The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 651 — BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888. — 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 by immediately forwarding their names to the office of this paper, Lawrence street, in order that such errors may be rectified. We are most desirous of securing for our subscribers a regular and early delivery, but it will be impossible for our measures to prove effectual, unless we are warned by them when neglect takes place.

Advertisements sent in without a written order as to number of insertions, will in all cases be continued until countermanded, and no advertisement can be withdrawn without an order in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.

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

New subscribers are only charged from the time of ordering the paper.

Orders to discontinue subscriptions to the paper must be in writing, delivered at the office and for the current quarter.

Communications of a literary nature must be addressed to the Editor, and must bear the signature and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a pledge of good faith. An observance of this rule will be the means of preventing disappointment to contributors.

All advertisements coming under the heads of Wanted, Missing Friends, For Sale, Rewards, if not exceeding twenty-four words, will be inserted for two shillings and sixpence.

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

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

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

WATERLOO COACHES.

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

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

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

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.30 a.m.

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

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

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

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

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.

R. MANFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

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

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, 1888.

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

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager.

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.

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.

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.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

G. H. COUGLE

BEGS to intimate to the residents of Beaufort and the Surrounding Districts that he

IS NOW SHOWING

ALL THE

LATEST NOVELTIES IN SUMMER DRAPERY

AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

New Dress Goods. **New Dress Goods.**
Prints, Sateens, Muslins, Cashmeres, Silks, Satins, Ribbons, Corsets, Laces, Ruffings, Hosiery, Umbrellas, &c. Sailor Straw Hats in endless variety.

MEN'S, YOUTHS' and BOYS' SUITS, TROUSERS and VESTS, COATS, HATS, Shirts, Ties, &c., a large stock of New and Fashionable Goods to choose from.

SUITS TO MEASURE! SUITS TO MEASURE!

Boots and Shoes! **Boots and Shoes!**

Inspection Invited. Civility and Good Value for your Money.

G. H. COUGLE
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

JUST ARRIVED!

AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK

—OF—

DRAPERY, CLOTHING,

MILLINERY, BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. McKEICH,

(Late WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.)

NEILL STREET,

BEAUFORT.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
STATIONER AND NEWS AGENT,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

Wotherspoon Bros
AND CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS, WINE AND SPIRIT
— AND —
GENERAL MERCHANTS,
HAVE ON HAND THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Teas, Sugars, and General Groceries,
&c., in the district, of the best quality, and are selling at
PRICES THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN
OUT OF MELBOURNE.

W. B, & Co. also keep a large stock of
Furniture, Bedsteads and Bedding, Ironmongery, Paints, Oils, &c. Chinaware, Glassware, Earthenware; and Fancy Goods.

LARGEST DEALERS IN COLONIAL PRODUCE, Comprising—*Flour, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Oats, Potatoes, Onions, and pure Hay Chaff, &c. Seed Wheat and Oats For Sale.*

AGENTS FOR HUNTER'S DISINFECTANT.

LIFE and FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS.

THE BLUE HOUSE,
BEAUFORT.

JAS. CATHIE

Desires to announce that he has Commenced Business in the above premises. The stock of

Drapery, Boots and Shoes

Is new, having been Purchased under the Most Favorable Circumstances, and will be sold

At Prices which Defy Competition.

Purchasers should inspect the stock.

J.C. having also purchased a new stock of

Groceries, Wines and Spirits,

Of the best brands, is disposing of Mr. O'Connell's stock at

Exceptionally Low Prices.

Highest Cash Prices given for Farm and Dairy Produce

Hawkes Bros.,

Wholesale and Retail Ironmongers, Furniture Dealers, Importers of China, Glassware, and Crockery, Oils, Colors, &c.

BEG to notify that they are holding a Great Clearing SALE of FURNITURE, CROCKERY, &c.,

In order to make room for

Large Consignments now Landing,

We have determined to sell out present stock at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!!

CHRISTMAS

Being the time when Repleninishing takes place, Parties cannot do better than

Inspect our Stock

—OF—

Ironmongery, Furniture, Fancy Goods, Paperhangings, etc.

The largest Furniture and Crockery Show Rooms in the Country Districts.

FISHING TACKLE
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

GENERAL PRINTING
AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES
At the "Advocate" Office. Beaufort.

—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

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., ⅜in., 1in., 1¼in., cedar, wide and narrow board
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.

NEXT TO POLICE STATION

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

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

[A CARD.]
Mrs. Margaret White,
LADIES' NURSE.

c/o George White, Neill Street, Beaufort.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

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

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* 86 Queen-st. Melbourne.

HARRIS & TROY

BEG to intimate that they have OPENED a

GENERAL STORE,

In conjunction with their

HAY, CORN, & PRODUCE BUSINESS,

WHERE

Wines, Spirits, Groceries,

&c., &c.,

MAY BE OBTAINED

AT

Lowest Current Rates.

A Share of

PUBLIC PATRONAGE

Respectfully Solicited.

Try our 2s. TEA.

Beaufort, January 1888.

FIRE! FIRE!

At Sargood, Butler, and Nichol's.

GEO. ISON,

OF BEAUFORT,

HAVING purchased a large and varied Assortment of

SALVAGE GOODS,

Only Slightly Damaged by Water,
Is in a position to supply the inhabitants of Beaufort and district at prices hitherto
UNEQUALLED FOR CHEAPNESS.

MR. ISON

Is also showing a

CHOICE STOCK OF FASHIONABLE

MILLINERY,

AT THE

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE.

Sole Beaufort Agent for

Madam Weigell's Paper Patterns.

N.B.—A Liberal Discount for Cash.

COME EARLY AND SECURE BARGAINS.

[See Circulars.]

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

ISSUED WEEKLY.

Simultaneously with London Edition.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Best Illustrated Paper.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
News Agent, Havelock Street, Beaufort.

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

NERVOUS.

Men, young and old, married or single, suffering from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Loss of Manhood, Vital Power, and all disease of the Genito Urinary Organs, may obtain, free a valuable treatise by an eminent Surgeon, containing full information regarding self-treatment, by applying by letter to Box 1081, G.P.O., Sydney.

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.

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, MESITT and Co. Melbourne.

BEAUFORT.

SATURDAY, 7TH APRIL, 1888.
At two o'clock.

On the Ground, Willoby Street, Beaufort,

Freehold Land and Cottage.

In the Estate of GEORGE BARTON, late of Beaufort, carter, deceased.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS has received instructions from Theyre Weigall, the Curator of the Estates of Deceased Persons, to SELL, as above,

All that piece of LAND being Crown allotment 14 of sec 7, township of Beaufort, containing One Rood or thereabouts, with all improvements thereon.

No Reserve. Terms Cash.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

BEAUFORT.

SATURDAY, 7TH APRIL, 1888.

SALE BY AUCTION,
On the premises, Lawrence street, Beaufort,
At half-past two o'clock.

FREEHOLD.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS is favored with instructions from the Proprietor, Mr. John Robertson, to SELL, as above,

That very desirable DWELLING-HOUSE of seven rooms, front and back verandah; enclosed with a substantial fence, with Flower and Fruit GARDEN, outhouses, etc., situate in Lawrence street, Beaufort, next the post-office, and opposite the Shire Hall.

The owner is leaving Beaufort, and the property is for ABSOLUTE SALE.

An inspection is invited.

Terms at Sale.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

BEAUFORT.

SATURDAY, 14th APRIL,
At 2 o'clock.

Sale by Public Auction,

AT

Nickols' Auction Rooms, Neill street, Beaufort.

New Season Teas.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS is favored with instructions from the Importers, to Sell, as above,

A quantity of the Finest TEAS, in packets, boxes, quarter and half chests.

Also, a quantity of

Men's Suits, Shirts, and Sundries.

No RESERVE. TERMS—CASH.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

TENDERS

ARE invited for BUILDING a WOODEN COTTAGE for Geo. Wotherspoon, Esq. Plans and specifications can be seen on application to H. H. JACKSON.

COTTAGE TO LET, near Court-house. Apply Mr. H. P. Henningsen, Beaufort.

TO LET.

DWELLING HOUSE lately occupied by Mr. Joel Tompkins. Apply
H. P. HENNINGSEN.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1888.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Easter number of the "Australasian Sketcher" contains a coloured supplement bearing the title :—"The Silent Messenger." It is a thoroughly Australian subject, from the painting of Mr. J. A. Turner, the well-known Victorian artist. The Scene is in the bush; the stockman's horse having come home riderless, with the bridle trailing on the ground; and the wife, who has opened the gate to let the animal in, is looking distractedly in the direction from which "The Silent Messenger" has come—questioning vacant space as to what can have happened to her husband. In the middle distance, there is the stockman's hut, with a background of gum trees. The colouring of ground and sky is in Mr. Turner's characteristic style, and very effective. Mr. H. P. Henningsen is Beaufort agent.

The rainfall at Beaufort for the month of March, 1888, registered 3·39 inches.

An accident occurred to Mr. Thomas Greenwood, of Reef Gully, Waterloo, on Monday night last, by which he sustained a comminuted fracture of both bones of his left fore-arm, near the wrist. It appears that on his way home, he had to climb over a large fence, and by some means fell, sustaining the above injury. Dr. Nolan's services were procured, and he set the broken bones. Mr. Greenwood is so far progressing fairly well, although it will be some weeks before he is able to resume his work.

After a somewhat protracted illness, poor old Mr. Thomas Flowers, an upwards of thirty years' resident of this district, passed away on Wednesday morning about 5 o'clock. His remains were interred yesterday afternoon, in the Beaufort cemetery. Mr. Flowers had reached the ripe age of 87 years.

Mr. A. E. Blackburn, one of the cyclists entered for the one-mile bicycle race at the Beaufort athletic sports on Monday last, met with a very serious accident. The race was a most unfortunate one, no less than seven of the riders coming to grief. The injuries received by Mr Greenwood were severe, though not dangerous; his hands, arms, and legs were very much cut and bruised, and he was somewhat stunned by the fall. Mr Audas, who also fell heavily sustained bad hurts to his hands. Messrs Pittard, who fell first; Watt, and Cooper were less hurt. Blackburn's injuries were most serious, and indeed it is a miracle that he was not killed on the spot. His head struck with much force on the top of one of the sharp four-cornered posts through which the chains run, and a cut two inches long and very deep was caused, from which the blood flowed freely. Dr. Nolan promptly attended to him, but it was nearly an hour before he returned to consciousness, and was able to be removed to Loft's hotel, where he had put up on arrival in Beaufort. He was not able to leave Beaufort until Wednesday, when, although much improved, yet he was in a very weak condition. Mr Greenwood was carefully attended to on the ground by Dr. Johnston. The primary cause of the accident was in Pittard missing his pedal.

A stormy altercation took place in the police court on Thursday last, during the hearing of the case against William Thompson, for house-breaking, between Sergeant Woods, who prosecuted, and Mr. Gaunt, who appeared on behalf of the prisoner. During the sergeant's examination of his witnesses, Mr. Gaunt protested against the manner in which the evidence was being drawn out, and accused the sergeant of putting words "into the witnesses' mouths" After hearing the case for the prosecution, Mr Gaunt rose to state the case for the defence, and in doing so, commented severely upon the actions of the sergeant and the clerk for taking down statements which were not evidence. The sergeant at once protested against Mr. Gaunt making such a speech, and Mr Gaunt replied with some severe criticisms upon the sergeant. A full report of the hearing appears elsewhere.

A current of mirth ran through the spectators at the court on Thursday last, during one of the wordy wars that took place between the counsel for the accused and the sergeant of police. The latter, in a moment of excitement, turned to Mr Gaunt, and addressed him as "your worship." Mr Gaunt quickly replied—"Don't address me like that. I'm not 'your worship,' and shouldn't like to be, either."

On Monday last a gun accident occurred at Mr Laidlaw's station, Amphitheatre. Mr Pearson and his son-in-law, Mr. Harry Dell, were out for a day's sport, when the former shot at and killed a hare, but some of the shot scattered and became embedded in both legs of Mr. Dell, who was almost in the line of fire, about fifty yards distant. Dr. Nolan was consulted, and did not think it advisable to cut the flesh to extract the pellets, as they were too deeply embedded, but adopted the usual surgical treatment. Mr. Dell is progressing well, but is slightly lame. This, however, he will recover from in time,

Recently a young man was charged at Charlton with having attempted to commit suicide by taking strychnine. Three police magistrates were on the bench, and in delivering their verdict, administered a brief lecture to the accused. The chairman told him that under one provision of the law, he had rendered himself liable to be hanged for the offence which he had committed. Under another provision, he had rendered himself liable to fifteen years' penal servitude. But the bench would deal leniently with him, in the hope that the escape he had had would be a lesson to him. The law allows that a person who takes his own life must be insane, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary. But if a man fails to accomplish an act of felo de se, he has to console himself with the fact that he will probably be restored to health only to be destroyed by the hand of another. We really wonder whether, in the case of a person being sentenced to be hanged for attempting to commit suicide, the judge would say, "I hope it will be a lesson to you in future." There seems to be about as much sense in one reprimand as in the other.

If the following persons will call at the local post-office, they may obtain the letters, etc., which are awaiting them :—J. Coffee, J. Dunn, A. Fraser, Alf. Green, F. Hardham, G. W. W. Legod, J. McArthur, J. Milne, M. Miller, M. Miabacher, Mrs. Callaghan, W. Parker, Richd. Reilly, W. Topp, Jno. Whitfield.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions expressed by our correspondents. It is desired that letters to the editor shall be accompanied by the real name and address of the writer, not for absolute publication, but as a bona fide guarantee.

THE RESERVOIR BOATS.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—I am desirous to ascertain (for the information of the general public) who has the power to permit boats from our reservoir to be carted away to other reservoirs whether at holiday times or any other time. If any one of any committee has such power, will you kindly say through your columns to whom should application be made, and what would be the charge say for one, two, or three days. It may be that the committee (if there are any) may enjoy certain priveleges but it would be well that if so it should be generally known.—Yours etc.,

Pro. Bono. Publico.

Beaufort April 5 | 88.

A DIRTY DRAIN.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate

SIR,—I would like to know if the drain in Willoby street is ever going to be attended to by the Council. It's not much use cleaning the drain out, for only leaves large holes in certain places. Very likely the Engineer could strike upon a plan whereby the filth would not be allowed to stand still, as at present, and thereby do away with that unpleasant smell which arises therefrom, especially in the evening after a warm day.

Yours, etc.,

HEALTH.

Holloway's Pills.—Provision.—As autumn treads on winter, slender, delicate, and pale- and pale-faced youths become listless, languid, and debilitated, unless an alterative, combined with some tonic, be administered to quicken their enfeebled organs. This precise requirement, is supplied in these noted pills, which can and will accomplish all that is wanted, provided the printed instructions surrounding them meet with scrupulous attention. Holloway's Pills are specially adapted to supply the medical wants of youth, because his medicine acts gently though surely, as a purefier, regulator, alterative, tonic, and aperient. A very few doses of these pills will convince a discouraged invalid that his cure lies in his own hands, and a little perseverance only is demanded.

Easter Holidays.

The sports in connection with the celebration of the sixteenth anniversary of the Beaufort Athletic Club were the chief attraction of the Easter Holidays in the Beaufort district. It is a long time since so many strangers were present in this town at the Easter period of the year. Most of them, however, were intending competitors and their friends, who would perhaps number something like two hundred. On Sunday afternoon the Park was visited by them, and the reserve presented a most unusual appearance, there being fully 900 persons there at one time. The day was fine, and crowds were attracted out. In the evening, both the Church of England and the Primitive Methodist edifices were very well filled, and discourses and singing appropriate to the season were given. Monday morning broke a trifle dull—rather a good omen for a fine day, especially as during the night a frost prevailed. The sun soon shone out in his splendour, and it remained pleasant until about 3 p.m., when the wind rose slightly and a few clouds of dust were blown abroad. The sky became somewhat overcast, and much to the fears of the ladies, many of whom were in their holiday finery, rain threatened very ominously. Fortunately however, beyond a few drops, the impending shower did not fall. Mr. T. Vanderstoel, who purchased the gate rights, at a very high figure, was in no way disconcerned respecting the speculation he had indulged in, and Messrs. T. Day, and D. Maher, booth holders, also appeared to do remarkably well. It fact the attendance was so remarkably good—about 1200 or 1300 persons—that everyone had a fair share of patronage, even to Mr Denman Mason, who catered for the luncheon. The repast—although a cold collation—which was set before the Committee and Judges, was served up in excellent style, indicating that the caterer is no novice in such matters. The Ballarat brass band was on the ground, and gave many choice selections of music. The Judges for the occasion were Messrs. H. M. Stuart, G. H. Cougle, A. Andrews, and H. Loft; referee, Mr. T. Buchanan. Than Mr. C. Loft as starter no better could really have been chosen. His long experience ably fits him for the onerous and uneviable position; he was ably assisted by Mr. W. Driver. Mr. A. Thompson, of Ballarat, an old former resident of Beaufort was also the right man in the right place as timekeeper. With regard to the handicappers, the result of the running speaks volumes in favour of their ability—they were Messrs. J. McKeich (pedestrian events), and R. A. D. Sinclair, and G. Loft (bicycles). The secretary, Mr. Sinclair, was "all there," and he was ably assisted throughout the day by the members of the Committee :—Messrs W. G. Stevens, P. Broadbent, J. Ryan, H. Loft, A. Loft, G. Hellyer, G. Jaensch, J. R. Wotherspoon, J. S. Robertson, A. Andrews, D. Hayres, T. A. Archard and S. Baker; the officers being *ex-officio* members.

To say that the gathering of 1888 was an unqualified success, would be going a trifle beyond what is actually true. The racing was really the best that the public have witnessed—at any rate for many a long day. But the judging in some instances, was a trifle erratic; and in the opinion of the majority of the spectators several egregious blunders were made. Two of these were very noticeable—one in the members race—when Archard fairly won second honors, but was not even awarded a place; and the other in the final heat for the Beaufort Cup, when Neil was placed with two other pedestrians as a tie for second and third places, when Muller was the man that should have been chosen. The regulations state that "the decision of the judges and Committee to be final;" therefore it is presumed these mistakes cannot be rectified. Several protests were entered, and all but one—that of O'Farrell (Ararat) against W. Turner (Kew)—were disposed of on the ground. O'Farrell's protest is based on an assumption that Turner failed to give a correct list of his performances when nominating for the Easter Gift—that he ommited to mention having won a race at Glen Iris on New Year's Day. The committee have given time to O'Farrell to make good his allegation. In the meantime Turner has signed an affidavit to the effect that his performances were correctly given.

Another source of extreme regret is the lamentable accident in the one mile bicycle race. There were fourteen cyclists started for this, and when half-way round in the second lap Pittard missed his pedal and fell. Adair, who was close behind him came over too, and on top of him came Watt; Blackburn, a promising young rider, hailing from Richmond, escaped falling over them, but in choosing a clear road he was thrown violently against the chains, his head striking with such force on the top of one of the posts, and he lay unconcious for some time. Then Greenwood, Cooper and Audas came down heavily. Scharpe was some distance behind, and the road was cleared before he came up. This accident caused a delay of 20 minutes, and in consequence the seahorse race was omitted from the programme. Of course the bicycle racing was the chief attraction, and without exaggerating we might say that better could not be witnessed at a gathering of the champions of the colony. The Jewell Bros., and L. Scharpe were in splendid fettle, and the skill with which they governed their machines evoked the admiration of all. Hutchinson of Melbourne, from whom a great deal was expected was suffering from the effects of a sickness, and although he rode well, it was easily seen that he was not in a condition to compete with the other three cyclists named. He, however, is a very pretty rider, and his misfortune was much regretted.

The following is a description of the various events :—

MAIDEN RACE.—100 yds.

First Heat—W. H. Morrell, Ballarat, 1; C. Laundry, Ararat, 2.

Second Heat—J. Gossup, Ararat; T. B. Young, Coleraine, 2.

Final Heat.

W. H. Morrell	... ...	1
C. Laundry	... ...	2

Time, 11 sec.

EASTER GIFT.—120 yds.

Twenty pedestrians went to the post for this event, with the following results :—

First Heat—H. McGibbony, Ararat, 1; J. O'Brien, Elmhurst, 2.

Second Heat—P. O'Farrell, Ararat, 1; A. Robertson, Beaufort, 2.

Third Heat—W. Turner, Kew, 1; J. Gaw, Ararat, 2.

Fourth Heat—C. Laundry, Ararat, 1; T. Neil, Beaufort, and Murphy, Mt. Egerton, tie. [Here the judges made their first slight mistake. Neil was a clear second, and Murphy and O'Brien a tie for third place.] Time, 11 1-5th sec.

Fifth Heat—Morrell, 1, Young and Gossup, tie 2.

First Trial—W. Turner, 1; O'Farrell, 2; McGibbony 3. Robertson, Gaw, and J. O'Brien also started. Time, 11 2-5th secs.

Second Trial—A splendid race, Young came in first by about 8 inches, and Laundry, Morrell, and Gossup, appeared to have tied for second place. Laundry, however, was awarded first position, and Morrell and Gossup ran again for third place. Another tie resulted, and the two decided to toss for a place in the final, Gossup winning.

Final Heat.

W. Turner. Kew, 12yds	...	1
P. O'Farrell, Ararat, 7½yds	...	2
H. McGibbony, Ararat, 10½yds	...	3
T. B. Young, Coleraine, 12yds	...	4

Time, 11 3-5th secs.

O'Farrell, immediately after the race, lodged a protest against Turner for having given incomplete performances when nominating. He was allowed time to substantiate his allegations. Turner has since signed an affidavit before Mr. Andrews, J.P.

FIREMAN'S LADDER RACE.

E. White, Beaufort	... ...	1
T. White, Beaufort	... ...	2

BEAUFORT CUP.—220 yds.

There were 21 acceptances for this event, which resulted as follows :—

First Heat—T. Neil, 1; J. McMillan, 2; W. Reed, 3. Time, 23 3-5th secs.

Second Heat—H. McGibbony, 1; J. O'Brien, 2; N. Drummond, 3. Time, 22 2-5th secs.

Third Heat—P. O'Farrell, 1; D. H. Whelan, 2; C. J. Muller, 3.

Final Heat.

W. Reed, Streatham, 13yds	...	1
P. O'Farrell. Ararat, 12yds	...	2
T. Neil, Beaufort, 19yds	...	3
H. McGibbony, Ararat, 18yds	...	4

Time, 22 3-5th secs.

A mistake was here made, Neil being mistaken for Muller, who ran tie with O'Farrell and McGibbony; how it happened is hard to say, as the colors of Neil and Muller were distinct enough. In the run off O'Farrell came first and Neil second, and they were awarded second and third places respectively.

BICYCLE RACE.—One Mile.

R. T. Thompson, Ballarat, 130yds		1
D. Jewell, Ballarat, 10yds	...	2
L. Scharpe, Melbourne, 40yds	...	3

In this event the unfortunate accident occurred which is alluded to above. The time occupied was 2 min 53 3-5th secs. The race home between D. Jewell and Scharpe was exceedingly interesting, and it was not until within 40 yards from the post that Jewell shot ahead of his opponent, and came in amidst cheers.

BOYS' RACE.—220 yds.

Victor Male...	... ...	1
A. Marray ...	... ...	2
P. Rogers ...	... ...	3

A very good race; the three winners ran pluckily the whole distance.

HURDLE RACE.—120 yds event.

First Heat—A. E. Stevens, 1; E. Turner, 2; J. McRae, 3.

Second heat—M. Fitzpatrick, 1; N. Drummond, 2; W. Turner, 3.

Final Heat—J. McRae, 1; Turner, 2; Fitzpatrick, 3.

220 Yds. Event.

First Heat—A. Stevens, 1; J. McRae, 2; Fitzpatrick, 3.

Second heat—Drummond, a walk over.

Final Heat—McRae, 1; Fitzpatrick, 2; Drummond, 3.

The result being given by points obtained in the final heats of each event, the awards are as follow :—

J. McRae, Mt. Egerton, 4yds, 10 points	1
M. Fitzpatrick, Nerring, 11yds, 5 points	2
E. J. Turner, Dunkeld, 5½yds, 3 points	3

MEMBERS' RACE.—120 yds.

J. Robertson, 12yds	... ...	1
J. Ryan, 2yds	... ...	2
R. Sinclair, 3yds	... ...	3

T. A. Archard ran second in this event, but from some unexplained reason his place was given to Ryan, who ran fourth, Sinclair just passing him at the post.

BICYCLE RACE.—Five miles.

D. Jewell, Ballarat, 80yds	...	1
E. Jewell, Ballarat, 80yds	...	2
L. Scharpe, Melbourne, 170yds	...	3

M. Hutchinson started in this race, and rede very prettily; but before two miles had been covered, he seemed to be fatigued. He had been seized with sickness during the morning, and this probably accounted for his inability to overhaul his opponents. The pace was made very warm from the start, but slackened off in the last half-mile. D. Jewell and Scharpe were carried off the ground as a mark of honor. The time taken was 16 min 17 2-5th secs.

WOODCUTTERS' CONTEST.

Ten "mahogany hewers" entered for this event, and it was accomplished in two heats and a final event, J. Fisher winning first money, and W. Nixon second.

BICYCLE RACE.—Two miles.

D. Jewell, Ballarat, 30yds	...	1
E. Jewell, Ballarat, 30yds	...	2
L. Scharpe, Melbourne, 90yds	...	3

It evidently seemed to be the "day out" for these three riders. Twice Hutchinson overhauled the brothers, in turn, but his lead was only of short duration, and he was left considerably in the rear at the end. Time, 6 min 9 4-5th secs.

OBSTACLE RACE.

A. Cougle	... ...	1
G. Smith	... ...	2
Morrell	... ...	3

BICYCLE RACE.—Three miles.

E. Jewell, Ballarat, 50yds	...	1
M. Hutchinson, Melbourne, scr...		2
R. Dobson, Burrumbeet, 430yds		3

Hutchison appeared to have rallied a good deal for this race, which was the fastest of the four. Dobson rode excellently well for 2½ miles, when the brothers Jewell and Hutchinson passed him one after the other. The race from this point became exciting. E. Jewell led, Hutchinson was ten yards behind, and D. Jewell about two yards in the rear of him at the completion of the second last lap. A tremendous spurt was put on by the three, and D. Jewell came up almost level with Hutchinson, when the latter swerved wide and checked his course. D. Jewell then, by a tremendous spurt was about to take advantage of a space between Hutchinson and his brother, when the former closed, and D. Jewell, not being able to avoid a collision if he went on, attempted to clear himself for the outside running, when the suddenness of the turn caused him to be thrown. He was not hurt; but he was out of the race, which undoubtedly been his but for this mishap.

This concluded the programme.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

The Easter Surprise Party, composed chiefly of the Jackson family, provided the evening's entertainment in the Societies' Hall. The place was crowded by 8 o'clock, and when the curtain rose, the stage was seen to be very handsomely furnished, a suite being kindly lent for the occasion by Dr. Johnston. The party then entered from the left and took their seats. The first item was the overture by the orchestra, then a dialogue on the entrance of the comic men, whose appearance caused some laughter and applause. This was followed by a chorus, 'Row, boatman, row,' from the company, which was deservedly applauded. Mr J. B. Prowse then gave an Irish comic song, 'Mr Mulcahey, Esquire,' in a very amusing manner, and Mr J. Jackson followed with a song 'Why don't you speak?' for which he gained applause. The next song was from Miss L. Stuart, 'When my rover comes again,' and this young lady rendered her item in such a pleasing manner that the audience would take nothing less than a repetition in response to their encore. Following this treat came that beautiful song 'White wings,' by Mr R. Jackson, and the favorite singer rendered it in his usual splendid style, and added another success to his already numerous programme. He was loudly encored, and responded. Then came 'Police Recruits,' by Messrs Prowse and Tompkins, which appeared to be thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. W. H. Elliott's song, 'Annie of the vale,' was very acceptable, as was also Mr Tompkins' 'It always comes round to me.' This concluded the first part. The songs were interspersed with local hits and jokes, some of which were very good, while others were rather lengthy and circuitous. Nevertheless, the entertainment so far was very enjoyable. Mr A. Andrews then distributed the prizes, with the assistance of the secretary, Mr Sinclair, and remarked that the gathering that day had been a great success. Next year he hoped that the Athletic Club would be in a position to give better prizes for bicycle races, which appear to be gaining in favor every year. He regretted the unfortunate accident that had occurred; but they could not wish to see finer racing than they had witnessed that day. This business concluded, and a short interval having taken place, the programme was continued. Mr. J. E. Loft gave a pianoforte selection in a very creditable manner, and Mr C. Tompkins rendered an amusing comic song, 'Every little doggie has his day,' which was the cause of some laughter. The concluding part was a comedietta entitled "Rule of Three," in which Messrs Prowse, Tompkins, R. Jackson, D. Jackson, Elliott and Miss L. Stuart took part. Mr Prowse, as Thistleburr, made a very good jealous husband, and thought his plan of the poison and the antidote a very good one, but Glittermere (bachelor imposter) shows him at the last that it was a poor system to work on. Augustus Flutter and Hector were rival admirers of Thistleburr's young and lovely wife, and in the hands of Messrs Tompkins and Elliott the characters were well sustained. Mr R. Jackson (Glittermere) acted in a very spirited manner throughout, and Miss Lilly Stuart (her first appearance) as Thistleburr's wife, was exceeding enjoyed by the audience, and her conception of the character very true. Her denunciation of Glittermore as a married and family man to a bachelor imposter was very good. Master D. Jackson was a servant. The piece went very smoothly, and was apparently much appreciated. Miss R. Jackson played the accompaniments throughout the evening in her usual able manner.

THE BALL.

After the entertainment, the usual ball took place, and the hall was very well filled. Mr Jackson's band supplied the music, and Mr H. M. Stuart officiated as master of ceremonies.

CARNGHAM TURF CLUB RACES.

The annual races of the above club was held on Monday, the weather was beautifully fine and the attendance the largest seen on the course, visitors being present from all parts of the district, distinguished amongst whom being the senior and Hon. Member for the district. Everything passed off very successfully and without the slightest accident to mar the day's enjoyment. The racing was remarkably good, the field large, and owing to the excellent management of those actively engaged during the day, was brought to a close in good time. The ball in the evening was the most brilliant ever held under the auspices of the club, and wound up a most successful and enjoyable meeting, though a strong effect was made by the "goody goody people" of the place with a counter attraction in the way of a subscription picnic and a service of song in the evening. The following are the results of the racing :—

TRIAL STAKES, 7 sovs.—Mr. D. M'Vicar's Adelaide, 1; Mr. W. E. Kerr's Celuloid, 2; Mr. J. B. Roch's Happy Jack, 3.

SELLING HANDICAP, of 7 sovs.—Mr. Thomas Simpson's Iudex, 1; Mr. J. B. Roch's Annie, 2; Dr. Hayes' Jack, 3. The winner was bought in by the owner for £[illegible] 5s.

CARNGHAM CUP, 20 sovs.—Mr. W. M'Kenzie's William Tell, 1; Mr. Jas. Maynahan's Kenmair, 2; Mr. D. M'Vicar's Adelaide, 3.

HURDLE RACE, 20 sovs.—Mr. Jas. M'Vicar's Zox, 1; Mr. Thos. Simpson's Index, 2; Mr. Jas. Maynahan's Kenmair, 3.

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Poetry.

In The South.

BY LULAH RAGSDALE.

Ah, why art thou lingering, Loris Lorraine?
Here in the land where the sun weaves a web,
A web of its golden and glittering gleams,
A snare of its yellow and tremulous beams,
To tangle thy dreams and to bid thee forget
The future, the past;—best no longer remain,
Loris Lorraine!

Ah, why art thou lingering, Loris Lorraine?
Here where the poppies are scarlet at noon;
Here where the roses droop, faint with desire;
Here where the passion-blooms flaunt forth their fire;
Here where the jasmines are kissed by the moon,
Till they pour out their hearts in an odorous rain,
Loris Lorraine!

Ah, why art thou lingering, Loris Lorraine?
Here where the wind is a syron at night;
Here where its whisper, so fatally sweet,
Lulls the weak heart into slumbers complete;
Soothes the lost soul into dreams by delight,
With never a hint of awaking again,
Loris Lorraine!

Ah, why art thou lingering, Loris Lorraine?
Sleeping all day in a dream of delight,
Dreaming all night in a swoon of desire;
Here where Zola is weaving her web,
A web of her golden and glittering hair,
To tangle thy heart in its glimmering snare;
Here where her eyes bid thee ever forget;
Here where her voice is a syren at night;
Here where her lips steal the passion-bloom fire;
Lest that thy soul thou shouldst never regain,
Break this enchantment—no longer remain,
Loris Lorraine!

Novelist.

THE NEW PARLOR MAID.

BY HARRIET LANE WALLACE.

"Wanted, as parlor maid, a competent and well recommended servant. Must be strictly honest and thoroughly familiar with her duties. Call at No. 2 Grosvenor Square."

"There. I think that will do," said Mrs. Clare, laying aside her pen and scanning the slip of paper before her. "Dear me!" she added. "What a worry servants are, to be sure! One gets a good servant whom one can trust only to be surprised with the announcement of her coming marriage with the butcher, the baker, or—"

"The candlestick maker," joined in a clear young voice. "For my part, mamma," said Edith Clare, glancing up from the latest fashion plate she had been studying. "I don't blame them for getting married when they have the chance. Of course," she added, "Dolly was a perfect treasure; still she will be far happier as the wife of the butcher in two back rooms than she would be in your very fine parlor, dusting your very fine bric-a-brac, with her heart in her throat every minute for fear of breaking the nose of the Grecian slave, or Cupid's wing."

"Edith! I do wish you would be serious!" said her mother. "Perhaps when you are a housekeeper yourself you will consider the changing of servants in another light."

"Now, mamma!" Edith came over to her mother's side, and twining a pair of very loving arms about her neck, said coaxingly, "I did not wish to annoy you, dear. If you will let me assist you in this matter I shall only be too happy. Why not let me see the applicants for the situation? Am I not old enough to judge a good servant? Beside," blushing faintly, "I want to learn, before I leave you, to become a little housekeeper myself."

Mrs. Clare, gazing up into the fond young face bending over her, realised how dear the girl was, and thought with a pang how soon she was going to part with her.

"Very well, Edith," she replied caressingly. "Let me see what kind of servant you will select for me."

"I know one thing," said Miss Clare, musingly, long after her stately mother had left her. "I won't pay much attention to their references; most anybody can get one. It is the face that I will look at."

She glanced as she spoke at the mirror, to catch the reflection of an exceedingly pretty one.

"Of course," she added, resting a dimpled chin in her hands, "I don't mean pretty. It would never do for parlor maids to be that; nobody would want them. I know mamma wouldn't, for she's awfully careful of Brother Geoff, and he's not to be trusted with a pretty face."

A bouquet of rare flowers, accompanied by a note, interrupted her revery. Hastily glancing at the latter, she went to dress for her afternoon drive, forgetting all about parlor maids until the morrow would come, bringing with it the applicants for the situation.

"Wanted, as parlor maid, a competent and well recommended servant. Must be strictly honest, and thoroughly familiar with her duties. Call No. 2 Grosvenor Square."

A girl as young as Edith Clare scanned the advertisement, and one equally beautiful, with a sweet, flower-like face that bore traces of a great sorrow that had seemed to purify it and make it more lovely.

"Yes, I will go," she said aloud, casting aside the paper. "It will be the means of cutting myself completely off from the old life. They will never find me out there," she added; "as a governess or companion they might, but never there. How shocked they will be!" She laughed ironically at the idea. "I wonder what kind of a servant I would make? I am afraid that my hands are almost too white and small. I wish they were great rough hands. What good have they done? They, with my pretty face, have brought me here. I might have been a happy woman, free to go where I will, instead of—"

She covered her face and sobbed.

"Instead of a woman whom society will shun and point at with scorn for leading a life that is distasteful to her, and going away from him—"

A trim little servant coming in was not surprised to find her young mistress in tears. She had grown accustomed to it. She performed her duties mechanically, and stole softly out.

It was past ten o'clock when a slender figure was seen to come out of an elegantly appointed residence in a fashionable neighborhood; and at just eight o'clock the following morning, the same figure stood upon the step of number two Grosvenor Square, waiting admittance.

. . . . . .

"My dear Edith," said Mrs. Clare, with a look of dissatisfaction on her haughty face, "I'm afraid you have been rather unwise in your selection of a parlor maid; I would never think of engaging a person of her appearance. Mark my words," she added, folding her arms complacently over her claret colored morning gown, "there is a mystery attached to her in some way."

"I will admit," replied her daughter, "that Lucy is far too refined for her station in life; still, if she performs her duties, which she certainly does to perfection, it is nothing to us what mystery hangs over her."

"Well said, sister mine!" chimed in her brother, a handsome young fellow of six and twenty. "For my part, allow me to compliment you on your good taste. She's far prettier than many society belles. Came upon her suddenly, the other day," he added, "in one of her pensive moods—knocked against her. Wasn't going to apologise, either; took her for a work of art until she raised those eyes of hers, when I remembered that girls of clay don't have such deuced fine eyes. Fact!" he replied, catching a glimpse of incredulity from Edith.

Mrs. Clare looked annoyed. It was for this very reason that she objected to having a young and beautiful girl in the house. She knew her son's weakness for a pretty face.

The days lengthened to weeks and months; the parlor maid at Grosvenor Square continued to give satisfaction, while her stately mistress was beginning to learn that she had secured something above the ordinary servant—in fact, a "perfect treasure."

The "mystery" still continued to surround her. She received no visitors or letters. Once, on laying aside a volume she had been reading, it was found to be a French work. On one occasion, thinking the family absent, the little parlor maid was heard to render some very classic music, in touch and manner of execution comparing favorably with the daughter of the house, who had studied under one of the finest masters. Evidently a woman who had seen better days, thought her mistress.

Withal, she would have willingly dispensed with her services, and the news of her approaching marriage would have been most welcome; not, however, with the butcher or the baker, as those worthy individuals would no more approach this beautiful girl than they would a young heiress. They recognised her superiority, as did her fellow servants.

Her one object appeared to avoid, without being rude, every inmate of the house. There was one person, however, whom she found it impossible to escape, and that was handsome Geoffrey Clare. He could not resist those sorrowful blue eyes, and found ample opportunity to enter into conversation with their owner. Once conversing with her had assured him that she was a woman of refinement, accepting her present occupation with the view of hiding her identity. Why he knew not, taking it for granted that through no sin of hers was she forced to exclude herself from the society to which she belonged.

She met his advances with indifference, yet she had grown to listen for his step on the oaken floor of the hall; to welcome with ill-concealed pleasure his handsome frank face. Yes, she was growing to love him. She tried to thrust such thoughts aside, to think of the gulf that lay between them. No matter what she had been, she was now but a servant in his mother's house.

There was another obstacle, in comparison to which all others seemed as naught; that barrier of which God has said, "Let no man put asunder."

He came upon her quite unexpectedly one morning. She was in one of her "pensive moods," as Geoffrey termed them; a mood that became her most, and made her look more lovely.

She was gazing at the falling snow flakes. Her dainty cap had fallen at her feet, and without it she looked like the young mistess of this stately hall, instead of a paid hireling.

"Why are you always thinking, Lucy," he inquired, "and of what? They must be very sad thoughts indeed, judging from the expression of your face."

"They are not very pleasant ones, Mr. Geoffrey," she said. "One must be very happy to have happy thoughts," she added, trying to smile.

"Why are you not happy?" he said. "You are young and beautiful. Why will you persist in this disguise? Yes, disguise," he added, catching a glimpse of that appealing face. "You know this is not your position in life. Listen," he went on excitedly. "Won't you let me make you happy? Won't you love me, Lucy?"

He made an effort to draw her to him; but she drew proudly away, with a look of injury upon her beautiful face.

"You must not talk so to me," she faltered. "It is wicked, sinful."

"Why sinful and wicked to tell you of my love? Because of your position in life? Why will you put me off?"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she would not permit it.

"Do not touch me," she cried almost fiercely. "I am already a wife."

Then she told him the story of her life. How at seventeen she had sacrificed herself in order to save her father from downfall by marriage with a wealthy but dissipated man. Life became a burden to her as the companion of this man who, finding that he could not succeed in winning the love of his young wife, became brutal and unkind.

One night, on returning after a long and protracted debauch, not finding her sitting up to welcome her lord and master, he became abusive, and finally struck her. Then she determined to leave him. Knowing full well that he would never permit such an expensive treasure to slip through his fingers easily, that he would follow her, if need be, to the end of the world, she concluded to accept her present position as a safeguard.

Geoffrey Clare listened like one in a dream. She was dead to her brute of a husband; she was likewise dead to him. He could never claim her as his while that other lived.

"I will go away," he said, hoarsely. "I cannot live here longer; but tell me, before I go—do you love me?"

For answer she held out one little hand and raised her tear-dimmed eyes. He knew her answer.

. . . . . .

He sailed the following week, quite unexpectedly, of course, to all save his haughty mother, who, with a woman's keen insight, knew that he fled from temptation.

She did not censure him; rather did she blame herself for permitting the girl to remain under her roof. She hoped that in time he would outlive this fancy.

"He is young yet, and a trifle foolish," reasoned the fond mother; "he could never so far forget himself as to marry a parlor maid."

. . . . . .

Time flies swiftly to those to whom he brings joy and sunshine, but slowly—ah, so slowly!—to those who find nothing but sorrow and heartaches in his flight.

At number two Grosvenor Square, swiftly the hours flew by. Edith's weddings cards were out. Geoffrey's letters were quite encouraging. "Having a glorious time," he wrote. "Met some of the 'boys' on the continent;" and he expressed a great desire to see his mother and sister.

"He is forgetting his folly," thought Mrs. Clare, joyfully.

She did not know that the glowing description was manufactured for the occasion, with the one object in view not to grieve his fond mother. The glorious time referred to consisted of life in a suit of bachelor apartments in Paris, where he secluded himself entirely and brooded in silence, cursing the fate that separated him from the one woman he loved. Always before him was that sweet, sorrowful face. Her words rang in his ears: "I am already a wife."

They were seated in the breakfast room—Mrs. Clare and her daughter—scanning the morning papers, when Edith burst forth with—

"Just listen, mamma! You remember that stout gentleman we met at Tremont's reception? He's dead—dropped dead in his office." She read aloud: "Mr. Henry Bright, a prominent and wealthy banker of the city, was found dead this morning in his office at 10 T— street. It is supposed that death was caused from heart disease. Mr. Bright has been rather unfortunate during the past year, through the mysterious disappearance of his young and lovely wife. The funeral will take place'—why, mamma! What is the matter with Lucy? She has fallen to the floor. Quick—she has fainted!"

Mrs. Clare turned to find her little parlor maid lying senseless at her feet. Being a keen-sighted woman, she discerned the truth at once. No longer Lucy, the parlor maid, but the widow of one of the wealthiest bankers in the city. A woman whom society would gladly welcome back with her wealth and beauty.

Another pair of eyes scanned the notice. Across the continent a man's face bent over the paper, and a cry of joy burst forth from Geoffrey Clare's lips as he exclaimed,—

"He is dead! Thank God, she is mine!"

. . . . . .

Another year flow by, bringing joy and sunshine to one young heart that had known only sorrow and pain.

A quiet wedding in the autumn followed, where the groom was a handsome young fellow of eight and twenty, and the bride "just too lovely for any thing."

"I have a sister now," exclaimed Edith, kissing the sweet face of young Mrs. Clare. "And now, mamma, you will let me get you a new parlor maid, won't you?"

MY STEPMOTHER.

Pa's gone and married again. I didn't care so much, but my big sister, Belle, and brother John just raised Cain, and said it was awful!

When pa brought her home we all managed to grunt some kind of a good morning, and I stayed way back—fraid she'd kiss me. Belle said mother wouldn't like it.

She had a little girl three years old, and I do believe she was the prettiest girl I ever saw in my whole life. Her hair was fine and yellow and curly, and her skin was white and pink, and her eyes were a kind of violet blue, with little rays or shots of lighter blue—prettiest eyes I ever saw in a human head. Her hands were long and slender, her nose was a kind of graceful pug which really wasn't any pug at all when you looked at it sideways.

Well, pa's wife took her little girl, Genevieve, and went up-stairs. She didn't seem to notice that we hadn't shook hands, and Belle and John felt just a little flat.

Well, things went on evenly for about a month. We didn't dare do much, and what little we did wasn't noticed. Our best hold was to tease the little girl, but we found that pretty hard to do, for she was so good-natured. When we'd point our fingers at her, and sing "Cry, baby cripsy," she'd laugh and sing with us. So it was with everything else.

But one day John gave he hair a tweak and you ought to have heard her squall! Pa's wife came ruhning down stairs. She caught Gen up in her arms and carried her back. She didn't come down to dinner—pa was gone—but at supper you could see that she had been crying. I was afraid pa would raise a row, but he didn't, and then I know she hadn't told him.

After that the ball began; every time one of us caught Gen by herself we gave her a tweak. She stopped wearing her hair in curls—had it braided and fastened up close around her head. But her little fluffy bangs couldn't be plastered down, and we could always get hold of enough to make her squall.

Once she was playing down at the front gate by herself. I started down there, and when she saw me she ran out into the road and screamed. Just then pa came along, and I thought I was going to catch it that time, but instead of whipping me he gave her a good scolding and sent her into the house.

That day at dinner pa's wife looked kind of dangerous. I think John was a fool not to see it, but John ain't very smart, after all. Gen was dressed in white, and her hair was in curls for the first time for weeks. Gen sat on pa's left, and *she* sat on his right. John sat by Gen. At first I was afraid John would do something, but as he didn't, I kind of forgot to watch. All of a sudden Gen gave one of her shrieks, and pa's wife just grabbed the syrup jug and gave it to John in the face. It broke all to pieces and cut his nose, and the syrup was all over his face and hair, and over his bran new suit that cost five pounds. Pa's wife said—

"Boy, if you ever pull that child's hair again, I will kill you! And all of you take warning! I am at the end of my resources; touch her again at your peril, any of you!"

"In the name of God, Elizabeth," pa exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

Then she went on to tell him how we had tormented the child, and spoiled her silk dress by inducing her to sit on greasy boards; how we mashed fruit over her white dresses, and how the poor child had become afraid to come below stairs alone.

I could see all the time that pa didn't believe one word of it, and when pa's wife took Gen up stairs, Belle told how Gen soiled her own clothes and laid it on to us, and how she'd scream just for meanness if we looked at her.

From that time anybody could see that there was trouble between pa and his wife. He never went up-stairs unless he was obliged to, and he'd come down just as quick as he could. John said he'd be willing to catch another molasses jug on the same terms. You see, papa had got him a better suit, and John had the first ones cleaned till they were almost as good as new.

I remember one day, while pa was gone, we gathered the pears off the big pear tree. Gen went upstairs crying, and told her mother we wouldn't give her a pear. Pa's wife came down, but not a pear was to be seen. Liz said she thought John had put them away, and Belle just elevated her head and looked defiant; but she might as well have not taken the trouble, for pa's wife never once looked toward her.

In a few days one of the neighbors brought pa's wife a bushel of pears—she'd paid 15s. for them. Well, the first day she was absent, John got into her room and took every pear, and put them in the stable loft with ours. I thought there'd be a row then, but she never said a word. I noticed that she'd bring a paper sack of fruit from some of the neighbors' houses every time she drove out.

She tried to keep Gen up stairs with her all she could, but the child fretted and looked like she might be getting sick. Then pa's wife fixed up a pleasant corner of the yard and stayed there with Gen three or four hours every day. John soon found a means to make that corner very unpleasant, and pa's wife gave it up. Then she took to walking in the pastures and about the farm, but that didn't suit because it was so dusty and wearied Gen, instead of helping her.

At last Gen took sick in bed, and pa's wife took to crying, I should say from the looks of her—what little we saw of her. She had a pretty tough time of it, for we wouldn't take her a thing, and Gen would scream if her mother went out of sight. When she just had to have fresh water she'd bring Gen along with her, and lay her on the bench at the wall.

Pa found her there one day, and he asked her why she didn't ask one of us to bring the water.

"It wouldn't be worth my while," she said, and that made pa so mad that he marched off and never offered to help her.

She lugged the water upstairs, but she began to look pretty white herself, and I guess she got scared, for the first thing we knew a hack came out from Cloverdale and took her and Gen to town. As Gen went out at the door I heard her say—

"Naughty home, naughty home—Gen never come again."

When they got outside the door I just sat down and cried, and cried; and I cried all day and night, and all the next day, and every time I waked up in the night, for I kept thinking how pretty and sweet Gen used to be, and how she'd laugh when we used to try to tease her; and she loved my kittens and the pup, and I didn't forget the big doll she gave me the second day she came; and I got up early next morning and dressed it in black, and cried till I made myself sick.

Pa petted me and waited on me just like a baby, and I once heard him say to himself—

"I don't see whatever sould have got into that woman!"

One night I waked up in such a fright, for I dreamed I saw Gen dead, and I had looked at the clock and it was two. I screamed for pa, and begged him to look at the clock. He said it was ten minutes past eleven.

Then I begged to go to Cloverdale to see Gen, and got into such a state that pa thought he'd better take me. As he carried me upstairs I heard the clock strike two, and I knew I was too late. Yes, it was the same room I saw in my dream. Pa's wife sat quite still, looking at Gen, and her eyes were big and black, and her face was as white as Gen's. Gen was dead on the bed, and the clock pointed to two. I just don't know what I did or said, but but I guess I told it all, and more, too, for the people stared and looked horrified. Pa's wife looked just the same, but as for pa, I can't describe him; but I know there'd be something to pay when he got home.

And so there was. He took John into the dining-room—after he had told all three how they had succeeded in killing a defenceless, innocent child—and he whipped him with the black snake for an hour. It's a wonder John didn't fight, but I guess he was so scared at what he'd done that the whipping felt good. I know I would like to be beaten to death if it would bring back Gen and give me another chance.

After he whipped John he whipped Belle, but not so long, and then—blessed if he didn't whip Liz! He said he wished she would sue him—he'd just like the chance to show her up in court.

I was sick a long time; when we went home, Belle had gone off to school, John had gone into a drug store, and Liz had married and moved away. We lived pretty happy, considering what we had passed through, but we never ceased to mourn for little Gen, and I saw how Ma would shrink and turn pale when John or Belle came near her. They both married and moved awy, and it was a little better after that.

Pa lost most all his property, but when I get to be a young lady ma is going to send me to school. She pays for my music lessons now, and buys all my clothes, and I try to make her as happy as loving obedience can. But yet I know that when she looks out of the window across the fields of corn with a fixed gaze she does not see the beauty of the waving tassels. Her memory has gone back to the time when her darling lived. Ma is a pious woman, but at such times it is hard to say, "He doeth all things wells."

There is one good thing about violin playing—it keeps up the dead-cat market.

The girl who marries for money always gets the best of the fellow she marries, because he buys a fool at a high figure.

Sent to Siberia.

Natalie Radetski, the beauty of the Russian court, was bidding farewell to her lover, whom the Czar Nicholas had banished to Siberia for political reasons.

She knew only too well the dangers of that icy land to which he was going, and she made up her mind that she would personally intercede at court for his pardon. Alexis Potemkin said as he placed an emerald ring on her finger—

"When you are alone take this off and read the inscription; it may comfort you. And now I must go. The guards are waiting."

With one last, lingering embrace he was gone.

When Natalie reached her own apartment, sick at heart, she mechanically took the ring off her finger. The inscription was in French, and read, "Death is the only consoler. We shall meet in heaven." But the words had no comfort for her. They only revived the thoughts of her bereavement.

Among the condemned in a large quicksilver mine in the very heart of the country, thousands of miles from St. Petersburg, stooped at his daily toil a form whose tall and noble proportions even the coarse habit scarcely shrouded. He had but one hope—death, the consoler, would come soon. His delicate frame, unused to labor and exposed to the rigor of an Arctic climate, soon yielded to the unhealthiness of his occupation, and he was fast sinking under his trials.

The struggle was not long. A few days' confinement to a hard pallet, a few nights of suffering and the fiat, which even an imperial decree could not stop, went forth. The victim was released.

Three months after this the grand chamberlain of Russia presented himself to Mme. Radetski and summoned her before the emperor.

When conducted to the palace his majesty dismissed the gentleman in waiting and signed to her to approach. His stern features were contracted by an expression of deep displeasure.

"Why does Mme. Radetski wear mourning?" he asked. "Does she mourn for conspirators who would subvert the government and bring destruction upon their country?"

"No, sire," she answered, "I wear mourning for one whom your majesty saw fit to condemn; but to whom, by your express command, I promised my hand."

"We will not discuss the past," said the czar, coldly. "I sent for you for a different purpose; I have chosen a husband for you."

"Mercy, sire!" exclaimed Natalie, clasping her white hands imploringly. "Do not force me to marry."

"Force, mademoiselle! that is an ugly word. I, your emperor, recommend your acquaintance of the suit of a young nobleman of high rank. There are reasons of state which make me expressly desire this marriage. It is my will, mademoiselle, that you should be married a month from to day. The time will come when you will thank me for this decision. You may now retire."

As soon as Natalie had left, the emperor rang his bell for Seckendorf, his favorite physician.

"Sekendorf," said the czar, "go and see Mademoiselle Radetski. Find out if she has any organic disease. Return here and report, but say nothing of what you observe to anyone else."

In a few hours Seckendorf was again admitted to the presence of the czar.

"How is your patient?" asked Nicholas.

"Her condition has always been frail, but I think——"

Here he hesitated.

"Say what you think," commanded the czar, impatiently.

"Then with your majesty's permission, I think that the sentence of Count Potemkin was her death blow."

The czar paced his cabinet impatiently.

"She will get over it, Seckendorf. A happy marriage will make her forget all that. There is nothing like happiness for a woman's health."

"I do not presume to contradict your Majesty, but I doubt whether Mademoiselle Radotski is able to bear happiness or sorrow very long."

The emperor dismissed his physician after enjoining him to visit his patient daily. In the meantime the preparations for the marriage went on. A costly trousseau was provided for the bride, and all the beauty and rank of the capital invited. The emperor himself was to grace the ceremony with his presence.

When again Seckendorf visited his patient his face grew grave as he looked at her.

Death, the consoler, had stooped to kiss his victim and had not disturbed the peaceful smile that rested on her lips. In her hand she held the ring she had taken from her finger; and she had passed away while reading its inscription.

Gen. Seckendorf gently replaced it upon the marriage finger, from which it was never more to be taken.

"Truly," he murmured, "for her death is the consoler."

The Imitative Mina.

A gentleman residing in Ceylon wished to make a present to a maiden aunt of his, living in London, and he could think of nothing so suitable and likely to be a source of amusement to her as a mina—a small bird corresponding in appearance and size to an English blackbird, and rivalling the parrot in powers of imitation. Procuring a good specimen of the species fresh from the forest, he set a watch upon his own tongue, avoiding all slang, and being very careful in respect of grammar. Then, taking the bird on board a vessel about to sail for England, he gave it to the ship's cook, with a promise that if the bird was delivered into the hands of the lady with its vocabulary undefiled, a bonus of ten shillings would be forthcoming; whereupon the cook promised to take all possible care of the bird—to nourish him and watch over his morals.

On the voyage the mina exercised marked influence for good over one part, at least, of the vessel, and the cook's cuddy was a perfect hall of propriety, and in due course he received the ten shillings. A few weeks passed, and then the gentleman in Ceylon received a letter from his aunt. She thanked him for his gift, but said she had been obliged to part with the mina—not, however, on account of the expressions he made use of, for his language was correctness itself, but she could not endure all day long plaintive cries of "Steward!" with marvellous, never-ceasing imitations of the distressful sounds issuing from the lips of passengers suffering from seasickness.

The Queen of Denmark attained her seventieth year recently, when there were to be great festivities at Fredensborg Castle. A number of deputations from various parts of the country obtained permission to wait on her Majesty on her birthday.

The King of the Deck.

A Bunch of Sharp Practices With Pasteboards Explained.

A book-binder had a pack of cards firmly clamped in a vise the other afternoon and was whistling a couple of bars of "White Wings" while he passed a paper plane over the cards' upturned edges. The shaving which came away was so thin as to be nothing more than a white powder.

He had failed to clamp all of the cards—one of them lying on the bench beside him. When his attention was called to the overlooked pasteboard he laughed.

"That card is going to be king of the deck," he said, "and after I show you how to use it, it will be the key to unlock half the card tricks that the magicians and sharps will spring on you in the course of your future life."

Then he released the cards from the clamp, placed the solitary pasteboard with its fellows, and shuffled the pack with the ease and celerity of a prestidigitateur.

"Draw a card from the pack," he said, "notice what it is, and replace it."

The ace of diamonds was the card selected, and after being returned to its fellows without a possibility of the bookbinders' seeing its face, the pack was cut and shuffled thoroughly.

"This is the famous sword trick. Upon the stage, the magician tosses the card which you have selected into the air, and as it comes down he impales it upon the point of a sword and so presents it to you. Instead of doing that, I merely bring your card to the top of the pack and show it to you. Am I right?"

He presented the much-shuffled pack with the ace of diamonds face upward upon top.

"How was it done? With the aid of the king of the deck, or in other words, the long card—the card which has not been shaven down with the plane. Pass your fingers over the edge of the pack, please, and ah, you notice the long card projecting a hair's thickness beyond its fellows, now that your attention has been called to it; but if you had not been specially warned to look for it, you would never have noticed its projection.

"When you returned your selected card to the deck, you thought you replaced it at haphazard; instead of which you placed it immediately under the long card, and used to do so by the manner in which I held the deck in my hand. After that in cutting and shuffling I had only to take care that the long card and its fellow were not separated, and at the last shuffling to bring them to the top of the pack, when upon removing the long card your choice was found to be uppermost.

"Of course, before you can make use of the long card it is necessary to be an adept at "forcing" the card—that is, compelling the victim to take any card which you choose, while he imagines that he is making his own selection. This is a remarkably easy thing for experienced hands to do. Most gamblers and all sleight-of-hand men are proficient in the art of forcing cards, and will induce the greenhorn—by the manner in which they present the pack—to take the card of their choice every time.

"You have seen a card selected upon the stage, and after a little mummery upon the magician's part have found it to have passed from the pack into an egg-shell, which is broken upon the stage and the selected card impressively taken from it.

"To do that trick you make a small hole in an egg shell, and after rolling a card, similar in face to your long card, into a very small cylinder, you push it into the shell, and then seal up the whole with wax.

"After forcing the long card upon the person who is making the selection from the pack, and after he has noted its face and returned it, you slip the card from the pack, hand him the previously-prepared egg-shell and the pack of cards, and to his surprise he finds his choice gone from the pack and safe and sound in the middle of the shell. If you like, you may make the trick more impressive by preparing three or four egg-shells with the same card in each, and giving the victim his choice of eggs, assuring him that his card will be found in the egg chosen.

Another way of making a deck is to cut a slight shaving from the lower left-hand corners of the whole fifty-two cards. A good trick performed with this deck is the producing of a selected card without seeing the cards. When some one has drawn a card from the deck and while he is looking at it reverse the deck, have the card returned and then hand over the whole to be shuffled by any one in the audience. The shuffler will never notice the reversed card, but as its unshaven corner is bound to project a little beyond the others you can readily take it from the deck while blind-folded or while the cards are held behind your back.

"Shakespeare, or somebody else, says that the Ethiopian can't change his skin nor the leopard his spots; don't he? Well, that's all right; it's in a book, anyhow; and probably you say that this card here can't change its spot directly before your eyes and turn into an ace of hearts."

The ace of spades which he produced by no means, and to no eyes—not even to those demoralised by color-blindness or by looking upon the wine when it is red—resembled its crimson compeer.

He placed the card face downward on the bench, rapped three times with his knuckles upon the bench's lower side, and upon turning the card face upward it was found to have been transformed in the few seconds that had intervened into an ace of hearts.

"Here is the secret."

The book-binder produced a sheet of printed figures—hearts, diamonds, clubs, and aces—and after calling attention to the tenuity of the sheet, which was almost as thin as gold-leaf, and to the fact that its under-surface was gummed, he clipped a club from it, moistened the club with his tongue, and deftly pasted it over the heart in the centre of the card, thus restoring the card to its original face.

"To change this club to a heart it is only necessary to pass my moist thumb heavily over the face of the club and it is wiped away, leaving the ace a heart. This may be done directly under a victim's nose, and though he may lose a trick by it he will be none the wiser. It is a favorite with bracegame men everywhere, and is not generally known outside of the profession.

"Whenever the edges or corners of the pack of cards present the slightest irregularity discard that pack. It is marked. The fact that the edges are gilded does not alter the case in the least. I can shave a deck and regild the cut edges in five minutes.

"A favorite trick with card sharps is the separating of the two colors in a pack—however they may be shuffled—with a single turn of the wrist. They claim that it is done only after incredibly long practice and by their almost miraculous delicacy of touch. You may do the trick after I have shown you how."

He took up a pack of cards, shuffled them long and well, and then holding them between his hands—one hand at each end—by a sudden move sent the black cards fluttering to the bench, while the red ones remained in his hands. The secret of the separation consisted in the fact that the pack was doctored—the black cards being cut a little narrower at one end than at the other.

The result of the survey and last census of India are that the area of the Peninsula of Hindostan is 1,382,624 square miles, and the population 253,891,821. Although immense tracts of country are annually cultivated, according to the most recent survey 10,000,000 acres of land, suitable for cultivation, have not as yet been ploughed. At the same time, 120,000,000 of acres are returned as waste lands.

The Way A Flirt Was Conquered.

Madge Le Baron walked home through the gathering twilight with a frown on her pretty face.

"I shall be back by the seven o'clock train," Lyndhurst Barrington had said to her the night before, and she had been down to the station to meet him, but he had not arrived. That was the reason she looked angry. Madge had been a flirt all her life, and she had come into the country this Summer prepared to carry on that pleasant vocation. Then she met Barrington, and was compelled to confess that he interested her as no man had ever done. The next evening Madge went down to meet the evening train again, prepared to give her lover a good talking to.

"How kind of you to come to meet me after my disappointing you so," Barrington said, as he advanced to her. "How do you know I was down here last night?" she asked. "I happened to be strolling by, and I remembered that my aunt said she might come down any day, so I thought I would stop a moment and see who was on the train."

He looked at her with a puzzled expression on his face, but said nothing until they entered the wood. "I have often wondered," he said, slowly, "if you care for me," pausing in front of her. "I want a simple answer to a simple question—plain 'yes' or 'no': Do you love me, Madge?"

"If I cannot say 'yes,' perhaps I can say 'no.' I think friendship does not justify an abrupt 'no.' I—"

"I don't want equivocation," he interrupted. "If you loved me, eyes, lips, voice, all would blend into 'yes.' It must be 'yes' or 'no.' I say."

Madge had never met any man so masterful. But she answered, nevertheless, with a 'no,' since you force me to be unladylike. "I do not ask you to be unladylike. I do not say you are. I ask a question and have received an answer!" and then was the rest of the way to the villa with words. Miss Le Baron was very quiet that evening, knowing that Lyndhurst Barrington was in love with her. She made up her mind that theirs should be no more than friendship, and that she should still flirt whenever the whim took her, and not give up a bit of her freedom. The trouble with her plan was that he did not come near her from that time forth. He was up at sunrise and off fishing or tramping all day, and when he returned he contented himself the gentlemen of the house in his room, where they spent the evening smoking and playing cards and enjoying themselves.

One evening Madge carried herself up to and looked at the matter squarely. She must out-general him. But how? She pondered hauteur, and it had already failed. Now she would try a dash of "giving," even though it hurt her to do so. She would plant herself on the old footing. Lyndhurst stepped into the room, coming at first, as if fearing her presence. She immediately rose to meet him. He did not start, but looked her over from head to foot without a word. She gaily said, "I suppose you think Your Highness is overtaking us in a trifle?" Then she lost control of herself and showed her vexation. "Stop!" she cried; "walk with me, talk to me, do anything to obliterate this dreadful week."

"Well, Miss Le Baron," he answered coolly, "suppose we take a walk. If I, under the stars, what I said under the sun, and you shall give me a true answer." He looked at him a moment, and then it blazed.

"I never saw such persistence. I tell you Heaven I go home to-morrow, where men know what is due to a lady, and 'no' for 'no' without getting sullen. To-night, Mr. Barrington, and good-bye. I never consent to be less boorishly polite, but shall be pleased to see you in the morning." He watched her out of the room and then went down to the piano. She tried to think of going home as a pleasure and not a duty. Home! What had she there? Only an aunt, who dozed in a face-up, with a cup of chocolate at her elbow half the time. The memory of the pleasant days spent there would drive her wild in that gloomy house. Then she acknowledged it would be torture anywhere without—without—

She jumped to her feet. "He will make me wild," she cried, dashing from the piano. She passed into the hall, looked into the drawing-room, where he was placidly playing.

"Poor fellow!" she thought, "how can I call it obstinacy; it looks like manliness written all over his features. And isn't he superb-looking! Why, Melbourne has never approached him, and he will be mine if I want it."

Suddenly—can you comprehend it—she walked straight into the parlor and stood behind him, got her arms about his neck, and pressed her cheek against his. Not a word was said for some moments. But his book fell from the keys, his arms dropped from his sides, his head sank lower on her breast, and Madge felt a mist gathering in her eyes, a mist of happy tears.

"Come out under the stars," she whispered. "I want to say 'yes' to you."

"I am answered, Madge," he said, drawing one of her hands over his shoulder, and talking with it against his lips. "Let us not mar this moment of surprise and joy by a single word."

"I don't think you'll find me a tyrant," he said, kissing her. "But come out. Madge, and let's compare our mutual miseries during the last week."

He led her through the low window, holding back the swaying vines for her to pass. There, arm and arm under the stars let us leave them.

An Inspiration.

A great French dressmaker received, one day, *carte blanche* for a costume from a lady of high distinction and immense wealth. It was a ball dress, and the only conditions imposed were, that it should express youth and spring. The dressmaker racked her brains, but the long-sought inspiration would not come. Time was short, the client much too rich to disappoint, and the idea positively refused to present itself. One night long the dressmaker wrestled with her wits, but they got the better of her, and at last, weary and irritable, she abandoned the struggle for the time, and threw open a window to watch she coming daybreak. She leaned out, watching the ever changing grays and greens, and rosy flashes in the east, and by-and-bye the sun rose in all its splendor, and with it came the vainly sought idea. The soft gray and faint pink flushes, the delicate primrose and sudden burst of rosy red was an inspiration, and when the dress was at home, christened "Dawn in June," it was declared a veritable masterwork.

Time was, says a correspondent, when folk returning from the holiday places abroad made a point of breaking their journey at Paris. Here the ladies indulged in shopping and ordered new gowns for Winter at the famous Worth's. But times have changed, and now the dresses designed and made in London are counted to be in as good or better style than those from the French capital.

It is said that the Princess Beatrice has gone in for the now fashionable study of photography, and is turning out quite creditable portraits.

Astronomy is superseding astrology. Many fashionable French ladies are taking to it, and have observatories erected in secluded parts of their gardens.

SUPPLEMENT

Farm and Garden.

Farm Cisterns.

The surface soil is removed to a depth of eighteen inches to exclude frost in the winter and heat in the summer. The excavation is made in the shape of an egg with the upper third cut off. It should be eight to ten feet deep, and seven to ten feet in diameter. The deeper the cistern, the better and cheaper it is. If the soil is close and compact, the cement may be laid directly upon it, and no brick-lining is required. To do this, a large flat stone is imbedded in cement at the bottom, for the workman to stand upon, and for the rest for the pump. The cement is laid about an inch thick. When the bottom is covered, a layer is put in around the wall about a foot high, and, as it sets very quickly, as soon as one strip is laid another may be put on above it, until the whole is completed. In digging, a shoulder of a foot in width is made on the top of the firm subsoil eighteen inches, to rest the beams upon. This is also covered with cement, and the beams are laid on and the spaces between them on the shoulder are filled in with stone, or brick, and cement, to the upper level, upon which the floor rests. A strong floor of four-inch plank, doubled, with the joints broken, is laid upon the beams and covered with a coat of cement, to exclude surface water; and this floor is then covered with earth and sodded over, or a platform is built over it to stand upon. A manhole should be made in the cover, large enough for a person to go down when it is necessary to clean out the cistern, and this is brought up a little above the platform, and fitted with a tight cover, kept locked to avoid danger of children falling in.

A force pump should always be chosen for the cistern, so that in a case of need a hose may be attached, and the water carried where it may be wanted—to a distant trough, or to any part of the yard or stables.

When the soil is sandy or loose gravel, the cistern should be lined with hard bricks lengthwise, so as to make a wall four inches thick. The floor should be of cement, and no bricks except a few in the centre will be required. The bricks should be thoroughly wetted before they are used. The cement should be spread all over the surface of the bricks, so as to completely fill the spaces, and the outside of the wall should be plastered as it goes up. Earth should be packed firmly against the wall outside to give a firm backing to resist the pressure of the water. This is an important point and should not be forgotten. When the desired height is reached, the bricks are inclined gradually to form the shoulder for the arch, and the wall is then drawn in to form the cover, leaving a manhole in the centre. This is covered with a large flag-stone. The inside of the cistern is covered with a wash of clear cement.

About Horses.

WINTERING A COLT.

The best way to keep a colt the first winter is to give him a comfortable, well-ventilated stall, and feed him with good sound hay, a small daily modicum of oats, and a feed of carrots every few days. Let him have the run of a yard every day when the weather is not excessively inclement, and even in stormy weather a shed to run under is better than to be kept shut up in a stable. Daily grooming is also necessary, and this with constant kindness will inspire the young animal with confidence and good will for his keeper, and save much subsequent trouble when the time comes to train the colt to work.

ENTERITIS IN HORSES.

This disease may be caused by some irritating medicine, or result from protracted constipation. The affected animal suffers from continuous colicky pains, lies down, and then suddenly rolls on its back, or sits on its haunches. There is high fever, and in most cases death follows, from exhaustion. The treatment should consist principally in giving nutritious food, eggs and milk, linseed tea, avoiding all solid food, as this acts as an irritant. Hot blankets should be applied to the abdomen. Opium and belladonna are the best medicines to allay pain and quiet the animal, but these should not be given without the advice of a competent veterinarian.

RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.

Warm, stimulating lotions should be rubbed in at the seat of pain. Two ounces of spirits of hartshorn, two ounces of camphorated spirit, one ounce of oil of turpentine, half an ounce of laudanum, mixed together, makes an excellent lotion for this purpose. The animal should not be used when thus affected, and if it can be turned out for a few months it will probably be much benefitted. In chronic forms there is likely to be some fibrous or even bony enlargement, in which case the chances for a cure are less favorable.

About Artichokes.

The artichoke, which originally came from Barbary, is not a botanical species, but a variety of the thistle, which grows spontaneously all along the African coast of the Mediterranean from Morocco to Palestine. It is now cultivated extensively in France, where those who come from Brittany and Algeria are the species most highly esteemed. Even of these there are many varieties, such as the Camus artichoke of Brittany, the bronzed artichoke of Roscoff, the big green artichoke of Laon and the violet artichoke of Provence. There are also varieties which come from Italy, Spain, India and Canada, to say nothing of the Jerusalem artichoke, famous for the enormous size of its leaves. In the south of France, when the crop is abundant, the heads are carefully picked of all their leaves and the "hearts" dried in the sun, and put up in sacks and stored away for winter use. These hearts when boiled in water or in a rich beef broth become soft and recover their form, color, and flavor. They are then taken from the pot, the water and broth strained away, the centre filled with forced meat and they are then either fried or baked. The heads, with their pale green, long narrow, and pointed leaves clustered around the top of a tall stalk, give the plant a very elegant appearance. Each head, if allowed to mature, bears a purple violet flower, which give a great richness of color to a field of artichokes.

A "Watch Pig."

A farmer in Hamilton, Van Buren County, Michigan, is the owner of a pig which does duty about the premises as night watchman, and the value of its services are so appreciated that it is allowed the freedom of the farm after nightfall. It spends its time in patrolling the barn and door yards, and thievery has been unknown since it began its vigils. It does not hesitate to attack a stranger, and even succeeded in putting a lot of neighbors to flight as they were making a descent upon the house in the shape of a surprise party the other evening. Dogs, however, are its particular veal, and all the curs of the neighborhood have been vanquished so thoroughly that not one can be induced to show his nose in the vicinity.

The forest area of the United States is less than 450,000,000 acres or 728,000 square miles, or about one-fifth the area of the whole country. For railroad ties alone the wood on 500,000 acres 800 square miles) is required annually. Some idea of the rapid reduction of our forests may be gathered from the fact that in 1853 Ohio had forest equal to 55 per cent. of the area of the State, now it is not over 20 per cent. Droughts and destructive floods are among the results of the destruction of our forests.

Sketcher.

Who is Contented,

One day, as the dervish Almoran, the wisest of all the followers of the prophet, and the oracle of the chief mufti of Stamboul, was sitting in a shady grove by the side of a bubbling fountain, on the shores of the Bosphorus, trying to find out the road to happiness, in order that he might benefit his fellow creatures by communicating the discovery, his speculations were interrupted by a man richly clothed, who, approaching, sat down and sighed heavily, crying out at the same time, "Oh, Allah, I beseech thee to relieve me of life, or the burdens with which it is laden!"

Almoran, who was a sort of an amateur of misery, because it afforded him the pleasure of administering consolation, approached the man of sorrow and kindly inquired the cause of his grief.

"Art thou in want of food, of friends, of health, or any of those comforts of life that are necessary to human happiness; or dost thou lack the advice of experience, or the consolation of sympathy? Speak, for it is the business of my life to bestow them upon my fellow creatures."

"Alas!" said the stranger, "I require none of these. I have all and more than I want of everything. I have all the means of happiness but one, and the want of that renders every other blessing of no value."

"And what is that?" asked the dervish.

"I adore the beautiful Zulema; but she adores another, and all my riches are as nothing. I am the most miserable of men; my life is a burden, and my death would be the greatest of blessings."

Before Almoran could reply, there approached a poor creature, clothed in rags, and leaning on his staff, bowed down to the earth with a load of misery. He sat down, moaning as if in great pain, and casting his eyes upwards, exclaimed,—

"Allah, be my star, for I have none other."

The dervish went up to him and kindly said,—

"What aileth thee, poor man? Perhaps it may be in my power to relieve thy distress. What wantest thou?"

"Everything," he replied: "health, food, kindred friends, a home—everything. I am an outcast and a wanderer, destitute of every comfort of life. I am the most miserable of mankind; for in addition to my suffering, I see others around me revelling in these luxuries for lack of a small portion of which I am perishing."

At this moment a third man approached, with weary steps and a languid look, and casting himself down by the side of the fountain, stretched out his limbs at full length, and yawning, cried out.—

"Allah! what shall I do? what will become of me? I am tired of life, which is nothing but a purgatory of wants that when supplied, only produce my disappointment or disgust."

Almoran approached and asked,—

"What is the cause of thy misery? What wantest thou?"

"I want a want," answered the other. I am cursed with the misery of fruition. I have wasted my life in acquiring riches that brought me nothing but disappointment, and honors that no longer gratify my pride or repay me for the labor of sustaining them. I have been cheated into the pursuit of pleasures that turned to pain in the enjoyment, and the only want is that I have nothing to desire. I have everything that I wish, and yet I enjoy nothing."

Almoran paused a few moments, utterly at a loss to find a remedy for this strange malady, and then said to himself,—

"Allah preserve me! I see it's all the same whether men want one thing, everything, or nothing. It is impossible to make such beings happy, and may I eat dirt if I trouble myself any more in so vain a pursuit." Then taking up his staff, he went his way.

Dogs of Central India.

The "Bunjara," a dog from twenty-four to twenty-eight inches in height at shoulder, is, beyond description, the most ferocious of all the breeds of dogs that I have ever known. He is, like his master, a born villain; no coaxing or blandishments avail with him—he will tear and rend his best friend, and will devour his "sisters, his cousins, or his aunts" with impunity. I say like his master, as the only persons who own "Bunjaras" are the criminal tribes, and principally the "Bunjara" tribe. Now, the "Bunjara" people, by their caste, are born rogues and vagabonds, and the more evil they can do, the more wrongs they can commit, the softer their bed and the more pleasurable their life in Vallhalla when they die, which many say they seldom do—naturally. The "Bunjara" dog is like this, only more so. He is a cunning fox, an insatiable hater, a consummate villain; yet he has some points. He can and will hold out to the last gasp, he never tires, and to one and to only one does he ever give his allegiance, and to him he sticks. Of women he is a despiser, regarding them like his master does—only as a "means to an end." In color he is dark brown or gray, shading to black, his coat is close, like a mastiff's, but tufted on the elbows and hocks, and feathered down inside of forelegs; his tail is carried low, except when excited, and has a good deal of brush, especially at tip; his ears are flat to the head and only slightly raised on occasion. He is used exclusively for hunting, and only by natives—never by Europeans. The "Polygar" is a larger dog than the "Bunjara," standing from twenty-seven inches to thirty-one inches at shoulder; he is not so ferocious either, but has equally good pluck, and never gives in alive. In color he is bluish gray or dark gray; he is almost bare of hair, except on the head, which is covered with a fine coat, as sleek and soft as a mole's. He has bristles all over his body like a pig; and, in fact, his skin much resembles that of a dark colored pig. His tail is fine, like a greyhound's, and he has more or less of greyhound ears. For hunting purposes and as a guard, he is excellent, and more reliable than the "Bunjara," not having such a spice of the devil in him. He is used both by natives and Europeans, and principally for hunting the tiger and panther. He is most faithful to his master, and capable of being trained to many useful purposes. There is another breed of dogs which combines the blood of all and sundry. He seems to have got the character of a very bad fellow, for if you want to annoy a man, you cannot do it better than by calling his dog a "Junglee dog." In many cases his tail is long, fine, and curled like a coil of rope; in some he is, like the Manx cat, minus. A man I knew had an English terrier, and also tied up in his hut a "Bunjara." One day a shikara from the country reviled the terrier. "Ha! ha!" said he, "Junglee, Junglee dog." "Ho! ho!" said "Bunjara" man. "Ho! ho! You wait." He darted in and fetched the "Bunjara," who immediately set on the shikara with the utmost ferocity. This man for years had the marks of the struggle. Having been at last torn from his human victim, he set on to, and in five seconds killed the terrier, the cause of the row; which having done he bolted with him in his mouth out of the village and into the jungle, never to return.

The *Court Circular* contains the following: "The Queen has been deeply touched and gratified by the reception of many hundreds of Jubilee congratulatory addresses from representative bodies and institutions of all denominations in Great Britain, Ireland, India, and the Colonies. Numbers of these are beautiful both in design and execution, and in many cases were enclosed in caskets of exquisite workmanship. The Queen is anxious personally to express her warmest thanks for these expressions of loyalty, coming, as they have done and are still continuing to do, from all parts of her vast empire."

Health.

Building Sites and Choosing Houses.

A writer in a recent number of Chamber's Journal makes the following good suggestions to persons about to build or purchase a house. In selecting a house, or a site for a new one, remember that where the sun will shine on the house for some hours a day, one element of good is secured, especially if the sunshine enters at the windows of the living rooms or rooms most used during the daytime. After the aspect has been found to be suitable, and that a plentiful supply of sun and air is insured, attention should be given to the general position and construction of the house. If the ground is at all porous, a layer of concrete not less than six inches thick, and composed of cement or lime and broken bricks or gravel, should be spread over the whole of the ground covered by the building. This will prevent the passage of ground air up through the floors. Air will travel through the ground for some distance, and, as it invariably becomes contaminated by taking up carbonic acid gas in its passage, is not suitable for inhaling. The house acts as a sucker on the ground; and if, unfortunately, the site is one on "made" ground—that is composed of all the refuse of a town—the ground air becomes the medium of disease. No houses should be built without a well-ventilated air space between the earth and the ground floor, especially if the layer of concrete on the surface be omitted. The walls should be built of good hard-burnt bricks or non-porous stone set in lime or cement mortar. Common underburnt bricks or porous stones hold moisture, which evaporates with a rise in the temperature, and so chills the air in the house. If the bricks or stones of the walls are suspected of holding moisture, the whole of the external surfaces should be covered with cement, or tiled or slated above. The foundations of the walls should rest on thick beds of concrete bedded in the earth; and to prevent the ground damp rising up the walls, a damp-proof course of slates in cement or a bed of asphalt should be laid in the full thickness or width of the wall just above the ground line. Dryness in this climate is so essential to health that any building which in its floors, walls, or roof sins by admitting moisture should be rejected as a place of residence by those who value their health. In tropical climates, buildings are constructed to keep out the heat; but here, we build to retain the heat and keep out the cold.

Alum for Bad Water.

The use of alum to clear muddy water has long been known, but Professor Leeds, in the course of an investigation on an outbreak of typhoid fever at Mount Holly, discovered another value in the use of alum, which, if his observation proves correct, may be very important. He found that the water which was supplied to the inhabitants of Mount Holly was swarming with bacteria, about fifteen drops being capable of forming 8,100 colonies of these microscopic vegetal germs, when spread upon a suitable surface. He tried the experiment of adding a minute amount of alum to this water in a proportion of only half a grain to a gallon, and found that not only was the dirt and coloring matter precipitated, but instead of the same quantity of water containing 8,100 colonies of bacteria, it contained only 80, and these were all of a large form.

On filtering the water through two thicknesses of filtering paper, he found that the filtered water contained no bacteria, but was "as sterile as if it had been subject to prolonged boiling." This amount of alum is too small to be evident to the taste, and is not harmful to health. If his observations shall remain unrefuted, they may form a valuable method of purifying polluted drinking water. Of course it does not follow that, because bacteria are removed, therefore the obscure cause of diseases due to impure drinking water is also removed; but bacteria and these diseases appear to be coincident, even if not linked almost as cause and effect, according to modern theories, and it is not too much to hope that, if the bacteria are removed, the virus of these diseases will be removed with them.

A Test for Malaria.

A loving father who, at an American Summer resort last season, had left behind him four beautiful children, dead of diphtheria, said to me: "That hotel proprietor was as much a murderer as if he had shot my little ones." Yes, dear sir, but you, the guardian, ought to have been armed and equipped against such foes. An hour's intelligent examination of water supply and drainage at a proposed country home would in a large majority of cases prevent the risk of such catastrophe, and might be made before a landlord could object. Take in the dressing bag an ounce vial of saturated solution of permanangate of potash, which any druggist will prepare for a few pence, and put half a dozen drops into a tumbler of the drinking water that is supplied. If it turns brown in an hour it is, broadly speaking, unfit to drink; if not, it is not especially harmful. If a country hotel's sewerage system is confined to cesspools within a hundred feet of the house and near the water supply, take next train to a point further on. These matters should force themselves on one's personal attention quite as much as the undertaker's bills that occasionally follow their neglect.

Infectious Diseases and Salt Junk.—Salted meat has drawbacks as an article of diet, but a recent research reported to the Academie des Sciences by F. M. Peugh would seem to show that it has one advantage, namely, that when well prepared it is quite free from infective germs. Salt pork made from pigs which had died of charbon was found to be quite free from infection. M. Peugh's observation, however, will not excuse the use of the meat of diseased animals for the manufacture of "salt junk," for he found that the infectiveness remained, unless the pickling was so thoroughly carried out as to affect every particle of the meat, and this cannot always be the case.

Tobacco Smoke.—Smokers of tobacco, and especially those who desire to prolong their days, will do well to attend to some advice which has recently been given by the celebrated expert, Dr. Favarger, at Vienna, on the occasion of the death of an inveterate lover of the weed. Says the doctor: Never smoke on an empty stomach. Do not hold the pipe or cigar continuously in the mouth. Never smoke a foul pipe. And drink coffee when smoking.

The results of the survey and last census of India are that the area of the Peninsula of Hindostan is 1,382,621 square miles, and the population 253,891,821. Although immense tracts of country are annually cultivated, according to the most recent survey 10,000,000 acres of land suitable for cultivation have not as yet been ploughed. At the same time 120,000,000 of acres are returned as waste land.

The King of Persia once ordered his vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked him why, and he immediately answered: "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know to buy horses for you a thousand miles off, and who'll never come back." "Ay, but suppose they come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

It is currently stated in society, according to a correspondent of the *Liverpool Post*, that a marriage has been arranged between the Duke of Marlborough and the beautiful Mrs. Adair, of Rathdoce, Queen's County. The lady is said to be one of the largest landowners in the world.

Traveller.

At Close Quarters With A Rocky Mountain Lion.

D. W. J.

With well-bitted horses, a complete outfit, and "Uncle" Pierson as guide, we left Laramie City, Wyoming Territory, on a bright July afternoon, for the game parks of Colorado and Utah. "Tim" Foley, one of the original proprietors of the California Gulch (Leadville), and, consequently, now possessing untold wealth, had come from the remote Green River cattle ranch to join on this hunt. Auditor Weston, of Nebraska, brought with him his son Ralph, to indulge in some general "frontierism" before entering college life. The writer, following months of close tugging at the *American Agriculturist's* columns, was full of the zest and buoyancy which these far western trips invariably impart. Through the peculiar hazy atmosphere of the plains, Sheep Mountain looked distant only half an hour's drive. But it was twilight ere we encamped at its base, and we had travelled between twenty and thirty miles. The hind-quarters of two Jack Rabbits graced our spit that night, and what with good appetites and free use of salt and pepper, our hungry stomachs were readily able to overcome the characteristic toughness and tension of these Jacks. We were glad enough to get them before our expedition ended. Before sunrise the next morning we had "struck" camp and were on the move; and all day long we broke the stillness with frequent discharges of our Winchesters and Sharps rifles at the distant antelope.

Just at dusk we drew up at [illegible] ranch, in North Park, and were glad enough to avail of the hospitalities extended us. Everyone slept soundly that night; the couches, rude as they were, being a decided improvement over the bare ground of the night before. At daylight we were again under way, and soon our first antelope was brought down. Later on in the day we encountered those creatures in large droves, and apparently never before having seen a human being, they manifested no little curiosity, frequently remaining till we were right among them before starting, and then retreated only a short distance to stop and observe our movements. We could have shot them as readily then as sheep in a barnfold. A few miles further southward, and we were in the very heart of a game region. Elk, deer, antelope, wild geese and ducks, sage hens and mountain grouse were seen day after day, until we were fairly surfeited with shooting, and for a change devoted ourselves to sight-seeing.

One Saturday afternoon we made the ascent of Helen's Mountain, in the range forming the eastern boundary of North Park, to catch a view of the superb sweep beyond. It was a long and wearisome climb, but the magnificent views stretching far away in every direction richly repaid us. Far below appeared beautiful Estes Park, and stretching far as the eye could reach appeared peak after peak, many of them covered with snow here in July. Nestled beneath us several hundred feet was a miniature lake covered with ice, which did not yield to the stones hurled upon its surface.

After feasting our vision for some hours we began the descent, which was very difficult, inasmuch as falling rain froze as it fell, I took my cartridges from my Winchester, fearing lest I might fall and discharge them. When half way down the mountain, we reached a small plateau in the centre of which was a clump of cottonwood trees. Ralph was perhaps three rods ahead, and Foley fifteen paces. I turned from the path to this clump of trees for a moment, thinking perhaps I might start a cinnamon bear. Judge of my dismay when a Rocky Mountain lion suddenly sprang from the thicket, rested upon a broken tree not twenty feet away, and savagely glaring upon me, apparently prepared to spring upon the intruder who had entered his lair. It was a most exciting moment. I quickly brought my rifle to the shoulder, and aiming between his eyes, drew the trigger to no effect. Again and again I attempted to discharge the rifle, forgetting in the suspense that the cartridges had been withdrawn. It was indeed a trying ordeal. If I stopped to remove what was an imperfect cartridge and substitute another one, or if I turned and fled, the glaring creature, who looked to me as big as a buffalo, would pounce upon me and tear me to pieces in a moment! I did neither, but fortunately had sufficient presence of mind remaining to whistle in a low tone to Foley just ahead. He turned, and taking in the situation at a glance, quick as a lightning flash sent a bullet through the animal's heart. "You look a little pale, Mr. Judd," he exclaimed, in a half humorous manner, as he quietly came back to me. "I do not think you could blame anybody for being rather pale under the circumstances!" I responded. It was very fortunate for me that I had no bullet in my rifle; being in such close proximity I should undoubtedly have shot high above the point aimed at, and barely grazed his skull, when the then wounded and consequently infuriated animal would have jumped and finished me in short order. On inspecting the surroundings we found the remains of an antelope close by, upon which the now dead "enemy" had gorged himself. I am told that when near evening one of these mountain lions delivers its peculiar roar, the antelope for a long distance around are fairly terrorised and flee for miles.

Unlike Mr. Roosevelt, I have never killed grizzlies at short range, and I do not care ever again to meet a lion under such circumstances. He appeared to be as large as any of the genuine Africans which I have seen in the menageries, and a few days after, at the railway station at Rock Creek, we saw one of these Rocky Mountain lions, which considerably exceeded in size the imported African caged near him. That night around the camp-fire, the reader may be sure we had a very exciting story to narrate to Uncle Pierson and Auditor Weston, who had remained in the valley while we made the ascent.

The English language has been built by slow processes, from rude spoken vernaculars of different though kindred races, but enriched from time to time by the introduction of words borrowed from the Greek and Latin tongues. Thirty-one dictionaries of the English language have been prepared and published in the United States and 124 have been prepared and printed in Great Britain. In these authorities, even in the modern ones, there are wide differences of opinion in regard to spelling and pronunciation, and even in regard to the division of words into syllables. Nor is there any tendency to uniformity. In this country there is a party for Webster and a party for Worcester, while in England neither of the American dictionaries is an accepted authority. The mysteries and inconsistencies of the English language are an impediment to its acquisition by those who are born to its use, and an obstacle which a majority of foreigners can never overcome. Excluding numerous islands, there are three English speaking countries—Great Britain, America, and Australia. In England and the United States many words are in use to which different meanings are attached. It is of primary importance that the spelling of words should be the same in all English books, and that the pronunciation should be the same with all careful speakers.

Statistics have been published showing the mortality in Austria during the last ten years. In one year 683,198 persons died. The deaths in Vienna and Lower Austria are 31 in 1000; in Bukovina, 40 in 1000; and 34 in 1000 in Galacia; 85,446 deaths in one year are attributed to weakness, and 33,037 to disease of the lungs. The average shows that out of 100,000 in Austria, 378 are caused by tubercular diseases.

Ladies' Column.

To Another Woman.

And so you crave the heart that's mine,
Or should be mine if hearts were true.
Your life is yours, and mine is mine,
I feel no jealousy of you.

Ah, yes, I know your many gifts
Of beauty far transcending mine;
I've not your wealth of golden hair,
Your sapphire eyes, like Summer sea;

Your tall and willowy slender form,
Your swan-like throat or coral lips,
Or pearly skin or rosy cheeks,
With which all rivals to eclipse.

But I have love, which you have not,
And love like mine begets its own.
Your selfish passion drinks its fill,
And leaves you with the dregs, alone.

But holy love, unselfish, true,
Which yields a world before it dies,
Works such a charm as you hold not
With golden hair and sapphire eyes.

Mother-in-Law of Half Europe.

The *Politiken* of Copenhagen, in an article on the seventieth birthday of Queen Louisa, of Denmark, describes her as the "mother-in-law of half Europe." History will hereafter say that our generation has seen no other such perfect type of the proverbial "managing mama." She has concentrated all her remarkable gifts of fascination and diplomacy upon securing the highest possible positions in the world for her children and her success has been brilliant. She began when she was a princess, sending her son to Greece to ascend the throne of the Hellenic Kingdom, and from that time to her old age she has been constantly occupied in procuring lands and kingdoms for her children. In the person of the Danish Queen the two great rivals, Russia and England, may be said to be united, and if her good will could only prevail in politics, the greatest of all possible disasters—a war between the two Asiatic powers of Europe—would be an impossibility. To be at once mother-in-law of the Russian Czar and of the future king of England is certainly a marvellous position, and one of which Queen Louisa would scarcely have dreamed when she was the wife of a poor princely officer in the little Danish army. She has been the educator of her own daughters. But she is not merely the mother-in-law of half Europe, as the Danish paper says. Considering the relations of her sons-in-law to Northern and Southern Asia she may fairly claim half that ancient continent as part of her family. It is only justice to this royal lady to say that all Europe owes her a debt which it will hereafter acknowledge, for Queen Louisa has been one of the most successful peacemakers of our generation. She has steadily set herself to maintain a maternal influence over her august son-in-law, and has made her humble palaces of Bernstoff and Castle Fredensborg into a sort of common family home and holiday meeting place for the Emperor of Russia, the future King of England, and the King of Greece. The most brilliant regal society meets, year after year, in friendly and brotherly intercourse in these unpretending Danish homes, and the ruling will among these powerful magnates at their autumn gatherings is always that of the "Good Queen Louisa."

Bridal Customs.

Among the customs peculiar to wedding occasions, the ring and bride-cake seem to be of the most remote antiquity, the latter being a modern improvement on the heathen practice of using a cake of wheat or barley at a marriage. The presenting of gifts to the bride is also of very old origin, the favorite present in the Middle Ages being a pot of butter, which was brought forward as soon the happy couple returned home from church, and which was supposed to presage plenty and an abundance of good things. Other bridal gifts peculiar to the olden time were scarfs and laces, and, what is stranger still, a pair of knives, which it was the fashion for women to wear sheathed and suspended from their girdles. Among the Greeks, Romans, Jews, and many Eastern nations, it was the custom for the bridegroom to place a considerable sum of money in a purse or plate and give it to his wife at the time of the wedding; but in early English times the bride asked for any amount she pleased, which her husband could not, in honor, refuse.

Not very long ago, so much were wedding gifts thought of in Cumberland, England, that when a poor but respectable couple decided to marry, they advertised the fact in the country paper, heading the "Invitation," as it was termed, with some such couplet as:

"Suspend for one day your cares and your labors,
And come to this wedding, kind friends and good neighbors."

The people for miles around would then, on the eventful day, flock to the bridegroom's house, and there be entertained by various games and pastimes; after which each guest would drop a contribution or "gift" into a bowl or plate set for the purpose in a convenient place. By this means enough money was often collected to set the newly-married pair up an-housekeeping.

Although we are more modest and refined in this nineteenth century, the giving of bridal gifts is still in vogue, and is a duty and a pleasure we do not care to shirk.

Jewellery.—In jewellery, the most noteworthy change to be recorded is the return of the emerald to popular favor. This most beautiful of all colored precious stones has been heretofore neglected in favor of the sapphire and the ruby, but has now regained its bygone popularity.

A few years ago it was thought improper for a woman to be a foreign missionary unless she was a missionary's wife. Now there are 2400 unmarried women in the mission field.

No woman ever loved the man she could manage, but rather the one who can manage her.

HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

FRIED MUSHROOMS.

Take fresh, crisp mushrooms of any size, wipe them, and pull off the yellow skin covering the tops; cut them into even pieces, not too small, and fry for four or five minutes in plenty of fresh butter, which must be very hot and lightly browned. Have slices of nicely browned but not hard toast ready, pour the mushrooms with their juice and butter over it, and serve at once.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.

Mushrooms always ought to be gathered when they are dry. For catsup the large flaps, stems, and broken pieces may be used. Wipe, but do not wash them, to remove the sand, then bruise them, and put a layer of the mass in an earthen dish, sprinkle well with salt, and so on until all are salted down. No more salt should be used than is necessary to draw the juice of the mushrooms freely, but not so much as to make it a brine. Let this stand for twenty-four hours, stirring it once or twice during the time. Then strain the juice through a flannel bag. To every gallon of juice add one quart of claret, and boil it until one quart of the liquid is evaporated. Taste it, and if not salty enough, add more to your liking. This is the pure mushroom catsup. If a highly flavored article is desired, half an ounce each of mace, cloves, and allspice, and a little ginger, have to be boiled with the juice and wine. When sufficiently reduced, strain it into a pan and let it get cold, then pour it gently from the settlings, bottle, and cork tightly.

Miscellaneous.

Summer Moonlight.

I love Midsummer sunsets, rolled
Down the rich West in waves of gold,
With blazing crests of billowy fire;
But when those crimson floods retire
In noiseless ebb, low surging, grand,
By pensive twilight's flickering strand,
In gentle mood I love to mark
The slow gradations of the dark;
Till lo! from Orient's midst withdrawn
Hail! to the moon resplendent dawn,
On dusky vail and haunted plain
Her effluence falls like palmy rain;
Gaunt gulfs of shadow own her might;
She bathes the rescued world in light,
So that, albeit my Summer's day
Erewhile did breath its life away,
Methinks, what'er its hours had won
Of beauty born from shade and sun,
Hath not perchance so wholly died,
But o'er the moonlight's silvery tide
Comes back, sublimed and purified.

Bluff King Hal.

Between the twenty-second and the thirty-third years of the reign of the bluff king Hal the privileges of sanctuary were considerably altered. It was discovered that the strength of the realm was much weakened by men seeking sanctuary and abjuring the realm, who disclosed State secrets, and instructed foreigners in the use of bow and arrow; so it was enacted "that every person abjuring was to repair to some sanctuary within the reign, which himself should choose, and there remain during his natural life; and to be sworn before the coroner upon his abjuration so to do. But if he went out of that sanctuary, unless discharged by the king's pardon, and committed murder or felony, he was liable to be brought to trial for his offence and was excluded from the right of felony. About four years later privilege of sanctuary was witheld from all persons accused of high treason. In the following year "all sanctuary persons were to wear a badge or cognisance, to be assigned and appointed by the governor of every sanctuary, openly upon the upper garment, of the compass, in length and breadth, of ten inches," under pain of forfeiting all the privileges of sanctuary. They were also prevented from carrying any sword or other weapon, except their meat knives, and those only at their meals. They were not to leave their lodging, except between sunrise and sunset, under penalty of forfeiting their sanctuary for the third such offence. Six years later Henry, in the thirty-second year of his reign, further restrained the privilege of sanctuary. The privilege was afterwards limited to parish churches and church yards, cathedrals, hospitals, collegiate churches, and all dedicated chapels used as parish churches. The exceptions were made in favor of Wells, Westminster, Manchester, Northampton, York, Derby, and Launceston. The privileges were, in the succeeding year, transferred from Manchester to Westchester, in Cheshire. One of the first acts of James I. was to further abridge sanctuary protection; and the same monarch, twenty years later (in 1624), finally withdrew the privileges of sanctuary.

Hope Through the Year.

EVERETT W. SHURTLEFF.

All seasons tell of hope throughout the year—
The airy, love-begetting spring that fills
The earth with laughter of her early rills:
The rose-bright summer, heaped with golden cheer,
And voiced with woodland echoes, crystal clear;
And autumn, heaping splendor on the hills;
And gay, white winter, with her song that thrills
With hearty life, e'en while the woods are drear.
Then let us imitate the year, and sing!
Away our care! Eyes are not made to weep.
Our hearts must beat with nature's and must keep
Hope warm in wintertide and spring.
Come, let us make all times, all seasons ring
With harmonies of hope, soul-stirred and deep.

It is almost incredible the number of times a robin redbreast will come and go after berries, always with a great rustling of leaves, and his alighting and departing usually followed by a liberal scattering of fruit on the ground, which he never seems to think of picking up—wasteful marauder—not only taking all he wants, but actually spoiling as much as he takes away. Birds are probably responsible for the existence of many of the seed bearing shrubs and herbs. They are seed distributors, conveying seeds further than the wind can, that is, of the kinds that form their favourite food. They sow garget where it is not welcome; barberries they have scattered broadcast about their neighbourhood (that to be set down in their favor), and I suspect them of the lovely service of increasing the number of bushes of wild briar rose—the sweet briar or eglantine.

Queen Kapiolani says an English paper, has left us. She has been somewhat of a puzzle to many. They could not understand her regal claims, and that she was entitled to the consideration she claimed and received. The Queen expressed herself, when she was on the point of leaving, as being delighted with the reception she had met with from our sovereign, and also with the universal good-will shown to her. It was said she was not rich enough to keep up the position claimed, but that assertion has not been borne out by facts. Sometimes she was even splendid in her gifts, and never hesitated before a requisite large outlay.

The Japanese Prof. Nishigava is at present studying the German art of beer brewing at its source in Munich, where he spent as much as eight days in one brewery. He was sent thither by the Japanese Government, which is desirous of checking the growing consumption of brandy, and contemplates the introduction of German and English beer free of duty, while putting a high tax on stronger liquors.

The following was the bill of fare at a dinner which was given recently by King Kalakaua to a party of American visitors: Raw shrimp, kukui nuts, taro, poi, cold chicken, crackers, raw fish, sea-weed, raw crabs, raw pigs' liver, fruits, coffee, roast dog, ice cream, champagne, lager beer, ginger ale." The roast dog, we are told, tasted like duck. In Hawaii dogs are kept in pens and fed like pigs.

A Russian correspondent informs the London *Economist* that a general rise in the Russian import duty is contemplated. The Ministry of Finance has prepared a list of changes it considers necessary. Out of the 241 paragraphs of which the Russian customs tariff consists all but 88 are to be raised, and some are to be doubled.

Marie Antoinette's famous necklace of pearls, which went round her neck in sixteen strings, is now for sale at the shop of one of the principal jewellers in Berlin. This is the sort of necklace that Lord Beaconsfield was thinking of when he described Lothair's "ropes of pearls."

There are 337 blast furnaces in operation in the United States, producing 125,530 tons per week, and 313 idle, with a weekly capacity of 122,012 tons.

It seems to be admitted that the agricultural land of England (irrespective of buildings) is worth, in round numbers, five thousand millions of pounds.

A great improvement in the relations of the Vatican towards Russia is the result of the good offices of England. The working of diplomacy is curious and intricate.

The Irish acre is equal to one and a half English acres and 550 square yards over—121 Irish acres would equal 196 English acres.

Humor.

"Rats."

She's fair, and only seventeen,
This subject of my verse,
But though as sweet as e'er was seen,
My darling can't converse.
I tell her of a glorious hoax
I played upon some flats,
She smiles (her smiles are wonderful),
But only lisps forth "rats."

I change the theme, I speak of love,
Of lady and of knight,
Of furious wars, and cruel scars,
And lances keen and bright;
And every detail dwell upon
That gentle soul distracts.
The same old smile my love puts on,
The same old lisp of "rats."

I swear I'll never call again,
The pressure is too great,
I break my vow, for men are men,
And Lesbia is my fate.
Again I'm seated at her side,
(She's knitting worsted mats),
"Oh Lesbia, wilt thou be my bride?"
Great Scott, she murmurs "rats."

"Pass the butter, please," said Jones to Smith, as the former tied two ends of his napkin round his neck, and shovelled about four inches of fried potato into his mouth with his knife.

"Ah, thanks, Jones, for your timely warning," replied Smith. "I always endeavor to pass the butter in this house, in fact, I give it as wide a berth as possible."

This little bit of conversation was met with a gentle titter from the balance of the boarders, while the landlady gave Smith a look that curdled the milk in her coffee.

Not Exactly like the Last Rose of Summer.—Two Scotch worthies, named respectively Wull and Jock, were, as their noses denoted, very fond of a drop of "Highland dew." Meeting one day in the street, Wull thought he would have a rise out of Jock, and said to him:

"Man, Jock, your nose is unco like the last rose of summer."

"Weel, weel," answered Jock, glancing significantly at Wull's nose, "in that case it's no left bloomin' alane."

The three requisites.—

"Why don't you marry?"

"Well, you see, I require so much in my future wife."

"Ah, let us hear."

"My wife must be rich, beautiful, and a fool!"

"What do you mean?"

"It is quite simple. If she is not wealthy and lovely I won't take her, and if she is not a fool she won't take me!"

A German artist has brought forth a new idea, and paints all of his angels with modern clothes on, instead of the regulation white mosquito bar duds. It must indeed look queer to see an angel pictured out, wearing a pink cross bar shirt, and low-necked vest, high collar, an eye-glass, toothpick, shoes, etc., etc. Or a female angel with her hair done up in the back, a [illegible] parasol over her head and a bustle, in its customary resting place the size of a small sofa.

Absent-minded Professor (in the barber's shop where he has come to have his hair cut): "Lord! but it is cold here—you must excuse my keeping my hat on." (In his study, when the anxious nurse leaves his sick wife to rush to him announcing, "It's a boy, sir: A boy has come!"): "What does he want?"

X. "Back again! What did your trip to the springs do for you?"

Y.: "Cured me. I have become another man."

X.: "Thank God! I congratulate you from my heart, you and all your relations."

He: "Old woman! let us drink a pint of beer together."

SHE: "I don't want any—drink it alone."

HE: "That alters the case. Waiter, bring me a quart."

Wife (anxiously): "What did that young lady observe who passed just now?"

HUSBAND (with a smile of calm delight): "Why, my love, she observed rather a good-looking man walking with quite an elderly female, that's all. Ahem!"

Great general (surveying fine view of city and distant town from lofty peak he has climbed in summer travel): "Heavens! what a grand point! With two batteries everything round here could be destroyed at once!"

Missionary (to newly-converted savage). "How is it now about eating your fellow-men! It is four weeks now since you slaughtered your father. Have you grown better?"

SAVAGE: "Yes, teacher, since then I have only eaten a couple of distant relatives."

Tipsy Student (brought home by his friends): "Why! the room is lined with dancing, reeling beds! Do you think I am going to be mixed up in a carousal like that?"

We were put here on earth to develop, and we can't do it by going up into the attic and slamming the door after us, and reading the catechism; we have got to go where people are the thickest, and pitch in.

A Slight Change.—Mr. George's theory of what man should own may be summed up thus: Three acres, a cow.

In Victoria the slogan is somewhat changed. It runs: Foraker's a jackass.

Bather No. 1: "I say, Charlie, why is it people get so thirsty after coming out of the water?"

BATHER NO. 2: "I don't know, unless it is because they rub themselves dry!"

"Oh these editors! I sent one a splendid poem of ten lines, telling him the last four lines might be omitted without injuring the sense of it. What do you think the miserable man answered! 'The first six lines also'!"

Editor (to new reporter): "We will pay you for each item of interest. If it is not true we pay double; because I can correct it next day."

A.: "Have you heard the new waltz by my friend Schlinger?"

B.: "Oh! two years ago, but at that time it was not by him."

"It is discouraging to think," said a complaining shoemaker, "that whatever pains I may take with my work it is sure to be trampled under foot."

Army surgeon: "Where is that you feel so unwell?"

SOLDIER: "In the regiment, sir."

Each man has three characters: that which he shows, the one he thinks he has and the other which he really possesses.

A country paper advertising for an editor says: "The man who brings his own scissors will have the preference."

A Second Daniel Lambert.

The *British Medical Journal* gives the following interesting particulars of the height, weight and dimensions of Thomas Longley, of Dover, who is said to be the heaviest British subject in the world. Mr. Longley, who is a respectable and intelligent publican, is forty years of age, being born (of parents not above the normal size) in 1848. His present weight is 40 stone; height 6 feet ¾ inch; measurement of the waist, 80 inches; size of leg, 25 inches. He finds considerable difficulty in walking, and does not trust himself in a carriage, for fear of breaking the springs. He is said to be very temperate both in eating and drinking, and has never suffered from any ill-health of a serious nature.

Crown Prince Frederick William, of Germany, recently gave a diamond pendant to the wife of the innkeeper where he stayed, near Norwood, England. After he left, it was found that the diamonds were paste. The husband wrote to Berlin, but received no answer.

TROT, 7 SOVS.—Mr. Wm. Hayward's Blunder, 1, Mr. T. Cochran's Fanny, 2; Mr. Thos. Bramfield's Nelly 3.

SELLING HACK.—Mr. J. B. Roche's Happy Jack, 1; Mr. A. M'Indoe's Bootmaker, 2; Mr. A. Kirkpatrick's Nelly 3. The winner was bought by Mr. M. M'Indoe for £9 10s.

PONY RACE.—Mr. D. Hall's Little Wonder, 1; Mr. Dunlop's Lucy, 2; Mr. Sutton's Robin, 3.

SCURRY.—Was won by Celuloid.

MIDDLE CREEK ANNUAL PICNIC.

This picnic was held on Wednesday last, and proved an unqualified success. The necessary arrangements to ensure this had been placed in the hands of a thoroughly representative committee, and the result invariably attained by harmonious working was a foregone conclusion. The fame of the Middle Creek picnic has extended far and wide, and visitors are attracted to it from Buangor, Ararat, Stawell, Beaufort, Ballarat, and many outlying places. It is almost needless to say that the reputation secured was fully sustained this year, the whole affair passing off without a hitch. The site chosen was, as on former occasions, a paddock of Mr McDonald's, this gentleman, in the kindest manner, placing it at the disposal of the committee. Those who have not yet visited Middle Creek should do so on future festivals, to see and admire the picturesqueness of the situation. The paddocks thereabouts—at least those that have not yet felt the keen edge of the plough, have a park-like appearance; the graceful trees having thus far escaped the insidious and destroying stroke of the axe wielded for ring-barking purposes. Mt. Cole forms a pretty back-ground, while to the west the sharp conical peaks of Mt. Mistake lend sufficient scenic effect to please those seeking for the beautiful in nature; but of those there were probably not many on Wednesday, as the one object of the large crowd that assembled appeared to be thorough enjoyment in other ways. The day broke fine and clear, and there was just sufficient wind to temper the rays of the sun, so that with the exception, perhaps, of a couple of hours in the afternoon when there was a slight lull in the breeze, the day was all that the most hypercritical pleasure-seeker could desire. Visitors commenced to arrive shortly after nine o'clock, and a steady stream was kept up for some hours, the number estimated when all had arrived, being 700 and 800. Mr Uren, M.L.A., was present throughout the afternoon, and was heartily welcomed by his numerous friends.

Refreshments were laid in the Public Hall, and the caterer, Mr James Cowan, had evidently determined that there should be no call for complaint in his department, for the various eatables forwarded by him were of the first-class order of merit.

The various sports were entered into with a zest that clearly demonstrated the evident resolve of each individual competitor to play second fiddle to no one. As the entries were in all cases free, it goes without saying that little difficulty was experienced in rounding up the competitors. The running and vaulting were very good, but by far the most exciting event of the day was the tug of war between teams captained by Russell and Pitcher respectively. The pull proved a splendid struggle, the winning team (Russel's) straining as one man. The day's proceedings were brought to a close with a ball, held in the local school-room. A large number of tickets had been sold, and as a consequence the hall was most uncomfortably crowded; but as a crowded room betokened a handsome addition to the picnic funds, the committee found no fault with it, whatever a board of health, with an inquiring turn of mind, ought have to say on the subject.

The best thanks of the committee are due to the ladies who undertook the preparing and distributing of the refreshments. Those who kindly gave their services were Mesdames Pickford, McDonald, Shottelier, Russell, and Prentice, and these were ably assisted by quite a small army of young ladies.

The results of the day's racing are as follow:—

Race for girls between 4 and 6 years of age—1 F. Rundle, 2 B. Topper, 3 M. McPherson.

Race for girls between 6 and 9 years—1 C. Simpson, 2 S. Topper, 3 C. Fay.

Race for girls between 9 and 12 years—1 A. Grange, 2 E. Liston, 3 M. McPherson.

Race for girls between 12 and 15 years—1 M. J. O'Loughlin, 2 E. Jess, 3 S. Jess.

Race for girls between 15 and 17 years—1 S. Jess, 2 M. Grange, 3 E. Jess.

Young Ladies race—1 E. Russell, 2 S. Jess, 3 M. A. Jess and E. Jess tie.

Married Ladies race—1 Mrs. Nairn, 2 Mrs. Taylor, 3 Mrs. Liston, 4 Mrs. Croker.

Race for boys between 4 and 6 years of age. 1 Fay, 2 T. Simpson, 3 W. Kane.

Race for boys between 6 and 9 years—1 W. Holdsworth, 2 W. Jess, 3 M. Kane.

Race for boys between 9 and 12 years—1 D. McPherson, 2 W. Anderson, 3 C. McKinnon.

Race for boys between 12 and 15 years—1 J. Pickford, 2 J. McPherson, 3 W. Simpson.

Race for boys between 15 and 17 years—1 W. Foster, 2 R. Lewis. 3 C. McPherson.

Vaulting for boys between 9 and 12 years—1 J. Kane, 2 W. Reilly, 3 W. Brown.

Vaulting for boys between 12 and 15 years—1 J. Pickford and A. Holdsworth (ties) 3 J. McPherson.

Vaulting for boys between 15 to 17 years—1 J. Jess, 2 J. Carmichael, 3 C. McPherson.

Boys Sack race—1 T. Sands, 2 J. Jess, 2 H. Simpson, 4 H. Gordon.

Running High Jump for boys under 10 years—1 D. McPherson, 2 W. Simpson, 3 R. Foster.

Running High Jump for boys between 10 and 15 years—J. Pickford and C. McKinnon divided first and second money, Brennan Reilly and J. McPherson divided third and fourth.

Men's Handicap Hurdle race 120 yds—1 T. Pickford, 2 T. Kane, 3 F. Finch, 4 J. Gilligham.

Mens Handicap Hurdle race (all comers) 130 yds—1 T. Pickford, 2 R. McKenzie.

Men's Flat race—1 Ryan, 2 T, Jess, 3 T. Kane, 4 F. Finch.

Old Buffers race—1 J. M. Jeffrey 2, S. Baker, 3 E. Blake and J. O'Holloran (ties).

Putting the stone—1 Shea, 2 T. Jess, 3 McKenzie.

Tossing the caber—T. Jess, Blake, and Shea tied, and divided the money.

Tug of war—Russell's team beat Pitcher's.

MINING ITEMS.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 25oz New Victoria, 12oz. New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, ; Saxon Consols, 50oz.

TO SPORTING MEN.

It should be in the hands of every one of you who are desirous of success, and something genuine to invest money on. Manders' Weekly Opinion on coming events, with hints on same, horses in training worth watching, etc., etc. Subscription 5s per week. Having considerably increased his staff of horse watchers, etc., he is more than usually confident of another successful season. Something Good.—A. S. M has learnt something good for the Newmarket Handicap and Australian Cup at long odds; parties becoming subscribers will participate in it. A. S. M. has been acknowledged by his subscribers as one of the most reliable tipsters of the day. Subscriptions, 5s per week; and for special telegraphic notes from the couce for principal races, 5t per day. Our weekly advice will be on all events. You will get some good snip on the coming meetings. You will participate in a few more Mezaris, Cardigans, etc. If you have fared badly on the turf, remember the old saying, "It is never too late to mend." Become subscribers at once. Result of any race in Australia supplied. Commissions executed. A. S. MANDERS, Telegraphic Agent, 30 Collins street east, Melbourne. Telegraphic address—Manders, Melbourne. Member of Victorian Club, Melbourne, Sydney Tattersall's, and Bowes' Tattersall's, Melbourne.—[ADVT.]

HOW PILLS ARE MADE.

THE Custom of taking medicine in the form of pills dates far back in history. The object is to enable us to swallow easily in a condensed form disagreeable and nauseous, but very useful drugs. To what vast dimensions pill-taking has grown may be imagined when we say that in England alone about 2,000,000,000 (two thousand million) pills were made every year. In early days pills were made slowly by hand, as the demand was comparatively small. To-day they are produced with infinitely greater rapidity by machines especially contrived for the purpose, and with greater accuracy, too, in the proportions of the various ingredients employed.

No form of medication can be better than a pill, provided only it is intelligently prepared. But right here occurs the difficulty. Easy as it may seem to make a pill, or a million of them, there are really very few pills that can be honestly commended for popular use. Most of them either undershoot or overshoot the mark. As everybody takes pills of some kind, it may be well to mention what a good, safe, and reliable pill should be. Now, when one feels dull and sleepy, and has more or less pain in the head, sides, and back, he may be sure his bowels are constipated, and his liver sluggish. To remedy this unhappy state of things there is nothing like a good cathartic pill. It will act like a charm by stimulating the liver into doing its duty, and ridding the digestive organs of the accumulated poisonous matter.

But the good pill does not gripe and pain us, neither does it make us sick and miserable for a few hours or a whole day. It acts on the entire glandular system at the same time, else the after-effects of the pill will be worse than the disease itself. The griping caused by most pills is the result of irritating drugs which they contain. Such pills are harmful, and should never be used. They sometimes even produce hemmorhoids. Without having any particular desire to praise one pill above another, we may, nevertheless, name Seigel's Pills, manufactured by the well known house of A. J. White, Limited, 35, Farringdon Road, London, and now sold by all chemists and medicine vendors, as the only one we know of that actually possesses every desirable quality. They remove the pressure upon the brain, correct the liver, and cause the bowels to act with ease and regularity. They never gripe or produce the slightest sickness of the stomach, or any other unpleasant feeling or symptom. Neither do they indulge further constipation, as nearly all other pills do. As a further and crowning merit, Mother Seigel's Pills are covered with a tasteless and harmless coating, which causes them to resemble pearls, thus rendering them as pleasant to the palate as they are effective in curing disease. If you have a severe cold and are threatened with a fever, with pains in the head, back, and limbs, one or two doses will break up the cold and prevent the fever. A coated tongue, with a brackish taste in the mouth is caused by foul matter in the stomach. A dose of Seigel's Pills will effect a speedy cure. Oftentimes partly decayed food in the stomach and bowels produces sickness, nausea, &c. Cleanse the bowels with a dose of these pills, and good health will follow.

Unlike many kinds of pills, they do not make you feel worse before you are better. They are, without doubt, the best family physic ever discovered. They remove all obstructions to the natural functions in either sex without any unpleasant effects.

BROKEN HILL MINES.—Important to those interested in the Broken Hill Mining.—In consequence of the importance of these silver mines, we have dispatched a special representative to the fields. Those requiring information respecting any particular mine, the rise and fall of shares, private information etc, can be supplied by me. Our representative has been connected with mining for a number of years. A. S. MANDERS, Telegraphic Agent, 30 Collins st, Melbourne.—[ADVT.]

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

OXYGEN IS LIFE.—Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne.—Multitudes of people are hopelessly 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 oluble in water.

MANDERS' SPORTING TELEGRAMS.—Reliable! Profitable! and Prompt! Every hotel should have them. Write at once for terms. Commissions executed on all events. All reply telegrams must be prepaid. Member of Victorian Club, Melbourne; Tattersall's, Sydney; and Bowes' Tattersalls, Melbourne. All telegrams addressed Manders, Melbourne, will duly reach me. Results of any races in Australia supplied. A. S. MANDERS, Telegraphic Agent, 30 Collins street east Melbourne.—[ADVT.]

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGERS cure 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 nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d each.

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

POLICE COURT, BEAUFORT.

WEDNESDAY, 5th APRIL.

(Before Messrs J. Prentice and A. Andrews, J.'sP.)

HOUSEBREAKING.

William Thompson surrendered to bail on a charge of breaking into and stealing from the dwelling of Mr Andrew Kay, a felt hat and two rings. The circumstances of the case were:—On the 15th February Mr Kay was away from home, and when he returned he found his house had been broken into and everything turned topsy-turvy. He missed the hat and two rings. On the 27th inst., prisoner was arrested for using obscene language, and when searched one ring answering to the description of a missing was found on him, and the charge was at once laid against him.

Andrew Cameron Kay, miner, Waterloo South, said—On the 15th February I left my house to go to a paddock, taking my wife with me. Locked securely the doors of the house myself, window blinds down. On my return about half-past seven in the evening, I found the back door had been broken open, the catch on the upright being broken off; everything was turned over, and the contents of every box strewed about the house. I missed two silver rings and a soft felt hat. I could identify the hat by the stitching on the inside lining. It was sewn with black cotton by my wife. [A hat produced.] I identify the hat produced as my property. One of the rings was an artificial cat's eye, with two little studs, one on each side of the eye, and four little niches. The value of the rings and the hat was about £1. I saw the rings on the morning before I left the house. I kept them in a box in the bedroom. The other ring stolen was a horseshoe ring. Next morning I found a square file inside the back gate. [A file produced.] The file produced is the same. I don't know the prisoner. I reported the robbery to Constable Martin, of Waterloo. Never sold or disposed of the articles.

Mr Gaunt—Do you swear positively that the ring produced is your property?

Witness—Yes; I know it by the four marks made by a penknife.

Mr Gaunt—When did you buy this ring?

Witness—About beginning of June, from a Chinese hawker?

Mr Gaunt—Do you know that these rings can be bought any day in Ballarat in hundreds?

Witness—No; that is the first one I have seen.

Mr Gaunt—Did you tell the police about these marks when describing the ring. They appear to me to have been newly-made.

Witness—No. It's about two months ago since I made the marks.

Further examined—Have worn the ring several times since I made the marks. The value of the ring is 4s 6d. I identify the hat by its being sewn in two places. There was no other mark by which I know it. My wife bought the hat at Wotherspoon's. I could not swear to my wife's sewing.

Margaret Kay, wife of previous witness, sworn, deposed—On 15th February last I went to the Miner's Sports at Waterloo with my husband and family. The house was securely locked up when we left. Returned at half-past seven and found the back door had been broken open, and all the boxes opened and their contents were strewed about the floor. We missed a soft felt hand and two rings. I bought the hat at Wotherspoon's for 10s 6d. The hat produced is the same, although it has been considerably knocked about. I remember stitching the hat. The rings were—one a horseshoe and the other an animal's eye. I couldn't swear to the ring, but to the best of my belief it is the one. I can swear to the hat.

By Mr Gaunt—When I bought the hat I asked for the size 6⅞. I am aware that the size is not in the hat. I can swear to my own sewing; it was done roughly.

An altercation here took place between Sergeant Woods and Mr Gaunt, which resulted in the examination of the witness terminating at this point, the sergeant repeatedly interrupting the prisoner's counsel.

James Ryan was called on.

Mr Gaunt brought under the notice of the bench the fact that all witnesses were ordered out of court at the commencement of the case, yet Constable Ryan had been in and out of court all the time. He considered both the sergeant and constable had been guilty of a breach of regulations, which if brought under the notice of their superior officers would bring severe punishment down upon them both.

Constable Ryan deposed to arresting prisoner on 27th March for using obscene language, and finding the black felt hat and ring produced in his possession. Prisoner was wearing the hat. On being dealt with next morning for that charge, prisoner received the property back, for which he signed the charge-book. Questioned prisoner as to how he came possessed of that property. He said he found the ring in front of Mr Gillioch's, and that he bought the hat at Mr Cougle's and paid 6s 6d for it. I then arrested him on the charges preferred, and cautioned him in the usual way.

By Mr Gaunt—The hat had a leather strap with a buckle on it round it. It is at the police station. He told me who made the strap, Mr Thomas, saddler. He told me he bought the hat from Mr Cougle. Saw Mr Cougle, who said prisoner did buy a hat from him; but also that it was impossible for any person to identify the hat produced. If he had sold that hat he said its value would be 8s or 9s. Have met Ah You—he is a vegetable hawker. Showed him the ring, and asked him if he had seen it before. He said, "Yes; it was one I get made for Andy Kay, Waterloo South, twelve months ago." Know prisoner and where he lives—near Sailor's Gully. It is five or six miles from Beaufort. It would take prisoner about an hour to go from his place to Waterloo and back if he was well mounted. He had been unable to ascertain that prisoner had been seen at Waterloo on 15th February. It would have taken him four hours to go there and back to his own place if he had walked all the way.

This concluded the case for the prosecution.

Mr Gaunt then addressed the bench, and said it was a matter for grave regret that when such cases as these occur, the prosecution was not conducted by a competent officer. He ventured to say that in no other court in the colony would this case have lasted more than three-quarters of an hour, while here Sergeant Woods had been allowed over two hours to examine three witnesses. Questions had been put which had no bearing whatever on the case. Words had been put in the mouths of the witnesses. All these questions had been put down by the clerk, though some of them were illegal, some irrelevant to the case, and some objected to——.

Sergeant Woods here objected to Mr Gaunt making a speech.

Mr Gaunt—Will you sit down, Sergeant Woods?

Sergeant Woods—No, I won't. I appeal to your worships. Mr Gaunt always commences to abuse the police whenever he has a bad case.

Mr Gaunt—Sergeant Woods,—What you are saying is a deliberate lie. I have had 40 years' experience and practice; I am practicing every day of my life, and such cases are not new to me, while to you it is an event seldom happening. During all my experience I have never abused witnesses or anyone. When I am concerned in a case I will have the truth. I speak the truth; I call a spade a spade, and repudiate the sergeant's charge. I never had a bad case. In this instance I have a very good case. Now, your worships, what is the charge against lad—one of breaking into and stealing from a dwelling. Three witnesses have been examined, and there is not a particle of evidence to support the charge. The police come here with a black felt hat, a ring, and a bar of iron. The hat and ring are said to have been stolen. The two principal witnesses cannot swear positively that they are the goods stolen. They say that to the best of their belief they are—that is not absolute proof. Then the bar of iron, which was found inside Kay's back gate is carried into court to be identified by Kay and his wife; but no attempt has been made to connect it in any way with the lad in the box; and here I would like to show you how lamentably the police have failed in their duty. The sergeant has displayed an amount of ignorance in conducting this case, and the utter want of knowledge of the proper duties of the force, which is to be deplored in a man of his age and experience. The facts of the case are: A robbery—in fact several robberies—were committed at Waterloo on the 15th February last. This particular robbery of two rings and a hat, it has been distinctly sworn to, was committed between the hours of 12 noon and 7 o'clock. The prisoner is accused. No enquiries have been made by the police as to where Thompson was on that day. Enquiries have been made as to whether he was seen at Waterloo, but without eliciting the required information. Then there were other people who should be here to give evidence. The lad was asked how he came into possession of the articles. He told the constable he found the ring in front of Mr Gilloch's, and the hat he bought from Mr Cougle. The constable goes to Mr Cougle, and Mr Cougle tells him that the lad's statement is perfectly correct. Then the Chinaman Ah You should be here. I question whether the Chinaman ever got this ring made. They are sold to hawkers in Ballarat by the dozen or gross. There was no evidence of housebreaking at all. In the case of a man being found in possession of stolen goods, the law of England requires that that man shall give a reasonable account of how he obtained them. In this case I will not allow that the articles produced are the goods stolen. I can prove beyond the possibility of a doubt that the lad is innocent. He was at home all day. I call Mrs Thompson.

Mary Ann Thompson, sworn, said—Am a widow, residing at Bald Hills, about a mile and a half from Nerring. Live about 6 miles from Waterloo South. Prisoner is my son. Remember 15th February, because my little girl came to me for permission to go to the Waterloo miner's sports on that day. About a quarter to eight that morning my son (prisoner) was home. I left home then with my little son Richard, and when we returned it was nearly one o'clock. William was then at home. I remained home till about half-past three, and he was at home all that time. I then went with my son Richard to McCrackens, about one mile distant. Prisoner was home when I left. I returned about six, and he was still home, and I never went out again. There was not a horse at my place that day, my horse and trap being at McCracken's, and we went to get them. It was impossible for my son to go to Waterloo and back during the time I was away at McCracken's. When I returned from McCracken's the fire had been lit, and the kettle was boiling. My son has worn a black hat for seven or eight months. He had two black hats—one an old one that he worked in, and the other a new one, around which he were a plaited strap with a buckle on it.

By Sergeant Woods—I have driven to Waterloo over the road, and call it a good six miles. I am not aware that my son had to go to Waterloo that day to remove a person's furniture. I asked him in the morning if he was going out, and he said "No, mother." He generally tells me when he is going out to work anywhere.

Sergeant Woods—Do you know there's a road through the ranges to Waterloo South rrom Sailor's Gully?

Witness—Yes, sergeant, I do.

Sergeant Woods—Do you think prisoner would have had time to go to Waterloo and back if he went that day?

Witness—No, sergeant, I do not.

Sergeant Woods—Do you know what distance it is to Waterloo through the ranges?

Witness—I have never been that way, so I couldn't say.

Sergeant Woods—Do you know?

Witness—Well, I've been told——.

Sergeant Woods—I don't want to know what you've been told. I want to hear what you know.

Witness—Well, sergeant, I don't know.

Richard Thompson, sworn, deposed—Remember the day of the miners' sports at Waterloo. Went with mother to Beaufort that day, and returned home between twelve and one o'clock. My brother William (prisoner) was home when we got there. I had dinner, and at about 3 o'clock went with my mother to my sister's (Mrs McCracken's) leaving my brother in the house. I did not stay with mother all the time I was out. I went to McCracken's dam cray-fishing, and mother met me at the dam, and we went home together. My brother was at home when we got there, and was reading a paper. I got home before mother, as she went for the calves. My brother was home all the evening. He sleeps in the same room with me.

By Sergeant Woods—My mother did not tell me what I was to say. I did not know that I was to be here to-day. Mother asked me to come into Beaufort with her. I knew my brother was arrested a week ago, but I did not know what for. The day I went cray-fishing was the 15th, but I don't remember the month.

The Sergeant plied a number of other questions to the lad, who appeared frightened and began to cry.

Mr Gaunt—Will your worships ask the lad how he knows it was the 15th?

The question being put by the bench was promptly answered—"Because it was the day of the Waterloo sports.

The Bench—How do you know that?

Witness—I remember reading about them next day in the *Courier*.

Mr Gaunt then asked, through the bench—Where did your mother go yesterday?

Witness—To Ballarat, sir.

Mr. Gaunt—When did she return?

Witness—Late last night, sir; by the the last train.

Mr Gaunt—The boy speaks the truth, your worships. Mrs Thompson came to Ballarat yesterday, to consult me. I told her to bring the boy here. He didn't know he was to be a witness to-day.

Sergeant Woods—That is the case, your worships. I submit that there's a *prima facie* case to go—

Mr Gaunt—What is this? I am really surprised at a man of your age and experience—

The Bench—Will the sergeant wait until Mr Gaunt has concluded his case.

Mr Gaunt—Your worships, I am not going to call any more witnesses. But neither the sergeant nor myself has a right to say a word now respecting the case; your worships have to do your duty. I ask that the same bail be taken.

Prisoner was committed to take his trial at the Ballarat Assizes on Monday next; the same bail being allowed.

The court then adjourned.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

The Easter Holidays have interfered considerably with the ordinary routine of business, but during the early portion of the week a fair quantity of produce came forward. Several small lots of wheat were taken up at 3s, bags returned, and one good sized parcel changed hands at 3s 2d, bags in. Flour continues to go out freely at £7 12s 6d per ton. The latest quotation from Horsham for wheat is 2s 10½d per bushel. At Donald there is no change to report, 3s being still the ruling rate. At St. Arnaud, too, the figure has firmed to 3s. We are without quotations from Melbourne, the market being closed in consequence of the holidays. We have only heard of one sale of oats of any importance, a fifty bag lot realising 2s 3d per bushel, bags in. Pollard and bran are very firm, but there is very little enquiry yet for barley or rye for green feed, Potatoes have been fairly well supplied from Warrnambool at a slight advance on last week's rates. Hay is also brought in up to requirements. In dairy produce fresh butter shows a decline in price. A large quantity came in during the week, and it is apparent that makers are ceasing to pot down for the winter. Eggs have also come in very freely and have eased to 1s per dozen. We quote:—

Wheat, 3s 2d per bushel bags in
Oats, 2s 3d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 9d per bushel
Bran, 8½d per bushel
Flour, L7 12s 6d per ton
Cape barley, 3s 3d per bushel
English Barley, 3s 6d per bushel,
Rye, 5s per bushel
Peas, 3s per bushel
Warrnambool, £2 10s per ton
Hay, sheaves, L2 per ton
Hay, trussed, L2 5s per ton
Straw, to 25s per ton.
Chaff, 3s per cwt
Onions, 3s 6d per cwt
Butter, fresh, 1s 2d per lb
Butter, potted, 8d per lb
Hams, 11d per lb
Bacon, 9d per lb
Cheese, 6d per lb
Eggs, 1s per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Wheat, 3s 2d to 3s 2½d, for prime milling; oats,, Danish 2s 3d to 2s 4d, stout, up to 2s 6d per bushel; peas, 2s 4d per bushel; Cape barley, firm, 2s 10d to 3s; prime malting 5s to 5s 6d per bushel; carrots, L1 15s; potatoes, L2 5s; hay is active, and the best weaten chaffing, L2 to L2 7s 6d; medium, 30s to 35s; oaten straw, L1 5s; wheaten, L1 5s; manger hay, L3.

DALGETY & COMPANY'S WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT.

Messrs Dalgety and company report under date Wednesday 4th April.

Owing to the approach of the Easter holidays there was very little business transacted during last week, and with the exception of prime wheat all descriptions of grain were quitted at lower rates. Prime wheat is still in good demand, and 3s 5d to 3s 5½d has been freely paid, but shippers are operating sparingly, the tone of the English market being decidedly flat. Medium milling taken at 3s 3d to 3s 4d; inferior and faulty, 2s 9d to 3s 1½d. Oats without much business, and sales been forced lower values were accepted for all feed sorts. We sold Calcuttas at 2s to 2s 0½d; medium Tartarians, at 2s 3d to 2s 4½d; good do, 2s 5d to 2s 6½d; and seed samples 2s 9d to 2s 10½d. Barley is without inquiry, and the few sales reported show considerable reduction in price.

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.

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.

£1 FREE GIFTS!—The proprietors of WOLFE' 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.

V. R.

GOVERNMENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS

EASTER EXCURSIONS.

Holiday Excursion Tickets will be issued to and from all stations (suburban lines excepted) from the 26th March to the 7th April, both dates inclusive (Sundays excepted), available for return for one calendar month from date of issue. Example:—An excursion ticket issued on the 28th March will be available till the 28th April. When the last day falls on a Sunday the ticket will be available till next day. The journey must be commenced on the date the ticket is issued, but after a distance of fifteen miles has been travelled the journey may be broken at the discretion of the passengers.

Intercolonial Excursion Tickets will be issued from the 26th March to the 6th April inclusive, available for return for two (2) months, as under:—

(*a.*) From Melbourne to Sydney and Sydney to Melbourne.—These exhibits will not be available by Express trains on the New South Wales Line, and the journey cannot be broken in that colony.

(*b.*) From Victorian Railway Booking Stations to South Australia, and *vice versa*.—Available by Express trains.

(*c.*) From Sydney to Adelaide and Adelaide to Sydney.—Available by express trains on all lines.

Luggage.—Excursion passengers to and from stations in Victoria will only be allowed to carry such luggage free as can be stowed under the seats without inconvenience to other passengers. Those who have luggage for the van are required to be station half-an-hour before the train starts. Stamped parcels rate will be charged for it. All luggage should be plainly addressed with the owner's name and the station it is for.

Horses and Vehicles.—From the 29th March to the 7th April, both dates inclusive, the Department cannot engage to forward horses and vehicles by passenger train, unless accommodation can be provided by special arrangement.

Commercial Travellers' Samples.—From the 28th March to the 7th April, Commercial Travellers' Samples will not be taken to or from roadside stations except by mixed or goods trains.

Parcels.—On the 29th March, parcels must be at the Melbourne, Spencer street, or Prince's Bridge parcels office 30 minutes before starting time of ordinary trains.

Goods Sheds Holidays.—The 30th March and 2nd April will be observed as holidays in the Goods branch, and goods trains will not run. Perishable goods will, however, be delivered at all stations on application. Consignees of powder can ascertain from the Stationmaster at Footscray when explosives will be received in lieu of these dates.:—On the 29th, 30th, and 31st March, and 2nd and 3rd April; fruit and dairy produce cannot be carried by purely passenger trains between Melbourne, Sandhurst, and Ballarat, nor on the North-Eastern lines, unless parcels rates are paid. Fruit and other perishables cannot be received at Melbourne goods shed for country stations after 12 o'clock noon on Thursday, 29th March.

Seaside Excursions.—The issue of these tickets at the principal stations will continue as already advertised. See posters at all stations.

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

LAVERTON.

THE NEW

Model Suburb of Melbourne.

CLOSING OF ACCOUNTS AND

Grand Jubilee Distribution

OF THREE HOUSES,
Valued at

£1000, £500, £250,
Respectively.

STAPLES, WISE and Co. have received instructions to close up the Accounts in the

LAVERTON ESTATE,

and the few remaining allotments are to be disposed of at once, and the Distribution of Houses to take place without delay.

Under these circumstances, those who wish to secure Allotments in the Model Suburb of Melbourne, and who wish to have a share in the distribution, must make immediate application, as there are only a few lots remaining, and the Agents guarantee to hand over the Houses as soon as those entitled to share have appointed trustees, not later than 31st March, 1888.

As a proof that the land is a good investment, it may be mentioned that we have sold allotments at Laverton to over **2000 people**, most of whom have inspected the property, the total sales amounting to over **£65,000**, and this without any exceptional puff or pressing upon the market.

The soundness of the investment and the certainty of future increase has alone been sufficient to sell the land.

There are already over 30 houses erected, mostly occupied by their owners. There is a butcher, baker, milkman, grocer, blacksmith, timber yard, and other industries springing up every day.

The Church of England is in course of erection. The State school is now held in the Wesleyan Church, but as the number of scholars has outgrown the accommodation, the Minister of Education has promised to at once erect a brick school on the allotment given by the vendors.

The bluestone on the Estate is some of the finest in the colony, and has already been utilised in the erection of a large store and several houses.

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

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

Allotments £15 each.

TERMS:—

£1 per Lot Deposit; Balance, £1 per Lot per Month.

Without any Interest Whatever.

A few Lots close to the Station, £25 to £40 each.

Buyers of 5 lots have free deeds and also a sixth lot given in. Remember, every purchaser obtains a Grand Block of Land rapidly rising in value, besides a chance of securing a competence for life.

Only a comparatively few lots left. Every lot guaranteed fit for immediate building purposes, without a shilling outlay.

Liberal assistance to build, repayable as rent.

Prompt applications for plans and all further information must be made to the Agents—

STAPLES, WISE and CO.,
111 ELIZABETH STREET,
MELBOURNE.

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 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, jetsey 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; linoleum, 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 old 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 till 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."

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 29, 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.

Advances on Wool, Grain, etc.,

Stock, Stations and Station Produce of all kinds.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY (Limited)

Capital, £2,500,000,
Reserve Fund, £265,000,

Make Liberal Cash Advances

ON

STATION SECURITIES,
ENSUING CLIPS OF WOOL, GRAIN, ETC.
FOR SALE IN MELBOURNE
Or SHIPMENT to LONDON

Auction Sales of Wool 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.
L. YOUNGHUSBAND,
Wool and Produce Manager.

Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins Street west

Extraordinary

Announcement.

S. NATHAN,

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

MELBOURNE,

SUPPLIES

FURNITURE,

BEDSTEADS and BEDDING,

CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS,

PIANOS,

ELECTROPLATED WARE.

GUNS, by all the Best English Makers

&c., &c., &c.,

Without Money or Security

ON

TIME PAYMENT

GOODS FORWARDED TO ANY PART OF THE COLONY.

Most Liberal Terms in the World.

S. NATHAN,

THE FURNISHING ARCADE,

221 Elizabeth Street.

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT

DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the population to local enterprise and industry. Every venture is to a more or less extent speculative; but each, whilst aiming at the success of the Promoter, must offer certain return to those whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

The law of exchange was never satisfactory in its working; thus it was that the custom of buying and selling, using a standard currency, was introduced. One form of that currency is known as "paper money," and of paper money there is more than one kind. All kinds are useful, but not every kind retains its original value. The "paper" money most valuable to a newspaper proprietor is that which is paid him by

"Subscribers and Advertisers,"

and he will do his utmost to entitle him to a good share of it.

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts let, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon, and is the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

And as the *Advocate* of the interests and for the welfare of this district it has a claim for a considerably greater amount or support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation

Of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing.

And the Proprietors, recognising the increased support in this direction, will use their utmost endeavors to merit and sustain the patronage accorded them by giving the Latest possible Local and General News, and the most interesting and instructive information.

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, Earnshaw, Buangor, Middle Creek, Shirley, Trawalla, Burrumbeet, Learmonth, Streatham, Skipton, and Carngham.

With every issue of the Paper is given

A 16-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

Interesting Serial Tale,
Amusing Anecdotes,
Pastoral News,
Agricultural Intelligence,
Poultry Farming,
Recipes,
Gardening Items,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Is given gratis.

Business Men, Read!

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either "bust" or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Ripon-shire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Henningsen and Klunder,

Printers and Publishers,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

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,

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

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

Prepared on the shortest notice.

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

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. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE,
APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND

EXPORT AGENTS.

Burgoyne, Burbidges and Co., Coleman-street, London
Newbery and Sons, 37 Newgate-street, London.
Barclay and Sons, 95 Farringdon-street, London.
Sanger and Sons, Oxford-street, London.
And all the London Wholesale Houses.

MELBOURNE AGENTS.

ROCKE, TOMPSITT, & CO., Melbourne.
HEMMONS & CO., Wholesale Druggists.
FITCH & FRENCH.

SYDNEY AGENTS.

ELLIOTT BROTHERS & CO., Wholesale Druggists.
ED. ROW & CO.

ADELAIDE AGENTS.

FAULDING & CO., Wholesale Druggists.

BRISBANE AGENTS.

BERKLEY & TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggists.
ELLIOTT BROTHERS & CO., Wholesale Druggists.

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS.

KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & CO., Wholesale Druggist
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

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 (D) Balaclava, Vic.

All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

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.

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.

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

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 Lt Stockp 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 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, 188?.

"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 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-Dolor[illegible]
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Venereal Affections
Headache	Worms of all kinds
Indigestion	Weakness from whatever cause, &c., &c.
Liver Complaints	
Lumbago	

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

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

TRADE MARK.

COUGHS COLDS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION

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 Ulceration 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 cold 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 fomentation with warm water. It actsby stimulating the absorbents to increased activity, by preventing congestion and promoting a free and copious circulation in the parts affected, thereby speedily and effectually ensuring 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 ineffectual.

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 almost every case give immediate relief. Wherever this Ointment has been once used it has established its own worth, and has again been eagerly sought for as the easiest and safest remedy in all disorders of the kidneys.

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

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

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

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

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME patients suffering from nervous affections afraid from sheer bashfulness and modesty to PERSONALLY consult a medical man—other patients have not the self-possession and coolness which is necessary in 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, in a plain 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 delicate emotional character, a personal consultation may be necessary; but my success in correspondence is so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated by letter during the last 28 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, nor a case has ever been made public—in fact, the very simplicity of my system of correspondence prevents publicity.

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

How many thousands have I not brought old?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOUIS L. SMITH.

Address
DR. L. L. SMITH,
182 COLLINS STREET EAST,
MELBOURNE.

Consultation Fee by Letter, £1.

Fee for personal Consultation, £1 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine.

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

The only legally qualified practitioner advertising and registered under the Medical Board of Victoria, and practising the last 33 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, Prout-street Beaufort, in the Colony of Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 652 — BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888. — 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, and 5 p.m.

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.3 a.m.

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

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

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

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

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.

R. MANFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

:o:

G. H. COUGLE

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

JUST ARRIVED!

AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK

— OF —

DRAPERY, CLOTHING,

MILLINERY, BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. McKEICH,

(Late WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.)

NEILL STREET,

BEAUFORT.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

STATIONER AND NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

Wotherspoon Bros AND CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS, WINE AND SPIRIT

— AND —

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

HAVE ON HAND THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Teas, Sugars, and General Groceries,

&c., in the district, of the best quality, and are selling at

PRICES THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN

OUT OF MELBOURNE.

—o—

W. B, & Co. also keep a large stock of

Furniture, Bedsteads and Bedding, Ironmongery, Paints, Oils, &c. Chinaware, Glassware, Earthenware; and Fancy Goods.

LARGEST DEALERS IN COLONIAL PRODUCE, Comprising—*Flour, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Oats, Potatoes, Onions, and pure Hay Chaff, &c. Seed Wheat and Oats For Sale.*

AGENTS FOR HUNTER'S DISINFECTANT.

LIFE and FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS.

THE BLUE HOUSE,

BEAUFORT.

:o:

JAS. CATHIE

Desires to announce that he has Commenced Business in the above premises. The stock of

Drapery, Boots and Shoes

Is new, having been Purchased under the Most Favorable Circumstances, and will be sold

At Prices which Defy Competition.

Purchasers should inspect the stock.

:o:

J.C. having also purchased a new stock of

Groceries, Wines and Spirits,

Of the best brands, is disposing of Mr. O'Connell's stock at

Exceptionally Low Prices.

:o:

Highest Cash Prices given for Farm and Dairy Produce

Hawkes Bros.,

Wholesale and Retail Ironmongers, Furniture Dealers, Importers of China, Glassware, and Crockery, Oils, Colors, &c.

BEG to notify that they are holding a Great Clearing SALE of FURNITURE, CROCKERY, &c.,

:o:

In order to make room for

Large Consignments now Landing,

We have determined to sell out present stock at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES ! !

:o:

CHRISTMAS

Being the time when Repleninishing takes place, Parties cannot do better than

Inspect our Stock

— OF —

Ironmongery, Furniture, Fancy Goods, Paperhangings, etc.

:o:

The largest Furniture and Crockery Show Rooms in the Country Districts.

:o:

FISHING TACKLE
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

At the "Advocate" Office. Beaufort.

A

SIGNAL VICTORY OVER DISEASE

:o:

"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

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
⅜in., ½in., 1in., 1½in., cedar, wide and narrow board
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.

NEXT TO POLICE STATION

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

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

[A CARD.]

Mrs. Margaret White,
LADIES' NURSE.

c/o George White, Neill Street, Beaufort.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

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

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 *Setter* 86 Queen-st. Melbourne.

HARRIS & TROY

BEG to intimate that they have OPENED a

GENERAL STORE,

In conjunction with their

HAY, CORN, & PRODUCE BUSINESS,

WHERE

Wines, Spirits, Groceries,

&c., &c.,

MAY BE OBTAINED

AT

Lowest Current Rates.

A Share of

PUBLIC PATRONAGE

Respectfully Solicited.

Try our 2s. TEA.

Beaufort, January 1888.

FIRE! FIRE!

At Sargood, Butler, and Nichol's.

GEO. ISON,

OF BEAUFORT,

HAVING purchased a large and varied Assortment of

SALVAGE GOODS,

Only Slightly Damaged by Water.

Is in a position to supply the inhabitants of Beaufort and district at prices hitherto

UNEQUALLED FOR CHEAPNESS.

MR. ISON

Is also showing a

CHOICE STOCK OF FASHIONABLE

MILLINERY,

AT THE

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE.

Sole Beaufort Agent for

Madam Weigell's Paper Patterns.

N.B.—A Liberal Discount for Cash.

COME EARLY AND SECURE BARGAINS.

[See Circulars.]

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

ISSUED WEEKLY.

Simultaneously with London Edition.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Best Illustrated Paper.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

News Agent, Havelock Street, Beaufort.

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

NERVOUS.

Men, young and old, married or single, suffering from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Loss of Manhood, Vital Power, and all disease of the Genito Urinary Organs, may obtain, free a valuable treatise by an eminent Surgeon, containing full information regarding self-treatment, by applying by letter to Box 1081, G.P.O., Sydney.

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.

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, MESITT and Co. Melbourne

BEAUFORT.

SATURDAY, 14th APRIL,
At 2 o'clock.

Sale by Public Auction,

AT

Nickols' Auction Rooms, Neill street, Beaufort.

New Season Teas.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS is favored with instructions from the Importers, to Sell, as above,

A quantity of the Finest TEAS, in packets, boxes, quarter and half chests.

Also, a quantity of

Men's Suits, Shirts, and Sundries.

No RESERVE. TERMS—CASH.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

COTTAGE TO LET, near Court-house. Apply Mr. H. P. Henningsen, Beaufort.

TO LET.

DWELLING HOUSE lately occupied by Mr. Joel Tompkins. Apply

H. P. HENNINGSEN.

BEAUFORT BRANCH A. N. A.—The First Anniversary of the above will be celebrated by a

Plain and Fancy Dress Ball

in the Societies' Hall, on TUESDAY, April 24. Grand Promenade, 8.30 p.m. Supper 11.30. Double Ticket 5s. C. W. TOMPKINS, Sec.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

THE question of Australian Federation advanced a step when Mr J. L. Purves, the President of the Board of Directors of the A.N.A., formed the nucleus of a similar association in the heart of New South Wales a week or two back. It is only a step; but a very important one. Victorian statesmen, as well as the leaders of affairs in the already federated colonies, make no secret of the fact that the oldest colony of the group must become one with them before any real and general good can accrue to Australia as a whole. New South Wales appears to be a tough, knotty log, and it will take a good axeman to cut through the obstructions. Century-old prejudices, acquired jealousies, and lukewarmness are the greatest drawbacks that could exist, and are positively antagonistic to the best interests and progress of a country. Unanimity is what is needed, and the difficulty is how to bring this about. We hail with pleasure the enrolment of a large number of Australian born residents of the capital of the sister colony to form a new society on the same basis as the A.N.A., and viewing it from a standpoint of impartiality, this is a step towards federation—the insertion of the wedge which will part asunder all obstructive prejudices and jealousies. Federation appears to be one of if not the chief aim of the Victorian association, and each movement on their part seems to endow the subject with fresh interest, and each step taken forward in the matter of bring about the accomplishment of a general desire, is without doubt a sure one. One thing is plainly evident, however. Federation of Australia will not be satisfactorily or speedily brought about by the respective Parliaments. There will be molehills, and they will always be made to appear mountains.

AT every meeting of the Riponshire Council, the rabbit question forms a more or less prominent subject for discussion. It appears from the reports of the inspector that holders of land, except in a few instances, comply with the Act up to a certain point, and thus save themselves from prosecution. This way of doing business is not, strictly speaking, right. But those persons should be reminded that a recent decision of the Full Court shows plainly that the inspectors authorised by Shire Councils have very great powers vested in them, and if they are not satisfied that sufficient destructive measures are being used, prosecutions must follow. The Shire Council of Ripon have repeatedly expressed their wish not to prosecute any ratepayer; but failing all other methods of dealing with offenders, they must go to the extreme limit of their powers, even if the ratepayers' funds have to suffer. They have now instructed their inspector to spare no one whom he is perfectly satisfied is not doing his duty.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

We have received "Punch." As usual the publication is witty, sarcastic, and well got up, and the illustrations are not behind the standard lately attained. Mr. Henningsen is local agent.

At the civil sittings of the Supreme Court in Ballarat on Thursday, before his Honor Chief Justice Higinbotham, a case to recover £50 with interest on a dishonored promissory note was heard. The plaintiff was Mr P. De Baere, of Beaufort, and the defendant a Mr Holdsworth, also residing near Beaufort. Mr Gaunt, instructed by Messrs Mitchell, Nevett, and Robinson, appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr Finlayson, instructed by Messrs Pearson and Mann, for the defendant. The promissory note over which the case arose was drawn by a third party, a Mr Charles Woods, and passed from the defendant to plaintiff, falling due in July of last year. The evidence showed the case to be a very intricate one, and his Honor finally reserved his decision, which will be delivered in Melbourne upon notice being given to the plaintiffs and defendant's solicitors.

William Thompson, indicted for breaking into the dwelling of Andrew Cameron Kay, of Waterloo, on 15th February, and stealing a hat and two rings, was on Thursday last brought before Mr Justice Higinbotham and a jury, at the criminal sittings of the Supreme Court, at Ballarat. The particulars of the police court case were published last week, and are known to our readers. Mr Gaunt defended accused, whom the jury found not guilty. He was therefore discharged.

A sale by Mr W. Edward Nickols will take place to-day at his auction rooms, when new season's teas will be offered.

The concert in aid of the widow and family of the late T. Witherden take places on Thursday next at Waterloo.

The Beaufort branch of the A.N.A. are determined to celebrate their first anniversary in style. They announce a plain and fancy dress ball to take place on Tuesday evening, 24th instant, in the Societies' Hall. On this occasion a trophy will be presented to the member who has been successful in proposing the largest number of benefit members during the past year. We believe this is the first fancy dress ball ever held in Beaufort. Jackson's band is engaged.

Just before luncheon on Thursday last the whole of the members of the Riponshire Council were photographed in the hall. After luncheon they were taken outside the front fence.

The hill near the Beaufort cemetery is to be fenced. This will be a great improvement, besides the means of averting many accidents.

The "Australian Sketcher" for to-day contains in addition to the usual number of engravings and reading, a colored supplement entitled "The Silent Messenger," which was accurately described in our last issue. Mr Henningsen is local agent.

The rainfall at Beaufort on Monday last registered at 2 inches.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

A Club match will take place to-day at the local rifle butts, between sides chosen by Messrs W. C. Thomas (captain), and Mr. J. McKeich. The ranges to be fired at will be 400, 500, and 600 yards distances, 7 shots each at each range, and the following will comprise the teams:—

Capt Thomas' team.	Mr McKeich's team.
W. C. Thomas	J. McKeich
J. Chapman	J. McRae
T. A Archard	S. W. Male
G. A. Eddy	A. A. Trompf
R. Jackson	J. Jackson
J. W. Harris	P. DeBaere
H. Watkin	J. Wotherspoon
J. Russell	W. Haines
J. Prentice	L. Watkin
C. Trompf	G. H. Cougle
A. Andrews	J. A. Lord
A. J. Morris	J. B. Prowse

BEAUFORT UNITED COMMON.

Meeting of managers held on Wednesday 11th instant. Present—Messrs. Browne, Andrews, and Thomas.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The following reports and correspondence were read and received:—

The Secretary reported as follows:—Balance in bank to credit, L43 10s 7d; cash in hand, L1 7s 4d; making a total credit of L44 17s 11d. Fees received to date for current half-year, L32 17s 4d; unpaid fees due on stock branded by the herdsman, L8 8s, total assessment over stock to date, L41 5s 3d; percentage due to herdsman, L13 8s.

From the herdsman, reporting that during the month 4520 sheep and 334 head of cattle passed through the common; and that he had seen all the commonage bulls during the month.

From the rabbit inspector, directing attention to the rabbits on the common, and requesting that immediate steps be taken for their destruction.—It was resolved that D. Murchison be employed to exterminate the rabbits on the portion of the common complained of by the inspector.

The following accounts were passed for payment:—Herdsman, L8; Secretary, 1.2; cash book, 10s.

The meeting then adjourned.

WOMAN'S SUFFERING AND RELIEF.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the blood from cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering your irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once while the special causes of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful, and show such an interest in recomending Hop Bitters as women.

A POSTAL CARD STORY.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—"For twelve years!" After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters; and I am perfectly cured. I keep it all the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Salisbury, Tenn.—May 3, 1885.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1885.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness of the stomach, monthly troubles, &c. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. All my neighbours use them. MRS FANNIE GREEN.

3,000 DOL. LOST.

"A tour to Europe that cost me 3,000 dol., did me less good than one bottle of Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

SO. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '86.

SIRS—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, and it did me more good than all the doctors. MISS S. S. BOONE.

BABY SAVED.

We are so thankful to see that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N.Y.

☞ 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.

THE BLACK WATCH UNDER CANVAS.

It would be hard to conceive a more unpleasant evening for the commencement of an expedition than that of Thursday, the 29th ult., when the Ballarat Rangers mustered in the orderly room for their annual Easter training. Nevertheless, a goodly number turned up, about 200 of all ranks, and soon after 9 p.m. marched blithely to the station preceded by a splendid band. No unnecessary delays took place on the road, but Langwarrin is a long way from Ballarat, and the transfer from Spencer street to the Hobson's Bay station by the loop line occupied some time, and by the time the battalion reached the new military station the morning was near. A midday walk of little over a mile brought the column to its camping-ground. This is a capital site at the corner of the camp, somewhat elevated, and with a light sandy soil which prevents any water lodging on the ground. The advanced party had done their work well, and everything was found ready, and a welcome pannikin of coffee having been despatched, the battalion turned in for a few hours' sleep.

Friday was practically a lost day, as the men were tired and the heavy rain prevented the carrying out of the original plan, which required the Ballarat men to strike camp and march to Balla-balla, seven miles off, returning next day. Saturday, however, broke bright and fair, and the Third Battalion, with some cavalry and three guns, marched out and encamped for dinner, the remainder of the force being disposed to protect the Camp from the expected assault. Early in the afternoon Colonel Sleep led his little army to the attack, meeting first the Mouted Rifles, and eventually the full force of the three Red battalions with the artillery and Nordenfeldts. A warm afternoon's fighting followed, in which some good work was done and some errors made. When the "Cease Fire" sounded, the Rangers were in no wise disconcerted to learn that in the face of four-fold odds their attack had failed, the enemy having taken up an almost unassailable position. Once more the waggons were unloaded and great fires became rapidly visible as the men bustled round to prepare their evening meal. As night fell the little bivouac presented a charmingly weird appearance under the glare of the blazing trees round which the light hearted soldiers gathered, to join in an admirable concert with the unwearied band. An hour or two passed pleasantly in this manner, and when the word was given to move on the Camp the perfect silence of the great body of men and instinctive swiftness of their movements were truly wonderful. Along the half-mile column of troops not a sound could be heard but the rumble of the cannon-wheels, and the soft swish-swish of measured steps through the yielding sand. Nearing the outposts Colonel Sleep divided his force, and driving in the vendettes made a sudden and violent attack on three points. A company succeeded in forcing its way in and the attack was considered a success. Very glad were the men when the long hard day was over, and after more hot coffee, all went rapidly to bed, and the heavy silence in the air was broken only by the sentries musical cry "All's well."

Sunday was observed strictly as a day of rest, the only drill being the easy Church Parade, when an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Plow Kane. In the afternoon large numbers of visitors visited the Camp, and many military diversions helped to pass the time. The Mounted Rifles had tent-pegging, rainy, and jumping competitions, and a team of the burly horsemen fairly pulled a Ballarat team away in a tug of war. In the evening the usual Ballarat fire was lighted, and the invaluable band rendered a first-rate concert to a very large gathering from the whole camp. Some difference of opinion exists as to the propriety of thus spending the Sabbath, but most agree that a merry afternoon's innocent amusement may be of great service in camp by keeping up spirits and filling the idle time. The remaining days of the encampment were spent in useful brigade drill, with an occassional shamfight. Monday night C. Company was detailed for outpost duty, which is a sufficiently disagreeable phrase of the soldier's life. With tents, cooking utensils, and food, the company marched out to a cross road about two miles from camp, and making two posts a mile apart, patrolled the front of the camp and along neighbouring roads the whole weary night. No alarm occurred and tired mortals, returning to quarters, had time for a hearty meal before falling in for Tuesday's drill. Tuesday and Wednesday were the "soft days" of the camp, a number of men having left on Monday evening. A spirited attack on the Ballarat lines on Tuesday morning showed what excellent material Col. Price has in his Mounted Infantry. The assault was swift and sudden, and so far successful that the defenders' guns were placed out of action; but the green rifles, coming up smartly bore back their buffcoated foes by sheer weight of numbers. A pleasing feature of this as of previous gatherings was the great good feeling existing between all branches of the force, but particularly between the Ballarat men and the Mounted Rifles. On Wednesday the troops were inspected by the Commandant, and the final engagement resulted in the whole being driven before an imajinary enemy through the camp to the station, and so to Melbourne and homewards.

On review of 1888, it may shortly be said that it was decidedly successful, that white defects were discovered, a marked improvement in drill and discipline was discernible, that the food supply was ample, of good quality, and well cooked, and greater consideration than ever before was shown for the comfort of the men, and the providing of fair rest.

G. A. E.

LATEST NEWS.

GREAT WESTERN,

Friday Evening.

A branch of the Australian Natives' Association was opened here this evening. Mr. R. T. Hager and A. J. Peacock represented the Board of Directors. Both delivered excellent addresses. Upwards of 30 members were enrolled, and the new branch received its charter with great enthusiasm. Messrs. White (Stawell), H. Peacock (Ararat), and other visitors were present. Several congratulatory messages were received from various branches. After the meeting, an inaugural banquet was given by the branch. The whole affair passed off successfully.

MELBOURNE, Friday.

A fire broke out in an unoccupied four-roomed house at St. Kilda, about four o'clock this morning. The building was a wooden one and was completely destroyed.

Another fire broke out in an untenanted house in South Melbourne, which is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Two rooms were destroyed.

A young man named Percy Wright was to-day sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment for appropriating moneys of the Picturesque Atlas Company to his own use.

A peculiar slander case was decided at the County Court to-day. A man named Noble was recently discharged from gaol. A man named Finklestein called him a gaol-bird, and said he would be likely to spend more of his time there. Judge Hamilton failed to see slander, and entered a verdict for defendant for defendant with costs.

BALLARAT, Friday.

The man William Richard Dixon, who was arrested at Echuca on a charge of larceny as a bailee of goods value L25, the property of Messrs Macrow and Sons, Ballarat, was brought before the city court this morning and at the request of the police remanded until the 20th instant.

THE WAY STATE SCHOOL TEACHERS DO IT!

A man named Andrew Jenkinson (says the Ballarat evening paper yesterday) was summoned to the city court to-day for not sending his boy to school the proper number of days. Jenkinson did not appear, but the boy in question, a smart little fellow, came forward and contended that he had attended more days than were credited to him. "There was no attendance at all the latter part of November or the whole of December," explained the truant officer. "Yes there was," replied the boy; "I left Lowther's school and went to the Alfredton school for four or five weeks before Christmas." "Your worships, I have looked over the records of the Alfredton school, and this boy's name does not appear on it," said the officer. "I know that," said the boy; "they did not put my name on the rolls as the examination was coming on." "That may be," said the officer. "I have heard of such cases before. I believe that this is done for the benefit of the teachers, when children come just before an examination; but if your worships will adjourn the case, I will make enquiries, and if the boy's statement be correct, he should not have been summoned." The case was adjourned accordingly. We would also suggest that the officers of the Education department should make inquiries into this matter, for if State school teachers keep their rolls in this manner, the sooner they are brought to know their duty the better.

PROFIT 1,200 DOL.—"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing 200 dol. per year, total 1,200 dol. All of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."

"N. E. Farmer."

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

GRATEFUL WOMEN.—None receive so much benefit and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestion or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these bitters. "Courant."

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.

RIPONSHIRE COUNCIL.

Thursday, April 12.

Present—Crs. Murray (president), in the chair, Lewis, Thomas, Oddie, Cushing, Andrews, and Beggs.

MINUTES.

The minutes of the previous monthly meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From the office of the Government Statist, forwarding copy of Victorian Year Book.—Received and acknowledged.

From the Under Treasurer, forwarding the amount of £1492 4s 1d, being the subsidy for 1888 to the shire.—On it being pointed out that this amount represented less than L for L, Cr. Andrews moved that the Secretary write to the members of Parliament urging them to support the proposal of the central committe of municipal bodies, when the new Bill is under discussion. He said that in some instances shire councils were getting at the rate of L3 to L1, while this Council was getting less than L1. Cr Cushing seconded. Carried.

From cemetery trustees, Beaufort, asking that two chains of fencing be erected on the east side of road near cemetery gates, as there is a dangerous slope from the road at that place.—Engineer to get the work done.

From George Russell, Carngham, calling attention of inspector to a lot of rabbits at Lake Burrumbeet, just outside the boundary at Haddon Park Paddock, and stating that it is little use destroying rabbits on the park if no steps are taken to keep them down on outside ground.—The inspector reported having taken action.

From Robt. Hornsby, as executor to Thos. McFarlane's estate, requesting his name to be inserted in the rate-book for the north riding of the shire in respect of the property.

From F. McFarlane, stating her intention to give up her position as caretaker of Jackson's reservoir from the 15th May.

From P. De Baere, asking for amendment in valuation of property in Lawrence street.—Referred to north riding members.

From secretary fire brigade, calling attention to dangerous box drain in front of the brigade station.—Referred to north riding members.

From Richard and C. Cleghorn, respecting a mistake in not inserting James Cleghorn's name in the rate-book.—To be informed that the matter is one for the revision court to deal with.

From Alexander Wilson, Mount Emu, a lengthy letter respecting the Mt. Emu reserve, in which he states that the council should expend £200 in plugging the rabbit filling caverns; failing which he would not rent in full up to the end of the lease and surrender it at once; also asking that the fines recently inflicted upon him at Ballarat court be refunded, or he would relieve himself by charging for all materials and damages caused by contractors entering to get material for shire works.—A lengthy discussion took place, in which it was pointed out that the reserve was pretty clear when Mr Wilson took up the lease; that since he had been in possession the pest had increased; that Mr. Wilson appeared to be under the apprehension respecting prosecutions under the Rabbit Act in believing that the Council made money out of them; that the result of the case against Mr. Wilson proved that the Council were L3 10s out of pocket. Cr Murray eventually moved that the letter be received and acknowledged, and that Mr Wilson be informed that he is under the apprehension. Cr. Oddie seconded. Carried.

From M. Sheehan, contractor, requesting an order to enter the land of Mr A. Wilson for material for his contract.—Granted.

From Shire of East Loddon, requesting council to use its influence in urging upon Legislature the necessity of restricting the use of ordinary wax matches in country districts in order to remove the principal cause of conflagrations and consequent damages.—Resolved that co-operation be given.

From C. Broadbent, asking permission to give up his contract—No. 447, north riding—owing to a mistake he made in his tender.—Contract cancelled; deposit to be returned.

From Edmund Lythgoe, re supplying residents on Waterloo road with water, asking that the requisite work be carried out on the lines pointed out by the engineer.—Received.

From Captain Bridges of Trawalla Estate, asking that the road between Carngham and the Trawalla homestead be repaired and improved.—Referred to north riding members.

From the Lands department, stating that the Minister declines to entertain the proposal to erect rabbit proof fence around the Mt. Cole State Forest.

From the Goulburn Valley Vine, Fruit, and Special Products Association, Melbourne, forwarding circular setting forth a proposal to ask Government to subsidise farmers who start new industries.—To lie on the table.

From Geo. Geoghegan, stating that the road through Hehir's property was still closed, and as the three months allowed by the council have expired, the council should see that their order was complied with.—Engineer to see that the road is opened.

From Taylor, Buckland and Gare, re the registration of shire's title to the new road obtained from Mt Gardner.

From George Russell, attaching newspaper paragraph giving verdict of Full Court upon the decision of magistrates in the case of Shire of Korong v. David Chalmers for recovery of £24 8s 1d, incurred by rabbit inspector destroying rabbits on defendant's property. The magistrates had dismissed the case on the grounds that the defendant had insufficient means himself, and that the rabbit inspector had been too hasty in employing men for the purpose. The Court held that the magistrates were wrong.

From Shire of Campaspe town, forwarding report of engineer in reply to Ripon Shire Council re the condition of Rennyle's as regards rabbits.

From Railway department, notifying that the amount of £137 10s 2d in repayment of Beaufort Water Supply has been forwarded to the Treasury, Melbourne, for payment.

From J. O'Shaughnessy, resigning position of officer of health for the east riding, recommending Constable J. A. Bourke as his successor.—Resignation accepted, and Constable J. A. Bourke appointed.

From Cr John Adams, asking a month's leave of his fellow councillors, and assigning his inability to personally do so.

The Ripon shire Advocate.

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Poetry.

The Girl That Every One Admires.

The rose that every one admires
Is not the rose for me;
I do not care however fair,
However sweet it be.
If it is worn on every breast,
For every eye to see,
And if its name is fashion's fame
'Tis not the rose for me.

I'd rather choose a simple flower
From off some lonely lea,
Growing within its leafy bower
In calmest purity.
The world might never know its name,
Nor yet its beauty see;
But in its modest loneliness
It would be dear to me.

The girl that every one admires
Is not the girl for me;
I do not care however fair,
However sweet she be.
If in the throng, the dance and song,
Her smiles are bright and free,
I do not care in them to share,
She's not the girl for me.

I'd rather choose a simple maid,
Though humble she might be,
Who from the proud and foolish crowd
And all its ways was free.
Dwelling apart from fashion's art
In sweet simplicity;
Keeping her happy thoughts and smiles
And all her love for me.

O! white-winged sheet, if you should meet
A maid so fresh and free,
Tell her she is the sweetest rose,
The fairest maid to me.
And if for many flattering tongues
One true heart can atone,
Then I through all life's changing years
Will live for her alone.

—LILLIE E. BARR.

Novelist.

THE RIVAL BELLES OF PARRAMATTA.

A CHARMING LOVE STORY OF INTENSE AND THRILLING INTEREST.

By Laura Jean Libbey.

CHAPTER I.

"I LOVE LITTLE FLORABEL; I WILL NEVER GIVE HER UP—NEVER!"

"Love is a pearl of purest hue,
But stormy waves are round it,
And dearly may a woman rue
The hour that first she found it."

The early rays of a December morning sunshine glint with a touch of crimson and gold a tall, square, graystone house, half buried by climbing roses and grand old trees, that stands on the brow of the green, sloping hill that overlooks the town of Parramatta, on the banks of the river of that name.

The sunlight slants down through the network of blossoms that twine about the porch upon the faces of two young and lovely girls—one swinging to and fro in a hammock, her sun-hat tilted down over her fair curls, and the other walking up and down the long porch in quite a fever of excitement.

They are Evelyn and Maud Pemberton, the acknowledged beauties and belles of the quaint old town.

Dark-eyed Evelyn is two-and-twenty; her fair-haired sister is eighteen.

The cause of their flushed cheeks and expectant faces on this particular morning was due to the letter their father, Mr. Pemberton, had received the day before, and which read as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. PEMBERTON,
My son Max has business to attend to for me near Parramatta, and will take the opportunity of running up there to make the acquaintance of yourself and charming daughters. He will come up on the 11 a.m. boat, Tuesday next. Yours, in great haste.
"HERMAN FORRESTER."

This announcement had caused quite a flutter of excitement in the hearts of the squatter's two pretty daughters.

"We must give the young man a hearty welcome," declared the squatter. "The son of such a father must be a noble fellow."

"Wouldn't it be a splendid idea to give a grand lawn party in honor of his coming?" said Evelyn, when the two girls were discussing the affair an hour later.

"A yachting party round our beautiful harbor would be so much nicer, declared Maud, adding, eagerly. "One of the girls who was visiting in the town last summer knows him well, and was always speaking of him. She said 'He's a gay, dashing young fellow, handsome as a Saxon prince, whom all the girls are sure to fall in love with at first sight. He has but one fault. He cannot resist a pretty face—'"

Here Maud stopped short.

"Well, why don't you finish what you commence to tell?" said Evelyn, impatiently. "I want to hear all about him."

"Well, why don't you give me time?" replied Maud, continuing: "They say he is as good as engaged to a Sydney heiress, and he will marry her soon unless he meets a prettier girl, before the matrimonial noose is slipped about his neck."

"If handsome Max Forrester is as fickle as all that, who knows but what either you or I might cut this heiress out," laughed Evelyn, glancing complacently in the mirror, which certainly reflected a very beautiful face. "I say, Maud," she went on, let's make a secret bargain. If you find that handsome Max prefers my dark style of beauty, do, for pity's sake, give me a chance; will you?"

And what if he should happen to take a notion to me?" asked Maud, a little nettled at her sister's cool assurance.

Then let's *both* try to win him," answered Evelyn. "That reminds me," she exclaimed, springing from the willow rocker, and stepping to the lace-draped window, "I must call Florabel Dean, and have her get our white dresses and do them up at once."

"Florabel! Flo-ra-bel!" she called, sharply, from the window. "Come here at once!"

A slim young girl, standing in the peach orchard, crested her golden head and listened. Over the waving roses, and through the green boughs of the trees came the sound of the shrill voice again, calling:

"Florabel! Flo-ra-bel!"

Florabel Dean turned and walked hurriedly back to the house.

"Did you call, Evelyn?" she asks, thrusting a gypsyish face and a tawny head, covered with crinkling curls, in at the door.

"Did I yell? you had better ask," snaps Evelyn Pemberton, crossly. "Yes, I called. I want you to go up to my room and fetch down my white organdie muslin dress and Maud's. They're to be done up so we can have them to put on the first thing in the morning."

"But," gasped pretty little Florabel Dean, in dismay, "I did them up only yesterday."

"Well, what if you did?" retorts Evelyn, coolly. "They're wrinkled, and have to be done up all over again today."

"Of course they will have to be done over again," puts in Maud.

Florabel Dean turned away with a little sigh, and ran directly into the arms of Mr. Pemberton, who had just entered the room in time to hear that sigh and Evelyn's remark.

When Florabel got out of sight and hearing, he turned, with an angry frown on his face, to his daughter.

"It's about time you two girls were beginning to feel ashamed of the way you treat poor little Florabel Dean," he declared. "You must put a stop to it. Why don't each of you do up your own dresses, and not put everything on poor Florabel to do?"

Both of the girls glanced down at their own pretty pink and white palms, then indignantly back to their father.

"Why shouldn't Florabel Dean do up our dresses, I should like to know?" demanded Evelyn, arching her brows, haughtily. "She ought to expect work for the bread she eats. She's no blood relative of ours, I'm sure."

No blood relative! That was quite true; but the words brought back a strange sensation to their father's heart.

And his thoughts flew back to that summer day, long years before, when the governess he had advertised for, to teach his motherless daughters, appeared at the Hall, heavily draped in widows weeds, and holding a young child by the hand.

"I could not leave my little Florabel behind," she said, raising her sweet, appealing eyes to the squatter's face. "If I can only keep her with me, I will be willing to accept a much smaller salary than the price you have named."

He was tender of heart, and so the little widow's child was allowed to remain.

A hard enough life the young governess had of it with the squire's daughters, and she would have left the Hall in despair if he had not begged her to stay as his wife.

The new state of affairs made matters a thousand times worse. The squatter's daughters made the poor bride's life a torture. She had wedded into a cold world that chilled and blighted her, and she faded like a flower. In less than a year from the time she married Mr. Pemberton she was buried under the old willow in the churchyard, leaving her darling, her idol, poor little Florabel, then a child of five, quite alone in the world. Yes, alone—Heaven help her!—to meet, unaided, the strangest fate that ever crossed the life of a young girl.

That had been twelve long years ago, and Florabel still lived on at Pemberton Hall. The neighbors knew what kind of a life lovely Florabel had of it; but the good old squatter never dreamed of how matters existed under his own roof.

All that summer day, while Evelyn and Maud swung in the hammocks on the vine-wreathed porch, Florabel Dean, the pretty little creature who owed her daily bread to the old squatter's bounty, was toiling, hot and flushed, over the white organdie muslin dresses which were to adorn the young ladies on the morrow, and after that she had to prepare the room for the coming guest.

The morrow, as well as being baking day, would be quite a busy day for Florabel. She would have to gather fruit for preserving from the orchard, for at that critical time John, the gardener, had taken it into his head to leave without a moment's warning.

Another gardener had been sent for, but in all probabilites he would not show his face for a day or so. And poor Florabel sat down among the finery of the guest's room with something like a sob as she thought of the heavy baskets of fruit that her tired hands, and hers alone, must gather on the morrow, and probably the next day, before the new gardener would come to her assistance.

Despite the lateness of the hour of her retiring, Florabel was up with the sun the next morning, and while Evelyn and Maud sat on the vine-wreathed porch in their finery, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the handsome guest—for their father had gone down with the carriage to the landing some quarter of an hour before—Florabel had tied on her broad-brimmed sun hat, and had gone down through the orchard to the strawberry beds to commence her day's task, little dreaming that each step brought her nearer to her fate.

Florabel set down her basket, and was soon busily at work.

"I wonder if they will have that yachting party Maudie was speaking about, when the guest they are expecting comes, and if they will invite me. But of course they won't," she murmured, half aloud.

Her musing was brought to an end suddenly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss,' said a rich, masculine voice, from the other side of the low stone wall. "Is this Pemberton Hall, and are you one of the Miss Pembertons!"

Florabel sprang to her feet, flushing red in girlish confusion, A young man stood leaning on the other side of the stone wall, gazing curiously at the *petite* girl, with mild rose-coloring in her face, a quizzical smile playing about his moustached lips.

A fair-haired, handsome young fellow he was, in a long, dusty linen coat, and rather a smashed-appearing broad-brimmed hat, from beneath which a pair of laughing blue eyes looked down into her own.

And this was the picture the stranger saw, and which was graven on his heart for long years after:

A slender, girlish figure, in a gray dress; a dark, startled, gypsy face, with a color like the heart of a red rose blooming on it, framed in a mass of tumbled, tawny, crinkling curls; and a pair of wondrously bright hazel eyes that dropped confusedly beneath his curious gaze.

With the wild flowers twined in her loose, tangled curls, even in her torn dress, and with the huge basket of glowing fruit in her slim brown hands, she formed the prettiest picture of health and beauty the young man's eyes had ever rested on.

In an instant Florabel remembered his question, and gained something like composure.

"This is Pemberton Hall," she answered, shyly, "but I am not one of the Misses Pemberton. Oh, dear, no! I am only Florabel Dean." A sudden idea seemed to flash over her brain. "Oh, I know now who *you* are!" she cried, in accents of the greatest relief. "You are the new gardener whom we have been expecting. I am so glad you have come, for I have to fill the great iron preserving kettle to the brim before noon; and if you had not come I should have had to fill these great heavy basket, all by myself."

The stranger looked at her aghast.

"Wouldn't those two young ladies sitting on the porch yonder come to your rescue in such a dilemma as that?" he asked, nodding toward Evelyn and Maud.

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Florabel. "They are all dressed up to receive the handsome young man who is coming to-day. And even if they were not, they wouldn't like to spoil their white hands."

There was no intention of malice in her words; it was only the frank expression of a thoughtless young girl.

"So you recognise in me the new gardener whom you were expecting to-day?" he asked, a dancing light in his bonny blue eyes, and a peculiar smile hovering about his handsome moustached mouth.

"Oh, no," returned Florabel, quickly. "Mr. Pemberton telegraphed to the city for a gardener; he had no idea what person would be sent to us. I hope, though, that you can work as well as John, our last, could." This with a dubious glance at the stranger's white, shapely hands.

"Come," she added, hastily, "if you are the new gardner, suppose you go to work at once and help me fill up these baskets; that's what John would have had to do."

"I'm perfectly willing," returned the young man, swinging open the gate, and kneeling down among the green leaves and crimson fruit by her side, the mischievous smile still on his lips.

It was wonderful how quickly the huge baskets were filled with the growing, luscious fruit as the hours rolled by.

Once or twice Florabel had reprimanded her companion for stopping to gaze at her; and then again he was a little awkward at handling the huge basket, and generally ate the largest and best of the berries. But, then, he was so good-natured and laughed so loud at her frowns and scoldings, that, before they had passed an hour together, Florabel thought:

"What a really nice young man he is! Even if he is a poor gardener he's as polite as any of the city beaux that come out here to visit Evelyn and Maud."

From their position in the garden they could both see and hear all that transpired on the porch where the girls sat, and Rupert Hale, as the new gardener called himself, often glanced in their direction with a strange, fun-loving gleam in his blue eyes.

They saw the carriage dash up the broad drive to the porch, and both of the girls step flutteringly forward, blushing and smiling their sweetest.

"Oh! it's papa and Mr. Forrester at last!" cried Maud.

But only the old gentleman emerged from the vehicle.

"Spare your blushes and welcomes, my dears," exclaimed the old squatter, bluntly. "Mr. Forrester did not come. The boat was in half an hour before I reached the landing; but it's all the same—he did not come on it."

"How provoking!" cried Evelyn, stamping her slippered foot in vexation.

"What a disappointment!" echoed Maud; "and Eve and I sitting here in our best white dresses waiting for him. He will be sure to come to-morrow, but they will be all wrinkled and soiled by that time."

"Florabel shall do them up again to-night," retorted Evelyn, "and every night until he does come, as for that matter."

This event seemed to put the two angry beauties in the worst of temper, and, as usual, they vented their ill-humor upon poor Florabel, heedless of the new gardener's presence, upon whom they never once designed to cast their eyes.

A few days later the new gardener, without a word of warning, mysteriously disappeared. This was sorrowful news for little Florabel, and for a few days her heart was very heavy over his loss; and if she shed a few tears over it, nobody ever know it.

But, though she missed his handsome, bonny face more than she would admit even to herself, her girlish heart did not break.

"If he can leave without one word of farewell to me, I shall not give him one thought," she told herself; and she did her best to forget him.

As for the young man himself, though whirling away from Paramatta as fast as steam could take him, and never intending to see the place again, a pair of hazel eyes, and a pretty dimpled face, framed in crinkled, tawny masses of golden hair, haunted him.

"The little witch is not for me, that's certain," he mused, lighting a choice Havana, and watching the blue smoke as it curled upward. "I was learning to care for her, and that must not be. Her path and mine run in widely different grooves. I must bow to the inevitable, and give up all thoughts of little Florabel, though I might as well own the truth to myself for the first and last time—I love her. Yes, I love her, and I can never give her up—never!"

CHAPTER II.

"IT WAS FATE THAT WE TWO SHOULD MEET, DEAR."

After ten days of ceaseless watching for the expected guest, both Maud and Evelyn gave up all hopes of seeing handsome Max Forrester.

And certainly, with each day, the temper of the two beauties was by no means improved in consequence.

"I—I won't endure Evelyn's scolding any longer," sobbed Florabel one morning. "I shall run away soon, or do something quite desperate. I don't believe either Maud or Evelyn would care. No one cares for me except poor old Mr. Pemberton. He loves me a little, I often think, for poor mamma's sake," she sighed.

"I wonder if it would be right to go to him and tell him how matters stand. Yes, I will," she murmured, brushing away the great pearly tears from her long golden lashes.

She knew where to find him. He was always in the library at this time, looking over the afternoon papers.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, she flew down to the library, knocking timidly at the door. There was no answer, and she pushed the door open, and walked into the room.

The squatter sat at his writing-desk. He did not raise his head as Florabel entered, and the girl coughed slightly to acquaint him of her presence.

The old squatter had always been fond of the beautiful, motherless girl fate had thrown on his hands, and he made no secret of it that she should certainly inherit quite as much of his fortune as his own daughters, Evelyn and Maud. Perhaps this was one reason why the two girls had such a bitter hatred in their hearts toward lovely little Florabel.

A great wave of pity stirred Florabel's heart as she saw how white and haggard the old gentleman's face looked in the waning sunlight.

"Mr. Pemberton," she said, softly stealing up behind him, and kneeling down by the side of his chair, "won't you listen for just one moment to something I have to tell you? and, oh, please don't scold me for coming to you to settle a difficulty between Evelyn and me."

The fresh young voice hesitated a little.

No exclamation—no word of surprise broke from the squatter's stern, set lips. The portly form never moved from its position; the hand which held the pen, poised ever so slightly over the half written page, did not wander to the bowed, curly head; no soothing voice answered that girlish outburst as it was wont to do.

With a low sob, the girl bent her curly head lower, until it rested upon the hand lying idly on the arm of the chair. What was there in that cold clammy touch that sent such a thrill of horror to her heart? She springs to her feet, stoops, and gazes, for one breathless moment, into the pallid face, into the glazed eyes that flash back no look of recognision into her own.

Then a piercing shriek rings through the library.

"Oh, my God! my God! Mr. Pemberton is dead!"

Yes, the good old squatter was dead, and by his death poor Florabel had lost the only friend she had in the world and bending frantically over him, calling him piteously by every tender, imploring name, this fair young girl was all unconscious of the terrible complications of fate in store for her which his death would bring about.

For days Pemberton Hall was wrapped in the deepest gloom. Servants came and went, with quiet tread and solemn faces; people came and went on business connected with the final ceremonies. Crushing sorrow and numbing woe reigned everywhere, but, somehow, Florabel found herself settling down into the routine of daily life and duty again.

The funeral was over; the dear, kindly face was gone forever; the chair he had used would be vacant forever of his presence. The house seemed doubly lonely to poor Florabel now; for, since the funeral, Evelyn and Maud had been passing the time in Sydney.

The Hall had been closed, and the servants discharged, all save Mrs. Whitney, the old housekeeper, and she was but to stay until the end of the coming fortnight.

"I am sure I don't know what you will do after I am gone," she often said, anxiously, to Florabel; "surely they do not intend you to live here and take care of this house all by yourself? The thought troubles me, child; yes, troubles me—I don't know why."

One morning, some ten days after the departure of the young ladies, Florabel and the old housekeeper stood together among the wilderness of roses that rioted in the old garden. There was a puzzled look on the dimpled face of the girl, and a far-away expression in the hazel eyes.

"It is nearly two weeks since I have heard from either Evelyn or Maud, Mrs. Whitney," she said, thoughtfully. "What do you suppose is the matter? Do you think either of them is ill, grieving for their dear old father?"

The housekeeper flushed uneasily under the gaze of the girl's clear, searching eyes.

She had been standing there beside poor, hapless Florabel, trying, for the last five minutes, to summon up courage to tell her that which she had brought her out among the roses to disclose to her, but the words died away unspoken on her lips. Ah, how could she tell her.

"The mails were delayed this morning, my dear," she said, hesitatingly, "but they brought us several letters." Again her face flushed distressedly. "A letter from a Sydney lawyer came for me. Here is one for you. I see by the envelope, that it is from the same person presumably."

"A letter for me!" cried Florabel, holding out her white hand. "Cruel Mrs. Whitney, to keep it from me so long. You should have brought it to me at once."

Then she took from the old housekeeper's unwilling hands the letter that was to change the current of her eventful young life.

She wondered why Mrs. Whitney still lingered beside her, looking at her with such wistful eyes.

Throwing off her sun-hat, Florabel sat down on the rustic bench beneath the old apple tree, and hastily broke the seal.

"What a very short letter," she said. Then she stopped short with a sudden gasp, the darkness of death falling around her. These were the words that made the pulse of life almost cease beating:

"MISS FLORABEL DEAN—Dear Miss: I have to inform you as administrator settling up the estate of the late Mr. Pemperton, that the sale of Pemberton Hall and the grounds adjoining it has just been affected, and the purchaser is desirous of taking immediate possession. I am requested by the Misses Pembertons to add, they would be pleased if you can find it convenient to find a home elsewhere. Yours very respectfully,

"A. H. BURDICK
"Attorney."

Slowly the letter fell from Florabel's hands and fluttered down among the roses at her feet. A piteous wail broke from her ashen lips, and the light seemed to die out of her eyes. Like one dead, she fell downward in the long, green grass.

"Oh, little Florabel, my poor lamb, don't take it so hard!" sobbed the old housekeeper, stroking the lovely tumbled golden curls. "Don't, dear; you break my heart."

Florabel turned her face away with bitter moans, praying to be left alone, and the old housekeeper walked slowly back to the Hall, believing the most merciful thing she could do for her would be to leave her in solitude to battle with this terrible sorrow alone.

"I shall never enter these doors again after *that!*" Florabel cried, springing to her feet and dashing the tears from her eyes with bitter despair.

At the end of the chestnut drive she ran straight into the arms of the handsome Rupert Hale, who was approaching with rapid strides. He certainly looked more like a young gentleman of leisure and of fashion, judging from his natty navy blue suit and white straw hat, with the blue band around it, to say nothing of the flashing diamonds that adorned his white, shapely hand.

"I—I—thought that you had left the village for good, Mr. Hale," she faltered, timidly.

"So I did; but I have returned, because I could not stay away. But where are you going, Florabel?" he asked, quickly. "You have been crying. There are traces of tears on your cheeks. What is the matter?"

For answer she placed the lawyer's letter in his hands, sobbing afresh as though her heart would break.

As he read his brow darkened.

"Great Heaven can Evelyn and Maud Pemberton be as heartless as this letter indicates? But I might have anticipated this by what I saw of them when I heard of the squatter's sudden death.

"Do not weep, little Florabel. I have something to tell you—something I came up to the Hall to say to you particularly. Can you not guess what it is?" She glanced up at him with shy startled eyes. He took her little trembling hand in his. "It is this, my darling. I love you, and want you for my own. Do you care for me, Florabel?" he went on, clasping the little hands still more tightly, and bending his handsome face lower over the curly golden head—"Do you?"

"I think so," she whispered, shyly, her eyes drooping beneath his gaze.

"Well enough to pardon a—a little deception I have been guilty of?" he asked, eagerly."

Yes," she faltered, timidly.

"Know, then, my little Florabel," he said, softly, "I am not the poor gardener whom you have believed me to be. *I am Max Forrester!*"

A cry of dismay broke from Florabel's lips; but he held the little slim, white, fluttering hands closer, continuing rapidly

The spirit of mischief led me into the deception when you innocently raised those dark eyes to mine, and, mistaking me for the new gardener who was expected, bade me go to work and assist you. The situation was novel to me, and highly amused, I carried out the deception. I honestly believe there was a fate in it, Florabel," he continued. "For, otherwise we might never have met and learned to care for each other. I went away and did my best to forget you, but I could not; and now I am here to plead with you to be my wife, little Florabel."

"Your wife!" she echoed in dismay, looking up at him with dark, startled eyes. "Oh, that could never be *now!*"

"Why not?" he asked, quickly. "Don't you love me?"

"It is not that," faltered Florabel, naively.

"Then what is it?" he whispered, bending his handsome head still nearer the blushing, downcast face.

"I could never be your wife, because you are so far above me," she replied, chokingly. "If you are Max Forrester you must be very rich, indeed; I have heard Evelyn and Maud say so, and I am only poor—little—little—"

She could not have touched handsome Max Forrester more deeply.

"You are a little darling," he interrupted, hastily, clasping the little rose-leaf hands he held still closer. "Wealth shall be no barrier between us, Florabel," he cried. "What is all the wealth in the world compared to love? Love outweighs everything. Be my bride, and all I have in this world shall be yours. Even though you bid me go away and forget you, I could not do it. I cannot live without you; so say 'Yes, dear."

Pretty little Florabel looked up at him, so bewildered between sorrow and joy, so dazzled by the happiness that fate had sent her, yet so piteously uncertain, that handsome Max was more charmed with her than ever.

The glamour of love, was upon him; he could see no faults in artless little Florabel.

True, she knew little of learning or books. She was like an untamed robin—beautiful as a wild flower is beautiful—a child of nature, not art; and Max, used as he was to city belles and their caprices, declared to himself he liked Florabel all the better for being simple, sweet, and true. The rosebud mouth was meant for kisses, not grammar.

Other men had cared little enough for the world's opinion, and had married just such girls, and had had a happy life of it. Why shouldn't he?

He stood beside her, watching the conflict going on in the girl's heart.

"I lay my life, my love and my happiness in the two little white hands I am clasping," he murmured. "Remember, the fate of two hearts depends upon the answer you make me."

He was so handsome, so eager, so thoroughly the impassioned lover. His hands were clinging to her own—his pleading, bonny blue eyes regarding her so intently.

He forgot the terrible, stern anger of the stern father, who never forgot or forgave, which would be so sure to follow. Handsome Max forgot everything save his love for the fair young girl standing beside him.

As for Florabel, she was young and impressible. It was sweet to be wooed in such a fashion—to have such promise of love and devotion made to her, and hear such a loving voice pleading with her—and then it would be so nice to have a young husband to care for and protect her.

With the girl's natural craving for love and protection, it could end but one way.

"Is it to be 'yes,' or 'no,' Florabel?" he asked, eagerly.

The peachy bloom on her face deepened,

"Yes," she murmured, shyly, and in the prettiest girlish confusion.

He caught her to his heart in a rapture of delight.

"We will be married at once," he declared; "delays are dangerous oftimes. From this hour we belong to each other, We will be made one in name as well as in heart within the hour. Are you willing?"

And again she answered, "Yes."

The wind that stirred the lily-bell and the roses near her seemed to die over the river, in a long wail, as though it knew and realized that a human soul was in danger—aye, in most piteous peril. The birds flew from their nests in the apple tree above their heads with startled cries, as though they were warning her to beware. But if Florabel heard, she did not heed them.

She married handsome Max—and that was the beginning of one of the most pitiful stories that were ever written. And yet young girls will sigh for love, even though they weep tears of pity over beautiful, haples Florabel's sad fate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OLD JIM'S PROPHECY.

OR

The Last Dart.

BY RUFUS HALE.

Old weather beaten Captain Block, of the whale-ship *Zebra*, cruising off New Zealand, turned to his harpooners, and said:

"The one of you who first strikes and obtains for me the next whale shall be promoted to the place of my third officer, who, as you know, deserted us at our last port.

"Me will win dat place!" triumphantly cried Nadok, a New Zealander, the tallest of the harpooners, as he shook the big rings in his ears.

In fact, he was a remarkably skillful "dart," but not more so than "Nimble Jack," the name given, on account of his unusual activity, to a fine, powerful Nantucketer of twenty-five.

The captain's announcement was no trifling one to this young man, who, should he win the coveted position and pay of third mate, would, at last, be able to purchase for an elderly mother, dependent on him alone for support, a certain little stone house on Martha's Vineyard, where she could have a small garden, with flowers and vegetables, all to herself.

It was a bright morning. Forward, where most of the watch were variously employed in mending their clothes, in reading, and in shaping curious images out of whalebone, Jim Quady, a Gay Head Indian of seventy years, was telling fortunes.

"Hi! lazy redskin," rudely and imperiously interrupted Nadock, "tell *my* fortune."

The dignified Indian gave one careless glance at the fierce visage of the New Zealander, and answered, gravely:

"You will DIE WITH A ROPE AROUND YOUR NECK!"

All the white men laughed, Nadok, with blazing eyes, sprang toward the Indian to strike him; but an iron grasp fell upon him, and he was hurled crashing downward, against the lee bulwarks.

"You *deserve* hanging for attacking an old man like that!" came the deep voice of 'Nimble Jack," the one who had thrown him.

Nadok, enraged, drew his knife, when a prolonged cry was suddenly borne down from the lookout at the mastheads.

"There blow-ow-s! there blow-oo-oo-s!"

"Where away?" shouted old Block.

"Two points off the lee bow, and two miles off."

"Call all hands! Stand by the boats!" was now the order, while, gazing to leeward, the watch could see the distant form of the whale, as it breached (sprang) its full length from the sea, flashing a moment in the sunlight, and then came down in a cloud of foam and spray.

"The islanders are after him," remarked the first mate, pointing his glass landward. "I see their canoes putting out!"

"Lower away!" roared Block, as the mainyard was hauled aback. "Lively! lively, there! Don't let those natives cut you out!"

"No! no!" cried the mate, "and yonder," he added, "comes another fellow to have a hand in it!"

"She's not a whaler, sir, but a sloop-of-war," said the keen-eyed Nimble Jack.

The boats had been lowered, and their crews were pulling with a will.

There was an exciting race, especially between the first mate's boat and that of the second officer, in the former of which was Nimble Jack, in the other his rival, Nadok,

These two of the competitors for a third mate's position strained every muscle at their oars. The first mate's, however, gradually drew ahead of all the others, and Jack was overjoyed, as he saw hope of winning the prize, which would enable him to make his mother comfortable for the rest of her days.

Suddenly the whale, a huge bull, turning flukes, went down, and while the boats were waiting for him to come up, the natives' canoes from the land drew near. There were six of them, each containing eight barbarians, whose faces, besmeared with ochre, gave them a truly hideous aspect, while their strength and skill were shown in the way they handled their paddles, all rising and falling in perfect time, with wonderful rapidity.

Jack's heart sank at sight of these wild men. He feared that he would have but little chance in a race with their swift canoes, which could outsail any "civilised" whaleboat ever made.

But now see! The waters, bubbling, part with a hollow roar, and with a booming sort of gurgle, up shoots the huge barnacled head of the whale, about fifteen fathoms from the boat's bow.

"Pull ahead!" rang from all the boats.

Jack's kept the lead, but the canoes, not ten fathoms astern, were coming along like whizzing arrows, and might soon pass him.

"Stand up, Jack," cried the first mate, when within seven fathoms of the whale.

"*I'll have that whale if I die for it!*" thought the young fellow, as, harpoon in hand, he leaped to his feet.

The canoes were then close astern of him, and the grim harpooners in each stood prepared to dart.

"*Now, Jack, now!*" yelled the first mate, almost maddened at sight of the savages so near the prize.

The iron left Jack's hand, hurled with unerring aim, but, just then, the whale rolling sideways, caused the harpoon to shoot harmlessly down his shining flank.

A yell of exultation from the savages—a groan from the first officer.

Jack tossed his coal-black hair. There was a determined look on his face; there was a daring gleam in his eyes. As the boat dashed on almost against the prize, and just as the savage New Zealanders in their canoes had raised their weapons to dart, the young Nantucketer, picking up his second harpoon, sprang directly on the whale's back, and buried the instrument to the socket in the monster's hump.

This plucky, perilous feat, one which has seldom been performed, was hailed with cheers by all among the white crew, except Nadok, whose dusky visage turned blue with chagrin and hatred, as his boat neared the first mate's.

Resolved that Jack should not win the prize and become third mate—lest at revenge for the throw he had given aboard ship—he at once opened a dist impulse that seized him—aimed the he held directly towards the young ma tending to dart it through his body, pin him to the whale.

"No, don't dart yet!" shouted the mate. "Wait till Jack gets off! My man, what would you do?" he a hoarse shriek, as Nadok hurled the weapon with the force of a demon.

Whistling on its way it flew. The a cry of horror; then there was a scream of agony, followed by a noise, which was soon hushed.

"*He is gone!* cried the second mate.

But he did not mean Jack, who ately, had sprung back into the b time to escape his enemy's d which, grazing his side, buried itself the whale's side. The latter, which seemed half-stupified by the New thrust, dealt near his life-spot, now ing this second harpoon, gave bound, which threw up the line it in whirling bights, one of which tightly *about the neck* of hapless Nad he could disengage it the whale went and the unfortunate New Zealan jerked like a shot far into the sea, of sight forever, as if in punishm evil attempt against the life of his young shipmate.

The whale did not tow the fast boat far. After it came up, the other boats ing in the attack, the numerous lances put an end to its life.

As it was being towed to the ship canoes containing the savages, who hovering near in a suspicious manner seen approaching rapidly, the and then threateningly brandishing spoons and lances.

"Ay, ay, those rascals want to get whale away from us!" cried the mate.

Again Jack's heart sank.

After all the tremendous had made to secure the prize, was robbed of it before it could be ship?

"We will fight for it!" he cried, ing eyes.

"That would be no use, as the out-number us three to one," reply.

Yelling and still brandishing ons, the natives were close to the which was being towed, when a thought occurring to Jack, he s feet, and waiving his hat the sloop-of-war, which had proaching, and which was not a pointed with his other hand towards canoes.

Keen eyes had, for some minutes, watching the apparently most tions of the savages from a craft, and now, as Jack's expressive confirmed the suspicions formed by tain and officers, a puff of smoke her bow, followed by a roar, and howling of a twenty-pound shot in proximity to the islanders.

This hint was not lost upon who, realising the character ing vessel, made off for the shore, whalers to tow their prize, their ship.

"Nimble Jack" was made it was a happy day for him when returned home, and gladdened mother's heart with the purchase stone house.

Parson—"Where's your pa, Johnny?"

JOHNNY—"Well, I ain't goin' it. He's been experimentin' with these yere parachute things like dropped out'n the balloon with day: and last time he tried brel' and come down in the well. the courage to go an' see if he's the han ile.

Geelong mamma—"You can't that cheese, Dot, it's too old."

LITTLE DOT—"Well, it don't if it is old."

"Don't know much!"

"No; jest as soon as it begins fire it jumps right into it."

"Yes," said a convalescent patient, "even the Greeks suffered ill-I-ad."

"Possibly," remarked the doctor, complaint was rather old-I-see."

Nothing will put murder into heart quicker than to unsuccessfully open a refactory car-window for girl, and have a man about two than he is, step across and open without an effort.

If you must do as the Romans do you are in Rome, you should do liners do when you are in Milan.

"My dear," said a husband, gently ing his wife—the lady was danger "Mrs. DeHobson called a little while left her love and sympathy for you. seemed deeply affected.

"John," said the sick lady in a very weak tone of voice, as she slowly unclosed her eyes, "what did she have on?"

"Papa, what does E pluribus unum mean?"

"It means 'one of many,' my son."

"Well, papa, as you have many children, ain't I an E pluribus unum?"

Mother—"Who has been drinking the milk? Tell the truth now!"

JOHN—"It was me. I wanted to see if it was sour."

MOTHER—"Well, what if it was?"

JOHN—"Why I wouldn't have drunk it then."

The Amateur Sportsman.

His gun was of the latest style,
His cartridges the best.
Through woods he travelled many a mile
Of birds and beast in quest.

Through many a thicket dense he crept,
He fell o'er many a log,
But nothing did he shoot except
His fifty pound dog.

Crown Jewels of France.

The history of the French crown diamonds is a curious and interesting being closely connected with that of itself. Thus there are the jewels, seven number, brought into France by the Prime Minister Mazarin; these later on ornamented the diadem of XV. The crown diamonds were frequently worn by Marie Antoinette, who had a great fondness for precious stones, as was, amply shown by the unfortunate affair the necklace—one of the causes, have said, of the downfall of the monarchy. Both the wives of Napoleon I. wore colored stones in preference to diamonds—Josephine because she was too dark and Marie Louise because she was too fair. The Empress Eugenie made no little use of the French crown jewels, and was the last person to wear them.

They tell a story of a gentleman who had a dog of which he was very proud. The animal was troubled with fleas. To rid the dog of the fleas a friend advised the use of kerosene. After using it on the dog the gentleman returned home and found seven fleas on the door-step, and they looked up in his face as if to say:

"Well, when are you going to get us another dog?"

SUPPLEMENT.

Farm and Garden.

Stock Feeding.

An animal on a sustenance diet neither working nor increasing is supposed to require an albuminoid ratio of 1-12 (that is, food containing one pound of nitrogenous matter to 12 pounds of non-nitrogenous substance), or very near the composition of meadow hay. In my own practice of feeding I have never troubled myself very much about their nutritive ratio of the food I employ. Nor do I think that those who work upon some fixed formula, in regard to the nutritive ratio they use, can feed so economically as those who pay more regard to the varying prices of the food. There are certain broad lines which every feeder should recognise. For instance, it is quite evident that mangels, with an albuminoid ratio of 1-25, cannot be a suitable food to be used in any quantity for a ewe lamb, and yet we constantly hear of abortions while the ewes are fed on roots. A cow which yields a very large amount of milk certainly requires a diet with a higher albuminoid ratio, which would mainly guide my selection. What can be more different than cotton cake and corn? Still I should not hesitate for a moment as to which I should employ in my fattening stalls, if one was dear and the other cheap. The idea which prevailed so long that fat was formed from albuminoids, an idea which was supposed to be established by experiments carried out in Germany, gave a fictitious value to these substances, and even to this day we are sometimes told that the more the oil is removed from the linseed cake, the greater becomes its value as a food. I am not one of those who subscribe to the doctrine, nor do I consider that a practical farmer is bound to feed his stock with a diet made upon a scientifically arranged nutritive ratio. In the year 1852, at the conclusion of a long series of feeding experiments, I read a paper before the British association in which I pointed out that the nutritive ratio in the cereal grains appeared to make them especially suitable for food purposes, and I should consider this to be as true now as it was then. But in the economic feeding of the stock, I certainly should not be guided by any established formula, but rather by the relative prices of the various foods in the markets. If we sell our barley at the same price per ton as we purchase our cotton cake it is not for the difference in their nutritive ratio, but because the latter possesses a much higher manure value. I can remember the time when each crop was prescribed for in a formula made up of artificial compounds in accordance with the composition of the ash of the plant. A nutritive ratio is very good in theory, but in practice we have to consider questions of economy which are often greatly at variance with theory. At the present time I am not acquainted with any reliable feeding experiments which establish as a fact that food of one special nutritive ratio can be used with greater economy than another.

Care of the Colts.

While all recognise the truth of the theory that we lay the foundation for size and perfectness the first three months after the colt is foaled, the great majority act upon a different principle. It is frequently the case that the brood mare does not give a full flow of milk, or that for some reason that flow becomes diminished, yet but few are in the habit of looking frequently after this little thing. If the feed falls short, the milk supply will surely diminish, yet the idea of giving grain to a sucking colt seems the rashest folly with far too many. The better the growth of bone and muscle the first three months, the larger will be the horse at maturity. We can never regain ground lost at this time through neglect. It has been this that has given us so many ill shaped, poorly proportioned, imperfect horses. The breeding, no matter how choice, is but the beginning. A horse cannot beget size, symmetry or endurance. These may be the qualities peculiar to the colt, yet, with the strong inclination to avert, it becomes the duty of the farmer and breeder to fix, by proper feeding, the tendencies inherited from sire and dam. The milk of the dam is the natural food for the first three months. To secure this in quantity the food supply must be sufficient, and of the right kind to make nutritive milk. Gradually oat meal soaked in milk should be added, and then a few oats, thus preparing the colt for the time when the supply from the dam will cease. Oats will not hurt any creature, young or old, if fed in right proportions and proper manner. They are rich in food elements necessary for growing bone, muscle and flesh. They do not make fat, as that is not wanted in our young colts. Before weaning, the grain feed should be commenced, in small quantities at first, gradually increase until at least four quarts are fed, in midwinter, to each colt. This method secures a rapid growth, and yet one that will be healthy and rugged. It lays the foundation for size and endurance, and secures to the breeder all the possibilities of profit. It is the only way in which horse-breeding can be made a success. Attention to the colt when young, will surely be well repaid at maturity.

Milk as an Absorbent.

An English dairy lecturer says: There are several ways of raising the cream. The old-fashioned plan is still the commonest—that of setting in open, shallow pans. There are many objections to it; it takes up a great deal of room, and it is quite impossible to deal with large quantities in this way; it presents a large surface to attract dust and other impurities. Milk is a great absorbent, and acts as a magnet in attracting all impurities in the surrounding atmosphere; yet how often we find small dairies used as a larder, with a piece of meat, or perhaps a hare or rabbit, hanging up in it. I have known cream to be quite offensive after being less than five hours in a larder with a piece of meat that was slightly tainted. The next objection found to the shallow-setting cream is that it is a wasteful system, as we cannot get all the cream off the milk, and we run great risk in summer of spoiling our butter by the milk souring under the cream before it is skimmed; also, I believe the milk of one cow sours more rapidly than that of another. If this is the case, in order to get the best results from hand-skimming, the milk which sours in the same period should be put together in the same pan. As far as I know at present, the period for which milk will keep sweet is in inverse ratio to the period of lactation. To the deep-setting system there are two disadvantages—(1) the difficulty of getting sufficiently cold water in warm weather; (2) you cannot avoid taking up a good deal of milk with the thin cream that is raised, which, consequently, gives extra work in churning. The advantages are—that the cream is quickly raised, and the milk being submerged in water, impurities from the outside air are excluded; also, it makes more butter off the milk under favorable conditions than the shallow-setting, while the skim milk is decidedly superior.

At the Stock Exchange. MANAGER—"Dey's a gentleman wants to know 'f Mr. McGibney's on der floor?"

McGIBNEY (who has been plunging)—"Tell him Mr. McGibney can't say until the next quotation whether there'll be any floor for him to be on!"

Buffalo Bill's share of the profits of the "American Exposition" in London amounted to seventy thousand pounds sterling, and a position in English society. He would probably be willing to exchange the latter item for a plug of tobacco.

Oh, why don't more men put an enemy into their brains to steal away their mouths?

Good Stories.

He Mixed the Tokens Up.

In four out of every five watches brought to us to be regulated, repaired, or cleaned, (writes the *Jeweller's Weekly*) we find some token. Sometimes it is a bit of ribbon, or a lock of hair, or a rose-petal. But oftener it is a four-leaved clover. It is, by the maiden fair, given to her lover, who tenderly stows it away in the back of his watch-case, and forgets all about it. When his watch goes wrong he takes it to a jeweller and doesn't think of the relic it contains. It is difficult always to keep these things straight, and once in a while we mix them up.

One fellow came in a short time ago and registered a kick. He took out of his watch a tiny bit of blonde hair tied with a piece of pink ribbon, and told me, in good round terms, that it had got him into trouble.

"I brought my watch here a couple of weeks ago to be regulated, and forgot to take out a four-leaf clover I had in the back of it I didn't think any more about it till last night, when my girl looked in the back case to see if the clover was still there. When she found this lock of blonde hair she fixed me with a cold, glittering glance, and offered me back my ring. I put in the next hour trying to explain that I didn't know anything about the infernal blonde hair, and I didn't meet with flattering success. Now, if you don't hunt up that clover I'll make more trouble in your blanked old store than a deputy sheriff. And you've got to give me a written statement that you put this dashed blonde hair in my watch, or I'll prosecute you for malicious mischief. You hear me!"

Well, I forsaw trouble in the air, but took the yellow hair and pink ribbon and laid it away, and in a day or two a middle-aged man came in, with wrath all over his face.

"What in thunder do you mean by disrupting a man's family peace?" he began, as he pulled out his watch, and took a four-leafed clover out of the back case. "Do you want to break up a loving household, and get me into the divorce court? I left my watch here with a lock of my wife's hair in it, and last night she found this measly four-leaf clover in place of it. I've carried that bit of hair ever since we were engaged, and if I don't get it back you had better move to some other town. What d'ye mean, anyway? I never picked a four-leaf clover in my life, nor did my wife, either. I wouldn't go through the row I had last night again for your whole blanked store. Now, you hustle and get me back my own keepsake."

I produced it, and explained how it had occurred, and his brow cleared. "Now I think of it," he said, as he started to go, "just you write me a letter, and tell how this happened, and sign it and seal it for all you're worth. Women never believe a man unless he lies to 'em, and I want something to save me further trouble." I did so, and he departed with his mind at rest.

The other young man came in a day or two, and said he desired to make his regular Thursday evening call and wanted his four-leaf clover, and the accompanying affidavit. He got them both.

One evening, during a heavy rainstorm, a knock was heard at the door of a Presbyterian clergyman residing in Harlem, New York. On answering the summons, the minister was confronted by a young man and woman, the former of whom, after a good deal of circumlocution, informed him that it was their mutual wish to be made one. Calling in his wife and daughter as witnesses, and waiting until the prospective bride had dried herself by the fire, for she had appeared in a half-drowned condition, the clergyman asked the pair to rise and take each other by the right hand. The ceremony was a little more than half-completed, when the young woman exclaimed:

"Oh, wait a minute."

Retreating hastily behind a large rocking-chair, she began fumbling in her pocket, and after considerable tugging and pulling, produced a pair of white kid slippers. As she seemed to have great difficulty in unlacing her shoes, the clergyman's wife kindly came to her assistance, and the exchange was at length affected. Meanwhile, the poor bride-groom's face had changed to all sorts of colors from red to purple, and when the pair were finally married, he said to the minister:

"Well, boss, I was a-goin' to give ye two dollars; but seein' you're so good," with a sly glance at the minister's wife, "I'll give ye three."

From that day to this, the clergyman's wife has always insisted that the extra dollar was meant for her.

The Marquis of Waterford one night was driven in a cab to his uncle's, the Bishop of Armagh's house, in Charles Street, St. James's Square, which, during the absence of that dignitary, he was occupying, but, although he told the hall porter to give the cabman half a sovereign for little over an hour's work, the jehu was very abusive. The marquis, who had turned into a room of the hall, heard every word that passed. Hanging in a closet was the bishop's House of Lord's costume, and, inspired by the demon of mischief, in a twinkling he had donned the wig, lawn sleeves, and all, and out he marched into the street, where the jarvie was still indulging in the choicest expressions at his command.

"Hullo, you sir," he cried, "is that the language to make use of in the hearing of a bishop? If you are not off like a shot, you profane scoundrel, I'll give you the rites of the church with my clerical knuckles."

Now cabby, so far from being awed by this threat, jumped off his box, and throwing off his coat, declared his utter contempt for the whole bench of bishops, and his readiness to fight them one after another. Making sure of an easy victory he rushed in, but was stopped by a blow that sent him sprawling. After two or three repetitions of this argument he was fain to take to his heels, the marquis pursuing him, his gown and wig flying in the night air, and bawling:

"Won't you stay for your extra fare?"

"You may be a bishop," said the fellow, ruefully, as he mounted his box, "but you hit like the devil."

A Non-Committal Compliment.

One of the most painful duties to which an elderly bachelor can be subjected is the admiration of babies demanded by their fond mothers. One bachelor of a conscientious nature recently solved a problem. Upon a visit to a friend's house he was presented to an especially ugly specimen of bald, toothless, and expressionless infancy.

"Now, isn't he a beauty?" demanded the proud father.

The bachelor refrained from replying and remained silent.

"Isn't he the lovliest baby you ever saw in your life?" said the mother pressing the answer.

The visitor looked confused and helpless, but finally a smile illumined his countenance and he exclaimed enthusiastically and truthfully.

"Well, madam, this *is* a baby."

Mr. W. H. Tulloch's "Story of the Life of Queen Victoria" contains a solitary instance of a pun made in answering a royal question. The occasion was the Queen's visit to the Mansion House in the first year of her reign.

"I wonder," she said, to Lord Albermarle, "if my good people of London are as glad to see me as I to see them?"

He replied by pointing the letters "V. R." woven into all the decorations, and saying:

"Your majesty can see their loyal cockney answer, 'Ve are.'"

When you read that a millionaire works harder than any of his clerks, please to remember that he also gets more pay.

Sketcher.

Novel Writing.

In writing his novels Scott never seemed to have the slightest idea what was going to happen, or how it was to happen, though, as a matter of fact, it generally did happen, delightfully if irregularly enough. Dickens is supposed to have been very careful about his schemes, though if any man can explain to me what the plot of "Little Dorritt" is; why *Mr. Tulkinghorn* chose in that entirely irrational and unprofitable manner to persecute *Lady Deadlock*; why anything, no matter what, as it actually does happen in "Hard Times," happens; and what the sense or meaning of *Estella's* general conduct is in "Great Expectations," he will do more than I have ever been able to do for myself, or than any one else has been able to do for me. Thackeray's sins (if in novel writing it be not blasphemy to say that Thackeray sinned at all) are gross, palpable, and for the matter of that, confessed by the sinner. In particular if any one will try to arrange the chronology of the various Pendennis books, and if his hair does not turn white in the process, he may be guaranteed against any necessity for a peruke arising from similarly hopeless intellectual labor.

Of course these things are usually very small faults, except in cases such as that where, out of sheer good nature and deference to old friends, Scott spoilt the finale of "St. Renan's Well"—cases in which the carelessness or wilful indifference to keeping the house in order really hurts the story. But they are faults, and I think that on the whole the tendency in average novel writing during the last twenty years has been to correct them. Again, the average writing of said novels is decidedly better, and, generally speaking, a distinct advance has been made in the minor details of craftship.

There are one or two popular writers (I could mention one in particular, if the object here were not to be as little personal as may be) who still sin flagrantly in the old direction of taking fair pains over the first and third volume and flinging to the public the slovenliest botch of a second that it is likely to tolerate. But this want of literary conscience and literary self-respect is much rarer than it used to be, and appears to be regarded, by younger hands especially, with proper disgust.

A Famous Canine.

Wolf, the nigh leader of the dog team that drew the sledges in the famous Greely Arctic expedition, is now a resident of Oakland, having spent the summer there for his health. He may be seen at the house of John W. McNeil, a painter living at No. 801 Lydia street, where he is kept at the expense of General Sherman, his owner. Wolf has a history. He is the only dog ever enlisted in the United States navy, and after the close of the expedition, Wolf was given his regular papers of honorable discharge from the government employ. Lieutenant Greely, in whose possession Wolf fell, presented him to General Sherman, who has ever since kept him. The hot Eastern summers have been very trying on Wolf's cold blood, and this summer he was sent to California that he might escape the heat. He was sent consigned to George H. King, of San Francisco, who had a brother-in-law in the expedition. Mr. King placed him in the care of Mr. McNeil. Wolf is a large animal, with long, gray, silky hair, and possesses superior intelligence.

A reporter who called to see him found him the good-natured victim of half a dozen children who rolled about him. He preserved the gravest demeanor, and was evidently weighing some very serious matter. Wolf was born in the North, some eight years ago, and taught to draw sledges across the frozen sea by his Esquimaux master. When Lieutenant Greely was fitting out the expedition he chose Wolf for his superior strength and the animal's wonderful intelligence, that seemed almost human, won him the honor and distinction of "nigh" leader. The off leader was "Tiger," whose name also often figures among the incidents of the expedition. These were the dogs who led that unfortunate band of explorers forward, often at the rate of one hundred and sixty-five miles per day.

Wolf is the sole survivor of his team, Tiger being the last to yield to starvation's demands. The story is told, too, that Wolf, by the laws by which one man lost his life, should have died, but because he was a dog he was permitted to live. After Lieutenant Henry's death Wolf was caught in the act of stealing a human arm from the corpse larder of the starving survivors. He was only a dog, and they let him live. Wolf will be returned to his Eastern home this winter.

Celerity and Accuracy.

A man may be quick in thinking but far from accurate in his conclusions. The slow but accurate thinker will rarely attain the same popular reputation for ability that attaches to the swift, though often mistaken, reckoner. Yet even great minds are rarely at the same time hasty and accurate. Napoleon was gifted with extraordinary quickness of perception, and owed most of his early success to the swift and unexpected tactics with which he broke through the old, time-honored methods of conducting campaigns. Quick himself, he detested slowness in others, and was impatient if any one he questioned hesitated a moment in reply. Cuvier complained that he lost the Emperor's favor because he would not give a sudden categorical answer to an important question of finance. On one occasion, riding through Fontainebleau, the Emperor suddenly turned to the forest master, and demanded how many acres of wood the park contained. The forest-master, an honest man, waited a moment to consider: at which a subordinate, who knew the Emperor's peculiarity, promptly named some imaginary number, so delighting Napoleon that he bestowed the head rangership on this swift-replying person. The result did not justify the Emperor's penetration, for the quick-witted man proved so extremely dishonest that after a short time he was dismissed, and the slower thinker reinstated.

The reader has heard of the girl who opened the oysters, threw away the meats, washed and boiled the shells, and served them piping hot to an astonished family. Mrs. Smith's maid did something worse. When Mrs. Smith was in Paris, she paid a fabulous sum for a sort of bourette cloth that had at intervals something like caterpillars woven into the loose mesh of the wool. The weather was cool enough to wear that odd, but fine attire, and she longed to exhibit her unique toilet. She laid the dress out, and bade her new dressing-maid remove the bastings that had held some plaitings in place during its travels. She left the luncheon-table at two o'clock, and found her smart maid, with a sharp pair of scissors, picking out the chinks of colored floss silk, that had made so gorgeous a material of a plain bourette.

"They looked for all the world like caterpillars, ma'am," said the girl, "but I've got most of 'em off."

Mrs. Smith sat down and wept, but the unfeeling Smith husband laughed, and declared that he hadn't been so tickled since he touched a woman in the theatre, and said:

"You have a spider on your shoulder, ma'am," and the woman jumped to her feet, and screamed, "Take it off! Where is it?" Then Smith pointed out a finely executed spider in enamel, for which she had paid £5, and had pinned carefully on her shoulder before leaving the house.

The nearest of kin—the na kin. It's our bosom friend.

People We Read About.

Kara Fatum, the redoubtable female warrior of Kurdistan, has come on a brief visit to the Turkish capital. Her deeds of prowess date back to the beginning of the Crimean war, when she led a large body of Kurdish volunteers, who fought with singular daring for Turkey. The Ottoman government remembers her services, and requites these by a monthly pension of five thousand piastres, a sum that in her own frugal home allows her to live with ease. She is tall, thin, with a brown, hawk-like face; her cheeks are the color of parchment, and seamed with scars. Wearing the national dress of the sterner sex, she looks a man of forty, not like a woman who will never again see seventy-five. Slung across her shoulders in Cossack fashion, is her long sabre, with its jewelled hilt; decorations shine and sparkle on her breast; while the stripes across her sleeve show her to be a captain in the Ottoman army. In the campaign of General Lespinasse in the Dobrudja, some short while before the allied armies landed in the Crimea, while smoking and chatting one day in his tent with several of his brother officers, the general heard at far distance a strange music, a medley of drums and clarinets, tomtoms, and piercing human cries. Whence came this weird minstrelsy? All the men in camp turned out to listen to it and discern its origin, when from over the hills they saw a band of some three hundred horsemen approaching them at full gallop. At their head rode a brown-faced woman, with flashing eyes and lissom limbs; the very picture of an Amazon. Vaulting from her saddle, she gravely saluted General Lespinasse, and through an interpreter told him they had come to fight the Russians, both she and her brave Kurds being completely at his service. That night her men were quartered in camp with the French troops; but they were ill-pleased to be so billeted. They wanted their independence, and not even their mistress and leader should barter it away for them. By daybreak they were in their saddles riding off across the hills to meet the dawn, to the sounds of that weird, strident music which had proclaimed their approach.

Emile Marco Saint-Hilaire, page of Napoleon I, has just died at Neuilly, a suburb of Paris, aged ninety-four years. Notwithstanding his many publications concerning Napoleon I. and the illustrious men of his time, Marco Saint-Hilaire was not treated with much respect by the third Napoleon. But when Napoleon became emperor, Saint-Hilaire was made libarian of the Chateau of Strasbourg, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year. The appointment was a singular one, as, long before, all the books had been carried from Strasbourg to the Louvre Library. However, the librarian without a library lived for fifteen years at Strasbourg, and there wrote his last work, "History of the French army since 1792." During the war of 1870 Saint-Hilaire was captured by the Germans, and, for six months, kept in prison. The Prussian officers listened with interest to their prisoner's stories of the great Napoleon, and treated him as a friend, much to his displeasure. When liberated, he returned to France, and asked Gambetta for his office and pension: "An office, a pension! Tell him he should be thankful not to have been shot." As a dinner-guest, a companion in pleasure, Marco Saint-Hilaire was without an equal. Only in 1830 began the real literary life of Napoleon's page. The revolution gave him the opportunity of publishing his "Souvenirs of the Frst Empire," "Souvenirs of Napoleon's Private Life," "The Aides-de-Camp of the Emperor," "Napoleon at the Tuileries," "History of the Russian Campaign," etc. Perhaps Marco Saint-Hilaire was the most prolific waiter of this century, but since 1870 he has lived in poverty and obscurity, neglected and forgotten. Born almost at the moment when the son of Saint Louis ascended to heaven; baptised in the blood of his relatives, Marco Saint-Hilaire was familiar with the horrors of the revolution of 1793, the splendors of the empire of Napoleon I. the deceptions of the citizen-king's reign, the ingratitude of Little Napoleon, and the ill-treatment of the third republic. When his death was announced the exclamation was; "Ah we thought him dead years ago."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* publishes lengthly extracts from a new book, entitled "Darwin's Life," which will soon be issued. From these extracts it appeares that Darwin, as a child, was naughty, and, as a boy, he was lazy. He left Shrewsbury school after seven years, very little wiser than when he went there. He frankly avowed that he did not work because he knew that his father would leave him enough to live on. He was placed in charge of a doctor, but his horror of the sight of blood, and his repugnance of dissection, prevented his becoming a doctor. After two years had elapsed, his father concluded that he would not make a doctor, and designed him for the church. He was sent to Cambridge, where he led a dissipated life, gambling, and neglecting his studies. The idea of his entering the ministry was ultimately abandoned. Darwin was passionately fond of music. He frequented the concerts in the college chapel, and paid the choir-boys to sing in his rooms. Yet his ear was strangely defective. He was incapable of perceiving a dissonance, and could not hum a tune correctly. In 1839, Darwin became a deist, and thereafter remained one. "Never in my most extreme fluctuations," he wrote, "was I an atheist. I never denied the existence of God."

The late Lord Wolverton was a famous sportman and an inveterate theatre-goer, with a special fondness for French comedies. It is told that his first intimation that he was to become a peer came to him one day when in attendance on Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville at the Treasury, upon the occasion of their drawing up their first list of "honors" for submission to the queen. In the middle of the conference, Lord Granville said to him, in rather a shy voice:

"Glyn, would you mind leaving Gladstone and me alone for a minute? We want to confer alone."

Glyn, rather suprised, retired in an undignified manner to the passage. After a brief space, Lord Granville called him in again, and then Mr. Gladstone, looking at him with great dignity and severity, asked him if he thought his father would like to be a peer. Glyn laughed, and declared that he supposed that such an idea had never entered the old gentleman's head, but that he would like above all things to have the peerage in his turn, and that, therefore he would accept on his behalf. The elder Glyn was accordingly ennobled, much to his own bewilderment.

The King of Dahomey is described as "a tall, well-built negro of about forty, dressed in a blue-silk gown reaching to his knees, covered with silver half-moons, stars, and quaint-shaped spangles about the size of a shilling. On his head he had a cap of red velvet with gold lace, and the figures of a skull and cross-bones in front. On his feet were gold-laced sandals. In his hand he held a sceptre of solid gold, surmounted by a red skull."

If London Truth is to be believed, M. Wilson, the notorious son-in-law of the French President, is not well informed on literary affairs. Says Truth: "The other day he (Wilson) said at Luncheon, at the Elysee, that he did not care for any novels but George Sand's and liked them because of their landscapes. Then he remarked that George Sand must now be very old. He was not aware that he had been dead eleven years."

The death has just occurred, at Constantinople, of Demetrius Antippa, who was educated in Paris during the Revolution. He was personally acquainted with Robespierre, Marat, and Danton. He was intimate with Camille Desmoulins, and in Mme. Tallien's salon danced and sung "Ca ira." He was a witness of the execution of Marie Antoinette.

Boys and Girls.

Dreamland.

Say, have you passed through the kingdom of
  Nod,
 Ever so far to a city that seems?
Blue are the roses and red is the sod,
 Everything strange in the country of
  Dreams!

Flowers have faces and butterflies sing,
 Frogs go a-fishing in crystalline streams,
Babies fly out of the bells when they ring,
 Everything queer in the country of
  Dreams!

Pigs dance at pic-nics and trees take a walk,
 Pussies do patchwork and spiders sew
  seams,
Mice are musicians and terrapins talk—
 Everything odd in the country of
  Dreams!

Bottles wear broadcloth and spoons spin a
  top,
 Ladies play leap-frog and teacups drive
  teams,
Dishpan's a damsel, who married the mop—
 Everything droll in the country of
  Dreams!

Moon is meringue and the mountains are
  cake,
 Sun is a giant plum pudding that steams;
Pie islands float in a lemonade lake—
 Everything *good* in the country of
  Dreams!

The Grocer and His Parrot.

There was once a grocer who had a parrot. Like other birds of its kind, this parrot had been trained to speak, and much it loved to exercise his tongue. But as it had the habit of speaking the truth, it sometimes happened, as we shall presently see, that Polly got into serious trouble. The grocer had provided for his pet a neat wire cage, which in fine weather was hung above the shop door. There, through the long summer afternoons, Polly would sit for hours motionless on her perch, enjoying the warm sunshine, and noting with keen, restless glances everything that passed in the busy world around her. Out in the street or in the shop nothing escaped Polly's observation.

One day, when business was slack and few customers disturbed the quiet of the shop, Polly watched her master, who paid little heed to her sharp eyes, employing himself in mixing sand with his stock of brown sugar. Just as he had finished the dishonest task, an old woman entered, and asked for some of that very article The grocer was preparing, scoop in hand, to weigh out the exact quantity, when suddenly the honest bird cried out as loud as she could speak:

"Sand in the sugar! sand in the sugar!"

Both the customer and the grocer were astounded, but the old woman was the first to recover from her astonishment, and picking up her money she walked out of the shop. Then the grocer flew into a rage, as people generally do when they are found out in a mean or wicked action, and, taking down the cage, he shook it furiously, until quite a cloud of feathers floated about the shop, like leaves in a autumn gale. Poor Polly, with plumage ruffled and half dead with terror, cowered in a corner of the cage, while her master shouted:

"You abominable bird, if you ever tell tales of me again I will wring your neck; so take warning once for all."

A few days afterward, in the early morning, just before the shop opened, Polly saw her master scrape some brick-dust and mix it up with powdered cocoa, which he took out of the packets which had been sent to him. Then he tied up the packets again and took down the shutters. It was not long before a customer entered—a young workman, with a basket on his arm. He was buying articles for his breakfast, and wished to buy a packet of cocoa. But what was his surprise and the grocer's vexation when Polly, forgetful of everything but her desire to tell the truth, exclaimed, shrilly:

"Brick-dust in the cocoa! brick-dust in the cocoa!"

The workman, seeing the guilty expression on the grocer's face, smiled as if he quite understood the parrot's hint, and left the shop without making his purchase. The cruel grocer was ten times more angry than before, and shook the cage till his arm ached, exclaiming:

"You wicked, ungrateful bird, would you drive away all my customers? Have you forgotten what I told you? The next time you serve me such a trick I will kill you without mercy."

Poor Polly was thoroughly frightened, and resolved never to speak out again, whatever she might see. Time passed, and one day, after her master had been busily engaged for some hours in manufacturing shop butter, which was nothing else than a little lard artifically colored, a gayly-dressed lady entered, and asked for a pound of fresh butter."

"This is really beautiful butter, ma'am," said the deceitful grocer. "It is the best quality, and fresh from the dairy this morning."

On hearing these wicked untruths Polly could control herself no longer, and cried out loudly:

"Lard in the butter! lard in the butter!"

"Scoundrel of a parrot!" shouted the enraged grocer, and rushing to the cage, he drew forth the trembling bird and hastily wringing its neck, he threw the body on an ash-heap in the yard at the back of the shop.

So poor Polly lost her life and the grocer his customer. Notwithstanding this it is always better to speak the truth, no matter how much it costs.

—OLIVE MUIR (aged 11 years.)

The Streamlet's Song.

From a tiny spring
 I go rippling along:
Over the many pebbles
 I merrily sing my song.

Kissing the daisies fair,
 And the willows that bend so low
Over my flowery banks
 As on and on I go.

I am going on my way
 To the great blue sea,
Where I shall wash over the sand,
 And there'll be plenty of work for me.

Even so small as I am,
 A great deal of good I can do,
We all know every one can,
 And so, if you try, may you.

MARIE REIMER.

The Trade in Human Hair.

The trade in human hair is once more on the increase, and "artists in human hair" keep a sharp lookout for opportunities to buy. France, the leader of all female fashions, is naturally the country where the largest traffic in this article is done. Whence the market is supplied with hair of all colors has often been a matter of speculation, which, however, has never been satisfactorily explained. A large quantity of black hair comes from China, but it appears that France herself provides a large quantity. Formerly the peasant women were often induce to part with their long hair for a few francs; in convents where the hair is always shorn, a good trade was also done, and it is stated that not long ago 800 pounds of hair were sold at one of the religious establishments for the sum of £1,800. It also frequently happens that the hair is cut from corpses, but this is of less value than what is generally called "living hair"—that is to say, hair cut from living persons.

"It is the little things that tell," says an old adage. Yes, especially the little brothers.

When a musician goes fishing does he castanet in the hope of catching a basseon?

Ladies' Column.

One Room.

I was a brown-cheeked country girl,
 He—from the high-arched foot that trod
The earth to golden tinted curl,
 Was like a Greek statue of a god—
So far, so very far above me,
I never dreamed that he could love me.

But in the chamber of my heart,
 Made fair by life's best offering,
One sacred room I set apart
 As his abode—my love, my king.
It made my heart so glad, so light,
To know he dwelt there day and night.

This room I curtained with my pride,
 With maiden shame I barred the door,
And from all mortal eyes did hide
 The deep, absorbing love I bore
One who was like, compared with me,
The star to the flower upon the lea.

Ah! but the humble buttercup
 Deems it no wrong to lift her face
And gaze with modest worship up
 Through all the vast and empty space
Between the meadow and the sky;
And even as the flower loved, so loved I.

Full twenty years I kept his room
 For him, though he was far away,
And love's pure flowers were still in bloom,
 When, on a church-yard stone one day
I read his name. "If he be dead,
Then I must bury him," I said.

And so, in the chamber of my heart,
 Where he had dwelt so many years,
One little spot I set apart—
 His grave—and laid him there, with tears,
And on a slab I wrote his name,
In tenderness, and not in shame.

I made the room all sweetly dim,
 But took the bolt out of the door;
Now all may know that I loved him
 In secret twenty years or more;
Since *he* knows that I loved him so,
I care not if all others know.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Japanese Dress.

While summer rages, all foreign residents in Japan dress in white—men in white duck suits, white helmets, and white canvas shoes, and women in white gowns, always looking cool and fresh on the hottest days. The pretty braiding on the white coats, with their closely buttoned fronts and standing collars, enable some men to dispense with the tall, starched, cruelty collars of other seasons that wilt to nothingness in this damp heat. In summer-time, the Japanese women show most picturesquely in their artistic dresses, and the bright crepes under dark gauzes, the beautiful silk and cotton *kimonos*, the broad ashes of crepe or brocade, make each one a picture. The open-pointed neck, and the big spuare sleeves of the loose *kimono* makes it the ideal summer dress. All foreigners adopt the Japanese *kimono* for a bath-gown and negligee, but the wearing of it goes no further. A lady is never seen, save by her intimates, in the picturesque *kimono*, and the few who have mistakenly supposed that they were paying a delicate compliment to Japanese friends by wearing their country's dress, have found that they had rather shocked and astonished the natives, who considered them very queer, and decidedly unconventional. The Japanese are all gone daft over foreign dress, and are getting themselves into it as rapidly as possible. It is disfiguring to them, but then it's the fashion, and, therefore, to be endured. On hot days, when an unambitious Japanese can dispense with all but a shred of clothing, another will wear a full suit of broadcloth, woolen socks, and high hat, and perspiring by rivulets at every pore, give one quite the idea that he is enjoying himself. Nothing looks better in hot weather than one of these clean, fresh, blue-and-white cotton *kimonos*, and a row of pretty tea-house girls in such gowns, with elaborately dressed heads, sitting or standing under their red-lanterned eaves, is typical, and ideally suggestive of summer days in Japan.

Eccentricities of the Toilet.

It is in the way of eccentricities and accessories of the toilet that rich belles manage to keep ahead. Take pocket-books for example. They have been growing slimmer and taller for the last year. They resemble clubs at a little distance, and the last fashion is to have handles to them; they are twelve and fourteen inches long, and about four wide. They contain one long pocket, in which one of the tiny, fashionable embroidered handkerchiefs is stretched out, a pocket partitioned off into three sections for change, another long one in which bills are folded, and a corner in which reposes a two-inch square pad of perforated buckskin, in which veloutine is packed in rose leaf. There is a new cosmetic for surreptitious use when the bloom is not on a fair woman's lips, or has been worried off her cheek. A simple leaf, the metal of a flower, will renew its freshness, for you can buy now little celluloid boxes packed with two dozen carmine-stained muslin rose-leaves. By the application of one, dry, the faintest blush of health is produced: a slight moisture deepens it in intensity, and the rose-leaf held between the wet lips a moment makes them as beautifully red "as if a bee had newly stung them." All this you find in the fashionable pocket-book of a lady just now, and when this wallet is made of fragrant leather, or the saurian's map-like hide, or the scaly serpent's skin, nicely bound with edges and corners of scroll-work silver, it is an interesting article.

Fashion's Use of the Dumb Creation.

When last season a young débutante in London appeared at a fashionable dance in a dress trimmed with a flight of stuffed canaries, and another lady flitted about with parrots' heads glaring at the beholder from all parts of her gorgeous costume, it was thought that fashion could not go much farther in its use of the "dumb creation." The summit, however, was not reached, as the following item of news from Paris plainly shows: "A favorite dress at fancy-dress balls this winter will undoubtedly be the black-cat costume—a low-necked and sleeveless corsage and tunic in gold-yellow satin, cut in one, in the princesse style. The latter is looped over a short underskirt in black velvet, and is bordered with a row of little figures of Napoleon cut out of black velvet. On the left side of the corsage is placed a large stuffed black cat, the tail curving over the wearer's shoulder, while the outstretched forelegs of the animal claw up one side of the overskirt. Long black gloves reaching above the elbows, gold-yellow silk stockings, and black satin slippers complete the toilet." It is bad enough to butcher the birds of the air in the service of fashion, but there is, at least, some beauty in brilliant and gracefully arranged feathers, while the "large black cat" calls forth nothing but thoughts of ghastly tales of witches and sorcerers.

An Englishwoman on Her American Sisters.

Mrs. Lieutenant-General Packenham, who recently sailed for England with her distinguished husband, is evidently a very observing if not a cynical woman. A friend asked her, during a dinner at the Brunswick, how she liked America.

"On the whole, very much, but I find that my sex, more than the men, take their social coloring from their respective neighborhoods. Your Southern women, as a rule, are gentle, retiring, and refined, and it's a pleasure to be in their society. Western women are pronounced, and possess a *chic* that savors of their rapid growth. Your Bostonian understands what she doesn't admire, and your New Yorker admires what she doesn't understand. It's a very kaleidoscopic country, I assure you."

Humor.

The Spell of the Mistletoe.

The mistletoe, the mistletoe,
Its charm is often sung, I know,
And blushing bells delight to group
Just where its verdant leaflets droop;
Though subtle is its spell, I know,
I do not love the mistletoe.

And this is why: "Last Christmas Eve,
As May and I were taking leave,
I cast a careless upward glance,
And saw that we were—quite by chance—
Beneath a spray of mistletoe.
We were alone, and—well, you know.

But scarcely on the perfumed air
The kiss had died, when—pa stood there.
Oh, strange mischance! he raised his foot
And smote me with his box-toed boot,
I fled the scene in haste, and so
I do not like the missile toe.

Presence of Mind.

BY KATE THORN.

Presence of mind is one of the most desirable qualifications one can possess.

The man who has it is rich He can awe his tailor when he comes to collect "that little bill;" he can make the butcher look upon himself as little short of a culprit when he demands remuneration for the tough steaks and lean joints he has inflicted upon the long-suffering teeth and the tortured stomachs of the man's family, and he can lie still in his bed, and never change a muscle of his countenance, while his wife creeps down stairs barefooted to investigate the noise in the kitchen.

He can stand calmly by while another man's house is burning, and talk of the "wonderful dispensations of Providence" while the man's only child is perishing in the second story.

You don't begin to appreciate presence of mind unless you have had it.

Women are notable for it. That is, some of them are. See the woman who has to cross the street, or rather see her attempt to do it, in a crowded city. There are two drays, three horse-cars, a couple of omnibuses, a private carriage with a stiff-backed coachman, two or three hundred pedestrians, an orange peddler, and a burly policeman, to stear clear of. The woman has some bundles, and a spare shawl, and a gossamer, and a muff, and she stands on the curbstone and looks across. The lines of the old hymn represent her condition exactly:

> "And shivering stands upon the brink,
> And fears to launch away!"

She looks at the tram-cars, coming both ways. The conductors pull the bells: the drivers pull up, and swear to themselves, as in duty bound, when they find that she has been gathering up her clothes preparatory to taking the final leap, instead of signaling them to stop.

She stands a moment calculating the chances. She grips her muff and her bundles closer. She wonders if she is showing her shoes. She sees one of the dray horses coming up tall and formidable as the Tower of Babel. She makes a dive to avoid him and finds herself almost under the feet of the horses driven by the stiff-backed coachman. And that coachman has too much dignity to turn out for an express train, let alone a frightened woman loaded down with bundles. If his horses did not know more than he did, direful would sometimes be the consequences.

The woman dodges and stands still and the drayman turns to the right to avoid her, and she turns to the left. And so they keep on turning. And she screams, and the drayman gets mad, and the big policeman flourishes his club, and everything is brought to a standstill till that woman crosses the street. And that night, after she gets home, she will tell her husband that if it had not been for her presence of mind she should have been run over.

We have noticed that people who boast of presence of mind rarely have anything of the kind.

The men who are always going to do something big, would have done something if they had only been there, are never there, and if they are, they let somebody else do the work.

Presence of mind prevents many catastrophes—it rescues the small boy who was near getting drowned by Sunday boating; it accounts for the love letters found in your coat-pocket when your wife get it to sew on a button, it flings the burden of the cardamon seeds and cloves she scents in her breath on the toothache, it prepares you for everything that may happen in life, except twins, and twins are something that no man, whether he have presence of mind or not, can foresee.

Appropriate Mottoes.

HOTEL-KEEPER: "I want to put up some sort of a notice to keep guests out of the back hall. Some of them have got into the kitchen, and the chief cook is very jealous of his professional secrets."

FRIEND: "Send out and get a 'No admittance' sign."

HOTEL-KEEPER: "That seem is too harsh. I want something which won't look so much like a regular order—some motto or other."

FRIEND: "Oh, put over the kitchen door 'Ignorance is bliss.'"

The Slipper is the Boss.

Regarding man's supremacy
 The youth and maiden quarreled.
"The hand that wields the pen," said he,
 "Is the hand that rules the world."
Then quoth the maiden slipper,
 While her red lips she curled,
"Sir, the hand that wields the slipper
 Is the hand that rules the world."

Fatherly Advice.—"My son, I would have you ever brave and bold, never timid and cowardly; but when a gushing creature in the bloom of youth and a fetching costume gazes into your eyes, with a dreamy look in hers, and asks you if it is really true that young gentlemen do sit up half the night with the young ladies to whom they are attentive, and if there is any foundation for these funny things the papers say about turning down the gas, and all that sort of thing, you know, then, my son, is the time for you to set your face awayward from that young woman and go thenceward with all the speed that you have on hand."

Mr. New was the father of eleven sons and one daughter. He ran short of names toward the end, and so the youngest son was called "Nothing New," and the daughter "Something New."

Customer (to coal-dealer): "Have you got any name for these scales of yours?" "I never heard of a scale having a name." "Well, you ought to call your scales Ambush. You see they are always lying in weight."

"I've been on this road ten years," said the guard on the Great Northern Railway, to a passenger who complained of the slow time, an' I know what I'm talking about." "Ten years, eh?" said the passenger. "What station did you get on at?"

A physician says: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." This is too severe. Why not spank it?

Shakespeare never billed his plays. Yet he builded better than he knew, Bill did.

Diner—"Waiter, I see you have got turtle soup on the *menu*. Is is mock turtle?"

WAITER: "No, sir, mud."

Japan boasts of a singing fish. It has musical scales, we suppose.

Two old friends meet. "How's your wife?"

"Don't know—she's dead."

Church-going people often meet by chants.

From D. Cameron, dog inspector, asking the council's consideration of the commission he receives on dog registration, and requesting that it might be made the same as that received by the inspector for the east riding. He also stated that he would be willing to act for the west riding at the same rate, if the council appointed him thereto.—Commission raised to 50 per cent. from 1st January last.

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment on the recommendation of the Finance Committee :—

Salaries—Engineer	33	6	8
Secretary	20	0	0
Mrs. Taylor	1	15	0
H. Cushing, travelling expenses	2	2	0
Wm. Murray, " "	5	5	0
J. O'Shaughnessy	2	0	0
J. Tompkins	1	6	6
G. Bailey		10	0
Petty Cash...	7	13	8
Arnall and Jackson	14	8	3
D. Cameron, dog registration ...	2	3	2
H. P. Henningsen	2	5	6
J. Whittla	4	10	0
Rabbit Suppression	29	17	6
John Whitfield	16	15	0
Joe Whitfield	9	0	0
W. McFarlane	9	11	8
R. Gibson	10	0	0
M. Carrigan	16	15	0
Isaac Storey	10	0	0
M. Muir	10	0	0
W. Callaghan	1	16	0
R. McDowall		13	4
P. Carrigan	1	16	8
M. Meehan	13	6	8
J. Smith	5	6	6
E. Milligan		13	0
J. Davis	2	10	0
Wotherspoon Bros. and Co. ...	1	6	2
Taylor Brierley	4	13	4
W. G. Stevens	5	10	0

CONTRACT ACCOUNTS.

North Riding—Chas. Ball, L50 ; J. F. Watkin, L108 10s.

West Riding—A. R. Slater, L165 ; Jas. Madden, L90.

East Riding—Peter Page, L38 ; J. F. Watkin, L30 0s 6d ; Jas. Madden, L58.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT.

Cr Murray (president) reported having attended the conference of local bodies in Melbourne on 27th and 28th March on the grain question ; but as the matter got blended in with the N.W. Municipal Association, he did not think it his duty to take a prominent part in the matter. He, however, attended the deputation, and regarded the Minister's reply that the matter would come before Parliament, as satisfactory.—Report received and adopted.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

Mr H. H. Jackson reported :—Fair progress is being made with the work on the contracts that have been commenced. Madden's work near Skipton will be finished shortly, and a considerable portion of the metal has been broken on the Mt. Emu and Streatham road, but have had great difficulty in getting it broken to the proper guage, and a good deal has to be gone over again. The same is the case on Slater's contract. The road near Baangal has been made, but it would be greatly improved by rolling ; have asked the contractor to try and borrow the Hampdenshire roller, as ours is being used near Beaufort. The bridge near Mr Ryan's, at Mortchup, is finished, and is a good strong piece of work. The weir on Murray Chisholm's is nearly finished, and I think it will answer the purpose it is intended for. The work on the road from Carngham to Lake Goldsmith, is proceeding, as is also that near Lisle's, Carngham. The road from Beaufort towards Lake Goldsmith will be finished in a few days. I am informed that Contractor Broadbent has given up his contract for maintenance metal on the Beaufort and Raglan road. As this metal has to be got from among the old holes on the diggings, it is difficult and expensive to get it after the wet weather, therefore, abandoning the work at this season might involve the council in considerable loss. As a good deal of time would be lost by inviting fresh tenders, I beg to recommend that the work be offered to the next lowest tenderer, provided he will proceed with it at once.—Cr. Beggs moved, and Cr Andrews seconded, that Broadbent's cancelled contract be let to the next lowest tenderer. Cr. Andrews seconded. Carried. The next lowest tender was J. F. Watkins, for L56 5s.

RABBIT INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

Mr McRae reported—1. That the suppression of rabbits has been attended to on St. Enoch's. Most of the burrows have been dug out, and Mr Austin intends to go over them again to see if any are re-opened. 2. On the 15th ult. I engaged a man to dig out the burrows on the land occupied by Mr. Adams. Withdrew him on the 24th ult., as the manager found other men to do the work. 3. A man has been engaged for 12 days at Lake Wongan and Mount William road, during which time he killed 37 rabbits. 4. Mr D. Sutherland has pulled down some of the stone walls on his land, and has promised to remove the remainder. 5. Mr D. E. Stodart, of Mooramong, has been served with a notice under the first schedule of the act, as he has a few rabbits and some undug burrows on his property. 6. On the 6th instant I examined the Emu Creek frontage, Baangal Estate, and found some undug burrows, but not many rabbits. Examined the burrows complained of by the inspector for Hampdenshire, and found them dug out and in good order ; they were dug out three years ago, but Mr Gardiner said some new drives were opened by rabbits from Borriyallock. 7. On Mount Emu reserve extermination has been sufficiently well attended to during the last month to keep within the meaning of the Act. A large number have been killed at Chepstowe Swamp and Bullock Flat ; still there are rabbits, and many under burrow on both these places. 8 Mount Emu reserve is still badly infested with rabbits, although a party of three men and fifteen dogs have been engaged there. Poisoned chaff, and I believe poisoned carrots, have been used without greatly reducing the number of rabbits. A large number of burrows have been dug out, but some are still open. The holes and caves in the rocky portion of the mount afford such cover that it is almost impossible to deal successfully with the pest without plugging the rocks. 9. Cr Russell complains by letter of a reserve on the margin of Lake Burrumbeet being infested with rabbits. This reserve is unoccupied Crown lands. I therefore sent the necessary notice to the Lands department, and received a reply stating that it will be attended to with as little delay as possible. 10 I have visited Mr McPhee's block five times since last council meeting, but will not report till next meeting ; also visited Messrs O'Halloran, M'Farlane, and Neil's grazing blocks. 11. Visited the paddocks of Messrs Hutton, Lancey, Grant, Jamieson, Nicholson, Wilkinson, P. Grant, jun., Pitcher, Bircham, Richards, T. Beggs, Liston, T. Jess, J. Jess, Clark, M'Farlane, M'Queen and Mrs Pitcher, and found that in all cases the Act is complied with, but the destruction of rabbits by some of the above ratepayers is much better attended to than in a few instances, namely, Messrs Hutton, Jamieson, P. Grant, jun., W. Pitcher, and Mrs Pitcher.—The report was received.

AMENDMENTS.

On the motion of Cr Oddie, seconded by Cushing, several amendments in the rate-book were authorised.

EXCHANGE OF ROAD.

Cr. Cushing moved, on notice, that the order made on 9th February, respecting the exchange of road with Mr. Gardiner, be and is hereby rescinded. Cr. Lewis seconded. Carried.

LAMPS AT SKIPTON.

The engineer was instructed to report on the necessity for street lamps at Skipton.

The Council then adjourned, and sat as a

LOCAL BOARD OF HEALTH,

when Dr. Johnson's report on the cases of diphtheria at Chute, was read and ordered to be forward to the Central Board.

The board then rose.

RABBITS ON MT. EMU.

The following letter was read and received at the council meeting on Thursday last :—

"Mount Emu, 30th March, 1888.—To the President and Councillors Shire of Ripon.—Gentlemen,—As I have not received any protection from the daily inroads of rabbits from outside so far, I find it impossible to keep the Mount Emu reserve clear of the pest. I would recommend the shire to expend say L200 upon plugging the rocks and filling the caverns securely with stone upon the reserve. Failing to do this, I propose to pay rent in full up to the end of the lease, and surrender it at once. You would then have a chance of letting it to a more energetic tenant, with over L60 in hand to start with. I hope you will not refuse this offer, as it is from great neglect from outside that I am driven to make it. It is possible that the worst is past, as I believe that Ripon is now throwing off a swarm of rabbits to the northeast. The present draft is now surging through the furze hedges between here and Ballarat ; also on the eastern side of Lake Burrumbeet. If that reserve were in my possession your inspector could have a larger tally-stick to present to the council than ever he had from Mount Emu, but, as I have nothing to do with it, you were not informed. The Lexton Council's proceedings will confirm my statement as to the draft just started from shire reserves and other places. I may state that rabbits are still coming on by the hundred here. Three men killed 66 yesterday, and 54 the day before at the Langi Willi boundary, and 40 a few days ago upon the boundary of another holding. For these incursions, in which I am in no way to blame, you could put me to a great deal of trouble and expense. Those coming on are nearly all full grown, and in good store condition for New South Wales. In the police court at Carngham, Mr. Thomson, the police magistrate, fined me the highest possible penalty under the Act, though it was given in evidence that 519 rabbits had been destroyed upon the 299 acres for which I was summoned, during the three weeks preceding the service of summons. I was under the impression that such exertions were the 'reasonable and diligent steps to promote the destruction of rabbits,' as stated in the Act. I am anxious to know how the fine and costs inflicted upon me at the police court, and paid unto the shire secretary, were apportioned, and wrote to the clerk of court enquiring. He replied—'How the bench made up the items, I cannot say, as they left no record to the effect. You are aware that Mr McRae claimed ten shillings.' Your secretary writes that the witness Scharpe got L3, possibly as an expert, being a painter by trade. I am reluctant to believe that Mr Thomson, P.M., would allow one witness 10s, and another six times the amount, L3, as any witness in the neighborhood could have been got to do it for 10s. Whether your inspector's friend, the South Yarra painter, or Mr Gaunt, the barrister who conducted your case, receive the larger fee? I am unwilling to believe that the council allowed their inspector's friend L3 expenses as a witness upon their own responsibility, thus entailing upon me a loss of L2 10s. It would have been as reasonable to have allowed your inspector to have summoned Scharpe or any other friend from the Barcoo, and have paid L30 for the trip. Contractor Sheehan applied to me a few days ago to get material off my land for the formation of shire roads. I requested him to obtain an order from the council to enter, which, possibly, he did. Hitherto, I have allowed all material, and damage in taking the same, to go free, without charge, and hope that you will see your way to allow matters to work in the same pleasant way in future. I have, therefore, to propose that as you summoned the wrong man in the Carngham court, and allowed those who bred the rabbits to go free (viz., where 70 could be dug out of one burrow, where a clap of the inspector's hands could start in five minutes many hundreds, according to newspaper reports, and many other places were even worse), that you will return me the fine, and expenses of the case, as it should never have been exacted, failing which I will reimburse myself by charging in future to the shire for all material and damage connected with shire works. It is immaterial to me which course you adopt, as I will make it my business to get paid. Failing a settlement on above terms, please give your engineer instructions to charge in future a fair price for damage and material taken off this estate, so that it may be paid to me in liquidation of the debt.—Yours truly, ALEXANDER WILSON."

THE SLAVE MARKET IN MOROCCO.

The day has been very sultry, and suddenly a sand-storm, like a London fog agitated by a whirlwind, came swirling up from the desert in long circling wreaths, filling everything, covering everything, permeating everything, and making it impossible to breathe even the very air ; so we stayed at "home" in the Maimounieh Palace. In the afternoon, the storm cleared off as rapidly as it had came ; and we went to the slave market, which was one of our usual evening lounges, as the Italian Opera season had not yet opened in the city. So we clattered through the streets, with our armed and mounted escort, sending the stones flying in all directions ; entered the Kaisarieh, through a Moorish archway ; and, winding through the dark and dirty alleys of the bazaar, which the people are just beginning to leave, we dismounted at a low Moorish archway, and entered the slave market. It is square, about sixty yards by eighty, and is all open and unpaved, except a covered alley running down the middle. This colonnade is paved with stone, and its tiled roof is supported by Moorish arches, also built of stone. Round the four sides of the square are little huts, made of wattle-bark plastered over with mud, on which heads of maize were spread out to dry ; the pariah dogs of the city are waking up, after their midday siesta, and asserting their prescriptive right of penetrating everywhere, by ranging over the flat roofs with unrestrained license. Behind each cell is another little chamber, into which the slave is taken if any intending purchaser wishes to make a thorough examination in private.

On the occasion of our visit, there were sixty or seventy slaves to be sold, most of them young girls from twelve to sixteen, with a few young men of eighteen to twenty, and some older slaves, who were cooks, or were skilled in some trade. They came from the Equatorial provinces, Darfour and Bahr-el-Ghazel, and even from as for south as Lake Nyassa. They had fine faces and thin lips, and were of an intense blue black color ; the high lights on their faces, being of a dull violet blue, gave their skins the peculiar appearance of black Hambro' grapes with the bloom on them. Many of them were the descendants of the Tonariks, who invaded and conquered the Barbary States. When the young girls saw the blue-eyed, fair moustached Englishmen looking at them, they at once raised their hands to their foreheads, with a gesture like a kind of military salute, which flattered us considerably at first, though it resembled an action indulged in by rude little boys at home. We were disgusted to find, however, that it was neither a sign of respect nor of would-be familiarity, but merely to ward off the "evil eye" they credited us with possessing. The auctioneers—for there were about a dozen of them—did not stand up on a rostrum and knock down the slaves, one by one, to the highest bidder, but walked about among the crowd, followed by a string of slaves, expatiating upon the excellence of their human merchandise, naming the highest bid yet made, stopping to allow purchasers to look at the slaves, and persuading people to make a higher offer. The prices given for slaves vary from almost a nominal sum to as much as 100 dols, and 150 dols have been paid for a young and handsome girl. When a sale has been effected, the purchaser pays a certain percentage, as a tax, to an officer of the Sultan, who enters the transaction in his book, thus legalising it, and placing it on record.

When these unhappy creatures have found a purchaser in a rich Moorish noble or merchant, the happiest time of their life begins. In many cases, a slave in Morocco does next to nothing at all ; Riffians, and the descendants of the aboriginal Barbary races, being called in to do the rough and dirty work of the house. A male slave is frequently the friend and companion of his master ; saddle-horses are kept for him to ride ; he may accumulate property independently, and may, in some instances, buy his freedom if he wishes to do so. If a slave is badly fed, or ill-treated, he can complain to the Kaird of his master's conduct ; and the master may be ordered to sell his slave to somebody more fit to own him. It has frequently happened that a slave who has been freed by his master's will has, after spending all the money he has amassed in servitude, voluntarily offered himself for sale in the market-place, and has then spent the money paid him in finery and dissipation.

The Sultan of Morocco has a slave, his chief cook, who was an artist in his way, and could manipulate into the most cunning dishes the Aryan oil and three-year-old butter that the soul of a Moor loves. He accumulated honors and wealth, and became a man of great importance in the Royal household. The consequence was that he began to fancy that the Empire could not get on without him, became fatter and fatter, and took to sending up dinners to his master carelessly and slovenly cooked. The Sultan remonstrated with him; but the cook knew his own value. The Sultan threatened to sell him ; but the slave took little heed. At last, his patience being worn out by bad dinners, the Sultan sent his slave to the market, and put him up for sale ; but nobody would buy the man, he looked so fat and lazy. This was a terrible shock to the cook's vanity ; but, by the law of Morocco, it had the curious effect of setting him free, unless his master chose to buy him in. This the Sultan did, not being willing to lose his slave, and hoping that he had given him a lesson ; thus the slave beat his master by force of sheer worthlessness. Female slaves generally have great power in the harem, and not unfrequently rule their nominal mistresses despotically.

The cruel part of the slave trade is the march across Central Africa from the Soudan. When a sufficient number of slaves have been caught to form a caravan, the miserable procession starts across the desert. Each slave has to carry his or her gourd of water, and provision of dried dates, from station to station, and to make the weary journey on foot. In the forests and bush of Equatorial Africa they are yoked or tied together ; but in the sandy wastes of the Sahara they are not chained or manacled ; for, should they try to escape, there is nowhere but the desert for them to go, and they would have to throw away their burdens of food and water, so that a certain and lingering death would be the only result of gaining their freedom. At different points on the route, parts of the caravan branch off from the main body and strike northward across the desert for Tripoli, Tunis, or the interior of Algiers, until at last the caravan arrives at Timbuctoo. From this great central mart they turn northward to Cape Juby, where the North-West African Trading Company attempted to found a station, on a small island just off the coast, to tap the Sultan's trade with the interior and Timbuctoo ; and would no doubt have been successful, had not the Sultan sent several thousand troops to occupy the Cape, with strict instructions to fire on anyone who attempted to land. From Cape Juby to Morocco is but a short march, and then the slaves are distributed among the inland towns, and are sold by public auction to a life of comparative ease and comfort. Of the long train of slaves which leave Darfour and the Sondan for Morocco, not more that forty per cent. reach the Sultan's dominions ; the rest have fallen by the way, victims to the sun, to hunger and thirst, to blows, and privations of every kind. If the horrors of this march across thousands of miles of desert are to be put an end to, they must be stopped at the fountain-head. Nothing can be done in Morocco ; but slavery there is not of the Legree and Uncle Tom type, which is the only one that English minds can comprehend, the slaves are well fed and well treated, and most European Governments would lay themselves open to obvious retorts did they interfere to change the slaves' condition. It is at the commencement of this journey of death that the cure must be effected. When Gordon swept the province of Darfour, the slave hunters found their occupation gone, and their hitherto profitable calling was changed to one of danger and doubtful remuneration ; but when we abandoned Gordon at Khartoum, we abandoned all attempts check the slavd-trade in Africa. But the Soudan is a long way off, and Africa is still the Dark Continent ; and so we have left the long caravans to once more plod their deadly path across the desert, and passed on to the other side, content to chase a few dhows in the Red Sea for the salving of our consciences.—W. R. WOODVILLE, in the *Illustrated London News.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions expressed by our correspondents. It is desired that letters to the editor shall be accompanied by the real name and address of the writer, not for absolute publication, but as a bona fide guarantee.

THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

SIR,—I cut the following questions from the *Temperance News* for April. It seems to me that "temperance" (?) advocates will descend to the extremest of absurdities, in attempting to bolster up their cause. The answers to the questions show how ridiculous those questions are :—

QUESTIONS.	ANSWERS.
1 Is it right to build churches to save men, and at the same time license shops that destroy them?	1 Both *churches* and *shops* being inanimate, are incapable of either saving or destroying men; and shops are not licensed.
2 Is it right to license a man to sell that which will make a man drunk, and then punish the man for being drunk?	2 Yes. Licensing a man to sell, restricts him to a limit, going beyond which the licensee is liable to punishment ; it is right to punish a man for being drunk, as it is the only way to keep a degrading appetite within bounds.
3 Is it right to license a man to make paupers, and then tax sober men to take care of them?	3 *No man is licensed to make paupers*, hence the absurdity of questioning.
4 Is it right to license a saloon to teach vice, and then tax people for schools to teach virtue!	4 *No person is licensed to teach vice* ; but *virtue* should be instilled into the hearts of the young at home, and it should not be expected that schools can be exempt if the primary cautiousness is not exercised in the home circle.
5 Is it right to derive a revenue out of a traffic which no decent man defends?	5 The propounder of this query is probably egotistical enough to believe himself the only *decent* man living. There are thousands of *decent* men who hold that it is right to tax the liquor traffic, although they themselves are opposed to the so-called "temperance" advocacy.
6 Is it right to teach your boy not to drink, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to drink?	6 The absurditity of this question lies in its reference to a future. If temptation were totally removed, what need to teach a boy not to yield to it? Teach him to shun *existing* evils—not to overcome what does not exist.
7 Is it right to teach your boy to be honest, and then vote to license a place where he may be taught to gamble?	7 It is impossible to understand this query. Does it refer to a church bazaar? These things are the nurseries of gamblers. The law provides that all gambling saloons shall be closed.
8 Is it right to teach a boy to restrain his passions, and then vote to license a place where his worst passions will be inflamed?	8 If a boy is taught to control his worst passions, he will be more able to maintain his calm demeanour when brought face to face with temptation.
9 Is it right to take care of your own boy and vote to license a place which will ruin your neighbor's boy?	9 The answer to this will be found in that of No. 4. Every father should have perfect control of his children.
10 It is right to preach justice and charity, and then vote to license a thing which robs the widows and orphans of their bread?	10 The *injustice* and *uncharitableness* of each of these questions is more predominant than the *justice* and *charity* alluded to. The temperance advocates would deprive a man of the right to provide for his wife and children, and in many instances widows of the means of providing for her fatherless little ones.
11 Is it right for you to go to the polls and vote without having studied this question seriously and carefully.—*Casselton Blizzard.*	11 Here is where *justice* and *charity* step in, and the least of both will be found, in my opinion, on the side of the so-called temperance Reformer. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," "Truth and justice must prevail."

But why prolong an interminable controversy.—Yours, etc.,

MODERATION.

Wolfe's Schnapps is the purest and safest medicinal stimulant that can be taken by enfeebled invalids.

Wolfe's Schnapps is now Australia's most popular health beverage. Ask for Wolfe's and accept no other.

The public should avoid all imitations of Wolfe's Schnapps. Be sure you procure the genuine article.

When a genuine article such as Wolfe's Schnapps has earned a good name for itself, imitations spring up.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

The market has now recovered its activity after the suspension of business for the holidays, and a fair quantity of produce has come in during the past few days. One large transaction in wheat took place on Saturday, when 400 bags of locally grown were taken up at 3s, bags returned. A 20 bag lot also changed hands at 3s 2d, bags in. A good deal has been done in flour at £7 12s 6d per ton. The wheat market at Horsham remains unchanged, buyers giving 2s 10½d per bushel. At Donald 2s is still given, and at St. Arnaud the same figure rules. In this district oats are without alteration, a 50 bag parcel selling on Saturday at 2s 3d, bags in. Bran and pollard are firmer. Several mills are cleared out of the former and the price has advanced to 9d per bushel. Potatoes have been fairly well supplied from Warrnambool and have eased to £2 5s. Hay comes in freely. Fresh butter is plentiful at 1s 2d per pound. Bacon and hams are coming in more freely and eggs are well supplied. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 2d per bushel bags in
Oats, 2s 3d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 8½d per bushel
Bran, 9d per bushel
Flour, L7 12s 6d per ton
Cape barley, 3s 3d per bushel
English Barley, 3s 6d per bushel,
Rye, 5s per bushel
Peas, 3s per bushel
Warrnambool, £2 5s per ton
Hay, sheaves, L2 per ton
Hay, trussed, L2 5s per ton
Straw, to 25s per ton.
Chaff, 3s per cwt
Onions, 4s 6d per cwt
Butter, fresh, 1s 2d per lb
Butter, potted, 8d per lb
Hams, 10½d per lb
Bacon, 9½d per lb
Cheese, 6d per lb
Eggs, 1s 2d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Wheat, 3s 2½d to 3s 3d, for prime milling; oats., Danish 2s 3d to 2s 4d, stout, up to 2s 6d per bushel ; peas, 2s 4d per bushel ; Cape barley, firm, 2s 10d to 3s ; prime malting 5s to 5s 3d per bushel ; carrots, L1 15s ; potatoes, 35s ; hay is active, ; and the best wheaten chaffing, L2 to L2 7s 6d ; medium, 30s to 37s ; oaten straw, L1 5s ; wheaten, L1 5s ; manger hay, L3.

DALGETY & COMPANY'S WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT.

Messrs Dalgety and company report under date Wednesday 11th April.

Wheat.—This cereal has not had much change during the week, but there appears to be more inclination on the part of holders to meet the market. We have done very good business, and have placed about 8000 bags really prime at 3s 5½d, also quitting 1500 bags medium to inferior ; and faulty lots at from 3s 4d to 2s 10d. Advices from London are still very discouraging, and latest quotations show further decline. Oats are in better favour, and we sold 1588 bags of all descriptions at the following rates :—Tartarians, 2s 3d to 2s 8d ; Danish, 2s 5d to 2s 7d ; stout, 2s 8d to 2s 9d. Barley has been entirely neglected, and there is no business to report. Peas were easier at the close of last week, but improved slightly since, and we made sales at 2s 7½d to 2s 8½d. Maize is in better demand at present low values, and we quitted a fair-sized line at 3s 2d.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORTS.

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

We held a sale yesterday, when we submitted a catalogue of about 200 bales and packages. There was a moderate attendance of buyers, but biddings were rather languid, and a number of lots had to be passed in, the bids being below owners' ideas of value. We, however, succeeded afterwards in making a fair clearance at an advance on the prices bid at auction. We sold :—Greasy fleece, from 5½d to 7½d per pound ; greasy pieces, 3½d to 5½d per pound ; scoured, from 8d to 17d per pound. Among the principal lots sold was a nicely got up lot marked F H, which sold as follows :—"F H"5 bales 1st lambs at 12d ; 7 bales x bred at 11d ; 4 bales 1st pieces at 10½d ; 11 bales A pieces at 9½d ; 5 bales 2 pieces at 9½d ; 14 bales locks at 9¼d ; 5 bales B pieces at 9d. J J in circle, 2 bales sup com 17d. The third series of the London-Colonial wool sales commenced on Thursday last, with a large attendance of home and foreign buyers, and brisk competition for most descriptions, prices generally being on a par with closing rates of last series. The sales comprise about 340,000 bales, and, up to date, 43,500 bales have been catalogued, and about 2000 bales withdrawn.

Sheepskins.—After an interval of a fortnight on account of the Easter Holidays, the weekly station produce sales were resumed to-day, when we submitted a very heavy supply to numerous attendance of local and shipping buyers. Biddings throughout the sale were fairly animated, and we were enabled to make a clearance at satisfactory prices. Butchers' fresh killed skins, from 15d to 27d each ; superior, a little higher ; country and station skins, 12d to 21d each ; full-woolled skins 4d to 5½d per pound ; short and medium-woolled ditto, 1d to 3½d per pound ; lambskins, 2d to 4d per pound.

Hides.—We had a large supply, principally light and medium sorts. There was full muster of the trade present, and prices showed no change as compared with late rates. We effected a clearance as follows :—Heavies from 3½d per pound ; good-conditioned, salted, 3½d to 3¾d per pound ; light and medium sorts, 2¾d to 3d per pound ; kip, 2¼d to 3¾d per pound ; calf, 4½d to 6d per pound.

Tallow.—We placed a fortnight's accumulation of oddments, and 37 pipes and casks country mixed, to the local manufacturers at satisfactory prices.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company report under date April 11 :—

Wheat—Market a shade easier. Some large parcels sold at 3s 5½d. At our auction to-day we sold good milling at 3s 5d. Flour.—The demand is not brisk ; country-stone made sold at from L7 7s 6d to L7 15s, and roller from L8 15s. Oats—Calcuttas 1s 10½d ; inferior Tartarians 2s 5d ; fair 2s 6d ; Danish 2s 8d ; stout 3s 10½d to 2s 11d. Barley—The demand has slackened, sales of Cape to 5s, and English at 5s 4d to sample. Peas 2s 8d ; maize 3s ; bran 11d ; pollard 10d.

Holloway's Pills.—The sudden changes, frequent fogs, and pervading dampness sorely impede the vital functions and conduce to ill-health. The remedy for these diseases lies in some purifying medicine, like these Pills, which is competent to grapple with the mischief at its source, and stamp it out without fretting the nerves or weakening the system. Holloway's Pills extract from the blood all noxious matters, regulate the action of every disordered organ, stimulate the liver and kidneys, and relax the bowels. In curing chest complaints these pills are very effective, especially when aided by friction of the ointment on its walls. This double treatment will ensure a certain, steady, and beneficent progress, and health will soon be re-established.

£3 £1 FREE GIFTS !—The proprietors of WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS, to induce the destruction and prevent the improper use of their wrappers and labels, and thus further protect the 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.

TO SPORTING MEN.

It should be in the hands of every one of you who are desirous of success, and something genuine to invest money on. Manders' Weekly Opinion on coming events, with hints on same, horses in training worth watching, etc., etc. Subscription 5s per week. Having considerably increased his staff of horse watchers, etc., he is more than usually confident of another successful season. Something Good.—A. S. M has learnt something good for the Newmarket Handicap and Australian Cup at long odds ; parties becoming subscribers will participate in it. A. S. M. has been acknowledged by his subscribers as one of the most reliable tipsters of the day. Subscriptions, 5s per week ; and for special telegraphic notes from the course for principal races, 5s per day. Our weekly advice will be on all events. You will get some good snip on the coming meetings. You will participate in a few more Mozarts, Cardigans, etc. If you have fared badly on the turf, remember the old saying, "It is never too late to mend." Become subscribers at once. Result of any race in Australia supplied. Commissins executed. A. S. MANDERS, Telegrapic Agent, 30 Collins street east, Melbourne. Telegraphic address—Manders, Melbourne. Member of Victorian Club, Melbourne, Sydney Tattersall's, and Bowes' Tattersall's, Melbourne.—[ADVT.]

HOW PILLS ARE MADE.

THE Custom of taking medicine in the form of pills dates far back in history. The object is to enable us to swallow easily in a condensed form disagreeable and nauseous, but very useful drugs. To what vast dimensions pill-taking has grown may be imagined when we say that in England alone about 2,000 000,000 (two thousand million) pills were made every year. In early days pills were made slowly by hand, as the demand was comparatively small. To-day they are produced with infinitely greater rapidity by machines especially contrived for the purpose, and with greater accuracy, too, in the proportions of the various ingredients employed.

No form of medication can be better than a pill, provided only it is intelligently prepared. But right here occurs the difficulty. Easy as it may seem to make a pill, or a million of them, there are really very few pills that can be honestly commended for popular use. Most of them either undershoot or overshoot the mark. As everybody takes pills of some kind, it may be well to mention what a good, safe, and reliable pill should be. Now, when one feels dull and sleepy, and has more or less pain in the head, sides, and back, he may be sure his bowels are constipated, and his liver sluggish. To remedy this unhappy state of things there is nothing like a good cathartic pill. It will act like a charm by stimulating the liver into doing its duty, and ridding the digestive organs of the accumulated poisonous matter.

But the good pill does not gripe and pain us, neither does it make us sick and miserable for a few hours or a whole day. It acts on the entire glandular system at the same time, else the after-effects of the pill will be worse than the disease itself. The griping caused by most pills is the result of irritating drugs which they contain. Such pills are harmful, and should never be used. They sometimes even produce heamorrhoids. Without having any particular desire to praise one pill above another, we may, nevertheless, name Seigel's Pills, manufactured by the well known house of A. J. White, Limited, 35, Farringdon Road, London, and now sold by all chemists and medicine vendors, as the only one we know of that actually possesses every desirable quality. They remove the pressure upon the brain, correct the liver, and cause the bowels to act with ease and regularity. They never gripe or produce the slightest sickness of the stomach, or any other unpleasant feeling or symptom. Neither do they indulge further constipation, as nearly all other pills do. As a further and crowning merit, Mother Seigel's Pills are covered with a tasteless and harmless coating, which causes them to resemble pearls, thus rendering them as pleasant to the palate as they are effective in curing disease. If you have a severe cold and are threatened with a fever, with pains in the head, back, and limbs, one or two doses will break up the cold and prevent the fever. A coated tongue, with a brackish taste in the mouth is caused by foul matter in the stomach. A dose of Seigel's Pills will effect a speedy cure. Oftentimes partly decayed food in the stomach and bowels produces sickness, nausea, &c. Cleanse the bowels with a dose of these pills, and good health will follow.

Unlike many kinds of pills, they do not make you feel worse before you are better. They are, without doubt, the best family physic ever discovered. They remove all obstructions to the natural functions in either sex without any unpleasant effects.

BROKEN HILL MINES.—Important to those interested in the Broken Hill Mining.—In consequence of the importance of these silver mines, we have dispatched a special representative to the fields. Those requiring information respecting any particular mine, the rise and fall of shares, private information etc., can be supplied by me. Our representative has been connected with mining for a number of years. A. S. MANDERS, Telegraphic Agent, 30 Collins st., Melbourne.—[ADVT.]

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 Merchants in the colony. The name of M. Moss & Co. is on the top label of the yellow wrapper

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

MANDERS' SPORTING TELEGRAMS — Reliable! Profitable! and Prompt! Every hotel should have them. Write at once for terms. Commissions executed on all events. All reply telegrams must be prepaid. Member of Victorian Club, Melbourne ; Tattersall's, Sydney ; and Bowes' Tattersalls, Melbourne. All telegrams addressed Manders, Melbourne, will duly reach me. Results of any races in Australia supplied. A. S. MANDERS, Telegraphic Agent, 30 Collins street east Melbourne.—[ADVT.]

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGERS cure 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 nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d each.

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

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 orignally 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 farther, 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 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, mervilleauxs, Sicilian silks, Duchess satins, and otteman 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 old 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."

WORTH TRYING!

—IS—

CHAPMAN'S

Australian Foliage Balsam.

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

Taken internally—An excellent cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Fog Fever, Sore Throats, Spasms, Cholera, and Bowel Complaints Used externally—It cures Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Chilblains, Old Sores, Stings from Scorpions, Centipedes, and all Poisonous Insects, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Pains in Joints and Side-Cramps, &c., and gives relief in all Chronic Diseases, also a Guaranteed Cure for Snake Bite, if promptly and persistently applied.

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

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

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

Two Testimonials selected from One Hundred and Fifty.

Amphitheatre, Nov. 27th, 1886.

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

MRS. SARAH J. MILLS.

Buangor, January 20, 1887.

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

ROBERT HORNSBY.

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

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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.

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DAVID ELDER, Manager.
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Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins Street west

Extraordinary Announcement.

S. NATHAN,

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

MELBOURNE,

SUPPLIES

FURNITURE,

BEDSTEADS and BEDDING,

CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS,

PIANOS,

ELECTROPLATED WARE.

GUNS, by all the Best English Makers

&c., &c., &c.,

Without Money or Security

ON

TIME PAYMENT

GOODS FORWARDED TO ANY PART OF THE COLONY.

Most Liberal Terms in the World.

S. NATHAN,

THE FURNISHING ARCADE,

221 Elizabeth Street.

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT

DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the population to local enterprise and industry. Every venture is to a more or less extent speculative; but each, whilst aiming at the success of the Promoter, must offer certain return to those whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

The law of exchange was never satisfactory in its working; thus it was that the custom of buying and selling, using a standard currency, was introduced. One form of that currency is known as "paper money," and of paper money there is more than one kind. All kinds are useful, but not every kind retains its original value. The "paper" money most valuable to a newspaper proprietor is that which is paid him by

"Subscribers and Advertisers,"

and he will do his utmost to entitle him to a good share of it.

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts let, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon, and is the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

And as the *Advocate* of the interests and for the welfare of this district it has a claim for a considerably greater amount or support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation

Of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing.

And the Proprietors, recognising the increased support in this direction, will use their utmost endeavors to merit and sustain the patronage accorded them by giving the Latest possible Local and General News, and the most interesting and instructive information.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

With every issue of the Paper is given

A 16-COLUMN SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an
Interesting Serial Tale,
Amusing Anecdotes,
Pastoral News,
Agricultural Intelligence,
Poultry Farming,
Recipes,
Gardening Items,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Is given gratis.

Business Men, Read!

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either "bust" or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Ripon shire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Henningsen and Klunder,

Printers and Publishers,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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

Office: Lawrence Street, Beaufort

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

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPTS, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,
Prepared on the shortest notice.

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

ONE BOX OF

CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS

IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urina Organs, in either sex, acquired or constitutio Gravel, and Pains in the back. Sold in boxes, 4s. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE,
APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND

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Newbery and Sons, 37 Newgate-street, London.
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Sangar and Sons, Oxford-street, London.
And all the London Wholesale Houses.

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ROCKE, TOMPSETT, & CO., Melbourne.
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KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & Co., Wholesale Druggist
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

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 — COMOTROPHICUS — COMOTROPHICUS CO. LTD. LONDON — All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

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Agency Business of all kinds attended to,

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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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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

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 Stockpo 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
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Cures Glandular Swellings
Clears the Blood rom all Impure Matter,
From whatever cause arising.

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste, and warrante free 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, 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 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 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 confirm that these Pills possess a marvellous power in securing these great secrets of health by purifying and regulating the fluids and strengthening the solids.

Our Mothers and Daughters.

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

Debilitated Constitutions—Bad Coughs.

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

Indigestion and its Cure.

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

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

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

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 both locally and constitutionally. The Ointment rubbed around the part affected enters the pores as salt permeates meat. Its 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 ensuring a cure.

Fistulas, and Excoriations.

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

In Disorders of the Kidneys, Stone, and Gravel

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

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

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

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

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

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

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

Let such persons (he or she) sit quietly down in the privacy of their own apartments, and with calm minds describe clearly each symptom of their case, a clear statement thus written, and laid before me, is far preferable in nervous diseases to a personal consultation Where, however, a disease is of a peculiar and exceptional character, a personal consultation may become necessary; but my success in correspondence is great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated by letter during the last 32 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, not a case has ever been made public—in fact, the very simplicity of my system of correspondence prevents publicity.

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

How many thousands have I not brought 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 returned.

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

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

LOUIS L. SMITH.

Address
DR. L. L. SMITH,
182 COLLINS STREET EAST,
MELBOURNE.

Consultation Fee by Letter, £1.
Fee for personal Consultation, £1 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine.

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

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-Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1½d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown" Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by John Brown & Sons, Boston, U.S. European depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London.

Printed and Published by H. P. HENNINGSEN for the proprietors, at the Office, Prait street Beaufort in the Colony of Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 654 — BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888. — 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 ontributors.

All advertisements coming under the heads of Wanted, Missing Friends, For Sale, Rewards, if not exceeding twenty-four words, will be inserted fo] o shillings and sixpence.

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

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

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

WATERLOO COACHES.

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

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

From the Railway Hotel, Beaufort, to Waterloo at 9 a.m., 12 noon, 4 5 p.m.

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.3 a.m.

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

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

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

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

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.

R. MANFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

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

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, 886.

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

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager.

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.

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.

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.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.

:o:

G. H. COUGLE

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

JUST ARRIVED!

AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK

—OF—

DRAPERY, CLOTHING,

MILLINERY, BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. McKEICH,

(Late WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.)

NEILL STREET,

BEAUFORT.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

STATIONER AND NEWS AGENT,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

Wotherspoon Bros AND CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS, WINE AND SPIRIT

— AND —

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

HAVE ON HAND THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Teas, Sugars, and General Grocerie

&c., in the district, of the best quality, and are selling at

PRICES THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN

OUT OF MELBOURNE.

—o—

W. B, & Co. also keep a large stock of

Furniture, Bedsteads and Bedding, Ironmongery, Paints, Oils, &c. Chinaware, Glassware, Earthenware; and Fancy Goods.

LARGEST DEALERS IN COLONIAL PRODUCE. Comprising—*Flour, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Oats, Potatoes, Onions, and pure Hay Chaff, &c. Seed Wheat, and Oats For Sale.*

AGENTS FOR HUNTER'S DISINFECTANT.

LIFE and FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS.

THE BLUE HOUSE,

BEAUFORT.

:o:

JAS. CATHIE

Desires to announce that he has Commenced Business in the above premises. The stock of

Drapery, Boots and Shoes

Is new, having been Purchased under the Most Favorable Circumstances, and will be sold

At Prices which Defy Competition.

Purchasers should inspect the stock.

:o:

J.C. having also purchased a new stock of

Groceries, Wines and Spirits,

Of the best brands, is disposing of Mr. O'Connell's stock at

Exceptionally Low Prices.

:o:

Highest Cash Prices given for Farm and Dairy Produce

Hawkes Bros.,

Wholesale and Retail Ironmongers, Furniture Dealers, Importers of China, Glassware, and Crockery, Oils, Colors, &c.

BEG to notify that they are holding a Great Clearing SALE of FURNITURE, CROCKERY, &c.,

:o:

In order to make room for

Large Consignments now Landing,

We have determined to sell out present stock at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES ! !

:o:

CHRISTMAS

Being the time when Replenishing takes place, Parties cannot do better than

Inspect our Stock

— OF —

Ironmongery, Furniture, Fancy Goods, Paperhangings, etc.

:o:

The largest Furniture and Crockery Show Rooms in the Country Districts.

:o:

FISHING TACKLE
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

At the "Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

—A—

SIGNAL VICTORY O[illegible]EASE

—o—

"PROGRESSIVE [illegible]CE"

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

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 ⅝ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
⅝in., ¾in., 1in., 1¼in., cedar, wide and narrow board
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.

NEXT TO POLICE STATION

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

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

[A CARD.]

Mrs. Margaret White,
LADIES' NURSE.

c/o George White, Neill Street, Beaufort.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

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

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 Seizer 86 Queen-st. Melbourne.

HARRIS & TROY

BEG to intimate that they have OPENED a

GENERAL STORE

BEAUFORT.

SATURDAY, 28th APRIL, 1888.
At 2.30 o'clock.

[illegible]

Beaufort, but get them repeated from Melbourne. Now, this is most unsatisfactory, and accounts for the very many delays in delivering telegrams of which we frequently [illegible]

and convenient warehouses, contiguous to the main trunk line of the Victorian Railways, a branch from which will take all produce consigned to the company direct to their stores [illegible]

ENTERTAINMENT AT WATERLOO.

On Thursday evening, at Waterloo, a benefit entertainment was given in the [illegible]

ARARAT MINING BOARD.

A special meeting of the above board [illegible]

SUPPLEMENT.

Sketcher.

Historic Men of Memory.

The history of the world has been dotted along with the names of those who have possessed remarkable memories. As far back as the remote periods of antiquity, we are told there lived men who were famous for their wonderful powers of memory.

It is said by Themistocles, that he could call by their name the people of Athens, which city then numbered twenty thousand inhabitants.

George the Third, of England, though deficient in education, never forgot a name once heard, or a face once seen.

A school teacher of London, whose name was Dawson, possessed a remarkable memory. He could repeat the book of Job and the Psalms, and on a wager of two hundred pounds, he repeated, without the aid of a book, Spenser's "Faerie Queene," a poem of nearly four thousand stanzas of nine lines each!

Parsons, the Greek Scholar, could repeat Milton's "Paradise Lost" backwards.

A monk who resided in Moscow in the fifteenth century, could repeat the whole of the New Testament.

It has been written of the Bourbons that they never forget a man's name, nor his face, and this has been sometimes considered as a true sign of their royal natures.

Houdin was once invited with his son to a gentleman's house to give a private seance, and as they went up stairs they passed the library door, which was partially open. In that single moment young Charles Houdin read off the names of twelve volumes and recognised the position of two busts.

The gentleman, during the seance, was artfully led by the father to ask some questions relating to the library, and was astonished by the accurracy of the magician's answers.

Boone, the blind negro pianist who has given performances through several states, has a most wonderful memory in connection with his art. From once hearing it, he was able to play Lizst's celebrated "Hungarian Rhapsody" without missing a note.

Blind Tom also performed similiar feats.

Mozart, when only thirteen years old, played a new opera from one hearing, which had been composed expressely to test his skill.

A writer referring to this incident says: "He not only reproduced the opera from memory—which was a difficult piece—without missing a single note, but on a second playing, threw in variations in such a manner that all who heard him were speechless with astonishment."

McKenzie tells us a most interesting story about Carolan, a blind Irish harper and composer, who once challenged a famous Italian violinst to a trial of skill. The Italian played the flute concerto of Vivaldi on his violin; then to the astonishment of all present Carolan, who had never before heard the concerto, took his harp and played it through from beginning to end without missing a single note.

A Terrible Chamber.

"This chamber occupies the ground floor of the crenulated tower, the smallest of the three round towers on the quay. In the centre was an ominous and singular looking object. It was a sort of long and narrow table of lias stone, joined with moulten lead poured into the crevices, very heavy and supported on three stone legs. This table was about two and a half feet high, eight feet long, and twenty inches wide. On looking up I saw a great rusty iron hook fastened in the round stone which forms the keystone of the arch. This object is the rack. A feather covering used to be put over it upon which the victim was stretched. Ravaillac remained for six weeks upon this table, with his hands and feet tied, bound at the waist by a strap attached to a long chain hanging from the ceiling. The last ring of this chain was slipped on to the hook, which I still saw fixed above my head. Six gentlemen guards and six guards of the provost department watched him night and day. Damiens was guarded like Ravaillac in this chamber, and tied down upon this table during the whole time occupied by the inquiry and the trial of his case. Desrues and Cartouche were tortured upon it. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was stretched upon it stark naked, fastened down, and, so to speak, quartered by four chains attached to the four limbs, and there suffered the frightful 'extraordinary torture by water,' which caused her to ask: 'How are you going to continue to put that great barrel of water in this little body?'

"A whole dark history is there, having filtered, so to speak, drop by drop into the pores of these stones, these walls, this vault, this bench, this table, this pavement, this door. There it all is; it has never quitted the place. It has been shut up there; it has been bolted up. Nothing has escaped from it, nothing has evaporated; no one has ever spoken, related, betrayed, revealed anything of it. This crypt, which is like the mouth of a funnel turned upside down, this case made by the hands of man, this stone box, has kept the secret of all the blood it has drunk, of all the shrieks it has stilled. The frightful occurrences which have taken place in this judge's den still palpitate and live, and exhale all sorts of miasms. What a strage abomination is this tower placed in the very middle of the quay, without any moat or wall to separate it from the passer-by! Inside the saws, the boots, the wooden horses, the wheels, the pincers, the hammers which knock in the wedges, the hissing of flesh touched with the red-hot iron, the spluttering of blood upon the live embers, the cold interrogatories of the magistrates, the desparing shrieks of tortured man: outside, within four paces, citizens coming and going, women chattering, children playing, trades-people selling their wares, vehicles rolling along, boats upon the river, the roar of the city, air, sky, sun, liberty."

Shakspeariana.

It may be an interesting diversion to some of our readers to ascertain from what plays the following quotations are derived. (They are from Shakspeare.)

A woman's fitness comes by fits.
Easy is it of a cut leaf to steal a shive.
Winning will put every man into courage.
The world is still deceived with ornament.
Fruits that blossom first will first be ripe.
Love all; trust a few; do wrong to none.
Good words are better than bad strokes.
'Tis not a year or two shows us a man.
Ill deeds are doubted with an evil word.
Were man but content he were perfect.
Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
He is well paid that is satisfied.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken.
Scorn at first makes after love the more.
We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
In time we hate that which we often fear.
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature.

A man whose fair features were terribly marred
By an accident, said: "Little heed
People gave to me once, but my luck, though ill-starred,
Now has made me a marked man, indeed."

Wong Chin Foo, who has the whisker-tiger, whose waist is three miles round, and whose wit is the forest of pencils, asks in the *North American Review*, "Why am I a heathen?" Because, oh most wise and courtly mandarin, thou wast born a boy. Hadst thou been born a girl, thou wouldst have been a she, then. Send us the chromo. Or, hold; we'll take a dust coat.

"**I am ugly**—positively ugly—dishfaced and goggle-eyed. I am at a loss what business to engage in. Please give me your advice—HUGH." Well, Hugh, it seems to us that, with a dish-face and saucer eyes, you ought to set up in the crockery line.

Traveller.

A Siberian Trip.

A lively French writer—I think it is Dumas *pere* in that amusing and delightfully and innacurate book of his, "From Paris to Astrachan"—compares his sensations on entering Russia to those of prisoners ushered into an immense prison, over which brooded as head gaoler the gigantic figure of the czar. To me the main sensation was of a negative description; it was a feeling of absence of jubilee. In St. Petersburg and Moscow, indeed, the painfully familiar word still haunted one in the newspapers and in the common talk of men; but beyond Nijni Novgorod the world was in the state of ignorance which characterised that very primitive church recorded in the Acts of the Apostles; they knew not so much as whether there be a jubilee or not. This was refreshing, refreshing also, after the heat and dust of the railway travelling, with the cool breezes which blow up the Volga and the Kama as the steamer passes up and down these magnificent winding rivers. Indeed, a trip down the Volga and the Kama, or even Dnieper, may be confidently recommended to those wearied of the hackneyed Rhine, the well-known Danube, or the oft-seen Hudson.

The scenery, though it cannot be called grand, is picturesque throughout. The occasional villages and townships, with the green-roofed churches, with the golden domes and cresses, which dominate the landscape; the immense broad reaches of water, down which brightly-painted barges and huge rafts of wood slowly float; the endless horizon, with its miles of forest and marsh, and its long stretches of cultivation; all these form a picture which is unique in Europe, and which has a strange charm and fascination of its own. The travelling, also—if you speak Russian—is in the highest degree pleasant. In the course of four or five days on a river people get thrown together, and there is no more genial and considerate fellow traveller than the Russian. Of steamers there is an immense variety. No fewer than 700 ply on the Volga; and the passenger boats which travel from Nijni to Astrachan, built on the American system, are floating palaces of comfort. Those who go only as far as Kazan, and thence up the Kama and Perm, are not of such excellence; though the cuisine is good, and there is really nothing to complain of. A captious critic might deplore the absence of baths, and might consider one basin, with a limited supply of water, insufficient washing accommodation for the whole number of first-class passengers, but the philosophic traveller may console himself by reflecting on the cleansing proprieties of the Russian bath which he will get at the close of his journey.

We were inconveniently over-crowded. A Siberian mine-owner and his family, a cultured and sympathetic professor from Jaroslay, travelling as special correspondent of the *Moskovski Vyedomosti*, two or three students, and a few business men belonging to the Ural region constituted the party, and an unfortunate Frenchman, unable to speak a word of Russian, who, by some mistake, had become possessed of a German passport, constituted, with his apprehensions of arrest and Siberia, the comic element which is rarely wanting in a mixed ship-load of passengers.

There are four passenger lines to Perm from Nijni; the Lubimoff, the Kamenskeech (the two best), the Kurbatoff, which also operates on the Siberian rivers, and the Gregorieff. The competition between these lines has reduced the rates to the lowest possible figure; for the noble science of "pooling" as practiced by American railroad men appears not to have been developed as yet in eastern Russia. The third-class traveller on the Kurbatoff line can get carried a distance of a thousand miles, and housed for four days, for the small sum of two roubles, or about three and sixpence. He has, of course, to feed himself, but this he would have to do anywhere else; so the mujik lies on his back in a perfect paradise of idleness, drinks tea, and eat pies, till he fee's the real rapture of repletion and repose. I know of no part of the civilised world where one can get carried at a cheaper rate. In rather less than four days, after calling at about twelve stations en route, Perm is reached, and there the Ural railway to Ekaterinburg and Tiumen begins. That railway system is thus separated from the main railway system of Russia by a distance of about a thousand miles; and it is a characteristic of the neglect with which the Russian government treats its own valuable possessions, while feverishly coveting the possessions of other nations, that this absurd state of things should be allowed to continue. Perm, besides being the terminus of Siberian trade, is also the seat of the largest cannon foundry in Russia, a foundry which turns out about 200 guns a year; and that an important institution like this should not be connected by railway with the rest of the empire is certainly remarkable. But this is merely one more proof, if any were needed, of the entire artificial character of the Russian advance in Europe and Asia, while the true line of national growth lies elsewhere. However, from Perm there is a railway to the mining regions of Ural, and there is something to be thankful for, the old road over the range involving discomfort of an appalling nature. The Ural range is certainly disappointing. The average height of the hills is insignificant, and the scenery hardly finer than the scenery of Derbyshire, and not to be compared with the Western Ghauts of India. The line winds in a gradually ascending course through fir-clad hills and undulating country, dotted with lakes and traversed by rivers, scenery suggestive, though on a smaller scale, of that on the line from Batum to Tiflis. Tehussofskya, the seat of iron industries, Bisser and Nijni-Tagil are passed, and after crossing the frontier of Europe and Asia, a frontier marked by a simple pillar, in about twenty hours the golden domes of the Ekateringburg Cathedral are seen, and the large straggling town, with its white houses and green roofs, lies out in panoramas before one as the train slowly glides into the station.

Decline of Juggernaut.

The *Calcutta Englishman* calls attention to the remarkable decline in the popularity of the great Rath Jattra, or Car festival, at the Juggernaut temple in Orissa. That the number of visitors this year should show a large decrease might have been expected, owing to the loss of two pilgrim steamers and to the common belief that the loss of a third had been predicted. It appears, however, that although the falling off is more marked this year it has been going on steadily for some years past. The religious enthusiasm of the crowd is said to be also disappearing. There is no longer a wild rush for the car in which the idol is dragged from the temple to a country house and back again, and on several occasions it has been necessary to hire coolies to perform the work. The fact is a strange one, and apart from the reflections which it may suggest in other directions it would seem to show that the government was over sanguine in its estimate of the pilgrim traffic which accompanied the papers on the proposed Benares-Pooree Railway mentioned some time ago.

The Prodigal Son.—"Father, after twenty years of fruitless wandering, I have returned to my old home."

"Oh, it's you, is it, Bill? Well, there ain't wood split for your ma to cook dinner with. P'raps you'd better get up an appetite."

The great Czar Nicholas used to remark that it was "amusing to see a camel sneeze; but that you only ought to hear a Katkoff." The defeat of Russia in the Crimean war is directly traceable to this foolish observation on the part of Nicholas.

Short Story.

ONE TOO MANY.

BY MERLEY MIST.

By the way that Eliza Moore slammed the soap into its receptacle, and made the suds fly it was evident that she was not a little flustered. She showed no mercy for the washboard that trembled and groaned under the swift succession of rub dubs that were brought to bear upon it, and paid no attention to the quantities of water that were being swished over the top of the tub, running in streams across the kitchen floor. Her husband coming into the kitchen for a drink, barely escaped being bit in the head with a garment that his wife threw across the room into the boiler.

"Why, Eliza," laughed he, "you came near putting my eye out."

"I don't know that it would make much difference," retorted his wife, "for you couldn't see much less with one eye than you do now with two."

"However true that may be, I can at least see that there is something wrong with you. What is it, my dear?"

"Don't waste your time in 'my dearing,' me, when there are a thousand and one things happening under your very nose every day, that you have no eyes or ears for!" said Eliza brandishing the soap in the air.

"Why, Eliza, Eliza! what is the matter?" asked Mr. Moore.

"Matter enough, I should think! A man with no eyes could see what the matter is, when those three daughters of yours spend their time thumping on the piano and doing fancy work in the parlor, while I am in the kitchen, washing!"

"But it is all your own fault, Eliza. You know that I don't want you to wash, for I can afford to pay for having it done."

"Suppose you can! Two shillings is two shillings, and if I can save two shillings, I propose to do it."

"But what has that to do with the girls?"

"A good deal. Why can't they wash their own clothes?"

"Why, because it is not necessary, I suppose. Clara and Lu are like their mother—not strong; and as Bertie is not yet out of school, she could hardly be expected to do the washing."

"That is right, John Moore! Stand up for your daughters, no matter what becomes of you poor wife!" said Eliza, beginning to sob. "The fact of the business is, I am one too many in this house. I feel it every hour. For a week or more your daughters have shunned me, and tried to keep away from me as much as possible. I—just—can't stand it!"

"There is some mistake," said good John Moore. "I am sure the girls would do nothing to hurt your feelings, and—I—thought they quite liked you. Cheer up, Eliza, dear, and I promise to do all in my power to make you happy. If I had time I would go up and have a talk with the girls now; but I must wait until to night."

He kissed his wife, and left the house with a heavy heart. They had been married about a month, and this was the first time that Eliza had been "in a temper."

Mr. Moore's first wife had been a delicate, lady-like little creature, who was of about as much consequence as a helpmate to her husband as a doll would have been. He had petted and cared for her tenderly, and if he was disappointed in her not taking more interest in her children and home, he never murmured. She died when the three girls, whom the father idolised, were very young. A widowed sister who had kept house for him for a number of years, but she, too, had died, and since her death the house had sadly lacked a head.

After deeply considering the matter, Mr. Moore decided to marry again, providing he could find a suitable partner. He wanted a wife who would not be above taking matters in her own hands, and who would be quite capable of steering the household bark. So instead of choosing one from among the well-to-do families where he visited, he sought out Eliza Perkins, a little woman of five-and-thirty, who had been accustomed to hard work and poverty all her life; and who felt grateful for having been sought in marriage at this late day by such a good man as John Moore.

Eliza had been so accustomed to scraping and saving that she was unable to give up the habit even in John Moore's fine home. Mr. Moore thought it best to let her do as she wished for a time, in the hope that she would gradually come into taking things easier and enjoying life a little more. The plan seemed to have failed, however, and everything seemed in a muddle.

Eliza was tired and sore-hearted as she went to her room to change her dress that afternoon; but it was a good drying day, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that she had a long line of snow-white clothes flapping in the breeze. There was a scampering in the upper hall, and she pressed her lips hard together, for she knew that the girls were hurrying away from her; and hot tears rolled down her cheeks as she entered her own room.

There was something on the bed, but she could not see what it was, so she wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron. A rich black silk dress was carefully spread out upon the counterpane, and a slip of paper, with some writing upon it, was tucked into a fold. Eliza picked up the paper and read—

"From Clara, Lu, and Bertie, with their love."

The astonished woman could only glance from the paper to the dress, and from the dress to the paper. One, two, and then three heads popped out from behind the closet door, and in another moment three pairs of arms were around Eliza, and three voices were asking her if she liked it.

"But did you really give it to me yourselves?" asked Eliza in astonishment.

"Of course we did!" said Lu. "We bought it with our own money, and made it ourselves."

"But then you know we had the dressmaker cut and plan it for us," said Clara.

"And what a time we had keeping it from you," said Bertie. "We came near spoiling it by bustling it in the closet so many times when we thought we heard you coming."

"But—I—thought you did not like me," said Eliza. "I imagined you thought I was trying to take your mother's place, and—"

"But we didn't," said Clara. "We don't call you mother, because you are so young; but if you would let us call you Eliza, we would like it so much. You seem like a sister to us."

"I don't care what you call me," said Eliza, with happy tears in her eyes, "if I am not one too many among you."

"We lacked just one until you came," said Lu, kissing her; "but we are just a nice little family circle now."

When Mr. Moore returned home that evening, there was a heavy shadow on his brow, and no one will ever know just how he dreaded going into the house. Upon entering the sitting-room, he was surprised to find his wife and daughters talking and laughing together.

Eliza arose as he entered, and going to him, said,—

"I have been very wicked, John; but these dear children of yours have taken me in hand, and will, I hope, make a better woman of me."

"You need only be your own natural self," said her husband, as he stooped and kissed her.

Never after that time did Eliza think that she was one too many. If other step-mothers would give step-children a chance to love them, there would be less cause for complaint.

Men may declaim against corsets; but it's a brave man who would take his wife to a party without one.

Boys and Girls.

NELLIE'S "SEA ANGELS."

A STORY OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.

BY DAVID KER.

"Tom, are those birds *really* the spirits of drowned sailors?"

"Well, if you asks me, my pet, I don't think they can be," replied the old seaman, turning his keen gray eyes from the wide-winged sea-gulls that were circling above their heads to the round, rosy, wistful face of the little girl. "They call 'em 'boatswains,' I take it, 'cause their cry's some'at like a boatswain's whistle; but as their bein' drownded sailors transmogrified into birds, that's only one of Jack's yarns, and you mustn't believe all of *them*, bless you!"

Little Nellie was the only daughter of an English missionary in South Africa, and was going out with her father and mother to a snug little house high up among the hills, where there was fine weather almost all the year round. The voyage had done her good already, for her wee face, which had been sadly pale and sickly when she first came aboard, was now as full and rosy as the dolls that she was always nursing.

Being the only child on board, she was of course the pet of the whole ship. The passengers were never tired of trotting her up and down the deck, or hunting out picture-books and illustrated magazines for her to look at; and as for the sailors, any one of them who could make her laugh at some little joke of his, or get her to accept a toy that he had carved for her, was a happy man for the rest of the day.

"I'll tell ye what, mates," said Ben Bobstay, the biggest and roughest of the crew, "if a angel was to come straight down out o' heaven and settle alongside of her, I shouldn't wonder a bit, for she's a deal fitter company for *them* than for the like of us."

Nellie's great friend among the passengers was a tall young English Captain of Native Infantry from Northern India, who used to tell her wonderful stories about Hindoo palaces and Afghan robbers, tiger-hunts, rides upon elephants, and visits to Eastern Kings and Princes. To such tales Nellie would listen by the hour; but whenever he began to talk of the battles which he had seen, she stopped him short at once, saying that she "didn't like to hear of anybody being hurt or killed."

Among the crew, Nellie's special favorite was the second quartermaster, old Tom Collins; and a very pretty picture she made at that moment, sitting on the grim old fellow's knee, with her tiny hand clinging to his brawny shoulder, and her long golden curls mingling with the rough grey beard that covered a full half of his iron face. They were still talking of the "boatswain birds" when there came a general rush towards the ship's side, and a shout of "Look! look!" as a shoal of flying-fish came darting like silver arrows from wave to wave, their wet wings making countless small rainbows in the dazzling sunlight.

All at once there shot up through the clear bright water a huge black, pointed, ugly thing—the black fin of a shark—which, rushing in among the poor little flutterers like a pirate among a fleet of merchant ships, began swallowing them by dozens.

"Tom, is that horrid greedy thing a bad spirit?" asked Nellie, in an awe-stricken whisper. "You know papa says the devil goes about seeking whom he may devour."

But before Tom could answer, he was called away by one of the officers.

Next morning, just before breakfast, Nellie came rushing down into the saloon with her face in a glow of excitement.

"I've seen some *angels* flying high up in the air," cried she. "They won't come near the steamer, for fear the smoke should make their wings black."

"Are there sea-angels as well as land angels, then, Nellie?" asked the young Captain from India, catching up his little playmate and perching her upon his shoulder.

"Why, of course there are," said the little woman, with an air of reproach, "with so many poor people at sea to be taken care of. Don't you remember that song that Tom's always singing, about the angels who sit up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack? Come and see them."

Up ran Captain Locksley to the after-deck, and saw far up against the deep blue sky, glistening in the sun like polished silver, the broad white wings of several enormous birds, which he at once knew to be albatrosses.

"Fine birds, ain't they, sir?" said old Collins, the quartermaster, coming up to him. "We cotched one last year, on the v'y'ge out, that was ten foot span from wing to wing if he was an inch; but those beauties up yonder must be a deal more'n that. If they don't span fourteen or fifteen, my name ain't Tom Collins."

"I say, Collins," whispered the young Captain in reply, "can't you find a small hook or two and a bit of pork fat, and catch some of Miss Nellie's 'angels' while we're at breakfast? It would be a grand surprise for her to find them on deck when she comes up again."

The old sailor nodded approvingly, and went off to look for the things required; for, strange as it may seem to talk of catching birds like fish with a hook and line, this is how the albatross is usually taken.

During breakfast a great shouting and stamping was heard overhead, and when Nellie and the other passengers came up again there were two albatrosses floundering upon the deck. Enormous creatures they were, quite as big as old Tom had calculated; but all their grace and beauty was utterly gone. Their heads hung down helplessly, as if sick or giddy, and their splendid white wings trailed limply over the planking like wet umbrellas.

The passengers broke out into a loud laugh, and the passing sailors began to make rough jokes upon the poor birds, which certainly *did* look very foolish; but little Nellie's bright face clouded over, and her eyes filled with tears.

"How *can* you laugh at them so?" cried she, indignantly; "it's very wicked of you. Up there in the sky they were all right, but when they come down here they get weak and naughty like everybody else. Let them go back to heaven, and then they'll grow good again."

The laughter ceased at once, and the jokers looked rather ashamed of themselves. Old Tom Collins stepped quickly forward, and tossed the helpless birds into the air, and they spread out their great white wings and soared up rejoicingly into the sky, while little Nellie clapped her tiny hands gleefully. But from that day to the end of the voyage the albatrosses were not spoken of by any name but "Nellie's sea angels."

What makes a "Swell" Persian.

One of the writers of the London magazines tells us that the social position of the Persian is shown by the number and value of his pipes. The pipe bearer to a great man is a highly-paid domestic, who may have in his care from fifty to a hundred pipes, varying in value from £5 to £500. The pipes of the king and the royal princes are often made of gold, encrusted with a profusion of gems; the middle and upper classes generally content themselves with kalians whose reservoirs and stems are of solid silver, the bowl only being of gold ornamented with gems or enamels. The religious classes mostly affect a kalian of the simplest kind; the water reservoirs being a wide-mouthed bottle of coarse, porous clay, the stem being composed of curiously-turned wood, stained a bright crimson, and the bowl made of a black porcelain resembling ebony in appearance. But in the privacy of their own harems the holy men do not disdain to smoke the costly pipes of their wives, for everybody smokes in Persia.

Ladies' Column.

Two Poems.

ENCHANTMENT.

I have felt thy dear eyes gazing fondly in mine,
Till my soul in its dreaming was lost, love, in thine;
I have felt thy warm breath gently sweeping my cheek,
While the throbbing of hearts told what lips could not speak.
Can it be, can it be, that some day you'll be mine?
That your dear, pure, true love will my sad heart enshrine?
A "sweet home" where love is no idle word.
Our hearts, dear, the cage of the sweet singing bird.
I love thee, I trust thee! the best I e'er knew!
Thy soul hath no error, thy heart is all true.
Like a bird to its nest, its sad wanderings done,
Loving and trusting thee, darling, I come.
I know are pure vows are not breathing of sin,
But cords drawing heavenward our being within,
Until in that heaven, united for aye,
Earth life in the perfect shall vanish away.

TO MY LOVE.

My songs are all of thee, dear,
My songs are all of thee;
Whether I sing of hill or dale,
Or sing of the restless sea,
Of twinkling stars, or moonlight pale,
They are all, all songs of thee.

I think no thoughts but yours, dear,
I breathe no breath but thine:
From thee flows music of my song,
Through thee comes all divine,
Whether I sing of night or morn,
'Tis thy soul that speaks through mine.

—E. A. M.

Then and Now.

It is not more than seventy years ago (says *Harper's Bazaar*) that young girls in gay life wore white cambric frocks all winter, cut low in the neck and with short sleeves, with low, thin slippers, whose strings laced daintily over instep and ankle, and with no under-flannels at all, and very little under-clothing of any sort, so far as warmth went. This, too, at a time when stoves and furnaces were not heard of, and all the heat came from huge fire-places that only kept one side at a time warm. How these gay and happy damsels preserved merely their animal heat, not to speak of any other, is a riddle that might puzzle the sphinx, making their toilets, too, as they did, in rooms so cold, as a rule, that water would freeze in them; and wearing short night-dresses, little more than dressingsacques, at that. Doubtless very many of them died; but it only illustrates the old saying, that pride will keep one warm, when we see that any of them lived. But fresh young blood, and happy hearts, and dancing exercise will do a great deal themselves in the way of keeping warm, and, of course, enough of these half-clad and badly exposed young creatures did live, and lived to think that if their grandchildren dressed and did as they did it would be sheer madness—their grandchildren in close under-wear, carried to the throat and to the heels, with buttoned boots, and long-sleeved and high-necked dresses of thick stuff, with long night-dresses and warm rooms, with nothing as it was with themselves, except the same young blood, the happy hearts, and the dancing exercise. When one meets the girl, who, nowadays, replaces the delicate and ailing beauty of the past, who had to be handled as tenderly as one handles a rare specimen of moth or butterfly, lest one rub the down from the wings, one can not but admire her rich color and clear skin, her bright eye, her firm muscles, her fine texture, her rounded curves, her easy carriage, her noble step. Her father and mother have lived nearer to the rules that govern health; they have walked and rowed, dressed more fitly, eaten more wisely, and in many ways prepared the path for the generation that walks along it now in such an assured fashion. If they have not done all they should themselves, they have seen, at any rate, that the daughter did; there have been no bare shoulders in her childhood; and no bare legs, but yoke and pleatings have covered the one, and long stockings gartered from the waistband the other; and not only that, but under the stockings warm flannels have made a first covering, and the shoes have been no paper-soled and pretty things to make the feet look small, but stout, strong barriers against cold and damp; it has been recognised that it is of no consequence to have the foot look small, that a small foot is too often disproportionate, and so bordering of deformity, and that a foot should be allowed to grow, uncramped by bonds, and be able to support the body that grows too, and should be clothed at all times in thick articles of wear, and in winter when arctic shoes, so called, sheltering the ankles from dampness. Corsets, too, have, in many instances, been discarded for strong waists, that by series of buttons, like the cartridge-belt of a border-ranger, support the weight of the clothes, all of which are loose to the last point of keeping on, whence comes much of the perfect ease of motion, warmth and comfort having been consulted to the utmost. The young lady now has the thick boots that protected the feet of her childhood, possibly a trifle thicker at need; her short skirts do not let the moisture invade the back of her ankles, do not tire her back with their dragging heaviness, nor her hand with holding them up, all her unimpeded progress can thus be rapid enough to set the blood spinning; she knows she expected to look warm, and would be dismayed were her nose red and her face blue, as if she had not on enough clothes, and she takes care to *be* warm. Her dress, which she insists on having fitted, in her own graphic term, as if she were melted and poured into it, is in every way conductive to the ease and comfort of her out-door life, and so she has no reason for not being out-doors a good deal, oxygenating and purifying her blood; and in full health, she is alive and alert, as most healthy people are; she is not ashamed to eat sufficient; her complexion is rich; her digestion is good; and her digestion being good, she is amiable, bright, and cheerful, and altogether a delightful thing to have in the house.

HOUSEHOLD.

Cooking Recipes.

GOOSEBERRY PUDDING.

Make a paste of flour and beef suet chopped fine, five well-beaten eggs, half a nutmeg grated, a little ginger or spice, and some salt; roll out the paste, put it into a cloth, fill it with gooseberries and sugar, and let it boil three hours. This is an English recipe.

GOOSEBERRY TARTS.

Prepare a pie paste, as light as convenient, cover the bottom of it with powdered sugar, then place alternately a layer of pickled and washed gooseberries, and one of sugar. Bake it three-quarters of an hour.

AUNT JENNY'S ROLLS.

Take three pints of warm water in which some peeled Irish potatoes have been boiled, strain your water, add a tablespoonful of butter or lard, one teacupful of warm yeast; thicken it with flour to make a dough. Let it stand to rise, then work into rolls. Let it stand to rise fifteen or twenty minutes, then bake about three-quarters of an hour. You can make this into loaves, as it is a good bread recipe

Miscellaneous.

The Singing Sands.

When down the length of Athabasca's lake
The north wind sweeps,
The brown shore-shallows into singing break,
A voice of music rises from the deeps.

It is the singing sands—the peddled keys
That from their caves
Respond in faint and haunting melodies
To the long touches of the fingering waves.

Elf-tones that waken only when the wind
Blows from the north;
No sea-breeze cool, no zephyr, sweet as Ind,
No breath of plain or hill can draw them forth.

Thus life has singing sands that only sound
To the cold wind of pain;
Sweet airs of joy and peace in fragrant sound,
Search for the secret of the voice in vain.

But when the north wind blows, and high the seas
Of suffering roll,
From the deep waters come the melodies;
The sands of patience singing in the soul.

—BY MARY LEONARD.

A Jubilee Poem.

The spirit of rejoicing is generally over the British nation in commemoration of the half-century's reign of good Queen Victoria. No one can begrudge her a good word for her equity as a sovereign and her decorum as a woman. She has certainly added renown and historical luster to the English name. And yet there is one most important jewel in her coronet that seems loose and awry. There is certainly one fly in the jubilee ointment. Irishmen join not with one accord in the general acclaim of gladness. The evicted tenant by the roadside can see no cause for rejoicing. On Ireland's soul gratitude to the crown is an exotic. And yet the intelligent Irishman, while he may be heart and soul for Home Rule, must still in his inmost mind admit that Victoria has shed royal glory on the Anglo-Saxon name and personality has led an admirable life. One such in the Toronto *Grip* quite aptly expresses the sentiment:—

Is't a Joobilay poem ye're afther, Mavourneen!
Sure thin it's meself will supply yez that same;
An' if yez want blarney—my name isn't Barney
If I don't have yez smothered in syrup an crame.

Och, thin, it's meself thinks a dale av the ould sod!
An' a foine daycent woman no doubt is the Quane;
It's moighty few women could walk on that same road
For fifty long years an their skirts kape as clane.

More power to her elbow! an' may her bright shadow
The divil an inch iver change or grow less;
But don't be mistaken—it's of *Her* that I'm spakin',
An' not av that crowd that would Oireland oppress.

Bad luck to thim spilin' the whole jubilation
Wid their Coercion bill an' their gaggin' cloture;
Determined to crush the life out av a nation
Unworthy the name did they suffer it sure.

Luck ye, now, it's meself that's as bad as ould Baalam
Whin he blessed 'stead o' cursin' them Israelites ould;
Here's meself set out blessin' an' find it's all cursin',
But like him I can't help it—the truth must be tould.

It's a Joobilay poem ye'er axin', Acushla?
Whist ye now till Home Rule makes ould Oireland contint,
Then I'll sing yez a ditty, so nate an' so pritty,
Wid music you'd dance to all put into print.

Albuquerque, New Mexico.

The geographical location of this region of the Rocky Mountains is such as to exclude the possibility of the presence of moisture from either ocean or any other large body of water. The air is so pure and clear that our perception of distance seems to be almost annihilated, the mountains, some twenty miles to the east, appearing only two or three miles distant. The bodies of animals dying on the plains dry up, becoming mummified. May we not have here the ideal long sought for by every surgeon—a pure *aseptic* atmosphere, entirely free from germs? Bright, sunny skies, some portion of the day, is the rule even during the rainy season; two or three pleasant days often intervening between the showers. The winters are extremely mild. The ground was not covered with snow a single day during the past winter. During the past seven months there were only *four* entirely cloudy days—a land of almost perpetual sunshine, it even being extremely comfortable, throughout the winter months, to sit outdoors many hours of the day and enjoy the luxury of a mid-winter sun bath.

The Equalisation of the Sexes.

The Epoch discovers a curious aspect of our modern literature to be that while women, intellectually speaking, are beginning to show a certain masculine power, men are beginning to develop certain feminine characteristics, such as expansiveness, exaggerated delicacy of expression, and a tendency to gossipy analysis of trifles. While women are climbing the stairs of intellectual progress men are descending by the ladder of gossip to sit by the fire and play with painted trifles and fantastic toys. This is all right. It is time the men were having a rest, anyway.

Weeds.

"Weeds," says a writer in *Social Science*, "are plants in the wrong place. They all probably have their right places and their uses somewhere in nature's economy, though these are sometimes hard to appreciate. The most of them may serve to keep some desolate spot from being entirely bare, and the decay of their repeated generations furnishes mould to the ground, and may in time make it fit to something better. They all, too, have elements of beauty, and these will reveal themselves to everyone who diligently searches for them. Even the most forbidding are revealed under microscopic inspection as objects of rare beauty. Many of them, if they were not weeds, would be prized as choice flowers, and some of them have been such."

Absent-minded business man to office boy—"Tommy, go up to my house and tell my wife I have again forgotten my watch. Bring it back with you." He pulls out his watch and continues: "Now, Tommy, it is 9 o'clock; be back at 10."

The man who enters a tram and picks up a shilling which has been lying on the floor unseen by the other passengers for the last ten minutes must never run for office. That very incident will beat him higher than a kite.

A prominent physician says dancing tends to softening the brain. He is probably in error, but there is no doubt that softening of the brain tends strongly to dancing.

Humor.

Hot Weather Joking Avenged.

He mopped his fat and boiling face
As we perspired together:
"Oh, South America's the place,"
He grinned, "to spend this weather."

A freezing glance at him I deigned
To show I thought him silly;
"For there," the roasting wretch explained,
"One can live where it's Chili."

"Boiled Chestnuts!" gasped I to the fool
And gave him the cold shoulder;
"Let's go," he whispered, "where it's school
And write away be colder."

I eyed him with an icy stare,
But he kept on unceasing;
"Let's try free concerts where each air,"
He smiled, "is always free-sing."

My chilling manner to that cove
Was vain. Said he: "I'm told, sir,
That sitting on a red-hot stove
Is an ice thing—it's coaled sir.'

"Leave off your idi-hot-ic jokes,"
I cried, "about this weather,
Or else one of those lightning strokes
Will blast you altogether."

"Oh, thunderation! Don't you know,'
Replied that broiling hummer,
"The coal bin is the place to go—
It's coal-dust there in summer!"

Flash! Bang! A bolt of lightning hot
Burned up that wicked feller,
Whose soul now seeks the "coal-dust" spot
There is in Hades' cellar.

H. C. DODGE.

The Dear Girls.

A "gabby" girl may not be a crank, tho' she is a wind-lass.

A pretty woman is like a mustard plaster. She absorbs all a man's attention.

Trim figures would be more conspicuous if some of the trimmings were discarded.

All great men are attentive listeners. Many of them acquire the habit by being married.

In one respect newspapers are like women—when they get a new dress they are bound to show it.

Kissingen is a popular resort for European bridal couples, but the brides see to it that their dear hubbies keep away from the Ems.

A Texas woman has a pet alligator that wags its tail when its name is called. The average alligator never wags anything but his jaws.

Shoulder capes of dyed Mexican grasses are worn by New York ladies, presumably with a botanical turn of mind—possibly grass widows.

Japanese ladies of the upper class expose only half an arm. A display of the entire arm would necessitate the application of a snickersee.

It is now shamelessly rumored that the fashionable sunburn about which the girls pride themselves so much is applied with a brush out of an eight-ounce bottle.

The fashionable girl at the seashore and mountains will soon be inspecting her lines and choosing which of the many she will pull in, providing she is fishing in promising waters.

On the lawn, in the gloaming. Miss Candid (languishingly)—"What would you say, Mr. Jackpot, if I confessed to you that I am 40?" Jackpot (promptly)—"Go you ten better."

Envious friend—"I don't see what Arthur is going to marry her for!" Charitable friend—"She is not so ugly; she has beautiful teeth." Envious friend—"But such an immodest way of showing them."

Fashion is going to get left for once. She orders that "ladies will wear their hair this winter as they did fifty years ago," but they won't any of them own up to wearing hair fifty years ago.

An exchange calls the revenge that a man took upon an enemy by eloping with his daughter—sweet. It may be so, but it is of the glucose sort that is apt to become very tart with age.

An editor asks: "How shall we get our girls to read articles on scientific subjects?" Why mix them with the "Household Hints—beg pardon, the "Fashion Notes," we mean. That'll do it.

It is enough for the public that wherever she goes she carries happiness in her train and lends, by the charm of her gracious presence, a mellowing influence to the rugged surroundings of prosaic every-day existence.

The girl who has so many suitors that she cannot make up her mind as to which one to marry may have the satisfaction of knowing they will dwindle down in the course of time. Later she will try to fix her mind on some party she can catch.

What is called "a safety pocket" is a new device to protect one's purse from being extracted by the dextrous digits of the pickpockets: but it will prove of little value to the married man, unless possessed of a combination that his wife cannot master while he is sleeping.

Translating Shakespeare. — Three Frenchmen, who were studying a version of Shakespeare in their native language, endeavored to translate into English the well-known opening to Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be, or not to be." The following was the result:

FIRST FRENCHMAN.—"To was, or to am."

SECOND FRENCHMAN.—"To where, or not."

THIRD FRENCHMAN.—"To should, or to will."

She Wanted Revenge.—"Well, I'll never tell you a story for 'Uncle' again," said a lady to me the other night.

"Why?"

"Why? You just went and mangled the last one; you mangled it all to pieces."

"I don't think I did. It read very fine, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes. It was funny, but—"

"But—well—?"

"But that woman will never know it was about her."

Their Troubles All Before Them.

FIRST SYDNEY DAME—"What a handsome couple!"

SECOND SYDNEY DAME.—"Yes, they're strangers and are stopping at the St. B— Hotel."

"Both have such happy faces. I don't suppose either of them knows what trouble is."

"No, they are only engaged yet."

Those "Pointers."—Said a Collins street He-who-knows-it-all:

"I get my points right dead from the inside." Quoth the philosopher:

"Just so! And it won't take long for those points, dead from the inside, to leave you dead on the outside.'

The flagman at the crossing
Is provided with a rag
To flag a train; he can't allow
His watchfulness to flag.

One ingenious lady of foreign birth produced the theory that the reason Americans have such good forms is that their restlessness and nervousness prevent them being long in one position, so that any defect is not likely to become fixed.

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

"**Is your** life insured?" asked the Judge.
"No," replied the Major; "but I don't think I need any insurance. I may be poor now, but I shall get the earth when I die."

A Spanish officer has invented a warship that will stay under water four days. Our navy can beat that. We have boats that can stay under water for months.

of old gold workings the following letter be sent:—"This board is of opinion that the reply from the department is very unsatisfactory, as it has come under the personal experience of the members of the board that the advantages to be derived by granting 5-acre holdings on the old gold workings to miners and others, to enable them to make a home for themselves, is purely imaginary, as in many instances, on the failure of their occupation as miners, owing to the claims being worked out, they have abandoned even their 20-acre holdings and removed to other places. Moreover, as a rule not one in fifty take the trouble to cultivate the one-acre blocks allowed them under the Residence Areas Act. Further, this board strongly protests against any further alienation of the auriferous lands of the colony, no matter in what pretext the land may be applied for, as this board has found that in all instances the mining conditions attached to any license or lease have been found on test to be a complete failure." The report having been received and adopted, the clerk was instructed to incorporate it in a letter to the Department of Mines, and also to forward copies to the several Mining Boards of the colony.—"Advertiser."

RIFLE SHOOTING.

An interesting competition in rifle shooting took place at the Beaufort butts on Saturday last, between teams chosen by the captain of the club (Mr W. C. Thomas) and Mr Jas. McKeich. The shooting of the admittedly best men was not so good as might have been expected, although Mr J. Chapman scored over 90, and there were several scores over 80, and from this there was a sudden fall. Mr Thomas' team suffered a telling defeat, with which, we understand, they are by no means satisfied, and are already talking of a return match, to endeavour to reverse the result. There is no doubt but that this means of practice is more conducive to good shooting than periodical matches for prizes, very much less expensive connected with them; and a deal more interest is vested in rifle shooting. Appended are the scores:—

MR J. MCKEICH'S TEAM.

	Yds—400	500	600	T'tl.
J. McKeich ...	26	29	23	78
J. McRae ...	34	31	23	88
S. W. Male ...	32	31	20	83
A. Trompf ...	28	33	23	84
J. Jackson ...	28	23	27	78
P. De Baere ...	21	23	16	60
J. B. Prowse...	18	23	8	49
J. A. Lord ...	23	21	18	62
J. Haines ...	...		...	39
G. H. Cougle	...	...	...	39
Total ...		...		650

CAPTAIN THOMAS' TEAM.

	Yds—400	500	600	T'tl.
W. C. Thomas	27	23	25	75
T. A. Archard	31	24	20	75
J. W. Harris	19	24	22	65
Capt. Eddy ...	29	15	14	58
A. Russell ...	23	23	23	69
R. Jackson ...	14	23	7	44
J. Prentice ...	—	—	—	39
C. Trompf ...	19	8	12	39
A. J. Morris ...	21	22	4	47
J. Chapman ...	32	30	29	91
Total ...	...	...		602

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.

PREPARING FUR SKINS.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

DEAR SIR,—The fur skin season being now at hand we desire to notify the fact that special attention is given to this branch of our business, under the personal supervision of careful and competent experts. Attached we beg to hand you some memoranda anent drying skins, which may possibly be of use to some of your readers.—I am, Sir, etc.,

I. YOUNGHUSBAND.

New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Co., Ltd., Melbourne.

Kangaroo and wallaby skins should be carefully dried in the shade (not sun), as square as possible, with offal, viz.:—heads, tails and legs cut off. Opossum skins should be tacked out on boards, say 18 in. by 9 in., and carefully dried in the shade with tails left on. All native skins should be dried in the shade.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SORROW'S JEWELS.

Something is wrong with our baby,
Those eyes are heavy and slow;
The tiny pink hands are shrunken,
Shrouded with curtains like snow.
Heedless the playthings are scattered,
Flowers are shedding in bloom,
Daisies, we gathered to-day, are
Fading away in the room.
Sweet jewel of sorrow, passing;
Silver clouds, drifting like snow,
Are rising, breast-laden, upwards,
With rose-buds gathered below.
And, on the sighing of night hours,
Light is descending above;
He who did scatter the seed, now
Gathers the fruit in his love.
Something is wrong with our baby,
Eyelids are closing in night,
Softly our darling is fleeing,
With angels to glorious light.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Letters, newspapers, &c., are awaiting delivery at the local post-office for the following persons:—Jas. Coffee, R. Dixon, W. Dutton, A. Frazer, Miss M. Franks, T. Hardham, J. F. Miabacher, Dr. McMahon, J. W. Miller, Miss McArthur, F. Neil, S. Newling, J. Ridgor, Rd. Reilly, G. Smith, Jas. Summer, J. Stewart, W. G. Stevens, Wm. Topp, Mr. Tuddenham, A. Thwaite, Mr. Westbrook.

COMMERCIAL.

BARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

A fair amount of business has been transacted in the produce market during the past week, prices showing but little variation from the previously published quotations. Wheat is still being taken up at 3s 2d per bushel, bags in, one 50 bag parcel realising that figure, whilst two smaller lots found buyers at 3s, bags returned. Flour is in fair demand at late rates. At Horsham, owing to the recent rains, the delivery of wheat has been checked, but that forward fetches 2s 10½d per bushel. Good samples bring 3s at Donald, and at St. Arnaud the same price rules. In this district several transactions are reported in oats at rather easier rates. One lot of 200 bags was sold at 2s 2d, bags in, and 20 bags realised the same figure, whilst for a small lot of prime seed to 2s 6d was given. There is little enquiry yet for Cape barley or rye for green feed. Potatoes have been fairly supplied. Hay is unchanged, and brought in up to requirements. Bran is firmer, and is in strong demand. Cheese is a little firmer. Fresh butter is more plentiful, but is still worth 1s 2d, and eggs have not been so well supplied. We quote:—

Wheat, 3s 2d per bushel bags in
Oats, 2s 2d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 8½d per bushel
Bran, 9½d per bushel
Flour, L7 12s 6d per ton
Cape barley, 3s per bushel
English Barley, 3s 6d per bushel,
Rye, 5s per bushel
Peas, 3s per bushel
Potatoes, Warrnambool, £2 5s per ton
Hay, sheaves, L2 per ton
Hay, trussed, L2 5s per ton
Straw, to 25s per ton.
Chaff, 3s per cwt
Onions, 3s 6d per cwt
Butter, fresh, 1s 2d per lb
Butter, potted, 8d per lb
Hams, 10½d per lb
Bacon, 9½d per lb
Cheese, 6d per lb
Eggs, 1s 2d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

BALLARAT WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKET.

Wheat, 3s 2d to 3s 2½d, for prime milling; oats,, Danish 2s 4d to 2s 4½d, stout, up to 2s 6½d per bushel; peas, 2s 5d per bushel; Cape barley, firm, 2s 10d to 2s 11d; prime malting 5s to 5s 3d; potatoes 37s 6d to L2 hay is active, ; and best weaten chaffing, L2 5s to L2 12s 6d; medium, 34s to L2 2s 6d; oaten straw, L1 5s to LI 10; wheaten, L1 5s; manger hay, L3.

DALGETY & COMPANY LIMITED WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.

Messrs Dalgety and company report under date Tuesday 17th April.

Wool. The usual monthly sales have been held since our last report, offerings consisting chiefly of fellowmongers' parcels and oddments of clips, for the most part medium to inferior quality. Prices were consequently rather lower than those previously ruling, in sympathy with the tone of the London market, which is lower for inferior wools. Our telegraphic advices from London respecting the progress of the sales, report a firm and active market, without change in prices since our last report. Tallow. Stocks are now considerably reduced, and in consequence the market has been rather quiet, but we have experienced a steany demand both for export and for local consumption, and sales have been on a good scale. London advices report a better market, but so far there is now change here. We quote good to prime mutton, L20 to L21; prime mixed, L18 10s to L19; fair to good mixed, L17 to L18; weak and inferior, L16. Lots unfit for shipment are worth:—mutton, up to L17; mixed L12 to L16; tins and oddments, L12 to L16 per ton; rough fat, 1½d per lb. Sheepskins.—We have disposed of a very large quantity during the waek, Green Skins being most in demand, and prices have advanced. The following are our sales:—Butchers' green skins, 2s to 3s 9d; lambskins, 2s to 2s 6d; lamb pelts, 1s 3d to 1s 9d; dry skins, 2s 6d to 4s 3d; dry pelts, 1s 3d to 2s 3d; dry skins, in bales and bundles, 4d to 5¾d for merino, and 4d to 5d for crossbred; pelts, 1½d to 3d. Hides.—We have cleared out all in store, but the demand is hardly so active. Our quotations are:—Butchers' green ox, heavy weighss, 30s to 45s; medium, 14s 6d to 25s; green cow, 2¾d to 2⅞d; green kip, 3½d; Victorian salted hides, 2¾d to 4d; inferior, 2½d to 3d; salted kip, 3½d 3¾d; calfskins, 4d to 6d. Kangaroo & Furred Skins.—The market remains unchanged. Kangaroo skins are in demand, and the small lots of opposum and rabbit skins coming to hand are easily disposed of at our quotations as under:—Kangaroo, superior, 2s 9d to 3s 3d; ordinary, 1s 10d to 2s 6d; brush, 9d; wallaby, 1s to 1s 4d; opposum skins, 2s 6d to 6s; rabbit skins 3d to 9d per dozen. Bark.—A large proportion of the bundled bark coming forward is of very poor quality, and is totally unsellable, superior parcels, however, maintain their value. We quote:—Best bundled, up to L8 10s; chopped L6 to L7; ground, L7 5s to L10, according to quality.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORTS.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, April 18th:—

Sheepskins—A numerous attendance of buyers and keen competition enabled us to clear a very large supply at firm prices. Butchers' fresh-killed skins 18d to 30d each; large and superior to 36d each; country and station skins 12d to 24d each, and 3½d to 4¾d per lb; pelts and short woolled skins 1d to 3d per lb; lambskins, 9d to 27d each, and 2d to 4d per lb.

Hides—An average supply. Heavies from 3¾d per lb; good-conditioned, salted, 3d to 3¼d per lb; light and medium sorts 3d to 3⅛ per lb; kip 3¼d to 3¾d per lb; calf 4½d to 6d per lb.

Tallow—Shippers quiet. We cleared our usual weekly supply of oddments and 23 pipes country mixed, at current rates.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company report under date April 18:—

A quieter market since our last week's report, the town demand having eased and shippers enquiries being limited. Accounts from the various agricultural districts are not, on the whole, favourable, serious complaints of the prolonged dry season coming to hand. All field work is, therefore, backward, and in many places ploughing has not commenced. The European market is stronger, and an advance in the price of wheat in the United States—due, doubtless, to unsatisfactory crop prospects—has been followed by a similar movement in London. A cargo of South Australian wheat has been sold at 33s 7½d per 480 lbs. ex ship. Still the present rise and the uncertainty of the immediate future of prices hardly warrants business as yet been entertained on this side; indeed until a more pronounced feeling in the English market is shown few new engagements are likely to be entered on. Wheat.—The millers run more on off and second-class wheats for milling purposes. We placed medium at 3s 4d, and quote prices at 3s 8d. Flour.—Market sluggish, and there is some talk of shipments being made to London to relieve the market. We quote stone made at £7 10s to £7 15s, and roller from £6 10s upwards. Oats.—A better feeling in stout and heavy descriptions owing to reports from New Zealand being adverse to a laage yield. To-day we placed Tartarians at 2s 5d to 2s 7d; Danish at 2s 2d. We quote Calcuttas at 2s, and New Zealand heavy at 2s 11d to 2s 11½d. Barley.—Market rather quiet. We sold medium English at 3s 4d; Cape worth 2s 9d to 3.. Peas.—Market firmer, sales at 2s 9d.

£1 FREE GIFTS!—The proprietors of WOLFE' 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.

TO SPORTING MEN.

It should be in the hands of every one of you who are desirous of success, and something genuine to invest money on. Manders' Weekly Opinion on coming events, with hints on same, horses in training worth watching, etc., etc. Subscription 5s per week. Having considerably increased his staff of horse watchers, etc., he is more than usually confident of another successful season. Something Good.—A. S. M has learnt something good for the Newmarket Handicap and Australian Cup at long odds; parties becoming subscribers will participate in it. A. S. M. has been acknowledged by his subscribers as one of the most reliable tipsters of the day. Subscriptions, 5s per week; and for special telegraphic notes from the couce for principal races. 5t per day. Our weekly advice will be on all events. You will get some good snip on the coming meetings. You will participate in a few more Mezaris, Cardigans, etc. If you have fared badly on the turf, remember the old saying, "It is never too late to mend." Become subscribers at once. Result of any race in Australia supplied. Commissins executed. A. S. MANDERS, Telegrapic Agent, 30 Collins street east, Melbourne. Telegraphic address—Manders, Melbourne. Member of Victorian Club, Melbourne, Sydney Tattersall's, and Bowes' Tattersall's, Melbourne,—[ADVT.]

HOW PILLS ARE MADE.

THE Custom of taking medicine in the form of pills dates far back in history. The object is to enable us to swallow easily in a condensed form disagreeable and nauseous, but very useful drugs. To what vast dimensions pill-taking has grown may be imagined when we say that in England alone about 2,000,000,000 (two thousand million) pills were made every year. In early days pills were made slowly by hand, as the demand was comparatively small. To-day they are produced with infinitely greater rapidity by machines especially contrived for the purpose, and with greater accuracy, too, in the proportions of the various ingredients employed.

No form of medication can be better than a pill, provided only it is intelligently prepared. But right here occurs the difficulty. Easy as it may seem to make a pill, or a million of them, there are really very few pills that can be honestly commended for popular use. Most of them either undershoot or overshoot the mark. As everybody takes pills of some kind, it may be well to mention what a good, safe, and reliable pill should be. Now, when one feels dull and sleepy, and has more or less pain in the head, sides, and back, he may be sure his bowels are constipated, and his liver sluggish. To remedy this unhappy state of things there is nothing like a good cathartic pill. It will act like a charm by stimulating the liver into doing its duty, and ridding the digestive organs of the accumulated poisonous matter.

But the good pill does not gripe and pain us, neither does it make us sick and miserable for a few hours or a whole day. It acts on the entire grandular system at the same time, else the after-effects of the pill will be worse than the disease itself. The griping caused by most pills is the result of irritating drugs which they contain. Such pills are harmful, and should never be used. They sometimes even produce hemmorhoids. Without having any particular desire to praise one pill above another, we may, nevertheless, name Seigel's Pills, manufactured by the well known house of A. J. White, Limited, 35, Farringdon Road, London, and now sold by all chemists and medicine vendors, as the only one we know of that actually possesses every desirable quality. They remove the pressure upon the brain, correct the liver, and cause the bowels to act with ease and regularity. They never gripe or produce the slightest sickness of the stomach, or any other unpleasant feeling or symptom. Neither do they indulge further constipation, as nearly all other pills do. As a further and crowning merit, Mother Seigel's Pills are covered with a tasteless and harmless coating, which causes them to resemble pearls, thus rendering them as pleasant to the palate as they are effective in curing disease. If you have a severe cold and are threatened with a fever, with pains in the head, back, and limbs, one or two doses will break up the cold and prevent the fever. A coated tongue, with a brackish taste in the mouth is caused by foul matter in the stomach. A dose of Seigel's Pills will effect a speedy cure. Oftentimes partly decayed food in the stomach and bowels produces sickness, nausea, &c. Cleanse the bowels with a dose of these pills, and good health will follow.

Unlike many kinds of pills, they do not make you feel worse before you are better. They are, without doubt, the best family physic ever discovered. They remove all obstructions to the natural functions in either sex without any unpleasant effects.

BROKEN HILL MINES.—Important to those interested in the Broken Hill Mining.—In consequence of the importance of these silver mines, we have dispatched a special representative to the fields. Those requiring information respecting any particular mine, the rise and fall of shares, private information etc., can be supplied by me. Our representative has been connected with mining for a number of years. A. S. MANDERS, Telegraphic Agent, 30 Collins st., Melbourne.—[ADVT.]

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

OXYGEN IS LIFE.—Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne.—Multitudes of people are hopelessly 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 oluble in water.

MANDERS' SPORTING TELEGRAMS.—Reliable! Profitable! and Prompt! Every hotel should have them. Write at once for terms. Commissions executed on all events. All reply telegrams must be prepaid. Member of Victorian Club, Melbourne; Tattersall's, Sydney; and Bowes' Tattersalls, Melbourne. All telegrams addressed Manders, Melbourne, will duly reach me. Results of any races in Australia supplied. A. S. MANDERS, Telegraphic Agent, 30 Collins street east Melbourne.—[ADVT]

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGERS cure 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 nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d each.

SUFFERERS FROM WIND ON THE STOMACH, Indgestion, 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 Vendorsin boxes at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 3s 6d. each. Proprietor, Page D. Woodcock, Lincoln, England.

LATEST NEWS.

MELBOURNE, Friday.

A fire broke out this morning in Messrs. Jas. Gellespie and Co.'s flour mills, Queensbury street, Carlton. A shoot of wheat, brushing machine, and other machinery were much damaged. The fire originated from friction of machinery.

Mr. Sterling, geological suveyor, has forwarded a report of discoveries near Saltpetre Creek. He says the prospecting party has been disbanded, owing to the money allotted being spent. A private party, however, were opening up a paddock two miles from the source of the creek. King's prospecting party have sunk a number of holes for eight miles, getting gold in each; but deposits were narrow, therefore limited. He purchased a nugget obtained about newly discovered reefs, indicating probable auriferous country. An auriferous hill and country exists for miles, but no continuous outcrop has been proved.

Ballarat, Friday.

The traveller, William Richard Dixon, who has been remanded for some days past for the larceny as a bailee of jewellery value £25 the property of A. Macrow and Son, was brought before the City Court this day. The charge was altered to one of simple larceny, and prisoner was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

WOMAN'S SUFFERING AND RELIEF.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the blood from cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering your irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once while the special causes of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful, and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A POSTAL CARD STORY.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—"For twelve years!" After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters; and I am perfectly cured. I keep it all the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Salisbury, Tenn.—May 3, 1885.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1885.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness of the stomach, monthly troubles, &c. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. All my neighbours use them. MRS FANNIE GREEN.

3,000 DOL. LOST.

"A tour to Europe that cost me 3,000 dol., did me less good than one bottle of Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

SO. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '86.

SIRS—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, and it did me more good than all the doctors. Miss S. S. BOONE.

BABY SAVED.

We are so thankful to see that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N.Y.

☞ 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.

LAVERTON.

THE NEW

Model Suburb of Melbourne.

CLOSING OF ACCOUNTS AND

Grand Jubilee Distribution OF THREE HOUSES,

Valued at

£1000, £500, £250,

Respectively.

STAPLES, WISE and Co. have received instructions to close up the Accounts in the

LAVERTON ESTATE,

and the few remaining allotments are to be disposed of at once, and the Distribution of Houses to take place without delay.

Under these circumstances, those who wish to secure Allotments in the Model Suburb of Melbourne, and who wish to have a share in the distribution, must make immediate application, as there are only a few lots remaining, and the Agents guarantee to hand over the Houses as soon as those entitled to share have appointed trustees, not later than 31st March, 1888.

As a proof that the land is a good investment, it may be mentioned that we have sold allotments at Laverton to over 2000 people, most of whom have inspected the property, the total sales amounting to over £65,000, and this without any exceptional puff or pressing upon the market.

The soundness of the investment and the certainty of future increase has alone been sufficient to sell the land.

There are already over 30 houses erected, mostly occupied by their owners. There is a butcher, baker, milkman, grocer, blacksmith, timber yard, and other industries springing up every day.

The Church of England is in course of erection. The State school is now held in the Wesleyan Church, but as the number of scholars has outgrown the accommodation, the Minister of Education has promised to at once erect a brick school on the allotment given by the vendors.

The bluestone on the Estate is some of the finest in the colony, and has already been utilised in the erection of a large store and several houses.

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

Laverton is therefore now fairly on the high-way to become one of the healthiest and most sought after suburbs of Melbourne.

Allotments £15 each.

TERMS:—

£1 per Lot Deposit; Balance, £1 per Lot per Month.

Without any Interest Whatever.

A few Lots close to the Station, £25 to £40 each.

Buyers of 5 lots have free deeds and also a sixth lot given in. Remember, every purchaser obtains a Grand Block of Land rapidly rising in value, besides a chance of securing a competence for life.

Only a comparatively few lots left. Every lot guaranteed fit for immediate building purposes, without a shilling outlay.

Liberal assistance to build, repayable as rent.

Prompt applications for plans and all further information must be made to the Agents—

STAPLES, WISE and CO.,
111 ELIZABETH STREET,
MELBOURNE.

GRATEFUL WOMEN.—None receive so much benefit and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and fever, indigestian or deranged liver, constant or periodical sick headaches, weakness in the back or kidneys, pain in the shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of lassitude and despondency, are all readily removed by these bitters. 'Courant".

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

PROFIT 1,200 DOL.—"To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing 200 dol. per year, total 1,200 dol. All of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and want everybody to know it, for their benefit."

"N. F. Farmer."

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

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.

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 everywhere. That 1s. 1½d. per bottle.

AUTUMN AND WINTER

DRAPERY

NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS

OPENING DAILY!

Dress Materials. Ulsters. Blankets

CLOTHING

BOOTS AND SHOES.

G. H. COUGLE,

MANCHESTER HOUSE,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

MELBOURNE WOOL, GRAIN, AND PRODUCE MARKETS.

DALGETY and COMPANY,

LIMITED,

Wool & Produce Brokers, Stock & Station Agents.

CAPITAL FULLY SUBSCRIBED	-	£4,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP	-	£1,000,000
RESERVE FUND	-	£120,000.

BRANCHES:—Melbourne, Geelong, Sydney, Newcastle, Dunedin, Christchurch, and London.

Regular AUCTION SALES of WOOL, GRAIN, and PRODUCE

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES on most favourable terms on the ensuing clip of WOOL, GRAIN, and STATION PRODUCE, for Sale in Melbourne or Shipment to London.

NO CARTAGE on any Produce sent by Rail, and ONLY ONE HANDLING, owing to our having a Private Railway Siding.

Three Months' Free Storage allowed on Grain.

N.B.—DALGETY and CO., LIMITED, were the first Brokers to abolish the charge for cartage of Produce and to revert to the system of 3 months free storage of Grain.

OFFICE and SALE ROOMS: 86 BOURKE ST. WEST, MELBOURNE.
WAREHOUSE: NEWMARKET.

HAWKES BROS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

IRONMONGERS, FURNITURE DEALERS,

IMPORTERS OF

CHINA, GLASSWARE, & CROCKERY, OILS, COLORS, &c.,

BEG to Draw the Attention of the Public to the Fact that they have JUST RECEIVED and now Offer for Sale, at

Ridiculously Low Prices,

THE CHOICEST, LARGEST, AND CHEAPEST

CHINA, GLASSWARE, & CROCKERY

EVER OFFERED IN BEAUFORT.

Elegant Designs. Latest Novelties.

☞ INSPECTION INVITED. ☜

THE LARGEST

Furniture and Crockery Show Rooms

In the Country Districts.

EVERY DESCRIPTION. FISHING TACKLE. EVERY DESCRIPTION.

CRAWFORDS, 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 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 richcloths and upon them were displayed the many beauties of the establishment—articles and fabrics of colonial manufacture and from every part 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 words of Carlow, "Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars." We think it is Addison who, in one of his essays, say:—"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 green and blue, viux rose, and coquliect. 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 old 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."

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.

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

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.

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT

DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the population to local enterprise and industry. Every venture is to a more or less extent speculative; but each, whilst aiming at the success of the Promoter, must offer certain return to those whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

The law of exchange was never satisfactory in its working; thus it was that the custom of buying and selling, using a standard currency, was introduced. One form of that currency is known as "paper money," and of paper money there is more than one kind All kinds are useful, but not every kind retains its original value. The "paper" money most valuable to a newspaper proprietor is that which is paid him by

"Subscribers and Advertisers,"

and he will do his utmost to entitle him to a good share of it.

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts let, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon, and is the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

And as the *Advocate* of the interests and for the welfare of this district it has a claim for a considerably greater amount or support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of the Shire Offices.

The Circulation

Of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing.

And the Proprietors, recognising the increased support in this direction, will use their utmost endeavors to merit and sustain the patronage accorded them by giving the Latest possible Local and General News, and the most interesting and instructive information.

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, Strontham, Skipton, and Carngham.

With every issue of the Paper is given

A 16-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

Interesting Serial Tale,
Amusing Anecdotes,
Pastoral News,
Agricultural Intelligence,
Poultry Farming,
Recipes,
Gardening Items,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Is given gratis.

Business Men, Read!

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either "bust" or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Henningsen and Klunder,

Printers and Publishers,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

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,

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

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

Prepared on the shortest notice.

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

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. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE,
APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND

EXPORT AGENTS.

Burgoyne, Burbidges and Co., Coleman-street, London
Newbery and Sons, 37 Newgate-street, London.
Barclay and Sons, 95 Farringdon-street, London.
Sanger and Sons, Oxford-street, London.
And all the London Wholesale Houses.

MELBOURNE AGENTS.

ROCKE, TOMPSITT, & Co., Melbourne.
HEMMONS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
FITCH & FRENCH.

SYDNEY AGENTS.

ELLIOTT BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
ED. ROW & Co.

ADELAIDE AGENTS.

FAULDING & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

BRISBANE AGENTS.

BEWLEY & TAYLOR, Wholesale Druggists.
ELLIOTT BROTHERS & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS.

KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & Co., Wholesale Druggist
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

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 Refill Wolfe's Bottles, and sell them as Genuine.

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

ONE POUND STERLING.

These are being Cashed daily

1000 ORDERS,

Representing the sum of

£1000,

Have been found and Cashed.

THE

PUBLIC

SHOULD BE CAREFUL NOT TO HAVE

IMITATIONS

OR

Some Cheap Inferior Article

Palmed off on them as the GENUINE

Wolfe's Aromatic

SCHIEDAM SCHNAPPS.

THE

ONLY SPIRIT

RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

Allopecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY — COMOTROPHUS — Contradicts the Baldness Vide — All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

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.

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.

HOPPER'S

MILK PUNCH

GENUINE OLD ENGLISH ELIXIR VITÆ

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

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 & VITALITY PILLS

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 kind it is a never-failing and permanent cure.

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

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

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts,

READ THE FOLLOWING:—

"Carlton, near Nottingham, February 27, 1887.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

"Gentlemen,—Some ten years ago my wife became 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 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 "G. 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 reviving 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 claim that these Pills possess a marvellous power in securing these great secrets of health by purifying and regulating the fluids and strengthening the solids.

Our Mothers and Daughters.

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

Debilitated Constitutions—Bad Coughs.

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

Indigestion and its Cure.

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

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

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

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

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

TRADE MARK.

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

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 Ulceration 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, for, 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 affections 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 ensuring 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. When 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; 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 2.

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 secretional character, a personal consultation may become necessary; but my success in correspondence is great, that of the thousands upon thousands which I have treated by letter during the last 32 years, not a single mistake has ever occurred, nor a case has ever been made public—in fact, the very simplicity of this 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 other important lingers on, not daring to tell his family medical adviser the nature of his complaint, until consumption, wasting, or mental diseases set in, and the patient gets beyond the curable stage, and is left a physical wreck.

A letter written in the privacy of the consulting room, dropped in the post box near his residence quietly, the answer is returned as quietly and unostentatiously, and the patient, without stepping from his chamber, receives by 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 happy 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 fee of £1 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 prove, by single letter, a great fear, a great care, and a doubt solves what appears as an impenetrable mystery. Many a sad heart has been made joyful on receipt of an explanatory letter from me.

To those who are about to marry, I would say, consult me before doing so, and prevent many anxious hours and remove many unnecessary fears and perplexities. To those, more especially who have suffered in early life from disease, or who have yielded to the temptations of youth. To these I say, at once, consult with me, do not let false 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 the most perfect 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, 83, Farringdon Road, London.

Printed and Published by H. P. HENNINGSEN for the proprietors, at the Office, Printers Beaufort in the Colony of Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 655 BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888. PRICE [illegible]

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

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

Subscribers who do not receive their papers regularly or at an early hour of the morning would much oblige us by immediately forwarding their names to the office of this paper, Lawrence street, in order that such errors may be rectified. We are most desirous of securing for our subscribers a regular and early delivery, but it will be impossible for our measures to prove effectual, unless we are warned by them when neglect takes place.

Advertisements sent in without a written order as to number of insertions, will in all cases be continued until countermanded, and no advertisement can be withdrawn without an order in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. on the day previous to publication.

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

New subscribers are only charged from the time of ordering the paper.

Orders to discontinue subscriptions to the paper must be in writing, delivered at the office and for the current quarter.

Communications of a literary nature must be addressed to the Editor, and must bear the signature and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a pledge of good faith. An observance of this rule will be the means of preventing disappointment to contributors.

All advertisements coming under the heads of Wanted, Missing Friends, For Sale, Rewards, if not exceeding twenty-four words, will be inserted for two shillings and sixpence.

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

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

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

WATERLOO COACHES.

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

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

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

Saturday, from Waterloo to Trawalla at 7.30 a.m.

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

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

CHARLES VOWLES, Proprietor.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

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

LOWEST RATES OF PREMIUM.

Melbourne Agency—9 Market Buildings, William Street.

R. MAYNFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

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.

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.

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.

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 any other instruments of the same price.

BAND INSTRUMENTS.

ALLAN & Co.,
COLLINS STREET EAST, MELBOURNE.

TIME-PAYMENT FOR INSTRUMENTS.

AUTUMN AND WINTER

DRAPERY

NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS
OPENING DAILY!

Dress Materials. Ulsters. Blankets

CLOTHING
BOOTS AND SHOES.

G. H. COUGLE,
MANCHESTER HOUSE,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

JUST ARRIVED!

AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK
—OF—
DRAPERY, CLOTHING,
MILLINERY, BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. McKEICH,
(Late WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.)
ILL STREET,
BEAUFORT.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
STATIONER AND NEWS AGENT,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

HAWKES BROS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
IRONMONGERS, FURNITURE DEALERS,
IMPORTERS OF
CHINA, GLASSWARE, & CROCKERY, OILS, COLORS, &c.,

BEG to Draw the Attention of the Public to the Fact that they have JUST RECEIVED and now Offer for Sale, at

Ridiculously Low Prices,
THE CHOICEST, LARGEST, AND CHEAPEST
CHINA, GLASSWARE, & CROCKERY
EVER OFFERED IN BEAUFORT.

Elegant Designs. Latest Novelties.

INSPECTION INVITED.

THE LARGEST
Furniture and Crockery Show Rooms
In the Country Districts.

EVERY DESCRIPTION. **FISHING TACKLE.** EVERY DESCRIPTION.

HARRIS & TROY'S NEW GROCERY STORE,
BURFE STREET, BEAUFORT.

SPECIAL
BARGAINS
IN
First-class Goods.

A well Assorted Stock of
WINES AND SPIRITS.

Ale, Stout, Cordials, &c., Tobacco, Pipes, Cigars, Cigarettes, and
General Groceries.

A special line in New Season's TEAS. Inspection invited.

Pure Hay CHAFF cut on the Premises.

MELBOURNE WOOL, GRAIN,
AND PRODUCE MARKETS.

DALGETY and COMPANY,
LIMITED,
Wool & Produce Brokers, Stock & Station Agents.

CAPITAL FULLY SUBSCRIBED	-	£4,000,000
CAPITAL PAID UP	-	£1,000,000
RESERVE FUND	-	£120,000.

BRANCHES:—Melbourne, Geelong, Sydney, Newcastle, Dunedin, Christchurch, and London.

Regular AUCTION SALES of WOOL, GRAIN, and PRODUCE
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES on most favourable terms on the ensuing clip of WOOL, GRAIN, and STATION PRODUCE, for Sale in Melbourne or Shipment to London.

NO CARTAGE on any Produce sent by Rail, and ONLY ONE HANDLING, owing to our having a Private Railway Siding.

Three Months' Free Storage allowed on Grain.

N.B.—DALGETY and CO., LIMITED, were the first Brokers to abolish the charge for cartage of Produce and to revert to the system of 3 months free storage of Grain.

OFFICE and SALE ROOMS: 86 BOURKE ST. WEST, MELBOURNE.
WAREHOUSE: NEWMARKET.

GENERAL PRINTING
AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES
At the "Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

FIRE [illegible]!
At Sargood, Butler, and Nichols.

GEO. ISON,
OF BEAUFORT,
HAVING purchased a large and varied Assortment of

SALVAGE GOODS,

Only Slightly Damaged by Water, Is in a position to supply the inhabitants of Beaufort and district at prices hitherto UNEQUALLED FOR CHEAPNESS.

MRS ISON
[illegible]
CHOICE STOCK OF [illegible]
MILLINERY,
AT THE
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE.

Sole Beaufort Agent for
Madam Weigall's Paper Patterns.

N.B.—A Liberal Discount for Cash.

COME EARLY AND SECURE BARGAINS.

[See Circulars.]

—A—
SIGNAL VICTORY OVER DISEASE.

"PROGRESS" [illegible]

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 in Nervous, Seminal, and Sexual Complaints, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England (and the only legally qualified practitioner advertising in Australia), holder of diplomas of Physician [illegible], 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 258, G.P.O. MELBOURNE

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

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

50 VICT. No. 900, SECT. 8.

NOTICE.

RULES to Administer to the Estates of GEORGE BARTON, late of Beaufort, who died on 19th January, 1875, water-carter, and JANE BARTON, late of Beaufort, widow, who died on the 17th January, 1888, deceased, intestate, have been granted to me, and creditors and others having claims on such estates are requested to send in particulars to my office by the 21st May, 1888, or they will be excluded from the distribution of the estates.

THEYRE WEIGALL,
Curator of the Estates of Deceased Persons.
Lonsdale-street West,
Melbourne, 20th April, 1888.

BEAUFORT.

THIS DAY,
SATURDAY, 28th APRIL, 1888.
At 2.30 o'clock.

Sale by Public Auction
AT
Nickols' Auction Rooms, Neill street, Beaufort.

New Season's Teas,
On account of whom it may concern.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS is favored with instructions from the Importers, to sell, as above—
A quantity of the Finest TEAS, in packets, boxes, quarter and half-chests.
Also, a large quantity of Sundries.

No Reserve. Terms Cash.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

BEAUFORT.

THIS DAY,
SATURDAY, 28TH APRIL, 1888.

SALE BY AUCTION,
the Premises, Neill street, near St. John's Church, Beaufort, at One o'clock.

TWO COTTAGES
(To be removed.)

W. EDWARD NICKOLS is favored with instructions from the owner, H. Stevens. Esq., to sell, as above—
TWO Weatherboard COTTAGES. Both to be removed.

No Reserve. Terms Cash.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS, Auctioneer.

MONDAY, 21ST MAY, 1888,
At 1.30 p m.
BEAUFORT.

TOWN LOTS. COUNTRY LANDS.
TOWN LOTS. COUNTRY LANDS.
CHAFF-CUTTING MACHINERY.
PORTABLE ENGINE,
BUTCHER'S SHOP, SLAUGHTER YARDS.

A. M. GREENFIELD and CO. } Conjointly,
W. EDWARD NICKOLS }
Under instructions from Mr R. Smith, will offer by Public Auction, the following PROPERTIES, on the ground, in the township of Beaufort:—

LOT 1.
All that piece of LAND being allot. 4 of sec. 26, Township of Beaufort, containing 1 rood 5 2-10th perches or thereabouts, on which is erected large Store, Dwelling-houses, Stables.

LOT 2.
8 H.P. PORTABLE STEAM ENGINE, with chaff-cutter, elevators, riddles, etc., in good working order.

LOT 3.
All that piece of LAND being Crown allots. 9 and 10 of section 3, parish of Beaufort, containing about 10 acres, on which is erected a Slaughter House, Slaughter Yards; good dam, etc.

LOT 4.
All that piece of LAND being allots. 3 of sec. 26, township of Beaufort, on which is erected a comfortable Dwelling-house, with out-kitchen, Butcher's Shop, Stables, etc.

The whole of the Property is admirably situated for business purposes, and intending purchasers would do well to inspect the various lots prior to the day of sale.

COTTAGE TO LET, near Court-house. Apply Mr. H. P. Henningsen, Beaufort.

TO LET.

DWELLING HOUSE lately occupied by Mr. Joel Tompkins. Apply
H. P. HENNINGSEN.

SHIRE OF RIPON.
WEST RIDING.

ELECTION OF COUNCILLOR.

Mr. EDWIN HENRY AUSTIN being the only Candidate Nominated, I declare him to be duly ELECTED a Member of the Shire Council of Ripon for the West Riding.
WM. LEWIS, Returning Officer.
Beaufort, 24th April, 1888.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"A PRIEST'S SECRET,"
Given under the Seal of Confession.

A THRILLING AND EMOTIONAL TALE,
By EDMUND FINN.
Price - One Shilling.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
Bookseller and Stationer.

THE
Riponshire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888.

A FEELING is very prevalent that the *régime* of the Gillies-*cum*-Deakin Ministry has had its days numbered—that peradventure they survive the coming session, the general election, now fast approaching, will result in a manner adverse to their continued occupation of the Treasury benches. The almost general impression is that a recurrence to party rule must come about to break up the monotony in political life. That is the only reason to be given for that a change should take place. The argument is that the country is tired of coalition; that too rank a feeling of independence grows when the Opposition is too weak to keep the Government up to a certain degree of activity; that the business of the country cannot go on satisfactorily much longer under present conditions. But will party government mend matters?—who can say? The experiences of this colony teach us that coalition has been good for us; that it has done more in six years, perhaps, than party rule had been able to accomplish in a dozen. Our present position is admittedly the premier of the Australian colonies. We are now like the tree that has stood forth in all the grandeur of foliage and blossom; but the autumn season having now come, the leaves have lost their verdant hue, and are now falling with astonishing quickness, bestrewing the pathway of progress, and the bare dead-looking remains are about to become exposed to the bitter cold and tempestuous weather. As in vegetation, so in all other things. The tide ebbs and flows; popularity assails and departs from us; industries flourish and decay; Ministries reign and are deposed, and yet the world ceases not to go on its revolutionary course as if nothing happened. Changes are at times necessary. No country can exist under one perpetual and monotonous government. Politics without legitimate strife are irritating in the extreme, and when such a state of affairs exists a careless and indifferent and fruitless process of government comes into operation. All things, it is said, have an end, and the coalition Ministry, which in the beginning promised well and in the end finds that it has in the most important matters failed to perform, is apparently on the eve of such a climax. The coming session of Parliament will show distinctly which way the wind blows, and unless we are mistaken in our observations of the course events are now taking, we shall witness nothing but a waste of time—an utter disregard for the discussion of effective measures, and then—an early appeal for the verdict of the country.

THE Electoral Bill is one of the great troubles that beset the government. It has been necessary that the electorates of the colony should be recast, and seats allotted on a different basis. The Bill to be submitted to the next session of Parliament is by no means likely to be well received by the Assembly. The propose representation to be accorded to electorates under the new Bill is unjust to the country districts, and aims at giving a large increase of power to constituencies in and around Melbourne, whose representatives would outnumber all the country members who represent larger areas of country which have been almost totally neglected by the government of the colony. If ever the promoters of and agitators on the decentralisation question had any solid ground to go upon, they have it in the proposals to be submitted in the new Electoral Bill. Taking the population of the colony at one million for the purpose of drafting the schedule, the basis of representation has been laid down as one member to every 12,000 of the population, between one-third and one-fourth of whom are electors. Thus Ararat, with an electoral roll of 1229, will require to have the district extended in order to come up to required standard; Castlemaine, with an electoral roll of 3,689, at present returning two members, will have to be satisfied with one; Geelong, with an electoral roll of 4442, now returning three members, will have to to be content with one less, and so on. That the Electoral Law needs revision there can be no doubt. The present division of electorates seems altogether inadequate for country constituencies. For, while metropolitans are afforded every facility for contesting their seats at the least possible expense, a gentleman contesting a country seat—say for example Ripon and Hampden—is quite unable, in the time allowed between the days of nomination and polling to meet electors in every division of the electorate, and probably only gentlemen with capital at their backs can really afford to contest the seat at all. According to the Victorian Year Book, this electorate had 2079 voters on the rolls in 1886-7; the number on the roll at the general election in March of 1886 was 2087, whilst the population is given as 2774. By these figures, it will be seen that this electorate would have to absorb another larger than that of Ararat before the present representation could be continued. On the other hand, East, West, and North Melbourne, with an aggregate voters' list of 17,384, would have the same representation as now, viz., six members. South Melbourne, with 8065 voters, would also retain its two members, and so on, the metropolitan constituencies, if not recast and increased in number, would at least hold their present power at the expense of the country. The Ministry hope to be able to redistribute the seats so as to make the representative strength approach nearly to the electoral. This is found to involve many important changes, and the difficulty experienced in settling, in the Cabinet, the boundaries of the new constituencies, only faintly foreshadows stormy nights in the Assembly. All country constituencies will more or less suffer if such redistribution of seats as that proposed were to take place, and as it is not intended to add materially to the number of members in the Assembly, it is plain that such addition is not to be given to the country, but to the metropolis, where two or three electorates can very easily be made, in addition to the existing four.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

A case was heard before the police magistrate (J. C. Thomson, Esq.,) and Mr Jas. Prentice, J.P., on Monday, in which Mr Joseph Myers figured as plaintiff, and Mr H. Harrison as defendant, and the bone of contention was the right to ownership of about 90 builder's bricks. From the evidence taken it appeared that Harrison and Mr Gordon consulted together with reference to the removal of a house, and the bricks were to be taken as payment. Harrison understood that he was to have the job, but could not undertake it within a given time. Gordon being anxious to have the work done as speedily as possible, could not wait defendant's time, and had to engage Myers to do the work on the same terms. Harrison, however, took possession of the bricks, believing himself to be entitled to them, although the work had been taken from him. The bench decided that Harrison should deliver over the bricks to Myers. No costs were allowed; the bench remarking that it was an anomalous thing that in such cases they could not award them.

At the police court, Beaufort, on Monday, several cases of debt were heard by Mr J. C. Thompson, P.M., and Mr Jas. Prentice, J.P., which resulted in orders being made for the amounts claimed and costs. One case of inebriation resulted in a fine of 5s and costs 4s.

A Warden's Court was held on Monday last by Mr J. C. Thomson, P.M., when the reserved decision of the warden was given in the case of Messrs Blackmore, Dunn, and Gibbs. It will be remembered that the two former sought to have damages assessed in respect of land held by them into which the Saxon Consols contemplated mining under the surface. The warden said that after duly considering the evidence and studying the titles of the claimants for compensation, he had assessed the damage likely to accrue to James Dunn's holding at £16, and to Philip Blackmore's land £15. If the decision did not meet with the approval of all parties concerned, they were notified that an appeal could be lodged, to be heard before the Court of Mines, within one month from that date.

There was only one nomination to fill the vacancy in the representation of the west riding of the Shire of Ripon, when the time arrived for making the notification, viz., Mr Edwin Henry Austin, and a notice declaring that gentleman duly elected appears in our advertising columns to-day. From what we have seen of Mr Austin since his coming to live at St. Enoch's, we are confident in stating that he will be a desirable member of our local governing body. He has in various ways shown an interest in public movements in the shire, and proved himself a gentleman of whose services this district stands much in need.

A County Court will be holden at Ararat on the 17th May next. The last day for the issue of summonses for hearing will be to-day (28th April. A Court of Mines will be holden on the same day (17th May). On the 18th May a Court will be held in Beaufort. As the last day for issue of summonses falls on to-morrow (Sunday) they may be taken out on Monday, but must be served before the expiration of the 2nd May. A Court of Mines, for the hearing of appeals, &c., will be held on the same day as the County Court.

The "Illustrated London News" for the outgoing mail is to hand. The letterpress is well chosen, and the artistic engravings are well executed, and the paper maintains its usual standard of excellence. Mr Henningsen is local agent.

Mr Eddy, of Main Lead State school, made another excursion with his cadets on Friday last, to St. Enoch's. Mr Austin welcomed the little fellows heartily, and made them quite comfortable and happy. They remained all night and Saturday, and indulged in shooting and fishing. Mr Austin extended a cordial invitation for them to visit St. Enoch's again, and gave them permission to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

Messrs Harris and Troy, who recently opened the store in Burke street, announce in our advertising columns to-day that they have a fine assortment of choice wines and spirits, ales, stouts, etc., pipes, tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, etc., and general groceries. The advertisement appears in our first page.

That remarkably clever family, the Fausts, paid a return visit to Beaufort on Wednesday night last, when they were welcomed by a very good house. It is useless to particularise any of the items given, each artist might travel a long way before meeting his superior. The contortionist acts of some, the musical abilities of others, need to be seen and heard in order that they may be properly estimated, a description being insufficient to convey a correct idea of the cleverness of the family. Herr Von der Mehden, the famous cornet soloist, truly stands alone as a manipulator of his instrument. The clownish tricks of the brothers Faust were thoroughly enjoyed, and the audience, to say the least of the performance, manifested their appreciation by roars of laughter and vociferous applause. Mr Mehden announced that the family would return to Beaufort after their trip through South Australia and New South Wales, when they would introduce further novelties.

Mr. W. H. Uren, M.P., has asked the Minister of Public works to place a sum of money on the next estimates for the erection of a new police barracks in Beaufort.

As several anxious enquiries have been made respecting the young man Blackburn, who was so seriously hurt at the last Easter Monday Sports at Beaufort, during the one-mile bicycle race, a rumour got abroad that he had died from the effects of his injury. We are pleased to learn that no such fatal consequences have happened. The secretary of the Athletic club (Mr. R. A. D. Sinclair) wrote to Melbourne concerning the report, and on Thursday evening received the following reply by telegram:—"Report wrong; Blackburn alright. L. B. SCHARPE, South Yarra.

During the hearing of a case in the London High Court of Justice recently, before Mr. Baron Huddleston, Mr. Dickens, a son of the famous novelist, counsel for the defendent, said he should call as a witness a Mr. Pickwick. Barron Huddlestone said,—"Pickwick is a very appropriate witness to be called by Dickens." Mr. Dickens replied—"I fully believe that the sole reason why I was instructed in this case was that I might call Mr. Pickwick. And it may interest your lordship to learn that this gentleman is a descendant of Mr. Moses Pickwick, who kept a coach at Bath; and I have very good reason to believe that it was from this Mr. Moses Pickwick that the name of the immortal Pickwick was taken."

Mr. Gillies has been on tour, (writes the Melbourne correspondent of the "Ararat Advertiser") and why? Rodney contains, taking the latest returns, 5884 electors, with 4721 on the rolls, of whom only 2953 voted at the last election. Taking the electoral minimum of the proposed Electoral Act—which I have all along said will be a farce and simply a re-distribution of seats one—Rodney ought to be swallowed up in its nearest neighbor to achieve a right to even one seat. As a matter of fact it has two, and the Premier of this colony is the very junior member. Mr. Gillies' excursion has therefore been to ascertain whether, if providential interference to keep Rodney as a two-seat constituency fails, he can put out the popular and dramatic Shackell, and I venture to say that he will find himself mistaken, and that once again in the many curious episodes of his career—the honorable Duncan will find that he will have to seek another constituency. The query is how far will this modify the forth-coming Electoral Bill?

By advertisement, it will be seen that on Wednesday next, May 2nd, the world renowned Buffalo Minstrels, comprising a most excellent array of talent, including Mr. Hugo and Priscilla Verne, will perform in Beaufort after an absence of three years. To recommend this troupe to the public is unnecessary, for it is well known, and has earned a name for itself throughout Australia. A perusal of the names of the artists will be sufficient to ensure a bumper house.

The heathen Chinese loves silver as much as the proverbial Scotchman who "hoarded his bawbees." A Celestial, whose appearance suggested extreme ablutionary measures to make him presentable, went to the window of the railway ticket office yesterday, and asked for a return pass to Middle Creek, for which the fare is 1s 9d. John tendered 1s 3d, saying "no more. Allee same me go long Millel Cleek Chlissmas me gotum ticket one sillee tleepen; no more one sillee ninepen." The clerk was delayed five minutes requesting payment of the extra sixpence; but finding John stubborn closed the window, and went on to the platform to despatch the train, which was a minute or two behind. John rushed round very excitedly to the platform door. "Me wantee ticket Millel Cleek." At the same moment the train started, and John trotted off in a most amusing manner, intending probably to walk the whole distance.

All the eight bridesmaids of the Princess of Wales are alive and married. They gave the Princess for her silver wedding their autographs, bound up in a silver book and enshrined in a silver casket of Danish work. There was great strife whether they or the 300 diamond tiarra ladies should take precedence, but in the end the bridesmaids were accorded it, sailed in, showed their autographs, and were allowed to look at the silver wedding gifts, while "Lady Ailesbury" and her 300 were left waiting in the next, crowded up like herrings in a barrel.

Recently at Eaglehawk, Chief Justice Higinbotham, in refering to the Australian Natives' Association said that he thought the association was hardly sufficiently appreciated by the older gentlemen of Victoria. He would ask the British born to remember this. The young men would take their places, and they must look forward to transfer. An Englishman visited Victoria some time ago, and he observed the affection shown by the older generation for the mother country, but he thought this would disappear with the lapse of time. How could the Australian natives be expected to share the same affection when they had never seen the mother country, which they had only been acquainted with by books and hearsay. It could not be expected that they would show the same affection for it as the land of their birth. He had asked Australian natives what was the prevailing opinion on the connection between the Australian colonies and the mother country, and he had received conflicting replies. The natives required a better knowledge of the constitution and laws of the colonies. He looked with gratification on a society like this, and would give his most hearty wishes for its welfare.

If you drink wine, drink the best. If you drink Schnapps, drink Wolfe's, which is the only genuine Schnapps.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Few persons are so favoured by circumstances, or so fortified by nature, as to enable them to pass unscathed the sore trials of an inclement season. With catarrhs, coughs, influenzas everywhere abounding, it should be universally known that Holloway's Ointment, diligently rubbed upon the chest, checks the worst diseases of the throat and lungs. The truth of this assertion must remain unquestioned in the face of thousands of unimpeachable living witnesses, who have personally derived the utmost possible benefits from this treatment when their present sufferings were appalling, and their future prospects most disheartening. Both remedies act admirably together.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS AND NEWS PAPERS.

Letters, newspapers, &c., are awaiting delivery at the local post-office for the following persons:—Wm, Bennett, Robt. Brewer, Jas. Dunn, R. Dixon, A. Flowers, Miss E. Franc, Miss R. Hancock, J. Milne, Miss McArthur, Ewan McMillen, Dr. McMahon, J. W. Willer, Mr. Pinnock, W. G. Parsons, Thornhill and Co., Miss A. Thwaite, Mr. J. J. Trevatt, Mrs. M. Topp.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not necessarily identify ourselves with the opinions expressed by our correspondents. It is desired that letters to the editor shall be accompanied by the real name and address of the writer, not for absolute publication, but as a bona fide guarantee.

THE AGAR WYNNE TROPHIES.

To the Editor of The Riponshire Advocate.

Sir—Last week I got a post-card, informing me that the second competition for the above trophies was to be fired on Wednesday, 25th instant. The card stated that five matches were to be fired and the first five highest scorers in four out of the five matches to be the winners. Now, sir, having fired in two, I should like to know what other two I am to fire in, or which match out of the five is to be left out of the count, or whether it is really intended to fire the fifth match. The condition seems so extremely funny to me that I should like some explanation.—I am, etc.,

SHARP SHOOTER.

26th April 1888.

[Call on the Secretary or Captain. Either will probaly be able to explain the conditions. We cannot.—"Ed. R. A."]

A SOMNAMBULANT MISER.

Recently, in one of the suburbs of Melbourne, an alleged wealthy man, who had lived all alone in a poorly-furnished cottage—his own property—for a number of years, bethought him of an idea that he could accumulate a little more grist if he changed his abode. Accordingly he advertised by means of a written notice in the window, "This cottage for sale; apply within." After a lapse of two or three weeks Mr Miser—as everybody called him—got another idea into his head, viz., that a coat of paint would probably ensure a better price being obtained. He set, therefore, to work, and starting on the front of the house, soon made it a very attractive residence. Bye-and-bye, a young man came along, and seeing the notice, sought the owner, struck a bargain, and the house changed hands. The young man shortly afterwards married, and brought his bride to her new home. The house suited them very well indeed, and their friends came to see them often, and congratulated them upon having entered into a new sphere of happiness, and consequently to reap the reward of an invitation to tea. On one of these evenings, which might have been Sunday, and probably was, the company instead of going to church, assembled in the parlor, where they chatted and sang while the hours sped swiftly on. Nine o'clock came. Was the young wife going to let her friends depart without a cup of coffee? No. "She would have it all ready in a moment," and saying this she left the room. Almost instantly she returned very pale, and beckoned her husband. He excused himself and left the room. An invitation was at once sent back for all of the company to "come very quietly," and they went on tip-toe. As they approached the kitchen they were warned by an uplifted finger not to come further than the door. Oh! what a sight, to be sure! Seated in a chair, chuckling immensely to himself, was the former proprietor of the cottage. His eyes were wide open, and he was gazing satisfactorily at a small square hole in the ceiling in front of the fireplace; but he was fast asleep, the while rocking himself on the two hind legs of the chair, rubbing the back of his head against the wall, and mechanically stroking his knees with his hands in his rocking motion. A little cold water was obtained, and a few drops were poured on the hands of the sleeper. He shuddered, and awoke with a start; but was some moments before he could realize where he was. It appeared that he had gone to sleep that night and dreamt some one was trying to find out where he kept his money, "and I suppose," said he, "I have walked in my sleep, and came here—to sit where I have sat for twenty-years, gazing at that little hole in the ceiling. That is where I used to keep all my money. Ha! ha! ha! it was fine, and no mistake, to see them searching for it. But I've banked it all, now, my boy, in the Savings bank, and I get 4 per cent. interest on it. That interest more than keeps me in my humble way." The company thoroughly enjoyed the way the old man laughed as he told his story; and he was as highly amused to find out for the first time in his life—extending over 60 years—that he was a victim to somnambulism. Contributed.

A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

The Marriage of Lord Charles Fitzgerald with Miss Alice Sidonia Claudius (writes "Bosswel" in Melbourne "Table Talk"), is certainly not so romantic as the love affair of Prince Oscar of Sweeden and Miss Munk, but in Australia, and especially in Melbourne, the event is, nevertheless, much discussed just now, owing to the parties having taken up their residence amongst us. The facts are that the nobleman who has taken up his residence in Albert Street East Melbourne, is Lord Charles Fitzgerald, fifth son of the late Duke of Leinster. Lady Charles Fitzgerald is Alice Sidonia Claudius, a daughter of a miner, and a native of Huntly, near Sandhurst, Victoria. Lord Charles Fitzgerald, who was born on the 20th August, 1859, was until a few years ago a lieutenent in the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, formelly known as the Kildare Rifles. He is tall, fair, and handsome. After leaving the army, Lord Charles Fitzgerald went to India on a tea plantation at Assam, and whilst taking a holiday at Calcutta he fell in love with Miss Claudius, who was engaged as barmaid at a hotel. Miss Claudius is the daughter of a Greek, and her mother is an English lady. On the death of her father the family removed to Melbourne. Miss Alice Sidonia Claudius, at the age of 18, took employment at the Bijou Theatre Cafe where she stayed 12 months, and after she was employed for two years at Hosie's hotel, in Elizabeth street. Last year she received a very tempting offer to go to India, and whilst in Calcutta Lord Charles Fitzgerald became enamoured of the young lady, who was known as the "Greek goddess," on account of her classic features and majestic carriage. Miss Claudius disclosed to Lord Charles Fitzgerald the origin of her parentage, and further informed him that her mother was not in very affluent circumstances, and resided in a small cottage at Hotham; that one of her brothers was a barber in Exhibition Street, another brother was employed at a parcels delivery office, and that her sister had joined the stage, and was playing with Mr. George Rignold. Lord Charles had no objection to his prospective relatives, and on the 28th of November last the Rev. Mr Sandberg tied the knot at St. Thomas' Church, Calcutta. The newly-married pair proceeded on their honeymoon trip to Australia, and now they decided to take up their permanent residence in Melbourne.—"Bendigo Advertiser."

Patronise a house where Wolfe's Schnapps is kept; because you may then rely upon all things else.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

There has been no marked fluctuations in the produce market during the past week, and a steady business has been transacted. Several sales of wheat have been reported, a slightly easier feeling being apparent. A lot of 100 bags changed hands at 3s 2d, bags in, and a fifty-bag parcel of good quality realised a halfpenny higher, whilst two large lots were purchased at 3s, bags returned. Flour is in good demand at late rates, and bran sells very readily. Prices for wheat have short-ened at Horsham, buyers only giving 2s 9d to 2s 9½d per bushel, but at Donald and St. Arnaud 3s still rules. In this this district oats have business at 2s 2d per bushel, but growers are not anxious to part with their stocks at that figure. One lot of prime seed realised 2s 5d per bushel for forty bags. Potatoes have been well supplied at L2 5s per ton, and hay is brought in fully up to requirements. Fresh butter has been more plentiful and is a little easier, and bacon is not so firm. A load of cheese in at the end of the week was cleared at 3d. Eggs are scarce at 1s 2d per dozen. We quote:—

Wheat, 3s 2d per bushel bags in
Oats, 2s 2d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 8½d per bushel
Bran, 9d per bushel
Flour, L7 12s 6d per ton
Cape barley, 3s per bushel
English Barley, 3s 6d per bushel,
Rye, 4s 6d per bushel
Peas, 3s per bushel
Potatoes, Warrnambool, £2 5s per ton
Hay, sheaves, L2 per ton
Hay, trussed, L2 5s per ton
Straw, to 25s per ton.
Chaff, 3s per cwt
Onions, 4s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 1s 1d to 1s 2d per lb
Butter, potted, 8d per lb
Hams, 11d per lb
Bacon, 9½d per lb
Cheese, 5d per lb
Eggs, 1s 2d per dozen.—"Advertiser."

DALGETY & COMPANY LIMITED WEEKLY MARKET REPORT.

Messrs Dalgety and company report under date Wednesday 25th April.

Wool.—There is nothing of interest to report respecting our local market. From London we are advised by cable of an active demand at the sales now in progress; prices keeping firm at previous rates. Tallow.—The past week has been a quiet one, but shippers are still prepared to operate at prices lately current. Owners, however, have in many cases increased reserves, anticipating higher prices. Our last telegrams from London report a firm market, without change in prices. Prime mutton sold up to L26 and prime beef to L24 at last London sales. We quote:—Good to prime mutton, L20 to L21; prime mixed, L18 10s to L19 10s; fair to good mixed, L17 to L18; weak and inferior, L16. Lots unfit for shipment are worth:—Mutton up to L17; mixed, L12 to L16; ewes and oddments, L10 to L15 per ton; rough fat, 1½d per lb. Sheepskins.—Arrivals have been liberal, but we have sold all to hand. Green skins gradually improve in price as the week becomes heavier. Our sales are:—Butchers' green skins, 2s to 3s 9d; mat skins, up to 4s 6d; lamb skins, 2s to 2s 6d; extra to 2s 9d; lamb pelts, 1s 3d to 1s 9d; dry skins, 2s 6d to 4s; dry pelts, 1s 3d to 2s 11d each; dry skins, in bales and bundles, 4d to 5½d for Merino, and 4d to 5d for crossbred; pelts, 1½d to 3d per lb. Hides.—Quantities disposed of are up to average, but the demand is still rather sluggish, except for extra heavy green hides and calf free from cuts. Our quotations are:—Butchers' green ox, heavy weights, 30s to 45s; medium, 14s 6d to 26s 6d each; green cow, 2½d; 2½d, green kip, 3½d; salted hides, 3½d to 4d; inferior, 2½d to 3d; salted kip, 3½d to 3½; calf skins, 4d to 6d per lb. Kangaroo and Furred Skins.—There is no change to advise. Kangaroo skins continue in steady request, and there are good buyers at quotations for large quantities of furred skins. We quote:—Kangaroo, superior, 2s 8d to 3s 4d; ordinary, 1s 10d to 2s 6d; brush, 9d to 1s; wallaby, 1s to 1s 4d per lb; opossum skins, 2s 6d to 6s per dozen; rabbit skins superior 9d to 1s; small and inferior, 2d to 6d per dozen. Bark.—Really first-class bundled continues in request, but poor qualities are only saleable at unsatisfactory prices. We quote:—Best bundled L8 to L8 10s, average L6; inferior, L2 10s to L4; chopped, L6 to L7; ground, L7 to L10 per ton, according to quality.

GEELONG WEEKLY STATION PRODUCE REPORTS.

Messrs George Hagrie and Co. report under date Wednesday, April 25th:—

Wool—The London Colonial wool sales are progressing satisfactorily. The market generally is very firm, best descriptions showing a slight advance, while all sorts are steady, except inferior and faulty wools which are easier. Up to date, about 205,000 bales have been catalogued, and about 14,000 bales withdrawn. During the week we have placed privately about 80 bales scoured and low greasy wools, the woollen mills being the chief operators.

Sheepskins—We had a large supply to-day, principally well-woolled skins. There was a full attendance of buyers present, and keen competition, enabling us to clear all as follows:—Butchers' fresh-killed skins 1s3d to 3s0d each, large and superior to 3s6d each; country and station skins 12d to 24d each, and 3d to 9d per lb; pelts and sheepskins 1d to 2d per lb; lambskins, 9d to 25d each, and 2d to 4d per lb.

Hides—We disposed of a large supply to the local tanners at late rates, and have placed a line of 200 medium hides for shipment to another colony at a satisfactory price. We quote:—Heavies, from 3½d per lb; good conditioned, salted, 3d to 3½d per lb; light and medium sorts 3d to 3½ per lb; dry 5½d to 3½d per lb; calf, 4½d to 5d per lb.

Tallow—We have cleared our usual weekly supply of odd sweets and country mixed parcels at late quotations, and have placed a line of 18 pipes good beef, mutton, and mixed (on shipping order) under offer, for which we expect to clear in the course of a week.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY GRAIN REPORT.

The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company report under date April 25:—

There has been little doing in the wheat market during the past week, and though an improvement has occurred in London, there has been no advance yet established of sufficient importance as to warrant shipments. Indeed, considering the position of the freight market and the short supply of tonnage, it is extremely doubtful whether any response could be made to a demand for shipments hence to the United Kingdom. The position is, therefore, at the moment unfavourable to holders. The drought remains unbroken, and farming as well as pastoral interests are suffering from want of rain. Ploughing is backward, and the seed for this year will be very late, and, so far, the outlook is not as hopeful as could be desired. So the season all over the world has been so peculiar that it is just possible that an improvement at any moment occur. Wheat.—Market somewhat unsettled, but holders will not sell shipping parcels delivered f.o.b. at the prices buyers are offering. At our sale to-day we placed medium at 3s 4d, and quote prices as 3s 5d. Oats.—A fair demand for stout. We sold to-day seed lots at 2s 10½d, and Danish at 2s 8½d; Tartarians worth 2s 6d to 2s 7d. Barley—A little demand for country malters. Small sales to 5s 2d. Peas.—We place pigeon peas at 3s 10½d, and ordinary feed at 2s 9d; 2s 3d. Maize.—Market better. We sold Victorian musty dry at 3s 3½d readily to-day.

The Ripon shire Advocate.

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Poetry.

Lost.

Lost—many sunless years
Upon the road of life;
Old, faded relics, stained with tears,
And seared by fruitless strife.
Lost, never to be found—
Gone, gone forevermore;
Swept on the ebbing stream of time,
To an eternal shore.

They vanished one by one,
Each bearing on its breast
A life not lived, a work undone,
A treasure not possessed;
Something for which it seems,
My soul has vainly sought,
The waking truth of happy dreams,
That time has never brought.

Alas! the weary days,
Unwelcome in the past,
Are with me yet; my skies are dark,
And night is gathering fast.
I strain my tearless eyes
To pierce the thickening gloom,
And, mid the shadows, seems to rise
A vision of the tomb.

And is this all—is there
Beyond life's troubled wave
No healing balm for broken hearts,
No hope beyond the grave?
No haven of repose,
No bright abode of rest,
No land of promise for the soul
By earthly cares oppressed?

Oh, yes; poor, fainting heart,
By stormy billows tossed,
There is a better world than this
Whose years are never lost,
Believe in him who bade
The raging tempest cease,
And while eternal ages roll
Thou shalt abide in peace.

—*Joseph L. Butler.*

Novelist.

THE RIVAL BELLES OF PARRAMATTA.

A CHARMING LOVE STORY OF INTENSE AND THRILLING INTEREST.

By Laura Jean Libbey.

CHAPTER V.

"DO THEY SAY HE OUGHT NEVER TO HAVE MARRIED ME?"

It was a moment of intent nervousness to Florabel, as she faced the throng of curious eyes. Max could hear her heart beat, and the slight weight leaning upon his arm trembled.

"Ah! there is Miss Clavering, Max," she said. "Take me to her first; I have something to say to her."

While the guests are pressing forward, she whispered to Inez:

"Please stand beside me; I—I always feel so timid among strangers."

"Florabel is quite a child, Miss Clavering," said Max, laughing. "This is a trying ordeal for her."

Do as she would, Inez Clavering could not repress the sarcastic smile that curled her beautiful lips.

"Mrs. Forrester does me honor," she said.

Max laughed again.

"What a society speech, Miss Clavering," he said. "You will frighten my little wife."

Florabel looked from one to the other with some trepidation.

"I—I—hope I have not said anything wrong," she stammered, her face blushing crimson.

For the first time since his marriage a frown of annoyance marred the beauty of Max's face as he looked at his young wife and wondered whether the simple, natural manner, that he had always thought so charming, was not, after all, a sad defect.

"Wrong? Oh, no, certainly not," laughed Miss Clavering. "I shall stand beside you, Mrs. Forrester, if you like."

The girl looked up at her with a sudden, half-wistful glance.

"Do not call me Mrs. Forrester," she said; "my name is Florabel."

"I must try to remember it," returned Inez.

The style of conversation annoyed Max, and he saw a nervous, distressed expression on his wife's face. From the bottom of his heart he wished there had been no wedding reception, or that it was well over.

Beautiful little Florabel was not accustomed to society, and, to use her own words, she knew nothing of the ways of fine ladies. Poor child! She was utterly ignorant of the manners and habits and customs of the class with whom for the future she had to live.

These deficiences had not been noticed during those few brief weeks of wooing. The time was coming when they could no longer be hidden.

For years afterwards Florabel had but a confused idea of how that reception progressed. She did not hear the murmur of admiration that greeted her. She stood in the midst of that elegant assemblage confused and embarrassed. Her sweet face flushed and paled; the hand that held the white rosebuds trembled.

Inez Clavering sneered, and one or two were malicious enough to whisper witticisms about "country manners and bad taste." But many hearts warmed towards the fair, sweet face, and gentle, timid manners.

As the evening wore on Florabel became physically fatigued and exhausted; it over-taxed her strength. The chances are that one would have gone through the evening successfully had it not been for a pitiful incident that occurred.

The reception had ended in a grand ball, and during the progress of one of the quadrilles Max had sought her, saying, hurriedly:

"Come into the conservatory a moment, darling; I have something to say to you."

As they reached the green arched entrance Max was called away.

"Sit down by the fountain and wait for me, darling," he said. "I will be with you almost directly."

Florabel sat down on the rustic bench beside the fountain, giving herself up to her own thoughts until Max should return to her.

"I am not sure that I shall like this kind of life," she murmured, with a sigh, as she bent over the perfumed water. "And, oh!" with a childish sob. "I almost wish Max had been poor, then we would never have had all this to go through. How will it all end?"

Had she but known! It was well that the dark, pitiful future which awaited her was as yet unknown!

"Oh, how I wish—"

The thought was never finished in her mind, for at that instant two young and beautiful ladies entered into the conservatory. They did not see the slender, girlish form in the dim, green light, half screened by the drooping palms and trailing branches of blooms, or the words which fell from their lips would never have been uttered, and this story would never have been written.

"You ask me my opinion in regard to the bride," said one, turning her laughing face towards her companion, "and I will answer you. She is pretty and sweet, that I grant, but, ah! so unfitted for Max Forrester. A woman should be the equal, if not the superior, in accomplishments of the man she marries. Any one can see she has not been accustomed to mingle in good society, she is so ill at ease."

"I thought," replied the other lady, "when I heard that Inez Clavering was visiting here it would surely end in a wedding; she is so suited to him."

They passed on. Every word they had uttered fell like chill drops of hail on the heart of the girl, who sat white-faced and motionless under the green, drooping palms. A passionate cry rose to her lips, and she clasped her little hands so tightly together that her shining rings cut into the tender flesh, but she did not feel the pain of them.

Why did they think Miss Clavering more suited to be Max's wife than she? she wondered, bitterly.

How long she sat there, lost in deep reverie, she never knew. The sound of the music brought her to a realisation that time was passing. She must have been sitting there, away from her guests, quite half an hour.

What had detained Max? Why had he not returned?

She waited a little longer; five, ten, fifteen minutes passed; then she rose from her seat and re-entered the ball-room in search of him.

One rapid glance, then she saw him. He was waltzing with Inez Clavering. As she watched them floating through the mazes of the dance so gracefully together, the words she had so lately heard came back to her like the keen, sharp thrust of a dagger—"they are so well suited for each other." She turned away sick with jealous pain.

And happening to glance toward the conservatory just as the waltz ended, Max saw her, and excusing himself from Inez, came hastily toward her, with a flush on his handsome face.

"I beg your pardon, Florabel," he said. "I am at quite a loss how to apologise. As I was returning to the conservatory I met Miss Clavering, and stopped to speak to her. The moments slipped away unheeded, and—"

She interrupted him with a little cry. He might have seen the dawn of a great tragedy in her face, but he did not. He did not even see that her face was pale with passion and wounded love.

"Did you forget me?" she asked, quickly. "Never mind any apologies or excuses. Say—did you—forget me?"

He was taken too much by surprise to think of his reply, or of framing a diplomatic answer to appease her, or excuse himself.

"Yes," he said, simply, "I did."

"You forgot me; and that, too, on the very night of all others when you should have had cause to remember me most—at our wedding reception."

"I did, Florabel."

"I was not in your mind or your thoughts; you had completely and entirely forgotten me."

"I am afraid it was so," he admitted, frankly, "but the very moment I remembered, I came to you."

She clutched at a branch of a blooming lemon tree close by, as though she were afraid of failing. The iron had entered her soul. She could have forgiven him anything and everything, except that he had forgotten her. There could be no balsam for such a wound as that.

As she moved among the guests again, a strange sensation seemed to take possession of her. It seemed to her every one was remarking, in quiet whispers, that she was not fitted to be handsome Max Forrester's wife—Miss Clavering would have been better suited to him.

Oh, how she wished the grand affair over—her heart was so heavy, and she was so wretched.

Of course, she was the centre of attention—the attraction of the evening—this beautiful, hapless, shy little bride; but she would have given anything in the world to be alone by herself, to have that luxury so dear to the feminine heart—a good cry.

Twice, during the half hour that followed, Mrs. Forrester made her way to Florabel's side.

"I hope you will contrive to look a little more happy, Florabel," she said, sharply. "People are beginning to speculate, from the looks of your face, whether my son's marriage is a happy one or not."

She looked up piteously into the cold, hard face, with the startled glance of a child.

"I am trying to do my best," she faltered. "I am frightened."

"Women of the world know no such fear," said Mrs. Forrester, with a frown as dark as night.

"I wish to Heaven I were not forced to be brought into contact with women of the world," was Florabel's passionate cry. "To-morrow I shall ask Max to take me away."

"If I had to live under this roof long, I should surely die," murmured Florabel to herself, bravely choking back a sob. "Max's mother *hates* me, I can see in her face; and I—ah, yes, I may as well own the truth—I cannot endure her."

Over the crashing of the dance music—over the sound of the voices of the people talking to her—Florabel heard but these words:

"The guests are speculating whether my son's marriage is a happy one or not."

Was her handsome young husband, whom she loved so well, ridiculed for having married her?

The thought preyed upon her, distressed and annoyed her, until she could not keep up appearances an instant longer, and her grand reception ended by Florabel falling to the floor in a dead faint—body and mind alike exhausted.

This event created dire confusion, causing the guests to disperse sooner than they would have done, and leaving Max Forrester with a tingling sensation of discomfiture and failure.

CHAPTER VI.

JEALOUSY MORE BITTER TO ENDURE THAN THE PANGS OF DEATH.

"It is all my own fault," said Florabel to herself the next day, as she stood alone by the lace-draped window. "I knew that my world and his were different when he told me he was Max Forrester. I knew then that I could never be all his wife *ought* to be, and I should not have married him; it is my own fault."

It was a fortnight after the ball, and matters were going from bad to worse. It was no secret in the household that Mrs. Forrester and Max's young bride did not agree. She made no attempt to conceal her bitter disappointment with regard to her son's marriage; she never lost an opportunity of lamenting the ruin of his prospects—the utter spoiling of his life.

In every little fracas that took place between Florabel and his mother, Max tried to make peace. His mother was hurt, thinking he ought to take *her* side; his young wife was angry, feeling quite sure that he ought to fight *her* battles. He would have taken Florabel away, but his father persuaded him to remain, for he liked his son's young wife, and he had great hopes that, by seeing more of each other, the two ladies would be sure to learn to like each other better.

That was the reasoning of a man. He had yet to learn when women dislike each other at first sight, the feeling never grows less.

Florabel had long ceased to complain, and gradually a shadow fell between herself, and her young husband—a coldness that was far more fatal than a lover's quarrel.

Poor Florabel could have borne all this better if a greater cause for unhappiness had not clouded her existence; and that was the preference her young husband seemed to have for the society of beautiful Inez Clavering, the girl who it was said "was so suited to him." Florabel wished from the bottom of her heart that this beautiful girl had gone away before they arrived home.

Looking into her dark, sparkling face one day, Florabel wondered if he would ever have learned to care for Inez if he had never met *her*. Unfortunately, she put her thoughts into words when she found herself alone with Max one evening.

The young husband drew Florabel toward him, caressing her golden curls with a hearty laugh.

"I hope you are not going to get jealous of Miss Clavering, my darling," he said. "There is nothing on earth I detest so much as a jealous woman. Jealousy is worse than a scourge. I have never known an instance of deep, passionate jealousy but what it ended in a tragedy."

"But she cares for you, and—and you ought not to encourage it," declared the unsophisticated little bride.

If Florabel had been older and wiser, she would never have made that remark. She would have carefully hidden such a knowledge from her handsome young husband.

As it was, Max threw back his head with a merry laugh.

"Nonsense, my darling. That is merely your imagination," he said; but, nevertheless, man-like, he was rather pleased at the idea that he still had power to make the dark eyes of a beautiful girl grow brighter when he was near, or bring a flush of pleasure to her cheeks at the sound of his footsteps.

He watched Miss Clavering curiously that evening, and, as the hours wore on, he came to the conclusion that Florabel had not been very far wrong, after all.

Up to the time they had come here Max had been accustomed to think of, smile on, talk to only her, his bride. Now all his thoughts, his smiles, and conversation were divided with another. It was more than that. His attention was wholly absorbed by that other—so it seemed to poor, beautiful, hapless Florabel.

On the first day which had followed Max's home-coming a little event happened which caused the turning point of two lives. Max was showing Florabel the rose-garden, and they passed quite close to a rustic seat on which Inez Clavering's sat, half lost in a day-dream over the latest novel, but without either observing her, they were so engrossed in each other's society. As they passed her Inez heard him say:

"I see no beauty in any face but yours, darling. Other faces are all blank to me."

They walked on, but with the sound of those words in her ears an evil spirit entered Inez Clavering's heart. A laugh that was not pleasant to hear broke from the ripe, red lips.

"Such boy-and-girl love! Such nonsense! Only one face in the world for him worth looking at, he thinks. It is high time he saw two. Talking to that little simpleton in that way, she will begin to think herself an angel. I will teach him that all faces are not blanks. My face shall not be a blank to him."

Inez Clavering was a girl of insatiable vanity. She had been so much worshiped all her life for her marvelous beauty that she considered the heart of every man she met her lawful prey. She had but little trouble in winning them. A gleam from her splendid eyes—a touch of her white, jewelled hand—a whisper from her musical voice—a smile from her beautiful lips and the coldest masculine heart was sure to throb more quickly. She had never had the least trouble in making a conquest. Like most all women who are fair of face, she was cruel of heart. If she thought the conquest of any particular person worth winning, it mattered little to her how many broken hearts stood in the way. All that her victims won in return were a few smiles, a few *tête-à-têtes*, and then they had to make room for another.

Very soon beautiful Inez Clavering had attracted Max's attention, as she felt sure she should. She had started him out of his calmness.

"He knows now that there is another fair face in the world besides Florabel's," she told herself one day, with a laugh, "and he will be puzzled soon as to which is fairer."

"You have not asked me to sing for you, Mr. Forrester," said Inez to Max one evening. "I marvel at that, for your mother has often told me you are such a worshipper of music."

"Then let me hasten to ask you now," he replied, smiling and leading her to the piano, taking his position near her to turn the leaves.

"I want you to only listen; never mind turning the leaves," she said in a low voice. "The songs I know best I know by heart. Sit down in that chair and dream."

"I shall dream more vividly if I stand here where I can look at your face," he answered, gallantly.

Every word of this dialogue had fallen upon the sharpened ears of the golden haired girl standing in the bay window. Her face turned from the light and warmth within to the cold moonlight that lay pallid and white outside.

Florabel had been too much of a fun-loving romp in those girlish days to devote herself, to any great extent, to music.

She had often regretted since her want of power to please the fastidious musical taste of her young husband; but never so bitterly as now, when she saw that power in the possession of another, and that other a beautiful girl whom Max's mother had openly hinted he might have wedded but for her.

Music was Inez Clavering's strong point. She could play the piano with exquisite skill and sing divinely.

When Miss Clavering began to sing, then, indeed, Max Forrester quite forgot the little shrinking figure at the farther end of the room, sitting in the deep shadow of the bay window. The room rang with glorious melody.

Her voice was a rich, soft contralto. It was like no human voice Max had ever heard, it was so full of passion and tenderness. A voice that told its own story in the love-song she was singing. She sang of love, mighty and wondrous, that carried the heart of the great world by storm.

As Inez sang, she raised those dark, languishing eyes to Max Forrester's face, for she knew Florabel was watching, her poor little heart on fire with bitter jealousy.

Florabel *was* watching them, with a deathly faintness stealing over her—watching her handsome, laughing young husband and his mother's guest, who appeared so taken up with each other, and entirely oblivious of her presence.

She rose to her feet and stood motionless, her face white as death and her hands clenched, watching them. Yes, they had forgotten her—forgotten her very presence in the room.

A sensation of deathly sickness came over her. She saved herself from crying out to them by a great effort of self-command.

Turning, she fled precipitately from the room; but they did not hear her light footsteps; they did not miss her.

She could not stay there where the sound of that music distracted her.

"No one will miss me," thought the poor child. "Here, in my husband's house, no one cares for me. I am only in the way; no one will miss me."

She passed on into the moonlit grounds, where the fragrant night air was whispering to the trees and the nodding roses, a gnawing jealousy and injured love burning to the very core of her childish heart.

Why was *she* to take her place amongst such brilliant and accomplished ladies as this? How was she to hold her own? She felt more like an ignorant, untrained school-girl. A deadly fright seized her that, comparing her shortcomings to other girls' accomplishments, Max would tire of her.

Heaven help her! Was that thought a dark foreshadowing of the pitiful doom awaiting her?

She went where the sound of the music could not reach her, knelt down in the long, green grass, and turned her weary young face to the fair young moon that hung like a crescent jewel in the star-gemmed sky, weeping the bitterest tears that ever welled up from a human heart.

"What every one predicted is coming true!" she sobbed, wildly. "Max is tiring of me. Oh! if I could but die!"

Down, lower and lower, amidst the odorous green leaves and the crushed blossoms, fell the white face, until it rested on the green shaven lawn; then a merciful oblivion stole over her.

The moon shone full upon her; the starlight was cold and white; the wind played around her, drifting the rose leaves over her breast; the dew fell on the curly, golden hair, and white, upturned face.

From the lace-draped window music and laughter floated out. No one missed her; no one knew or cared that out in the rose garden a young heart, stabbed to death with jealousy, was slowly breaking.

(To be Continued.)

DECEIVED;

OR,

A Terrible Mistake.

BY FRANCES E. HUGHES.

(Concluded.)

Once inside, the sister tended the prostrate woman in a quiet helpful way, loosening her bonnet-strings and removing the thick veil. As she did so, Dalton uttered an exclamation of astonishment and stepped back heavily upon his friend's foot, thereby evoking much indignation.

"What the deuce are you doing?" Graham muttered.

But Dalton took no notice of him. He was staring, as if thunderstruck, at the unconscious face before him—the face which, when he saw it last, was full of life and animation, but now was thin, drawn, and colorless. How strange it was that this third meeting with this woman should be of such a dramatic character!

After some time, the sister, still kneeling beside her, noticed signs of returning consciousness.

"You are friends of hers?" she asked, turning to the two men who stood by the window.

"No," answered Jack; "we never saw her before. We were near her in the church when she fainted—that is all."

The sister looked perplexed.

"The signora is very ill," she said, in pretty broken English. "You will order a *vettura*, and help me to take her to her home?"

"We will be happy to do anything we can for her," answered Dalton, with energy.

His reflections were not pleasant, for, if ever death was written on the face of any one, it was on that of the unconscious woman before him, and the thought that he had helped to wreck her life was not conducive to his happiness. He could not have acted differently; still it seemed horrible to have brought so much agony upon a woman. Perhaps she had meant to lead a new life, and he had destroyed her chances.

The affair of two years before had certainly been the most painful episode in his life; and now all the circumstances came back to him with vivid distinctness—that evening at Camroes, the music, the wizened old lady and her beautiful companion, and then the interview with his friend. Dalton had left early on the following morning, pleading a sudden recall, and had neither seen nor heard from Ferguson since. Some months after the painful event, however, he had heard from a casual acquaintance who had been staying in the neighborhood, that Eric Ferguson had gone off for a year's wandering in America.

Dalton's reflections were disturbed by the approach of the sister.

"She can speak now; but she is very weak. She says her name is Murray, and her address No. 12, Via San Martino."

They reached the house—a sombre-looking building in a narrow street. Dalton was intensely relieved to find that his presence in no way affected the invalid, and that she evidently had no recollection of a previous meeting. They carried her up the broad staircase to a small room on the fifth story, and then dismissed the conveyance and waited to see if they could do anything more.

Presently the sister stole down to them in great distress.

"Signori," she said, 'what is to be done? The signora is ill—very ill—and she is all alone. There is no one with her and she has seen no doctor. It is terrible, and she is so young!"

"Has she no friends here?" Dalton asked.

"I think not. She says the woman in the adjoining room has been very good to her; but she is poor and busy."

"We will see this woman," said Dalton.

But the lodger could give little information. She said she was very devoted to the English lady, who looked so ill, and was always so gentle and sad, and so kind to the children; and it was very little she—Madame Leoni—could do for her. She had not heard of friends visiting the signora, who had come there about six months before. She believed she was very ill—her cough at night was terrible—but no doctor came to see her, and she expected the signora was too poor to have one.

Dalton was horrified at this state of things. He arranged with the sister of mercy to take charge of the invalid, then drove to the house of an English doctor and brought him back at once. After staying in the sick-room some time, the doctor met Dalton with a very grave face.

"Are you a relative?" he asked.

"No—a stranger personally; but"—with momentary hesitation—"I—I know a friend of hers, and am anxious to do all in my power for her comfort."

"Then you have no time to lose. She is in an advanced stage of consumption."

A fortnight passed, and Dalton still lingered at the Albero d'Inghilterra. His people had gone on to Florence; but he felt that it was impossible for him to leave Rome while the woman whose life he had unwittingly wrecked lingered so near to death. Twice daily he called at the many-storied house in the Via San Marieno, and nearly every day he saw her for a few minutes. It seemed to be a great comfort to the dying woman to have him near; his seemed the only strong hand held out to her as she sank into terrible weakness.

The English chaplain visited her constantly; the English doctor came every day, more to allay Dalton's anxiety than because of anything he could do, although everything that could be done for her was done. Sometimes she would talk to Dalton of her childhood in her happy Devonshire home; but often these reminiscences were followed by an outburst of weeping, which caused Dalton to avoid such tears. She never made any allusion to Comroes or to Eric Ferguson, and Dalton could scarcely make up his mind whether her silence on the subject was a relief or a sorrow to him. He had telegraphed to a friend to discover whether Ferguson was at home, and had had an answer in the affirmative. He wished to be prepared if at the last moment his friend should be asked for.

"You are like a wonderfully good brother," the dying woman said one day, as Dalton fanned her untiringly; "how kind you are!"

"Oh, hush!" he said, quickly.

Since he had become thus intimate with her, the remembrance of the part he had played in her life became more painful to him than ever. He had no feeling for her now save intense pity and respect for suffering bravely borne.

"You must let me say it," she went on; "you have made everything so bright for me! Perhaps some day you will be glad to know that you brought back hope and faith in human nature to a life that had been very wretched. I want to tell you something."

"You are not strong enough," pleaded Dalton, as she paused for breath; "you had better wait."

She looked at him with a sorrowful smile on her lips.

"You cannot deceive me," she said, slowly; "I can't afford to wait."

Here the nurse approached the bed under the pretence of raising the pillows, and as she passed she whispered in Dalton's ear,—

"Let her speak; it may ease her mind."

Dalton raised no further opposition, and with a feeling of dread he waited what was to come.

"I want you to do something for me when—I am gone. This wish has been on my mind for days; but I have felt it a very great favor to ask a stranger; still your great kindness has emboldened me, and I have made up my mind to tell you the story which until now has never passed my lips. I must begin at the beginning. We were two sisters; our parents died when we were young, and we lived afterwards with an aunt who was not kind; but we were happy, for we were together, and we loved each other very dearly. I was frivolous and pleasure-loving, with a talent for acting, and, in spite of my dear sister's opposition, I went on the stage. I liked the life, and was, I suppose, a success. After two years I met some one for whom I found it would be possible to sacrifice even my much-loved profession. It is a long story, and perhaps a common one. I loved him, but he told me that his parents would be shocked at his marrying anyone from the stage—though, as regards family, I was his equal. He persuaded me to believe, however, that once his marriage had taken place, it would be all right, and he bound me to secrecy. I was not even to tell my sister, whom in those last weeks I shunned.

"It was difficult for me to keep anything from her; and, as the time arranged for our marriage drew near, I rejoiced to think that soon all mystery would be at an end, and she was so good and true and unselfish that I knew she would rejoice in my happiness. After the ceremony had been performed, he took me away to France, where for six months I lived in a fool's paradise. There he tired of me, and one day he told me the truth, very quietly and composedly. He had married me under an assumed name—in fact, had married illegally, for he had a wife living, and the marriage certificate was of no value. I don't believe I said anything at the time—I only remember that I felt a wild inclination to laugh aloud. I think my heart broke there and then. I did not dream of revenge, as he seemed to expect, for he went on to say that of course, if I chose, I could get him punished, but he did not see what good that would do me; it would give only unenviable publicity to my own name and that of my sister. He knew the thought of giving her pain would touch me, even if I had dreamed of vengeance before. Finally he offered me money—quite a handsome allowance—and then I found words. I don't know what I said; but I remember that he went away very quickly.

"After that, it all seems like a dream. I went to a good sister of mercy, who believed my story and got me work as a teacher. About eight months ago my health unfortunately gave way, and a whim for coming south seized me. I had saved a little money, and came here, intending to seek another situation when my strength returned; but I soon realised that such a time would never come. I have not heard from my sister since I left England. I wrote to her directly after our marriage, and many times since, but received no reply.

"That hurt me terribly, for I had believed her love to be so strong that even my silence and disappearance would not shake it. I gave up that belief then; but somehow it has seemed different just of late. I think when death is near many things grow clear that have been misty before. You see, the bond was very strong between us two, we were twin-sisters and so alike that even our friends could not distinguish us apart. And I want you to do this great kindness for me—to find her if you can, and tell her of me. I often wonder about it, and long to know something of her. You will try to find her, won't you?"

"I will," was all that Dalton could find strength to say.

"You will tell her all the truth, and how I loved her always," the dying woman went on. "But even when I began to believe that my letters to her had been intercepted, had never reached her, I would not seek her for her own sake—I would not let my soiled life touch the purity of hers. My one comfort has been to think of her as happy, to picture her in a happy home of her own, with only merciful thoughts of all, even of the one she must believe to have been long since dead."

The sister approached the bed to see if the patient was exhausted. She had been sitting at the farther end of the room, out of earshot, but ready in case of emergency. As she looked up, it struck her that the tale told must have been of a remarkably tragic nature to bring such an expression of pain to a strong man's face.

Dalton rose as she drew near, his forehead wet with agony, his hands trembling with emotion. The revelation that he had just listened to was almost more than he could bear. Through a terrible mistake he had ruined the life of a friend as well as that of an innocent woman.

"I will come in again later," he said, as he moved to the door.

* * * * *

The brilliant moonlight, pouring down from a cloudless Italian sky, was lighting up the Eternal City, and silvering the surface of the old-world river. It flooded also the narrow street of San Martino, and was reflected from the windows of the room where Gabrielle Weber watched by the side of her dying sister, who lay with one hand in hers and a look of ineffable peace on her wan face. Even with the mighty difference of strength and weakness to divide them, the resemblance between the two sisters was extraordinary.

"Gabrielle, I never dreamed of, never hoped for this—to die with my hand in yours! How thankful I am!"

Gabrielle knelt down by the bed, and holding the thin hand in her strong, firm clasp. For a moment she lost all her self-control.

"Don't die, Stephanie—oh, don't die!" she sobbed—"don't leave me alone!"

Stephanie gazed at her with wistful, penetrating eyes, then raised one weak hand and laid it lovingly on the bowed head. In her weakness a strange new feeling of calmness and strength had come to her.

"Are you alone, too?" she asked, softly.

"To think we might have been together all this time," Gabrielle went on—"that is the worst of all to bear; and the money which I despised might have helped to keep you strong."

"Nothing would have prevented this," Stephanie said, calmly; "and you, Gabrielle, would not really wish it otherwise. It is terrible"—with a shudder—"to be obliged to live when one's heart is broken! No, do not cry, darling; I am tired of life. Perhaps I shall have another chance somewhere, when I am not so tired."

A tap at the door interrupted them, and the sister glided in to tell the signora that a gentleman below wished to see her.

"I cannot come," pleaded Gabrielle; but Stephanie stopped her.

"It is Capt. Dalton," she said, quickly; "and he has been, oh, so good to me in every way—above all, in bringing you, Gabrielle! You can never thank him enough for me. Please see him; I, too, should like to see him once more—but not now. I feel tired; I think I can sleep."

Gabrielle went quickly downstairs, and found the visitor standing at the window, looking out upon the street bathed in moonlight. He turned as she entered, and with a start of surprise she saw that it was not Capt. Dalton. Then she uttered a feeble cry as her two hands were tightly clasped by Eric Ferguson.

"Gabrielle—how could you?"

That was all his greeting; but it spoke volumes, and the girl overcome by fatigue and excitement, could offer no reply. She burst into a fit of uncontrollable sobbing, and for a time Eric left her to herself. He had heard the whole story from his contrite friend, who had lost no time and spared himself no trouble in doing all that he could to atone for the unintentional wrong that he had inflicted. He had not rested until the sisters were reunited, and he had poured the whole tale into Ferguson's ear.

Gradually self-control came back to Gabrielle, and for a time, in the happiness of being once more together, there was no explanation. Then to the reiterated question full of love, yet tinged with reproach, she answered brokenly,—

"I think I must have gone mad—it was all so sudden, the terrible past breaking in upon the happy present. I knew that I had never met Capt. Dalton, and that he must have mistaken me for Stephanie; but it brought back all the old time in a dreadful light, and I felt that I was injuring you by connecting with your name what I then thought was my sister's shame."

"Could you not trust my love?" he asked, sadly.

"I felt that I had no right to let you make the sacrifice."

"Oh, Gabrielle, if you had only known my misery, as week after week went by, and I could gain no clue to your whereabouts! I am sure you were mad, too. Sometimes I felt that Mrs. Gwynne knew more than she acknowledged; but no amount of pleading touched her."

"She did not know where I was," the girl acknowledged; "but nothing would make her betray me. She promised never to mention your name in my presence; but on her death-bed she wrote to tell me of your endeavors to find me. When I heard that she had left me her money, it seemed almost like a mockery of my misery; and to think that all this time Stephanie had been in want!"

"But you have seen her again—you are with her," said Eric, soothingly.

"Yes, thank heaven for that, and for the knowledge that she was always innocent! Oh, how can I be thankful enough! If she had only told me!" she moaned. "I knew his character all the time."

"The past is gone, darling," he answered tenderly; "you must try to let it rest. Life is full of mystery to all of us; we must have faith that some wise plan runs through this strange confusion, even though we seldom recognise it."

"I ought not to doubt that now," she answered, as she laid her head upon his shoulder; "but I must go to Stephanie—she may awake."

"When may I see her?" he asked, gravely.

"If she is equal to it, to-night," answered Gabrielle, with quivering lips. "There must be no delay in her case, for she may go at any moment, Eric."

He did not answer; but he put his arm round her as if he would have given his life to save her pain, and even in her misery a feeling of peace stole into the girl's heart.

Gabrielle entered the sick-room, leaving Eric at the door, and found that Stephanie was awake.

"Will he come again this evening?" she asked.

"It was not Capt. Dalton, darling," Gabrielle answered; "it was some one else—a—another friend," she added, stammeringly, a vivid flush coming to her face.

Then she beckoned to Eric Ferguson, and he came in and stood beside her.

"This is Mr. Ferguson," she went on, sinking upon her knees by the bed; "he is my friend."

The sick girl, with the quick insight of love, needed not the faltering words of explanation. This was the one assurance she had needed to make her perfectly content. Something in the grave expression on their faces told her better than any words that some great disaster in life had only narrowly been averted—that from the shadow of a great despair these two had emerged into the brightness of perfected faith.

"Let me look at you," Stephanie said to Eric; then, as she met the steadfast gray eyes and the open honest face that leaned toward her, she uttered a quick sigh of relief.

"Thank heaven!" she murmured, and with feeble fingers she joined the hands of the two beside her. "You will stay!" she said, looking at Eric, a world of entreaty in her face and voice.

"I will never leave her again," he answered solemnly, laying his hand upon Gabrielle's bowed head.

Stephanie smiled again—a smile of perfect peace and satisfaction.

There was to be no long watching for the two thus reunited; before the morning dawned on the city of many memories, Stephanie had passed into a fuller morning in a city where there are no partings and where mistakes are unknown.

A Mighty Hunter.

There lives to-day in Wyoming Territory a man who enjoys the proud distinction of having, in the course of his career on the frontier, killed over one hundred hostile Indians, slaughtered fully ten thousand antelope and about five thousand buffalo. His name is Joe Hurt, and he is at present engaged in the business of sheep raising near Rawlins, and makes that town his headquarters. Mr. Hurt is an ordinary appearing man, but one whom a student of human nature would at once select, as possessed of pluck, bravery, courage and endurance. He never thought nor achieved the character or name of a desperado, and no one can truthfully say that Joe Hurt, or Ute Joe, as he was dubbed by his admiring associates, ever became engaged in dispute or quarrel except to protect his own life or property. He is a magnificent horseman, an unerring shot, and is endowed with remarkable eyesight and memory for faces and localities. He can discern objects with the naked eye at a greater distance than an ordinary man can sight them with a powerful telescope. By natural instinct he is able to recognise and describe either white man or Indian after a lapse of years.

In the fifties Hurt was employed as a professional hunter by the Overland Express Company. He was stationed at a place called Sulphur Springs. Game was plenty, and Joe, with the aid of an enormous heavy three-barrelled rifle, which he had manufactured according to his own ideas of a useful and effective firearm, in a half day's hunt, often secured enough meat to supply the station for a week. Between business trips the daring rider explored the country in the vicinity of Sulphur Springs, and often came riding into the station at a breakfast pace with a band of Indians at his heels.

One day while Hurt was hunting several miles from his home a band of Utes happened to come along and murdered the station agent and his family, a couple of hostlers and the storekeeper. By way of dessert they burned a consignment of hay, an old stage coach and all the buildings about the place. Upon returning Joe observed the Indians and knew that they were awaiting his advent, as the redskins had a custom of exterminating the inhabitants of a station when they attacked it. He rightly reasoned that it was a battle to the death, and made for a high knoll with all possible speed. Reaching it he hastily constructed a barricade with loose boulders and killed the horse which he had been riding. The redskins heard the shot and hastened towards the improvised fortress, little thinking that the man with whom they had to cope was, as they afterwards declared, "a great medicine man." The fight lasted ten hours. The band which dashed toward Hurt with the confidence that a mountain lion leaps upon the back of a timid antelope numbering twenty-one gaily-painted warriors. After the fortieth charge upon the impregnable barricade four cowed and terrified bucks rode off, driving before them the ponies formerly mounted by seventeen copper-colored savages who had fallen victims to the messenger of death launched at them by Hurt's three-barrelled rifle. Joe scalped every mother's son of the dead braves and cured the trophies. He only reported the occurrence because in duty bound to do so, and mentioned one of the greatest battles ever fought and his own brave and desperate action in the modest manner.

On another occasion a thieving band of Utes stole a bunch of forty horses from Mr. Hurt's ranch on the Platte. He sent a man to warn the citizens of Rawlins and started after his horses. A party was soon formed in Rawlins to hasten to his assistance. They met Hurt returning with the stolen horses, and packed upon the back of one of the animals was a bloody bundle which was found to contain fourteen fresh scalps. The nerve of the man is simply wonderful, and his hatred of Indians a mystery. He hunted them for months at a time, and though often wounded was never seriously injured. As late as 1872 Hurt was acting as scout, guide and hunter. In 1875 he took a contract to supply a Chicago house with five thousand antelope carcasses in one month. He earned the stipulated consideration easily. It is an actual fact that Hurt slaughtered and shipped one thousand and three hundred antelope in four days.

It is encouraging to learn from the report just issued by the directors of convict prisons that the number of convicts in British gaols has considerably decreased of late years. In 1885 the number was 9,151; in 1886, 8,379; and in 1887, 7,835.

The *Field*, an English sporting paper, publishes the bag at a recent French *chasse*, and among the items are one hen and one cat! There were forty-three guns, and they killed 3,039 rabbits in the course of the day.

A scientific exchange asks: "What is rotary motion?" Why, it is that experienced by a drunken man when lying flat on his back and clutching the sidewalk for fear he'll fall off.

SUPPLEMENT.

Good Stories.

Hard Lines.

It is against the civil law of Germany to duel, and yet if an officer in the army refuses to challenge when he considers himself insulted, or refuses to accept the challenge which may be given him, he will be expelled from the army, and that by the express orders of Kaiser Wilhelm himself—the "Christian" Emperor of Germany. Combating this and other loose moral notions prevalent among the young men of Germany, there exist at all the prominent universities of Germany chapters of a Christian fraternity called the "Wingolf," whose members pledge themselves, among other things, to reject absolutely both the student's duel (*Mensur*) and the duel of extra-university life. A member of this fraternity had become an officer of the Reserve Corps. On the occasion of a certain celebration in a restaurant, he was making a speech, when a half-tipsy post-office official, who had been a corps-student (dueler), publicly insulted him by using abusive epithets. Common sense would seem to dictate that such a one should be hustled out of the restaurant and treated with utter contempt. But no; the officer was privately urged to send the fellow a challenge to a pistol duel. Upon his reply that such was contrary to his principles, he was summoned before a so-called court of honor, practically a court-martial. His colonel wrote to the general, saying that Officer S. was an excellent officer in every respect, but that the authorities had unfortunately not known of his connection with the Wingolf fraternity. At the court-martial it was proved that Officer S. had in no wise provoked the insult; also, that when he refused to challenge, he was perfectly sober. Had he been intoxicated, it would have been an excuse! And then this honorable court of German army officers passed the verdict that this man, in every respect acknowledged to be an excellent officer, on account of the utterance of principles incompatable with the position of an officer (refusing to fight a duel with an insulting rascal) should be ignominiously expelled from the army. By special cabinet order of the emperor, this verdict was commuted to that of simple dismissal. This in the nineteenth century, and in a nominally Christian and civilised land!

One of the suitors of Cromwell's youngest daughters, Frances, was the Rev. Jeremiah White, her father's chaplain. Cromwell did not favor the suit. Hearing, one day, that the chaplain was alone with Frances, he rushed angrily into the room, where he discovered the chaplain on his knees, with Fanny's hand against his lips. "What is the meaning of this posture?" he asked. "May it please your highness," replied the chaplain, "I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and I can not prevail. I was, therefore, humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." Cromwell knew the man was lying, but, being very willing to take the lie for truth, he turned to the maid, saying, "What is the meaning of this, huzzy? Why refuse the honor Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you to treat him as such." The girl, willing to make the most of her opportunity, replied with a courtesy and blush, "If Mr. White intends me that honor, I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, lass?" cried Cromwell; "call Goodwin. The business shall be done before I leave the room." Goodwin, a clergyman, promptly responded; the two were married then and there, and Cromwell gave the bride a dowry of five hundred pounds. The result of the chaplain's lie was fifty years of wedded unhappiness.

Mr. Greeley's sense of humor was of a peculiar sort, but it was allied to genius. So many anecdotes have been told of him in illustration of this that one can hardly expect to reproduce any now that some one has not repeated. Those who tried to joke with him to his disadvantage were generally worsted, whether they did it orally or through the press. One evening an associate editor of the *Tribune* accosted him as he came to his desk, with some such question as this: "Didn't you know, Mr. Greeley, that you made a dreadful blunder in one of your statistical editorials this morning?" "Now; how was it?" said Mr. Greeley. "Why, you said something about 'Heidsieck *and* champagne.' Don't you know Heidsieck *is* champagne?" "Well," said Mr. Greeley, quietly, "I am the only editor on this paper that *could* make that mistake." On another occasion a person who wished to have a little fun at the expense of his consistency, said, in a group where Mr. Greeley was standing: "Mr. Greeley and I, gentlemen, are old friends. We have drunk a good deal of brandy and water together." "Yes," said Mr. Greeley, "that is true enough. *You drank the brandy*, and I drank the water." Tobacco was his especial dislike; and, a friend of his knowing this well, while handing around a box of cigars to a few who were present with great ostentation. "No," said Mr. Greeley, "I thank you. I haven't got so low down as that yet. I only drink and swear."

A short time ago Count von Moltke visited an inn not far from his home, and called for a glass of beer. The landlord supplied both (*einfaches bier*) and "double-beer" (*doppel-bier*), the prices being five pfennig and ten pfennig respectively. Thinking common beer unsuited to the station of his guest, the man supplied him with the better quality. After drinking off the foaming glass, the field-marshal praised the brew and placed on the table a ten-pfennig piece, expecting to receive the change back again. The landlord, however, appropriated the whole, and Moltke left without saying a word. A few days later the count visited the same inn again, and ordered a glass of beer as usual. Again double-beer was brought. Before leaving, Moltke called the landlord and said: "When I was here last I gave you ten pfennig, and you gave nothing back I was five pfennig ahead, so that we are now straight." The landlord remarked that he had drawn double-beer, which cost ten pfennig. "Oh, but I did not order double-beer," said the count, and he drove away smiling.

There is a pretty story told of that great political hidalgo, Lord Granville, at the naval review. Though advanced in years and in honors, he is accustomed on such occasions to don a simple costume of navy-blue and a peaked cap, in which it is not everyone who still looks like one of her majesty's (late) ministers. In this dress he took his station at the foot of the ladder by which the members got on board their ship. He wanted to see some of his friends. Mr. C. was one of them, and as he descended with his daughter the hidalgo held out his hand. Mr. C. did not see it, being engaged in conversation with some one behind him, but the young lady did. "Papa," said she, "here is the man for the tickets."

A buxom burlesque actress—a manager's daughter, who was seized with the fancy to appear in domestic drama, and who imagined she could shine in "Rachel the Reaper"—once ogled herself in the glass, and surveyed, with joyous abandon, the image of her plenteous shape, while Charles Reade was reciting, with true and tender feeling, one of his most pathetic scenes. "My dear," said the offended author, "be kind enough to remember that you must exploit your brains, and not your body, in my play." The part was not found suitable to the young woman's requirements.

The ugliest man in the known world is an Eastern prince. Conscious of his misfortune, no looking-glasses were hung in his palace. Visiting a neighboring prince, the ugliest of men was accompanied by a vizier, and they came face to face with a mirror, when both burst into tears. "Moderate your grief, my noble friend," said the prince, "you see I am quite resigned." "Oh, it is not that, my noble master," replied the vizier, "you have only seen yourself for an instant—I have to look at you every day."

Science.

The Lucigen.

A very successful demonstration of its lightning powers was recently given at the Crystal Palace. The method of producing this light consists in forming an intimate mixture of air and minutely divided oil particles, resulting when ignited, in a continuous, steady flame of great brightness. The mechanism, which is very simple, is worked by a small supply of compressed air, and the flame is under perfect control, by merely turning a tap. As the light is produced by the combustion of crude and waste oils, its cost is, by actual measurement by the official gas analyst for Glasgow, found to be from one-tenth to one-twelfth the cost of gas, and about one-twentieth that of electric light of the same actual candle power. It is stated that an area of half a square mile can be flooded with light equal to daylight at an expenditure of one shilling and three pence per hour. As shown at the Crystal Palace, the lucigen illustrated very perfectly the great volume of light it is capable of giving out. It was found that ordinary manuscript could be read at a distance of 150 paces from a jet which was stated to cost 3d. per hour. The great value of this light lies in its diffusiveness, which adapts it so admirably for use on works or where any outdoor operations have to be carried on at night. The true principles of useful lighting, it would seem, are only now beginning to be understood. It has always been overlooked that the eye is the first factor in determining the success of illumination, as it is by the aid given to accurate sight that work is to be done. Now, the amount of light the eye will receive depends on the size of the pupil, and this latter depends on the intensity of the source of light, and not on the amount of light given out. Should the intensity be great the pupil closes so as to protect the delicate retina from injury, and hence the eye receives little of the light reflected from surrounding articles, and the illumination appears very bad. Should the intensity be low, then the pupil does not close nearly so much, and surrounding articles seem much better illuminated. Hence a naked arc lamp in a room is so blinding that work cannot be done; but when an opalescent globe is placed over it, so as to reduce the intensity, the eye sees details in the room much better, although the opalescent globe has cut off three quarters of the light. Looked at in the light of these explanations, the effect of the lucigen may be imagined As it is said to produce a flame of 3,000 actual candle power, or equal to six large arc lamps, while its radiative surface is about 350 square inches, as against one square inch for the arc lamp. The result is that the lucigen gives a light of a quality highly effective for working purposes.

The lucigen marks the latest advance in the history of the production of light from carbonaceous substances, as not only does it raise the carbon particles to the most intense white heat, but the form of the flame is such as to retain them in that condition for the longest period. The lucigen has been adopted at a large number of works in this country, including those of the Forth Bridge, and it is also in use by the French government for military operations.

A New Steel.

Prof. W. F. Barrett lately read a paper before the British Association on the physical properties of a nearly non-magnetisable steel. At the Aberdeen meeting Mr. J. T. Bottomley drew attention to a new steel recently manufactured by Messrs. Hadfield & Co., of Sheffield, which contained some 13 per cent of manganese, and almost wholly unmagnetisable. Mr. Bottomley's experiments showed that the intensity of magnetisation that could be imparted to it was some 6,000 times less than that which could be given to steel. Hence it was evident that manganese steel is a remarkable body. The author had, through the kindness of Messrs. Hadfield, and after some difficulty, succeeded in obtaining this steel drawn into wire.

One of the most curious properties of the steel is that it is annealed in the opposite way to ordinary steel, which is hardened by being suddenly cooled, whereas manganese steel is softened by this process. The modulus of elasticity of manganese steel determined by Prof. Barrett was 1,680 X 10·6 grammes per square dentimeter—a singularly low value, lower than iron. The tenacity of the substance is, however, greater than ordinary steel. The breaking strain of a No. 19 wire of hard manganese steel, Prof. Barrett found, was 110 tons per inch, nearly double that of ordinary steel wire, only exceeded by the finest and hardest pianoforte steel wire. The resistence of manganese steel wire was found to be very high, about six times that of iron and three times that of German Silver. Its change of resistance for temperature was also determined and found to be much less than iron. The comparison of its magnetic power with that of iron was examined, and in an intensely powerful magnetic field the ratio of magnetism induced in iron and manganese steel was about 1,000 to 3.

In conclusion the author showed that manganese wire did not exhibit the anomalous expansion in cooling nor afterglow which is found in ordinary iron and steel wires, and thus a new connection between molecular condition and the magnetic state was revealed. Many uses of this remarkable material suggest themselves, among others the construction of iron ships with no compass error, the bed plates of dynamos, resistance coils, and non-magnetisable watches.

Magnesium Light for Photographic Purposes.

It is supposed that if magnesium be mixed in the state of fine powder with an oxidising agent, such as chlorate or nitrate, and a substance such as amorphous phosphorus, which would accelerate combustion. The mixtures suggested as most suitable are—12 parts of chlorate of potash, 6 parts of magnesium powder, and 1 part of prussiate of potash or 24 parts of chlorate of potash, 12 parts of magnesium powder, and 1 part of amorphous phosphorus. The light may be colored by the addition of salts of suitable metals to the above mixtures. The powder burns with a flash, lasting only from a 30th to 50th of a second, and yields a more intense light than when wire or ribbon is used; and the shortness of its duration removes the difficulty hitherto experienced of getting the proper "exposure" with the magnesium light.

An Electric Whistle.

M. Zigang has devised a trumpet worked by electricity and designed to warn or signal vessels, trains, or tram cars. It consists of a trumpet tube and a sounding plate which is vibrated by the electric current passing through an electro-magnet having its poles close to a soft iron armature carried by the plate. A regulating screw contact, with a platinum point, rests against the iron armature and serves to interrupt the current of two Leclanche elements as the plate vibrates, thus keeping up the sound as long as desired. The apparatus is simple in construction and can be used also as a Morse sounder in receiving telegraphic messages, the current being sent through the electro magnet.

The burning of leather no doubt acts as a disinfectant, but the big smell which absorbs all the little smells is sometimes the most disagreeable and unhealthy. If you want a real good thing let an old rubber burn on the stove.

Russsia is about the only foreign country which doesn't encourage its bad men to emigrate to America. When they find a bad man in Russia they want his remains to enrich the soil, and as a dead man he soon reforms his ways.

Traveller.

The Rising of the Nile.

Now the fleet Nile craft decreases, and the chaffing of the boatmen is almost hushed. How splendid are the scenes on every side! How they change every mile! The palms, the Arab villages, the minarets and domes of the mosques appear in slow succession; again the pyramids are in view; and always is heard the sound of the busy shadoof and the dreamy squeak of the sakiyeh. The shores now reveal how Egypt was created, film upon film, layer upon layer. One marvels not that the people who live upon them, even now, look upon the Nile as the "Giver of all good."

It moves on and before them as gently as the rays of the rising moon. It is always kindly. It gives water and food—gives life. Once a year it rises and widens, and almost entirely submerges the tillable lands at its sides. What it does not so reach, it is made to reach by artificial means. The overflow is no misfortune to those whose homes are upon its banks. It is there best blessing. For the Nile well repays for the right of way during the inundation by leaving a deposit upon the land which is worth its weight in gold. It does not change its habits; it never brings surprise and destruction. It is good to the people who trust in it. The sun always shines for them; and when unmolested and untrammeled their dispositions are sunshine. They are hospitable, generous, willing to serve the stranger, industrious, religious, browbeaten, taxed, bastinadoed, and discouraged until their spirit is almost gone. And yet they are good-natured, patient, and seem to be happy!

When the time approaches for the inundation the Arab farmer is all expectancy. His canals are cleared, and he protects his home by dikes and walls of adobe. This done, seated at his door, he watches with satisfaction and gratitude the rise and approach of the water which holds his little wealth. It is several months rising to its greatest height, then as slowly and gradually subsides. Then appears again to his delighted vision the husbandman's farm. His palm trees seem to rise to a greater reach, and their waving branches add to the sense of calm and content which pervades all. Already his well-filled canals have defined themselves, and his irrigating machinery is at once put in repair. There is no more use for the boats which have served to carry him from place to place during the inundation. They are hidden among the rushes on the banks of the canal. Every available person is now pressed into the service. If the thin deposit of mud left by the departing river is kept moist, its value remains at par. If the hot sun is allowed to play upon it unopposed, it soon becomes baked and curls up into tiny cylinders; then, breaking into fragments, it falls dead and worse than useless. Therefore the process of irrigation must begin at once. The rude sakiyeh and the ruder shadoff are going night and day and give employment to tens of thousands of the people and cattle as well.

With these primitive appliances the water is lifted and emptied into channels which have been dug or diked to receive it. From these larger receptacles the water is led to smaller ones, which, overflowing, cover the fields.

In a little time, then, a Nile farm becomes a rare beauty spot instead of a waste of mud, for now the crops are grown. The lentils bend with their heavy load and the fields of grain turn their well-filled heads from side to side that the ripening sun may change their green freshness into gold. What landscape, unadorned by art, can be more lovely than such a farm, narrow though its limits may be, with its growth of palms to fan the breeze and scatter their sweet fruitage into the lap of the happy fellahin? Here no weeds grow to annoy him. No stone crops are belched to the surface each year to stop the plough. And this is good, for the Egyptian plough has no scientifically curved coulter or subsoil attachment. When the crops are ripening the irrigation must rest a while, for all hands are pressed to help with the ingathering.

A Cannibal Mansion.

There are two large posts in front, eighty feet high, on which rests the large peaked shade, around which there hangs a graceful fringe of young sago leaf. The front is about 30 feet wide, and the whole length of the house is 160 feet, tapering gradually down to the back, where it is small. Our compartment is about twenty feet high and ten feet broad. The front is a common platform floored with the outer skin of the sago palm, and kept beautifully clean. The whole is divided into courts, with divisions of cocoanut leaves, nine feet high, on which hangs various figures, not at all good-looking. From the top to the cocoanut leaves hang graceful curtains of the young frond of the sago palm. Standing on the platform in front and looking down the whole length along the passage or hall, with the curious divisions and their curtains, it has a wonderful effect. In each of the courts are numerous skulls of men, women, and children, crocodiles, and bears, also many beasts of the cassowary. All are carved, and many painted. The human skulls are of those who have been killed and eaten. The dantiest dish here is man, and it is considered that only fools refuse and despise it. In the last court there are the same kind of ornaments, and then a screen with curiously formed things of wood and native cloth hanging on it; also, sibis (their only clothing), belts, small bags and other things belonging to those murdered, which have been presented to the gods.

The Day of the Week at Manila.

Although the Philipine Islands lie near to the Asiatic Coast, it was by Spaniards, who sailed eastward from America, that they were settled. Did they revise their calendar when they crossed the magic line and strike out a day to keep themselves abreast of the times? No such thing; the Spanish dons of that day were a proud and fiery folk, and if their calendar did not agree with the times, then so much the worse for the times. Anyhow the fact remains that when they arrived at the Manila or Philippine Islands they still reckoned by the calendar which had been taken from Spain to America, and from America by them on their voyage. They were, of course, a day in arrear; but as they were not then any important settlements of civilised nations thereabout with whom the date could be compared the error was not noticed; the reckoning took firm hold, and in consequence the inhabitants of Manila kept plodding along one day behind all their immediate neighbors.

Superstition in France.

An attempt to murder, prompted by superstition, under circumstances of the most ferocious atrocity, is reported from Saint Andre, France. A married woman named Dupeyron, who lived in the same house as her cousin, an unmarried woman, named Solages, accused the latter of bewitching her daughter, who was lying ill. Suddenly she attacked her with a bludgeon, threw her down, and slashed at her fingers with a knife. She then trampled upon her victim, leaving her almost dead. A few minutes afterward she returned from an upper room in her best dress, and, again using her knife, cut a deep cross on each of her victim's hands. She told her this would deprive her of any further evil-working power. She then subjected her cousin to an interogatory, winding up with a challenge to declare whether she would relenquish her fiendish arts. The poor woman, who was speechless, nodded assents, and her wounds were then dressed by her assailant. The sufferer subsequently found strength to crawl to a neighbor's house, and the woman Dupeyron was given into custody. Her victim is not expected to recover.

Boys and Girls.

Maid-of-all-Work.

Oh, my little maid is a changeable sprite,
A dimpled young damsel, and darling;
A dozen times between morning and night
New roles with a wonderful ease she assumes,
And into new characters daintily blooms,
Her knowledge and amptitude airing.

Nurse-maid now, in white apron and cap,
Her baby she tends sedately;
Laundry-maid, folding her clothes with a snap;
Maid-of-honor to baby Queen Bess,
Gayly bedight in a fanciful dress,
Dignified, sweet, and stately;

Cook-maid, down in the dining-room,
Making mysterious messes;
House-maid, busy with pail and broom;
Lady's maid, pert, with obsequious air,
Brushing and braiding mamma's brown hair,
Looping and smoothing her dresses.

These, besides, is this damsel of mine,
This dear little maid of my praises:
Maid of Sweet Strawberries, Honey and Wine;
Maid of the Sunshine and Maid ot the Mist;
Maid to be scolded and Maid to be kissed;
Maid of White Lilies and Daises;

Maid of Soft Breezes and Changeable Skies;
Maid to be somebody's blessing.
Nay, do not listen with doubt and surprise;
For must not a sweet maid-of-all-work like mine
Be made, too, of everything dainty and fine?
Now there is a riddle worth guessing.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

An Amateur Athlete.

William Byrd Page, the young American who has just returned from abroad with the amateur championship prizes of England and Ireland for the "running high jump," was born in Philadelphia twenty-one years ago. He comes honestly by his love for athletics, for his father before him was a famous boating man in his day at Yale, and was Commodore of the College rowing clubs in 1859, when for the first time a Yale six led the previously invincible Harvards across the finish line. Something of a jumper too was Page senior, as a class-mate whose hair is now turning gray well remembers.

Young Page was a weakly child, and until he was ten years old had to wear braces on his legs and hips; but he comes of a plucky old Philadelphia family, and he reasoned in his boyish mind that judicious training must correct any such troublesome peculiarities. He accordingly began running and jumping with a persistency that amounted to genius. He kept it up at the University of Pennsylvania, where he was graduated, with a fair standing in scholarship and an unequalled record for jumping, in 1884.

It was, however, as a bicyclist and as a jumper that he won his chief laurels, and for several years his name has frequently appeared at or near the head of the lists, his record for jumping rising higher and higher, till at last he was actually able to clear a bar placed higher than his own head, and that without the aid of spring-boards or weights or any of the devices that are often used.

Having beaten his own championship record in this country, there seemed nothing for him, if he would conquer other worlds, but to go abroad, which he did last spring, and now returns with a record of 6 feet 3¼ inches, or eight and a half inches higher than his own head.

His method of jumping is very peculiar, and is the result of observation and intelligent study of his own individual muscular gifts. He begins his short run of twelve paces with a couple of "sprocks," that is to say, thrusts or kicks with his right leg. Then he covers the distance between the starting-point and uprights with a series of bounds, his body inclined well forward, and his action increasing, till at last, with a supreme effort, which, however, does not seem to exhaust his powers, he rises from the right foot, and when on a level with the cross-bar shoots himself over it feet foremost almost in a horizontal position, comes lightly down "all standing," and—walks off with the prize.

Bicycling and jumping naturally go hand in hand, if one may use that expression concerning muscular feats with which the hands have little to do. Mr. Page has wheeled extensively through Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and all the New England States, and doubtless the exercise thus obtained has done much to harden and develop those tense *extensors* that have sent him higher from his mother earth than ever mortal went before by the unaided efforts of his own muscles.

Fishing.

Half the scented Summer day
Patient Harry by the stream
Fishing, whiles the time away
In a kind of happy dream.
"Come," he whispers, "pretty trout,
Here I wait to pull you out!"

In a green and golden gloom,
Woven of leaves and sunbeams warm,
Starry daisies' shining bloom
Wandering butterflies to charm,
Harry cannot charm the trout,
Swimming round the bait in doubt!

Don't you see, O foolish fish,
What a lovely fly is there,
Luscious as a trout would wish?
Don't you like such dainty fare?
In the shadowy depths the trout
Turns and whisks and plays about;

Thinks, "That fly is all too fine,
All too plump and gay and bright,
And I see a slender line
Wavering dimly in the light,
Thank you, no, I'll do without
This one fly," reflects the trout.

Still sits patient Harry there
By the cool, delicious stream;
Not so greatly does he care,
Musing in a happy dream,
Though not even one horned pout
Nibbles, nor one silver trout.

—CELIA THAXTER.

Young Ladies of Holland.

American girls enjoy much more liberty than that accorded to their German sisters. No German maid can dream of going to church, concert, or any other place of public assemblage without the escort of parents or male members of the family. She cannot take a walk, pay a visit, or go shopping unaccompanied by her mother or some lady friend. The Hollander is not like his American competitor, troubled in the evening with the thought that his daughter is flattening the pocket-book of a poorly-paid dude, by an indiscriminate indulgence in oysters and ice cream. Until the betrothal of the young lady has been announced, she remains the sole charge of father or mother, and she makes acquaintances always in the presence of a third party. The fair Holland girl does not go to the theatre with a gentleman who has been introduced to her a week before, neither does she vary her beau to suit her dress or complexion. Unmarried daughters in this country are chaperoned to all places of amusement; even dancing parties are interspersed with songs and recitations, etc., for the amusement of the elders of the family who sit around tables, socially sipping their coffee, wine, or other favorite beverage, while the younger members glide over the waxed floor to the fitful strains of music. Here she must make the best of their opportunities, for when it pleases the parents to seek the quiet solace of the home the daughters also quit the gayety of the ball-room. Parents here certainly have a responsibility in raising a family of daughters.

Ladies' Column.

Wild Roses.

A hedge of roses, pink and sweet,
That plant in loam their slender feet,
That send a breath the Spring to greet,
Across a great expanse;
They lean soft cheeks together there,
They smile at love, with faces fair—
What keeps the sunshine glinting near?
Young love, perchance.

A hedge grown dim with Autumn's haze,
Tendrils that cling in loving maze,
Through drear, or cold, or cloudy days;
Across the great expanse
Comes on the fierce September sun,
When rosy flush and perfume's done;
The rays the faded flowers shun
Without a glance.

Oh, homely loves that clasp her round,
May you enough for her be found—
(Like sister roses on one mound
Amid a great expanse)—
May no gay wooer ask a smile—
Too lightsome wight with winsome while;
Then lose, perchance.

Jealousy of the Princess Alexandra.

When the Empress Eugenie laid aside the crown of royal beauty, it rested for a season on the fair brow of the Princess of Wales. It is now tottering thence to its fall. The lovely Alexandra is growing old, and her charms are beginning to fade. It is whispered in English society that the calibacy of her children, prolonged in the case of her eldest son beyond the usual age for royal marriages, is caused by the influence of their charming mother, who dreads the day when the trying title of grandmother will be bestowed upon her. Also, to this influence is ascribed the very plain, not to say dowdy, way in which she attires her three daughters, who are celebrated as being the worst-dressed princesses in all Europe. And it is a well-known fact that she can not endure the pretty Princess Victoria of Teck, and snubs her on all occasions, simply because that blooming young princess has already acquired the reputation of a royal beauty, and is spoken of as the fairest of the younger members of the English royal family. But the Princess of Wales will, in Scotch parlance, have a handful with her youngest daughter, the Princess Maud, who will be eighteen this autum, and, consequently, will be introduced into society next winter. She is the only one of the three daughters who has any pretensions to good looks, and she is a spirited damsal, and has more than once shown signs of revolts against the ugly and unbecoming garments imposed upon her and her sisters. It is said that once, being permitted to attend a garden party or some such mild festivity, she objected to the dress prepared for her to wear, which was, as usual neither tasteful nor elegant, and when her remonstrances were unheeded, she quietly put the offending garment in the fireplace, lighted a match, and reduced it to ashes. It took all the influence of her good-natured father, with whom she is a great favourite, to win her pardon from her indignant mother. Possibly it was owing to that influence, as well as to the incident itself, that at the garden party aforesaid, the young princesses, to the astonishment of all beholders, were appropriately and becomingly dressed in white muslin and lace.

The Ears.

When it is rosy, little and transparent, the ear is a beautiful thing; but no organ changes its shape more completely as times goes on. Let the ear be ever so small and curly—a bit of transparency in the young girl—hers will be a very exceptional case if, when she has attained the age that makes caps advisable, she is not glad of the cap to hide a large piece of cartilage on either side of her head—not the least disagreeable of the disagreeable things that have come to her as warnings and evidences of the end of all things. This is not the case with every person, of course; but the majority of ears lose their beauty in the long run. As life goes on, every year uncurls and straightens out the pretty whorls of most ears, and flattens, and seems so to enlarge the upper and outer edge, perhaps not through growth, nor even through the daily wiping of the part, so much even through the loss of fat in the tissues and the falling away of neighboring roundness and plumpness; and one rendering the cartilage smooth, the other making it seem larger than it is by comparison. In either event, the ear of to-day will hardly be the same ear, to appearance, ten years from to-day—will be a very different ear in twenty years. The ears of elderly persons tell the sad tale to any who care to scrutinise them in sufficient number, to generalise from what is seen; and any one who chooses may regretfully watch the process, as time passes, which transform one of the choicest features of physical charm into one of the ugliest.

Rural Homes.

The English customs of naming farm homesteads is worthy of more general adoption. An appropriate and expressive name must render any rural home more attractive and pleasant, and it is a matter of surprise that so little attention is given to farm nomenclature. A writer on this subject suggests the giving of a name to every country home, no matter how homely or isolated that home may be; and he adds that one of the brightest spots in his memory is the remembrance of "Rose Valley," his childhood home. "Give each one a name, and let those names be appropriate and musical—short, sweet, and easily remembered and pronounced—and then, when you go to visit a neighbor, either on business or pleasure, instead of saying you are going to Jones', or to Brown's, or Smith's, you will say you are going over to the 'Cedars,' or to the 'Hickory Grove,' or to 'Holly Hill.' How much pleasanter it would sound. Then when the young people make up their surprise parties during the long, cold, winter evening, in place of notifying each other that they are going to surprise the James', the Jones', or the Jackson's, it would be, we are going to surprise 'Pleasant Valley,' 'Viewfield,' or 'Walnut Hill.'" Almost every farm can be identified by some local familiarity, prominent and visible, and hence may be easily named appropriately.

A New York photographer prints a circular containing eight "Suggestions to Sitters" and the following valuable advice "To the Ladies": When a lady, sitting for a picture, would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should just before entering the room say "besom," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say "brush," the result of which is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small, she must say "flip," but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say "kerchunk," if resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate "s'cat." Ladies when having their photographs taken may observe these rules with some advantage to their appearance.

In Barcelona, with some exceptions, the ladies still wear the poetic Andalusian headgear, their glossy tresses piled high, the black lace covering them drooping in front in a point. The Barcelona shop-girl or seamstress, however, instead of the mantilla, prefers a crimson or deep-yellow silk kerchief, that suits to perfection her dark skin, jetty locks, and glorious orbs. Probably their eyes become trained by the constant contemplation of vivid colors in mountain and sky, for even in such slight matters as the selection of a flower to place in the hair, or the choice of a stocking to match the petticoat, the Spanish lass never errs on the score of harmony.

Miscellaneous.

The Valley of Silence.

I walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As houses where angels have flown.

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago I was weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave,
And I said: "In the world each ideal,
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the real,
And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the human for heaven.
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of its mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled, heart-tired of the human,
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt long ago at an altar
And heard a voice call me. Since then
I walked down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine,
And I fell at the feet of the Holy
And above me a voice said, "Be Mine!"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart shall be Thine."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray,
But my tears are as sweet as the dew drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer like a perfume from censers
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the song that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley
Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—
Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the valley like virgins
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of that valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
Ad God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

The Value of Pure Coffee.

Mr. W. J. Hammond, engineer and general manager of the Western Sao Paulo Railway Company, Brazil, bears pleasant witness to the virtues of coffee and strongly denounces the use of adulterants. Many people will be able to indorse his high opinion of the value of "strong, pure, black coffee as a stimulant when the body is run down through physical labor," but his assertion that, beyond this stimulating power, coffee has great disinfecting properties, and is used by many who have to travel through miasmatic districts as a preventitive against fevers, will be new to many. He states that the Rev. Father Kenelam Vaughan, who but a few years back made a journey by land from Panama down to the River Platte passing in and among and over the Andes during a space of three years, used coffee alone as a stimulant, although he had once to run the gauntlet through a long, rock-bound valley in Columbia in which the water remained stagnant year after year, and the narrowness of the gorge prevented sufficient sunlight and heat from entering to dispel the vapors. When asked what he took in this horrible place, called by the natives by the significant name of Valley of Death, he replied: "Why, coffee, of course!" The same gentleman also reports that since the natives in the pestilent districts near Guayaquil, in Ecuador, have substituted coffee for their former beverages the death rate has fallen very considerably.

Florid Advertising.

Hungarian advertisement bureaus lead the van. Two rival insurance companies had, for years, been swelling the advertisement columns of the metropolitan press, when a *junta* of new competitors appeared on the scene, and promulgated their claims by "private circulars," distributed by a corps of omnipresent canvassers. "The liberality of our teems," says the prospectus, "should recommend our scheme to every friend of personal freedom. After the expiration of the fifth year the holders of a policy are at liberty to commit suicide. They may shoot, drown, poison, or hang themselves. They can die in the assurance that even the acknowledged deliberation of the act will not invalidate the claims of the survivors. They may indulge in any desired variety or combination of life-shortening excesses. They may take the risk of perishing in the perpetration of a deed of violence. They may die in a pot-house, in prison, or even on the gallows. The insurance will be paid all the same. After the expiration of the fifth year death, in whatever form, means payment in full. We ascertain the date, the fact, and ask no further questions; and we are confident that liberality such as ours needs only to be known to be appreciated. Competition flees shrieking."

Comfortable Foot-Gear.

We could learn much from the Japanese if we would. The shoes of their children are made of blocks of wood secured with cords. The stocking resembles a mitten, having a separate place for the great toe. As these shoes are lifted only by the toes, the heels make a rattling sound as their owners walk, which is quite stunning in a crowd. They are not worn in the house, as they would injure the soft straw mats on the floor. You leave your shoes at the door. Every house is built with reference to the number of mats required for the floors, each room having from eight to sixteen; and, in taking lodging, you pay so much for a mat. They think it extravagant in us to require a whole room to ourselves. The Japanese shoe gives perfect freedom to the foot. The beauty of the human foot is only seen in the Japanese. They have no corns, no ingrowing nails, no distorted joints. Our toes are camped until they are deformed, and are in danger of extinction. They have the full use of their toes, and to them they are almost like fingers. Nearly every mechanic makes use of his toes in holding his work. Every toe is fully developed. Their shoes cost a penny, and last six months.

The Sense of Temperature.

Dr. Goldschneider presented and explained to the Berlin Physiological Society plates illustrating the topography of the sense of temperature. The sense of heat and cold was determined for the whole surface of the body, and arranged in a series corresponding to twelve degrees of intensity. As a general result, it was found that the sense of cold is more extended than that of heat; that both senses are more developed on the trunk than on the extremeties; that the sense of temperature is less acute in the median line of the body; that the distribution of this sense over the surface of the body is quite different from that of the sense of touch: and that the points of exit of the nerves possess little or no sense of temperature.

Humor.

A Fine Head of Hair.

The teeth in the dentist's window said
To the Wigs in the hairdresser's [illegible] next door:
"I don't think you'll ever get ahead,
If you are n't puffed up a little more."
And such a remark from a next door friend
Made most of the false hair stand on end.

But nobody had a repartee,
Or thought of a single appropriate [illegible]
Until an elderly Gray Toupee
Observed in a casual way: "[illegible]
And the five-dollar set of false teeth saw
It had bitten off more than it cared to masticate.

Uncle Arthur had been giving his [illegible] niece a few lessons from the Old Testament, and he had dwelt for some time upon the story of Cain and Abel.

"Uncle," said the little kitten, [illegible]fully, "ain't you very sorry for poor old Cain?"

"Why, no, my child; why should I be sorry?"

"Well, he was the first one that went to the bad place, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he was the first past the [illegible] Hades."

"Well, just think how lonely he must have been with nobody but the devil to keep company!"

A new reporter had joined the staff. He was writing up his first assignment, [illegible] was the resuscitation of a half-dr[illegible] woman. The city editor looked over the [illegible] bler's shoulder, and this is what he read:

"The fair form lay on the deck, and her short pants——"

"Tut-tut, young man," said the [illegible] editor. "None of your Zola realism [illegible] this great religious daily. Drop that [illegible] business."

The new reporter smiled softly and wrote on:

"—and her short pants for breath [illegible] that consciousness was [illegible]."

"**First** class in natural philosophy, stand up. What's attraction?"

"Please, sir, it is the look that a [illegible] gal gives to her lover."

"Right, sir! Now tell me what the inertia is."

"Inertia, sir, is a desire to remain where you are—a feeling that [illegible] experiences when leaning against a velvet vest."

"Excellently well posted, sir."

Yes, if we would not wander off so far it would often be better for us.

Tom, a chit of four summers, was anxious for a baby brother. His father, a minister, had taught him that it was his duty to pray for what he wanted. Going to his father with a sober face, he said:

"Papa, do you suppose if I prayed to God right along that He would send me a baby brother?"

"Perhaps so," said papa; "but why do you ask?"

"Oh, because," replied he, "I have been praying off and on this good while, and it don't seem to do any good!"

Servant (to the parson, who is very ill indeed).—"If you please, sir, the chorister is down-stairs and wants to know if [illegible] won't give him the hymns for next Sunday's service?"

PARSON (feebly).—"Tell him there will be no service. I expect to be dead [illegible] next Sunday."

SERVANT (exit and re-enter).—"If you please, he says then will you be kind enough to send down the hymns you'd like sung at the funeral?"

He went into the gloomy office and [illegible]

"What'll you charge for an or[illegible] nickel-plated handled one—say about [illegible] feet two in length?"

"You don't mean to say anybody's dead up at your house, do you?" inquired the undertaker.

"Well, no," he replied, "but there's no telling what'll happen. You see the new boarder says New Awleans for New [illegible] and its all I can do to keep the [illegible] boarders quiet."

Wife (to late husband).—"Where have you been, John?"

HUSBAND (conscious that [illegible] would be futile): "T' tell the tru[illegible] dear, I (hic) stopp'd in s'loon t' get [illegible] beer."

WIFE: "John, you never [illegible] that load in a saloon. You've [illegible] brewery."

"Mr. Readycash," [illegible] Hardup to his wife's paternal [illegible] he presented him for the [illegible] lucre to pay a year's rent of the [illegible] house," instead of a pa-in-law, [illegible] seemed like an old father to [illegible]

"Yes," dryly rejoined the [illegible] tainly have always acted in a [illegible] manner since you married my daughter."

Father—"Now, Henry, why [illegible] marry Rebecca—what have you got against her?"

HENRY: "She squints [illegible]"

FATHER: "Don't be a pessimist [illegible] be an optimist and say to yourself [illegible] one eye she does not squint [illegible]"

"**I say,** Jenkins, can you tell a [illegible] tender chicken from an old [illegible]?"

"Of course I can."

"Well, how?"

"By the teeth."

"Chickens have no teeth."

"No, but I have."

Some signs are [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The moon does not [illegible] proper name [illegible] times [illegible] At such times [illegible] the moon [illegible]

Mrs. Partington, [illegible] ingly in St. Paul's Cathedral [illegible] pressed her [illegible] as [illegible] ereal pile [illegible]

Master—"John, [illegible]"

VALET: "You have [illegible] vitation to dine with the [illegible]"

MASTER: "You are right—then [illegible] and bring me two steaks."

Fat old priest [illegible] wine and a plump roast goose [illegible] roast goose is an example of the [illegible] God has for man!"

He—"Miss Elizabeth, do you play the piano?"

SHE: "No."

HE (enraptured): "Elizabeth, [illegible] you!"

Teacher—"Who knows of another [illegible] ful animal besides the dog that [illegible] man everywhere?"

BOY: "The—flea!"

Gentleman (in a restaurant).—"See here, sir, what are you doing! [illegible] glass with a pocket-handkerchief!"

WAITER: "Beg pardon, sir—[illegible] own!"

Analysis has brought to light [illegible] that ice cream frequently contains [illegible] it never seems to hurt the girls. Somehow its always the young man that [illegible] stuck.

Perfectly Natural.

Birds in their little nests agree—
They'd rather not fall out, you see.

There is a town of 2,200 inhabitants in Michigan without a dentist. It has a [illegible] smith, however, who does plain work in that line.

A woman of the period is the [illegible] typesetter.

A road that runs through a [illegible] is not a high way.

In a summer hotel there always seems to be room at the top.

THE A.N.A. ANNIVERSARY.

The weather was beautifully fine on Tuesday night, and every condition favourable for thorough enjoyment of a dance; but owing to some inexplicable cause the attendance at the plain and fancy dress ball, given by the Beaufort branch of the Australian Natives' Association in celebration of their first anniversary, did not quite come up to expectations. The hall, as customary at sociables in Beaufort, was decorated with bunting, kindly lent by the townspeople of Beaufort and Waterloo. At the north end of the hall over the entrance door facing the stage was a large drawing in crayon, well-executed by Mr S. W. Male, surrounded by a design in chrysanthemums and sprays of green. The stage was lit up with two fine coloured lamps, which were placed at the disposal of the committee by Mr W. Loft, and were in themselves an attraction. The customary ceremony of opening the ball was dispensed with, and the programme was commenced at 9 o'clock by a promenade, which was followed by a waltz. Although a large number of the ladies and gentlemen appeared in evening dress, there were nevertheless a number of fancy costumes which were much admired. For a first attempt at anything of the kind, the ball must be considered a success. More than thirty couples thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Mr Jas. Cowans conducted the catering, and the display upon the tables evoked the highest encomiums, and the viands were of the choicest and most delicate description. Shortly before supper time, the president of the branch expressed regret that the gentlemen who had promised to be present from Ballarat to make the presentation of a trophy they had themselves subscribed to, had been unfortunate in missing the train. They were not without one representative from Ballarat, however, and he had consented on request to represent the donors. In referring to the presentation, Mr Prowse said that it was promised at the opening of the branch by the delegates from the board of directors—Messrs Wheal, Hagar, Allen, and Wainwright—to that member who succeeded in introducing the largest number of members during the first 12 months. That term had expired, and he was happy to state that Mr Charles Vowles had been announced the successful competitor. (Applause.) Mr Simmons then in a brief and pointed speech handed over to Mr Vowles the trophy which he had won, expressing a hope that he would always take same interest that he had manifested in the past. Mr Vowles acknowledged the presentation, which was a handsome dinner set of 50 pieces, and at the conclusion of the ceremony a loud ovation of applause resounded. Dancing was kept up until 3 o'clock. The ladies and gentlemen who were in fancy costumes were as follow:—

Miss J. Male—The daughter of the regiment; a very neat and becoming costume.

Miss N. Male—A Highland lassie, in a very attractive costume.

Miss F. Bilton—Spring; nicely-fitting costume, and hair decorated with flowers.

Miss E. Robertson—A merry vivandiere, a costume admirably selected.

Mr S. W. Male—"Our Jack," a man-of-war's man.

Mr Jas. Ryan—"Guerilla Chief," representing the Spanish outlaw effectively.

Mr G. A. Eddy—Capt. Victorian militia.

Mr J. W. H. Lugg—Lieutenant Victorian militia.

Mr C. W. Tompkins—Brigand chief, the get-up being perfect.

Mr R. A. D. Sinclair—A sailor.

Mr R. Wilson—A fireman.

Mr A. Driver—In Oddfellow's regalia.

Mr H. Stuart—Napoleon Buonaparte.

Mr J. B. Prowse—"The Naughty Boy;" knickerbocker suit, and wearing the unenviable conical cap.

Mr W. H. Elliott—A Royal Engineer.

A number of ladies wore very pretty evening dresses, notably Miss Bates (from Ararat) and Miss McKeich. Mr Jackson's band provided the instrumental music in their usual able and finished manner, giving every satisfaction.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

THE AGAR WYNNE TROPHY.

The second match in the competition for the Agar Wynne and other trophies in connection with the Beaufort Rifle Club was fired on Wednesday last, the ranges being 300 (kneeling) 400 and 500 yards (forward position), seven shots at each range. The weather was beautifully fine most of the day, and some very good shooting was done. Mr T. A. Archard scored 87 off the rifle; Mr J. Chapman obtained 86 in the same manner, and Captain Thomas 84. Mr J. Jackson also made 84, but with a handicap of 12, and Mr Lord was fifth with a total of 81. Two more matches have yet to be fired; and from present appearance the competition is very keen. So far the points obtained in the two matches are:—

	1st Match	2nd Match	Tota
J. W. Harris	5	0	5
T. A. Archard	0	5	5
J. McKeich	4	0	4
J. Chapman	0	4	4
J. McRae	3	0	3
Captain Thomas	0	3	3
A. Trompf	2	0	2
J. Jackson	0	2	2
P. De Baere	1	0	1
J. A. Lord	0	1	1

The scores of the second match are as follows:—

	Yds—300	400	500	H'cp	T'tl
T. A. Archard	22	33	32	scr	87
J. Chapman	24	33	29	scr	86
Capt. Thomas	25	28	31	scr	84
J. Jackson	21	25	26	12	84
J. A. Lorp	14	29	28	10	81
J. McKeich	22	27	25	5	79
J. McRae	22	28	27	scr	77
A. A. Trompf	22	29	23	2	76
P. De Baere	15	21	25	13	74
J. W. Harris	19	27	19	6	71
G. A. Eddy	19	27	22	12	70
R. Haines	14	19	15	20	68
R. Jackson	12	10	15	30	67
A Russell	19	11	16	15	61
C. Trompf		12	13	15	57
L. Watkin		10	8	20	56
G. H. Cougle		retired			

£1 FREE GIFTS!—The proprietors of WOLFE' 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.

TO SPORTING MEN.

It should be in the hands of every one of you who are desirous of success, and something genuine to invest money on. Manders' Weekly Opinion on coming events, with hints on same, horses in training worth watching, etc., etc. Subscription 5s per week. Having considerably increased his staff of horse watchers, etc., he is more than usually confident of another successful season. Something Good.—A. S. M has learnt something good for the Newmarket Handicap and Australian Cup at long odds; parties becoming subscribers will participate in it. A. S. M. has been acknowledged by his subscribers as one of the most reliable tipsters of the day. Subscriptions, 5s per week; and for special telegraphic notes from the couce for principal races, 5s per day. Our weekly advice will be on all events. You will get some good snip on the coming meetings. You will participate in a few more Mozaris, Cardigans, etc. If you have fared badly on the turf, remember the old saying, "It is never too late to mend." Become subscribers at once. Result of any race in Australia supplied. Commissions executed. A. S. MANDERS, Telegraphic Agent, 30 Collins street east, Melbourne. Telegraphic address—Manders, Melbourne. Member of Victorian Club, Melbourne, Sydney Tattersall's, and Bowes' Tattersall's, Melbourne.—[ADVT.]

HOW PILLS ARE MADE.

THE Custom of taking medicine in the form of pills dates far back in history. The object is to enable us to swallow easily in a condensed form disagreeable and nauseous, but very useful drugs. To what vast dimensions pill-taking has grown may be imagined when we say that in England alone about 2,000,000,000 (two thousand million) pills were made every year. In early days pills were made slowly by hand, as the demand was comparatively small. To-day they are produced with infinitely greater rapidity by machines especially contrived for the purpose, and with greater accuracy, too, in the proportions of the various ingredients employed.

No form of medication can be better than a pill, provided only it is intelligently prepared. But right here occurs the difficulty. Easy as it may seem to make a pill, or a million of them, there are really very few pills that can be honestly commended for popular use. Most of them either undershoot or overshoot the mark. As everybody takes pills of some kind, it may be well to mention what a good, safe, and reliable pill should be. Now, when one feels dull and sleepy, and has more or less pain in the head, sides, and back, he may be sure his bowels are constipated, and his liver sluggish. To remedy this unhappy state of things there is nothing like a good cathartic pill. It will act like a charm by stimulating the liver into doing its duty, and ridding the digestive organs of the accumulated poisonous matter.

But the good pill does not gripe and pain us, neither does it make us sick and miserable for a few hours or a whole day. It acts on the entire granduiar system at the same time, else the after-effects of the pill will be worse than the disease itself. The griping caused by most pills is the result of irritating drugs which they contain. Such pills are harmful, and should never be used. They sometimes even produce hemmorhoids. Without having any particular desire to praise one pill above another, we may, nevertheless, name Seigel's Pills, manufactured by the well known house of A. J. White, Limited, 35, Farringdon Road, London, and now sold by all chemists and medicine vendors, as the only one we know of that actually possesses every desirable quality. They remove the pressure upon the brain, correct the liver, and cause the bowels to act with ease and regularity. They never gripe or produce the slightest sickness of the stomach, or any other unpleasant feeling or symptom. Neither do they indulge further constipation, as nearly all other pills do. As a further and crowning merit, Mother Seigel's Pills are covered with a tasteless and harmless coating, which causes them to resemble pearls, thus rendering them as pleasant to the palate as they are effective in curing disease. If you have a severe cold and are threatened with a fever, with pains in the head, back, and limbs, one or two doses will break up the cold and prevent the fever. A coated tongue, with a brackish taste in the mouth is caused by foul matter in the stomach. A dose of Seigel's Pills will effect a speedy cure. Oftentimes partly decayed food in the stomach and bowels produces sickness, nausea, &c. Cleanse the bowels with a dose of these pills, and good health will follow.

Unlike many kinds of pills, they do not make you feel worse before you are better. They are, without doubt, the best family physic ever discovered. They remove all obstructions to the natural functions in either sex without any unpleasant effects.

BROKEN HILL MINES.—Important to those interested in the Broken Hill Mining.—In consequence of the importance of these silver mines, we have dispatched a special representative to the fields. Those requiring information respecting any particular mine, the rise and fall of shares, private information etc., can be supplied by me. Our representative has been connected with mining for a number of years. A. S. MANDERS, Telegraphic Agent, 30 Collins st., Melbourne.—[ADVT.]

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

OXYGEN IS LIFE.—Dr. Bright's Phosphodyne.—Multitudes of people are hopelessly suffering from Debility, Nervous and Liver 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 oluble in water.

MANDERS' SPORTING TELEGRAMS.—Reliable! Profitable! and Prompt! Every hotel should have them. Write at once for terms. Commissions executed on all events. All reply telegrams must be prepaid. Member of Victorian Club, Melbourne; Tattersall's, Sydney; and Bowes' Tattersalls, Melbourne. All telegrams addressed Manders, Melbourne, will duly reach me. Results of any races in Australia supplied. A. S. MANDERS, Telegraphic Agent, 30 Collins street east Melbourne.—[ADVT.]

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGERS cure 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 nor any violent drug. Sold by all Chemists, in Tins, 1s 1½d and 2s 9d each.

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., 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.

MINING ITEMS.

The following are the reported yields from the mines at Waterloo for the past week:—Waterloo, 25oz New Victoria, 18oz. New Victoria, No. 2 Tribute, 7; Saxon Consols 58oz.

WOMAN'S SUFFERING AND RELIEF.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the blood from cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering your irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once while the special causes of periodical pain are permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful, and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A POSTAL CARD STORY.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—"For twelve years!" After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters; and I am perfectly cured. I keep it all the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.—May 3, 1885.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1885.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness of the stomach, monthly troubles, &c. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. All my neighbours use them. MRS FANNIE GREEN.

3,000 DOL. LOST.

"A tour to Europe that cost me 3,000 dol., did me less good than one bottle of Dr. Soule,s American Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia."

SO. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '86.

SIRS—I have been suffering ten, years, and I tried your Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters, and it did me more good than all the doctors. Miss S. S. BOONE.

BABY SAVED.

We are so thankful to see that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation, and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength.—The Parents, Rochester, N.Y.

☞ 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 ½ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
⅜in., ½in., 1in., 1½in., cedar, wide and narrow board
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

LAVERTON.

THE NEW
Model Suburb of Melbourne.

CLOSING OF ACCOUNTS
AND
Grand Jubilee Distribution
OF THREE HOUSES,
Valued at
£1000, £500, £250,
Respectively.

STAPLES, WISE and Co. have received instructions to close up the Accounts in the LAVERTON ESTATE,

and the few remaining allotments are to be disposed of at once, and the Distribution of Houses to take place without delay.

Under these circumstances, those who wish to secure Allotments in the Model Suburb of Melbourne, and who wish to have a share in the distribution, must make immediate application, as there are only a few lots remaining, and the Agents guarantee to hand over the Houses as soon as those entitled to share have appointed trustees, not later than 31st March, 1888.

As a proof that the land is a good investment, it may be mentioned that we have sold allotments at Laverton to over 2000 people, most of whom have inspected the property, the total sales amounting to over £65,000, and this without any exceptional puff or pressing upon the market.

The soundness of the investment and the certainty of future increase has alone been sufficient to sell the land.

There are already over 30 houses erected, mostly occupied by their owners. There is a butcher, baker, milkman, grocer, blacksmith, timber yard, and other industries springing up every day.

The Church of England is in course of erection. The State school is now held in the Wesleyan Church, but as the number of scholars has outgrown the accommodation, the Minister of Education has promised to at once erect a brick school on the allotment given by the vendors.

The bluestone on the Estate is some of the finest in the colony, and has already been utilised in the erection of a large store and several houses.

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

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

Allotments £15 each.

TERMS:—

£1 per Lot Deposit; Balance, £1 per Lot per Month.

Without any Interest Whatever.

A few Lots close to the Station, £25 to £40 each.

Buyers of 5 lots have free deeds and also a sixth lot given in. Remember, every purchaser obtains a Grand Block of Land rapidly rising in value, besides a chance of securing a competence for life.

Only a comparatively few lots left. Every lot guaranteed fit for immediate building purposes, without a shilling outlay.

Liberal assistance to build, repayable as rent.

Prompt applications for plans and all further information must be made to the Agents—

STAPLES, WISE and CO.,
111 ELIZABETH STREET,
MELBOURNE.

FRIEND PAUSE.—If you want to keep out of the *Cemetery*, drink Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters.

GRIEFENDORFF'S Bohemian Bitters. These well-known *German Hop Bitters* are an excellent tonic, and are invaluable for Liver, Kidney, and Urinary Diseases, Constipation, Poorness of Blood, Mental Depression, Biliousness, Loss of Appetite, Stomachic Ailments, and for staving off the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to. Sold everywhere, Chemists, Storekeepers, Hotelkeepers, Merchants, etc.

BE SURE and say *Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters*. All imitations are worthless. Victorian Consignee—August Anton Ludwig *Setzer* 86 Queen-st. Melbourne.

SAVE MONEY.

An old maxim tells us that "A penny saved is a penny gained," and
RESIDENTS OF THIS DISTRICT
Will find that they can not only
SAVE
the pennies, but
MANY A POUND
By visiting Ballarat, and making their Purchases at
"CRAWFORD'S"
STURT STREET.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Have the best assortment of New Season Goods in the colony, and on their cash system are prepared to sell cheaper than any other house in the trade

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Have all the newest styles and shades of dress material from 4s 11d per doz.; silk plushes from 1s 11d; black and colored cashmeres. A choice assortment of silks, satins, etc.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Have a splendid line of all wool 10¼ blankets at 15s, worth 21s; extra quality flannel at 1s; good and strong roller towling at 1¾d per yd; calico, sheeting, shirting, forfar, rugs, etc., both quality & cheapness.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Have in their Fancy Department an Art Exhibition worth travelling 100 miles to see, Ribbons, gloves, and ornaments.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Have the best stock of Millinery, all the newest styles; mantles, jackets, ulsters, furs, boas etc.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Have underclothing of every description at the lowest rates. Corsets etc.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Tailoring Department has a splendid stock of coatings, tweeds, worsteds, and a first class cutter. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. Ready made clothing, hats, ties, scarfs, etc.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Have just received fresh shipments of Carpets from the celebrated Morton's and Templeton's. Linoleums and furnishings at the lowest possible prices.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Boot Department contains an excellent stock ladies', gents', and children's boots and shoes.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Have Cretonnes from 1¾d per yd. Magnificent curtain poles and rings from 4s 11d.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Have the largest and best assortment of Japanese Goods. A special line of handsomely ornamented fire screens cheap. Dolls, ornaments, card tables, inlaid work boxes, etc.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Attend punctually to all orders, letters, telegrams.

REMEMBER!
When you Come to Ballarat
VISIT
CRAWFORD'S,
Great DRAPERY and FURNISHING EMPORIUM,
STURT STREET.

SNOW AND ROOM,
PROPRIETORS.

Wotherspoon Bros
AND CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS, WINE AND SPIRIT
— AND —
GENERAL MERCHANTS,
HAVE ON HAND THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Teas, Sugars, and General Groceries
&c., in the district, of the best quality, and are selling at
PRICES THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN
OUT OF MELBOURNE.

W. B, & Co. also keep a large stock of
Furniture, Bedsteads and Bedding,
Ironmongery, Paints, Oils, &c.
Chinaware, Glassware, Earthenware;
and Fancy Goods.

LARGEST DEALERS IN COLONIAL PRODUCE, Comprising—*Flour, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Oats, Potatoes, Onions, and pure Hay Chaff, &c. Seed Wheat and Oats For Sale.*

AGENTS FOR HUNTER'S DISINFECTANT.

LIFE and FIRE INSURANCE AGENTS.

THE BLUE HOUSE,
BEAUFORT.

JAS. CATHIE

Desires to announce that he has Commenced Business in the above premises. The stock of
Drapery, Boots and Shoes
Is new, having been Purchased under the Most Favorable Circumstances, and will be sold
At Prices which Defy Competition.
Purchasers should inspect the stock.

J.C. having also purchased a new stock of
Groceries, Wines and Spirits,
Of the best brands, is disposing of Mr. O'Connell's stock at
Exceptionally Low Prices.

Highest Cash Prices given for Farm and Dairy Produce

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

NERVOUS.
Men, young and old, married or single, suffering from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Loss of Manhood, Vital Power, and all disease of the Genito Urinary Organs, may obtain, free a valuable treatise by an eminent Surgeon, containing full information regarding self-treatment, by applying by letter to Box 1081, G.P.O., Sydney.

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.

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, MPSITT and Co. Melbourne.

[A CARD.]
Mrs. Margaret White,
LADIES' NURSE.
c/o George White, Neill Street, Beaufort.

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

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
ISSUED WEEKLY.
Simultaneously with London Edition.
PRICE SIXPENCE.
Best Illustrated Paper.
H. P. HENNINGSEN,
News Agent, Havelock Street, Beaufort.

SOCIETIES' HALL, BEAUFORT.
Positively for
1 ONE NIGHT ONLY 1
Previous to Opening in Ballarat.
WEDNESDAY, 2ND MAY.
Return of the Favorites,
After an Absence of Three Years,
HUGO'S
BUFFALO MINSTRELS.
And New
SPECIALTY ORGANISATION.
20 REFINED ARTISTS 20
Every act stamped with our Trade Mark—"REFINEMENT"
All the latest English and American Novelties, as played by the Company in Melbourne and Sydney.
Read our roll-call of Star Artists:
Miss Priscilla Verne,
The Charming Young Serio-Comic Vocalist,
Miss Lily Warren,
Contralto.
Miss Tessie Cleveland,
Soprano.
Charles Hugo,
The World's Greatest Humorist, Comedian, End Man and Dancer.
Edwin Rogers, America's Champion Dancer.
William Hugo, Comedian and Dancer.
Signor Benvenuti, Musical Director.
J. Bell, Female Impersonator.
Charles Daro, Irish Comedian.
J. McKeen, Tenor.
Harry Craig, basso. Fred. Hayward, baritone
James Hugo, Comedian; and a host of others.
SPECIAL! SPECIAL! SPECIAL!
Hugo's Cheap Prices—Reserved Seats, 2s.; second do, 1s. The early ticket catcheth the seat.
JAMES HUGO, Business Agent.

CRAWFORDS, 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 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 ability, 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 entered 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 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 green and blue, viux rose, and coquelicot. 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 basks, 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, merviileaux, 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 de gnus, 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.

[illegible], however be the experience of the [illegible] we are told that a Ballarat tweed [illegible] purchased for £2 10s. A large [illegible] Dr Jager's sanitary clothing was [illegible] with interest. Travelling bags, ties by the thousands, regatta shirts, buttons of old 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 parvies 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."

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.

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.
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Wool and Produce Manager.

Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins Street west

Extraordinary Announcement.

S. NATHAN,

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

MELBOURNE,

SUPPLIES
FURNITURE,
BEDSTEADS and BEDDING,
CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS,
PIANOS,
ELECTROPLATED WARE.
GUNS, by all the Best English Makers
&c., &c., &c.,

Without Money or Security

ON

TIME PAYMENT

GOODS FORWARDED TO ANY PART OF THE COLONY.

Most Liberal Terms in the World.

S. NATHAN,

THE FURNISHING ARCADE,

221 Elizabeth Street.

To our Readers and Patrons.

THE PROSPERITY OF A DISTRICT

DEPENDS chiefly upon the support and encouragement that is given by the population to local enterprise and industry. Every venture is to a more or less extent speculative; but each, whilst aiming at the success of the Promoter, must offer certain return to those whose support is necessary to achieve certain advantageous results on both sides.

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

The law of exchange was never satisfactory in its working; thus it was that the custom of buying and selling, using a standard currency, was introduced. One form of that currency is known as "paper money," and of paper money there is more than one kind. All kinds are useful, but not every kind retains its original value. The "paper" money most valuable to a newspaper proprietor is that which is paid him by

"Subscribers and Advertisers,"

and he will do his utmost to entitle him to a good share of it.

"The Riponshire Advocate"

is the Advertising Medium for all Contracts let, and notifications of the Shire of Ripon, and is the

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries

[illegible]

And as the [illegible] care of this [illegible] greater amo[illegible] extended useful[illegible] within a given re[illegible]

The Circulation of the

Ripon[illegible] Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing.

And the Proprietors, recognising the increased support in this direction, will use their utmost endeavors to merit and sustain the patronage accorded them by giving the Latest possible Local and General News, and the most interesting and attractive information.

The "Riponshire Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

With every issue of the Paper is given

A 16-COLUMN SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

Interesting Serial Tale,
Amusing Anecdotes,
Pastoral News,
Agricultural Intelligence,
Poultry Farming,
Recipes,
Gardening Items,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

To given gratis.

Business Men, Read!

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising is to business."

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "biz" would rise,
Must either "bust" or advertise."

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Ripon-shire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Henningsen and Klunder,

Printers and Publishers,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JO[illegible]

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS CARDS, BUSINESS CARDS,
MINING SCRIP, RECEIPTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS, BILLHEADS,
POSTERS, DISPLAY HANDBILLS
CATALOGUES, DELIVERY BOOKS,
SOIRÉE [illegible], MOURNING CARDS, &c., &c.,

PRINTED IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

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Plain and Ornamental Printing

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

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

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

Prepared on the shortest notice.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

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

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. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

Sole Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE,
APOTHECARIES' HALL, LINCOLN, ENGLAND.

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Burroughs, Burbidges and Co., Coleman-street, London
[illegible] & Sons, 37 Newgate-street, London.
[illegible], 95 Farringdon-street, London.
[illegible], Oxford-street, London.
[illegible] all the London Wholesale Houses.

MELBOURNE AGENTS.

[illegible] TOMPSITT, & Co., Melbourne.
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SYDNEY AGENTS.

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KEMPTHORNE, PROSSER & Co., Wholesale Druggists
Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

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

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

£1 ORDERS.

Some Unprincipled Traders, to obtain a nicely 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.

Alloपecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY — CONOTROPHIC — All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

JOHN HUMPHREYS,

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT
ACCOUNTANT, ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

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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.

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.

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.

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 Lr Stockpe 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 kind it is a never-failing and permanent cure.

It Cures Old Sores
Cures Ulcerous Sores on the Neck
Cures Ulcerated Legs
Cures Blotches, 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 2nd, 1887.

"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.

"Gentlemen,—Some ten years ago my wife became lame with ulcerated legs. I tried every recommendation for a cure, and also a large number of doctors (some of these very clever men with diseases of a 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, 4s 6d, 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 recruiting 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 testify that these Pills possess a marvellous power in securing these great secrets of health by purifying and regulating the fluids and strengthening the solids.

Mothers and Daughters.

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

Debilitated Constitutions—Bad Coughs.

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

Indigestion and its Cure.

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

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

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

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

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

TRADE MARK.

ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION — 10 HOURKE ST. EAST, OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE, MELBOURNE — COUGHS COLDS 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 Sores.

THERE is no medicinal preparation so thoroughly [illegible] upon the above ailments as Holloway's Ointment. It [illegible] be more salutary than its action [illegible] locally and constitutionally. The [illegible] around the part affected enters the system, purifies the meat. It quickly penetrates to the source of the evil, and drives it from the system.

Bronchitis, Diphtheria, Colds, Coughs, and Shortness of Breath.

Relaxed and contracted [illegible] ulcerous or tubercular [illegible] wheezing from mere [illegible] ties of respiration [illegible] ness of breath may [illegible] rubbing this healing Ointment [illegible] for at least half an hour [illegible] priate 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 [illegible] moval be set about it in good earnest. [illegible] this infallible remedy according to [illegible] structions affixed to each pot. [illegible] and pains are remediable in the same manner.

Gout and Rheumatism.

There is no preparation for salutary effect comparable to this remedy. It should be well rubbed over the affected parts after their [illegible] fomentation with warm water. It actually [illegible] lating the absorbents to increased activity [illegible] preventing congestion and promoting [illegible] opius circulation in the parts affected [illegible] peedily and effectually [illegible]

Fistulas, and Enlargements.

The cures effected by this [illegible] and fistulas of long standing [illegible] other applications, have [illegible] throughout the world that any [illegible] quate detailed statement of them [illegible] would be in vain. It is sufficient [illegible] Ointment has never proved ineffectual.

In Disorders of the Joints, [illegible]

The Ointment is invaluable [illegible] twice a day into the small of the [illegible] the kidneys, into whichever [illegible] almost every case give immediate [illegible] Ointment has been once [illegible] world, and has again and again [illegible] easiest and safest remedy in all [illegible]

Both the Ointment and Pills are [illegible] following complaints:—

Bad Legs	Piles
Bad Breasts	Gout
Burns	Rheumatism
Bunions	Lumbago
Chilblains	Sciatica
Chapped Hands	Tic
Corns (Soft)	Elephantiasis
Contracted and Stiff Joints	Sore Throats
	Scalds

The Pills and Ointment are [illegible] Establishment, 78 New [illegible] by nearly every respectable [illegible] out the Civilised World [illegible] box of Pills contains four dozen [illegible] Ointment one ounce.

Full printed directions are affixed [illegible] and can be had in any language, even in [illegible] Arabian, Persian, or Chinese.

"Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks out in [illegible] eruptions."—Act III. Scene 1.

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME patients suffering from [illegible] afraid from sheer [illegible] SONALLY consult a medical man [illegible] not the self-possession and [illegible] sulting room, to accurately describe their habits of life, and the nature [illegible] suffer from.

Let such persons [illegible] privacy of their own apartments, [illegible] describe clearly each symptom of their [illegible] statement thus written, and [illegible] ferable in nervous diseases to a personal [illegible] Where, however, a disease is of a [illegible] tional character, a personal [illegible] necessary [illegible] great that of the [illegible] have matured by [illegible] single mistake [illegible] been made [illegible] system of [illegible] At the same time medicine [illegible] in such a form as to defy [illegible]

How many thousands have I [illegible] old!

How many have been enabled to [illegible] marriage state through consulting me!

How many after marriage have [illegible] me and been blessed, and their [illegible] fruitful and happy.

How many wasted ruined [illegible] also been restored to health, and [illegible] hood, for having consulted me by [illegible]

How many questions arise where the [illegible] is unable to unravel the case, and [illegible] tient linkers on, not daring to [illegible] adviser the nature of his complaint, until [illegible] wasting, or mental diseases set in, and [illegible] gets beyond the curable stage, and is [illegible] wreck.

A letter written in the privacy of the [illegible] dropped in the post box [illegible] is returned as quietly and unobtrusively [illegible] patient, without stepping from his chamber [illegible] post his letter, is by return of post [illegible] of the nature of his case. His [illegible] doubts removed, and he is comparatively [illegible] in fact, in many cases, a new [illegible]

The only addition to the [illegible] the age, occupation, [illegible] more. The usual consultation [illegible] must be enclosed, otherwise [illegible] turned.

There are thousands of cases [illegible] consultation with one at a distance [illegible] single letter, a great fear, a great [illegible] solves what appears as an impenetrable [illegible] a sad heart has been made joyful [illegible] planatory letter from me.

To those who are about to marry, I [illegible] suit me before doing so, and prevent [illegible] and remove many unnecessary [illegible] those, more especially who have [illegible] from disease, or who have yielded [illegible] To these I say, at once, consult [illegible] delays are dangerous, and as [illegible] not always be at your service, [illegible] closing one pound, have the [illegible] in the same manner as if I lived [illegible] with the additional advantage of [illegible]

Yours, truly,

LOUIS L. SMITH

Address

DR. L. L. SMITH
182 COLLINS STREET EAST
MELBOURNE

Consultation Fee by Letter.

Fee for personal Consultation [illegible]

The latter is inclusive of Medicine.

Medicines forwarded, well-packed, to all parts of India and Europe.

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