe carefully—never "jump into" any article of wearing apparel—smooth the boot over the foot and ankle, if it is a high top, and be certain that it is comfortable.

These cautions may seem trifles, but the feet are ill, and all conditions of recovery must be observed. Take care that they do not get very cold or in the least damp. The ankles should also be protected by gaiters or leggings, if there is any necessity for going out in wet weather. The difficulty is inflammation to the joint membranes, which has had many serious results. At night the feet may be wiped off with a damp cloth, and the glycerine and powder repeated. Ladies who adopt this plan will never find soft corns coming between the toes.

For hard corns there is nothing better than a little judiciously applied caustic, which should just touch the hardened part of the corn, never the surrounding flesh. Repeat every other day, first soaking the feet in warm water and gently scraping the surface of the corn until it will finally come out altogether. Great care must be be taken to keep the caustic from the whole flesh, and the foot should never be damp, as the application will spread rapidly. Such a course of treatment, patiently followed, has in several cases restored to quite passable shape and comfort feet that were considered as hopelessly deformed.

Daily Exercise of the Lungs.—By daily exercise of the lungs in such a manner as to develop the chest, the breathing capacity may be greatly increased. We have frequently seen the chest expanded three or four inches by a course of appropriate training. One of the best exercises for this purpose is forced respiration, which consists in breathing as deeply as possible, filling the lungs and emptying them as completely as possible. This exercise should be taken five minutes at a time several times a day. The patient should make it a large part of his business each day to attend to his respiration. At frequent intervals he should expand his lungs to their full capacity, avoiding violent efforts, especially when there is danger of hemorrhage. Walking, horseback riding, calisthenics, and all forms of exercise which call the lungs into increased action, are excellent means of treatment, and they should be urged upon the patient.

A Creole Cure.—The following is a curious Creole remedy for sore throat: In swelling of the glands of the throat the swollen gland should be well rubbed with tallow, and the tallow smeared on thoroughly melted by holding close to the skin, without actually touching it, the blade of a knife heated in the flame of a lamp or candle. Some say the point of the heated blade only should approach the skin, and that the point only should be moved so as to describe a cross over the gland. The latter is a purely superstitious idea.

Not Deeply Impressed.—It is, perhaps, generally supposed that the American Indian is so far childish in his tastes as to be easily dazzled by the glitter of military uniforms, but a story which I heard the other day shows that some tribes have learned to discriminate between the show and the substance of such displays.

A certain governor had occasion to visit a tribe of Indians who have their home within jurisdiction, and took his staff along with him. One of the officers, who was of a consequential turn, resolved to make a deep impression upon the untutored red man, and with this object arrayed himself with great care, and crowded on all the gold lace and braid his uniform would bear. As he expected, the display attracted the attention of the chief of the tribe, but the impression made upon him was not just what the owner of the showy uniform had looked for. As he strutted up to the chief the latter expressed himself in curt Indian fashion,—

"You army?"

"No," said the officer.

"Navy?"

"No."

"Militia?"

"Yes."

Whereupon the chief, with a look of supreme contempt, ejaculated,—

"Oh, bah!"

The Power of Truth.—Truth makes a coward bold, while there is no cowardice so great as that found in the want of it. Self-respect and moral dignity go by the board when we condescend to lie, either spoken or acted, either by suggestion of the false or suppression of the truth. Whatever it may be that we are called on to testify or acknowledge we should stand to openly and without wincing.

Emotion, whether of ridicule, anger or sorrow, whether raised at a puppet-show, a funeral or a battle, is your grandest of levellers. The man who would be always superior should be always apathetic.

He is a wise man who makes a life alliance with Tact, the master and perceptor of Genius.

Odds and Ends.

Old English Manners.

In the reign of James I. men and women wore looking-glasses publicly—the men, as brooches or ornaments in their hats; and the women at their girdles, or on their bosoms, or sometimes like the ladies of our day in the centre of their fans, which were then made of feathers, inserted into silver or ivory tubes.

At feasts every guest broght his own knife, and a whetstone was placed behind the door, upon which he sharpened his knife as he entered.

In 1564 a Dutchman named William Boonen, brought the first coach into England; and it is said the sight of it put both horses and men into amazement. Some said in was a crab shell, brought out of China; and some imagined it to be one of the Pagan temples in which the cannibals adored their idols.

The business of cap-making was ruined in 1591 by the common wearing of hats which then came into vogue.

Smoothing irons are of late invention; in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I. very large stones, inscribed with texts of scripture, were used for that purpose.

A Mrs. Isabel Danton, of Leeds, is said to have first invented hats and baskets made of straw.

In 1634 two rich women desired to marry the Earl of Huntingtower for the sake of the title. One of them offered to lay down on the day of her marriage twenty thousand pounds. The other offered five hundred pounds a year during his life, and six thousand pounds in cash, he to go with her to the church and marry her; immediately after the ceremony, they were to take leave at the church door and never see each other again.

In Clarendon's papers is the following "At Hanley-upon-Thames, a woman, speaking against taxation imposed by Parliament, was ordered by the committee to have her tongue fastened by a nail to the body of a tree by the wayside on a market day, which was accordingly done, and a paper in great letters, setting forth the heinousness of her crime, fixed to her back."

At Morn in Merry May.

List, all who would a-Maying go
And learn the joy of spring,
Unto my song that like the flow
Of brooklets murmuring,
In liquid cadence sweet and soft
Shall tell—a blithsome lay—
Of one who crossed the orchard croft
At morn in merry May.

As I was wending slowly down
The lane where Kingcups grew,
I caught a glimpse of creamy gown
The budding branches through.
And then I saw a maiden pass
Along the orchard way,
"A lass," I said (nay, not "alas!")
That morn in merry May.

She did not see me slyly glide,
Nor heed the grasses stir;
I caught her slender hand and cried,
"You are a trespasser,
And trespassers must pay a fine!"
Did she refuse to pay?
Ah, no! receipt in full was mine
That morn in merry May!

A Fable.

One day in the early Summer, a large and healthy Oyster awoke from a nap, yawned, looked up through the blue Waters, and remarked that he was beginning to feel a little Languid.

"I cannot understand," said he, "how any one can look forward with pleasure to a continuance of this Warm Weather."

Then he slowly opened his shell, and drew in a draught of water; but it was so insipid that he shut himself up with a snap, and began to bewail his fate in that he must Now lose Flesh, and remain Unhappy for many months.

A good-sized Eel, who had been buried in Mud all Winter, chanced to be wiggling by, and, hearing his friend's soliloquy, stopped to listen.

When the Oyster had finished, the Eel turned toward him and said:

"Good-morning, sir! Is this hot enough for you?"

As the Oyster was about to reply, there came a great jarring and raising of Mud, and both felt themselves being drawn Upwards. A few hours later, they were located at Gunsler's; and, as the Oyster dropped into a Frying-Pan, it occurred to him that, in the Excitement, he had forgotten something, and seeing the Eel lying on a bench with his Coat off, he turned to him and said:

"Yes, quite.

MORAL.

The most annoying and senseless question in the world should be answered with studied Politeness.

Sixes and Sevens.

I know that her style is "sixes"—
I'd purchased her gloves before.
The spending your money fixes
A fact of this kind the more.
She knows that my size is "seven"—
So both of us live our days
In a blooming, glovable heaven
Of sixes and sevens—grays.

Hands may be won by gloving—
Buttons may close our lives—
Gloves without "G" mean loving—
Pairs are husbands and wives.
Gloves round the waist are folding—
Gloves hold the reins of life—
Sixes and sevens are holding
Sway over man and wife.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

We stand in our own sunshine oftener than others do.

It is the little things that are the most wonderful and possible; it is possible for human enterprise to make a mountain, but impossible for it to make an oyster.

There is nothing so necessary as necessity; without it mankind would have ceased to exist ages ago.

The heart gets weary, but never gets old.

If a man is right he can't be too radical; if wrong he can't be too conservative.

The silent man may be overlooked now, but he will get a hearing by and by.

Method and dispatch govern the world.

You can outlive a slander in half the time you can outargue it.

Gen. Sherman's son Philip, now at Yale, unlike his father, would not kiss a girl if she had a mouth smothered in cream.

Mary L. Barr, who is making a success of Scotch dialect stories, did not begin to compose until she was fifty-four. Never too late to mend. But who ever knew of a woman of such an age!

The Czar of Russia's photograph album, containing pictures of all the men who have tried to kill him, is always with him. There is one that he'll never see.

Harriet Hosmer, whose chisel earned her fame and fortune, lost a lot of money in railway stock, and Anna Dickinson sunk in her dramatic experience the fortune she made as a lecturer. An ill wind that blows no one good.

Judge Benedict, of the United States Court, is said to be one of the neatest dressed, most kindly and benevolent looking gentlemen in New York. Judge not lest &c.

Deacon S. V. White, member of Congress from Brooklyn, was once a waggon builder at Galesburg, Ill., at fourpence an hour. His board then cost him three shillings and sixpence a week. He is now a millionaire. And yet the undertaker will handle him.

Humor.

Why He Didn't Get Well.

Which I thought it was mean
That a medical man,
With a manner serene,
Could so piously plan
To keep a man tied to his bedroom
Beneath a strict quackery ban.

Well, I took a slight cold,
And then to my bed;
I tossed, tumbled, and rolled,
With pains in my head.
And I guessed it was mean of that doctor
To send physic that near made me dead.

Every hour by the clock,
There came at the door
A loud thundering knock;
And physic galore
Would be left by the doctor's new Buttons.
And I longed that new Buttons to floor!

It was really too much,
I just gave a hint,
And my language was such
No printer would print,
When I asked that young Sawbones to t...
me
Why he sent prussic acid and lint!

Then that doctor he shook,
And gave a fierce yell,
As that Buttons he took
And pounded pell-mell.
He'd left all the stuff at wrong houses!
And—no wonder I didn't get well!

He Had to Wait.

On a railway train the other day a ... came into the car with a basket of oranges. An old man, whose wife sat beside him, was very anxious to buy half-a-dozen, but she waved the boy on with:

"He can't have 'em. He never eats one without the juice runs down on his shirt bosom."

"Shoo! but I want two or three, Hanner," he protested.

"You behave yourself! You want to get cramps and raise a great row, d... you!"

The boy soon returned with boxed figs and the old man beckoned to him and began to lick his chops.

"Pass right on!" said the woman to the boy. "He hain't eat a fig for thirty years, and I guess he can go thirty more."

The boy passed on and returned with peanuts. The old man was ready for him, but the wife protested:

"He can't eat 'em. It's been ten years since he had a tooth in his head, and he'd have to swallow 'em whole. No, Reuben, you let peanuts alone."

Twenty minutes later the boy was back with candy packages in which there were prizes, and the old man exclaimed:

"I'll hev one o' them or—bust!"

"Then you'll bust," she replied, as she motioned the boy to pass on. "It's agin the Lord and the law to take chances, and you wouldn't git nothing, nohow."

"But I'm going to buy something, Hanner."

"Well, you wait. You can't have ice cream nor lemonade and if he comes with popcorn or buttermilk don't you dare to raise a fuss. Just you wait. We'll be in Melbourne at six o'clock, and then, if there happens to be a grocery handy by, you can buy six herrings for sixpence. Herrings is something to stand by you, Reuben, and the heads and tails will keep moths away and are good for warts. We've got too old for gewgaws, Reuben. What we want is the wuth of our money."

He Wanted to Say.—"I came in here a few weeks ago," said a stranger to the proprietor of a shop in Pitt Street, Sydney, "to buy some candy, and a cross-eyed woman with a stuck-up nose——"

"That woman, sir, was my wife!" replied the proprietor as he moved along the counter.

"Ah! Excuse me! But there was a girl here. She was a tall, slab-sided young woman with red hair, and had freckles all over——"

"That was my daughter, sir, and how dare you talk that way?"

"Oh! it was! Beg your pardon, sir—beg a dozen pardons. The boy that waited on me had a mouth as big as a pork pie, and I don't believe he knew enough to last him over——"

"That was my son, sir! Have you come in here to deliberately insult my family?" shouted the proprietor.

"Your son, eh! Beg more pardons—lots of pardons. What I wanted to say was——"

"You get out! You came here to give me a hit about an old man with dyed whiskers who had married his third wife and walked with a game leg, and I won't stand it! Get right out or I'll do you mortal injury inside of a minute!"

Spoiling his Fun.—Said a man to his friend, with whom he was out for a constitutional,—

"Come, let us take a walk down this way."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Don't you see that fellow over yonder?"

"Yes, what of him?"

"Well, I want to meet him as often as I possibly can."

"I don't understand you."

"I'll explain. You know that I am the worst man in the country for owing people.'

"Yes."

"And that when I owe a man I dodge him.

"I've noticed that."

"Well, now I've got revenge."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, the fellow over there owes me. When I see him dodge me it tickles me nearly to death. I have been so hampered by men whom I owe that I now enjoy being owed. See how he gets around the corner? Let's go over that way. Say, hold on; let's go back."

"What's the matter?"

"See that fellow!"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Nothing, only I owe him. Confound it, a man never begins to enjoy himself but some unfortunate thing arises."

A Great Relief.—"I want to complain of dot boliceman on Queen Street," said a storekeeper from the upper end of that street to the sergeant yesterday.

"What has the officer been doing?"

"Vhell, eafery night vhen I vhas in bedt he comes along und tries to open der door."

"Oh, that's it! Well, his orders are to try all the doors and see that they are securely fastened."

"Vhas dot so! Und he dean' want to get in?"

"No."

"Und he doan' want to rob my shop und like enough kill us all?"

"Of course not."

"Vhell, dot makes me feel petter—much petter, und I doan' sit oop all night any more mit a shot-gun to catch him."

Nothing to Hinder.—He was almost mellow enough to be pulled by the police when he came home, and reeled up to the telephone.

"Hello!" he said, cautiously, "hello, shentral, I wont M'ria!"

"What number?" testily.

"Twelve hundr'd an shebenty-hic-four."

"Why, you're at that 'phone yourself!"

"Oh, don't min' me—ring 'er up anyhow!"

Chinese Physicians.—In China, a course in surgery in the medical colleges occupies about four years and in medicine six years. The pupils are licensed to practice medicine only after having correctly diagnosed the case of a living patient.

24 OCT 87 Public Library

NELSON PROVINCE ELECTION.

MR. AGAR WYNNE AT WATERLOO.

Mr. Agar Wynne met a large number of the electors of the Nelson Province at Waterloo and addressed himself to them on the various questions of political interest now engaging public attention, meeting with a good reception. In the evening

AT BEAUFORT

Mr. Wynne held a meeting at the Golden Age Hall, at which some fifty or sixty persons were present. Mr. William Smith occupied the chair.

Mr. Wynne, in coming forward, stated that his candidature for Parliamentary honors was a new thing for him, and his first attempt at electioneering. On the previous evening he had made his maiden speech before a body of electors. Under those circumstances he asked a little consideration and one of those patient hearings for which Beaufort audiences were so well and favorably known. (Applause.) The first question he would deal with was that of industrial technical education, which was at the present moment engaging considerable attention throughout the colony. He favored the establishment of colleges not only in connection with the agricultural industry, but also in connection with mining, and that these latter should be affiliated with the Schools of Mines. He had for years taken a great deal of practical interest in mining, and thought the constituencies should return men to represent them who understood their business. Mining to him was a matter of special interest, and it also had a great effect upon all industries and enterprises. It should be supported to the utmost. He had been a mining speculator ever since he left school. He favored an increase in the prospecting vote. He did not believe in only half-testing the mining localities. Do the thing properly or don't do it at all. (Applause.) He believed that the most of the old alluvial workings in the colony—and in this district alone, which had been one of the richest in the colony—if thoroughly prospected, would be found to have been fed from rich quartz reefs. He did not favor the allocation of any part of the vote to assist claims that had been working for years, but that the money should be devoted to prospecting new country and testing vicinity of old alluvial workings for quartz reefs. He would advocate the purchase of more diamond drills for this purpose, and have them set to work all over the colony, instead of making one district wait until another was finished. He was opposed to centralisation in every shape and form. He advocated protection to colonial manufactures. He thought the colonies could now manufacture everything that a man could want. He favored the increase of duty on woollen goods because of the injustice done to colonial manufactures by home manufacturers, who had imitated the patterns of colonial woollen goods and tweeds and produced an inferior article which was known as "shoddy," and this was imported and sold as the genuine article. The colonies could compete with anything manufactured out of them, except this shoddy, and the reason he would support an increase duty on woollens was to keep this inferior article out (applause). He was in favor of the federation of Australia. All the colonies wanted to be united before they could become a power. Germany in provinces was nothing; the united empire is a power. The same in America. What were the States of America before they became united? A united Australia could have told Germany, France, or any other power they should not set foot in New Guinea or the Hebrides (loud applause). There was another matter in connection with mining that he would here allude to. It had reference to the carrying out of the surveys. All the work was done in Geological Surveyor's office in Melbourne, and he was in favor of this work being done by surveyors appointed to travel the various districts. Mr. Selwyn's prognostications respecting the Kingston locality were laughed at at the time they were made; but an accident has proved that he was correct in saying that it would become a rich mining district. He hoped to see the day also when Beaufort would be found to be another of these rich quartz reefs districts. He was in favor of the establishment of Forest Boards. A recent visit to South Australia had proved to him the wisdom of placing the timber reserves under proper and efficient control. Under this kind of supervision wherever a tree was cut down another would be planted to take its place. Every tree in a few years becomes ten times more valuable. There was one more question, and with this he would close. He wished to state that he entirely disapproved of free passes being given to ex-M.P.'s. He had found out since he started his canvass for this election one great evil as the result of it. He did not hesitate to say that the father-in-law of his opponent—an ex-member—was carrying on a strong canvass in conjunction with the present M.L.A. for this district, against him (Mr. Wynne) and to his detriment. He wanted to contest the election on fair grounds, and would pay his way himself in travelling through the constituency, and his opponent should do his canvass at his own expense and not at the expense of the country.

Mr Wynne sat down amidst loud

THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH BAZAAR.

This bazaar, which has, we believe, been in course of preparation for upwards of twelve months, was opened on Monday evening last, in the Societies' Hall. The Hon. Thomas Dowling, M.L.C., was announced to perform the opening ceremony, but that gentleman did not put in an appearance. The Rev. H. Heathershaw, however, stepped into the breach, and very soon afterwards, the gentlemen present were speedily made aware of the fact that some of them were destined to go home with a considerably lightened purse. On the stalls down each side of the hall were tastefully laid out not only a large but an excellent collection of goods. There were some beautifully worked ottomans and footstools, pincushions, satchels, &c., and a couple of models—a garden party, executed by Mrs. Glasson; and a maze, executed by Mr. C. W. Tompkins. Of course two bazaars running in one week, and closely following that held by the Presbyterian Church, could not really be expected to succeed, but we are pleased to know that the reputation Beaufort has for supporting local effort is not in the least diminished by being put to this severe test. The takings for the four nights ended on Thursday averaged £20 per night, and as the bazaar remains open till this evening, the probability is that the result will go over the centum. Each evening singing and instrumental music was supplied by the Jackson family and other friends.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE FANCY FAIR.

On Monday afternoon last, the fancy fair which had been worked for by the ladies' friendly society and their friends was opened in the Golden Age Hall, by William Lewis, Esq., of Steneleigh. Mr. Lewis was introduced by Mr. Albert Andrews, the chairman of the Building Committee of the Institute, and said that he was afforded greater pleasure at being present on this occasion than he had on the 21st June last when at the request of the committee he had assisted at and laid the foundation stone of the Queen's Jubilee Hall. He complimented the committee of that building heartily on the effect they had put forth to erect more accommodation for the public; and he was also glad to bear that the public had helped the committee by subscriptions until they had almost enough money to pay for the work carried out. This fancy fair was the last effort, and by it they hoped to place themselves in a better financial position. He had looked round the hall, and was pleased to find evidence of the patient work of deft fingers, and thought the ladies who had managed this affair were entitled to a great deal of credit. He then declared the fair open, in the presence of about 60 persons, and immediately the hum of voices told that business had commenced. The ladies were dressed in various costumes, some of them very striking and pretty, and two or three little children posed as fairies to great advantage. The refreshment stall was heavily laden with good things, and notwithstanding the remark that "they will never sell all that," it speedily became evident that a fresh batch would have to be baked. On the first night and day £42 odd were taken from all sources. On Tuesday night, the weather to some extent interfered with the attendance, but notwithstanding this a handsome total of £30 was taken. The whole affair was successfully wound up on Thursday night with a continuation of the bazaar, and social, at which about 130 persons were present. The balance of the articles were disposed of and also a quantity of refreshments, cakes, &c., and the takings in cash were raised to £92 12s 2d. As there are some £7 or £8 of money yet to be collectd, it is anticipated that the total result will be about £100. Mr J. McGraith performed the duties of musicial conductor throughout, and with Miss Adam contributed some excellent songs.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Letters, newspapers, &c., are awaiting delivery at the local post-office for the following persons:—Mr Anderson, Mrs Jane Adams, Henry Bell, J. Baird, J. G. Brebner, Geo. Bell, J. Corkhill, Mrs. J. Cerina. J. B. Conway, Niss Connolly, J. Dawson, J. Dunn, Mr Duffin, John Deming, R. Duncan, Wm. Dutton, Thos. Ellis, Mrs Jane Hellyer, J. Hill, Wm. Iredale, H. Inchbold, C. Jobobson, J. Kennedy, E. Lythgoe, T. Lewis, P. Murphy, J. Miller, J. McDougal, E. MacMillan, N. McIntosh, A. McHatton, D. McLeod, C. T. McCord, H. Miller, P. Newling, A. McPherson, J. Nolan, W. C. Pimblett, Wm. Parsons, H. Ramsay, E. Rogers, E. Rogers, John Roycroft, Thomas Ryan, Mrs A. Smith, Mrs. Stuart, J. Trew, S. E, Tweedale.

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.

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

VITAL QUESTIONS!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?
And he will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all diseases and ailments peculiar to women"—
And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically, "Buchu."
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:
Mandrake! or Dandelion!
Hence when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,
And compounded into Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is
Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"
For years and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.
Women gone nearly crazy!
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.
People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula,
Erysipelas!
"Saltrheum, blood-poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact, almost all diseases frail"
Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Dr. Soule's Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

None genuine without a bunch of green hops on a white label, and Dr. Soule's name blown in the bottle. BEWARE of all the vile stuff made to imitate the above.

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 it 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 [illegible] to take the Syrup. After taking

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
¾in., ⅞in., 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

IN accordance with the will of my late brother John Wotherspoon, the BUSINESS carried on by him under the style of WOTHERSPOON BROS. and CO., will be CARRIED ON AS USUAL, and in the same manner as heretofore.

G. WOTHERSPOON,
Sole Executor.

30th September, 1887.

Tenders

WILL be received until 6 p.m. on the 29th inst., at the Mechanics' Institute, Skipton, for ADDITIONS to same in WOOD.

Specifications, &c., can be seen at the Institute up to the time of opening the tenders.

A deposit of £5 must accompany each tender, the lowest or any of which will not necessarily be accepted.

By Order,
J. DALY, Hon. Sec.

Skipton, 7th October.

NO MORE HARD TIMES.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. "Chronicle."

"A MIRACULOUS SALVE."—For the cure of ulcerated Bad Legs, Boils, Abscesses, Scrofula, Stiffness, 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.

A
SIGNAL VICTORY OVER DISEASE

"PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE"

OR,

THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF NERVOUS AND SPECIAL DISEASES ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF NATURE AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE.

THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE REVOLUTIONIZED.

NO MORE MERCURY OR OTHER NOXIOUS STOMACHIC CONTAMINATIONS.

There is hope for the Weak, the Nervous, and the Diseased.

DR. T. C. WRIGHT

M.B., Ch. M., etc.,

The expert specialist on Kidney, Nervous, and Special Complaints, registered by the Medical Boards of Victoria and England (and the only legally qualified practitioner advertising in Australia who holds the diploma of Physician and Surgeon), has established the Victorian Progressive Medical Institute, 53 Flinders-street West, Melbourne, for the scientific and effectual cure of all phases of Nervous Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decay, Genito-Urinary Disorders, Female Complaints, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Chronic and complicated affections.

Dr. Wright cures Fits, Spinal Complaints, Nervous, Head, and Mind Affections, Impediments to Marriage, Effects of Indiscretions, Abuses, or Excesses, Scrofulous Humours, Eruptions, Spermatorrhœa, Premature Decay, Incapacity for Study or Business, Female Complaints, Liver, Heart, Lung and Kidney Affections, and all morbid conditions of the system, no matter from what cause arising.

It matters not what your troubles may be, call or write to Dr. Wright, and get his honest opinion of your complaints. If it is curable, he will tell you so; if not, he will tell you also, for he will not undertake a case unless he is confident of effecting a cure. It will cost you nothing for consultation, so satisfy yourselves that the Dr. understands your case.

CONFIDENCE ABSOLUTE.

Sufferers can be Treated equally well at a distance

SPRING GOODS.

OUR
First Shipment
OF SPRING GOODS
NOW OPENING.

Wotherspoon Bros
AND CO.
IMPORTERS, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

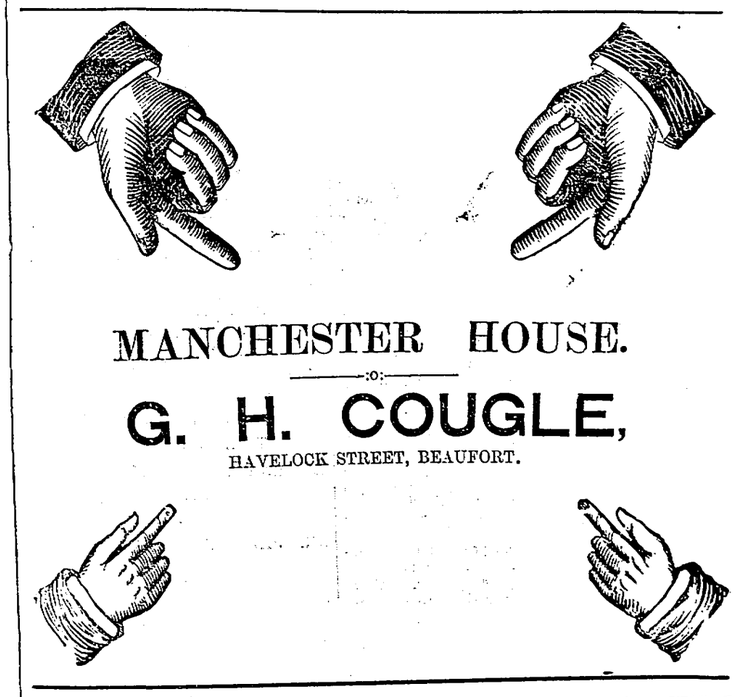
HAWKES BROS.,
BEAUFORT AND GEELONG,
Wholesale and Retail Ironmongers, Furniture Dealers, Importers of China, Glassware, and Crockery, Oils, Colors, &c.

SPECIALITIES—Fencing Wire, Woolpacks, Sheep Shears, and Shearing Requisites.
General Agents for all Agricultural Machines and Implements.

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.

TIME-PAYMENTS TAKEN,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL AGENTS for CHAPMAM'S CELEBRATED EUCALYPTUS PREPARATION.



MANCHESTER HOUSE.

G. H. COUGLE,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

THE BLUE HOUSE

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Having decided on leaving Beaufort early next month, I will offer the WHOLE OF MY STOCK AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

The DRAPERY portion especially will be Sold at and under Cost, to save expense of removal.

Regular customers and others are invited to avail themselves of this chance of securing
Unheard of Bargains.

All outstanding accounts to be paid without delay, to save further trouble.

ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

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, [illegible] pain relieves

SUFFERERS FROM WIND ON THE STOMACH, Indigestion, Costiveness, Giddiness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, Disturbed Sleep, Palpitation of the Heart, Colic, Ague, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Skin Eruptions, &c., should lose no time in availing themselves of that most excellent medicine—"PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS," which for 30 years has held the first place in the world as an effectual antidote to the above and all complaints arising from a disordered state of the stomach, bowels, or liver. Topic invigorating and purifying

CRAWFORD'S, STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

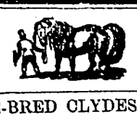
THE LARGEST DRAPERY OUTSIDE OF MELBOURNE.

FIRST SHOW OF SPRING GOODS.

[Extract from the Ballarat "Evening Post."]

[illegible] Sturt [illegible] by the thousands, regatta shirts, buttons of all patterns, frillings in all shades, and pyramids o 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 [illegible] fail to [illegible]

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

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

"For the Blood is the Life."

CLARKE'S WORLD FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

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 [illegible]

The Riponshire Advocate.

[No. 628.] BEAUFORT, SATURDAY OCTOBER 29 1887. PRICE SIXPENCE

MELBOURNE 31 OCT 87 PUBLIC LIBRARY

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WATERLOO COACHES.

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

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

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

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.3 a.m.

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

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

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

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

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.

R. MANFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

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

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.

AGENTS WANTED.
Large Stock of the Premier Belt Linoleum and well-seasoned Belt Laces kept in stock.
Special Lists for Belts for Irrigation Purposes. A most approved Continental and American principle.
Ballarat, Manufacturer of Machine Belting on the Belt Factory, Kensington, and 59 Mair street, Mansfield Road, Kensington, Melbourne.
HANAK VIA, Universal Leather Belt Factory,
Double Oak-Tanned Machine Belting.

W. BAKER,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

W.B. has ON SALE the following lines:—
Pine Shelving, Flooring, and Lining Boards; Californian, Kauri, and Clear Pine, up to 36 inches; Cedar, all thicknesses and widths; Table Legs, Sashes, Doors, Architrave and other Mouldings, Window Glass, White Lead, Oils, Turps, and all other Building Requisites.
Sashes, Doors, and all kinds of Joiner's Work made to order at the Lowest Possible Prices.
Hardwood supplied at Timber Yard Prices.

GRATEFUL.—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA,

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the "Civil Service Gazette."
Made simply with boiling water or milk.
Sold in ½lb. packets by Grocers labelled thus:—

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

MELBOURNE AGENTS
FOR THE
RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE
MESSRS. GORDON & GOTCH
CO INS STREET WS

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

WASTE PAPER
FOR SALE.
APPLY
THIS OFFICE.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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

Office: Lawrence Street, Beaufort

Plain and Ornamental Printing

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

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,
Prepared on the shortest notice

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 "CYCLE" CORRESPONDENCE INVITED ESTABLISHED 1863
THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS' CO. LIM.
COLONIAL BRANCH
UNDER THE CHARGE OF EXPERIENCED ENGLISH EXPERTS
62 & 64 ELIZABETH ST. MELBOURNE.
LISTS FREE
NEW SPECIAL CLUB (ENTIRELY REMODELLED TO MY OWN PATENTS)
THE CHEYLESMORE (PATENT DOUBLE DRIVER)
THE IMPERIAL CLUB (A FRONT STEERER)
BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES
BY SPECIAL WARRANT TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES
EVERY STYLE EVERY PRICE TERMS CASH OR EXTENDED PAYMENTS

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.

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.

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.

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,

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.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

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

MONEY.

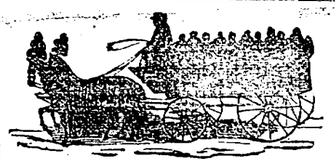
To Farmers, Landowners, and Others.

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.

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

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.

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.

Beaufort Fruit and Confectionary and Refreshment Rooms.

GEORGE WHITE,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, NEXT BANK OF VICTORIA,
RESPECTFULLY invites the PATRONAGE of his friends and the public.
REFRESHMENTS AT ALL HOURS.
HAIR CUTTING
AND
SHAVING
SALOON.
Tobaccoes, Cigars, &c., in great variety.
Stationery and School Requisites.

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

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.

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, Skins, 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...	120,000

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.

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 Venders.
Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE,
APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.
EXPORT AGENTS.
Burgoyne, Burbidges and Co., Coleman-street, London
Newbery and Sons, 37 Newgate-street, London.
Barclay and Sons, 95 Farringdon-street, London.
Sanger and Sons, Oxford-street, London.
And all the London Wholesale Houses.

MELBOURNE AGENTS.
ROCKE, TOMPSITT, & Co., Melbourne.
HEMMONS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
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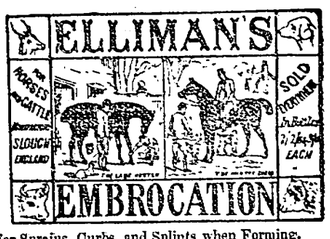
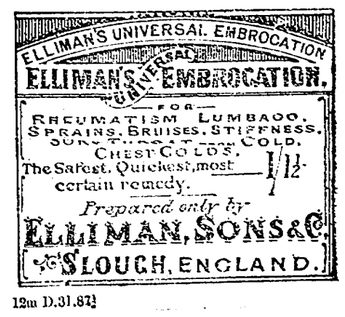
KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & Co., Wholesale Druggists
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

NO ENGLISH STABLE IS CONSIDERED COMPLETE WITHOUT



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

SPECIMEN TESTIMONIALS.
From His Grace the Duke of Rutland.
"Belvoir, Grantham, Dec. 1, 1879.
"Sirs,—Elliman's Royal Embrocation is used in my stables. I think it very useful. RUTLAND,
"Master of Belvoir Hunt."
"Castle Weir, Kington, Herefordshire,
"Dec. 3rd, 1878.
"Gentlemen,—I use the Royal Embrocation in my stables and kennels, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Embrocation for lumbago and rheumatism for the last two years, and have suffered very little since using it.
"R. H. PRICE, Lieut-Col., Master of Radnorshire Hunt."
ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION,
Sold by Chemists, Stores, and Saddlers, Price, 2s.



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V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

NELSON PROVINCE ELECTION.

I hereby give notice that JAMES PHILLIP MACPHERSON, of Nerrin Nerrin, in the Colony of Victoria, Grazier, and AGAR WYNNE, of Ballarat, in the Colony of Victoria, Solicitor, have been duly nominated for the office of member of the Legislative Council for the Nelson Province, at the election to be held for the said province, in pursuance of a Writ issued the fifteenth day of October, A.D. 1887; and in accordance with the said Writ a POLL will be taken for the Election of one of the said candidates on TUESDAY, the eighth day of November, A.D. 1887, commencing at 8 o'clock in the forenoon, and closing at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, at the following places:—

Camperdown, Skipton (within the division), Lismore, Terang, Cobden, Port Campbell, Pomborneit, Darlington, and Cowley's Creek State School, No. 1708, for the Hampden division; and at Mortlake, Ellerton, Woorndoo and Kielambete East for the Mortlake Division; and at Moyston, Mooney's Gap, Cathcart, Maroona, Watgania, Wickliffe, Bolac, Streatham, Buangor, Dobies' Bridge, Warrak, Elmhurst, Tatyoon, Jallukar, Rhymney, Opossum Gully, and Ross' Bridge for the Ararat shire Division; and at Ararat for the Ararat Borough Division; and at Beaufort, Raglan, Waterloo (within the division), Stockyard Hill, Skipton (within the division), Chepstowe, Carngham, and Middle Creek, for the Ripon Division; and at Scarsdale, Linton, Haddon, Cape Clear, Illabarook, and Smythesdale, for the Grenville Division; and at Learmonth, Cognhill's Creek, Burrumbeet, and Miners' Rest, for the Ballarat Division; and at Lexton, Amphitheatre, Springs, Evansford, Glenpatrick (within the division), and Waterloo (within the division) for the Lexton Division; and at Avoca, Homebush, Natte Yallock, Redbank, Moonambel, Landsborough, Crowlands, Glenpatrick (within the division), Barkly, and Bung Bong; for the Avoca Division; and at Great Western, Glenorchy, Illawarra, Joel Joel, Parish of Stawell, Marnoo, Wallaloo, Warrannook, Wirchilleba and Glynwilin, for the Stawell Shire Division; and at Stawell for the Stawell Borough Division.

RICHARD DAWBARN OLLARD,
Returning Officer Nelson Province.

Stawell, 25th October, 1887.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

Excursions to Melbourne in connection with the Victoria Racing Club Spring Meeting on 29th October, 1st, 3rd, and 5th November, Derby, Cup, Oaks, and Steeplechase Days.

Return Tickets, at Holiday Excursion Fares, will issued for Melbourne only by all stations (Deniliquin and Mathoura included), from 24th October to 9th November inclusive. Excursion passengers may travel by all ordinary and extra trains to Melbourne on the day the ticket is issued, and return by any train up to the night of the 15th November inclusive. Passengers may also travel by express trains, provided there is ample room. Excursion tickets will also be issued at Sydney and Adelaide for Melbourne, from 24th October to 4th November, available for return for two months. Adelaide excursion tickets will be available by express trains.

Horses and Vehicles.—From the 27th October to the 15th November inclusive, the Department cannot engage to forward Horses and Vehicles by passenger trains, unless accommodation can be provided by special arrangement.

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

NELSON PROVINCE ELECTION.

To the Electors.

MR. MACPHERSON
WILL ADDRESS THE ELECTORS
ON
MONDAY, 31st OCTOBER:—

SKIPTON	at	2 p.m.
LINTON—Shire Hall	at	8 p.m.
TUESDAY, 1st NOVEMBER:—		
SNAKE VALLEY	at	2 p.m.
SCARSDALE—Town Hall	at	6 p.m.
SMYTHESDALE—Mechanics' Hall	at	8 p.m.
WEDNESDAY, 2nd NOVEMBER:—		
EVANSFORD	at	12 noon
LEXTON	at	3 p.m.
AMPHITHEATRE	at	6 p.m.
AVOCA—Shire Hall	at	8 p.m.
THURSDAY, 3rd NOVEMBER:—		
HOMEBUSH	at	2 p.m.
MOONAMBEL	at	5 p.m.

Further Meetings in future Advertisements.

J. A. WEBSTER, Hon. Secretary.

NELSON PROVINCE ELECTION.

MR. MACPHERSON'S
LOCAL COMMITTEE
Will meet on
SATURDAY, 29th
Miller's Exchange Hotel, Scarsdale, 8 p.m.
J. A. WEBSTER, Hon. Secretary.
Committee Room, George Hotel, Ballarat.

To the Electors of the Nelson Province.

GENTLEMEN,—I cannot but feel highly flattered by your liberal promises of support on the announcement being made that I proposed coming before you as a Candidate to represent your province in the Legislative Council, but in consequence of business engagements, and a previous promise to Mr. J. P. Macpherson that I would support him in his candidature, I now withdraw from the contest.

Heartily thanking you for your kindness, should you require my services in the Council on a future occasion, I shall be happy to place myself at your disposal.

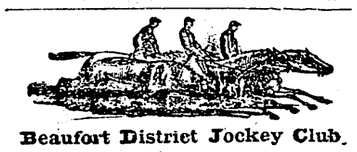
Yours, etc.,
E. MOREY.

Linton Park, 14th October, 1887.

To the Electors of the Nelson Province.

JOHN KING, Esq., President of the Ballaratshire, has been ELECTED, and kindly undertaken the CHAIRMANSHIP of Mr. J. P. Macpherson's Central Committee.

JAS. A. WEBSTER,
Hon. Sec. Central Committee.



Beaufort District Jockey Club.

A MEETING of the Stewards of last year, and all other Gentlemen desirous of organising the above and making arrangements for New Year's Day Meeting, will be held at Mr. Vanderstoel's Victoria Hotel, on THURSDAY evening, 3rd November, at 7.30.

S. W. MALE, Hon. Sec.

Thanks.

THE Trustees of the Primitive Methodist Church, Beaufort, return sincere THANKS to all the Workers, Givers, and Purchasers, for the HELP rendered in connection with the late Bazaar, which has been such an unqualified success.

Beaufort Jubilee Hall.

THE Building Committee of the Mechanics' Institute and Free Library beg to tender their hearty and sincere THANKS to the Beaufort Girls' Friendly Society; to the ladies who undertook the management of the late Fancy Fair; to all who worked; to all who subscribed in money and goods; to Mr. Jeremiah Smith, for the free use of the Golden Age Hall; to Mr. T. Le Cheminant, for the use of piano; to Mr. Jackson and family for supply of music on night of social; to Mr. J. McCraith, as musical conductor; to the ladies who assisted; and the public generally for their unanimous and generous support and patronage, thereby assisting the Committee to raise the funds necessary to pay for the building, which is to stand as a testimony of loyalty to our Queen, and as a memorial of her Jubilee year.

By order of the Committee,
J. W. HARRIS, Hon. Sec.

28th October, 1887.

To the Ratepayers of the North Riding of the Shire of Ripon.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I beg to return my sincere THANKS for the votes recorded by you in my favor on the 20th inst. I would also specially thank those who exerted themselves on my behalf.

I have the honor to be,
Ladies and Gentlemen,
Your obedient servant,
G. WOTHERSPOON.

SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT.

Positively for One Night Only.
Tuesday, 8th November, 1887.
The Marvellous FAUSTS,
10 IN NUMBER. 10
Supported by their Great Combination of Novelties,
In their Astounding Classical, Acrobatic, Gymnastic, Musical, and Pantomimic Entertainment, Introducing HERR VON DE MEHDEN, the musical wonder; the greatest Cornet Soloists in the world; and the beautiful white MARBLE STATUARY, with lime light effects.
Prices as Usual. Free Outdoor CONCERT at 7 p.m. by the Fausts' Peerless Brass Band.
For particulars see day bills.
H. P. LYONS, Agent.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President, and enclosing 5 per cent. deposit, will be received up till 11 a.m. on Thursday, 10th November, 1887, for the following works:—

WEST RIDING.

Contract No. 214.—Reforming and metalling 62 chains of the Streatham to Mt. Emu road, east of the Stockyard Hill road, and building one stone culvert, &c.

EAST RIDING.

Contract No. 332.—Making 86·25 chains metalled road, and building culverts, &c., on the Stockyard Hill road, north of Skipton; mostly in the East Riding.

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

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted

H. H. JACKSON,
Shire Engineer.

Ripon Shire Offices,
Beaufort, 29th October, 1887.

THE
Ripon Shire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1887.

A notice in our advertising columns to-day calls a meeting of the stewards of last years' race-meeting, and others interested in the sport, to be held at Vanderstoel's Victoria hotel on Thursday evening next, the 3rd November. For some years past the onus of holding a race meeting in this district has rested upon the shoulders of a few enthusiasts, and although success has attended their efforts, it is thought that some more satisfactory method of keeping alive the interest in this good old English sport should be introduced. Last January we offered a suggestion which met with much favor, and at the settling up meeting it was decided to carry it out, and to call a meeting in October or November to further discuss the advisability of organising a district Jockey Club. The enthusiasm manifested at last New Years' Day meeting may be taken as auguring for the success of the proposed step, and it is hoped that a large meeting will take place on Thursday next.

Taylor's "Called Back" Dramatic Company performed to a moderate house at the Societies' Hall on Wednesday evening last. The piece represented was "Ould Ireland," and teemed with wit and humor and sensational incidents. Mr. C. H. Taylor, assumed the chief character, Thady Brady, but it is not to be supposed that his was the only good acting. Mr. Oscar Balfe as the unscrupulous landlord, and Mr. Reginald Rede as his flunkey, gave exceptional exhibitions of their ability to do justice to the parts allotted to them. Miss Ella Carrington as Thady's Deutcher wife was all that could be desired, and the other ladies of the company did well. The scenery, which the company brought with them, was excellent, and the mechanical effects were splendidly worked, the express train crossing the stage being one of the most real and at the same time astonishing achievements. Mr. Taylor is to be congratulated upon having such an excellent company, and when he returns, as he proposes to do in a short time, he will find a much larger audience ready to welcome and appreciate his enterprise and his talented company.

The adjourned meeting of persons favorable to holding the usual gala on Boxing Day was held at the Ripon Shire Hall on Tuesday evening last, when Mr George Topper was voted to the chair. The question was fully and deliberately discussed, and finally it was resolved that sports be held conjointly by the Park Committee and Fire Brigade, but that a departure be made from the usual programme, and a greater number of novelties introduced. The feeling was favorable to more bicycle races, swimming matches, archery, shooting, pedestrianism, &c. Mr. W. G. Stevens was empowered to undertake a gigantic art union, and the whole management of this was left to that gentleman. Mr John Humphreys was appointed general secretary, and it was deemed advisable to leave the appointment of the heads of the other committees in the hands of Mr. A. Andrews, J.P. Yesterday the following gentlemen consented to act—Mr Jackson, secretary of entertainment committee; Mr. J. B. Prowse, sports secretary. The committee will meet next week and decide upon the programme, which is to be issued without delay.

Only one case was heard at the Police Court on Monday last, before Messrs. C. J. Leadbeater, A. Andrews, and W. C. Thomas, J.'s P., viz., that of Shaw v. Dunn, in which plaintiff claimed £1 14s 1d., for goods sold and delivered. An order was made for the amount and 2s. 6d. costs.

Dr. Nolan performed a surgical operation at Stockyard Hill on Tuesday last, in a very skilful manner. The patient operated upon was Mr. George Kirkpatrick, who is 63 years of age, and the necessity for amputating his right hand arose from the rapid and alarming development of a large cancer-tumor, which Mr. Kirkpatrick has suffered from for some months. The locality of the disease was between the knuckles on the back of the hand, and the origin of it was a slight abrasion, of which no notice was taken when sustained. The sufferer having done everything that suggested itself, in vain to alleviate the pain, and finding that his health was being greatly impaired, sought the advice of Dr. Nolan, who urged the performance of the of the surgical operation immediately, as the only chance of saving his life. Therefore, in company with Dr. Pinnock, of Ballarat, who assisted, the amputation of the forearm was accomplished successfully on Tuesday last, the patient having been put under chloroform. We learn that Mr. Kirkpatrick has already felt the beneficial effects of the operation, and is progressing rapidly.

Miss Latter, teacher of painting, including mirror, satin, and pen painting, will resume tuition in Beaufort, at Miss Tempest's, on Friday next, 4th November.

It has long been known that the private schools of Beaufort, of which there are several, have been very successful in passing pupils up to the State school standard, and it is pleasing to record that their reputation is being kept up. Miss Greenwood sent up eleven of her pupils to be examined on Monday, and was much gratified in learning that nine of them passed with credit. Certificates are now more difficult of attainment by children attending private schools than was formerly the case, and the result speaks well for the method of instruction carried out by the lady named.

On Thursday last, while on his way between Chute and Raglan, the postboy had the misfortune to get his coach on the lock, when it capsized. Being unable to get the hind wheels and the body of the trap in their proper places, he essayed to travel with the front wheels only. This not proving successful, he left the broken vehicle on the road, and continued his journey on horseback. In the evening, some of the Salvation Army followers, on the way to their meeting house, came across the "old chariot," and could not refrain from "rolling" part of it into the township. The ends of the shafts they drove into the ground, the front wheels being up in the air, much to the amusement of passers-by. Mail-coaches are apparently as delicate as some coach-horses.

The Raglan Prospecting party have reached 231 ft. in No. 6 bore, and are going through a heavy wash. They expect to bottom this bore to-day. So far the boring by this party has been very satisfactory.

In another column will be found an announcement of the intended visit of the marvellous Fausts, the acrobatic, gymnastic, musical and pantomimic artists. The troup is reported to be an excellent one, and will visit Beaufort on the 8th November.

The Bazaar in connection with the Primitive Methodist Church was brought to a close last Saturday night. The promoters have just cause to congratulate themselves on the result of their labors, for the undertaking has been a most brilliant and unprecedented success, the sum of £128 13s. 1d. being the outcome of the toil of the fair workers. Though a large quantity of goods was disposed of, yet a great deal remains unsold, we are informed, which will no doubt form part of another bazaar at some subsequent time. In another column will be found an advertisement, in which thanks are given to all who have assisted to bring the affair to such a satisfactory consummation.

The result of the Mechanics' Institute fair, which was reported in our last issue as having exceeded the most sanguine expectations, is now pretty well known, although a trifling sum has yet to come in. The fact that within six months a simple proposal to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee by erecting substantial additions to the Mechanics' was carried out, and the money, amounting to nearly £300, is raised to pay the contractor, speaks louder than mere words to the effect that this effort on the part of the committee, for a public institution, has been handsomely appreciated by the public, for whose benefit all this has been done. The committee acknowledge their great indebtedness to all who have helped them, and in our advertising columns will be found their letter of thanks.

We would remind the numerous customers of Mr. George Schutze that he has removed from Ballarat to No. 7 Royal Arcade, opposite the post office, Melbourne. All accounts due please forward to the above address; and when in town, call and inspect Dr. Jaeger's Wonderful Unbearable Sanitary Tweeds, also his most remarkable, most comfortable, stylish, and almost seamless Woven Suits. Send for catalogue.—[ADVT.]

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 101 oz.; New Victoria, 30 oz.; New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, —; Saxon Consols, 53 oz.

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, 27th October, 1887:—

Date.	Passengers.	Revenue.	Goods, value.
Oct. 21	25	£9 7 0	£10 6 11
,, 22	65	10 14 10	15 7 5
,, 24	32	5 14 1	16 11 4
,, 25	30	6 5 5	2 15 3
,, 26	37	7 7 11	2 6 6
,, 27	42½	10 1 7	8 13 8
Totals	231½	£49 10 10	£56 1 1

NELSON PROVINCE ELECTION.

MR. J. P. MACPHERSON AT BEAUFORT.

Mr J. P. Macpherson addressed a meeting of 100 electors in the Golden Age Hall, Beaufort, on Tuesday evening. Mr Albert Andrews J.P., occupied the chair, and in a short speech introduced Mr Macpherson.

Mr Macpherson, who was received with applause, said he was present that evening as a candidate for the vacant seat in the Legislative Assembly caused by the death of their late representative. He had always entertained a great respect for Mr Bromell. No one esteemed their late representative more than he (Mr Macpherson) did. He was with Mr Bromell when he died. He had never taken any prominent part in political matters; but since Mr Bromell had gone, he felt he should like to take his place. He was determined to take his place, and since he had entered into this contest he had made determination his motto. If he were beaten, determination would no longer be his motto, and he would relapse into his ordinary life. His interests in this district were indentical with those of the electors. He claimed consideration on account of his residence in the electorate. He did not presume to be a speaker, but he thought those who spoke most worked least. If elected, he would promise to take a deep interest in the electorate, and assist in its progress. This district was a peculiar one. Three most important industries held similar places of importance. He supposed that chiefly throughout the electorate the mining industry took first place. He had only ventured once in mining, and had to pay calls for two years. If elected, he would make another venture, which he hoped would be more successful. (Hear, hear.) He intended to make it his duty to study both the mining and agricultural interests, so that he might be able to do justice to both of them. He would like to see the schools of mines increased. It was not desired to set one class against another; the rich against the poor. Give and take with moderation was what he had always believed in and acted upon; and there was no reason why we did not have labor and capital working in harmony. If elected he would do his utmost to put a stop to the great waste of time that takes place in the Council. He would never vote for any bill that was rushed through the Assembly and sent up to the other chamber at the end of the session. It was not right for the Assembly to expect that the merits of any measure could be discussed properly in so short a time as had been allowed to some bills. He would be a thinking member, and would rather advocate the delay of a bill to another session than rush it through without having a fair thought-out discussion over it. He said, with respect to Coalition Governments, that he thought they were entitled to a great amount of praise. The colony had had quietness and peace under coalition, which we had not under party government. We might get a return to the latter, but the country was to a great extent satisfied with coalition. With respect to the prospecting vote, he would advocate its increase to £100,000—(applause)—or more, if found necessary. Under the present mode of allocation he thought some districts were more favoured than others. He would advocate for the vote to be distributed in districts where gold was known to abound, but was difficult to get at. The mining industry was the greatest in the country and should be encouraged. In prospecting diamond drills should be used to a much greater extent than at present prevailed. He would advocate the use of more of these machines, the expense of which would be nothing compared to the value of the discoveries that may be made. He would have them put in places where there is a chance of getting gold. He was a strong advocate of railway extension, and thought that every important centre of population, if only 10 miles distant, should be connected with the main lines of railway. He objected to the free pass system. He strongly advocated federation of Australia. There were differences between the colonies that should not exist. These should be adjusted, and the colonies should become united for their own protection and benefit. He was a Protectionist, and believed in assisting native industries to the utmost. These industries gave employment to many families, and he would not urge any alteration in the protective tariff. He was in favour of the Education Act as it at present stands. A great deal can be said for and against it; but he thought that instead of constantly amending the Act, the Government should bring in a new measure. Temporising with the present Act would only make the Act worse than it is. (Hear, hear.) Touching upon the Licensing Act, he would leave the present bill as it is. In permitting local option, he would not allow any majority to rule, but would stipulate that a limit should be maintained respecting the number of votes recorded before a majority should carry the day. With regard to centralisation he thoroughly opposed everything that tended to aggrandise the metropolis. He did not believe in any man having a station, say, in this district, and living at Toorak. Regarding the Chinese question he had not much to say. A great many were here at present—with those he would not interfere. Let them have liberties the same as ourselves; but he would prevent any more arriving by the imposition of increased taxation, and if that did not stop the influx he would go on increasing until it became prohibitory. The candidate then invited questions.

Mr H. M. Stuart asked—Has Mr Macpherson seen the circular issued by the Ballarat Licensed Victuallers' Association? Was it issued with his consent? And does he approve of it?

Mr Macpherson—I know the circular to which my opponent alludes. I was away from Ballarat when it was issued, and when shown a copy I was literally staggered. I do not approve of it.

Mr Stuart—If elected, will Mr Macpherson support the local mining industry?

Mr Macpherson—I have only had one experience in mining in this district, and it was this one in which I had to pay calls for two years. I will strive to gain some knowledge, and do my utmost.

Mr J. Prentice—I would like to ask Mr Macpherson whether, if he is elected, he would support a petition from one-fourth of the ratepayers of Ripon shire asking for a redivision or re-adjustment of the ridings of the shire?

Mr Macpherson—Yes, for I think it desirable.

Mr Vanderstoel—What are Mr Macpherson's views respecting closed roads?

Mr Macpherson would support Mr Dow's suggestions. If a road is wanted is cannot be leased; if not wanted it should only be leased at acreage value. The system in vogue at present represented his views.

Mr W. G. Stevens—Would Mr Macpherson support the Fire Brigades' Bill now before the House?

Mr Macpherson—Yes. If the public will not voluntarily support these institutions, I would be in favor of Government supporting them.

Mr Vanderstoel—Would the candidate support a property tax?

Mr Macpherson was decidedly in favor of a property tax. It would not apply to country properties so much as to those in the city; and he would say that property valued at over £2500 should be taxed.

Mr Boyle—Is the candidate in favor of an absentee tax?

Mr Macpherson—The question has been pretty well discussed, and the difficulty in the way is one of getting at the absentees. Would rather increase the taxes on the property of absentees.

Mr P. M. O'Connell moved that Mr Macpherson was a fit and proper person to represent the Nelson Province.

Mr John Robertson seconded the motion, for which about 20 hands were held up, the remainder not voting.

GOING FOR THE GLOVES ON THE OAKS DAY.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

In the sweet spring time, when the golden wattle blossoms shine and flower through dark green feathery foliage, when in the swamps the ti-tree, wrapped in the folds of its papery bark, is covered with fragrant clopes of pole and downy primrose; when ox-eyed daisies give the emerald turf which carpets the spreading plains of Richfield, where the coast ti-tree (so different from its namesake in the swamps, which grows straight as a wand), twisted gnarled, and bent, is covered with pale pink blossoms. Then the other shrubs are all in bloom: the flowing trefoil, with its brilliant scarlet blossoms, flames on every rise and sand hill, while the bright blue flowers of the orchids, the purple of the sarsaparilla creeper, the waxy white and pink bells of the native heath, all add to the charms of Mordialloc in the fresh October spring time. There, with the fresh south wind blowing, just raising little ripples and tiny crests on the surface of the blue waters of the bay, while white winged gulls soar in the air or dip in the wave as they seek their prey—there, staying at the hotel, are a merry party, comprising squatters from the back blocks, with charming sisters, busy young merchants, Toorak belles, charming fashionable widows, and stylish girls, all down by the sea-side to get ozone, health, rest and amusement. Boating, racing at Richfield, riding parties along the pretty coast, where the villas of Mentone look out on the bay, and Mr. Haydon's picturesque residence crowns the hill at Rickett's Point; thence through the neatly kept gardens and orchards full of cherry blossom, and shaded by trimly clipped hedges of ti-tree. But to-day, neither rides nor drives are the subject of conversation, the blue hills are crested with light fleecy clouds, and clothed with forests, but even their tranquil beauty attracts no attention to-day, for the discussion carried on with so much animation is of the morrow,

THE OAKS DAY.

"Why do you say we shall enjoy the sport more even than we do the Cup?" said pretty Nellie Bryant, a piquant Loddon lass. "Well," said Herbert Evans, a tall young squatter from the Lachlan, "I'll be like an Irishman; I'll answer your question with another—Do you like the crushing at the Cup? Of course you don't. Well, on the Oaks Day you will not have it. The ladies' day, as the Oaks is specially termed, for more reasons than one, allows pretty girls to see and be seen (a reason which must certainly commend itself to his fair companion). The stand on this day is filled, not overcrowded; the lawn, with its garden beds, with their wealth of foliage and pretty fountains, can be seen; the strains of Strauss' waltzes, or Offenbach's latest extravaganza, or the melodies of "Mikado" and "Princess Ida" float on the breeze. Then the racing, though most interesting, is not the cause of such heavy betting as on the Cup and Derby days, and even the keenest of sportsmen will spare time to promenade on the lawn, or take his lady friends to see the horse he runs, or is backing, and does most of his wagering in gloves with his fair companions, and is the happier for losing." "Very ably put," says a jolly old merchant named Brown, who is reputed to be very wealthy, and with his two pretty daughters and their mamma is of the party. "I move we form ourselves into committee of the whole," says dashing Ida Cosgrove, a Sydney belle, "to consider the questions, If we go? When to go? and How to go?" "I second the motion," says Alfred Hervey, her faithful admirer and slave. "Carried unanimously," declares Mr. O'Brien, a clever speculator in silver. The first question was affirmed without dissent. After some discussion the rail was the mode adopted, as being most expeditious and least troublesome. The "Where to go?" excited a lot of discussion; but, although the ladies were greatly inclined to pay the Hill a visit, and see the wonderful picnic ground, and observe all the other conveniences and comforts which Mr. Byron Moore has placed at the service of those who visit, as well as to observe the fun which is always to be seen there, the gentlemen could not forego the pleasure of taking their fair companions to the birdcages, and showing them Hortense, Lava, Sumatra, Enigma, and all the other equine beauties preparing for that which is known here, as in England, as the ladies' race. "What go we out to see?" asked a sparkling little brunette, whose bright glances and witching looks have brought her conquests without number, and a chorus of sweet girlish voices echoed the question. Mr. O'Day, a dashing young barrister of the first French families, who had once written an article for the *Sportsman*, was called on to explain, and said, *imprimus* (Chaldean far off)—"Ladies and gentlemen: We go to see and to be seen, and we trust to return merrier and wiser, and to win our money, and to lose our hearts, our gloves, our hands (hear, hear from all the ladies). Thanks, thanks; but as yet it must be there, there, for here all we must think of is the future, accepting the joy of the present. (Shame, shame). Yes, ladies, bashfulness is my national heritage, and when I see signs of indignation on the charming faces around me I feel that my feelings overpower me, and I rush into racing for relief." "Weel, as far as the cash is concerned, its no a bad place to get relief frae it," says Dougald McTaggart, a visitor from Otago. "Stop your nonsense, Mr O'Day, and tell us what the races are, and what will win, and then we may believe in you," says the pretty widow of a rich quartz miner. Yes, that's what we want to know. "So am I crushed. Down, throbbing heart! Well, 'twas ever thus." "None of your nonsense; go on." "I obey orders.

"The first event of the day is The Flying Stakes, and in this all the fastest horses of Australia will try conclusions. When I instance Hortense, Consequence, Cranbrook, Lady Betty, Spade Guinea, Quadrant, The Charmer, and Boz, you may imagine how exciting the trouble for supremacy. Now, all these horses meet at weight for age, so its like a small champion race over seven furlongs, and here pace must tell:

"The Second Hurdle Race follows; and here all the best hurdle racers in the colonies will try their mettle. Ballarat sends a very strong contingent in Queenslander, Dragon, Digby Grand (a promising young one), Sir Launcelot, who in time may retrieve the laurels he lost in the National. Flemington will furnish Friction, the Queensland Glenduart, a Sydney crack, Sultan, Moolga, who beat a rare field at Caulfield, and Courage will fight for Kirk's Bazaar, and Mr. Glascock's Karima comes with the prestige of his Dunedin wins upon him, Mr. Miller's pretty little mare Impulse, improves every day. Then Darkness, though also a Queenslander, comes from the west centre. Dandenong furnishes Oculist and Whalebone. Brighton is represented by Marron, and at Highett the Yeoman is treated, while the honor of Warrnambool (the land of pretty girls, butter and potatoes) is entrusted to King of the West and Jack. Caulfield with Goodwood, Carnarvon, Dunstan, Landseer and Trooper, make up the list, and a great struggle may be anticipated. Who is there that does not enjoy a hurdle race, with its changes and fluctuations? The mere sight of a jump raises one spirits, and then the riders feel the stimulus poor Gordon sings of this—

"And ken the rise from the springy turf,
The rush through the buoyant air, and the light shock landing,
The very serf is an emperor then and there."

Then comes The Spring Handicap, a mile and a quarter, will bring a large field of good horses to the post, with Bravo, Oakleigh, Tranter, Escutcheon, Ben Bolt, who won the Caulfield Cup last year, Niagara, Silvermine, The Levite, Lord Wilton, Enfilade, Silver Prince, Pasha, Spade, Guinea, and a host of others, among whom I may instance the mighty Algerian. There will be plenty to pick and choose from, and to win and lose gloves over.

The great event of the day succeeds, and all the fillies meet on equal terms to see which is the feminine champion in The Oaks Stakes. Hortense, Lava, Enigma, Liedertafel, Mistletoe, and Sumatra in themselves form a field of equine beauties rarely seen together, and then there may be some unknown one who may pass as unexpectedly as the Nun or Vaucluse.

"The next race of itself is almost worth going to Flemington to see, as it brings all the cracks together at weight for age over two miles of ground in The Royal Park Stakes. Here Tranter, Escutcheon, Carlyon, Abercorn, Cranbrook, Niagara and other three-year-olds fight their Derby battle again over a longer course, while Dunlop, Silver Prince, The Algerian, and Thunderbolt are among their other opponents.

"The Veteran Stakes Handicap ends the fun, and here all the babies are excluded, as nothing under four years can run. So here Bravo, Affluence, Meteor, Discovery, The Levite, Dividend, Silver Prince, and some thirty others, form a field which should ensure a great contest. However, seeing is believing, but what I've told you will give a little idea of the sport we may expect, and on the Oaks Day it can be thoroughly enjoyed."

The lecturer was thanked. How they went, the cash they spent, the fun they had, the gloves the ladies were supplied for months with, and the weddings which the day's fun led to are easier imagined than described.

OFF TO THE MELBOURNE CUP!

[CONTRIBUTED.]

Despite the abolition of sweeps, and the long delay in obtaining the introduction of that most popular institution, the totalisator, The Melbourne Cup is pre-eminently the national yearly festival, not only in Victoria but throughout Australasia. At distant Cooktown, where the torrid sun beats hot and strong; on arid ranges where the miner seeks and prospects for the precious metal which has been termed the root of all evil, yet of which no man seems to get enough—yes, even there, "What will win the Melbourne Cup?" is the prospector's question to his mate.

In the centre of this great island continent, where the pioneers have pushed out with their flocks and herds far beyond the influence of red tape, wherever bushmen meet together, the same question is asked, and the chances of the Cup candidates are canvassed carefully. As in the north and in the interior so is it in Western Australia—at Perth as at Roebourne, at Kimberley or Albany, no question will bring a crowd together so quickly as one which deals with the chances of the horses engaged in the Melbourne Cup. Go where one will in Victoria, New South Wales, Tasmania, or New Zealand, all other questions of sport are lost sight of when the Melbourne Cup draws close—and yet closer.

When Lantern, that beautiful little son of Muscovado and Nightlight, beat the big Tasmanian Poet, what was then a great concourse of spectators witnessed the struggle up the straight, and, when the colt swerved, it looked as if our island neighbors would score honors, but Davis straightened the youngster and got home.

The mighty Archer's two victories, and Banker's win preceded this, and the great son of William Tell made a shocking example of his opponents, though the weight he carried would be deemed a bit rough by many racing men nowadays. When Chifney, then a mere featherweight, got home on the son of Boiardo and Jeanette, and put down Musidora and Rose of Denmark, few expected to see him, after scoring honors as a cross-country horseman, become one of the best of Flemington trainers. Toryboy's victory was a great surprise; the stable Panic was in also contained a colt by Warhawk from Tomboy's sister, Romp, and on this horse all its hopes were centred. But horses, like the plans of mice and men, "gang aft agley," and this alas! was the case with Frolic, so Panic was hurriedly called on to take his place. How he rushed to the front with Joe Morrison, and cut down the field, turf history tells; but there was a little grey castoff from the crack stables of the day, by the Irish horse Wollaton out of Fair Ellen. His owner was not a wealthy man, and he gave him into the hands of a wild Irishman named Pat Miley, who had graduated on the Curragh; and on the day the grey was pink, and, waiting till Panic had settled all other opponents, he challenged the unfit son of Alarm, and, after a brief struggle, put him down. Who that saw it will ever forget the fight up the straight between the mighty Barb, then a three-year-old, and the so-called butcher's pony, Exile, the horse that Waterman would not ride after a terribly bad gallop at Flemington, and from which Cavanagh dropped his whip just when he wanted it.

Then Tim Whiffler, that beautiful but rather peacocky son of New Warrior and Cinderella, beat that pet of the plungers of that day, Queen of Hearts, while Exile, on this occasion carrying 1st. 10lb., could only

The Riponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry

HOW TO WRITE A LOVE STORY.

Now bring me a maid that is plump and dark,
And bring me a maid that is tall and fair;
One must be gay as a meadow lark,
One with a grave and queenly air
And a sort of high toned, stately slave.
A man, old, rich, and a perfect fright;
A man that his young and debonnair;
And lo! the story that I will write.

Bring me a Summery moonlit park,
Bring me a house in a handsome square,
One in the country, a kind of ark
Of refuge for lovers; some mad despair,
Duty, temptation, and grief and care.
To take the edge off love's delight,
A few odd people from here and there,
And lo! the story that I will write.

Bring me a trip in a treacherous bark,
A wreck in the midseas anywhere.
Bring me a duel, heaven save the mark!
A reunited and happy pair,
A gown from Worth's for the bride to wear,
And bring me a fate as dark as night,
For all the bold, bad ones to share;
And lo! the story that I will write.

ENVOY.

Bring ink and pen to my easy chair,
Of paper a cream all fair and white,
A publisher ready to do and dare,
And lo! the story that I will write.

Novelist.

DAYS OF CRIME AND YEARS OF SUFFERING.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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

CHAPTER XX.—*(Continued)*

"I arrived in London with a younger friend with only a couple of pounds in my pocket. This I knew would go but a very little way, and so I exercised my wits a little to hit upon some expedient for a month or two months' comfortable subsistence. In the first place I wanted a residence; secondly, furniture; lastly, eatables. Well, you know enough of me by this time to be well assured that my scruples wouldn't be any great obstacle in obtaining these desiderata. I first of all purchased a couple of two shilling stamps, and filled them in to the tune of £150 each, payable in three and two months from date. I also procured a cheque book, from which I tore out several of the cheques, and filled in the butts with various amounts, but all over £100. I had an old fashioned large Russian-leather pocket-book, and into this I crammed the bills and the cheque-book. My friend, who, under instructions, could manage things well enough, had to take a part in the programme. An upholsterer's shop in the Hackney-road was selected to experiment upon in the first instance. Into this, pocket-book in hand, my pupil walked, intimating that he had just picked up the book opposite the door, and that perhaps, if the shopkeeper examined the book, the contents might afford a clue to the owner. The book was at once inspected, and found to contain valuable documents, but no clue as to where the owner might be found was discoverable. The finder of the book suggested that an advertisement should be inserted in *The Times*, and offered to leave the book and its contents with the shopkeeper, to whose address inquiries were to be directed in answer to the advertisement. The finder, however, stipulated that the book should not be given up unless he was present. He told the upholsterer that he would at once go and give in the advertisement for insertion, and would call the following evening at the shop to ascertain if the owner had appeared to claim the book. While my able assistant was managing this little delicate piece of business I was busy in Hackney hiring a cottage residence. I met with some difficulty, as landlords wanted references, and some even the rent in advance, but with a little address I surmounted all difficulties, and before night held in tenancy the picturesque dwelling known as Hawthorn-cottage. At ten o'clock the ensuing morning, with *The Times* in my hand, I walked into the upholsterer's shop, intimating that I was the owner of the pocket book which had been advertised, the contents of which I described in the fullest manner. The shopkeeper produced the book, communicated the circumstances under which it had come into his hands, and requested that I would be good enough to call again in the evening, when the actual finder would be present. To this I consented. In the evening I returned and found my young friend, who performed his part to perfection, already awaiting me. I received the book, gave a cheque for £10 to the young man who had found it, and then, addressing myself to the upholsterer, I said:—

"I shall reward you in another manner. I am about to furnish my cottage at Hackney previous to being married, and if you like to come with me this evening you can have a look at the rooms, and let me know what you will thoroughly furnish it for. He gladly acceded to this proposal, and we together went to Hawthorn-cottage, which he, after going over it, undertook to furnish completely for £80, the furniture to be delivered in three days. At the termination of the second day I hurried into the shop and told the upholsterer that I should have to disappoint him, as I had just received a letter (which I gave him to read) which contained information which induced me to make an immediate investment of £2,000, in fact, all the spare cash I could command. I pointed out to him the great advantages which would result to me from the employment of all my available capital in the manner recommended by the letter, and hoped that he would not in any way be a loser through my not being able to take the furniture. I assured him that although I could not spare the £80 just then, in a month's time, when the bills I held would be due, I would call on him again, and conclude the transaction. The upholsterer said I could have the furniture, as from the contents of my pocket-book he knew well I was a man of some means, and that I could give him a note of hand for the amount, payable in a month's time. After some demur I agreed to take the furniture on these terms, and on the delivery of it the ensuing day I gave my note of hand for £80. The cottage being decently furnished, next required victualling, and this, too, without any delay, was effected in the following manner:

"I wrote notes to some principal tradespeople in the neighborhood, stating that I had been recommended by a friend to them, and that I wished to see them at my residence. The baker, the butcher, the grocer, the wine merchant, all were written to, and requested to call upon me, the time being different for each. Their reception was artfully prepared for. A large pile of flash notes, which, unless closely examined, looked very much like bank notes, were placed before me on the table; a cash-box, a cheque-book, some papers, and pen and ink, completed the arrangement. At half-past five the baker was announced. My companion was in the room with me when he entered. 'Excuse me a moment,' said I, addressing the candidate for custom, 'I will attend to you in one minute. And then turning to my associate, I said, 'How much did you make of the notes?" He answered, 'Seven twenties, four tens, and fifteen fives £255 in all.' I then turned to the baker and said he had been recommended to me by a friend, and that I hoped he would supply me with good bread; and as I understood he was a confectioner as well, he would find me a good customer. I told him that I was in the habit of paying my bills once a month, but if he was only in a small way of business he could have the money weekly, or even daily, if he wished it, for any supplies he might deliver. He immediately repudiated the idea of being in a small way of business by assuring me that he possessed a most extensive connection, and that he would send in his bills monthly or quarterly, as might best suit me.

"The butcher and the others arrived in due order, and the same ceremony was gone through with each, and with precisely the same results. The sequel is soon told. Just before the expiration of a month I had a broker in the house, to whom I sold all the furniture for £35, and immediately made my exodus from the locality of Hackney."

Such was the story told by the librarian; and if it was not true it might have been, for I have known him do things in Australia quite as ingenious and vastly more profitable than the furniture transaction. However, he has had on the whole, to pay exceedingly dear for his success. And yet, as with many others, his days of crime, followed by years of sorrow and of suffering, have had no lasting effect on him. Once more he has sinned, and his sin has found him out, and years of misery are again before him.

The surgeon-superintendent's clerk was a very taciturn sort of individual, and a perfect Uriah Heap of character. He had in consequence of his humility, emerged from Pentonville prison after an imprisonment of only fourteen months. Of his antecedents I could ascertain nothing, for he never adverted to his former life. He turned out in the colony the most dexterous horse-stealers who had ever taken to "prad-coping" (the professional term for the branch of art), and so clever was he that for some years he eluded detection. At length, with twenty-two head of horses, all stolen, which he was driving into Melbourne for sale, he was arrested, through the information of some woman with whom he had quarrelled, and, upon conviction, was sentenced to fourteen years on the roads. When I last saw him he was wheeling a barrow, and was in chains.

After a long voyage of nearly five months we arrived at Melbourne; and although at this present time the good people of Australia, made wise by a dear-bought experience, are protesting in the strongest terms against the importation of any of the English professionals, then, short-sighted settlers, whose vision ranged but little beyond the coming wool season, flocked fast enough to the ship and hired out the exiles without philosophising upon the convict question. But even then a portion of the press was opposed to the system of exilism, and designated us as "Penton villians," "Earl Grey's pets," &c.

In three days from the ship casting anchor, the two hundred and forty-nine exiles were all landed. Since then two of the number have been hanged; about twenty-five per cent. (to my own knowledge) have been convicted again in the colonies; three or four have returned to England with good round sums obtained from golden holes; and I know about seven who are keeping either stores or public-houses, and doing remarkably well. There are a few, I have been told, who have been content to follow the handicraft occupations they were taught in the penitentiaries, and these I have no doubt are the happiest, or rather the least miserable, of the load of felony that filled the Joseph Soames; but in my peculiar career I was not likely to meet with the most meritorious of my companions, and there is therefore room to hope that a large proportion of those whom I have lost sight of altogether have acquired habits of settled industry, and returned to virtuous courses.

CHAPTER XXI.

A NEW LIFE IN A NEW LAND.

(Memorandum by the Editor.—In narrating the events of his colonial career, the autobiographer, in the manuscript before us, has given full particulars of names, dates, and places. For obvious reasons these have been suppressed. In the printed narrative the names will be replaced by others altogether fictitious, and even the localities where the events occurred will be changed. The reader is therefore cautioned against making any attempt to exercise his ingenuity in connecting the scenes described in the narrative with actual occurrences in colonial history.)

Solitary in my prison cell, a careworn, joyless man, I look back this evening through the shadows of many sorrowing years to the time when first I landed upon the Australian shores. Before me was a a new land, where nevermore, I thought, the guilt which other skies had witnessed could, with its inexorable power, raise up in my onward path aught that should bar me from the good and true. I fondly dreamed that the irrevocable had become revocable. The darkness of my life was of the past, and I visioned for the future that happiness which is the concomitant of rectitude of heart. Evil as I had been I know the worth of goodness, and I resolved to dissociate myself from all pernicious influences, and to foster within me the yearnings and aspirations which would link me to the better part of life.

I have not shrunk in this narrative from the full exposition of my wickedness, and, therefore, when I place on record those brief emotional intervals of my sinful life, when my soul, shrinking from the contemplation of its own darkness, has sought in prayer to ally itself to God, think not, reader, that I have never known such visitations, and that I give expression only to a canting sentimentalism. I have already declared that I have written these confessions to please no one. I write them merely to sell. Their literary merit would, I fear, not go far to effect this object. It is their truthfulness that must prove their chief attraction—that complete revelation of myself which constitutes their claim to notice. They form a full-length photograph of my life, and if the shadows stand darkly out in the picture, they are still sometimes relieved by touches of light which doubt should not obscure. To portray myself as one so utterly abandoned to evil that no good impulses ever found a place within my heart would, were I even writing fiction instead of fact, indicate a strange ignorance of what man really is. I have been too long familiar with human nature in its most repulsive aspects not to know that there exists no criminal prototype of such a delineation. A portrait so drawn would be the likeness not of a man, but of a devil. I write only the truth, and I ask the world, that will be ready enough to believe the evil I have committed, to be not incredulous to the good I have sometimes striven to attain. In the eyes of men I am but a criminal standing without the pale of virtue and honosty, and yet often and often—hating my guilt and deploring the weakness of my nature—I have prayed to God to save me from myself and give me strength to tread the better path of life.

Never during my whole life have I felt within me so strong a repulsion to the evil of my ways, and so earnest a desire to link myself to good, as on the evening when I disembarked from the "Joseph Soames." With Ellen Lee's letter in my hand, after procuring a lodging for the night at the Western Port Hotel, I sauntered out of Melbourne to commune with my heart in solitude. I walked along the banks of the river Yarra, musing upon the vicissitudes of my life, and looked back upon its crimes with shuddering dread. The night was serenely beautiful; the stars shone out brilliantly in the clear azure of a southern sky; the river glided along in unruffled calmness, and in the distance the lights of the busy town seemed to mimic the brightness of the golden lights on high. Many sad years have passed since then, but I have the picture of that night before me still. I can distinctly recall, too, the feelings by which I was impressed. My heart was touched by Ellen Lee's kindness, and her letter, full of affection and entreaty, affected me very much. One sentence, which in after days, when the struggle between good and evil again commenced, I often repeated, I remember well—"You have a new land in which to commence a new life, and should you ever be tempted to return to wrong, remember that your happiness is dependent upon your adherence to right. Earnestly, most earnestly, standing in the starlight by the calm-flowing river, I lifted up my heart to God and prayed for strength from Him to aid me in life's battle. The reflex power of sincere prayer is great, and I walked back into Melbourne elevated in mind and strong in resolve, which I proposed to work out to achievement. Before retiring to rest I wrote two letters, one to my mother, the other to Ellen. To my mother I said nothing about my having been transported, for I knew that that would pain her too much, and as I had received no communication from Millbank, I was convinced that she had never heard of my trial, although, from certain papers which I had in my pocket when arrested, I was constrained to give my own name. I assured my mother that the circumstances which had placed me in exile had also wrought a complete revolution of feeling, and that I hoped in the course of a year or so to return to England, and present myself before her as not altogether unworthy of her love. I told her not to grieve for me, but to think of me with a hopeful spirit, and one working out my own redemption, and wishing to put my sincerity to the test of time, and to try the steadfastness of my resolution in a course of action. There was no duplicity in that letter. I wrote from my heart, and wrote truthfully what I felt. If the after years of my life seem to give the lie to my sincerity, I still must vindicate my truthfulness when I thus wrote. There are threads in the wrap of life not altogether of our own placing, and the hand of destiny weaves into it events which make the texture of existence foreign to our own intentions. To enunciate the doctrine of fatalism is to give expression to opinions which my reason refuses to endorse; yet, looking backward on my life, I can see in its best moments and amid its noblest aspirations its whole current forced into an evil course by the resistless power of eventuality. But enough; let the life tell its own tale.

On the second day of my arrival in Melbourne I obtained an engagement which ended rather ludicrously. Staying at the Western Port hotel were two persons who both sought to engage me for the sake of my educational acquirements. One was a hawker, named Phelim Malloney, who possessed a team of bullocks, and a regular hawker's dray well loaded with goods, the sale of which in the interior would realise a handsome profit. Phelim had been very successful in Australia; but he owed a little to the schoolmaster for his success, for he could neither read nor write. He wanted me to accompany him into the far bush, keep his accounts, measure out tapes, flannel, and calico to the wives, and dispose of boots, bridles, and stockwhips to the husbands of Port Phillip Arcadia. For these services I was to have a snug bed in the dray, abundance of damper and tea, and 12s. to put into my pocket every Saturday night. The other bidder for my services represented himself as a settler living at Western Port. He wished to engage me as private tutor to his children, and offered me £25 a year. I preferred the teaching to the tramping, although the pay was less, and an agreement was at once drawn out and witnessed by the landlord of the Western Port, by which I was engaged for twelve months. "My wife," said Mr. Doran, my employer, after the agreement was duly signed, "is now in Melbourne, having lately been confined; you had better come with me and let her see you." Of course I was quite anxious to be introduced to the good lady, and so off we went to get the introduction over. In the worst house in the dirtiest lane of Melbourne, lodged Mrs. Doran. I could see the husband was quite nervous as he knocked at the door with his knuckles. The lady opened it in person. She was attired in a manner more airy than decent. Mr. Doran whispered to me "I've brought you at an unlucky time; she's beery." The room was quite destitute of furniture and redolent of gin, so I think Mr. Doran's description of his spouse's state was inaccurate. "Who's this cove?" demanded the lady as she pointed to me with a short pipe she was about to introduce to her mouth. "He's going to teach the children, Shelah," answered the lady's lord. "Teach my children," said the lady, contemptuously. "Take him away, we want no swells here. Out of this," and the lamb-like creature made a rush at me with teeth and nails ready to seize me. I made my exit from the place rather precipitately, and back I hastened to the Western Port hotel, where I caused a good deal of merriment by depicting the scene I had just passed through. I at once engaged myself to Mr. Malloney, and was to start the next morning at daybreak.

In the course of the evening Mr. Doran returned to the hotel, and was at first very uneasy about the engagement, as, for the sake of a little amusement, I pretended to be quite charmed with the off-handed manner of his wife, and told him we should agree admirably before long. Mr. Doran, who stood in evident awe of his juniper-loving Xantippe, offered me a sovereign to cancel the agreement. Under the circumstances, I did not consider myself justified in accepting the money, so I made the good man happy by drinking a glass of wine with him and tearing up the agreement. The next morning off I started with the hawker. He told me that sometimes I would have to drive the bullocks for him, so, finding I was willing he at once put the whip into my hand, and commenced training me in its use. We went no further than Keilor that day, about ten miles from Melbourne. I helped to unyoke the bullocks, collected some wood, and assisted to prepare the supper. Phelim and I seemed to hit it very well. He was anxious to make me as useful as he could, and I was willing to take lessons in all matters connected with bush life. I slept under the dray that night, and slept soundly too. Useful and honest, I was happy. At daybreak I was up and out after the bullocks. While running after one of them, a young steer but recently broken in, I trod in a crab-hole and dislocated my ancle. It was with the greatest difficulty I got back to the dray, and I could see that my master was very much annoyed at the accident, as it utterly incapacitated me from driving the bullocks or making myself useful. I was compelled to ride in the dray, and my ancle swelled very much, and occasioned me acute pain. On the third day after the accident I alighted to bathe my feet in a water-hole near the road-side. My master said he would wait for me; but before I had finished my lavation he drove on. As I could not walk at all, but only hop or crawl, it was utterly useless to make any attempt to overtake him. At the time he thus left me we were about fifty miles from Melbourne. I lay patiently by the road-side until evening, when the mail-cart from Melbourne came in sight. As soon as it was near enough I called out to the driver, and he and a passenger assisted me into the cart, and I very soon was snug in bed at the next public-house. I had eight pounds in my pocket, so I could afford to remain and pay my way until the ancle got better. As an anodyne to the pain I was suffering I had recourse to poetical composition, and some of the verses which I produced attracted the attention of Mr. Miller, the proprietor of the house. Finding that my acquirements in other respects were equal to the task of keeping his books and teaching his children, he engaged me for these purposes for two years, at a salary of £32 a year.

It is one of the punishments which attend wrong-doing that an evil course of life, even when forsaken, necessitates, when the heart wishes to be truthful, a continuance of falsehood. Thus, if I had intimated to the publican that I had come to Australia as a prisoner from Millbank prison, he would never for a moment have thought of engaging me, and so I again, much against my inclination, had to practice deception. I told him that I had come out as a midshipman in one of Green's ships, and having been ill-used on the passage, I had refused to return to England in the vessel. As I was decently dressed and had money in my pocket, the veracity of my statement was fully believed. The peculiar circumstances of my position seemed to justify the lie; but the sequel proved how dangerous it is, in any exigency of life, to depart from truth.

My employers were altogether illiterate themselves, and having often experienced the disadvantages which ignorance places in the path of advancement, they were the more anxious that their children should be possessed of knowledge. As it was not considered desirable that the children should be taught in the public-house, a bark hut was erected about a quarter of a mile off, and this, when fitted up with a writing-desk, a couple of forms, and a few maps, made an excellent schoolroom. My pupils consisted of a little girl about eight years of age, and three boys, aged six, ten, and fifteen. The two youngest could scarcely read when they first came under my tuition, but the other two boys had been to school in Melbourne, and the eldest was well advanced.

I dare say the virtuous reader, having before his mind's eye the picture of my London misdoings, will deem me very ill-fitted to act the part of instructor to these innocent children. But although I make the boast myself, I have reason to believe that few could have been selected better adapted for the office; none who could have given his heart more to the work than I did, or have performed the required duties more zealously and thoughtfully than they were carried out by myself. Great mental attainments I certainly did not possess; but long accustomed to analyse the springs of my own conduct (though wanting the force of character to regulate them), my perceptions of the tendencies of disposition were tolerably keen. Young as I was, I had, I think, correct views of what education should be, and caring little to follow the methodical teaching generally pursued in schools, I adopted a plan of my own, which produced favorable results. I endeavored all I could to make knowledge attractive, so that its attainment should be a desire existing within my pupils themselves, and not a necessity forced upon them by an outward influence. I led them to look out on Nature with a loving heart and questioning mind; I deduced lessons even from their sports, and by the might of gentleness I sought to correct their errors and secure a loving obedience. The eldest was my favourite, and with him I took especial pains. He was a very intellectual youth, was studying French and Latin, was a good algebraist, and sometimes sorely puzzled me with some difficult problems. In fact, it often happened that I had to study a subject myself for the special purpose of meeting his questioning. I was so few years his senior that I was at once his schoolmaster and his playmate, his teacher and his friend. But I am forgetting myself. The reader has not perused this with the view of getting a dissertation upon education; and however much I may incline to linger over the memory of some of the happiest, because best employed, hours of my life, to others such details will be, perhaps, only tedious. Yet why is it so—that we rush eagerly into the darkness of a man's life, yet turn with indifference from any gleam of brightness it may exhibit? Why is it that we hurry to read the record of a fellow-being's crimes, yet turn over the pages wherein are chronicled his yearnings for better things? Is it that man, when gazing on the turpitude of his brother man, is able, in the spirit of self-righteousness, to glorify himself and say, 'Thank God I am not such an one as he!'

Let me, then, hurry on with this narrative; let me contribute to my reade's self-love; let me hasten from the few bright moments to the dark, dark years.

Although engaged only to teach the children and to do the book-keeping, I by no means limited myself to the performance of these duties. Anxious to be useful, nothing came amiss to me. One day the ostler suddenly left in a sulky fit because the publican would not allow him to draw his wages out of the brandy bottle; and the next I might have been seen busy in the stable rubbing down a customer's horse, or milking a couple of cows before breakfast. When there was only a single servant left in the house I acted as cook for a fortnight, and in busy times I was never above serving in the bar or waiting upon the parlor gentlemen. My employers were both rather too fond of the fluids in which they dealt, and it not unfrequently happened that the whole management of the house developed upon me, and at such times, had I been dishonestly inclined, I might have made extensive appropriations. During the time that I was with them I was scrupulously exact, and I never even invited an acquaintance to a friendly glass without paying for what I served him with. More than once my employers, in appreciation of my services, presented me with a five-pound note. These presents, and a small sum of money which I had earned by writing a few poems for a settler in the neigborhood who was love-smitten, enabled me to return to Ellen Lee the ten pounds which she had so kindly enclosed for me in her letter. With the money I sent her a long letter, which, as it described my well-doing and spoke hopefully for the future, made her, I am sure, very happy. Sincerely do I hope that no knowledge of my after fate ever reached her to mar that happiness. I have never, never heard from her since; but though in later years my heart has known the passion of a stronger love, the image of Ellen Lee stands brightly out in all my dreams of worth and beauty.

MY WIDOW.

"Wanted, for Australia, a lady capable of taking entire educational charge of three girls. Applicants must be willing to enter into a three years' engagement. Liberal salary and travelling expenses; but no holder of university certificates will be accepted. Apply, personally or by letter, to E. H., Queen's Hotel."

Here was the third appearance of my advertisement, and the desirable person had not yet presented herself. Worn out with interviewing ladies whose only qualification for the post seemed to be a desire to proceed immediately to Australia, I was enjoying a temporary rest. A pile of notes on my right hand promised me ten more visitors for the afternoon; but in the presence of the waiter who had just provided me with a tempting lunch, I had sworn to cease from my labors till that repast was fairly discussed. At my third mouthful, however, the man reappeared.

"Another lady, sir; and she cannot wait," he said.

"Let her wait, or go to—Jericho!" I returned crossly.

"Yes, sir; I'll tell her, sir.'

He left me; but conscience took all relish from my repast. Visions of my little nieces growing up in the semi-savage state in which I had left them, while my apathy and greed let slip the very paragon of instructresses proved at last too much, for me; and I again summoned William, bidding him ask the lady for her name and address.

He returned with a black-edged visiting-card.

"'May Somers.' Affectation to begin with!" I said. "Why can't she put 'Miss May Somers,' I should like to know?"

"A widow, sir," William explained.

"Young, William?"

"Middling young, sir.'

"Do you mean middle-aged, William?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir!"

My rising hopes fell, for I remembered only too well my sister's parting words,—

"Not old, Mark dear, but certainly not young, or we shall have the expense of bringing her out here for nothing. She mustn't be pretty, because of all you young men; but she mustn't on any account be unattractive, because of the children, you know."

"A person who in Roman Catholic countries might be devoted to the *bon Dieu*!" I suggested.

"Exactly, Mark," agreed my still pretty sister; "in a word, find me some one whom you couldn't fall in love with if you tried."

"Remember, Mark," added Emily, severely, "the comfort of the house depends on the kind of person you send us."

I left her with a much clearer idea of what she did not want than of what she did, and the next day was on my way to Europe. My visit was to be a long one, and chiefly of a business character. The affairs of our house needed for a time the presence of a principal in London. I had given my word to Emily to attend to her commission first; but it seemed difficult to fulfil, and I was on the point of giving it up in despair when William announced the "middling young" widow, who was now waiting.

Where could William's eyes have been? A woman's face must be as ugly as sin to neutralise such a figure. She was looking out of the window as I entered, and the slight, willowy movement with which she acknowledged my presence struck me most agreeably. This impression was more than confirmed by her voice.

Through the crape veil I got a vague idea of hazel eyes and waving hair to match; the rest was undiscoverable. I placed a chair for her purposely facing such light as the November day afforded, and I could have sworn that she smiled as she thanked me and took another.

It seemed inhuman to ask a widow to raise her veil; but, till she did so, I was bringing but a divided attention to the matter in hand: In five minutes I cared more to know what lay behind that veil than whether my little nieces would be well grounded in music, modern languages and the moralities. Had I not promised Emily to send her only such a woman as in my judgement could endanger no man's peace of mind?

Within the last fortnight I had interviewed some thirty ladies of more or less attractive appearance: I had been stern and uncompromising with them, a very Daniel come to judgment. I can go no farther—I can say that I had interviewed them with the eyes and with the heart of a woman seeking a governess. But to-day Emily's questions—questions I was bound to ask and have answered—struck me as grossly impertinent.

I have since thought that it was my visitor who asked the questions, and I answered them; at any rate, I gave her an agreeable impression of our part of the world, for she cut short my second happy monologue by saying,—

"We have discussed that side of the question. The situation will suit me; shall I suit it? If that paper I have seen you refer to is a list of requirements, may I read and answer them?"

How gratefully I accepted her suggestion! She carried Emily's memorandum to the window, whither—when I judged the silence had lasted quite long enough—I followed.

"These things will be more satisfactorily answered by my references," she said. "Stay—what is this?"

She turned over the paper, and I too leaned down to read what had hitherto escaped my notice. The scrawl was this time in my brother-in-law's hand. It ran:—

"July 16th.—A woman with whom you could, by no amount of trying, fall in love."

"Mrs. Somers, I give you my word of honor I did not know that foolery was there!"

"So I suppose."

She said this in a gentle tone—so gentle that I was emboldened to add,—

"My brother-in-law enlivened with many small witticisms the very serious business of choosing a governess."

"I understand," she responded, adding, "But the serious part of the business alone concerns us. Shall I give you my address? It is for the present that of the gentleman who will answer any questions you may like to ask."

She drew out another card, and under the "May Somers" wrote "Rev S. Grey, Claydon Vicarage." In return I gave her the address of our London bankers. The gentle dignity with which she had helped us both out of an awkward position urged me to a more friendly farewell.

"I think," said I, "that, if we come to terms, my little nieces will be fortunate. As we shall not meet again on this side of the globe, let me wish you now a pleasant voyage."

We shook hands and parted, having decided that all future arrangements were to be made by letter. That night my sleep was broken; charming but confused visions chased each other before my eyes, and the greater my effort to see clearly the thicker grew the shadow, which had taken the consistency of a crape veil.

During the ensuing fortnight my correspondence with Mrs. Somers was incessant. There was much to arrange, and in money matters the lady showed what I hoped was a just appreciation of her own value. From my original offer I advanced to the utmost limit assigned me by my brother-in-law, and there I stood firm. At last I was allowed to take her passage. By my advice she was to start from Southampton; and thither I journeyed some two or three days beforehand, to see that everything was arranged for her comfort. Capt. Hall, with whom I had made the journey twice before, promised to take special care of the lady; and with a load off my mind, I returned to London to despatch the following letter to Emily:—

"DEAR EMILY:—This will reach you a few days before the paragon of governesses. May she prove worth the trouble I had in finding her!

"'In many mortal forms I vainly sought
The shadow of the idol of my thought.'

and was in despair, when Mrs. Somers presented herself. She referred me to the Vicar of Claydon, who, I find, knew both our family and Tom's in the old Somersetshire days. Odd, isn't it? Mrs. Somers is a widow; but of the gentleman who assisted her to attain that undesirable position I heard nothing—indeed, the only relative I heard much about was a brother of many vices, and the peculiarly British virtue of having half-a-dozen more children than he can keep. This is all I know of her belongings; for the rest, she can teach all you want taught, and is a lady in the only sense of the term I recognize. I shall be very anxious to make her acquaintance, for, throughout our first and only interview, her charms, or the reverse, where thickly veiled; but I have at least obeyed your instructions in finding out a woman I couldn't fall in love with. A widow with the beauty of an houri would have no charms for

"Your devoted brother,
MARK STRETTON."

. . . . . .

A few days later I was leaving London for Paris, where I intended to take a few days of well-earned rest before going south. As I stood on the steps of the hotel, a telegram was put into my hand. It was from our head clerk, and it was brief and heartless, as such a communications invariably sound:

"Mr. Bradshaw found drowned. Beg your immediate return."

My cab was at the door. By taking the train I had originally chosen, and by travelling day and night, I might join the "Aurora" at Brindisi.

How far poor Tom's speculations had led him to risk our joint credit, whether I was at the head of a flourishing firm or a bankrupt, whether I was left legally as well as morally the guardian of Emily's children, were matters on which the next few days gave me ample time to speculate. It was not till I shook hands with Capt. Hall, on board the "Aurora," that I remembered Mrs. Somers.

"I'm glad you've come to look after that consignment yourself, Mr. Stretton," he said, with a laugh; "if you hadn't I'm afraid those poor children would never have seen their governess. We're a week out, and the story goes that every single man on board has proposed to her!"

"Mere want of employment!" I responded, lightly. "They can't all marry her. You don't know—how should you?—what's taking me out again so soon."

"Heven bless me!" exclaimed the captain, when I had told my news. "Business all straight, I hope?"

A shrug was my only answer, and at that moment two ladies passed us; one was the captain's wife, a little beauty I had known years before, the other—

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Well, I do not quite mean that; but sure I am that I was looking at the loveliest figure and, to me, the sweetest face I had ever seen.

"I can't tell you now how glad I am to see you, Mr. Stretton," said Mrs. Hall, "for I'm chaperoning two girls, and never leave them for more than five minutes at a time. I'll fetch them up here while you and Mrs. Somers renew your acquaintance. What a pleasant party we shall be now!"

"You did not recognize me, Mr. Stretton?"

"Till now you have not spoken, and in our one interview you gave me no chance to recognize anything but your voice."

She smiled, and in so doing showed two white rows of teeth. Had I seen that smile before, the many letters and stamps wasted on the Vicar of Claydon would have been saved. She had hazel eyes and rippling hair to match.

We seated ourselves in the corner indicated by Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Somers drew out her knitting. A wedding-ring of unusual thickness was the only ornament about her, and on this my eyes were fixed till she became aware of my gaze; then the hazel eyes challenged mine in not altogether friendly fashion.

"You altered your plans suddenly," she remarked.

"Very," I responded, shortly.

I had no mind to acquaint her with the cause of my sudden return. If things were as I feared, Emily could no more afford a governess at a hundred and fifty pounds than she could keep up her present establishment in other respects.

"Mr. Stretton, you are repenting your selection," she said, lightly.

"Far from it," I assured her, adding, "But, frankly, you are a good deal younger than I supposed."

"I was not to be over thirty; and, indeed, I am not over thirty. Did your sister understand how little exacting you would be when she entrusted you with such a mission?"

"However much my experience amuses you, ma'am, I must ask leave to think that I have fulfilled my mission with the best—"

"I will try to shake even your faith in your own penetration," she interrupted.

She rose as Mrs. Hall and a gentleman came up to beg for some music. I did not follow them, but stayed on deck to smoke, and think of my new acquaintance.

As the days wore on, I wondered more and more what manner of man was he who, winning such a woman as Mrs. Somers for a wife, had left so heart-whole a widow. I had got into the habit of spending the greater part of the day at her side, for she was an intelligent talker and a sympathetic listener. But my prejudice against widows remained in full force, and was even strengthened by a conversation I overheard between the captain's wife and Mrs. Somers.

"What is any second husband but a *pis-aller*?" said the last-named lady, in the light, energetic tone I knew so well.

"I am sorry to hear that you and Mr. Stretton agree on that matter," respoded the other; "but perhaps his prejudice against widows is dying out."

"I can't say; I did not know that he had one," said the widow.

"Yes; he once told me no amount of love could delude him into marrying a woman who, but for an accident, would be living with someone else."

Mrs. Somers broke into one of her rare, musical laughs.

"He must marry a French girl, one to whom he may teach everything; for some men the blank page has great charms."

"Not for him," Mrs. Hall declared. "Fancy a man who talks so much and so well shut up with an *ingenue!*"

"Well," crid Mrs. Somers, "the *ingenue* would soon learn to receive her husband's tirades with 'This is the Catholic faith which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.' As it is, I always expect Mr. Stretton to conclude his own remarks with that formula."

An involuntary movement on my part caused her to look round. She saw at once that I had benefited by her remarks.

"He has heard us!" murmured the captain's wife.

"I shall stand by what I have said," laughed Mrs. Somers. "I can't even apologize, for I should have said the same if you had been before instead of behind me; you do talk with an air of conviction."

"I'm afraid my air of conviction must often have wearied you," I returned, feeling both humbled and annoyed.

"Honestly not," she assured me, as she held out her hand. "Had you a less trustworthy way of putting things, you know, I should not be here now."

At Aden we parted with Mrs. Hall and her charges, and henceforth my days were spent at Mrs. Somers' side. The voyage, which I would have prolonged indefinitely, drew to a close; it had been unusually speedy and prosperous, and there was a little regret expressed among the passengers on hearing at table that we should land within twenty-four hours.

As I looked round upon the pleased, excited faces turned to Capt. Hall, my eyes met Mrs. Somers. Neither could ignore what each read in the other's glance, and, within five minutes of the ladies rising, I followed her on deck.

"Mrs. Somers," said I, "you have never asked me why I took this ship; you are, I know, the least curious of women."

"Not so," she replied; "but my own affairs have occupied me, to the complete exclusion of other people's."

"Well, I must ask you to listen to mine for five minutes," I said.

We turned toward our corner, and I lingered over the little precautions for her comfort which had become my privilege. The warmer color on cheeks and brow as she thanked me was rather a reflection of the passion in my eyes than any feeling of her own. If I could not flatter myself that she loved me, at least I recognised a novice in the art. Startling myself more than her, the pent-up thought of weeks burst from my lips.

(Concluded in our next.)

SUPPLEMENT.

Good Stories

Punished for Kissing.—An English duke, who had married his third wife, was one day surprised, as he entered the drawing room, dressed from some state ceremonial, by his spouse throwing her arms about his neck, and kissing him.

"Madam," said he, in the chilliest of tones, "my first wife was a Howard; my second wife was a Pembroke; and, madam, neither of them ever dared attempt such a liberty!"

A story is told in the "Memoirs of Adam Black," the distinguished publisher of Edinburgh, about a minister who resented his wife's kissing him, not because of his offended dignity, but on account of the day on which the expression was made.

The Rev. John Colquhoun, of Leith, was a man of extreme solemnity of demeanor. On one Sacrament Sunday morning his wife, being desirous to have him nicely rigged out for the occasion, had his coat well brushed, his shirt white as snow, and his bands hanging handsomely on his breast; and when she surveyed her gude man she was so delighted with his comely appearance that she suddenly took him round the neck and kissed him. Thereupon the Rev. John was so offended by this carnal proceeding that he debarred his wife from the sacrament that day.

The Maories are logical reasoners, good debaters, fond of contentions, and as well up in the genealogy of their families as a Scotch Highlander, and as stubborn when their rights are infringed upon. At a land-court a middle-aged Maori had just finished a long speech, claiming that his name should be inserted in the grant, to the exclusion of an old grizzled Maori who had sat quietly by without moving a muscle of his countenance, and heard the younger man ask in the course of his harangue, with much gesticulating, "Where are my ancestors buried but on this land, where I was born and brought up?" When he had ended, the old Maori rose, throwing off everything but a waistcloth, and bounding across the room, addressed the court in this wise—"I have listened with disgust and contempt to this *tuturu* (nobody). What claim can he have to this land? I conquered long ago the people that lived on it when he was a child; and the mistake I then made was in permitting him to live! And he asks, 'Where are his ancestors buried? I tell him, and shew him. Here—here!"—patting his stomach with his left hand. "His ancestors are buried here. I ate them—and that is my title to the land."

Some lawyers nowadays utterly disregard honor and honesty in the means by which they elicit evidence, or invalidate the testimony of those opposed to them, in illustration of which we adduce the following specimen of cross questioning:—

Lawyer: "Mr. Jenkins, will you have the goodness to answer me, directly or categorically, a few plain questions?"

Witness: "Certainly, sir."

"Well, Mr. Jenkins, is there a female living with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Jenkins?"

"There is."

"Is she under your protection?"

"Yes."

"Do you support her?"

"I do."

"Have you ever been married to her?"

"I have not."

Here several of the jurors scowled gloomily on Mr. Jenkins.

Opposing Counsel: "Stop one moment. Mr. Jenkins, is the female in question your mother."

"She is."

A daily paper published in a German town appears to be on an excellent footing with its readers, judging from the subjoined extract: "From a trustworthy source we learn—nothing for to-day; there has nothing whatever happened in our dear old town, that we consider sufficiently important or interesting to lay before our readers. In the present state of the weather this will not matter very much, as instead of perusing two or three columns of incredible accidents, offers of marriage, or the course of politics in Bukovina, etc., etc., our esteemed subscribers of either sex will prefer taking a walk to enjoy the fresh air, the fragrance of the flowers, and the singing of the birds. Should there, however, be one who has no taste for these things, we would recommend him to take down a volume of an encyclopædia and read up the articles on hypochondria and liver complaint. With the return of the wet weather we hope to present our readers with the usual supply of highly sensational news."

Here is a cat story which certainly is not outdone, in the evidence of intelligence it affords, by any dog story that has been told of late, and can be vouched for. Mistress Puss lives in a family as its best beloved pet and has much careful attention. Each year when the family goes into the country of course Mistress Puss goes too, and thus she has become used to travelling and its accompanying discomforts. She has become used also to the various signs of approaching migration, and knows what it means when the carpets come up and trunks are packed. This particular season Mistress Puss, being the happy mother of a promising kitten, was very anxious and nervous as the time for fitting drew near, and at last became so troubled that she attracted the attention of the family by her peculiar behaviour. She had packed her little one into a partially-filled trunk lest it should be over-looked in the moving.

During a performance of "*La Muette de Fortici*," at that interesting point when Fanella throws herself into the burning crater of Vesuvius, Guter, the leader of the orchestra, happening, to look up, discovered that the background was on fire. With quick resolve he gave the prompter a signal to lower the curtain, and brought the music to an abrupt close. The astonished musicians stared at their leader, when the latter left his seat and whispered as he walked past them. "Pass out quietly, there is yet time. The stage is on fire." The unsuspecting audience, thinking the performance at an end, left the theatre. No one was injured. The house was burnt to the ground. Frederick William III., conferred on Herr Guter the order of the Red Eagle for his prompt decision.

From the following story it would seem that women honestly return lent umbrellas, and men don't: A philanthropist and student of human nature bought a dozen cheap umbrellas, had a nickel plate inserted on each handle, on which were his address, and a request that the umbrella be returned, and on the first rainy day went out on the street and handed one to each umbrellaless woman that he met. All were returned within a week but one, and in place of that came a note saying that it had been stolen, and that the writer would pay for it. The next rainy day he handed the umbrellas to eleven unprotected men. He never saw one of them again.

"You say you want an engagement to star in my theatre. Your name is not familiar to me. Have you ever starred?' Would-be Actress: "Never." "Where have you played?" "I never played on the stage." "Have you received any dramatic instruction?" "None whatever." "But you have at least studied the art. You are familiar with the words of the great dramatists, are you not?" "Never read a play in my life." "Good gracious! madam, what preparation have you, then, for going on the stage as a star?" I have had photographs taken in 140 different poses." The manager fainted.

At a banquet Archbishop Paley found himself exposed to an unpleasant draught of air. "Shut the window behind me," he called to one of the waiters, "and open one lower down, behind one of the curates."

Sketcher

Two of a Kind.

Mrs. Carlton-Pell (a society matron, entering her carriage): "You are ten minutes late, James. This must not happen again. Klunder's first."

"Yes, ma'nm," said James, touching his hat.

Miss Carlton-Pell (daughter of society matron)—"Marie says that James' wife is very sick."

"Yes; I heard something of it. This is the second time James has been tardy in a week. I shall discharge him if it occurs again."

"What are you going to do at Klunder's?"

"I want to order a basket of roses to send to Mrs. Connoisseur. She is not very well."

"Why, she was at the Van Renwick dinner two nights ago."

"Yes, I know; but she is enough indisposed to warrant the attention, and I want some of her pictures for our loan exhibition."

"O, I see! A wheel within a wheel."

"Of course. You don't suppose, my dear, I would send that tiresome woman £5 worth of flowers otherwise, do you?"

. . . . . .

"Oh, here is Plush & Satin's! Sit still, if you like; I shan't be long."

Miss Carlton-Pell (ten minutes later)—"Why, mamma you looked quite flustered."

"Such impertinence! I ordered some heliotrope satin sent Monday to Whalebone, and it was quite two shades lighter than my velvet she is making."

"Well?"

"Well, I went just now to change it, and the forward young woman insisted that I selected that particular piece."

"How absurd!"

"Perfectly so! She even said that I had been undecided Monday, and had remarked it had been difficult to carry a shade in one's eye."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I simply looked her over with my eye-glass! Then I said, 'You will cut off a yard and a quarter from the piece I did select and send it at once,' and came on."

"Do you believe she will?"

"Indeed she will! And I hope she will have to rectify the blunder from her wages; she was so impertinent."

"Yes, indeed!"

"I was very forbearing in the matter, for a word to the floorwalker would have procured her instant dismissal. Plush & Satin are too politic to have any difficulty with me."

"Where do we go now?"

"I want to show for five minutes at a business meeting of the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition of Shop Girls."

"Long enough to leave a subscription, I suppose."

"No indeed! They use my name at the head of their list of directors, which is quite enough."

. . . . . .

"Your five minutes were nearly ten, mamma. Did I hear you tell James to drive to Tiffany's?"

"Yes, I want to order that set of champagnes for Edith Sanger."

"I thought you did."

"No; I looked at them but they are rather expensive—£17—and I wanted to find out, if possible, what the Tolcotts would give."

"Did you?"

"Yes; a pair of Sevres plate. That decided me."

"It would never do to let their present rank yours."

"Of course not. By the way, while we are out, your father wants me to select a wedding gift for one of his book-keepers."

"What do you suppose such people want?"

"Oh, I don't know! I shall not give much thought to it. A syrup-jug, or butter-dish perhaps."

"But suppose they should not be going to set up housekeeping?"

"Well, they ought; it is much more sensible."

. . . . . .

"Now we must drive to the orphanage. As head of the Board of House Managers I must stop the leakage going on in the commissary department."

"Who is wasteful?"

"That matron. I have no confidence in her. Her reports show an excess of one and a-half pounds of sugar over last month."

"Why, mamma, I thought you considered Miss Kendall a paragon of excellence?"

"Miss Kendall was not appointed. Mrs. Van Courtland got her protege, that silly little widow, in the place."

"You give so much time to it I should think you ought to have your wishes consulted."

"They understood now that I must have my wishes consulted. Mrs. Van Courtland presumes too much on her one hundred pounds New Years' donation."

"And you sent two great bundles of the children's outgrown clothing at Christmas?"

"Yes, and disposed of boxes for the concert from my house. It's the way of the world my dear—quiet, unostentatious work is seldom appreciated."

. . . . . .

"Home, James! I'm quite fagged with all I've accomplished this morning."

"I believe, mamma, you may drop me at Kitty's. I want to tell her that I've been asked to stand with Clara; she was so hoping that she would be, you know."

"After half of a dinner has been disposed of, we are confronted with some sweetened ice under the name of 'Roman punch,' 'sorbet,' or what not. After eating this we are expected to go back to meats, game, and solid things before taking up with the sweets of the feast. What is the history of this curious gastronomic interruption? It dates back beyond the memory of the present generation of cooks. One *gourmet* of repute says that he had always believed the sorbet to be but a pretext for adding one more intoxicant to a number of others; that it was brought on as a separate dish, the rum helping along with the sherry, the sauterne, and the burgundy to induce that happy frame of mind which ought to mark the champagne phase of a good dinner. Another authority says that there is a physiological reason for the sorbet; the intense cold of the ice produces a condensation of the food already swallowed, and gives room for more. Upon the same principle, a cup of bouillon at that stage of the proceedings would end the dinder. Heat means expansion; cold, contraction. The diner or his stomach is cooled off with a vengeance, and room is made for more." This is from the *Epoch*. The true explanation of an ice at this stage of the dinner is, that it clears the palate of the various flavors of entées, relevés, etc., and clarifies the taste for the game, which would follow the ice.

Her Birthday.

'Twas yesterday her birthday came—
(A most bewitching little dame)
So I, to kindle Cupid's flame,
And so beguile her,
Did squander my last V to buy
Five pounds from Huyler.

To-day, while wandering down the street,
Debating where a lunch to "beat,"
Her august mother I did meet—
With greeting chill
She to me said my gift has made
The maiden ill!

Great Scott! was e'er more cruel fate!
"Cold waves" the probs. prognosticate,
And now I've got to mitigate
Her ailing hours,
To morrow morn my coat must pawn
To send her flowers!

Traveller.

The Turtle Mountains.

Bottineau, Dak., U. S., is one of the mountain towns of the Turtle Mountains, that upheaval of nature which, from its peculiar climate and flora, (so different from the surrounding plains) possesses the greatest attraction for the botanist and meteorologist, as well as a more practical interest to the homesteader, who sees in its forests logs for dwellings and an inexhaustable supply of fuel. Bottineau has strong pretentions to greatness, for it is the terminus of the Bottineau branch of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway; and it must be a depot for an extensive area of country, including the Cub Bank creek section, west of the Muse River, rich in resources and now easily accessible for settlement. There is no question but that Bottineau offers the finest opportunities for good business openings, where persons of limited capital, commencing even in the financial race, can be sure to secure a large trade, because of the constant increase of new business arising from settlement in the surrounding region, which, already rapid, from present indications, will swell to a mighty tide, now that communication is made by rail with the outside world.

I have heard much of the mountains and of the mountain country, and it is with feelings of high anticipation that, in company with a friend and behind a good team, we take our way for a day to the mountains. At the start we have the steep slope of the mountain, forest crowned, before us while far to the right is the flat topped Bears Butte, and in the far distance, Butte St. Paul, the summit of each rising eight or nine hundred feet above the plain. A drive of mile and we are at the beginning of the forest lakes become numerous with high ridges between, while the foaming waters of Oak creek run through the adjacent gorge.

Soon we are in a dense growth of young timber, the long slopes are covered with millions of trees and the view is essentially that of a forest region and in decided contrast with the regulation Dakota landscape. A ride of twelve miles brings us to Fish Lake, the topmost point of the mountain and source of Oak creek. It is a charming sheet of water, with curving sand washed shores, surrounded by the primeval forest. In a clearing, cut like a square out of the forest, an old frontiersman, Hart, with his family, has located on the lake shore. Many are the stories he can tell of adventure with the bear, deer, and of sport with the finny tribes, which swarm in its thousand lakes.

But it is from the standpoint of utility that the mountain possesses its greatest interest. Forty miles long and twenty wide, with a climate mild, and with much rain in summer, and clear and dry in the winter, its forests offer perfect protection to the stock raiser of small means, while the many hay meadows and open intervals furnish an abundance of both summer and winter feed. The rainy summers nourish a wonderful growth of native grasses and wild pea vine, and a mountain rancher maintains that his forty head of cattle, thin and weak from the long drive from Montana, after eight weeks on its succulent feed, were ready for the butcher. A wide belt of fertile land surrounds the base of the mountain like a band, and is already well settled by sturdy Canadians and other nationalities. A promising villiage, Dunseith, is midway of the base, and here are the coal mines, only needing capital and a demand for fuel, with the advent of the railroad, to be developed. St. John, at the east end of the mountain, is in the county of Rolette, and is in the edge of the dense forest which comes down from the mountain to the level of the plain.

Persian Women.—The laides of Teheran are not allowed to gaze into the streets. The flat roofs are surrounded with high walls; and thus, while one may enjoy a promenade toward evening on the roof of the house and contemplate the vast and lovely landscape, one can see no one nor be seen. These restrictions are much more rigorous in the cases of ladies of rank than of the lower clases. The latter enjoy much greater freedom, and, while obliged to keep the face well concealed when abroad, are allowed much liberty, a liberty that there is no question results in adding to the corruption of morals. If a Persian wife cannot have the society of her husband she is likely to seek the society of other husbands. Intrigues are arranged by third parties, generally professionals, usually old women. The woman being able to see the man while he cannot see her face until she makes the first advance, such intrigues usually commence by the woman first taking a fancy to the man. It is comparatively easy for the lovers to meet after all is arranged, owing to the disguise worn by the women, which makes it exceedingly difficult to distinguish one from another, and somewhat hazardous even for a jealous husband to attempt to penetrate that disguise. But when a lady of rank proposes to go abroad everything is carefully arranged, and if she is to visit another lady, then the time is carefully announced and every man on the premises is expected to take himself out of the way. For example, when the wife of the Turkish ambassador desired to visit the ladies of the United States legation, all the male servants were required to keep out of sight during her visit, and even the master of the house was bound on his honor not to appear until she had left the premises. I have thought sometimes that the Persian women must take a secret satisfaction in thus disturbing the peace and liberty of the sterner sex which has laid down such strict laws for them. Yet these noble ladies, despite their apparent imprisoment, are not entirely without amusement. Not unfrequently they give entertainments to each other.

Horse Trotting in Sweden.—The races generally take place in winter, on the ice. The circular track of one English mile is inclosed, and an admission fee is charged. The crowds are always large and enthusiastic, although there is no public betting as there is in this country—in fact, there is not a single active bookmaker in all Sweden. Professional trainers and drivers are scarce, and the speed of horses is not developed with skill. It is the custom for each owner to drive himself. The maximum rate of speed is 2·50 to the mile, and a horse capable of doing this, if sound and without fault, is valued at from two to three hundred pounds. The udges occupy a stand in the centre of the infield, and the horses, only two of which start at a time, travel in opposite directions. One goes to the right and the other to the left, and the competitor which gets back to the starting line first is declared the winner. The spectators in this style of competition are first interested in the widening of the gap, and after the half-mile post has been reached they grow excited over the steady closing of the same. This method is a great improvement in many respects over the American method, as it keeps the spectators in longer suspense, does away with all chance of collisions and prevents the horses from getting excited and breaking. Then, too, one driver cannot form anywhere near a correct idea as to exact speed of his competitor, and is therefore compelled to make his horse do his best. It is more difficult, however, to follow a race of this description than one in which the horses travel side by side and in the same direction. The prizes are mainly for Swedish bred horses.

An amusing incident took place at the German Reichstag the other day. Deputy Wichmann was engaged in calling over the list of members, when on reading out his own name and receiving no response he called it out a second time in a louder key. The laughter of his colleagues, however, soon made him aware of the ludicrous blunder, and joining in the laugh, he forthwith marked himself as "present."

Odds and Ends.

The Farmer.

Once on a time he used to plough
And rise at dawn to milk the cough,
And drive with merry song and laugh
To pasture Brindle and her caugh.

Then for the pigs he'd fill the trough,
And for the market he'd be ough;
Sometimes, his mare would bruise her hough
Against a fence-post or a rough.

And there he'd switch her with a bough
To teach her better anyhough.
He planted wheat to make the dough,
Which, in drought, was hard to grough.

In winter, when his work was through,
A little sporting he would dough.
He'd wander with his gun and shough
And aim at crows he couldn't knough.

Sometimes he'd hunt along the slough
For birds that do not live there nough,
And shoot a seagull or a clough,
Which he with joy would proudly shough.

From swamp land, watered by a lough,
He made good pasture for his stough,
By laying here and there a sough,
While perspiration wet his brough.

Sometimes a snake that shed its slough
Would scare him so he'd run and pough
Till stuck knee-deep within a slough,
He'd yell until he raised a rough.

But rough work makes the farmer cough,
And, careless hough much people scough,
He lives on boarders rough and tough,
Whough vough theigh dough not eat enough.

The Queen Regent of Spain is knocking the blue laws of Spanish etiquette to pieces at a jolly rate. The other day she called a meeting of the Ministry at the castle of Aranjuez. When the statesmen reached the gate of the park, they found the queen and the Princess Isabel waiting for them. The queen was in a victoria, and the Princess Isabel was in a drag and four. The queen was driving. She invited Senor Sagasta to take a seat beside her, and the other Ministers were accommodated in the drag. On reaching the castle, coffee was brought, and the queen ordered cigars to be produced, as well, and offered to the gentlemen. The Ministers seemed to hesitate. In all the annals of Spanish history no subject had ever smoked in the presence of a queen. The Queen Regent, however, gave the command, and the Ministers, like dutiful subjects, obeyed.

A Good Man

There is a man in our town, and he is wondrous wise,
Whenever he writes the printer-man he dotteth all his i's;
And when he's dotted all of them, with great *sang froid* and ease,
He punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's.
Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves:
And from the man of ink a smile, and mark "insert" receives.
And when a question he doth ask (taught wisely he has been),
He doth the goodly penny stamp, for postage back, put in.

The last performance of "Patience" in Berlin was honored by distinguished attendance. In the royal box were Prince William and his wife, and in the parquest sat the Princess Bismarck and her daughter, the Countess Bautzan, with her husband. The princess is a simple, matronly looking woman. Dressed in plain black, with an old-fashioned bonnet, one might think her a good "burger frau" or farmer's wife. Though long years have passed, she has remained the same, and Bismarck, too. He positively refuses to attend court. He chats gladly with his old king alone, but the great court-dinners, court-balls, and court-receptions, hungered for and cherished by the nobles of high and low degree, he shuns as he does the crowded streets. He accepts no invitations.

Auld Lang Syne.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Ah, never; to this day I've got
That little note you signed.

And often, often, I have thought
Much cheaper 'twould have been,
If, when you wrote that little note,
You'd stencilled it in tin.

We twa hae skulkit in the fields,
For watermelons fine,
But at the fashious farmer's voice,
We fled; and made no sign.

So now, tae ferlie diel's awa,
Syne hurdies warstna pâiks,
Blythe dourlach gudeman usquebaugh,
Heeh, mon, ilk nainsel aiks.

Scarfs and neckties of metal are a new German invention. Gold, platinum and silver stripes are welded, aster the mosaic style, upon a metal ground, prepared by the incandescent process, then compressed by means of powerful presses, and finally elongated by rolling into long sheets or strips. The colors are yellow, red, green, white, gray and black, and the scarfs, being indestructable, are considered of practical value. They are manufactured at Baden and Pforzheim.

A few days after the opening of the American Exhibition, London, during the performance of Buffalo Bill's menagerie, a number of ladies in the front stood up, thus obstructing the view of those persons who were seated. In vain were they collectively requested to sit down, till at last a happy thought occurred to one of the sufferers. He called out: "Will the pretty lady in front kindly 'sit down?'"—whereupon about fifty old women briskly seated themselves.

At a Berlin restaurant, where the prices are high and the quality of the wines poor, a stranger sat discussing the merits of a bottle. He was joined by the landlord, who inquired: "How did you like it?" The stranger nodded ond said: "Oh, this is a splendid unadulterated brand. I am an expert!" "Wine merchant?" gleefully exclaimed the landlord. "No, vinegar manufacturer!"

Long ear-rings, with several precious stones in them, are likely, we are informed, to be fashionable, and to supersede the one diamond set in the flesh of the ear. The ruby is the coming favorite, as the price renders it exclusive. Opals are are now to be resumed, as nothing, it is now argued, can be unlucky that is beautiful. A very poetic idea.

We find the following in London *Truth* of the 21st ult.: The rector of the Hatfield Hyde Chapel of Ease asked on Sunday last for the special prayers of the congregation on the following Tuesday, on behalf of Lord Cranborne, because he was going to be married on that day.

An advertisement for a gentleman "to accompany another on a Continental touring expedition" was answered personally. After a few minutes' pleasant conversation the gentleman who had come said he had merely called to say that he could not accompany the advertiser.

Elsie P. Buckingham successfully manages a fruit farm of several hundred acres in California, and urges other women to take up the same kind of work, for which she thinks women are well fitted. There is a notion abroad that the sexes are in course of transposition. Rough on Elise!

Madame Patti brings home a fresh accomplishment—the capacity of playing the zither to perfection.

The King of Italy is to be added to the list of Royal amateur photographers and artists.

Ladies' Column.

Women in Business.—Business men and heads of government departments have sometimes said to me that they have tried women clerks, found them unsatisfactory, and have given up the experiment. Their objections are, that women are inclined to ask and accept favors, and to excuse themselves for shortcomings, and that they, the employers, find it difficult or unpleasant to "bring women to time," and demand the exact and prompt performance by them of all their duties, such as would be required of a man in the same place.

There is no excuse for any women who takes this line of action, when she has secured work. She should know that every time she asks for a half hour's leave of absence, every time she comes into the office late, every time she excuses herself, with a smile, or worse yet, a tear, for some piece of carelessness, she is injuring not only her own chances of earning a livelihood, but those of all other women who have to go out into the world to earn their bread.

But I have never failed, when opportunity offered, to point out to those who so frankly gave me their objections to women clerks, that upon the employers themselves rested fully half of the responsibility for the failure. To my question, "Did you really take pains to engage an intelligent, industrious woman, expecting of her the same work you would have expected of a man, and letting her know it, and did you offer the wages ordinarily paid to a man, with the understanding that she should do the same work as would have been required of a man in the same place?" the reluctant answer has nearly always been "No."

He who expects little of a servant will get little usually; and he who gives half pay will get half service. For the hundreds of women who have at some time in their lives worked, in a slip-shod fashion, in some office for a little while, all the time kindly treated by their employers, but who found themselves suddenly dismissed some bright morning, without explanation, it may be, these objections to women clerks, made by friendly men, often, should furnish food for reflection. And as for the hundreds of officials and business men who have at some period in their lives engaged some women to work for them because she would work cheaper than a man, and then never clearly explained her duties to her, expecting and demanding very little of her, excusing her faults and carelessness, until at last, with patience worn out, they have discharged her without telling her the reason, and then ever after have vowed that "women are no good in an office"—is there not something for them to think of, too?

Anxious Martha.—A noted authoress says that certain worries are supposed to belong especially to women. The management of servants is sometimes considered very difficult. It used to be said, "A good mistress makes a good servant," and undoubtedly kindness and consideration always draw people together, even when in different positions. Though we should save ourselves much worry by once for all recognizing that no one is perfect, yet I think, by studying our servants' little peculiarities, we may hope to avoid the frequent changes which are so trying. For instance, if we have any reason to think a servant's memory is defective, it is a very good rule to give every order in writing. Indeed, many people make a point of writing orders for their carriages and horses; and I remember a gentleman who thoroughly understood the art of dining, who always had a slate beside him at dinner on which he wrote any remarks he wished to make for the chief. I knew a cook-housekeeper in a family which was unavoidably rather harum-scarum, sudden orders being sometimes given for many additional places at table. She never made a mistake. When complimented one day on her good memory, she pointed to a slate on which she always wrote every detail at once. Perhaps some of us women have too great a tendency to adore our friends and worry them, as well as ourselves, by being too demonstrative, and expecting too much in return for our attachment. Always let your presence be desired, was the advice given by a man of the world to a lady anxious to keep her friends. Always treat your friend as if he might become your enemy, and your enemy as if he might some day be your friend, is a maxim that would save much heart-burning. Among minor worries dress certainly is one to some women. But if we remembered that every period of life had its own charm, I think this anxiety would be lessened.

Setting the Table.—It may be from force of habit, but I think a table looks nicest with the plates put on face downward; the napkins should either be on the top of the plate or in front of it, with the knife in front of the plate, and the fork at the left. Set the larger and principal dishes in the centre of the table, with the smaller ones around them; cups, spoons, milk, sugar, and everything used in serving the tea, should be in front of the hostess, and the water and glasses near some other member of the family, as it is too much for the hostess to attend to everything, and gives too crowded an appearance to her part of the table.

It is a good plan, when sauce or preserves is to be served, to dish and place it at each plate when setting the table, especially if the company is large, as it saves some confusion, as well as liability to soil the table linen.

For crockery, glass-ware, cutlery, etc., of course people should use just what they can afford, remembering it is not so much rich material that gives a pleasing effect, as the care with which they are arranged. Butter will not look very tempting—even on a silver dish—when daubed and spread all over it; or bread and cake on the finest china, if cut or broken in irregular pieces and thrown in a careless heap.

A handsome table depends a great deal upon this little matter of cutting the food; bread, if cut in haggled slices, looks not nearly as wholesome as when evenly cut; by placing it flat on a table, and using a knife with a blade long enough to reach the entire width of the loaf, one can make the slices of an even thickness; while, if cut in the hands, as some do, part of the slices will be thick at one end and taper to nothing at the other. Some always break up warm cakes, as they think cutting makes them heavy; but it looks so ragged on the table, I never should be willing to do it; if baked early enough, as everything should be, so that it can set awhile before cutting, it will not be very heavy.

HOUSEHOLD.

Flying Glassware.—Glass is frequently said by servants to "fly of itself." It never flies from the thin to the thick part, but the reverse invariably. We once knew a servant girl who said a richly cut sugar bowl of a flanged shape had flown, and she found the pieces inside it, so that by her experience glass not only flies but jumps.

Sudden change of temperature causes flyage. For example, glass kept in a cold frosty pantry will fly when brought into a hot room, so a glass from a warm place will fly when ice is put into it. Thick ice plates in glass should never be used, nor should ice plates be touched by a warm hand when in use. It is best to put them upon a china plate.

China dishes, or even the common earthenware, should never be put into the oven or upon the hot plate. Warm water, not hot, will make them sufficiently heated for use.

Glass dishes should never have hot things placed upon them; flyage is greatly prevented if the dishes be warmed gradually. In frosty weather dealers are worried about goods flying. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred this is from a want of knowledge of why glass flies.

It should be remembered that very few vitrified bodies will stand sudden change from hot to cold or cold to hot.

Miscellaneous.

Lending a Hand.—About forty years ago several hailers were employed in carrying pig iron from Braymbo to Queensferry. Among the number was one William Griffiths, who is still alive. This man, when going down the street one day with his load of iron, was accosted by a stranger, who chatted very freely with him. Among the questions, the stranger asked how much he got per ton for carrying the iron.

"Six and sixpence," said the carter.

"What weight have you on the cart?"

"About a ton and a half."

"And what do you pay for gates"'

"Eighteen pence."

"How much does it cost to keep the mare?"

"Thirteen shillings a week."

Presently they reached the foot of the hill.

"How are you going to get up this hill?" asked the stranger."

"Oh, I mun get my shuder' and push up here," was the answer.

"I'll help you a bit," said he; and he immediately put his shoulder to the cart, and pushed up the hill well.

When they reached the top the hauler said:

"You an' me been as good as a chain horse."

"Well," said the stranger, "I don't know how the poor horse's legs are, but mine ache very much indeed. I suppose you can manage now?"

"Yes, thank you," said the hauler; and, wishing him good day, they separated.

As soon as the stranger was gone, a tradesman asked Griffiths if he knew who had been helping him.

"No," he answered; "he's a perfect stranger to me."

"That was Mr. Gladstone," said the tradesman.

"Mr. Gladstone!" responded the hauler; "I dun know what he'll think o' me, then; for I never Sir'd him, nor nothin'. I thought he was some farmer."

Making Toothpicks.—There are but three toothpick factories in the United States. One of them is located at Belmont, Allenghany County, N.Y., just on the edge of the town and near the banks of the Ganesee River. To commence at first principles. We started in the basement, and after exploring the engine room betook ourselves to where the woodwork was in its first stages. We found in this second room piles of circular blocks of wood about sixteen inches in diameter by perhaps five in thickness. This wood was both hard and soft maple and pine. These are put into a revolving machine which strips them of their bark; they are then sent up to the first floor. Here they are put into another revolving machine which cuts them into fine strips, which are then cut into the required shape for the toothpicks. The picks are dropped out at one side while the refuse falls from the other into a shaft and is carried down to the basement and subsequently used for firing. Some are round, some are square. This little machine which makes them appears simple enough to the uninitiated, but in reality is quite complicated, containing, we are informed, several hundred knives. These small articles of after dinner service are then taken up to the second story where they are kept in a heated room until they are sufficiently dry for packing.

An interesting instance of fighting insanity by insanity has recently been noticed among the Blackwell's Island patients. Two lunatics had been received who were disposed to commit suicide. In addition each possessed a special delusion, one to the effect that he was a cow, the other that his head was an iron ball, and was rolled along the floor. They carried these beliefs into action, one striking his head against the padded walls of his cell, the other rolling his head, and of course his body with it, along the floor. The two patients were placed together, and each was privately informed of the other's weakness and warned to watch his companion to prevent him taking his own life. Thus each had a charge in the other. Their vigilance was unceasing. Each supposed himself perfectly sane, and this belief was accompanied by considerable scorn for the other's weakness of intellect and accompanying delusions. Gradually under the influence of this treatment the patients were observed to improve. To have their attention centered on definite duty and on objects external to themselves proved a tonic for their diseased minds, and gradually a complete cure was effected, and they received their discharges from the asylum.

What is Genius?—There are many young people who despair of rising to great things because they think that only genius can enable them to do so, and that genius has been given to the fortunate few, and cannot be attained by the many. But what is genius? Many of the greatest men have said that genius is simply hard work. Marshall, the statesman and orator, made the following significant remark on the subject: "They talk," said he, "of my astonishing bursts of eloquence and genius. I'll tell you how I do it. I select a subject, and study it thoroughly. When I have mastered it fully, I write a speech on it. Then I revise and commit it to memory. Then I speak it in the fields, on my father's lawn, and before my mirror, until gesture and delivery are perfect. It sometimes takes me six weeks or two months to get up one of my speeches. When I have one prepared I come to town. I am called on for a speech, and am permitted to select my own subject. I speak my piece. It astonishes the people, as I intended it should, and they go away marvelling at my power of oratory. They call it genius, but it is the hardest kind of work."

If the secret of genius is really persevering labor, then it is not an unattainable thing. It lies within the reach of all.

Knowledge is Power.—The means taken by some persons for the acquisition of knowledge are occasionally very surprising. In an Ohio villiage the other day a man found two kegs of gunpowder in the cellar of an old church which was used as a dwelling by his own family and a number of others. He carried out one of the kegs, intending also to remove its fellow. The first keg leaked, however; a little stream dribbled from it, reaching from the spot where the two kegs stood together out into the street, and on noticing the street end, the man began to wonder whether the powder was dry or not, and touched a match to it in order to learn. It was dry. A fiery flash ran across the street, and down into the church cellar to the other keg, which was also free from moisture, and blew up. Such part of the church as was not demolished was set sadly askew. The families above learned quite as much as the man had ascertained concerning the dryness of the powder and much more concerning its general effects, though fortunately no one suffered serious injury.

Pretty Hangings for Walls.—Chintz tapestry for walls is coming quite into favor with those who dislike plain white walls, and who think the material used in papering unhealthy. Tapestry is an old way of decoration, and is much used now in England and France. In choosing chintz for this purpose a pattern of light ground with small design, as of pale blue flowers; or if bolder designs are preferred, floral figures of neutral pinks and yellow are appropriate. Stripes should be avoided. The best way to hang chintz is to stretch it on frames as the upholsterers do tapestry, but if the decorator does not care to go to the trouble and expense of frames, the material may be tacked on the walls with ornamental tacks or brass-headed nails. If preferred, gilt moulding or strips of bamboo may secure it at the top. A dado can be made of a darker shade than the wall covering, and frieze may be also used. Any handy housekeeper can put a covering of this kind on her own walls.

Humor.

Carl Dunder.

"What! you here!" exclaimed Sergt. Bendal the other day, as he looked up and found Carl Dunder standing by the desk.

"Vhell, I pelief it vhas my duty to come down und report on some case. Maype I vhas swindled again."

"I presume so. Most anybody can swindle you. It's a wonder you have a shilling left."

"I vhas awful green, eh?"

"Yes, you are."

"Und I vhas innocent, like a shild?"

"About as innocent as a boy three years old. What's the matter now?"

"Sergeant, maype you haf seen a feller take three cards und throw 'em all around on a table like lightning?"

"I have."

"Und he likes you to bet dot you can pick oudt dot ace of hearts?"

"Yes. That's called three-card monte. How much did they get out of you?"

"A man comes in my place yesterday und says vhas I Carl Dunder. I vhas. All right, Mr. Dunder, but I like to show you a trick to play on der poys. It vhas called parlor magic, und eaferypody vhas wildt oafer her."

"I see! And he got £10 out of you, I presume?"

"Vhell, he take a seat at der table und pulls oudt three cards und does so—und so—und so, und he laughs all der times und says it vhas a good shoke on der poys. Py und py he like me to pick out dot ace of hearts."

"And you bet you could?"

"Of course."

"Mr. Dunder, you are a bigger fool than I thought for!"

"Sergeant, excuse me. If I vhas a fool I can't help him. I bet dot man £5 I pick oudt dot card. Shake comes oafer and holds der money, und I pick oudt a card."

"And it wasn't the ace, of course?"

"Oh, but he vhas! I pick her right oudt as slick as grease, und I put dot money in my west pocket. Der feller shumps oop and says dare vhas a pig mistake, and he vhants me to try oafer again, but I vhas not on some try."

"You don't say!"

"Und he gets madt und says he put some heads on me if I dean' gif oop dot £5. Vhell I vhas a greenhorn und a fool, you know!"

"And you gave it up?"

"Oh, no! I take dot feller by der neck und make his heels preak two tables und fife peer glasses, und his coat und west vhas all in shmall pieces, und he cries oudt dot he gifs me £5 more if I let oop on him. Dot vhas wery reasonable, und I let him go."

"And you made £10?"

"You see for yourself, und in dis package vhas his boot heels und west-buckle und coat buttons. I like you to put on a ticket of "Lost Property' and take sharge of 'em. Sergeant, good day."

"But, say, I want to talk with you some——"

"Sergeant, I vhas a greenhorn und a fool, und I can't shtop any longer!"

"But, here——!"

"Dot vhas all right. Mebbe I vhas some ouldt Dutchman from a pack county, und eaferypody can shwindle me, und maype I vhas oop to some shnuff. Good-pye, Sergeant. It vhas going to be a hot day, und Shake vhas all alone in der saloon!"

For eight months the best-natured creature-in-the-world had held undisputed sway in the kitchen and its environs; but toward spring the mistress began to take account of stock.

"Bridget," she asked, "where are the pots and frying-pans?"

"Pots, ma'am? And it's good for nothing they are!! Every family as I lived with always gets new pots in the spring."

"Bridget, I cannot find the kitchen dishes!"

"Dishes, ma'am? and it's in the ash cart they are! Every family as I lived with always gets new dishes in the spring."

"Bridget, what have you done to the bed and table linen? It's positively in rags."

"Rags, ma'am! What would you be expecting after the cold weather? Every family as I lived with always get new things in the spring."

"Bridget, when I walked through the kitchen last night, there were hundreds of roaches running over the floor and on the tables and shelves. How could you let so many bugs live in the house?"

"Roaches, is it, ma'am? and you haven't any at all! Bugs always come in the spring. Every family as I lived with always has as many running in the daytime as there is at nights."

"Well, Bridget, I think you had better get a new home."

"And I'm thinking so myself, ma'am. Every family as I lived with in the winter always gets a new girl in the spring."

That's what I call a good dinner, remarked Bobby, as he leaned back in his chair with an air of repletion. "Bobby," said his mother, "I'm ashamed of you." The minister, who was dining with the family, laughed heartily. "Bobby appreciates the good things of life," he said, "like all the rest of us." "Don't you think it was a good dinner?" Bobby asked of the minister. "Yes, indeed, I enjoyed it very much." "Ma said she thought you would, because she didn't think you got very much at home."

"**I say**, ma," shouted Jimmy Tuffboy, as he rushed into the house, "are you up on dictionary words!" Not very much, my son. What troubles you now?" "Nuffin much, ma. Only teacher said this morning that by the way I acted she should think your slipper had fallen into innocuous desuetude, that's all." "There shall be no further complaint of that k

get third. The style in which the young four-year-old Glencoe carried the yellow and black home, under 2st 11lb, in front of the Tasmanian Strop, and the grey daughter of High Sheriff Shenandoah, was worth seeing. The crowd and the accommodation were both greatly increased when Warrior, that corky son of New Warrior and Annie Laurie, carried his 8st 10lb home in front of Mr. Henty's beautiful son of Hermit, while Phœbe, Mr. Lee's beautiful chestnut mare, gained third honors. The victory of Nimblefoot, after a desperate struggle up the straight with Lapdog, fulfilled his deceased owner's (Walter Craig) dream, and brought both credit and cash to his veteran trainer, W. Lang. Then The Pearl, against whom a Sandhurst medico laid hundreds to one in the paddock, brought honest John Tait's colors home again, defeating Romula, the dam of Mr. Cook's chestnut Remus, while the Irish King, the sire of Monarque, was third. In the next year Mr. Tait again won the Tasmanian, The Quack, a son of Peter Wilkins and Quickstep, The Ace and Dagworth filling the billets. What a great favorite Horatio was made in the ensuing year, but this time James Wilson had a lot in hand, and the King of the Ring landed the greatest *coup* of his life with Don Juan, the Adelaide-bred son of Lucifer and Levity, and brother to Don Giovanni, who has given us so many speedy jumpers. Dagworth was second this time, while Horatio only got third. A clever lot of horses were at St. Albans next time, and Break o' Day and King of the Ring were fancied, but the best of the stable proved to be Protos, bred at Murndal, in the west country; but Haricot was let steal away, and made a buckhunt of it, for the half-brother to Fryingpan won from end to end, Protos being second, The Diver, the sire of Grace Darling, now located near Ararat, being third. Algerian's present position in the betting is hardly equal to that which Goldsbrough, his sire, attained after the Metropolitan. Richmond was also fancied, yet both went down before Host Cleeland's Wollomai, who has since sired Ebony, Mirth, and other useful ones for Mr. D. Hill, of Lindenow. Up to this time it was thought that no mare could win a Cup, for none had done so, but Mr. Jas. Wilson broke the spell with Briseis, the game little daughter of Tim Whiffler and Musidora, while Sybil, by the same sire, was second, and Timothy third. Who saw it will ever forget the terrific run with which Savanka came, but came too late, when Chester repeated Briseis' feat, and won both Derby and Cup? Calamia's easy victory over Tom Kirk and Waxy was a great triumph to Mr. De Mestre. Then came Darriwell's great victory over Sweetmeat and the Derby winner, Suwarrow. The unbeaten Grand Flaneur bore Mr. Long's colors triumphantly in the Cup, Progress and Lord Burghley being his attendants. How the supposed crippled Zulu waltzed home in front of The Czar and Sweetmeat will still be remembered by racegoers, while the ladies will never forget the weather when Assyrian beat Malua's brother, Stockwell, and Gudarz. The Hon. Mr. White had the New Zealand colt Martini-Henry as his champion the year after, and First Water and Commotion, the latter carrying 8st, chased him home. Then Malua carried 9st 9lb to victory, followed home by Commotion and Plausible; and then Sheet Anchor won by a head from Grace Darling, while Trenton was almost on terms with them. Arsenal's victory over Trenton and Silvermine brings the record down to the present time. There can be no doubt that the coming Melbourne Cup promises to bring together one of the best fields of first-class horses which have ever stripped in a big race in Victoria, a really great lot of first-class performers; and although Algerian's victories in Sydney, under heavy weights, point to him as a moral on paper, he has to win on turf; and when we remember that the great Goldsborough, his sire, came to two to one in the betting after his Metropolitan, yet he went down, and it may be that the very lightness of the weight may militate against Algerian's success, for there are many animals which can race in a man's hands, yet get all abroad at the end of a journey, when a light weight's strength is exhausted, and so get badly beaten.

We may, of course, expect to see Trenton better than ever on this occasion. Well, here is a horse which most people say ought to have won two Cups, and the third time is lucky. That Trident's defeat in Sydney by Australian Peer shows anything wrong with the crack, we cannot believe, for his easy victories over Dunlop, who beat Algerian, shows that he had not lost his pace, and his distress after the race proves that he had not done three-mile work, and in this, no doubt, with big engagements ahead, his trainor showed wisdom, as he could hardly anticipate the three year old colt proving so good over the journey. Spade Guinea is sure to improve wonderfully, and if she runs up to her form, a 3.30 trip will be set whatever beats her, if we can accept what all New Zealanders say of her. Silvermine is said to be two stone better than last year, when he ran third, besides running second in the Caulfield. Algerian ought to hold Dunlop safe, but you never can tell, and the son of Neckersgat is improving daily. Then there are the Jewel and Bohemian, who ran second and first in the great two-mile event at Sydney, and both having racing weights that they are masters of. Ben Bolt and Pasha are both flyers, while Lord William's third to Bohemian and the Jewel showed him to be a great colt; now he is a year older, and with only a little more on him. Bravo, when he beat Brown and Rose and Britisher, showed himself a great stayer, and stayers are the horses which win Melbourne Cups. Crossfire and Thunderbolt coming together are a most destructive pair, and may burst up the ring, though it takes a lot of doing. Cairo was greatly fancied by his party, and perhaps is still. Yabba was quite King of the Castle in Queensland, where Le Grand came from; while Rufus, a Derby winner, The Levite, Mozart, and Meteor are a merry little crowd. Should Niagara win the Derby, how will he be backed for the this? Then Impulse, a Wagga Cup winner, First Consul, the Nun, Harvester, Phaon, Lara, Remus, Newmaster, Burrilli, Pocahontas, and Plutarch all have winning brackets. Then there are Albercorn, the Sydney Derby winner, Solo, Escutcheon, Lord Cochrane, Master Jack, and Bedouin, and a host of others, among which are such celebrities as Disowned, a New Zealand Derby winner, and full brother to Oudeis, the fastest horse ever seen there, Arsenal (who won the Cup last year), Lord Wilton, Ringmaster, Kitawa, All Gold, Frisco, besides the remainder of Mr. White's strong string; so it is certain that this will be "the Boss contest," as our American cousins put it.

NO MORE HARD TIMES.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes rich food and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health. "Chronicle."

BEAUFORT RIFLE CLUB COMPETITION.

The above was commenced on Saturday week, and continued until last Saturday. From Monday to Saturday the weather was so wet that shooting was next to impossible. On the latter day, that fixed for the teams' match, firing had to cease until the afternoon had pretty well advanced; but even then the wind was blowing only a few points milder than gale force. As a consequence, only six teams completed, Ballarat heading the list with a magnificent (under the circumstances) score of 427. A protest, however, was entered against them on the grounds that their team was not in accordance with the V.R.A. rules, under which the match was fired, and that one of the team was not a *bona fide* member of D Company, Ballarat Militia. This has been forwarded to the V.R.A. for decision. In the All Comers Match there were 92 entries, and twenty-three prizes were awarded, the first three highest going to J. Niddrie, Hamilton; J. Parker, Stawell; and J. Howarth, Ballarat, respectively. Seven of the Beaufort competitors took prizes. For the Fiery Creek Plate there were 57 entries, for twelve prizes amounting to £20, J. Parker, Stawell, taking first prize with a total of 48 out of a possible 50 at the 500 yards range. In the Victoria Match, 5 shots at 400 yards, bulls-eye, eight inches, J. McRae, of Beaufort, scored 22 and carried off first honors. The Revolver Match was won by Sergeant Mawson, of Geelong, with 27 out of a possible 30, Capt. Thomas, of Beaufort, being second. The following is the result of the shooting, as far as prize-takers are concerned:—

ALL COMERS MATCH, 7 shots at 400 and 500 yards. Sealed handicap. Limit 67.

1	J. Niddrie, Hamilton ...	67	£10
2	J. Parker, Stawell... ...	67	7
3	J. Howarth, Ballarat ...	67	5
4	W. C. Thomas, Beaufort ...	67	3
5	A. Black, Pennshurst ...	67	3
6	— Kaye, Elmhurst ...	67	2
7	— Keith, Elmhurst ...	67	2
8	A. A. Trompf, Beaufort ...	67	2
9	— Wilson, Ballarat ...	67	2
10	J. A. Lord, Raglan ...	67	1
11	— Martin, Waterloo ...	67	1
12	— Millman, Hamilton ...	66	1
13	T. A. Archard, Beaufort ...	65	1
14	— Hamilton, Murtoa ...	65	1
15	C. Trompt, Beaufort ...	65	1
16	L. De Grandi, Meredith ...	64	1
17	S. W. Male, Beaufort ...	64	1
18	J. McRae, Beaufort ...	64	1
19	— Dunstan, Minyip ...	64	1
20	E. J. Thomas, Beaufort ...	64	1
21	— Ditty, Ballarat... ...	64	1
22	Sergeant Mawson, Geelong ...	63	1
23	— Churchill, Hamilton ...	63	1

H. Watkin, Beaufort, and — Dufton, Pennshurst, each with 63, were counted out. There were 92 entries.

FIERY CREEK PLATE—10 shots at 500 yards range. Sealed handicap.

1	J. Parker, Stawell... ...	48	£5
2	— Kieth, Elmhurst ...	47	3
3	— Kaye, Elmhurst ...	47	2
4	— Young, Armstrongs ...	47	2
5	E. J. Thomas, Beaufort ...	47	1
6	J. W. Harris, Beaufort ...	47	1
7	— Dufton, Pennshurst ...	47	1
8	G. A. Eddy, Beaufort ...	47	1
9	H. Watkin, Beaufort ...	47	1
10	J. Chapman, Beaufort ...	46	1
11	L. De Grandi, Meredith ...	45	1
12	J. McRae, Beaufort ...	45	1

Captain Thomas, Beaufort, and — Ditty, Ballarat, 45 each, were counted out.

VICTORIA MATCH—5 shots at 8-inch bull's-eye. 400yds. Trophies and cash—value £15.

1	J. McRae, Beaufort	22
2	J. Parker, Stawell	21
3	J. Chapman, Beaufort	21
4	Sergt. Mawson, Geelong... ...	21
5	— Kemp, Pennshurst	20
6	— Millman, Hamilton	20
7	— Black, Pennshurst	20
8	— Keith, Elmhurst	20
9	— Dunstan, Minyip	20
10	S. W. Male, Beaufort	20

REVOLVER MATCH—Six shots at 25 yards. Any revolver.

1	Sergt. Mawson, Geelong	27
2	Capt. Thomas, Beaufort	25
3	H. Learmonth, Hamilton ...	24
4	J. Rowe, Portland	24
5	J. McRae, Beaufort	23

POOL—There were 735 shots in the Pool, and only 40 bull's-eyes were obtained.

THE TEAMS MATCH—Seven shots at 400, 500, and 600 yards.

BALLARAT D COMPANY.

	400	500	600	Total
Lieut. White...	34	29	19	82
Priv. Buley ...	32	27	28	87
Priv. Mitchell	31	32	28	91
Priv. De Grandi	33	27	24	84
Sergt. Alsop ...	31	27	25	83
	161	142	124	427

PORTLAND.

J. Rowe ...	34	25	22	81
T. Huxley ...	33	28	22	83
W. Bennett ...	32	18	20	70
J. Sedgwick ...	29	26	26	81
H. Hayward ...	31	25	25	81
	159	122	115	396

HAMILTON.

W. Hughes ...	28	22	24	74
J. Niddrie ...	25	30	19	74
H. Learmonth	32	26	29	87
J. Millman ...	26	29	18	73
J. Churchill ...	34	29	22	85
	145	136	112	393

BEAUFORT 1ST TEAM.

T. Archard ...	33	24	18	75
Capt. Thomas...	33	27	22	82
J. McRae ...	34	25	17	76
S. W. Male ...	24	19	23	66
J. Chapman ...	31	25	25	81
	155	120	105	380

BALLARAT CIVILIANS 1ST TEAM.

— Henry ...	25	30	28	83
W. Owens ...	24	32	22	78
J. Hillman ...	27	30	18	75
J. W. Commons	29	23	9	61
— Graham ...	31	27	22	80
	136	142	99	377

BALLARAT CIVILIANS 2ND TEAM.

C. H. Walker...	34	16	17	67
W. Glendenning	27	16	21	64
G. Webb ...	29	28	31	88
W. P. Davis ...	30	25	15	70
W. Kay ...	26	26	23	75
	146	111	107	364

Stawell, Ararat, and Beaufort 2nd team did not complete.

The handicapping by Mr. J. McKiech was performed very satisfactorily, and that gentleman deserves great credit for the keen judgment exercised.

BEAUFORT AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the above was held at the Riponshire Hall on Saturday last, when there were present:—Messrs. Cushing (President) in the chair, Topper, T. Jess, H. Gordon, G. Davis, J. Lynch, M'Intosh, M. Lewis, G. Pearson and M'Rae.

MINUTES.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

REPORTS.

The fourteenth annual report of the Society was read by the Secretary, as follows:—Gentlemen,—Your committee have much pleasure in presenting you with their report on the present position of the Society, and its progress during the past year. There was received in subscriptions and donations the sum of £91 0s 6d, and prizes were awarded to the amount of £131 5s 6d. There were 307 entries for the advertised prize list, and 43 entries extra, total 350. The entries for special class for sheep were not so numerous as in the previous year. In grain some excellent samples of wheat were shown, notably by Messrs. Hugh Gordon, L. J. Berryman, and Minchin Lewis. Some excellent samples of Tartarian and Short Oats were exhibited by Messrs. Minchin Lewis, Hugh Gordon, and G. Taylor. The exhibits in roots, vegetables and fruit were good but not numerous. In horses and cattle the entries, particularly the former, exceeded those of the previous year, and attracted considerable attention. In other classes and amongst the extra sections some very good exhibits received well deserved prizes and certificates of merit. The financial position of the Society is as follows—Last year closed with a credit balance of £12 0 5d, since which time there has been received the Government subsidy of £76 5s 11d for the year 1886, the balance sheet now shows a credit bulance to the Society of £55 12s 8d. Your committee in closing their report consider the last Show a successful one, and augurs well for the future prosperity of the Society. —HUGH CUSHING, President; JOHN HUMPHREYS, Secretary.

BALANCE SHEET.

The Balance Sheet for the year ending October 7th, 1887, was read as follows:—Receipts, £203 19s 1d; expenditure, £178 3s 5d; assets, £100 12s 8d; liabilities, £10 17s.

AUDITORS REPORT.

The auditors reported as follows:—Gentlemen,—We have the honor to report that we have examined the books and vouchers (also bank pass book) of the Society, and find them correct in every particular, and have much pleasure in complimenting the Society on the perfect state in which the books are kept by your Secretary.—JAMES PRENTICE and T. G. ARCHARD, Auditors.

Both of the above, as read, were received and adopted.

ACCOUNTS.

Accounts, to the amount of £10 17s were passed for payment.

VOTE OF THANKS TO AUDITORS.

A vote of thanks was passed to the auditors, for the services they had rendered to the Society.

ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

On the motion of Mr. Topper, seconded by Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hugh Cushing was re-elected President, and returned thanks, stating that he was very glad that after all the up-hill work the Society had had to perform to keep going, he congratulated the Society on their present good financial position.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

Messrs. G. Topper and M'Intosh were elected Vice-Presidents.

TREASURER.

Mr. W. C. Thomas was re-elected Treasurer.

THE SECRETARY.

The President introduced the subject of increasing the commission to the secretary to 10 per cent. He thought he really deserved it, as he had always worked hard in the interest of the Society for very little return. After a considerable discussion, all members being favorable to the suggestion, Mr. M'Rae moved that a bonus be given to the secretary equal to the difference required to make up 10 per cent. commission on past year, and that in future, the amount to be paid to the secretary be fixed at 10 per cent. Mr. T. Jess seconded, and the motion was unanimously carried.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Shire of Ripon, forwarding a circular from the Maffra Stock Tax Association, dealing with stock tax question, which was out of the province of the Council to deal with. A lengthy discussion of a conversational character ensued, and it was finally resolved that the Secretary of the Maffra Association be informed that this Society fully endorses the propositions to increase the tariff in respect of stock and grain.

The meeting then adjourned.

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.

GUILTY OF WRONG.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of: Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them. "Tribune."

VITAL QUESTIONS!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?
And he will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all diseases and ailments peculiar to women"—
And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically, "Buchu."
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:
Mandrake! or Dandelion!
Hence when these remedies are combined with others eqully valuable,
And compounded into Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist it's power, and yet it is
Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"
For years and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.
Women gone nearly crazy!
From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.
People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula,
Erysipelas!
"Saltrheum, blood-poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact, almost all diseases frail"
Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Dr. Soule's Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green hops on a white label, and Dr. Soule's name blown in the bottle. BEWARE of all the vile stuff made to imitate the above.

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 ⅜ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
⅓in., ¾in., 1in., 1¼in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.
NEXT TO POLICE STATION

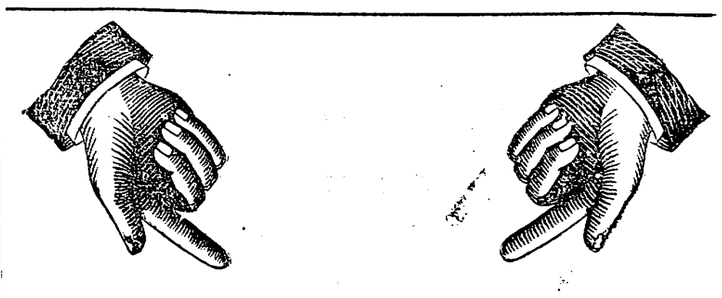
A
SIGNAL VICTORY OVER DISEASE
"PROGRESSIVE SCIENCE"
OR,
THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF NERVOUS AND SPECIAL DISEASES ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF NATURE AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE.
THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE REVOLUTIONIZED.
NO MORE MERCURY OR OTHER NOXIOUS STOMACHIC CONTAMINATIONS.
There is hope for the Weak, the Nervous, and the Diseased.
DR. T. C. WRIGHT
M.B., Ch. M., etc.,
The expert specialist on Kidney, Nervous, and Special Complaints, registered by the Medical Boards of Victoria and England (and the only legally qualified practitioner advertising in Australia who holds the diploma of Physician and Surgeon), has established the Victorian Progressive Medical Institute, 53 Flinders-street West, Melbourne, for the scientific and effectual cure of all phases of Nervous Debility, Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decay, Genito-Urinary Disorders, Female Complaints, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Chronic and complicated affections.
Dr. Wright cures Fits, Spinal Complaints, Nervous, Head, and Mind Affections, Impediments to Marriage, Effects of Indiscretions, Abuses, or Excesses, Scrofulous Humours, Eruptions, Spermatorrhœa, Premature Decay, Incapacity for Study or Business, Female Complaints, Liver, Heart, Lung and Kidney Affections, and all morbid conditions of the system, no matter from what cause arising.
It matters not what your troubles may be, call or write to Dr. Wright, and get his honest opinion of your complaints. If it is curable, he will tell you so; if not, he will tell you also, for he will not undertake a case unless he is confident of effecting a cure. It will cost you nothing for consultation, so satisfy yourselves that the Dr. understands your case.
CONFIDENCE ABSOLUTE.
Sufferers can be Treated equally well at a distance.
N.B.—I wish it distinctly understood that I do not claim to perform impossibilities, or to have miraculous power. I claim only to be a skilled and successful Physician thoroughly informed in my specialty.
NOTE ADDRESS—
PROGRESSIVE
MEDICAL INSTITUTE,
53 FLINDERS ST. W.,
Box 253, G.P.O. MELBOURNE

NOTICE.

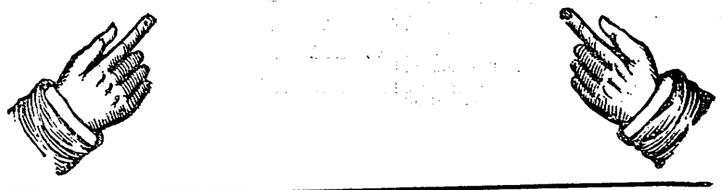
FOR the prompt despatch of business all orders in future to be addressed to HENNINGSEN and KLUNDER or H. P. HENNINGSEN, the Publisher

SPRING GOODS.
OUR
First Shipment
OF SPRING GOODS
NOW OPENING.
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.
SPECIALITIES—Fencing Wire, Woolpacks, Sheep Shears, and Shearing Requisites.
General Agents for all Agricultural Machines and Implements.
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.
TIME-PAYMENTS TAKEN.
WHOLESALE and RETAIL AGENTS for CHAPMAN'S CELEBRATED EUCALYPTUS PREPARATION.



MANCHESTER HOUSE.
G. H. COUGLE,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.



THE BLUE HOUSE
SPECIAL NOTICE.
As I shall be leaving Beaufort about the middle of November, all outstanding ACCOUNTS must be PAID before the 12th.
A SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION
OF VARIOUS
GOODS AND CHATTELS, HORSE, TRAP, &c.,
WITL BE HELD ON
Monday, 14th November.
Further Partictlars in next week's issue.
ALEXR. M'DONALD, Proprietor.

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 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 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.

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

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 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 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 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, 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 o 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."

The Name of M. MOSS & Co. Is on every Genuine Bottle.

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

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

COMOTROPHUS

COMOTROPHUS DO. Ballarat Vic.

All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

G. SCHUTZE,

TAILOR AND OUTFITTER,

27 and 29 STURT STREET,

BALLARAT.

DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM.

June 14th 1887.

Mr George Schutze, Ballarat.

Dear Sir,—I do not exaggerate when I say, that since I adopted Dr Jaeger's Woollen Goods, the comfort and happiness of my physical life have been wonderfully increased.

I was very much amused when I first saw Dr, Jaeger's five-toed socks, but I found for those who suffer from sore feet or corns, there is nothing to surpass them, independent of their sanitary point of view. I have become an enthusiastic Jaegerite, and can really recommend the system.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

GEO. A. BEYER, Auctioneer

Bolloud House, Melbourne, June 5th, 1887.

My Dear Sir,

Having now worn Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System, of underclothing in particular, very excellent especially in a climate subject, to such sudden and great varieties of temperature as here in this part o Victoria. The garments are light and durable, they maintain the surface warmth of the body without adding to the weight of the clothing; a most important consideration to delicate persons, and particularly those suffering from chest complications, and therefore from my own and wife's experience, also several of my patients who have adopted this system of clothing, can recommend it with confidence.

Yours very truly,

M. GUNST, M.D.

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 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.

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,

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,

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PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.

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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 or 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 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, &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.

"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 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:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1887.

"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 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 only 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.

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 Diseases of the Skin.

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

Gout and Rheumatism.

There is no preparation for salutary effects comparable to this remedy. It should be well rubbed over the affected parts after their due fomentation with warm water. It acts by stimulating the absorbents to increased activity, by preventing congestion and promoting a free and 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. Whenever the Ointment has been once used it has established its own worth, and has again been eagerly sought for as the easiest and safest remedy in all disorders of the kidney

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

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

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

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

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

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

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

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

How many thousands have I not brought 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 sexe 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, 11 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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