The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 656

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1888.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Business Notices.

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 Weigall's Paper Patterns.

N.B.—A Liberal Discount for Cash.

COME EARLY AND SECURE BARGAINS.

[See Circulars.]

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

ADVERTISEMENTS received for insertion in this Paper, in England, by CLARKE SON and PLATT, 85 Gracechurch street, London.

Business Notices.

JUST ARRIVED!

AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK

—OF—

DRAPERY, CLOTHING,

MILLINERY, BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. McKEICH,

(Late WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.)

NEILL STREET,

BEAUFORT.

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.

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.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT,

STATIONER AND NEWS AGENT,

Business Notices.

SAVE MONEY.

An old maxim tells us that "A penny saved is a penny gained," and

[illegible] OF THIS DISTRICT [illegible] 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 coloured 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 1½d 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 1½d 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.

Business Notices.

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,

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.

QUEEN 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.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

Business Notices.

W. BAKER,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

W. Baker has ON SALE the following lines:—Pine Shelving, Flooring, and lining boards; Californian, kouri, 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 requirists.

Sashes, doors, and all kinds of joiner's work made to order at the lowest possible prices.

Hardwood supplied at Timber Yard prices.

WORTH TRYING!

—IS—

CHAPMAN'S

Australian Foliage Balsam.

[Extracted from the Mount Cole Eucalyptus]

An all-round Remedy for Every Ailment.

TAKEN internally is 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 the the 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 1 oz. phials, 1s. 6d.; and 2 oz. phials, 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 Ararat and district, Messrs Flittely and Lewis, storekeepers; for Ballarat West, Mr. Walter Cornell, wholesale druggist, Sturt street; and Retail from all Chemists and respectable storekeepers.

Two Testimonials, selected from One Hundred and Fifty.

Amphitheatre, Nov. 27, 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.

WATERLOO COACHES.

COACHES from WATERLOO to BEAUFORT start as under:—

From the Fireshire 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.

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.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPP'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 doctor's 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.

Insurance.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1782.

PROMPT SETTLEMENTS & 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. MANSFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

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

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.

Head Office; Melbourne, 1 Market Buildings.

Established 1869,

The chief features are MODERATE RATES, LARGE BONUSES, and AMPLE SECURITY.

Policies opened before 31st October have a special advantage—they will participate in the Bonus to be declared for the period ending 30th September, 1886.

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

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

We have only heard of one large transaction in wheat during the past week, this being a big lot of fair milling taken up at 3s 0½d per bushel, bags returned. One or two unimportant sales of small lots have been made at 3s 2d per bushel, bags in. There is a good enquiry for flour at £7 10s per ton, and a large quantity is being sent out at that figure. Bran and pollard are in strong demand, and have risen in value, the former being worth 10d, and the latter 9d. Wheat is quoted as inactive at Horsham at 2s 9½d per bushel, but at Donald 3s still rules, and at St. Arnaud 2s 10d. In this district there is no change in value and the market is inactive. One lot of 70 bags was taken up during the week at 2s 2d. Warrnambool potatoes come forward freely. A load in this morning was cleared at £2 5s per ton. Hay is freely supplied at late quotations. In dairy produce produce prices generally have strengthened. Fresh butter is wanted at 1s 3d per lb, and eggs have risen to 1s 4d and are scarce. Hams and bacon are a trifle easier. We quote:—

Wheat, 3s 2d, per bushel, bags in
Oats, 2s 2d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 9d per bushel
Bran, 10d per bushel
Cape barley, 2s 7d per bushel
Peas, 3s per bushel
Rye, 4s 6d per bushel
Flour, £7 10s per ton
Potatoes, Warrnambool, £2 to £2 5s per ton
Hay, sheaves, £2 per ton
Hay, trussed, £2 5s per ton
Straw, 25s per ton
Chaff, 3s per cwt
Onions, 4s 6d per cwt
Carrots, 2s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 1s 3d per pound
Butter, potted, 9d per pound
Hams, 11d per pound
Bacon, 9½d per pound
Cheese, 5d per pound
Eggs, 1s 4d per dozen.—*Advertiser.*

BALLARAT MARKET.

Thursday, 3rd May.

Wheat, 3s 2d to 3s 3½d; oats, Danish, 2s 5d to 2s 6d; stout up to 2s 7d; peas, 2s 6d; barley, 4s 9d to 5s; Cape, 2s 10d to 2s 11d; potatoes, 30s to 32s 6d; hay, prime chaffing, £2 5s to £2 10s; medium 30s to 35s; oaten straw, 25s to 30s; wheaten, 25s; manger hay, £3.

GEELONG STATION PRODUCE MARKET.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, May 2:—

Wool—The latest intelligence from the London sales report the tone of the market firm. Up to date, about 281,000 bales have been catalogued, and 17,000 bales withdrawn; the sales will close on Saturday.

Sheepskins—Biddings were exceedingly keen throughout the sale. We quote as follows—Butchers' fresh-killed skins 20d to 33d each; large and superior do 36d to 45d each; country and station skins 12d to 30d each; and 3½d to 7½d per pound; pelts and short-woolled skins 1d to 5d per pound; lambskins 9d to 30d each; and 1d to 4½d per pound.

Hides—Heavies from 3½d per pound; good-conditioned, salted, 3d to 3½d; light and medium sorts 3d to 3½d; kip, 3½d to 3¾d; calf, 4½d to 6d.

Tallow—We have placed a line of 185 pipes good beef and mutton and prime mixed at satisfactory prices, and our usual weekly supply of oddments and country mixed lots at current rates.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY MARKET.

Messrs Dalgety and Co. report under date 1st May:—

Wool.—Small consignments, chiefly of scoured, continue to arrive, and for such we have a steady demand at the parity of prices lately current.

Tallow—Business for local consumption has been fairly up to the average, but for export not very much has been done. However, there is plenty of inquiry, and a small concession either way would result in considerable transactions.

Sheepskins—Prices continue about the same as last week. Butchers' green skins 2s 1d to 4s; pickled skins, 2s to 2s 8d; lamb pelts, 1s 3d to 1s 6d; dry skins, 2s 6d to 3s 6d; dry pelts, 1s to 2s 3d; dry skins, in bales and bundles, 4d to 5½d for Merino, and 3½d to 5d for crossbred; dry pelts, 1½d to 0d per lb.

Hides.—A fair trade demand for good lots, but there is no buoyancy in the market. Heavy green hides bring good prices.

Kangaroo and Furred Skins.—There is no alteration to note in this market. Kangaroo skins find a ready sale, and furred skins are in good demand, but arrivals are small. As the season advances and consignments become larger we expect a much brisket.

Public Notices.

TAXPAYERS OF WEST RIDING OF SHIRE OF RIPON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I return my sincere THANKS to you all for returning me unopposed at the late extraordinary Election, and I will endeavour to do my best to fulfil the trust you have reposed in me.

Yours faithfully,
EDWIN H. AUSTIN.

St. Enoch's,
Stockyard Hill, April 30th, 1888.

TO WOOD-CARTERS.

I CALL for TENDERS for One Hundred and Twenty Tons (120) 6-foot FIREWOOD, by measurement, to be delivered and stacked at St. Enoch's homestead. Tenders, in writing, to be in on and before Friday, 11th May, 1888.

EDWIN H. AUSTIN.

St. Enoch's,
Stockyard Hill, April 30th, 1888.

SHIRE OF RIPON

TENDERS, addressed to the President of the Shire of Ripon, and enclosing 5 per cent. deposit, will be received up till 11 a.m. on Thursday, 10th May, for ROLLING the ROADS in the Shire till the 1st of January, 1890.

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

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. H. JACKSON,
Shire Engineer.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 30th April, 1888.

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, wheelwright, and JANE BARTON, late of Beaufort, widow, who died on the 17th January, 1888, deceased, intestate, have been granted to me, and creditors and other 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.

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

TO LET.

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

Public Notices.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

ISSUED WEEKLY.

Simultaneously with the London Edition.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Best Illustrated Paper.

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

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.

JUST RECEIVED—From England.

A Large Assortment of Newest SONG-BOOKS.—H. P. Henningsen, Havelock Street, Beaufort.

NOTICE.

ALL Persons indebted to William Dickman, of Main Lead, are requested to Settle their Accounts on or before the 20th instant. On account of the recent fire I am compelled to call in all accounts due, and trust that customers will kindly remember my present needs.

WILLIAM DICKMAN.

Main Lead, 4th May.

ST. LEON'S NEW

CIRCUS

WILL appear in BEAUFORT on MONDAY, 8th May, with a new Troupe of Performers, making their first appearance.

Also, a Splendid Stud of
PERFORMING HORSES,
DONKEYS, DOGS, MONKEYS,
AND
PERFORMING GOATS.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; commence at 8.
JAMES STEPHENSON, Agent.

WANTED—A General SERVANT; must be good cook and laundress. Apply early Bank of Victoria, Beaufort.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, 5th MAY.

ARE Native-born Australians loyal subjects to the British Throne? This question naturally arises in many minds on reading the editorial remarks of the Melbourne dailies, and the abundant correspondence which has appeared day after day in their columns. The present is a fitting time for the discussion of a matter of so great importance to this country. There are agitations going on simultaneously for the federation of all these colonies, and for the federation of the British Empire. It is argued on one hand that the outcome of Australian federation will be a demand to the Home authorities for Australian Independence, and the consequent establishment of a Republic. It seems to us such an absurd thing at this period of our history to entertain republican ideas, or to foster and propagate notions of severance from the mother country. But the fact has been brought prominently to the fore that a certain few members of the Australian Natives' Association are desirous of using the Association as a medium to do this very thing. Sentiments such as might cause the association no little anxiety and trouble from outsiders were given expression to at the recent anniversary banquet in Melbourne, and a great breach of etiquette—if it had no other meaning—on the part of some half-a-dozen of the company was permitted to pass without rebuke from the president of the Board of Directors, who occupied the chair on the occasion. Naturally enough, the press swooped down upon the association, and its president, and the matter has been prominently introduced at the meetings of many branches, and the verdict is unanimous in disapproval of the conduct of all concerned in the exhibition of disloyalty. Such conduct, if allowed to pass, would certainly bring the Australian Natives' Association into the bad books. Yet it would be a pity that all Australians should be accused of being Republican or disloyal because of the few. But all Australian natives are not purely of British parentage. There is a percentage of mixed nationalities, and whatever may be the opinions they hold, they should not be prohibited the right to think and act for themselves. Australians are familiar with events in the motherland so far only as they have been taught. They can understand very little if anything more than their fathers have told them; and that which does not greatly interest them cannot be expected to absorb their attention. Born in a country where old country prejudices and grievances do not rend the air; given the utmost freedom from the time he is taken out of the cradle until he reaches man's estate, when he tastes of a greater liberty than was ever the lot of his father, the Australian is comparatively of a new race altogether. Naturally he loves the land of his birth, personally he knows no other. He cherishes a recollection of stories of Old England which father has often told him, and he reverences the home of his parents. Although naturally enough it may be expected that he will claim the right to govern his own home, when the proper time arrives, yet the majority of the Australian natives have no desire for severance, but are content to be connected with the British empire, and remain ever loyal to the throne.

LOCAL & GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

—o—

THE BUFFALO MINSTRELS.—Mr. Chas. Hugo's Buffalo Minstrels, who are known far and wide throughout the Australian colonies, paid a return visit to Beaufort on Wednesday, after an absence of three years. The company comprise a large number of specialists, chief amongst whom are of course, Miss Priscilla Verne and the brothers Hugo. When the curtain rose, the company were exposed to view, the ladies in the centre, arrayed in gorgeous ballet costume, the end-men being blackened, and the part singers at the rear. Some of the jokes were very old, but nevertheless met with a hearty reception. Miss Verne sang a serio-comic medley, introducing snatches of several popular songs, in such a happy and graceful manner that an encore was asked. Miss Verne throughout the evening contributed a number of items, and her lightning changes of dress evoked much applause. Amongst other items she sang "I'm detting a big dirl now," and every item was well received. Mr. William Hugo sang "Clara' in the first part, and with his brother in the second part executed double songs and dances and farcical sketches greatly to the delight of the audience. Miss Lily Warren and Miss Tessie Cleveland also contributed items that were very acceptable, and in the second part rendered a beautiful duett in which their voices blended sweetly. Mr. Charles Hugo's song in the first part was "There's a lock on the fowl-house door," and he had to repeat a verse. Messrs. McKeon and Craig also sang well. The farce "Salvation Army," was very laughable, but by a great many this kind of burlesque was not appreciated. Miss Florence Beaton executed a few ballet steps, and Mr. J. Bell, whose identity all the evening was a puzzle, came out in feminine attire, and in a marvellous imitation of a woman's voice, gave "The Sparkling Dudette," and had to respond to an encore. The entertainment concluded with a screaming farce, "Fooling the Echo." The house was not a very large one, the back seats were comfortably filled, but there was room for a good many more in the front.

LARRIKINISM.—Complaints are being made respecting the regular congregation of a lot of boys and young men at various places in the street of an evening. The language that some of these beings use is too bad to repeat, and grates harshly on the sensitive masculine ear. It is hardly necessary to point out to our police authorities that ladies should be protected, and saved from hearing the foul-mouth epithets that are almost incessantly used. For a long time, the practice of gathering street corners and under verandahs was abandoned; but it having been resumed, we hope the police will see that proper behavior is shown.

IS IT TRUE.—Young men start in life with personal ambitions and lose them quickly. I have had the disease and understand the symptoms. But I sometimes wonder what, after all, is there in it. Take, for instance, the hard work done by Graham Berry on hustings and the platform, the obloquy endured in Parliment, the incessant days and nights of toil. What has come of it? He is now simply a political outcast, with less chance of securing the suffrages of a majority of any constituency than any average shire councillor who has bestowed little of his energy on politics. Examine again Mr. Service's position. Self-deposed as Premier he quits the colony, he is entertained and feted in the old land, he preaches the gospel of federation wherever he goes, he is chosen as an extra official representative at the conference which has done more to help on the development of colonial empire than any that has yet existed. What is the effect of all this? He returns here to the commercial ploughshare, his name retakes its place in the marts of commerce, he falls once more into the hands of simple citizen. Where is the fruit of ambition in this career? What pleasure does it give? what advantage? Once in my country journeyings I came across an old man living in a roadside tent. The old fellow had saved money, and though eccentric was so well-brained that he might have been a member of Parliament had he chosen. He was asked why he preferred that life, earning a scanty pittance at stone-breaking, to living under a sound roof in more comfortable fashion. His reply was "What is the use; a man can only work for his roof and his tucker, and I prefer my tent to any house." There was a Diogenic force in that remark which I confess sunk into my mind. After all, what is life to all of us except the very rich, who have their own miseries. We only work in our various grades for a roof and "tucker."—"Ararat Advertiser's" Melbourne correspondent.

SHIRE OF RIPON.—The monthly meeting of the Council of the Shire of Ripon will be held on Thursday next. In our advertising columns will be found a notice inviting tenders for rolling the roads of the shire till the 1st January, 1890.

FIRE AT MAIN LEAD.—On Saturday morning last a fire occurred at Old Main Lead, which resulted in a very heavy loss to Mr. William Dickman. The building was that of a store and publichouse, and one portion of it was set apart as a post-office, and the whole was totally destroyed. Mr. Dickman and family retired to rest shortly before midnight on Friday, having previously lit a fire in the kitchen, which was at the back of the house, and prepared some food for his infant child, and left a few embers smouldering, not fearing any danger. About half-past three or four o'clock a.m. he was awakened by a loud crackling noise as of wood burning, and observing that the house was filling with smoke, he hastily got up and discovered his worst fears realised—the back of the house was in flames. The alarm was soon given, and many neighbors were soon on the spot, rendering all the assistance in their power. The family, fortunately, managed to escape, but leaving the greater part of their clothing in the burning house. A small quantity of the furniture and stock, amounting in all to about £20, was got out, but the flames having got a good hold of the premises the workers were compelled to desist in their efforts. A quantity of correspondence in the post-office kept by Mr. Dickman was destroyed, and a small sum of money in notes and coin. Mr. Dickman estimates his loss at about £430, the stock and furniture being uninsured. The buildings, which were large, were covered by a policy in the Victoria Insurance Company to the extent of £400. The business in connection with the post-office is for the present being carried on at the State school.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—Many good stories are told about absent-minded men, some of which are almost incredible. The following particulars, however, supplied by a traveller, are vouchsafed as correct. In a country town, a constable had for a good many years regularly attended the court of petty sessions, and always considered it his felicitous and pre-emptive duty to guard the court door, and assist in the dispensing of justice by calling out in sonorous tones the names of the parties concerned in the various cases as these were introduced for hearing. The constable had grown grey in the service, and was very highly esteemed by all who knew him; but like other men, he had his little eccentricities. His time of service, however, expired with his age. He was a sexagenarian, and he was informed in words to the effect that the place that had known him for years would know him no more in his official capacity. Nothing daunted by his being turned adrift, he one morning occupied his usual post, but not in uniform, and was pleasantly conversing with his successor. The justices entered and took their seats on the bench with their accustomed solemn mein, and with the charge-book before them, called out and dealt with in their order the cases entered therein. Then came the summonses. "Jones against Brown," cried the chairman of the bench. "John Jones," called out the clerk. "Here, sir," and plaintiff entered the box to give evidence. "Call Brown," said the clerk. "Felix Brown! Felix Brown! Felix Brown! No appearance your worships," said the retired constable, coming forward. The bench seemed thunder-struck at his not being in uniform, and enquired the reason of his utterances. Explanations followed from the clerk of court, and the chairman of the bench remarked—"You must remember, sir, that you are no longer a member of the police force." Greatly abashed, the ex-constable replied, "Beg your worships' pardon; I forgot myself for the moment. I suppose it was through force of habit I called out."

FOOTBALL.—Next Saturday the football season will commence as far as the Beaufort club is concerned. The annual meeting of the club was held on Friday, 27th ult., and was adjourned till Tuesday last, when the following office bearers were chosen for the ensuing twelve months:—President, Mr. A. Andrews, J.P.; secretary and treasurer, Mr. Thos. Wilson; captain, Mr. Thos. Kenny; committee, Messrs. D. Maher, A. Cathie, and Geo. Ison. The meeting was very enthusiastic one, and those present expressed a hope that the club would do itself honor during the coming season. It was casually remarked that Mr. C. Wilson, president of the Skipton club, had promised £20 in trophies, which he would present to the members of the most successful team in matches played between the Skipton, Carngham, Haddon, and Beaufort clubs during the season. A challenge was received from the Skipton club to play a match at Beaufort on Saturday next, 12th instant, which was accepted. It was arranged that a practice match should take place this afternoon, and in order that a good team may be selected, it is hoped that as many as can will turn out.

A FAITHFUL DOG.—As showing the faithfulness of a dog if treated well, we chronicle the following touching and truthful incident:—A lady residing in Beaufort had occasion to go to an unoccupied farm a short time ago, being accompanied by a dog which she prized very much, and while there she dropped her umbrella, which she did not miss until two days afterwards. The dog also was missed about the same time, and the lady feared that the animal had been poisoned or otherwise destroyed. About a week afterwards, the lady had occasion to pay another visit to her farm, and while walking around, found her dog lying dead, and beside it the lost umbrella. The faithful terrier had seen its mistress' loss, and had watched the article until starvation resulted in the creature's death.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.—The "Australian Journal" for May contains the continuation of that interesting novel, "Tempted and Tried," the first chapters of a new novel, "As white as snow," and the usual complement of selected and original short stories, poetry, etc.—The "Temperance News," giving information to those interested in the cause.—"Punch;" very good number.

AUCTION SALES.—An advertisement announces the sale of Mr R. Smith's property in Beaufort. Messrs Greenfield and Co. and Mr W. E. Nickols, conjointly, are the auctioneers.—Mr J. T. Proctor, auctioneer, announces two sales, one of bankrupt stock, to take place in Mr W. Edward Nickols' Auction Rooms, Ararat, on the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th May, and the other at Rhymney, on 21st May. For further particulars of each sale see advertisement.

IN AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.—A party of four gentlemen took advantage of the fine weather last Sunday to hire a buggy and go for a drive. The Jehu was a very careful man, and pilotted the company safely over a rough and monotonous country. The effects of dry weather were visible everywhere, but after being out for a considerable time, long enough to entitle them as bona-fide travellers to refreshments at an inn on the roadside, they took a turn homewards. On the way when they reached the vicinity of the farm of a well-known resident of Stockyard Hill, the animal they were driving scented a waterhole, and made straight for a shire dam that happens to be situated in that locality. The water of this dam is almost flush with the road. The liquid is clear and wholesome, and is within easy distance of the said farmer's homestead. But it is a deceitful looking dam, as will be proved by the following particulars. The horse to get a good draught of the refreshing element took two or three steps into the water; but—lo! and behold it seemed as if he were in quick sand; there was no foothold for him whatever;—he was sinking. To make matters worse, the buggy the gentlemen were in refused to remain on the bank, and gradually followed the animal into the dam until the body was submerged. One of the occupants, a jovial boniface, seeing at a glance the danger they were all in, slipped out the back of the vehicle. Another leaned over the splash board and commenced to undo the harness, and let the horse free, whilst the remaining two, having no alternative, plunged into the water and tried to walk "ashore." The effort was in vain. They sank at each step in the soft apparently bottomless mud. He on the banks gave them a helping out, and they ran to the farm for assistance. While they were away, boniface divested himself of all his clothing save—well, one garment which shall not be mentioned—and went in after the horse, which he observed was getting exhausted. By the time he arrived at the animal's head assistance had arrived, and after some hard pulling, both horse and trap were rescued from an awkward and dangerous predicament. As this is one of the shire dams, and is not the first time such accidents have occurred, would it not be wise to put a notice up to the effect that persons must not water their horses at a certain place, or else fence that portion off to prevent a fatality either to man or beast.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—To-day the return match between Captain Thomas' team and that chosen by Mr J. McKiech, will be fired at the local rifle butts. On the last occasion, April 14, it will be remembered, Mr McKiech's team won by a considerable number of points. The losers of that occasion are determined to reverse, if possible, that defeat by a most marked victory. The following are the teams:—Captain Thomas, J. Chapman, T. A. Archard, Eddy, R. Jackson, A. Andrews, Harris, H. Watkin, J. Russell, J. Prentice, C. Trompf, A. J. Morris—against—J. McKeich, J. McRae, S. W. Male, A. A. Trompf, J. Jackson, P. De Baere, J. Wotherspoon, W. Haines, L. Watkin, G. H. Cougle, J. A. Lord, J. B. Prowse.

A TALE OF SADNESS.—At the Geelong Police Court on Tuesday, a woman named Mary Munro, who had apparently seen happier days, was charged with larceny of goods from the residence of Mrs. Butt, of Geelong West. From the evidence of the prosecutor it appeared that the prisoner had been lodging at her house for about four months. During her stay several articles were missed, the first of her property to go astray being some jewellery valued at 25s. The prisoner left her house about three weeks since; and on Monday prosecutor issued a search warrant and the prisoner's house in Austin-street, Chilwell, was searched and the greater part of the property recovered. She identified the property produced, comprising a miscellaneous assortment of bedding material, glassware, kitchen utensils, etc., as her property. Prisoner had stated to prosecutrix that her husband was a commercial traveller in England, and would be absent for nine months. Constable Fitzgibbon stated he searched the prisoner's house on Monday and found the property as described. The prisoner, who was weeping bitterly, pleaded guilty. She said that she had only been in the colony three years, having come from Limerick. Since her arrival she had been deserted by her husband, who was a carpenter. It was to hide her shame she told Mrs. Butt her husband was a commercial traveller in England. She earned her living by needle work and washing. She begged to be dealt with leniently for the sake of her child. Mr. Butt was recalled by the bench, and stated that the prisoner whilst at her house occupied a furnished room. She had always paid her lodging, and had been always sober and well conducted. The Bench consulted for a little time, during which the poor little child played, unconscious alike of his mother's misery or guilt. "You are sentenced to one month's imprisonment" was the verdict that echoed through the chilly silence of the Court, and one more unfortunate was removed.—"Evening News."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Wrongs made Right.—Each day that any bodily suffering is permitted to continue renders it more certain to become chronic or dangerous. Holloway's purifying, cooling, and strengthening Pills are well adapted for any irregularity of the human body, and should be taken when the stomach is disordered, the liver deranged, the kidneys inactive, the bowels torpid, or the brains muddled. With this medicine every invalid can cure himself, and those who are weak and infirm through imperfect digestion may make themselves strong and stout by Holloway's excellent Pills. A few doses of them usually mitigate the most painful symptoms caused by undigested food, from which they thoroughly free the alimentary canal and completely restore its natural power and action.

CR. AUSTIN.—Mr. Austin, of St. Enochs, returns thanks in another column to the ratepayers of the West Riding of the Shire of Ripon for having returned him unopposed as their representative in the Council.

RAINFALL.—The rainfall for the month of April registered 2·22 inches. On 3rd May, 20 points fell. The weather has a very threatening aspect just as we go to press, and it is not unlikely that the showers which began to fall on Thursday will continue throughout to-day. Farmers will hail the rain joyfully; their agricultural operations have been greatly retarded owing to the dry weather, and will now proceed to the completion of ploughing and sowing.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Miss B. M. Fussell, one of our State School teachers, having charge of the senior classes, received a notice to proceed at once to Springdale school, which is near Bethanga. After considering the appointment on its merits, Miss Fussell, we are pleased to state, decided not to accept the offer. Miss Fussell has not been long here, but the children under her care have grown to like her, and are progressing rapidly in their studies.

THROWN FROM A HORSE.—An old resident of Trawalla, named William Dutton, met with a serious accident on Saturday last. He was riding a horse, when the animal plunged and threw him, and caused such injuries as necessitated his consulting a doctor. Dutton was brought into Beaufort on Sunday, to Dr. Johnston, who found fortunately that no bones were broken, although he had sustained severe internal injuries.

FRENCH EMIGRANTS AND CONVICTS.—The Bordeaux correspondent of the "Independent Belge," writing on March 15th, announces the departure of the fine steamer Nantes-le-Harve, conveying 53 male and 42 female emigrants and 51 children, all free. The men are for the most part, skilled artisans in the building trades. The same vessel carries out 100 Annamites, most of whom have served under the French flag in Indo-China, and been convicted either of desertion or of insubordination. Their behavior in prison is described as having been excellent, they having exhibited the utmost docility and obedience to the warders and others. There are also 6 Annamite women and 48 female French convicts, under the care of Sisters of Charity. It was originally intended to send the Annamite prisoners to Guiana, but an outbreak of yellow fever in that colony induced the French Government to change their destination. The Annamite women are represented to be hideously ugly, and are said by their own countryman to belong to the worst class of of the population in Annam. As to the male convicts, having nothing to do but eat, drink, and sleep, they are perfectly happy; and they survey their future life in New Caledonia with the utmost complacency.

DEATH OF AN OLD IDENTITY.—Late last night we received intelligence to the effect that another old identity in the person of Mr J. McNeish, of Raglan, had passed over to the great majority.

ST. LEON'S CIRCUS.—An advertisement in this morning's issue announces the appearance in Beaufort, on Monday night of the famous St. Leon's Circus.

MINING.—Approximate yields for the week:—Saxon Consols, 39 oz.; Waterloo, 36 oz.; No. 1 Victoria, 17 oz.

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 it promotes the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sold by all Chemists and Perfumers everywhere at 3s 6d per bottle. Wholesale depôt, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

Summary of European News.

—o—

Telegrams conveying the subjoined information have been received during the week by the Melbourne "Argus":—

A body of Montenegrins has made a raid into Servia, and taken possession of a considerable tract of land. The principality of Montenego, which is inhabited by the same race as the adjoining kingdom of Servia, has for some time past been completely under Russian influence, and there can be little doubt that the present movement was instigated by Russia.

The decree issued by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. instructing the clergy to refuse absolution to the members of the Irish National League, and pronouncing boycotting and the 'plan of campaign,' has caused great indignation among the section of the Irish people which sympathises with the present agitation. As a consequence, M. Persico, who was specially despatched to Ireland by the Pope to report on the state of affairs in that country, and who is now in Cork, is being boycotted by the tradespeople in that town, who refuse to supply him with anything he requires. The action of His Holiness was entirely spontaneous, and not in any way prompted by the British Government. The Pope, in his decree, declares the members of the National League incapable of receiving absolution, and he has instructed the Irish clergy to refuse this sacrament to all persons belonging to the league. Great excitement has been caused in Ulster by the decree of the Pope, and the leading clergymen have declared that they will refuse to administer absolution to persons who disobey the decree.

The Baptist Union has proposed a compromise with a view of bringing back to the union the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and his followers who recently seceded through dissatisfaction with the attitude of the union in connection with certain points of doctrine. Mr. Spurgeon, however, has declined to return to the union on the terms offered.

Professor von Bergmann, the chief of the German medical advisers of the Emperor Frederick, has been superseded in consequence of quarrels with Sir Morell Mackenzie. Dr. Bardeleben has been appointed his successor.

President Carnot who is making a tour in the south of France, arrived at Bordeaux on the 28th ult., and was received with enthusiasm by the inhabitants. He delivered an address in which he declared that he would do all in his power to protect the public liberties. A rather serious riot was caused on the same day at Nancy by the partisans of General Boulanger. The disturbance was, however, suppressed by the military. Further disturbances of a grave character occurred at Toulouse in connection with the Boulanger movement. A demonstration in favour of the General Boulanger was taking place in the streets, when a party of students fired into the crowd. The result was a serious row, which assumed such dimensions that the military had to be called out to disperse the rioters.

A serious marine disaster occurred on the 29th ult., in the vicinity of Needles, a cluster of rocks off the western extremity of the Isle of Wight. The steamer Moto and the ship Smyrna, 1,305 tons, Captain Taylor, belonging to Messrs. G. Thompson and Co. of Aberdeen, bound for Sydney with a general cargo, came into collision. The weather at the time was thick and hazy, which rendered it difficult for the two vessels to see one another. The Moto struck the Smyrna amidships, causing her to sink very rapidly. Fifteen of the crew of the Smyrna were picked up by the boats of the Moto, and three others jumped on board the steamer at the moment of the collision, but 12 were drowned, including Captain Taylor, and the pilot who was conducting the vessel down the Channel. The Smyrna carried 15 passengers. No one on board the Moto was injured.

The health of the Emperor Frederick, which has been improving for some time past has changed for the worse. He is again in a feverish state and very weak, and is much troubled by coughing.

The attitude of Russia towards Austria is of a threatening character. The latest news states two divisions of the Russian army are advancing towards the Galician frontier. The Berlin semi-official press declares that the relations between Russia and Germany are growing worse.

Mr. Stanhope, the Secretary of State for War, has given notice in the House of Commons of his intention to introduce a bill to make provision for the strengthening of the national defences.

During some military experiments at Rome a dynamite shell burst, on Tuesday, 2nd May, and the Prince of Naples, the heir to the throne, was slightly wounded in the thighs.

The documents containing the developments in connection with the forthcoming prosecution of Mr William O'Brien, for addressing a prohibited Nationalist meeting at Loughrea, in County Galway, last month, have been stolen from the Loughrea court-house.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has ordered the Roman Propoganda to take into consideration various aspects of the present Irish agitation apart from those which have been dealt with in the recent Papal decree.

The Russian Government will shortly despatch to the Pacific the Admiral Nakhimoff, a partially belted barbed cruiser, and the most powerful vessel of that class in the Russian navy. The Admiral Nakhimoff carries 14 guns, and her horse power is 8000 tons. The greatest thickness of her armour belt is 10in.

Major Popoff, a prominent Bulgarian

The Ripponshire Advocate.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY H. P. HENNINGSEN.

Poetry.

Out in the Streets.

The light is shining through the window-pane;
It is a laughing group that sits the glass:—
Within, all light; without, pitch-dark, and rain;
I see, but feel no pleasure as I pass,
Out in the streets.

Another casement, with the curtain drawn:
There the light throws the shadow of a form.—
A woman's with a child,—a man's: all gone!
They with each other. I am with the storm,
Out in the streets.

His day's toil over, with his pipe alight;
There at the open window sits a man,
His wife leans o'er him, with her tale begun
Of the day's doings. I am with the night,
Out in the streets.

All these have their homes, and hope, and light, and cheer,
And those around who love them. Ah! for me,
Who have no home, but wander sadly here,
Alone with night and storm and misery,
Out in the streets.

The rain soaks through my clothing to the skin;
So let it. Curses on that cheery light!
There is no light with me, and shame, and sin;
I wander in the night and of the night,
Out in the streets.

You who betrayed me with a loving kiss,
Whose very touch could thrill me through and through—
When you first sought me, did you think of this?
My curse—But why waste time in cursing you,
Out in the streets.

You are beyond my hatred now. You stand
Above reproach; you know no wrong nor guile;
Foremost among the worthies of the land,
You are all good, and I a wretch all vile,
Out in the streets.

You have a daughter, young and innocent,
You love her, doubtless. I was pure as she,
Before my heart to be your lackey went.
God guard her! never let her roam like me,
Out in the streets.

How the cold rain benumbs my weary limbs!
What makes the pavement heave? Ah! wet and chill,
I hear the little children singing hymns
In the village church—how peaceful, now, and still,
Out in the streets.

But why this vision of my early days?
Why comes the church-door in the public way?
Hence with this mocking sound of prayer and praise!
I have no cause to praise, I dare not pray,
Out in the streets.

What change is here? The night again grows warm;
The air is fragrant as an infant's breath;
Why, where's my hunger? Left me in the storm!—
Now, God forgive my sins! this, this is death,
Out in the streets.

T. D. ENGLISH.

Novelist.

THE RIVAL BELLES OF PARRAMATTA.

A CHARMING LOVE STORY OF INTENSE AND THRILLING INTEREST.

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

CHAPTER VII.

"THAT BEAUTIFUL COQUETTE IS TRYING TO WIN MY LOVE FROM ME."

How long Florabel lay unconscious in the long grass, her white face upturned to the night sky, she never knew. When she opened her eyes she heard Max and Miss Clavering still singing duets together in the parlor.

She crept noiselessly into the house and up to her own apartments. In the upper corridor she met Gregory, the maid. The girl started back in affright when she caught sight of the white face. The dew lay heavy on the golden curls, and the skirt of her dress was draggled and wet with it.

"Do you need me, ma'am?" asked Gregory, looking curiously at the persistently averted face, and turning back as though to accompany her to her boudoir.

"No," said Florabel, shaking her head. "I—I—would rather be alone."

She turned her face to the wall when she found herself alone, and again bitter, passionate sobs shook her slender frame.

"She will win him away from me," she thought, in terror, "and when that hour comes I shall die."

It was quite an hour before Max came to the boudoir. Florabel uttered no word of reproach. With her keen woman's instinct, she perceived that he was not one who would like a woman's reproaches and tears.

"Did you enjoy yourself this evening, Max?" she asked, with childish cheerfulness.

And he laughed heartily as he answered:

"Yes."

He repeated some of Miss Clavering's wittiest speeches, as though they had amused him very much.

"Miss Clavering is very witty," said Florabel. And he did not see the expression in the lovely hazel eyes, or note the suppressed sob in the tremulous voice.

"Very," he answered, carelessly.

The next instant he had forgotten all about Miss Clavering.

Florabel crept into the shelter of his arms, whispering softly:

"I wish that I were witty, Max."

"So you are, my darling," he laughed.

"Not as witty as Inez Clavering," she said, tremulously.

"I should not wish you to be witty after the same fashion, Florabel," he declared. "Miss Clavering is what we call chic. You are original and poetical, which is much better."

"Are you sure it is better?" she asked, a smile like April sunshine breaking over her fair young face.

"Yes; there is no doubt about it," he answered. And a terrible weight was lifted from Florabel's jealous heart, only to fall with crushing force as the next words he uttered fell from his lips.

"I have promised to take Miss Clavering riding to-morrow through the Park. Would you like to accompany us?" he asked.

She turned away with a hasty—

"No!"

"Miss Clavering is a charming horseback rider," he went on. "She is the poetry of grace in the saddle. You must learn to ride, Florabel."

"*Must* you go to-morrow, Max?" she asked, wistfully. "You promised to think about taking me to the flower-show, you know. Do alter the arrangement. You can take her riding to the Park some other time."

She never dreamed but what he would eagerly meet her wish. To her intense surprise, he answered, quickly.

"I am sorry, my darling, but I have arranged so completely with Inez that I cannot disappoint her. She has asked me to show her the various points of interest in the park. I cannot draw back now, or I would."

Her face flushed. He had chosen to please Miss Clavering instead of her; but she would not let him see that it grieved her.

As Max and Inez rode away the next morning, they saw a smiling face looking down at them from the lace-draped window. Max never dreamed they were scarcely out of sight ere it was covered with great, passionate tears.

How beautiful Inez had looked in her tight-fitting riding habit, that fitted her slim, graceful form to perfection, and the drooping plumes that fluttered back from her dimpled face. Inez Clavering was never seen to such advantage as on horseback; and a spoiled beauty knew it.

"We shall be back in time for luncheon," Max had said, as he kissed Florabel good-bye. "I do not know but what one of my friends may drop in," he added. "So mind, darling, I shall expect to see you in a *recherche* toilet. You must not let Miss Clavering eclipse you."

He spoke half jestingly; for in his own mind he did not think any one ever could equal, much less eclipse, his lovely young wife. But Florabel took his words most seriously.

"A *recherche* toilet!" thought the young girl, when she commenced to dress for luncheon. "Ah, then, I had better wear satin and diamonds."

She tried to remember what kind of a toilet Inez Clavering had worn the day before; but she had been too excited to notice. She retained only the vivid impression that Inez looked very beautiful and graceful. She teased the maid and perplexed herself. It turned out, after all, that Gregory's ideas were better than her own.

"Indeed, Mrs. Forrester, you know best; but I think pale blue satin out of place at a family dinner. It is not as though there was a party. I lived with one of the most fashionable society ladies of London before I came here, and she never was in full dress on such occasions."

Usually Florabel profited by Gregory's hints; but now she said, hurriedly,

"My husband wishes it; and he knows what is right."

So the beautiful shoulders and slim, white neck were bared.

The slender, girlish figure was robed in the elegant pink satin dress. A suit of magnificent diamonds completed a toilet admirably suited for a state ball or a grand fete, but quite out of place for a small family dinner.

Florabel was in blissful ignorance. She looked at herself in the large mirror, smiling at the lovely reflection with all a young girl's pride in her own fair beauty.

"Max will be sure to be pleased with me," she murmured. "Miss Clavering will look no better, I am quite sure."

On entering the dining-room, the poor child was greatly shocked at the contrast she presented to her mother-in-law and Inez, who were already seated at the table, the expected guest having failed to put in an appearance.

There was amazement depicted upon old Mrs. Forrester's face; intense amusement on Inez Clavering's.

Florabel flushed a deep, burning red. It suddenly flashed across her that she had made a terrible mistake in choosing the pink satin dress.

For a moment there was an awkward pause. Mrs. Forrester was looking at the gorgeous toilet with a black frown.

"You are evidently expecting visitors," she said, coldly. "I am afraid you will be disappointed. We dine alone."

A moment later the door opened and Max came in. Florabel raised her eyes, and read the same startled wonder on his face when he saw her that her mother and Inez had exhibited. She grew awkward and confused and nervous. Then the luncheon began.

Max noticed her pitiful confusion, and did his best, by kindly words and smiles, to put her at ease; but she knew, poor child, he was comparing her to Inez Clavering, who had, after her ride, donned a cool, plain muslin dress with a simple rose at her belt. His mother was dressed, as usual, in a robe of rich dark silk, severely plain.

No wonder, when he saw Inez Clavering's sharp, black eyes scrutinising Florabel, he felt his face flush with annoyance, and he half wished Florabel understood better the manners, habits, and customs of the class of people with whom, for the future, she had to live.

He could see what a trying ordeal the luncheon was to his young wife. From the depths of his heart he thanked Heaven that the family was alone.

"If any of my friends had been here, I should have been disgraced. My wife would have been the laugh and the talk of every club in town."

"You made a little mistake, my darling, about wearing satin and diamonds to-day, did you not?" Max asked, when they were alone.

His young wife looked up at him with tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Max, I was so ashamed and so distressed," she cried. "What must they have thought of me; but you told me a *recherche* toilet, and I thought you—you would think I looked best dressed as I was."

"*Recherche* does not always mean full dress, nor yet fine," he replied. "It means what Miss Clavering's dress was—distinguished, graceful, and so contrived to look beatiful without attracting attention."

"When shall I ever learn to be a fine lady!" she cried out in despair. "I am so unhappy here. You must take me away. You must, Max, indeed."

"Nonsense. You ought to be contented here, darling," he declared, briskly. "There is so much enjoyment to be found here. Now, if you were more like Inez—".

Like a flash Florabel had wheeled around and fled precipitately from the room.

Max Forrester looked after her in puzzled wonder.

"What a beautiful willful little fury my Florabel is developing into," he told himself with a smile.

"If she has really set her heart upon going, go it is," he mused. "I shall not be able to get my business into shape much before a fortnight, though, to take her. I wonder what is coming over Florabel of late. I am beginning to believe the old adage that a man can never understand a woman."

In her dressing-room beyond, Florabel was pacing the floor with quick, nervous tread, her little hands pressed tightly over her heart.

"I can see how it will end," she muttered, piteously. "He is tiring of me. She will win my love from me. Then I shall die."

CHAPTER VIII.

SHE SAW HIM BEND HIS HANDSOME HEAD AND KISS THE WHITE HAND THAT HELD THE ROSE.

With a pertinacity truly wonderful—if it had not been so pitiful—Inez Clavering, the spoiled beauty, persisted steadily in her purpose of outshining the timid little bride who had won handsome Max Forrester—heir to the Forrester millions.

Out of pure revenge upon Florabel, she made herself most attractive to him, and exercised all her powers of fascination when in his company. She directed against him the whole artillery of her charms, yet so adroitly he never once realised it.

Although never very strong at resisting the advances of a beautiful flirt, handsome Max never dreamed of a flirtation with brilliant, piquant Inez Clavering—his mother's guest.

He met smiles with smiles, repartee with repartee. In justice to him it must be said, he behaved in the same manner to her when Florabel was present as when she was absent.

He was rather amused that this beautiful, dark-eyed girl seemed to prefer his society to that of the marriageable young fellows who sought her so eagerly; it pleased his vanity, and there is nothing in this world more fatal than raising a man's vanity. In his heart, he cared nothing for her. He thought her brilliant and amusing; he admired her wit and her accomplishments, but he was not the least in love with her. All the love in his heart was his darling Florabel's; at the same time, if a pretty girl admired him, could he be so ungallant as to treat her coldly because of that preference? Certainly not.

Almost insensibly he drifted into a sort of half sentimental kind of flirtation, and Florabel, watching them, uttered no word—her pride kept her from that—but there was danger in her brooding.

Had the poor, little child-bride known how it was to end, she would have drawn back in horror from the abyss toward which she was drifting. In the days that flew swift-winged past them, Florabel found her power of self-command rapidly waning.

How she watched them when they were together; and when she saw her handsome young husband linger by the beauty's side, her heart would beat so fiercely that she nearly went mad with the pain of it.

"I must not think of her," Florabel cried out to herself one day; but her own heart answered: "Would to Heaven I could not! Her face, with its false, alluring, fatal beauty and winning smile, is before me night and day. Not think of her! Heaven help me! I believe when I am dead my heart will burn with hatred of her."

Picking up the morning paper, she read, one day, of a young wife seeking the divorce court, to separate her from her husband. It was an old story—a beautiful woman had come between them, a happy home was broken up, a wife's heart broken; she had left him.

"I could not leave Max," she muttered, with a dry, hard sob. "My curse is, that I love him so well I could not live without him."

Day by day the iron of jealousy entered deeper and deeper into the soul of the poor, little bride, and one or two events happened which fanned it into a fatal flame.

There had been a grand wedding in the neighborhood, and, as is quite customary in some places, each lady present received a portion of the bride-cake as a souvenir of the happy event.

"What a pity it is, Florabel, that your days of romance are over," said Inez, with a little, low laugh, as they parted for the night. "I intend to dream over mine," she added, "and if there is any truth in that quaint old superstitious belief, I shall behold in that mystic land of dreams my hero, my future husband. I will tell you in the morning whose face I see, providing I am not destined to be an old maid and see none at all."

"Why shouldn't I dream over mine, too?" thought Florabel. "At eighteen the romance and love of one's life should be just beginning—not ended."

That night the curly golden head rested above the mystical souvenir, but Florabel did not see the face she had expected to see in her dreams. Instead, she saw a black, yawning abyss, upon whose very brink she stood.

The sun had scarcely peeped into the eastern windows ere Inez Clavering came hurriedly into Florabel's boudoir.

"Oh! I never was so provoked in all my life!" she burst out, breathlessly, with girl-like abandon. "I shall never believe in signs again! I dreamed of some one, certainly. You never could guess who it was, so I might as well tell you, and you will enjoy the joke with me. It was no less a personage than Mr. Max Forrester."

For a single instant a death-like silence ensued, Florabel regained her composure by a great effort. She never remembered what reply she made to Inez.

"Wasn't it provoking to think I only saw Mr. Forrester?" laughed Inez. "I shall never believe in peeping into the veiled mysteries again."

She glanced up quickly at Florabel, but the beautiful young face had been turned hurriedly toward the window. Florabel was white with terror. Every word Miss Clavering had uttered had struck into her heart like a dagger's thrust.

She was bitterly jealous before of this beautiful, brilliant girl; now terror was mixed with the burning jealousy.

"Aren't we going out for a drive?" asked Florabel, faintly, anxious to change the unpleasant conversation.

Miss Clavering yawned.

"I'm not half awake so early in the morning. If you will excuse me and go by yourself I shall be delighted. I feel wonderfully inclined to take my ease to-day, so don't be surprised to find me still in my dressing gown and slippers upon your return."

"I think I shall be obliged to go by myself, then," said Florabel; "for when Max went down town this morning he remarked that he might not return before noon."

A little later Florabel was bowling along the avenue towards the park. The sun shone upon her from the blue sky, the green trees waved above her; the school-children gazed admiringly at the pretty, golden-haired young lady in the natty phaeton, as she passed them by; but Florabel never saw them. Her heart was full of but one thought:

"Will Heaven take my love from me and give him to her?"

Her morning drive wearied her, and she determined to return home again at once, even though she had been out but half an hour.

She would go quietly up to her boudoir, and have time to think and remove the traces of the tears that had gathered in her eyes. Inez Clavering would not intrude upon her there, believing she would not return from her drive for several hours, and Max had said that he would not be home before noon.

As she ascended the broad stone steps she was surprised to hear Miss Clavering's voice singing, in the direction of the parlor.

"She must have changed her mind pretty quickly about changing her morning dress and coming down to the parlor," thought Florabel, with a smile.

Suddenly the sound of Miss Clavering's rich, musical laughter floated out to her, mingled with a rich, masculine voice she knew but too well.

Florabel stood quite still in the marble vestibule, her hands pressed tightly over her heart, her face white as death, and listened.

It flashed over her distorted mind how Max had urged her to go and take a ride, declaring she was growing pale. Was this a preconcerted plan between him and Miss Clavering to get her out of the way? The pain of death—passing from this world to eternity—could never be bitterer than the torturing pain that burned the little child-bride's heart as she stood there.

She opened the door with her latch-key, and silently closed it. Many a woman would have crept up to the door and listened to what they were saying. Not so Florabel! She would have shrunk in horror from the base idea.

She hurried down the corridor and up to her own room, throwing herself face downward among the billows of the velvet carpet, crying out she knew how it would end. Miss Clavering was winning him from her!

Alas; that so many innocent occurrences in this life have all the coloring of intrigue about them.

A STRANGE TESTIMONY.

Anything more exquisitely beautiful than Mrs. Westhaven would be difficult to imagine. I met her with her husband and sister, two months before the murder trial in which we were afterward concerned, at Worthing, a famous health resort in England. She was a woman of three and-twenty, perhaps, tall, graceful, and of ideal coloring. She sat opposite me at the table d'hote, and when she first lifted her eyes to mine I started uncontrolably. They were wonderful eyes, dark, tender, with a certain childish appeal in them which stirred all the chivalry in a man's nature in response. Unimpressionably, soured old bachelor that I was, I found myself on the instant vowing to protect this beautiful creature, who was exceedingly well cared for, apparently, and had no need of my protection whatever.

Mr. Westhaven was the most discontented looking man I ever saw. Thin, dark, restless, and with a nervous irritability of manner which never varied except when addressing his wife's sister, Miss Carlyon, to whom he showed the most affectionate consideration.

Miss Carlyon, for whose health Mr. and Mrs. Westhaven were travelling, was a delicate, fragile creature, and except for a sameness of contour of the faces there was nothing to betray the relationship between the two women.

We had nearly a month in the hotel together before I became acquainted with Westhaven. His manner was most cordial, and he told me that he had asked for this introduction, saying that I was not unknown to him by reputation, and speaking in the kindest way of the success I had achieved in certain electrical experiments. He also confided to me his own deep interest in studies of a like nature.

Mrs. Westhaven met me with great kindness, and Miss Carlyon raised her head from the cushions of her chair and gave me a tiny hand like a bird's claw, which was lost in my grasp. She was a weird, uncanny little creature, with glittering eyes full of a restless, suspicious questioning, a marvellously white skin, and a thin cruel mouth. An unpleasant face altogether, though, with some claims to prettiness, and one from which I gladly turned to gaze upon that of her more beautiful sister.

I have a passionate admiration of beauty in women, and Mrs. Westhaven's beauty was flawless and extended over her entire personality, from her delicate finger tips, to her arched, exquisite feet, her graceful, perfect pose and her swaying carriage.

Mr. Westhaven was a charming host—a traveller, cultured, and treating of many things with a brilliant, glancing satire which showed that he was a close, if not a kind, student of human nature. Miss Carlyon was evidently in sympathy with him upon most subjects, and would often carry out his idea gracefully from the point where he left it. She was intelligent, well read, and very witty.

After my first evening with this singular family group I went out upon the verandah to indulge in a speculative smoke. I have prided myself all my life upon an indifference to the affairs and interests of other people, but there was about this family, in spite of gentle breeding and ease of manner, an atmosphere of mystery which provoked, if not investigation, at least speculation. I determined to see more of them.

Westhaven gave me every opportunity. He sought me upon all occasions, and evinced a fondness for my society and a respect for my opinions which could not but flatter me from so young and so brilliant a man. His culture was remarkable, and his information widely extended. He had been a close student all his life, he said, until now. About his present interests he was strangely reticent, and of his family he never spoke, save in a most casual way. I rarely saw him in the afternoons; whatever his occupation or study, it engrossed him then, and having grown sufficiently intimate with him to warrant my going informally and unannounced to his rooms, I found that in the afternoon I was rarely admitted.

Mrs. Westhaven walked and drove out, constantly attracting attention and admiration wherever she was seen. She had a certain individuality of style, which I believed grew from her perfect unconsciousness of her beauty and the conspicuous position she occupied in public. Once I spoke of her wonderful loveliness to her husband. He received my enthusiastic observations in moody silence, and the expression of discontent deepened on his handsome face.

I had, of course, long before this come to the conclusions that Westhaven was unhappily married, and I more than half suspected that he had awakened to a terrible certainty that he had married the wrong Miss Carlyon. This though I tried to close my eyes upon as an unworthy suspicion against the man who showed me a consideration that I have rarely met with in life, which was certainly unusual from a mere acquaintance.

I persisted not without many discouragements, in my determination to know Mrs. Westhaven better, and my success was at last crowned by a most disappointing discovery. She had what I at first believed to be an aversion to conversation. I never heard her say anything, even in the way of a reply, which contained an unnecessary word, and if she ever volunteered a remark it must have been in the privacy of her own chamber. Yet she was neither diffident nor ill-tempered. On the contrary, her expression was pleased and pleasing, and her pretty smile was always upon her lips.

I fancied she might have a peculiar bent of mind and endeavored to discover it. I ended by satisfying myself beyond a doubt that she possessed no mind at all. She was simply an exquisite and empty casket—a beautiful, mindless, soulless thing—a creature without sensibilities, or even the capacity of receiving impressions. The emotions of living creatures, the passive loveliness of inanimate objects, the fragrance of flowers, the charm of music, the wonderful, ever changing interest of the whole created world passing before her unseeing eyes, fell upon her unlistening ears, left her calm, untouched with that changeless, unmeaning smile forever curving her beautiful mouth.

When I made this discovery I knew that Westhaven's life was a burden to him. For a man of delicate, sensitive, perceptive faculty and deep, almost tender, appreciation of the finer phase of existence, the society of a woman like this meant perpetual torment.

One thing puzzled me greatly. In spite of his indifference to her personality he guarded her health as if she had been an idolised child. He followed her about with a light wrap in case of a draught, and having adjusted it carefully, would leave her in absolute silence. I rendered him this justice then, at last. She had nothing on earth but her abundant vitality. He would protect that as the only service left him to offer her.

One night we all sat upon the verandah, Miss Carlyon's chair has been brought out and she lay silently in it looking very small and pale among the red cushions, and with a grave, saddened shade upon her face, which was unusual to its ordinary sharp expressiveness. Westhaven leaned on the back of her chair.

I sat near Mrs. Westhaven and looked at her, she was dressed in some sort of a dead white gown which clung softly to her lovely figure and was relieved by heavy gold clasps. The moon fell upon her, intensifying her loveliness, though I fancied she looked more delicate than usual. Her eyes, beautiful, dark, ignorant, pathetic as the eyes of Italian children, were fixed dreamily upon the scene before her; her hands—long, white, idle-looking hands—lay upon her dress. I almost held my breath in the presence of her beauty, and felt a pang of regret when I reflected upon the void it covered.

The band played softly somewhere in the distance. No one spoke. Then a woman's voice rose on the air, a low, passionate voice that sang, with a great sob in the depths, some minor native melody. The peace of the night was broken only by this wailing song. It rose to throbbing intensity and sank again almost to silence. It was weird, unearthly, strangely beautiful.

It thrilled my very soul, and when it ceased, suddenly as it had begun, it left me trembling. Miss Carlyon shivered visibly, and instantly Westhaven bent over her, taking both her hands in his own and then drawing her shawl closely about her.

The silence grew unbearable. I leaned forward and spoke to Mrs. Westhaven.

"What a beautiful voice and what a beautiful song!" I said.

She smiled quietly, and I thought she had not heard me. I repeated my remark somewhat stiffly, and she replied, still smiling,—

"I did not notice it."

Westhaven drew himself up sharply and Miss Carlyon's chair upon which he had leaned, rolled forward with a disagreeable squeaking sound. She laughed her little cut-cutting laugh.

"The charm is broken, let us go in," she exclaimed.

I bade them good-night, feeling uncomfortable. Westhaven gave me his hand, and we stood there for a moment looking at each other and I felt a great sympathy for him, for I realised his unhappiness.

Little by little my prejudice against Miss Carlyon was allayed. I use this word advisedly, for I think it was never quite lulled to rest. She was wonderfully like Westhaven. It was absolutely the same nature, differently clothed. And, to do her justice, her views were as wide, her thoughts were as liberal, as far reaching as a man's, and she had a passionate energy of feeling and purpose which occasionally rose up and struggled in her feeble little body and left her shaking.

I could scarcely explain her feeling for Westhaven. If it was love it was love of a most unfeminine nature. Calm and without caprice, unexacting, and, in a certain sense, deferential, she showed with him neither the impatience nor the mocking spirit which ruled her mood with others, and accepted his utter devotion to her gently and gratefully. It was a great pity he had not married her, I reflected.

Miss Carlyon was certainly improving. She told me quietly one day that the London physicians had given her but a few months to live.

"They tried everything, even electricity," she said, laughing. "They do not in the least know what is the matter with me. No one does but myself, and I will tell you. I am the Nervous Exhaustionist of the society novel who has drained life and intends to die after an improved method of her own."

"But you are not succeeding," I replied, with some warmth, for there was something terrible in the way this young girl calmly spoke of dying. "You are not succeeding in the least. You will find that your method will outwit you and will work a result of which you have never even dreamed."

She turned very pale and looked at me in a frightened sort of a way. When she spoke again it was nervously, excitedly, and on quite a different topic. She seemed relieved, too, when Westhaven came into the room, and left us immediately.

"I have some books from the east in a box there on the table; you must look them over," he remarked.

And then we drifted into semi-scientific chatter—I can give it no more dignified title—in which we so often indulged. We laughed a good deal over the erratic, insane theories which the late advances in electricity had sent, like so many electric shocks, over the world, and Westhaven drew me out at some length on the subject of electrical magnetism as applied to individuals.

He looked about for his cigar case, and went out of the room to find it. After waiting for a few moments for his return, I walked over to the table to have a glance at the new books.

There were two boxes upon the table, one nearly concealed by a pile of papers, and this one I opened. Beneath a layer of paper I found several coils of insulated wire and a portion of a magneto-electro battery. Westhaven entered the room and I called to him,—

"I am in the wrong box."

He uttered a hoarse cry and sprang toward me, then suddenly checked himself and endeavored to master what appeared to me an unaccountable agitation. His emotion was too apparent for either of us to completely ignore it, and I felt compelled to turn away and pretend to be engrossed in the contents of the other box until he could recover himself.

Selecting a magazine, I went away immediately, considerably amazed at my stupid mistake, yet more puzzled over the agitation it had caused him. So simple a discovery as that of finding in the possession of a man who openly avowed his interest in electrical studies an instrument constantly in vogue among electricians was not in itself sufficient utterly to confuse the possessor. But then Westhaven was a queer fellow. He possibly did not wish me to know that he experimented; or perhaps he was inventing something. And I cast the whole affair off my mind.

The next day neither Mrs. Westhaven nor Miss Carlyon were at breakfast. Miss Carlyon was not well, Westhaven said, and to this I attributed his moody silence and strange, excited manner. He did not appear through the day, and contrary to my usual custom, I went to his rooms in the afternoon to inquire for the invalid. I found the door open, and was entering the parlor when a voice from the inner-room fell on my ear.

Westhaven was speaking quite harshly and rapidly,—

"Come! it is time! Come! I say!"

A woman's voice, Mrs. Westhaven's I fancied, moaned and protested faintly. Another imperative command from Westhaven, followed by a curse, then the sound of some heavy body dragged a little way across the the room, a door shut sharply and all was still. I turned and hurried from the room, conscious that I had already stayed too long, thankful that my presence had not been suspected by the inmates. I went to my own room to read, and tried to dismiss the circumstance from my thoughts. Westhaven's harsh voice and the pitiful moan which answered it had impressed me strongly. I was most unwilling to believe him capable of physical cruelty to his wife, yet how otherwise to explain satisfactorily the sounds I had heard?

I dressed slowly and went down stairs; it was nearly dinner time. Miss Carlyon was sitting on the verandah. She looked brighter and prettier than I had ever seen her. Her improvement was daily noticeable, and tonight her cheeks flushed with delicate and becoming color. She was quite unembarrassed and glad to talk with me. She said she slept all the afternoon and her indisposition of the morning was simply the result of a sleepless night. She had not been present then. I concluded grimly, at the wife beating. Presently Mrs. Westhaven came out and joined us. She seemed pale and exhausted. For the first time I noticed a marked resemblance between the sisters.

"You find the heat oppressive, do you not?" I asked her, and her reply betrayed an agitation and an earnestness of which I had believed her manner incapable.

"Oh, yes!" she said, laying her hand on her heart as if she suffered there. "Yes, indeed, it burns me—it burns me terribly."

She seemed to be desperately ill.

I saw little of Westhaven for days after this. It is possible that my manner to him may not have been cordial. I could not help a certain restraint, and I am sure that for a while he avoided me. This in time wore away, and we resumed our former pleasant relations, there being nothing to excite further curiosity in his domestic affairs.

Mrs. Westhaven steadily drooped, losing flesh and color, which Miss Carlyon steadily gained. The winter was nearly over. Westhaven and I had discussed the change in his wife, but it came so gradually that he seemed not to notice it as I did. One night he came to my door.

"Doctor," he said, "I wish you would come and see Mrs. Westhaven. She is not at all well."

I rose hurriedly and went upstairs with him. He seemed greatly disturbed and quite unnerved, scarcely answering the questions I put to him concerning the nature of the attack. I found Miss Carlyon attending beside the bed upon which Mrs. Westhaven lay, white, limp, utterly unlike herself. She smiled faintly when I addressed her, but I could not induce her to speak to me. She looked to me like a person who had received a sudden and severe shock. I asked Miss Carlyon where Mrs. Westhaven had passed the afternoon. She replied that her sister had gone out alone and returned just before dinner, apparently very much exhausted; she had been in this condition all the evening. Miss Carlyon's voice was cold and strained, and her restless eyes travelled the room over as she spoke to me.

Westhaven watched her every word anxiously. I had not believed him capable of such deep feeling for his unloved wife. I administered a sleeping draught and left the room followed by Westhaven. I turned to speak to him. He stood before me like a desperate, hunted animal, and there flashed across me a sudden, horrible suspicion that he was in some way connected with his wife's illness. An instant's swift reflection convinced me of my injustice—her symptoms were not those of a person to whom an injurious drug has been given, and the remorse I felt colored my manner to him with even greater kindness.

So I gave him an opinion which was the result more of weeks of observation than of my visit that evening to the patient.

"Frankly, I will tell you," I said, "that I think Mrs. Westhaven will eventually succumb to the same illness which attacked her sister. Three months ago I could have refuted this theory as untenable in view of her superabundant vitality, but to the eyes of a stranger it is possibly more apparent than to her family, to you, that she is very much changed in health and appearance."

I paused. Westhaven drew his breath in short, dry gasps. His hands moved restlessly along the back of a chair before him.

"Do you think my wife will die?"

I scarcely recognised his voice. I answered gently,—

"Not necessarily so. A change of climate has effected much in the case of Miss Carlyon; she is certainly a different person from what she was when I first saw her. In fact," I added, reflectively, "Miss Carlyon has gained in almost exact proportion to Mrs. Westhaven's loss."

Westhaven started violently. His face grew livid. He regarded me with a strange expression, one which I could not fathom. I continued quietly,—

"I should give Mrs. Westhaven no medicines. If she does not improve you must take her back to the east. Miss Carlyon need not be considered; I believe her to be quite restored to health."

I think no one ever impressed me more disagreeably as Miss Carlyon at the period she had recovered her health in a most extraordinary way, but it seemed to bring her neither happiness nor good temper. It was impossible to converse with her upon the most trivial topics. Her capricious temperament was wearisome in the extreme, and her indifference to her sister amounted to repulsive. Westhaven was oblivious to all. Whatever was the fascination she exerted over him, he was quite subservient to it. She clung persistently to his side and monopolised the time and attention he should have been given for humanity's sake to his wife.

I avoided Westhaven. He was a great disappointment to me, and I had entirely lost respect for him, though I firmly believed all his greatest sin to be weakness in the hands of an unscrupulous woman. One day he came to me quite beside himself. Miss Carlyon was ill—in the old way—he had believed her entirely recovered—he was in despair. His wife, he said, was much better. I did not know what to advise. I was not a practising physician, and I had come to the firm conclusion that I had best not meddle with a complicated and perplexing malady, to which promised no successful cure. I preferred not to advise at all, but promised to see them in the evening. Westhaven left me dejectedly.

I saw nothing of him through the day, and towards three o'clock in the afternoon I reproached myself for what might seem to him an unpardonable indifference on my part, and, on an impulse, I went directly to his rooms. The day was insufferably hot. There were few guests in the hotel, the season was well over and no one was visible in the corridors. There was not a sound save the splashing of a fountain, which plays in the court below, cooling the air deliciously. I walked lazily along the gallery, gazing upward at the bit of blue sky above the open court, intensely blue as only a tropical sky can be.

I suddenly paused, transfixed, incapable of further motion. I stood before a door leading into an inner sitting-room of Westhaven's, a room which I had entered but once, which I believed he used for a study. The large glass ventilator above the door was swung partially open, and tipped at such an angle that the interior of the room, glowing in the fierce sunlight which poured into it through the open window, was reflected with the fatal detailed reproduction of photography, upon the surface of the glass.

Every detail of its horrible revelation was burned upon my brain in an instant! Upon a long table before the window through which the sun beat hotly, lay a long glass case, with convex sides, and within this uncovered case, livid, ghastly, unconscious, lay Mrs. Westhaven. Her face was drawn by an expression of terrible agony, her limbs were rigid, her hands clenched convulsively, her beautiful, white breast was bare. The burning rays of the sun, concentrated by the strong lens formed by the convex side of the case, threw the spectrum directly over her heart. She was absolutely motionless; I could not see even that she breathed. Just where the actinic rays of the spectrum fell upon her soft skin, those mysterious rays, whose terrible chemical power has yet to be fathomed, were placed two fine glass tubes, connecting with a magneto electric battery by the side of the case, manipulated by Westhaven.

His face I could not see; it was bent over the body of his wife, his whole attitude breathed a desperate and fearful anxiety. Through those delicate tubes flowed a something, ultra electric, the faintest aurora, and passing into the battery, was transmitted by means of connecting wires to the arms of Miss Carlyon, who seemed almost directly beneath the ventilator, and held the handles of the battery firmly in her grasp. Her head was thrown back, her face was clearly reflected above her, her eyes were shining, her breath came quickly. The silence of death was in the room; I felt the painful excitement of the scientist pending a dangerous experiment.

I could have shrieked aloud in nervous horror; but I seemed to have lost the power of articulation. I felt sure that this ultra etheric matter was vital fluid, the very essence of life. It must be energy, physical force engendered by the immense chemical power of the actinic rays. Then a fiend murder was being committed in this room by a process as inconceivable torture. As I stood there, powerless, penetrating to the depths of a secret intended to be hid from all the world, memory pictured each scene of the tragedy which had been enacted before me, from the one which the curtain had long since rung down, on to this last one so nearly at a close.

I recalled the beautiful, blooming, senseless woman who had come in the early winter to Worthing, and the little, delicate, dying sister, and the disappointed, tortured, unloving husband. I remembered the process of change so subtly, so delicately treated, by which the condition of these two women had been reversed. I remembered the feverish anxiety with which the man had watched and guarded the change, his mysterious and baffling nature, his surprising fondness for my society and the greed with which he had drawn from me and devoured my theories upon such very subjects. My God! Had I, indeed, suggested to him the monstrous way to work his hellish purpose? Like fire in my blood this thought burned me at last to action.

I forced open the door. Miss Carlyon raised her eyes, wide, staring, horror-bitten, and saw me. She made no sound in her terror. Westhaven was completely engrossed in his ghastly work; his head was turned away. Suddenly he uttered an awful cry. There was a quick shudder through the helpless figure in the glass case; the little glass tubes over the heart glowed with an intensified crimson light which flickered an instant, then went out. A violent shock against the battery beneath Westhaven's hands, there was a sudden shattering of glass, a swift, blinding flash of brilliant, incandescent light. When I unclosed my dazzled eyes Miss Carlyon lay, face downward, upon the floor. I knew what had happened. The last vital spark had been exhausted, and the vampire, who sucked this life, had drawn death with it. Westhaven glared at me with terrible, vacant eyes. He groaned stunned. I unlocked the door, spurning the figure of the woman on the floor with my foot as I passed. She was quite dead.

I went down to the office.

"Something is wrong in Mr. Westhaven's room," I said to the hotel proprietor as quietly as I could. "You will do well to go and see about it."

The next time that I met Mr. Westhaven, I was called as a witness for the State, in his trial. I repeated substantially the testimony which I have given above, but did not state my belief that Mr. Westhaven had been in love with his wife's sister. There were hosts of witnesses to testify to the affectionate solicitude which he had ever shown for the health of both ladies since their arrival in Worthing. He was acquitted, the jury probably holding the opinion that Mr. Westhaven had mercifully gratified his love of scientific experiment with the best intentions, though with fatal results.

Why is a room full of married people like an empty room? Because there isn't a single person in it.

A Yankee doctor being asked to purchase a bicyle, said:

"No, I thank you. I'd as soon walk afoot as ride afoot."

SUPPLEMENT.

Sketcher.

The Editor's Correspondents.

Some Specimen Letters from People who Know it All.

A German paper recently published an amusing article upon the willingness of its readers to conduct its business. The article consisted of contrasted passages from letters to the editor.

Thus A writes: "You would oblige your readers by publishing a few more details about the laying out of the Hofgarten."

By the same mail B says: "When are you going to stop this eternal subject of the Hofgarten?"

C darkly threatens: "Your paper is so soft it is impossible to wrap anything up in it. If you can not," etc.

D wheedles: "My wife uses old newspapers for cleaning windows. Could you not arrange to have it rather softer?"

E also intimates plainly: "I am not interested in your politics. If you can not give more room to local matters and keep your politics in decent bounds, I shall be obliged," etc.

F will not always forbear: "Why don't you leave this local gossip alone which nobody cares to know, and increase the number of your foreign correspondents? If these changes are not made," etc.

G is of a rural turn: "I like your paper, but if you can not, before long, arrange to give agricultural news, I shall be obliged," etc.

H is peremptory: "Why have you no weather forecast? I know they are not very reliable, but I am interested in them, and if you can not," etc.

This is delightfully like a passage from the "Buchholz Family." It shows with what innocent complacency the reader scrutinises his newspaper, as if it were prepared especially for him under penalty of being called summarily to account for anything which he does not approve. You can see in imagination the excellent reader, a retired merchant, a young lawyer, a sturdy mechanic, Major Pendennis at the club, or paterfamilias in his slippers, pishing and spluttering and snorting, and at last writing indignantly to the editor: "Sir, you had better take care. I am not satisfied with your paper this morning. I give you fair warning, and I beg leave to say that I advise you not to try my patience too far. Expecting to see a very much better paper to-morrow. I am, as you merit," etc.

Nature kindly provides such amusements. There is no more entertaining figure than the man who writes to the editor to mind his own business. The jest is that the correspondent himself illustrates the absurdity of not minding one's business. In writing his note he is zealously minding the business of somebody else. It is the editor's business to prepare the paper. If the major does not like it he can "stop it." But does the major suppose that his individual distaste will outweigh the approval of the great diocese of the paper? It is like the comedy of a few discontented constituents demanding the resignation of a representative as not faithfully expressing the views of his district. Are the three trim little tailors of Tooley-street the people of England? Do the thousands of voters who compose a constituency speak in the personal dissatisfaction of a handful of them? The German newspaper reveals to Major Pendennis and his friends a situation which they do not suspect, but which is still the actual situation. At the very instant that the major is dashing off his epistle of wrath at the failure of the paper to give the least information in regard to the new patent calves for the reduced legs of elderly men about town, the irascible colonel in the club opposite is writing ferociously to the same paper that by, ——, if it doesn't stop its —— —— puffs of Nutbrown's *ne plus ultra* wigs and all similar —— haberdashery, he will call at the office and ram the —— —— paper down the —— —— throat of the —— —— editor.

The major's wrath is balanced *per contra* by the colonel's, and each speaks only for himself. And even were it not so, human nature must be considered, and counsel of this kind addressed to fallible man, although an editor, is very apt to lead to an equally profane determination that the thing complained of shall now justify more complaint than ever. If these belligerent and truculent gentlemen should undertake to direct the business of everybody else as they attempt the direction of the newspaper they read, and their course should be generally followed, the result would be ludicrous. A photographer asked a gentleman to sit for his likeness, and the gentleman assented upon condition that he should pose himself as he chose. The photographer agreed, providing that he might pose the sitter for another likeness. The sitter adjusted himself in a position which seemed to him natural and comfortable, and the negative was taken. Then the photographer adjusted the sitter, and presently showed the result of the two attempts. "That is ridiculous," said the sitter, putting one aside, "but this is very good." "Yes," said the photographer; "the first is your pose, the last is mine." The sitter smiled good-naturedly as as if struck by a thought. "Perhaps," said the photographer, gently, "a man may be assumed to understand his own business." "It is just what I was thinking," replied the sitter, urbanely; and upon reaching home he threw into the fire a letter advising an editor to leave out a good many things in his paper, and to insert others as per enclosed memorandum.

The conduct of a great journal is determined by many considerations, and among them undoubtedly is the general sentiment of its constituency. But that is not ascertained by the expression of individual whims, and such letters of advice as we have cited are generally of that kind. Except in extreme and very important instances the paper is sure of the general sympathy of its constituency by more important and significant signs than the letters of Major Pendennis and company. The major may learn much from the letters of the German journal, and among the lessons, perhaps, will be the perception that to buy the paper is not to buy a share in its control. A sensible paper, like a sensible man, is not above advice. But advice to a newspaper, accompanied by an alternative of punishment in the form of stopping the paper, is the most ancient test known of the situation which the letters of A, B, C, , E, F, G, and H disclose.

The Story of the Forget-Me-Not.

The lovely myosotis has a most romantic story connected with the origin of its well-known name of "forget-me-not." It is related that a young couple, who were soon to be married, while walking along the Danube River saw one of those flowers floating on its bosom. The affianced bride admired it, and fearing it would be carried away regretted its fatal destiny. The lover immediately plunged into the water, where he had no sooner seized the flower than he sank in the flood. Making a final effort, he threw the blossom upon the bank, and at the moment of his disappearing forever exclaimed, "Vergiss mien nicht," which, Englished, means "Forget-me-not!"

A London newspaper reports a brisk demand for Arabic New Testaments in the land of Moab. In one day it learns a colporteur sold fifty-four copies, receiving his pay in flour. By nightfall every barrel and bag in his house was full and his stock of Testaments was exhausted.

A late steamer from San Francisco for China took out 300 tons of mining machinery and six skilled American miners to aid in the mineral development of that country.

George Westinghouse, Jr., the inventor of the air brake, is rated at £1,4000,000.

There are sixty-eight tribes of Indians in America without Christian missionaries.

Science.

The Analysis of the Air.

There are few, if any, branches of scientific inquiry that have done so much for the "greatest good of the greatest number" as those which have unfolded and developed the principles of hygiene and sanitation, and taught us that the preservation of good health and the prolongation of life both chiefly depend upon a supply of pure air and pure water. It has over and over again been proved that in such crowded cities as our own the most malignant forms of infection are chiefly propagated by spores or germs floating in the air, or carried into our drinking water by the infiltration of sewage matter: and although a great deal of attention has undoubtedly been devoted to the analysis of both these elements, there is still a great deal of room for the simplification of processes and the popularisation of easy and reliable methods of investigation. Our first knowledge of the air and its composition was in a very large measure due to the labors of Dumas and Boussingault, but it has been greatly amplified of recent years, and we now know that the dust or minute particles of solid matter which are constantly suspended in space by the action of the currents contain various germs which disseminate disease, and an immense variety of minute seeds, which, when deposited in certain liquid or moist substances, immediately germinate and induce mould, mildew, and fermentation. From the standpoint of hygiene it is extremely difficult to determine whether it is more desirable to have a thorough knowledge of the air we take into our lungs or of the water we drink, each being so important; and the only reason why the latter has hitherto received a greater share of attention is probably to be found in the fact that its analysis is much less tiresome, comparatively devoid of complications, and, therefore, more easily comprehensible to the ordinary mind than that of the former. The recently published and highly interesting results that have lately been obtained in England by a group of experimenters promise to create a revolution in this state of affairs by drawing more attention to air analysis, and it will be interesting to to briefly glance at the newly suggested method by which to arrive at an accurate determination of the various atmospheric constituents.

The test of carbonic acid consists in placing several two gallon glass bottles side by side and filling them with air, withdrawn from different parts of the room by means of India rubber tubing. Into each bottle is then poured a small quantity of weak baryta water, which, acting upon the carbonic acid, gives rise to a dense white precipitate of barium carbonate, easily separated by filtration, and weighed.

The germ test is made by means of a glass tube, some two feet long by three inches in diameter, lined inside with a coating of transparent gelatine. A certain quantity of air is made to pass through the tube, and the germs deposit themselves upon the gelatine, where they can live and multiply, and where they may be distinguished and identified under the microscope.

For the detection of gigantic matter, six large glass bottlers are filled with distilled water, and are connected with each other by glass tubes. The air, made to pass through the whole series in a continuous stream by means of an aspirator, communicates to the liquid all the organic impurities with which it was charged, and, without visibly affecting its color, causes it to acquire a disagreeable smell. The *ensemble* of this simple process recommends and entitles it to the serious consideration of all those who are intrusted with the care of the public health, and we should be glad to see all public buildings and apartments in which large bodies of persons daily congregate for business or for pleasure provided with the necessary and inexpensive apparatus. It might be presided over by some intelligent person (not necessarily a scientist), its frequent use would inspire the immediate detection of noxious elements, and we might thus constantly maintain or restore pure air by applying such preventive or remedial agents as are well known and always at hand.

Fine Threads.

The production of extremely fine threads of glass, quartz, and other materials has been brought to a high degree of perfection by Mr. C. V. Boys. The method which he found most satisfactory in its results was the following: A fragment of drawn-out glass was attached by sealing wax to the tail of an arrow made of a piece of straw a few inches in length; the glass was heated to a high temperature in the middle, and while the end was held in the fingers, the arrow was projected by a cross bow of pine held in a vise and with a trigger that could be pulled by the foot. With every successful shot the thread was continuous from the piece held in the hand to the arrow 90 feet off, a glass thread 90 feet long and one thousandth part of an inch in diameter being obtained. The diameter was almost perfectly uniform for the greater part of the length. Instead of holding the glass tail in the hand, a little bead of glass may be fused on the end, and, when the arrow is shot, the inertia of the bead is sufficient to draw out the thread, in the same way.

The author has also experimented upon a number of minerals, and found that while some behave like glass, others will not draw at all, being either perfectly fluid like water or when cooler perfectly rigid. Thus corundum, hornblende, zircon, rutile, cyanite, fluorite will not draw at all; on the other hand, emerald and almandine will draw, but care is needed to obtain the proper temperature. Orthoclase draws readily, but quartz, though troublesome and requiring more force, yields remarkably successful threads of extreme minuteness, in some cases tapering down to a size beyond the power of the microscope to resolve. These minute threads have some peculiar properties which the author proposes to investigate; they are highly elastic, and it is suggested that they may be advantageously used for torsion threads. They may also be preferable to spider lines for the cross wires in the eye pieces of microscopes and other instruments.

Wrought Iron Chains Without Welds.

Rolling out iron chains from the solid bar without welding is one of the recent mechanical operations that have attracted attention. The principle of forming the rollers and the process of rolling out a chain is similar in some respects to the method employed in casting the links and having them come out together in a chain from a mould. In the latter operation the flask is made to part equally in four ways, and the chain moulded while the links are separated so as to divide the spaces equally between them, giving as little clearance as possible, which will not change their appearance perceptibly. The flask is divided, the chain removed, and one is cast in the mould. Similarly, a piece of chain is swedged out of a bar of iron in an analogous manner by means of four converging dies. To produce a continuous chain in this way the dies are made continuous by having them formed on the circumference of four rollers, arranged with the dies distributed in equal divisions, and the rollers driven by gear wheels, so that the four parts of a link will meet accurately in place. Proper clearance is given to the dies, so as to allow the material to leave the matrix freely as the roll revolves. As the blank is carried forward between the rollers, the dies partially press or swedge out the links at right angles to each other, breaking the fin or feather edge that is left on the inside of the links, which, after a thorough shuffling in a tumble barrel, come out highly finished and polished for the market.

Short Story.

DOCTOR DWIRE.

BY E. ALTA LILLY

Bitterly cold weather: a piercing wind astir, blowing in little gusts from the north-east; with that damp rawness in the air which makes one shudder, and feel a strong desire to be safely housed out of its loathsome embrace.

Few, if any, save on special business which could not bear delay, would have cared to be abroad; and Dr. Dorien Dwire, when his housekeeper, Betty, took away the tea, drew his chair nearer the fire burning in the study grate with the air of a man who feels he may enjoy his evening uninterrupted.

Dr. Dwire was slightly over middle height; his figure was firmly but slenderly formed; his square shoulders and fine carriage proved the strength of chest and manliness of spirit. His complexion was fair, his eyes full, of a blue-gray color, with a bold, straight, yet singularly gentle outlook. His age was somewhat about twenty-eight, but the hair thrown off the white forehead had many silver streaks in it, which, however, the most careless observer would have seen, had he looked at the face beneath, the hand of Time had not produced.

Dr. Dwire was quite young, comparatively speaking; but he had lived his life, loved his love, and experienced a sharp, bitter trouble, past and over now, which had left its imprint on his life as ineffaceably as the impression of some preadamite bird's tread on the soft clay that has hardened into stone. But Dr. Dwire's nature was not stony. Far from it. His heart was the gentlest, kindest, man could possess.

Seated by his glowing study fire, he soon had forgotten the outer world as perfectly as most of the outer world forgot him. The wind tossed the trees outside the rambling, old red-brick house, and shook the windows of the study almost vindictively, as if to interrupt the thinker within. But the doctor hardly heard, being in spirit far away in the past—that past which had to do with his mother's pretty governess, Lydia Leyton. There were no gray hairs in Dorien Dwire's closely cut, dark curls then. His cheek bore the hue of health, his dark eyes sparkled with the happiness reciprocated love alone can give.

It all came back to him as if it had been only yesterday—beautiful Lydia seated in his mother's parlor, having brought her young charges—two little girls, now away at boarding-school—on a visit to that lady; and Dorien, seeing her for the first time, and being surprised by her great beauty, was unable to take his eyes from her.

He sighs now, as he remembers his boyish enthusiasm

"I was happy then, so happy! Poor fool! So happy for the time being in the society of the woman I loved with such deep devotion, such perfect faith and trust," he murmured, bitterly. "But is one ever supremely happy without the consciousness of coming pain?"

Suddenly there had been a change. Allan Courtney, an artist, came to stay awhile in the neighborhood—a man of aristocratic birth, handsome, and of small principle. He had called at the doctor's once or twice, and had seen Lydia.

From that hour the joyous light had slowly faded from Dorien Dwire's face, for he began to know what jealousy is, and to doubt the love that Lydia had professed for him. And doubt indulged soon became doubt realised. How could he help doubting, when he noted the little pleasure his presence gave her—how silent and listless she grew in his society?

"This fellow had bewitched her with his fine talk of poetry and art," he thought sadly. "When he is gone she will be my own Lydia again. She is so young and merry, no wonder his conversation pleases her."

A week later Allan Courtney left for his home abroad. The following day—ah! how well he remembered it! Betty brought him a letter from Lydia Leyton. She had gone! She expressed much regret, but found on examining her heart that she did not love him with the affection a wife should feel for her husband; and their union, in that case, could bring happiness to neither. She considered it was wisest, kindest, that all should be over between them.

"Sometimes," she concluded, "it seems as if I do not know my own mind. I feel that I should not wed you; but oh! Dorien, weak and foolish as I have been, I think that even you would pity me if you did but know how desperately I have struggled to do right. It is best for both that I should go away. That you will ever forgive me—that you will ever look on my face again—I do not expect. Good-bye, Dorien. Try not to think too hardly of your unhappy friend,

LYDIA."

That she had gone with Allan Courtney none of them ever doubted—but, alas! not as his wife.

It was more than three years ago that this blow had fallen upon Dorien, stunning him at first, and then half maddening him. He was thinking it all over to-night.

"She has forgotten me—utterly forgotten me; what am I to her? And I long for the years to go on swiftly that bring me to the end—to rest, sleep, and forgetfulness!"

These were not cheerful thoughts. Dorien was tired, or he would not have given rein to them.

Aroused by the hall clock striking eleven, he arose, crossed over to a window, and stood looking out into the semi-darkness of the night.

"Great heavens!" he ejaculated suddenly. "Can that be a woman?"

He opened the window and learned far out, watching the figure as it slowly advanced up the walk. Though apparently young, the woman walked feebly, as one very weak from illness or fatigue.

Moved by compassion, Dr. Dwire hastened below to offer assistance. He was just in time to catch the woman ere she sank to the ground. She bore an infant in her arms.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" he murmured compassionately, as he bent over her.

At this instant the light rested on the wanderer's pallid face. Oh, what a cry burst from Dr. Dwire!

"Lydia! My God!"

For an instant he gazed upon the well remembered face, care-worn, but pretty still, too stunned to move or speak, his brain in a whirl. But her low moaning recalled him to the immediate necessities of the case, and he ran hastily into the house. Stopping at the door of the housekeeper's rooms, he called loudly,—

"Betty! Betty! are you awake?"

"Be that you, Mr. Dorien?"

"Yes, Betty. There is a woman lying ill, insensible, in the grounds, and I want your aid."

"All right, sir! I'll be wi' ye directly."

Speedily the old housekeeper made her appearance and Dr. Dwire led her to the place where Lydia yet lay.

"I will carry her, Betty," he said, hurriedly, "and you must carry that," pointing to the infant as he spoke.

"Lord love ye, yes, Mr. Dorien. Ay, and there be a child, too. Poor mite!"

Lifting the inanimate form in his strong arms, Dr. Dwire followed old Betty until they reached his own bright study, where he placed his burden on a lounge. And all the time he kept wondering what old Betty would do when she learned who this woman was.

The old housekeeper laid the babe beside its mother, without looking at either, and hastened away to prepare a bedroom and light a fire. She soon returned.

"There'll be a nice fire in a minute, Mr. Dorien," she remarked, entering. "And now I'll make the baby comfortable. How's the poor lady?"

She bent and looked at the woman's face.

"Why, Master Dorien, it's that gal!" she exclaimed, turning almost fiercely upon him.

"Yes, it's Lydia Leyton," he answered.

"What! You knew it, and brought her here, beneath this roof?"

"Where else, at this hour, could I have brought her?"

"Ye might have left her where ye found her, outside. It's the fittest place for the likes of her."

"Stop! Have you no charity, woman?" said her master, sternly.

"For them as deserves it," she retorted, doggedly. "Look, Mr. Dorien, I thought as much," pointing at the white hands. "There's no ring, and yet her child's sleeping at her side!"

"And for that reason, Betty, she needs our sorrowing compassion. Think of what she was—a bright, pretty, innocent girl. See what she is—a wanderer, without a home, on such a night. If she deceived me, has she not been yet more cruelly deceived? My good Betty, harshness to anyone in distress is not in your nature. Let us forget everything except that this poor creature needs our help."

"Mr. Dorien, I vowed never to forgive her; but as she's here, and as you wish it, I'll try to forget, and do what I can for her."

Betty was as good as her word, and spent the night with the unhappy Lydia. In the early dawn she came again into the study.

"Well," she said, slowly, "I fancy she's asleep, now, but what's the matter with her I can't make out. She jest now looked up, and I thought she must have known me; but she laughed in my face, and then jibbered something without a bit of sense to it."

"I fancy that is delirium," remarked Dr. Dwire, gravely. "I will go to her. How is the child?"

"It's all right, sir. I'll see to it, Dr. Dorien. It will have enough to suffer without being made answerable for the sins of its parents."

The baby face and tiny, waxen fingers had already taken firm hold upon old Betty's sympathetic heart.

"There!" she whispered, as they entered the room. "Jest see her, Mr. Dorien!"

Lydia was propped up in bed, her hair falling about her, her large violet eyes wide open, but expressionless and vacant. She was slowly pulling her hair through her fingers, and gazing upon it with imbecile wonder.

A great fear came over the doctor.

"Have you spoken to her, Betty?" he asked in a low tone.

"Surely; but she either don't hear or know, for she jest stares at me as if I were a stone."

Dr. Dwire advanced to the bed.

"Lydia!" he said, tremulously.

She paid no heed.

He took her hand in his and tried again.

"Lydia, don't you know me—Dorien?"

She gazed at him, and then broke into a vacant laugh.

"When is he coming?" she asked.

"Very soon, dear," Dr. Dwire answered.

"We are to be married," she said, in exactly the same tone as she had spoken before—a strange, high-pitched tone, not loud, but monotonous and without variation. "I shall be his wife soon, and then I shall get away from all these people. Look! Here they come—more and more. It is so hot and crowded, and they keep coming, and coming, and coming!"

Dr. Dwire's fears were increasing.

"Betty, fetch the child," he whispered. 'Surely she will remember her baby."

As Betty crossed the room with the infant in her arms, it awoke, uttering a piteous cry. Lydia threw up her hands imploringly, while a look of horror crept into the soft dark eyes.

"Oh, take it away!" she exclaimed. "I can't bear it! I can't sleep for it! It makes my head throb—throb. Please take it away."

Then she bowed her face in her hands, uttering inarticulate sounds.

Dr. Dwire dropped on his knees by the bed.

"Lydia, Lydia!" he cried. "My poor child, don't you remember me—Dorien? See—I am here, beside you. Try and remember!"

At the thrilling tone she started and gazed wildly about her, as one awaking from a horrible dream.

"Dorien!" she cried out gladly. "I heard your voice—it was no imagining—but how came I here? I do not understand."

Without waiting for a reply, she bent toward him with a startled expression.

"You are so changed, Dorien! Your hair is gray—you—you look old!"

"I have suffered, Lydia," he gravely said.

"My poor Dorien; Oh, can you ever forgive me? For I have suffered too—and repented."

"Lydia, I forgave you from the first," he answered, gently. "The anger in my heart was all for him."

"For whom?" Her voice and face were full of bewilderment. "I do not understand. My head seems dazed."

"The man, Lydia, to whom you gave your love," he answered, a tremor in his voice.

"My love! Dorien, though I did not know it when I wrote that letter, I learned too late that I never loved but you."

"Lydia! Can it be true? But—but Allan Courtney?"

"Oh, forgive me, Dorien! His flattery caused me to doubt my affection for you; but I never fancied myself in love with him. He went abroad did he not?"

"Lydia, is it possible that you have not been his companion?" he cried in amazement.

"Dorien!" she exclaimed, flushing painfully. "How could you think that of me?"

"Forgive me, dear—but how could I help it when you came back with your babe in your arms?"

"My babe? What do you mean? I have no child. And how came I here if you did not fetch me? The last thing I remember was the railway accident.

Dorien's heart was throbbing, but he forced himself to speak calmly.

"Tell me all about it, Lydia, and let us get at the bottom of this mystery. You certainly had a child with you when you wandered here."

"It must be Mrs. Clandon's. I travelled with her as companion. I was holding baby and looking out at the beautiful country through which we were passing, when that terrific crash occurred. And I remember nothing more until I heard your voice, Dorien."

Who could have described Dr. Dwire's feelings as he listened? Lydia, whom he had ever loved, was worthy of his affection.

"Lydia," he said, clasping her hands in his, "you said but now that you loved me. We have both suffered. Let us waste no more time, but take our happiness when we can. Will you be my wife?"

She hung her head in blushing silence; and thus was renewed the betrothal of years before.

There is little more to tell except that Dr. Dwire and Lydia, being quietly married in the little stone chapel at Darlington, immediately set about restoring the baby to her mother. That she was received with great joy may well be imagined.

"'The gods benevolently mingle a drop of wormwood in every cup of pleasure, for only shadowed, or imperiled, happiness is really conscious of its joy," quoted Dr. Dwire, as he kissed the baby good-by.

But the less of the child he had already learned to love was the only shadow on the great happiness that came after long years to Dr. Dwire.

Ladies' Column.

The Glove.

Intent on bloody sport,
King Francis sat before his lion court;
His grandees near were set,
And ranged around them ladies fair
On a high balcony were there,
A lovely carcanet.

He waves his hand and straight
Wide open flies a gate;
With pace deliberate
Forth stalks a lion, looks all round,
Uttering no sound,
And, yawning, as he to sleep were fain,
He shakes his mane,
Stretches his limbs, and then
Lies down again.

The king, he waves his hand once more;
Back flies a second door.
With furious bound a tiger dashes
Forth from his lair.
Seeing the lion crouching there,
He rends the air
With roarings deep,
And lashes
His tail around with frantic sweep,
Out his red tongue he flashes,
Snarling, in wary prowl
Doth round the lion stride.
Then with a muttered growl
Lays him along by his side.
And the king waves his hand again,
Two other doors fly open wide,
And straightway from the den
Two leopards leap, and, all
Aflame for fight, on the tiger fall.
Clutched in his terrible claws, at last
He pins them fast;
Whereon the lion, with a roar,
Gets up, and all is ushed;
And the wildcats, crushed,
But mad athirst for gore,
Draw off, and settle round
Upon the ground,
Then from the balcony above
A dainty hand lets fall a glove
Which, as it fell, midway
Between the lion and the tiger lay.
To the Knight Delorge turned the fair Cunegonde,
And bespoke him thus in a mocking way;
"If your love be as deep, and as ardent and fond,
As you tell me it is, every hour of the day,
Belike you will bring me back my glove!"
And the Knight, at the word of his lady love,
Uprose, and, fast as man might go,
Made his way to the dreaded arena below,
And picked, 'twixt tiger and lion it lay,
The glove nimbly up, and bore it away.

The knights and the noble ladies fair
Look on, with wonder and fear aghast;
He brings back the glove with a listless air,
And his praises from lip to lip are passed.
Her face aglow with love's tender light,
Sure promise this of her crowning grace;—
The fair Cunegonde receives her knight;
He tosses the glove in the lady's face.
"Madam, no thanks! I desire them not!"
And he left her there from that hour unsought.

Children as Boarders.

To be saved from the worry of servants and of domestic affairs generally, many people live in apartments instead of having their own house; but to those who have had their own place the prescribed space and want of freedom is irksome.

Children are the especial *bete noir* of the lodging-house keeper. The usual answer when the candidate for rooms asks for particulars, and casually mentions the possession of one or more children, is, "We don't take children;" a hard look comes over the face of the landlady or servant, whichever is attending you, her mouth shuts with a snap, the front door is quickly opened, and the unlucky aspirant walks away, either indignant or else dejected with her offence in having children. One gentleman, when an old young spinster tried to crush him with the usual formula, accentuated with a small shriek, "Oh—I never allow any children in my house," was met by the cool rejoinder of "Surely, madam, you have long ago forgotten what a child is." The ancient conglomerate was too astonished to reply. The audacity of the "man," who, by the way, was rather young looking, astonished the damsel, but the emphatic manner in which the front door was shut after him, fully expressed her feelings.

Stays in Russia.—Referring to a recent British case of fatal tight lacing, and to the claim that British ladies are here and there to be found who have with equal courage and good sense dispensed with stays, Professor V. A. Manassein (*Vratch*, No. 26, 1887, p. 520) observes that, unfortunately, it is impossible to say the same for Russian ladies. The administrative officers of Russian schools for girls demand the wearing of the constricting apparatus from all lady teachers. A consumptive school teacher was lately strongly reprimanded by the school mistress when the former following the author's advice, had ventured to put her stays aside. "More than this," remarks the author, "it has happened to us to have seen, tightly laced in corsets, even—*horrible dictu*—lady-doctors."

HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

To remove machine oil from white cotton goods rub with a little lard or butter and wash in warm water and soap, or simply rub first with a little soap and wash out in cold water.

When linen has turned yellow, cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over a fire in a wash kettle. When the soap has completely melted, put in the linen and boil it half an hour, then take it out. Have ready a lather of soap and water: wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last. When linen has been scorched, use the following remedy: Add a quart of vinegar, the juice of half a dozen large onions, about an ounce of soap rasped down, a fourth of a pound of Fuller's earth, an ounce of lime, and one ounce of pearl ash. Boil the whole until it is pretty thick, and spread some of it on the scorched part. Allow it to remain until dry, then scrape off and wash. Two or three applications will restore the linen, unless it is so much scorched that the fibre is destroyed.

The Diet of Strong Men.—The Roman soldiers who built such wonderful roads, and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion, and watermelon. The Symrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives, yet he walks off with his load of a hundred pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite of endurance.

Many people who employ women in responsible positions speak highly of their qualities of honesty and fidelity, and it is, indeed, a rare thing to hear of an embezzling woman cashier. Against this, however, may now be offset the fact that Vice-President Harper, of the wrecked Fidelity Band of Cincinnati, was largely assisted in his tolering operations by a young woman employed by him as exchange clerk. It is seldom that the proverbial "woman in the case," who is responsible for so much of the disgrace that befalls men, take part so directly in bringing about the catastrophe.

Miscellaneous.

The Birthplace of Burns.

There is a charm in footing slow across a silent plain,
Where patriot battle had been fought, where glory had the gain:
There is a pleasure on the earth, where Druids old have been.
Where mantles gay have rustled by, and swept the nettled green;
There is a joy in every spot made known in times of old,
New to the feet although each tale a hundred times be told;
There is a deeper joy than all, more solemn in the heart,
More parching to the tongue than all, of more divine a smart,
When weary steps forget themselves upon a pleasant turf,
Upon hot sand, or flinty road, or sea-shore iron surf,
Towards the castle or the cot, where long ago was born
One who was great through mortal days, and died of fame unshorn.

Light heather-bells may tremble then—but they are far away;
Wood-lark may sing from sandy fern—the sun may hear his lay:
Runnels may kiss the grass on shelves and shallows clear—
But their low voices are not heard, though come on travels drear;
Blood-red the sun may set behind black mountain peaks,
Blue tides may sluice and drench their time in caves and weedy creeks,
Eagles may seem to sleep wing-wide upon the air,
Ring-doves may fly convulsed across to some high cedared lair—
But the forgotten eye is still fast lidded to the ground,
As palmer's that with weariness mid desert-shrine hath found.

At such a time the soul's a child, in childhood is the brain,
Forgotten is the worldly heart—alone it beats in vain!
Ay, if a madman could have leave to pass a healthful day,
To tell his forehead's swoon and faint, when first began decay,
He might make tremble many a one, whose spirit had gone forth
To find a bard's low cradle-place about the silent north!
Scanty the hour, and few the steps, because a longer stay
Would bar return and make a man forget his mortal way.
O horrible! to lose the sight of well-remembered face—
Of brother's eyes, of sister's brow—constant to every place,
Filling the air as on we move with portraiture intense,
More warm than those heroic tints that pain a painter's sense,
When shapes of old come striding by, and visages of old,
Locks shining black, hair scanty gray, and passions manifold!
No, no—that horror cannot be! for at the cable's length
Man feels the gentle anchor pull and gladdens in its strength;
One hour, half-idiot, he stands by mossy waterfall,
But in the very next he reads his soul's memorial;
He reads it on the mountain's height, where chance he may sit down.
Upon rough marble diadem, that hill's eternal crown.
Yet be his anchor e'er so fast, room is there for a prayer,
That man may never lose his mind in mountains black and bare;
That he may stray, league after league, some great birthplace to find,
And keep his vision clear from speck, his inward sight unblind.

Decay of Stone.

The dissolving power of atmospheric moisture seems to depend greatly upon the quantity of free carbonic acid gas it holds in solution; and though this quantity in any given volume of water be extremely minute, in course of time every substance which has an affinity for it will yield more or less to its action. The silicates of potash and soda, for instance, which are present in the ingenious rocks—or, to swell especially on the class of materials under our notice, in the Devonshire granites—are easily decomposed when rain water falls upon them, and, the feldspar being removed mechanically by any of the countless actions of nature, it leaves the other ingredients of the material exposed to the mechanical disintegration of changes of temperature. The simple carbonates of lime, again, sometimes absorb carbonic acid with much avidity, and pass into the state of the soluble bicarbonates; and thus in proportion as the original face of the stone is removed, does the lower surface become exposed to the action of the rain. The rain water of such a town as London not only does contain large quantities of free carbonic acid, but it also contains sulphuric acid and ammonia, which are capable of exercising a very deleterious influence upon the carbonates of lime. In discussing, however, the effects of these agents upon building stones, it is essential to bear in mind the fact that the mechanical state of the elements of those materials greatly modifies their resistance. Those which are of a crystalline character do not yield so readily as those which are amorphous, and the crystallisation produced by volcanic or plutonic influence appears to be even more permanent than that which takes place in the ordinary way. It follows from these considerations that the stones of an irregular, confused, earthly texture, which are able to absorb considerable quantities of moisture, and which contain silica in a soluble form, or the carbonate of lime, should never be employed in positions where rain water could lodge upon them, beat against them, or be taken up from external sources by capillary or other action. In positions exposed to any of the above dangers, none but non-absorbent and decidedly crystalline materials should be used, and as these qualities are almost exclusively possessed by dense stones, it may be considered that the mere specific gravity of a stone is a *prima facie* indications of its constructive value. But atmospheric moisture when absorbed into building stones acts upon them quite as much through the changes in its own volume, in passing from the liquid to the solid state at the time of frost, as it does by the chemical dissolution it produces. If the stone should be placed in such a manner as that water should accumulate in any preceptible quantities between its various layers, and if the position of these layers be such that the expansion of the water in freezing cannot take place freely, the respective layers containing the water will be violently detached from one another.

Now all stones, even the crystalline limestones and slates, have certain planes or directions of cleavage or of stratification, along which water flows more readily than in any other course. If the stones be placed in a building with those planes in a direction likely to retain rain falling upon, or adsorbed through, the surface (which is the case when stones are placed "bed to weather"), disintegration must ensue unless the edges of the beds be left free, and even in that case there is danger of frost detaching one layer from another.

The remains of a great Roman building are being brought to light at the steamboat station of Fischen, on the Ammersee, in Bavaria. Already a frontage of 120 feet with eight separate rooms has been cleared and a cellar has been discovered.

Humor.

Practical Courtship.

You say you love me. Maybe so—
I would not doubt your word;
But others before now, you know,
Have such sweet love vows heard
Who are not loved now, as wives would
Be loved by those they wed.
You say you love me. Very good—
But will you like my bread!

You say you love me. You must know
Your words are sweet to hear;
Like tender music, soft and low,
They charm my willing ear.
But if you would win all my heart,
Possess my very soul—
Promise to do a husband's part—
Swear you'll bring up the coal!

You say you love me. And you ask
If I could love you too.
I own 'twill be an easy task
If only you are true.
This, this alone I stipulate,
'T's all my heart's desire:
That I may sleep till half-past eight,
And you shall build the fire.

Three of a Kind.

The quiet old farmer so thrifty;
In duty as firm as a rock.
Neglects not the wants of his cattle,
But carefully waters his stock.

The millionaire too in his business.
Each day adds some lambs to his stock,
By a few skilful changes in figures,
He carefully waters his stock.

The temperance orator, likewise,
Who at consciences loudly doth knock.
Ne'er thickens his speech with much [illegible];
He carefully waters his talk.

Women.

Let me say a few words on this played [illegible] subject. From the age of Solomon up to the present time, it has been the custom with man, when wishing to say something [illegible], to make remarks about his good and faithful housewife. The great psalmist observed, many summers ago, that there was nothing new under the sun. When I think of the number of bright humorists which have come to pass since that time, and the variety of things which have been said and resaid, I can say of a verity, there is nothing under the sun which is not absolutely stale. I cannot, however, let the brazen opportunity slip by of showing how original I might have been had I only been born sooner.

The commonest thing about a woman is her peculiarities. A woman has an [illegible] sense of her importance, and is endowed with a natural understanding of man nature. When the skies are bright, and the man gets to using his authority, or kicking off the covers, she will do everything possible to keep him within limits. A woman has an immense power of [illegible] attraction, and if the man don't give in at once his whiskers will suffer, and he will have to go around with a bald chin on him.

A woman in affliction is like a bruised rose. She then yields up the true sweetness of her nature, which has not been wanting, but simply held back. When a woman becomes filled with an ambition for something [illegible], and tries to use her husband's tools to repair the broken household, she finds that she has fallen into the domain of man, and is [illegible] with the impossible. She will work half an hour turning a screw the wrong way, without the vaguest idea that anything is wrong. Then she will get the hammer, catch it up close to the head, with the handle sticking out beyond her elbow, press her lips together, and come down to the screw in such a way as to skin three of her knuckles. She then gets the flatiron and puts the screw in quicker time than a man could. In like manner, she will try to bore a hole by turning the auger backwards, instead of using a hot poker, as she ought to do.

I will not speak of a woman's tongue with reference to her talking abilities, as this has been treated by more able-minded men than myself. Many humorists have laid hold upon it as an object of fun, but it is her greatest salvation, and she has by long practice acquired the power of using it in more ways than two. She can fill her mouth full of pins and talk all day without swallowing one. She can take a piece of thread, throw the end in her mouth, and tie a knot on it that would shame a self-binder.

A woman does a thing because it is natural; a man, because he thinks best. When a woman wishes to defend herself from a mouse or a fish-worm, she makes use of her voice, this being the first thing she can get hold of. A man would waste time hunting round for a stone.

Much has been said of the spring poet, spring bonnet, and spring clothes-pin, but the spring, undoubtedly, belongs to a woman. It loosens up the sap of her gentle nature and causes it to aspire to something better than it had known. It brings down their rusty stove pipe, brings up the dusty carpet and scrubs the kitchen floor cleaner than a washboard. When a woman throws her skirts over her head, gets the axe and a rusty spoon, and sallies forth to the flower garden, it is spring time.

The man who has no respect for a woman, ought to be neutralised with a brickbat. He is a wart on the face of nature. If ever I catch a man mistreating a woman, I will tackle him with a club, and tantalise him till he is too tired to stand up with a prop, and too sore to sit down on a pillow.

Good Minister—"It is rather sad that the collections are exactly one crown less than they used to be."

MINISTER'S WIFE—"Nothing odd about it. We have not lost any of our congregation."

"No; but I suppose that you remember that Mr. Pious never used to give less than a crown."

"Of course."

"Well, Mr. Pious has been elected a deacon, and he passes the plate now."

"**Papa**, how do they catch monkeys?" inquired Willie, who had been to the menagerie.

"The best way nowadays, I think, is by means of a double-barrelled bustle, and triple size cart-wheel hat, and a fancy parasol."

"Yes," remarked Willie's mother, musingly. "I used to be very much addicted to these little foibles before we were married."

He Understood His Business.—"Can you tell me why the lions didn't hurt Daniel?" inquired the Sunday-school teacher of the tough little boy.

"'Cause Daniel was a prophet, and understood his business," was the startling [illegible].

Student (planning how his monthly allowance of money shall be used): "The landlord—the shoemaker—the tailor—the washerwoman—why? that leaves nothing for me! Then they shall not have any [illegible] either." (Puts the money all back in [illegible] purse.)

Devout Catholic lady: "I [illegible] imagine, Catherine, why you want to leave us. Don't you have all you need?"

SERVANT-GIRL: "Oh, yes, madam, [illegible] my cousin, who comes to see me, he [illegible] like so many fast days!"

She: "Before we were married [illegible] promised to fulfill every wish you read [illegible] eyes, but I don't find it so at all."

HE: "Yes, since that time I have [illegible] terribly near-sighted."

The criminal class is becoming a [illegible] threatening evil every year, and old methods of dealing with criminals have been [illegible] entirely inadequate to deal with the [illegible] of punishment and reformation. [illegible] need of reform in the prison system, and [illegible] sooner reformation is begun the better [illegible] every community

r and one of the leading supporters Prince Alexander of Battenberg the latter was Prince of Bulgaria, was convicted of embezzling Government funds, has been sentenced to years' penal servitude.

severe financial crisis has occurred Buenos Ayres, the capital of the entine Republic. Fifteen banks suspended payment in the course n days.

n excellent exhibit of warlike im ments and material is being collected be sent to the Centennial Exhibition. will arrive at Melbourne in October d Salisbury has used his influence h foreign Governments to induce m to send exhibits. The collection pictures by British artists, which is ng despatched by the R.M.S. Rome the 17th instant, is insured for 00,000, but the actual value of the ctures is probably twice that amount.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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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.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I received a letter from the County Court clerk to the effect that an amount of money had been paid into court and was laying there for me to receive on producing the plaint note. Of course, I went at once, but I find that the office will not be open till Tuesday. Is that not disagreeable in a town like this? Can not a few others join in with me and apply for the court office to be open every day.—Yours, etc.,

A PLAINTIFF.

May 4, 1888.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

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Under the above heading the "Doncaster Reporter" of July 6th, 1887. publishes the following in its editorial columns:—

Our readers may recal. the circumstance of a young clerk, named Arthur Richold, falling insensible on the Wheatley Lane in this town some time ago, and being picked up, as he continued perfectly helpless, and taken in a cab by two gentlemen to the office of F. W. Fisher, the solicitor who employed him. On restoring him to consciousness, it was ascertained that he was afflicted with what seemed to be an incurable disease. When he was able to speak he said he had been to his dinner and on his way back to his work, when suddenly his head was in a whirl and he fell in the street like a man who is knocked down. On coming to his senses in the solicitor's office he thought what this might be, and feared he was going to have a fit of illness, which we all know is a very dreadful thing for a poor man with a family to care for.

With this in his mind he at once sought the best medical advice, telling the doctors how he had been attacked. They questioned him, and found that his present malady was exhaustion of the nervous system, resulting from general debility, indigestion, and dyspepsia of a chronic nature. This in turn had been caused by confinement at the desk and grief at the loss of dear friends by death. The coming on of this strange disease, as described by Mr Richold, must be of interest both to sick and well. He had noticed for several years previously, in fact, that his eyes and face began to have a yellow look; there was a sticky and unpleasant slime on the gums and teeth in the morning; the tongue coated; and the bowels so bound and costive that it induced that most painful and troublesome ailment—the piles. He says there was some pain in the sides and back and a sense of fulness on the right side, as though the liver were enlarging, which proved to be the terrible fact. The secretions from the kidneys would be scanty and high-coloured, with a kind of gritty and sandy deposit after standing.

These things had troubled Mr Richold a long time, and after his fall in the street he clearly perceived that the fit of giddiness was nothing more than a sign of the steady and deadly advance of the complaint, which began in indigestion and dyspepsia. His story of how he went from one physician to another in search of a cure that his wife and little children might not come to want is very pathetic and touching. Finally he became too ill to keep his situation, and had to give it up. This was a sad calamity. He was appalled to think how he would be able to live. But God raised up friends who helped to keep the wolf from the door. He then went to the sea-side at Walton-on-the-Naze, but neither the change, nor the physicians who treated him, did any good. All being without avail he visited London, with a sort of vague hope that some advantage might happen to him in the metropolis. This was in October, 1885.

How wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence, which dashes down our highest hopes and then helps us when we least expect it.

While in London he stated his condition to a friend, who strongly advised him to try a medicine which he called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, saying it was genuine and honest, and often cured when everything else had failed. He bought a bottle of a chemist in Pimlico, and began using it according to instructions. He did this without faith or hope, and the public may therefore judge of his surprise and pleasure when after taking a few doses he found great relief. He could eat better; his food distressed him less; the symptoms we have named grew less; the dark spots which had floated before his eyes like smuts of soot gradually disappeared, and his strength increased. Before this time his knees would knock together whenever he tried to walk. So encouraged was he now that he kept on using Mother Seigel's Syrup until it ended in completely curing him.

In speaking of this wonderful recovery, Mr Richold says it made him think of poor Robinson Crusoe, and his deliverance from captivity on his island in the sea; and added, "But for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup the grass would now be growing over my grave."

Our readers can rest assured of the strict truth of all the statements in this most remarkable case, as Mr Richold (now residing at Swiss Cottage, Walton-on-the-Naze) belongs to one of the oldest and most respected families in the beautiful village of Long Melford, Suffolk, and his personal character is attested by so high an authority as the Rev. C. J. Martyn, rector of that parish, beside other excellent names.

We have deemed the case of such importance to the public as to justify us in giving this short account of it in our columns.-[Adv.]

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

MAGGIE AND THE GAUGER.

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In the district of Badenoch there lived a man whom I will call Angus McPherson. He was a large, powerful fellow, with plenty of pluck, and good-tempered generally, but rather hasty and passionate when roused and offended. His wife, Maggie, was also tall and handsome, and endowed with a considerable amount of strength for a woman. For several years Angus had carried on the illicit manufacture of whisky at a small still, well hidden in a secluded burn, about a couple of miles from his cottage; and long-continued impunity had rendered both so bold that his wife was in the habit of bringing his dinner to him each day that he was engaged in his unlawful occupation. A gauger, or excise officer, had recently been appointed to that part of the country, to whom I shall give the *nom de plume* of John Stevison. He was a strong, active, and resolute man, noted for the cunning and daring of many of his discoveries and captures of smugglers; and, as new brooms sweep clean, his new appointment, which was a promotion, made him still more zealous, and he soon suspected that Angus M'Pherson was not altogether innocent, though hitherto he had not been able to get beyond suspicion. At length he heard that Maggie sometimes took her way to the hill carrying a basket, and coming to the conclusion that she did so to meet her husband, he determined to watch and follow, or if that were not possible accompany her. Accordingly, a few days later, poor Maggie left home with her basket containing the dinner, thinking of nothing less than that she was to be made the betrayer of her husband, whom she would have died to defend. Her way led up a glen, into the stream of which some distance above ran a burn, and half a mile or so up the burn was the position of the still. Just as she was about to turn out of the strath into the glen, the gauger met her. 'Good day, Mrs. McPherson,' said he; 'is your good man at home?' 'No,' she replied, 'you'll not find him the day, Mr Stevison; he's at work a long way off, and I'm going with some meat to him; but he'll be at home to-morrow.' 'Oh!' said Stevison, 'but as I want to see him as soon as possible, I'll just go with you to him.' 'He's too far away for that,' replied she; 'he's at the moss cutting firing.' 'Ah! well, I've nothing to do, and I may as well walk there as anywhere else; so if you've got no objection, Mrs McPherson, I'll accompany you.' Poor Maggie was now in a great quandary; she had been entrapped into the admission that she was taking her husband's dinner to him, and that he was working at the moss, the road to which was up the glen. She could not turn back, nor had she any objection to urge against Stevison doing as he proposed, nor any power to prevent his following her. On they went together up the glen, the gauger, who thought he had succeeded in his plans, talking and joking; but poor Maggie silent and downcast from apprehension for her husband, which demeanor only served to confirm Stevison's suspicions. As they came to where the burn entered the glen, a bright thought occurred to Maggie, and she said, 'Many thanks for your company so far, Mr. Stevison, but I have to go up here first to give a piece to the laddie that's herding a few sheep; so you go on to the moss, and when you see my man tell him I'll soon be coming.' 'Oh, no, Mrs McPherson, said he, 'I'll not desert you in that way; it's not far, and I'll go with you,' and he turned up the glen with the air of one who had made up his mind not to be denied. She was now at her wits' end, and as they drew nearer to the place she trembled lest her husband or one of his men with him at the still might shoot himself, as they often did, to look if she were coming. Fortunately this did not happen, and the ill-assorted pair had got within two hundred yards of the rock behind which the still was at work, near enough for her voice to be heard, when she suddenly dropped her basket, clasped the astonished Stevison round the waist and throwing herself on the ground, dragged him down with her, screaming 'Help! help! murder! help!' at the top of her voice. In vain he struggled to free himself; in vain he tried to stop her mouth—the more he strove, the tighter she held him, while 'Murder! help! Angus! Angus! help!' rang far and wide. Angus heard her screams, and, seizing a huge stake that served as a poker, sprang down the rock, and, seeing his wife struggling on the ground with a man who seemed to be assaulting her, with a furious cry of rage he dashed towards them. On he came at full speed, and still the horror stricken Stevenson was held down in spite of all his efforts, when, just as Angus was about twenty yards from them, and he expected to see the stake decend upon his skull he found himself released, and springing to his feet, he turned, panic stricken, and fled down the burn at his best pace. In vain did Maggie try to stop her infatuated husband; he shot past her in full pursuit; but fear lent wings to the gauger, and when Angus had followed him down to the bottom of the glen, along which he continued his flight, he was so far ahead that Angus gave up the chase and returned in high dudgeon to his wife, whom, to his astonishment, he found at the still, which the other men were busy removing, while all were indulging in hearty laughter. A few words soon put him in possession of the circumstances of the case, and he joined in the mirth and the phrases of the ready wit that saved them from discovery. The still was removed to a different locality; but the story got wind, and Stevison was so joked about his adventure with Maggie that he applied for a change, and was transferred to another district.—"Scraps: or Scenes, Tales, &c.," by Guy Salmon.

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM IN RUSSIA.

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For more than 50 years past (writes M. N. Tsakni, in the *Contemporary Review*) there has been observable, among the Russians, a sort of religious fermentation, taking the form of various sects, which number millions of adherents, all in quest of 'truth,' of 'the true God,' and of 'salvation.' And if pessimism is a true characteristic of all Russian life, it is in certain mystic sects that it shows itself particularly strong. In these we see pessimism reach its furthest bounds, go so far as to abnegate life itself, often to the point of suicide. They say the world is plunged in sin, virtue has disappeared, the devil reigns over the earth, that evil triumphs everywhere; the only means of salvation is to renounce society, to reorganise social life on a new basis, or to voluntarily embrace death.

A HORRIBLE COMPACT.

The writer describes one of these sects, which may give an idea of this religious and moral fermentation in the breast of the Russian people:—

"In the province of Perm, on the other side of the Kama, in the depths of the forests, there was enacted, about twenty years ago, a terrible drama, the principal actor in which was a peasant named Khodkine. Khodkin was, to a certain degree, an educated man; he was passionately addicted to reading, and spent most of his time over religious books, which he expounded after his own fashion. He soon came to the conclusion that the end of the world was at hand. He plunged more and more deeply into these ideas as he contemplated the unsatisfactory state of things surrounding him—on the one hand the degradation of the moral tone of the people, their drunkenness, their debasement of manners; and on the other hand the violence and tyranny of the authorities, who, arrogant and cruel, treat the people like a herd of cattle. Khodkine ended by persuading himself that the only way to save one's soul was to leave the world, to hide in a forest, and make an end of this life of sin and ignominy. He did not conceal his views from his neighbours, and he soon had devoted disciples, the first of whom were members of his own family—mother, brother, sister-in-law and uncle. 'Antichrist is already come, and goes to and fro in the earth,' taught Khodkine; 'the end of the world is at hand, let us fly into the forests, bury ourselves alive, and die of hunger.' Once in the woods, the men set themselves to dig out actual catacombs, while the women made dead-clothes. These preparations lasted though three days. All the disciples dressed themselves in these clothes, had three several times to renounce Satan and all his works. This ceremony of abjuration over, Khodkine addressed them in the following words:—'Now that you have renounced Satan, you must die of hunger. If you take no nourishment, if you drink no water for twelve days, you will enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' Then began the interminable days of horrible suffering for these wretches. Tortured by hunger and thirst, women and children cried loudly for a few drops of water. The children's sufferings touched the hearts of some of the fanatics, who knelt to the chief praying him to have pity on these little ones. But Khodkine was immovable. Tears, prayers, and sufferings did not touch him, and the children writhed in agony, sucking the grass, chewing fern fronds, or swallowing sand. Two of the fanatics could not endure the sight, and fled during the darkness of the night. This frightened Khodkine, and he decided to hasten the death which was so long in coming. 'The hour of death has come—are you ready?' he asked. 'We are ready,' replied the unhappy people, all their strength exhausted. They then began to massacre the children. The bodies of the victims were buried in the earth, and the survivors decided to continue their fast. But the fugitives had had time to warn the police, and they came to the place. Hearing the steps of men approaching, and being unwilling to give themselves up alive into the hands of the servants of Antichrist, the fanatics reached the height of their religious madness, swore to shed their blood for Christ, and abandoned themselves to horrible carnage. They began by killing the women with hatchets, then they put an end to the men most weakened by hunger, and their leader, Khodkine, and three others were the sole survivors. They saw the police, and tried to escape into the forest, but were caught and delivered into the hands of justice."

TERRIBLE SCENES OF MURDER AND SUICIDE.

Among a great number of religious preachers, one above all, the monk Faïare, enjoyed great popularity. He preached on the banks of the Volga, not many years ago, that the sole mode of salvation for man was voluntary death. 'It is impossible,' said he, 'to continue to live in this world immersed in sin and falsehood. We must seek safety in death; we must die for Christ.' This barbarous teaching found numbers of disciples, who attached themselves to the monk with the fixed determination of dying. One night 84 persons met in a cavern prepared beforehand near a river. Straw and faggots had been accumulated there that they might perish in the flames, should the police succeed in discovering their projects. These preparations being made, the fanatics began to fast and pray. Happily one of the women present, who had doubts as to the efficacy of suicide, profiting by the darkness of the night, hid herself, and fled to a village, where she told the authorities what had happened. The inhabitants went to the cavern, the entrance to which was guarded by one of the sectaries, who gave the alarm. 'Antichrist is coming! Fly! Let us not give ourselves up living into the hands of our enemies!' cried the fanatics, setting fire to the straw. The peasants tried to put out the flames. A terrible struggle followed. The police and peasants strove to snatch these wretches from the flames, but they defended themselves, wrestled with their rescuers, and slew themselves with hatchets. 'We die for Christ!' was heard on all sides. Still, a considerable portion of these families were saved. But the affair did not end thus. One of the condemned, a peasant named Touchkoff, escaped from prison, and continued to propagate doctrines of suicide. His teaching was very successful. More than 60 persons in the same locality decided to give themselves to a voluntary death. Among them were whole families—fathers, mothers, children. They no longer chose the forests to carry out their design, but on a day fixed beforehand, the massacre took place in the peasants' *izaba*. Peasant P. entered the house of his neighbour N., killed his wife and children; then, armed with his hatchet, he entered the barn where other fanatics were waiting for him with their wives, who calmly put their heads on the block, while P. played the part of executioner. Then he went to another *izaba*, that of a peasant-woman W., and killed her and her kinswoman, while an accomplice killed her children. Then the accomplice put his head on the block, begging P. to cut it off. P. in his turn was killed by peasant T. Thirty-five persons thus perished. A woman passing by was terrified at the spectacle, and ran quickly to give the alarm.

"THE JUMPERS."

About 25 years ago a new mystical sect appeared in Russia, called the "Jumpers." The Caucasus and the neighboring countries serve as the place of exile to which Government sends hardened and recalcitrant dissenters, fearing their demoralising influence on the mass of the Russian people. There are to be met representatives of all the Russian sects—Molokanes, Skoelsys, Vagabonds, etc. There, because at so great a distance from the centre of Government, and because the whole country is in a semi-savage condition, the sectaries find great liberty to arrange their lives according to the precepts of their religion, and they take advantage of this to carry on an active propaganda among the natives and the Russian colonists.

DEMERARA.

—o—

A SKETCH.

Four thousand odd miles away, on the north-eastern shore of South America, vaguely bounded by its Dutch namesake, by Brazil, and by Venezuela, lies the Crown Colony of British Guiana. Clothed in primæval forests and savannah, it is a maze of untutored greenery, but for the cool darkness of its many deep rivers and the bright verdure of the cane-fields of the littoral. Immortalised by the romantic Quixotism of the adventurous Raleigh, scandalised by the frolicsome of Mrs Aphra Behn's sensuous imagination, it now affects the Anglo-Saxon mind mainly through the medium of our grocers' shop-windows, where the words "Choice Demerara" convey a saccharine suggestion of the various resources of the British Emrire. But Demerara stands for more than sugar. It is the name of a Guiana country, of a Guiana river, and to all intents and purposes, covers Georgetown, which stands at the mouth of the river; is the capital of our one South American possessions, and probably a more charming and attractive city than any in the West Indies.

The first sensation of the voyager, if he has approached Georgetown after a preliminary transit from St. Thomas through the islands of Trinidad, is one of disappointment. After those glorious paradises which rise from the blue sea through every extravagance of quite bewildering loveliness to cloud-capped mountain heights, rugged with ravine and picturesquely fair beyond all manner of expression, a shore unmitigatedly Dutch comes as a damper. The distance between the light-ship on the Bar and the entrance to the Demerara river passed over—your barque cleaving its way through water not unlike pea-soup in color—you are all at once aware of the presence of an important port. Alongside busy wharves, locally "stellings," are lines of merchant-men lading or discharging after an Atlantic voyage. Mixed with these are smaller coasting and river craft. Away over the shipping rise white towers and roofs of glistening grey and slate, and everywhere in the air above the houses waves the graceful panoply of the palm-tree. A vertical sun, which feeds the heavens with heat and dazzling brightness, discourages the eye from wandering nearer the empyrean than the arboral summits, as seen at some little distance. Arriving on land, Water street is reached. This is the commercial centre of Demerara. As a place of business and trade, the life of the colony is concentrated in this long thoroughfare. As in Europe, all roads led to Rome, so it British Guiana all ways lead to Water street. The merchants in Water street, and many of their clerks, are English and Scotch; but numbers are of mixed blood. A few are Portuguese. People of this nation are more generally found in humbler business walks. They are the publicans of the colony, and carry on haberdashery extensively. In Water street will be seen a few Chinese, permanent settlers from a former coolie immigration, an Indian of the "Bush" here and there almost as unattired as our oyster without its shell, coolies of the Orient, employed or to be employed on one of the great sugar estates, mingled black and colored laborers and servants.

As Georgetown is a capital, it is the home of a large number of Government officials. Happier than the men of business, their working-hours are only from ten to four, when the sun is at its best or worst. With the merchants and the better class employés they constitute "society" which, again, has for its centre Government House. Here there are, or used to be, Saturday receptions, tennis-parties, and pleasant dinners, these milder convivialties blossoming out into a ball if a warship arrived, and always on the Queen's birthday. Dancing is invariably conducted with much spirit, though the ardent votaries of Terpsichore after a few waltzes are as if they had been enjoying a Turkish bath in full evening dress, and the most numerous assembly would fail ignominiously if they attempted to provide one dry handkerchief to wipe away a tear from beauty. But for this undercurrent phenomenon, which is one of the great tropical facts, balls in Demerara are much like balls anywhere else, except that, perhaps, the general quality of the dancing reaches a higher level than in Great Britain.

Demerara rises soon after six, and for those whose labours do not commence till ten, there are three or four good hours for reading or writing. As far as reading is concerned, there is an admirable library and newspaper room, abutting on Water street, in which almost all new books can be obtained, and every English leading magazine and newspaper conned, for a moderate entrance fee and subscription. The daily Colonial paper will, probably, be consumed with the matutinal coffee at home. The state of social and political thought and opinion in the Temperate Zone will be studied in the quasi-public lofty, airy, and well-fitted chamber, as cool as most things in Demerara outside the Ice-house and domestic ice-jugs. If we are reading—the time seven in the morning—we may be sure that such characters as we possess are being discounted at this very moment in the Ice-house, where Demerara's multitudinous cooks—an array almost as imposing as that of the washers—are buying the day's ice and American vegetables, and, at the same time, comparing notes about their respective masters and mistresses, with shrill cachinnation of lugubrious lament, emphasing the climax in the ascending gamut of "wastlessness."

Most folk have a substantial breakfast at nine or ten. Salt fish is invariably the first course. Meat of some sort, steaks or chops, is eaten. Fruit, though not quite so delightful as our youthful dreams associated with the lands "where every prospect pleases" and most men are "niggers," is still abundant and various. The old proverb "that fruit in the morning is gold, at midnight silver, and in the evening lead," is not neglected. I must not, however, forget to mention that the bath before coffee, where one liberally deluges oneself from a capacious calabash, can only be sufficiently described in the way I have heard an enthusiastic reporter characterise the sherry given to Trinity House banqueters—as "a poem." When one thinks of it, the poetry of the emotions is certainly the only adequate vehicle for the reminiscence.

After work is done, Demerara prepares to enjoy the remaining hour or two of daylight. Carriages gather on the sea-wall, where youth and beauty promenade or lounge on seats, while the militia band discourses in "notes, with many a winding bout of linked sweetness," or at any rate in a style agreeable to the loungers and not inferior to the average European performance. In the intervals between the music, the evening cool and quiet is stirred with the murmur of voices and the plash of the ocean on the long stretch of pebbly beach. There is the Botanical Garden, too, much resorted to, and reflecting, in its artistically arranged variations of lakelet and lawn and floral display, credit on colonial taste. Now the shades of night fall suddenly, the fireflies commence their sparklings, "swizzles" foam in ice-cold pink in a hundred dimly-lighted embowered verandahs. Foo-foo soup and dinner are waiting for Demerara, and if there is no company at the theatre, no big dance on, there will be music, or cards, or gossip till it is time to draw the mosquito-curtains and to fall asleep to the melodious song of that thirsty little insect. Such, more or less, is the mode of existence in the community whose prosperity is based upon the sugar so much commended by our tradesmen.—F.B. in the *Illustrated London News*.

GIVEN UP BY THE DOCTORS.—"It is possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and is cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!" "Well-a-day! This is remarkable!" I will go this day and get some some for my poor George. I know hops are good.

Sir James Murray's Patent Fluid Magnesia secures a perfect digestion, corrects acidity, and relieves heartburn, without injury to the coats of the stomach. Effectual in cases of irregular digestion, gout and gravel, and the safest corrective for women and children. Recommended by leading physicians. Invaluable in hot climates. In bottles 1s. each, of all chemists and patent medicine vendors. Rocke, Tompsitt & Co., agents, Melbourne.

A VITALISING ELIXIR.—Nervous, weakly persons frequently dose themselves for imaginary diseases, when all they require is wholesome vigoration. Thousands have recovered robust health by substituting for unwholesome drugs a pure and agreeable Vitalising Elixir which solaces the nerves, overcomes digestive and other functual weakness or disorders, and is prescribed by four thousand intelligent physicians. We allude to Wolfe's Schnapps.

Melbourne Gossip.

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(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

At last the Government has made up its mind with regard to the control of the Yan Yean works. A bill is to be introduced into Parliament this session creating a Metropolitan Board of Works, and to this new panorama the management of the Yan Yean water supply is to be handed over. It is about time, too, that another set of fools had the engineering of the department, for the way it has been managed the last few years has been a disgrace to the whole community. Each summer the suburban residents have had to endure inconvenience that would have turned milk sour. Every dash of hot weather, and the water ran out; every dusty hot wind day found the streets as dry as dust could make them. It has been shocking, considering the magnificent natural supply of water we have close at hand. It is to be hoped that the new board will do better.

The Exhibition building is going ahead in steam-hammer style. It is a wonderful sight to see, the army of workmen—builders, decorators, joiners—that make the place look like a beehive, and go on hammering, punching, cutting, building, and swearing all day long. It will be something to remember when it is completed, this great Exhibition of '88. With annexes it will cover the tremendous area of 33 acres. And it is beginning even now to assume form and shape. The annexes are about half up, the garden is being laid out, and many of the exhibits have already come to hand. The whole thing is going to be lighted with the electric light, and the decorations are to be something beyond conception. It will rival anything that has yet been seen in any part of the world, and all of it is to come out of poor little Melbourne, barely 50 years old!

One of the most wonderful developments of recent times in Melbourne is the sudden outcrop of the various mercantile companies that are now claiming the attention of the public. One can now count them by tens—Trustee Companies, Financial Agency Companies, Property and Investment Companies, Guarantee Companies, and such like. One would think that there could not be room for all, or business for all, but that the thing is not yet overdone is proved by the premiums shares go at. I notice, too, that one of them, the most influential of all—the Mercantile Guarantee and Agency Co.—is actually raising its capital from one million to *five*. This is immense, and the capital is bigger now than that of any bank in the colonies. It shows what business can be done in Victoria.

A novel, and to my mind not particularly acceptable, form of entertainment has lately been imported into social circles here from America. This is the "lunchette" for young ladies. At these mysterious ceremonies no rude male is admitted, and the entertainment consists of a dainty luncheon, to which are invited only unmarried ladies. The girls protest that they like it immensely, and these "lunchettes" are quite the rage just now. But I don't think they'll hold long, for man, however despised, is rather a necessary appendage to womankind. The rude young men from Toorak, thus thrown on a cold unfeeling world for luncheon, declare girls like "lunchettes" because they can go in for a good square feed, which they do not care to do in the presence of men.

We are promised something good in the way of pleasure gardens in South Yarra. A company has been formed to take the matter in hand. According to what rumor says, they are to be something unique for the colonies, something after the French watering-place "Etablissement" style. Small steamers will run up the Yarra to it from Prince's Bridge; there is to be a dancing saloon, nightly fireworks display, electric tram round the grounds, and all the novelties one can desire. It will be a boon to Melbourne if the thing is kept select; but these kind of gardens generally develop into "bear gardens."

The way things have gone ahead here in regard to mining matters is simply marvellous. Eighteen months to two years ago, before all this great silver rush took place, there was only one Exchange, and not a grand one at that. The entrance fee was £25. Now there are three exchanges, whilst a fourth was projected, but did not go through. A seat in the Stock Exchange of Melbourne, which two years was worth £20, is now worth £1500, and will soon be £2000. The Melbourne Stock Exchange was started 18 months ago at £5 a member. The fee for entrance is now £300, and will soon be raised to £500 Then there is the Federal just started, which is to be an open Exchange for the public. Signs of the times these, my masters. Brokers are making fortunes; this present scribe wishes he were "in it" too.

It may not be generally known outside certain circles in Melbourne that we are to have a fine new arcade here, running in the semi-circle shape from Collins street into Elizabeth street, from the building now occupied by George and George to the low block next to Cullis Hill's. It is to be something extraordinarily fine, this new arcade, finer than anything in Australia. Besides this, the present Royal Arcade running from Bourke street into Little Collins street is to have a foot running at right angle into Elizabeth street, which will make it T shape and much improve it. It has also come to the writer's ears that a few capitalists are trying to buy up the buildings in Collins street West, to have another bow shaped arch to run from that street into Elizabeth street and face the one first mentioned.

It is rumoured in town that the Alexandra Theatre is going to be offered to the public in the form of a Limited Liability Co. Judging from results, however, it would not be the best investment according to my mind, for it has been something of a white elephant since its start—its first owner, Mr Jules Joubert, of Exhibition fame, failing, and none of the companies performing there doing any very great with the exception of Martin Simonsen with his Italian Opera Troupe, who cleared £5000 or thereabouts, while he had the lease of it.

The *Argus* came out with a leader on Saturday on the "servant gal" question, and told us that in consequence of factories, shops, etc., etc., employing so many young women, the supply of "gals" for servants was running short, which was all very true if not particularly novel. *Punch* too last week had a funny yarn about a slavey's reply to a lady visitor who had come to invite her mistress to tea. "Mrs Smith won't be able to go out on Wednesday evening," quoth Biddy, promptly, "as its my evening out." But something the manager of the most fashionable hotel in town told me a day or two ago struck me as rich as anything I had heard. A lady took a room in the hotel, and proved eventually to be the mother of one of the housemaids employed in the hotel, and oh, confusion! her son was the boots.

THE GREATEST BLESSING.—A simple, pure and harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it. Will you try it? See another column. "Eagle."

Auction Sales.

TREMENDOUS UNRESERVED AUCTION SALE.

£1000 Bankrupt Stock

OF A

GENERAL STORE.—DRAPERY, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Fancy Goods, Millinery, Pictures, Ironmongery, Colonial Produce, Potatoes, Hollow-ware, etc., etc.

TO LAST FOR FOUR DAYS.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday,

16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th MAY.

IN NICKOLS' ROOMS, ARARAT,

Commencing at 11 each day.

MUST BE SOLD. No Reserve.

J. T. PROCTOR, Charlton.

SALE BY AUCTION

AT

RHYMNEY, ARARAT,

On the Farm of G. W. Harbeyer.

MONDAY, 21st MAY,

At 1 p.m. sharp.

Reaper and Binder, by McCormick
Dray and Harness
Set Kalamazoo Harrows
1 Trolly, 1 Grindstone
Lot Harness, Blacksmith's Tools
Woolpacks
3 Draught Horses, stand trial
1 Hack
2 Stallions
10 head young Cattle, Springers, etc.

Also,

On account of G. W. Harbeyer, Esq., who has sold his land,

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AND EFFECTS.

And on account other owners,

£400 WORTH MERCHANDIZE,

Forming portion of the stock of a General Storekeeper.

GROCERIES, DRAPERY, FURNITURE, FANCY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, etc., etc.

Entirely Without Reserve.

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CHAFF-CUTTING MACHINERY.

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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 3.

8 H.P. PORTABLE STEAM ENGINE, with chaff-cutter, elevators, riddles, etc., in good working order.

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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.

GARDENING FOR MAY.

Kitchen Garden.—Asparagus, rhubarb, and seakale beds will want cleaning and manuring. Sow broad beans, peas lettuce, onions, radish, and spinach, for iuccessional crops. Plant out early cabbages and late sowing of celery. Finish manuring and digging all vacant ground, whether wanted for immediate use or not; bear in mind that turning over ground in a wet state does it more harm than good. If ground is wanted for other purposes, carrots, parsnips, and other tap-rooted vegetables may be taken up and stored.

Flower Garden.—As dahlias and hollyhocks die off, the stalks should be cut down and cleared away, the former being taken up and housed in a dry shed or cellar. Look over your seedling, annual, and other plants; thin them where thick, and keep slugs and other vermin away. Prune perpetual flowering, banksian, and other spring-blooming roses. Continue planting evergreens and flowering and ornamental shrubs; stake the same when necessary. Propagate by cuttings, fuchsias, roses, etc. Attend to hedges, keeping them well clipped; if new ones are required, use hawthorn, furz, osage orange, or acacia, where strength is required; if light small hedges are wanted, the small leaved prickly acacia, Cape broom, sweet briar or pittosporum are the best.

Farm.—Complete wheat sowing; also sow barley, beans, oats, peas, rye. and vetches, for seed. Finish sowing grasses, clovers, and lucerne.

Business Notices.

BEST CUT AROMATIC TOBACCO can be obtained from Mr. H. P. Henningsen, Havelock street, Beaufort.

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

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SUPPLIES

FURNITURE,

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CARPETS, FLOORCLOTHS,

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GUNS, by all the Best English Makers

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GOODS FORWARDED TO ANY PART OF THE COLONY.

Most Liberal Terms in the World.

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THE FURNISHING ARCADE

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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 boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.

NEXT TO POLICE STATION

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, £355,000.

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Auction Sales of Wool held every week throughthe season.

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To our Readers and Patrons.

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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 returns 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 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 of 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.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

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Etc., Etc., Etc.
Is given.

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It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

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

And another writer has said that—

"He who in his "bia" 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,

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BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS,
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
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Business Notices.

WOTHERSPOON BROS. AND CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS, WINE & SPIRIT

— AND —

GENERAL MERCHANTS,

HAVE ON HAND THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Teas, Sugars, 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 & Bedding, Ironmongery, Paints, Oils, Chinaware, Glassware, Earthenware, Fancy Goods, etc.

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.

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.

JOHN HUMPHREYS,

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT
ACCOUNTANT ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

THOS. GEO. ARCHARD,

CIVIL ENGINEER,

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

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

Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company.

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.

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

Stationery and School Requisites.

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 Good, &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

Medical.

NERVOUS.

Men, young and old, married or single, suffering from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Loss of Manhood, Vitsl 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 181, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

SPECIALTY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, & JOINT DISEASES.

128, COLLINS STREET EAST.

ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION will be found a valuable remedy for Adults and Children in all cases of cold in the Head and Chest. Asthmatical Cough Bronchial Cough, Shortness of Breath, Soreness, Oppression, and all affections of the Chest and Lungs; accumulation of Phlegm, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Influenza, Diphtheria, Inflamed, Ulcerated, or Sore Throat. Public Speakers and Singers, and others, will find it invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice, occasioned by unusual exertion of the vocal organs, it contains nothing deleterious. It never fails in giving prompt relief. Sold in bottles 2s 6d and 4s 6d each, and may be obtained of every respectable Chemist and Patent Medicine Vendors who, if they have not it by them, can easily procure it from the Wholesale Agents without any extra charge Wholesale Agents FELTON, GRIMWADE and Co., and ROCKE, TOMPSITT and Co., Melbourne.

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 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 hills that flesh in heir to. Sold everywhere. Chemists, Storekeepers, Hotelkeepers, Merchants. &c.

BE SURE and say "Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters." All imitations are worthless. Victorian Consignee—August Anton Ludwig Setzer, 68 Queen street, Melbourne.

Medical Notices.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

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

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

Bronchitis, Diphteria Colds Coughs Sore Throat and Shortness of Breath.

Relaxed and congested throats elongated uvula ulcerated or tongid tonsol. whooping cough, cronp wheezing from accumulated mucous, and other difficulties of respiration also palpation 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 Grandular Swellings, Stiff Joints and Disease of the Skin.

This unvaluable 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 Rheumatesm.

There is no preparation for salutary effects comparable to this remedy. It should be well rubbed over the affected parts after their due formentation 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 peedil and effectually it ensures a cure.

Piles, Fistulas, and Exhortations.

The cures which this Ointment effects in healing piles and fistulas of long standing, after they have resisted all other applications, have been so numule s and natorious throughout the world that any effect 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 Kidney's 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 as 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	Scalds
Bad Breasts	Gout	Sore Throats
Burns	Glandular	Skin Diseases
Bunions	Swellings	Scurvy
Chilblains	Lumbago	Sore Heads
Chapped hands	Piles	Tumours
Corns (soft)	Rheumatism	Ulcers
Contracted and Stiff Joints	Sore Nipples	Wounds

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 or Pot and can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

Allopecia Baldness The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY

COMOTROPHUS.

COMOTROPHUS Rub well in. Warranted free from Poison.

All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

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 sized 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.

TRADE MARK.

COUGHS COLDS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS

ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION

10 BOURKE ST. EAST. OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE MELBOURNE.

REGISTERED.

FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

Medical Notices.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

How to enjoy Life

Is only known when the blood is pure, its circulation perfect, and the nerves in good order. The only safe and certain method of expelling all impurities is to take Holloway's Pills which have the power of cleansing the blood from all noxious matters, expelling all humors which taint or impoverish it, and thereby purify and invigorate and give general tone to the system. Young and old, robust or delicate, may alike experience their beneficent 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 accompanying 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 Complaints	Retention of Urine
Blotchs on the Skin	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptoms
Female Irregularities	Tic-Doloreux
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Venerial Affections
Headache	Worms of all kinds
Indigestion	Weakness from whatever cause
Liver Complaints	&c., &c.
Lumbago	

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; also, by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the 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 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 I.

TO THE PUBLIC.

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

Let such person (be or she) sit quietly down in the privacy of their own apartments, and with calm minds describe each symptom of their case. A clear statement thus written, and laid before me, is far preferable in nervous diseases to a personal consultation. Where, however, a disease is of a peculiar and exceptional character, a personal consultation may become necessary; but my success in correspondence is so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated during the last thirty-two 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 up old?

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

How many after marriage have privately consulted me and been blessed, and their married 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 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; his doubts removed; and he is emparatively a new man—in fact, in many cases, a new being altogether.

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

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

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

LOUIS L. SMITH.

Address—

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

Consultation Fee by Letter £1.
Fee for personal Consultation, L1 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine.

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

The only legally qualified practitioneer advertising and registered under the Medical Board of Victoria, and practising the last 35 years.

128 COLLINS STREET EAST,
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.

Medical Notices.

CLARKE'S!

WORLD FAMED

BLOOD MIXTURE.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

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

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

It Cures Old Sores
Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs
Cures Blackheads, or Pimples on the Face
Cures Survy Sores
Cures Cancerous Ulcers
Cures Blood and Skin Diseases
Cures Grandular 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, 1888.

"Messrs. the Midland Countries Drug Company Lincoln.

"Gentleman,—Some ten years ago my wife became lame with ulcerated legs. I had every recommendation for a cure, and also a large number of doctors, (some of the very clever men with diseases of its kind), but to no effect. After being in this state for between five and six years I determined to try our 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, and 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 Gentleman, 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 Square, Carlton, near Nottingham."

Sold in Bottles 2s 6d 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."

ONE BOX OF

CLARKE'S B41 PILLS

IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, acute or constitutional; Gravel, and Pains in the Loins. Sold in boxes, 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

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

EXPORT AGENTS—

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

MELBOURNE AGENTS—

Rocke, Tompsitt & Co., Melbourne.

SYDNEY AGEFTS—

Elliott Bros. & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
Ed, Row & Co.

ADELAIDE AGENTS.

Faulding & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

BRISBANE AGENTS—

Berkley & Taylor, Wholesale Druggists.
Elliott Bros. & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS—

Kempthorne, Prosser & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

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

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

KAY'S COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds is equally serviceable for Horses and Cattle.

KAY'S TIC PILLS, a specific in Neuralgia, Face-ache, &c., Contain Quinine, Iron, &c.

COAGULINE.—Cement for broken Articles. Sold everywhere. Sole Makers—KAY BROTHERS Ltd., Stockport England.

REMEDY FREE!—A Victim of youthful imprudence, causing Premature Decay, Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, &c., have 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.

"The Riponshire Advocate"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

CONTAINS a complete summary of the news for the week.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper 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 seeing for our subscribers a regular and early delivery but it will be impossible for our messengers to prove effectual, unless we are warned by them when neglect takes place.

Advertisements sent in without a written order as to the number of times to be inserted will run till countermanded, and no advertisement can be withdrawn within a fortnight in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. the day previous to publication.

Advertisements for this paper cannot be received after 6 o'clock on the evening previous to publicaton.

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.

NOTICE.

All advertisements coming under the heads of Wanted, Missing Friends, For sale, Rewards, if not exceeding twenty-four words, to 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 in proportion to the number of insertions.

Alterations to standing advertisements must be received no later than Wednesday in each week.

Printed and Published by H. P. HENNINGSEN for the Proprietors, at the Office, Lawrence street, Beaufort, in the Colony of Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 657 — BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888. — PRICE SIXPENCE.

Business Notices.

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 Weigall's Paper Patterns.

N.B.—A Liberal Discount for Cash.

COME EARLY AND SECURE BARGAINS.

[See Circulars.]

—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

ADVARTISEMENTS received for insertion in this Paper, in England, by CLARKE SON and PLATT, 85 Gracechurch street London.

Business Notices.

JUST ARRIVED!

AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK

—OF—

DRAPERY, CLOTHING,

MILLINERY, BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. McKEICH,

(Late WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.)

NEILL STREET,

BEAUFORT.

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.

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.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT,

STATIONER AND NEWS AGENT,

Business Notices.

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 coloured 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 1½d 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 Crotonnes from 1½d 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.

Business Notices.

HAWKES BROS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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Australian Foliage Balsam.

[Extracted from the Mount Cole Eucalyptus]

An all-round Remedy for Every Ailment.

TAKEN internally is 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 the the 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 1 oz. phials, 1s. 6d.; and 2 oz. phials, 2s. 6d.

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

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Two Testimonials, selected from One Hundred and Fifty.

Amphitheatre, Nov. 27, 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.

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COACHES from WATERLOO to BEAUFORT start as under:—

From the Fireshire Aotel 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.

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.

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"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 doctor's 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.

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

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager

Public Notices.

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ISSUED WEEKLY.

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TO THE DEAF.—A 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness and Noises in the Head; now cured at your homes. PRICE 6d. Address, NICHOLSON, Lincoln's Inn, and Chambers, William Street, Melbourne.

BEST CUT AROMATIC TOBACCO can be obtained from Mr. H. P. Henningsen, Havelock street, Beaufort.

WANTED—A General SERVANT; must be good cook and laundress. Apply early Bank of Victoria, Beaufort.

AN almost new Waggonette and Set of Harness For Sale. Apply at Police Station, Beaufort.

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Melbourne, Premier Chambers, 7 Collins street W.

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held in the Mechanics' Institute on FRIDAY, 18th instant, at 8 p.m. All subscribers are requested to attend. R. A. D. SINCLAIR,
Hon. Secretary.

TO LET.

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

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, 12th MAY.

THE Chinese question is now causing some amount of trouble to colonists, and to Victoria it is presented in a most ugly aspect. Step by step, dilly-dallying has brought about its most unenviable reward, and the Government are now threatened with a law suit that will in all probability end seriously. The action of the Customs authorities in refusing admittance to a large number of passengers from the land of silks and Congou, is not to be allowed to pass unchallenged by the almond-eyed Celestials, who look upon the sudden check to the influx of the Chinese population as an unjust and unwarrantable usurpation of power, and they have determined to test the legality of the step by an action at law. We cannot with certainty anticipate what the result will be. But certain it is that the State cow will be desperately milked and then turned to ruminate. The proceedings will be watched with keen interest by politicians in all the colonies, for the question has now assumed such vast proportions that all are interested. United action must be resorted to in order to carry out the universal wish of the people of Australia, to put a stop once for all to any more of the despised race coming to these shores. Individual opinion must be put into the back ground. The *Argus* recently published a copy of the treaty that has just been entered into between the United States and the Celestial Empire, and, although it appears to contain some very stringent conditions, it appears to us to be the only effectual way of dealing with such a troublesome question. Eliminating the Article referring to compensation for ill-treatment and abuse of Chinese, we see no reason why United Australia should not have a similar treaty drawn up and signed, and put into operation. The migratory habits of the Chinese, and their objects of accumulating wealth and ultimately returning to their own land are the chief causes for complaint against them. They come here with a clearly-defined aim, and having attained their ends, depart as unceremoniously with their boardings, leaving their habitations and surroundings in a very undesirable and unhealthy state. The question of competition with European labor is but a paltry one to consider. No European should be so ashamed of his handiwork as to be afraid of competition, and as to being undesirable colonists, Europeans may well take a few lessons from the Mongolian in industry, perseverance, and thrift, which would do them no harm and plenty of good. But unless the Chinese come here to live as Europeans, to settle and benefit the country Australia—in part or as a whole—has a just reason for objecting to their coming at all.

A MONSTER deputation waited upon the Premier on Wednesday last to bring the rabbit question more definitely under his notice, and endeavor to induce the Government to undertake the whole responsibility of exterminating the pest, but they received a fair reply which we cannot but endorse. Although we entirely favour the idea that the Government should bear a larger share of the cost of extermination than hitherto, it would be manifestly unfair for them to be saddled with the whole burden. There are in various shires a large area of Crown lands. Upon these, the Government is in duty bound to carry out the provisions of the Rabbit Suppression Acts, but it was never intended that land-holders should shirk their responsibility and put the municipalities to untold expense. It is too much to expect that every shire can successfully cope with the pest. Some shires are a great deal more infested than others; and as it may and does perhaps happen, the shires most affected have the least funds available for enforcing the Act as should be done. But the Government have not been so mindful of their duty as they might have been. Shires and municipalities are year by year becoming less able to do all that could be done to exterminate the nuisance. Gradually their subsidies are being reduced, and according to the sliding scale recently adopted, will soon be abolished altogether. The scope, then, for the shires to do their proper work is being lessened on account of funds. The Government subsidies were granted to the various local governing bodies to assist in making roads, constructing bridges and maintaining the same; but since the rabbit nuisance has become so extensive that it takes no small amount of a shire revenue to carry out the provisions of the Act, it will soon come to this—the Government will have to take all the responsibility of the rabbit question, or increase the subsidies to local bodies to enable to more effectually cope with the nuisance. The deputation urged that as the Government had dealt with the phylloxera and other evils so should they deal with the rabbits. To us the cases do not seem analogous. The one is simply of local origin and confined to single districts, while the other is a universal nuisance. The subject will most probably be submitted to Parliament next session, when members "in the multitude of their wisdom" will suggest some practical method of dealing with the pest more satisfactorily and effectually, and probably the Government will be induced to take a little more of the responsibility than they have none in the past with respect to the clearance of Crown lands, which are without doubt the prime cause of many difficulties that present themselves to shire councils.

LOCAL & GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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FOOTBALL.—To-day, the first match of the season will be played on the Beaufort ground between a team from Skipton and twenty of the Beaufort club. A great many persons are under the impression that this match will count for the Wilson trophies, but we are assured that it is not so. The conditions imposed by the Skipton club are such as exclude Beaufort, as they would not agree to play every match on the Skipton ground. To-day's match is a friendly game for "love," and the following will provide a team for Beaufort:—A. Cathie, J. Harris, A. McFarlane, R. Sinclair, T. Kenny (capt.), A. McGrouger, F. Shields, J. Mitchell, A. Calwell, D. Grant, T. Gilloch, E. Welsh, D. Roberts, J. Strapp, D. Roberts, T. White, G. Ison, E. Taylor, A. Robertson, W. Cougle, T. Humphreys, G. Glenister. The secretary of the club (Mr T. Wilson) deires us to acknowledge with thanks the donation of £1 1s from W. Lewis, Esq., Stoneleigh.

THE PROSPECTING BOARD.—Mr J. W. Browne informs us that a meeting of the Prospecting Board will be held at Stawell on the 21st instant, and suggests that intending applicants for aid in the Prospecting Vote for 1888-9 should send in their applications before that date. A form of application must be used, which can be obtained from the clerk of the Prospecting Board, Ararat.

YOUNG BOBBY DAZZLER.—At Mr Henderson's sale at Terrick's last month, Mr R. Kirkpatrick, of Stockyard Hill, was the buyer of that magnificent pony stallion, Young Bobby Dazzler, at a high figure. Young Bobby Dazzler's breeding is of the highest class, as he is by Old Bobby Dazzler (imp.), and his dam is the celebrated mare Ruby, bred by Mr John Calvert, of Colac. Young Bobby Dazzler has won numerous first prizes, and has never been beaten in a show-yard, which is sufficient guarantee as to his quality.

DIAMOND DRILL OPERATIONS.—It having been rumoured that the diamond drill which has been working for some time at Lillirie and Sailor's Gully was about to removed, enquiry was made by Mr A. Andrews, and the following answer was received on Wednesday morning:—Department of Mines, Melbourne, 4th May, 1881. Sir,—In reference to the letter of the 27th ult., received through you from Mr A. Andrews, and your memo thereon, requesting that the diamond drill may not be removed from Lillirie until the plains have been thoroughly tested, I have the honor to inform you that there is no intention to remove the drill from the neighborhood of Lillirie at present.—I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, C. W. LANGTREE, Secretary for Mines. W. H. UREN, Esq., M.P., 30 Ascot street, Ballarat.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—The return match between Mr J. McKeich's and Captain Thomas' teams was fired on Saturday last. The weather was wet, windy, and very cold, and the scores made were not up to the usual form of a good many of the riflemen. Neither team turned up to their full complement, only 8 for Mr McKeich and 5 for Captain Thomas, and the match was decided by the scores of the first five men of Mr McKiech's team, which gave him a majority of 14 points. The ranges were 400, 500, and 600 yards, the scores being:—Captain Thomas' team—T. A. Archard, 25, 21, 19—65; Jas. Chapman, 33, 30, 21—84; J. W. Harris, 25, 31, 19—75; Captain Eddy, 24, 19, 17—60; Captain Thomas, 31, 25, 17—73; total, 357. Mr McKeich's team—J. McRae, 30, 28, 23—81; J. Jackson, 24, 23, 24—71; J. McKeich, 33, 26, 19—78; A. A. Trompf, 23, 21, 16—60; S. Male, 30, 31, 20—81; total, 371. The other scores were—Lord 55, Prowse 56, Haines 29. A meeting of the committee of the club was held on Monday evening, when it was decided to arrange a match, if possible, with Ararat, Great Western, and Jackson's Creek, to be fired at Ararat on the 24th instant, 10 men aside. The secretary wishes us to state that 100 rounds (solid drawn) of free ammunition, are due to the following members, and unless they claim them immediately they will be sold for the benefit of the club:—H.P. Henningsen, J. James, J. McKeich, J. McRae, J. Watson, T. Wilson, J. R. Wotherspoon, J. Chapman, D. Cameron, J. B. Humphreys.

ST. LEON'S CIRCUS.—This company of performers opened on Monday night last at the rear of the Beaufort hotel, to a fair congregation of the amusement loving public. Probably the weather, which was very threatening, militated against a larger attendance. This circus comprises some very good artists, notably W. Gregory, Sharman, and Reslie. These were the principal performers. The horizontal bar feats of Gregory and Reslie were very clever, and Sharman as clown was very amusing. Madam Sharman performed some jugglery feats whilst riding on horseback round the arena, and little Walter St. Leon performed the feat of riding two ponies very cleverly. The performance concluded with the old favorite piece, "Turpin's ride to York."

FLOWERS' BENEFIT COMMITTEE. — A meeting of the committee formed to carry out the benefit entertainment to Mr T. Flowers was held on Tuesday evening at the Mechanics' Institute, Mr J. B. Prowse being elected to the chair. The minutes of the first meeting were read and confirmed. Since last meeting, it was pointed out Mr T. Flowers had died, and it was advisable that the object of the entertainment be amended by the insertion of the words "the widow of." It was reported that the amateurs who had undertaken the play "Blow for Blow" would be prepared for the 31st instant, and it was therefore decided that that be the date of the entertainment. The prices of admission were fixed at 3s and 2s, and a limited number only of 1s tickets would be sold at the doors. It was decided to ask the Riponshire Council to grant their patronage to the entertainment. Circulars, bills, and tickets were ordered to be issued at once. As there seemed to be some slight doubt as to whether permission was required to the company to play "Blow for Blow," Mr Stewart (secretary) was instructed to write to Mr Geo. Coppin in reference to the matter, asking him to make necessary arrangements. The meeting then adjourned. Rehearsals of the piece are taking place about three times a week, and it is intended to present the drama as perfect as possible. The scenery to be used is that painted by Mr Flowers some time before he was seized with his last illness, and comprises three sets and a landscape. The sets are those of two grand drawing-rooms, one of them being painted to represent a richly draped apartment, and the other, on a less elaborate scale; and a poor cottager's best room The whole of the scenery is admirably suitable for the piece to be played.

THE MAN AGAIN.—The obligations of paternity are so lightly regarded by most men that it is with great satisfaction we "Pall Mall Gazette") note the conclusion of a case tried at the Old Bailey. A poor woman, who stated that she had been ruined by a builder, of the name of Derby, at Mortlake, in whose house she had lived as a caretaker, was tried for having left her six months child upon Derby's doorstep. The little one was warmly dressed, and supplied with a feeding bottle, and a letter addressed to Mr Derby, in which the mother said:—"We have both committed a great sin, and you, like a coward, left me to bear all blame and evil consequences. Let your future conduct to her atone for past neglect." The woman defended herself in the dock, and made so touching an address to the jury that they immediately returned a verdict of not guilty, amid applause, and made a collection for her, in which we hope the Recorder joined. Derby on oath denied that he was father of the child; but the jury disbelieved him, and expressed an opinion that he ought to do something for its support. The position of Mr Derby, who is a married man, is not to be envied.

UNENVIABLE DOMICILIARY CONVENIENCES.—The "M. and D. Advertiser" has the following interesting paragraph:—The old saying, that "one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," was fully demonstrated in the local police court the other day, when a number of witnesses where giving their definition as to what really constituted a habitable dwelling. Most, if not all the witnesses in question, had been old residents of the diggings, and, no doubt, described honestly and truthfully the class of dwelling which, in those days, men were accustomed to inhabit. "It was nothing," said one of them, "to have openings between the slabs of the hut to let the wind through. When the wind would blow too hard on one side, I'd shift my bunk to the other." The same witness then described a hut in which he once lived in Chinamen's Flat, and which was so constructed that "he never had to look for the door, for he could get out anywhere." This created a laugh, for it looked too much like a "Yankee yarn." It was outdone, however, shortly afterwards by the story of another of the old identities, who convulsed his hearers with the statement that since his residence in Maryborough, his horse, cow, and pig shared the one roof with his wife and himself, and this, he contended, was by all means a habitable dwelling. By the admissions of some of our leading townsmen in connection with the same case, it was shown that though they are now the owners of handsome and elaborately furnished villas, they once lived under humble roof trees on the diggings. It redounds to the credit of such men that by sobriety, honesty, and perseverance, they have attained to opulence and independence.

SINJING DONE HERE.—Barbers tried to persuade their customers a year or two ago that the application of a lighted taper to the ends of the hair after cutting prevented colds. The stink was intolerable, but there were plenty of flats who cheerfully paid the extra sixpence demanded. An illiterate printer agreed with an equally illiterate barber in the same town to provide a dozen bills indicating that the operation referred to was performed on the premises. In due time they were stuck about, "Sinjing done here," but the customers laughed. The barber dimly suspected the reason, but hadn't the courage to ask how properly to spell the word. He sent for the printer, who said that he saw where the mistake was and would put it right. In due time the second batch arrived, "Singing done here," but the customers laughed and jeered more than ever. The printer was again sent for. "Of course, of course," said he, "I didn't look at the proof—it's my stupid man." The bills were torn down, the printer departed, and in due time the third lot arrived, "Sing-ing done here." The joke got about the town, and the merriment knew no bounds Taking one of his patrons into his confidence, the barber candidly confessed his ignorance, and the customer good-naturedly wrote the word, with its proper spelling, on a bit of paper. Thus armed the barber again sent for the printer, to whom, in the presence of his customers he gave a terrible rating. "You stupid ignoramus," he shouted, "not to be able to spell—and you a printer, too! I didn't believe at all that you knew. The proper way to spell the word, sir," continued his lathership, with distended stomach and puffing out his cheeks, "is S-i-n-g-e-i-n-g." The printer wisely held his tongue, the two became fast friends, and the printer got all the barber's work.—"Paper and Printing Trades Journal, London."

HARD DRINKING WITHOUT DRUNKENNESS.—Some people can swallow a great deal more in the shape of intoxicating drinks than others without bad effects, that is to say, without getting tipsy; but rarely, we think, has a hard and continuous drinking been heard of as remarkable as that mentioned by a New York paper. The drinker is a man about fifty years of age, whose business requires the "finest eye, the most delicate touch," and inventive talent as well. In the last 10 years, it appears, the person referred to has averaged between "30 and 40 drinks of hard liquor every day," and had been frequently known to drink 60 times a day. Moreover, it is related of him that he does not confine himself to one particular spirit, but takes whisky, gin, rum and brandy just as it happens, and frequently he has imbibed "9 stiff drinks" before 8 o'clock in the morning. The marvellous part of the story is that his health is good, that he attends strictly to business, and, as his friends and admirers remark with pride, has never been intoxicated. A few men, it is said, envious of his drinking capacities, tried to imitate him, with disastrous results to themselves before the trial had lasted 24 hours. It goes without saying that this "sepulchre of spirits," as he is called, is quite a celebrity in his own peculiar line, and being of a genial, convivial disposition, he is very popular in New York.

AUCTION SALES.—We would again remind all interested of Mr J. T. Prosser's sales at Ararat, as follows:—On Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next, a sale of bankrupt stock in Mr W. Edward Nickols' auction rooms, Ararat; on Monday, 21st instant, sale at Mr G. W. Harbeyer's, Rhymney, Ararat, of farm implements, machinery, horses, etc. On Monday, 21st, at Beaufort, Messrs A. M. Greenfield and Co. in conjunction with Mr W. Edward Nickols, will sell Mr Smith's property, particulars of which will be found in our advertising columns.

PUNCH.—This welcome comic weekly teems with interesting items of reading and pointed caricatures on subjects of public moment.

THE SKETCHER. — This illustrated periodical for May 17 is to hand; it is full of interesting information to home readers, and the engravings are of a first-class order.

SERGEANT WOODS.—Our much-esteemed sergeant of police retires from the service on the 21st of the present month. Mr Woods has been a long time in charge of the police station in Beaufort—for a period of 16 or 17 years—and has always acted as his conscience dictated in carrying out his duties as a preserver of the peace, inspector of nuisances for the north riding, and in many other capacities that he has filled. He has many friends, and they are determined not to let him retire from his public position without recognising his worth as an officer and gentleman. Some of our influential townsmen have already headed a subscription list with the object of presenting him with a substantial testimonial.

QUARTZ REEFS IN BEAUFORT.—A gentleman has discovered a piece of quartz which he took the trouble to crush with a hammer, as from its appearance he was sure he would find some indication of gold in it. Judge of his surprise at finding a handsome nugget, which he refused to take £3 10s for. He would not intimate the locality where he obtained the quartz, but from his experience in mining he is confident that not far away from the spot where he found the nugget there lies a gold-bearing quartz reef. The lucky man is very reticent concerning his purpose, but as he has promised we shall soon here something good, we must be content with the information above. Let us indeed hope, that our informant's surmizes are correct; and should they ultimately turn out so, Beaufort may become itself once more.

RAINFALL.—The rainfall at Beaufort on May 4 and 5 was 0·44 inch.

MINING.—Approximate yields for the week:—Saxon Consols, 35 oz.; Waterloo, 36 oz.; No. 1 Victoria, 10 oz.

BEAUFORT COMMON.—A meeting of the managers was held on Wednesday last. Messrs Browne, Andrews, and Cumming being present. The secretary reported—Balance in bank, L44 13s. 11d.; cash in hand, L3 6s; total to credit, L47 19s 11d. Fees received to date for current half-year, L44 9s. 3d.; unpaid fees on stock branded, L6 9s. 4d.: total assessment to date, L50 18s 7d. Percentage due to the herdsman, L12 18s 6d. He farther reported that D. Murchison and boy have been employed for a fortnight exterminating rabbits along the boundary of the common from Stockyard hill road to Sailor's Gully. Total number of rabbits killed, 60, at a cost of L4 11s, inclusive wages and ammunition. The herdsman reported that 16,400 sheep and 454 head of cattle passed through the common during the month; also, on the cases of supposed illegal fencing in of commonage lands, and that he had seen all the commonage bulls since last meeting. It was resolved that the secretary write to Crown lands bailiff Bannerman, directing his attention to all the cases of supposed illegal fencing in of commonage lands, requesting him to cause all such fences to be removed. C. Broadbent, sen., asked permission in writing to occupy 20 acres of land at Main Lead, formerly held by Williams and Reidy. Consideration deferred, the secretary in the meantime to write to Mr. Uren, M.P., asking him to see the Minister of Lands, and urge him to fulfil the promise made on the 2nd of December last, viz., that all applications for land on the common should first be made to a Land Officer, who would then forward a tracing or litho-plan of such land to the managers for a report thereon. The following accounts were passed for payment:—Herdsman (percentage), L8; secretary, L2; D. Murchison, L4. The meeting then adjourned.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—Autumnal Remedies.—Towards the fall of the year countless causes are at work to lower the tone of the nervous system, which will be followed by ill-health unless proper means be employed to avert that evil. Holloway's far-famed preparations supply a faultless remedy for both internal and external complaints connected with changes of season. All affections of the skin, roughness, blotches, pimples, superficial and deeper-seated inflammations, erysipelas, rheumatic pains, and gouty pangs alike succumb to the exalted virtues of Holloway's Ointment and Pills; which will effect a happy revolution in the patent's condition, though the symptoms of his disorder and legion, and have obstinately withstood the best effects of science to subdue them.

In view of the present threatening aspect of affairs the Porte has decided to at once take steps for the defence of Constantinople. With this object an immense entrenched camp is to be immediately constructed at Tchataldcha, a town about 30 miles to the north-west of Constantinople, and on the line of railway from Adrianople on the Turkish capital.

Summary of European News.

—o—

Telegrams conveying the subjoined information have been received during the week by the Melbourne "Argus":—

The statement that 15 banks in Buenos Ayres had suspended payment in the course of 19 days has been denied by Senor Dominguez, the Minister Plenipotentiary for the Argentine Republic in London.

The prospectus has been issued of the Australian Pearl Fishing company, the object of which is to purchase the pearling fleets of Messrs. Streeter and Co. and others, on the north-west coast of Australia. The capital of the company is £50,000.

A member of the Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath, named Schneerer, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment, for assaulting the editor of the *Tagblatt*, one of the leading Vienna daily papers, for publishing an erroneous report of the Emperor William's death.

There is an impression in official circles that if the proposed additional duty of 5s a dozen on bottled wine is sanctioned by the British Parliament France will retaliate by imposing a duty on Australian wool.

Intelligence has been received of a collision which occurred in the Red Sea between the Orient Company's R.M.S. Garrone, which left London for Australia on April 13th, and the steamer Lucinda, 1,132 tons, owned by Messrs. Herskind and Woods, West Hartlepool. The Lucinda was sunk, and two of her crew were drowned. The Garrone had her bows stove in and she was obliged to put in at Aden to discharge her cargo to enable the damage to be repaired.

The Emperor Frederick has sufficiently recovered to be able to get up, though he is still very weak. His temperature is now lower than it has been at any time since the fever appeared. The bulletin hitherto issued daily by the Emperor's medicial attendants is no longer considered necessary, and has been discontinued.

The Australian Eleven have won the first match with six wicket's to spare. On Monday they begin a three day's match with Surrey, at Kensington Oval. And on Thursday with Oxford University at Oxford.

It is announced that 60 Roman Catholic members of the Parnellite party are to hold a meeting in Dublin for the purpose of condemning the Pope's interference in political matters. The Pope has directed M. Persico to report on the position of affairs in Ireland and to obtain the views of the Irish bishops respecting the Papal decree. At Drogheda on May 7th, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., delivered another speech and declared that if the Pope persisted in his determination to enforce the decree, the Irish people should inform His Holiness that they were quite capable of managing their own affairs without foreign interference. The priests who were present at the meeting signified their dissent from the advice tendered by Mr. Dillon. Pope Leo XIII. has given careful consideration to the arguments of the Home Rule party, who alleged that he had not been fully informed of the facts in connection with Ireland before he issued his decree condemning the National League, and Plan of Campaign, and the practice of boycotting. His Holiness considers that the allegation is incorrect, and he has decided that the decree shall be enforced. Mr. John Dillon, M.P., the chief author of the plan of campaign, speaking at Kilmurry, declared that it was monstrous that the Pope should interfere in a matter of politics. He recommended that the plan of campaign should be continued, and that a system of general and combined boycotting should be adopted instead of the isolated outrages at present resorted to by the peasantry.

La Republique Française, in an article discussing the position of affairs in Egypt, declares that France having carried out her agreement to withdraw her troops from the New Hebrides, England is equally bound to evacuate Egypt.

A great flood has occurred in China, caused by the rising of the Canton River. The destruction of property has been immense, and it is estimated that fully 3,000 lives have been lost.

The Times has published an article on the anti-Chinese agitation in Australia. It says that the colonies must abandon recrimination, and act unitedly in order to secure the exclusion of the Chinese from Australia.

A terrific hailstorm has occurred at Delhi in India, which caused immense destruction of property and great loss of life. One hundred and fifty natives were killed by the hailstones, which were of extraordinary size.

Lord Knutsford, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, has informally admitted to Sir Graham Berry, the agent-general for Victoria, that he considers the anxiety of the colonies in connection with the influx of the Chinese justifiable, and he assures him that he is desirous of satisfying the colonies as far as this can be done within the limits of the treaty obligations existing between England and China. The United States Senate has ratified the treaty concluded with China providing for the exclusion of of Chinese from the United States for a period of 20 years.

Vicount Cantelupe, the son of a former Governor of Victoria, who recently became bankrupt, has effected a settlement with his creditors, by which he has agreed to pay to them a minimum sum of £200 a year during his life.

The Bulgarian Government has deposed Monsignor Clement, the head of the Greek Church at Sofia, and a strong partisan of Russia, in consequence of the hostility he has shown to Prince Ferdinand.

ROMANCES IN REAL LIFE.

—o—

"OUR NOTE BOOK."—By James Payn.

In Mr Montague Williams' Police Court the other day a correspondence was opened which shows how the romances of real life, however strange, force themselves. A man was brought before him for theft, whose identity was sworn to very positively. The magistrate's eye was attracted by a spectator in the court so like the prisoner that he seemed his brother, and confident that the witnesses must never have discriminated between the two men, he dismissed the case. It was just possible that the spectator was the prisoner's brother, and came to court with that end in view. A most romantic case, but of precisely the same kind, occurred many years ago before Mr Baron Garrow, on the Oxford Circuit. He was summing up in a case of highway robbery, and the jury were about to be dismissed to consider their verdict, when a tumult, and the cry of 'Make way!' were heard in the court. A horseman, covered with dust, rushed in and entreated the judge to 'stop the case, as he had ridden 50 miles to save the life of an innocent man.' He was attired exactly like the prisoner was, and had the most extraordinary resemblance to him. Returned to the prosecution, and bid him look at *him*, emphatically whether he was *now* prepared to swear to the prisoner's identity. (This, by the way, we have no doubt was the incident Dickens made use of in "The Two Cities.") The prisoner was acquitted, and the Court proceeded to examine the new-comer. He only stated, however, that the post-horse he rode was spent, and declined to answer further on the ground that he was not bound to criminate himself. The prisoner withdrew his statement, and the prisoner was acquitted. Then the man (which seems strange) was taken into custody, and tried for the same offence by a new jury. The prosecutor was still in doubt, and the second prisoner was so exactly like the two men, it afterwards transpired, that they were brothers, and the whole scheme got up to get the first man off.

A still more remarkable case, practised by a spectator, was once successfully carried out at York Assizes. A highwayman, although in the dress of a labourer, was put upon his trial during which there entered a well-dressed gentleman, and accommodated by the High Sheriff with a seat upon the Bench. He was a stranger, and had arrived the night at the principal hotel. He had no luggage, and fired simply upon asking what excitement there was in York, was recommended to the Assizes. He seemed to take no interest in the proceedings, but gazed languid interest in what was going on. The evidence for the prosecution was finished, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. 'I am innocent,' said he, and, suddenly catching sight of the stranger, added, 'and *there* is a gentleman, my brother, who can prove it.' The stranger said nothing about the matter to the prisoner, in a most impressive way entreated him to call to mind what he had been, and what he had been doing on the day of the robbery. 'Why, sir, I was at Dover, sir, and lodged at the Ship Inn; and I was the man who had your trunk from the inn to the coach.' 'I *was* at Dover, and did not have my trunk taken by a porter,' was the reply; 'but I don't remember you.' The prisoner, however, asked a good many questions, some of which were to his advantage and others not, and, at last, said the stranger, 'If your Lordship will permit I will send to the hotel, where, in my luggage, you will find a diary, in which it is my custom to put down all these little matters.' The Court waited, in much excitement, till the diary came, which entirely corroborated the prisoner's statement, and was thereupon acquitted. The judge observed that the stranger's coming was a most providential circumstance, and complimented him on the service he had rendered to humanity. And within a fortnight afterwards, prisoner and spectator—who turned out to be very 'pals'—found themselves in York Castle for housebreaking, and were hung on the same gallows.

"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND".

* * * Pretty Wives,
Lovely daughters and noble men.

My farm lies in a rather low and malarious situation and my wife who was a pretty girl 20 years ago, became sallow, languid, and withered and aged before her time, from malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness. A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it proved to me that the remedy might help my wife, so I found that our little girl, as a recovery, had lost her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-time vigor, with composed interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters to thank for it.

The dear creature just looked over my shoulder and says 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be *more pretty wives if* my brother bachelors would do as I have done. Hoping you may be long spared to do good, I thankfully remain,

C. L. JAMES.

BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co. Md.,
May 26th, 1886.

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

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the utmost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Those 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 too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Browne's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

The Ripponshire Advocate.

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Poetry.

Sympathy.

Ah! stop and weep for sweet Bo-peep,
Think what it must have cost her;
The capers of those foolish sheep
No trifle can have lost her.
She might have sold them one by one
At some high valuation,
At wholesale now it must be done
Without discrimination.

"But why?" Of course I will explain
If your dull wits still need it.
To me it seems so very plain
That he who runs may read it.
Like Humpty Dumpty, come to ill,
What effort could avail them?
No human will, no mortal skill,
Could ever have *entailed* them.

—MARY E. VANDYNE.

Novelist.

THE RIVAL BELLES OF PARRAMATTA.

A CHARMING LOVE STORY OF INTENSE AND THRILLING INTEREST.

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

The affair which appeared so monstrous, so cruel in Florabel's eyes had simply come about in this way:

Florabel had scarcely quitted her room ere Miss Clavering regretted not having accompanied her; the park would be so full of equipages; and, flying quickly to her own apartments, donned one of the prettiest costumes, and flew out to the steps: but Florabel had driven away a moment before.

She returned to the parlor, threw off her hat and gloves, and for want of better amusement, sat down at the piano to try the latest song Max Forrester had brought her.

As for Max, his business arrangements being concluded early in the morning, he had come home, thinking he might be in time to drive Florabel out. Finding her gone, he had stepped into the parlor, attracted there by Miss Clavering's singing.

It was only natural they should practise the new music he had brought the day before over together.

And perhaps it was only natural, when Max admired the great cluster of roses she wore at her belt, for Inez to laughingly offer him the sweetest and fairest and for him to gallantly kiss the white jewelled hand that had given him the rose.

There was not much in the action, but it shot with the bitterest pain through the heart of Florabel, who had just came down, and was about to enter the parlor. It smote her with the bitterness of death; her face grew pale to the lips; she looked like one whose heart had suddenly been transfixed with a sharp sword.

She gazed with bated breath upon the scene, the memory of which never left her while her life lasted.

The long, dim parlor, with its rich adornings of pale gold and creamy white; the lovely girl seated at the piano, toying with the crimson roses at her belt, and Max—her Max—bending over her with a look on his face that made her heart throb with the bitterest jealous pain. Inez was looking up into his face with those wondrous, dark eyes, and a smile on her crimson lips. It was more than human nature could bear. She turned and fled through the long corridor out into the rose garden.

Over the brightness of the summer day a cloud had fallen; a funeral pall lay over the gold of the laburnum, and the purple of the lilacs; a dark mist hid the budding roses and the lily leaves. What was the fiery, horrible pain that made her heart bleed?

"He is mine," she murmured, piteously, raising hes eyes to the sunlit sky. "Why should she try to take him from me? He is mine?"

CHAPTER IX.

JEALOUSY—MORE CRUEL THAN THE PANGS OF DEATH.

The memory of that time was a burning pain to Florabel. It tortured her. How was she to bear it?

Was his love so light that a few glances from a pair of dark, brilliant eyes, and a few smiles from rosy lips, could take his heart from her?

When she returned to the house she found Max reading the morning paper in her boudoir.

She had made up her mind that Miss Clavering should never know how bitterly jealous she was. She should not triumph over her. She would meet her with a smile on her lips, though the bitterness of death lay in her heart.

"What! Back so soon? exclaimed Max, as she advanced toward him. "Why, I did not expect you to return before noon."

"I suppose not," replied Florabel.

And she could not hide the sarcasm that crept into her voice.

"You should have stayed out longer," declared Max. "The morning air has flashed those cheeks, and lent a wonderful brightness to those hazel eyes. I shall insist upon your driving out for an hour or two every morning after this."

How little he dreamed that it was suppressed emotion that flushed those cheeks and gleamed from her eyes.

A strange, angry smile curved Florabel's crimson lips, and the unnatural sparkle deepened into a lurid flame in her hazel eyes.

The angry retort sprang to her lips: "No doubt you would like to have me away that you might make love to Miss Clavering."

But she checked her words just in time. Prudence restrained her.

"Max," she asked in a low voice, that sounded very like a sob, "do you really love me?"

"Is it not rather late in the day to ask that question, my darling?" he said, surprisedly.

"But do you?" she persisted. "Do you love me better than any one else?"

"Yes, ten thousand times better. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have no thought, no wish, that does not begin and end in you, Florabel."

"Then," cried the girl, "why do you torture me? Oh, Max, if you love me, why do you torture me?"

He looked at her in amazement.

"*I* torture you, Florabel?" he exclaimed. "Why, my darling, what strange words! What can you mean?"

"You will *not* understand," she said, with a bitter cry; and, turning away, she left him, lest he should see the tears she could not restrain.

Max soon forgot Florabel's words. He was of a singularly bright and happy temperament. He had a certain vague idea that all women had highly strung nerves and were never to be properly understood. When Florabel said anything that was not quite comprehensible to him he attributed the want of clearness to the fact that she belonged to the sex supposed to be swayed by feelings without reason.

He wondered a little sadly and a little gravely over the word "tortured." What could Florabel mean?—his pretty, golden-haired Florabel whom he loved so well.

As the days wore on the fever of distrust and unrest increased in Florabel's heart. Her old life became one dream of watching and pain. Ah, how would it end?

We all know how the eye of jealousy magnifies the merest trifles. If Max looked at Miss Clavering with laughing eyes, payed her a compliment, talked or sang to her, Florabel's heart beat with the keenest alarm. She grew pale and strange. Max was alarmed at the change in the lovely dimpled face.

More than once he sought a secret counsel with Miss Clavering, to confer with her upon this alarming subject. Florabel often came upon them suddenly, and found them talking together in low whispers, and her keen eyes detected how quickly they turned away and changed the subject as she approached. She knew by instinct they had been talking about her.

Many a woman would have crept up behind them and listened. She could never have done that, even though many a night she tossed restlessly upon her pillow, vainly speculating as to what they were saying of her.

She wondered if Max was telling her that he regretted his marriage, and that he had found out, when it was too late, how unsuited they were to each other? And was she pitying him because of his wasted life?

No wonder Florabel grew pale and thin, torturing herself, as many a woman does, with needless, foolish fancies.

One day, in speaking of the matter—the great change in Florabel—to Miss Clavering, Inez turned to him with an uneasy laugh.

"Do you know, Max," she said, "I am grieved to say it, but, indeed, I believe Florabel is jealous of me."

"Jealous!" cried Max Forrester. "And of you! You must be mistaken, Inez. Jealous! Why?"

"I cannot tell why," she replied; "but many people have noticed it. I begin to think that it is a common subject of remark."

"Florabel jealous!" he cried again, "and people remarking it! There must be some mistake. It cannot be true. Why, I have never given her cause for jealousy. Never!"

"For *your* sake, I wish I was mistaken," she replied. "Rumor says I am not."

"Do you mean to tell me, Inez," he cried, "that *my wife* and my domestic affairs are the subject of common gossip?"

"It is very unpleasant," she said, sympathisingly; "but I fear it is Florabel's own fault. She shows her unfounded jealousy of me in public. What can you expect? And I—I—am going to draw my visit to your dear, dear mother quickly to a close on account of it," she sobbed.

Max Forrester's handsome face grew white with rage. This was intolerable.

"You shall not go away, Inez, for any reason so absurd," he declared. "Stay and show the world how perfectly absurd and unfounded such a rumor is. I will go and speak to Florabel about it at once."

"Better not," she replied, carelessly. "Let the gossip die away—if die it will."

But Max Forrester went in search of Florabel.

He found her in her favorite nook in the rose arbor.

He went up to her at once, and sat down by her side.

"I wish to ask you a plain, honest question, Florabel," he said. "You will please give me an equally sincere answer."

She raised her clear, true eyes to his disturbed face.

"That I will certainly do," she replied, timidly. "What is it, Max?"

"Is that true which people are speaking of?" he asked, abruptly. "Are you, my wife, jealous of Inez Clavering, my mother's guest?"

The lovely dimpled face flushed; the brown hazel eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"Miss Clavering is trying to win you from me," she answered, piteously. "She is trying to usurp my place, and I—yes, I may as well own it to you as to weep over it in secret—I am bitterly jealous of your attentions to her. I am not happy. Oh, Max," cried the girl, "do you not see that my heart is bleeding? Can you not see it—you who once loved me so well?"

He looked at her for the first time in his life with bitter anger and resentment.

"Do not be angry with me," she cried; "but oh, Max! I plead with you, by the love that once was mine, to give up Miss Clavering."

He drew back, white to the lips, repeating the words:

"Give up Miss Clavering!—why, what is she to me? What have I to do with her?" he demanded, haughtily—coldly.

"She talks with you; she sings with you; you kiss her hand. I saw it. Oh, Max, you *must* give her up," she sobbed out. "Keep away from Miss Clavering."

"I have nothing to give up," he replied, coolly. "Because a lady happens to be young and beautiful, and to show, as Miss Clavering does, an innocent preference for my society, I cannot be rude to her."

"I cannot," replied Max Forrester, proudly and angrily. "Every one would laugh. They would say that I was under petticoat government."

"But it is for my happiness," said Florabel. "Sometimes, when she looks into your eyes and smiles, it seems to me as though my heart were burning. For my sake, Max—"

"I have never wronged you in thought, act, or deed," he interrupted. "You are a needlessly jealous woman. I never dreamed you had such a disposition when I married you. It is intolerable to me. You make me wretchedly unhappy."

She trembled like a flower suddenly exposed to a cold, cruel blast.

"Do not be angry with me, Max," she pleaded—oh, so piteously! "Ah! how unhappy I am to have brought this unhappiness upon you! What a cruel mistake has been made!"

"If you mean our marriage," he replied, "you force me to agree with you."

These were the bitter words, uttered in a reckless moment of anger, that broke a loving heart.

With bitter resentment in his heart, he turned on his heel and strode away, leaving Florabel standing there among the pitying roses. Surely, the saddest sight the golden sunlight ever shone on, for the bitter prayer was falling from her lips that angels up in heaven must have heard and wept over. She was praying to be shown which way to die, for the horrible fear that overshadowed her life—the sword which had hung so long over her—had fallen at last on her hapless head.

CHAPTER X.

"WHEN THE MOON WAS SHINING ON THE FLOWERS SHE WENT TO THE ROSE ARBOR TO KEEP THE STRANGE, UNWILLING APPOINTMENT."

From the hour poor Florabel had confessed her jealousy of beautiful Inez Clavering a coolness had sprung up between Max and herself. He was greatly annoyed. He showed it by words and looks of strong displeasure that were far harder to bear than any amount of angry words would have been.

He was one of the proudest of men, and certainly one of the most sensitive. That his young wife should have shown a feeling so paltry as jealousy of his mother's lovely guest amazed him. He was more incensed than words could express.

So the clouds deepened, and the bitter end drew near day by day, and day by day they drifted further apart.

Florabel would have given her life—poor, foolish child—if he would have taken her into his arms and forgiven her and kissed her tears away.

But Max was polite, cold, and courteous. No gleam of love or tenderness ever escaped him, and her love returned upon itself and ate her heart as the canker eats the heart of the fairest bud all unnoticed.

She no longer pleaded with Max to take her away, and the resigned, desolate expression of her face annoyed him still more that words.

"My life cannot go on long like this," she would cry out to herself.

When autumn set in Mrs. Forrester announced her intention of going at once to her winter home in Brisbane, declaring how pleased she was that Miss Clavering had been induced to accompany her.

"Are we to remain here, Max, or is the house to be closed?" asked Florabel of her husband, when they met alone together that evening.

"We go with them," answered Max. "I hope the arrangement will suit you," he added, impatiently, "as the arrangements are all concluded. We all start next week."

"You made this arrangement, and without consulting me?" she asked, slowly, and with a gasp of dismay.

"I hope, Florabel, you are not going to raise a scene about it," he retorted, coldly. "The project suited me."

She turned away without one word, her heart heavy and cold as death.

"I could be happy there if Miss Clavering were not going," she thought, brushing away the bitter tears from her long lashes. "Her presence will make me hate the place, though it were an Eden."

Forrester Villa was almost an Eden, Florabel saw, when the party arrived there. It was a grand old stone house, all turrets and gables, in the midst of a beautiful model park glowing with gorgeous blooms.

A party of young folks had been invited to the villa to meet Max's young wife and Miss Clavering.

Among the guests was Arthur Hurlhurst, a young man who had been for some time past a devoted admirer of Miss Clavering's. Many people wondered why he had been asked to the villa, for he had that worst of all reputations—a male flirt. He was never known to withstand a pretty face.

Of his antecedents little was known. He had a remarkable way of turning the conversation when anything relating to this subject was broached.

His acquaintance with Inez Clavering had come about in a very romantic way.

She was visiting a school friend the winter before in a little village where he was sojourning. A moonlight riding party had been organised by the village maidens, and the handsome stranger from the hotel had accompanied them. No one ever knew how it happened, it was all so sudden, but from their midst rose a terrible cry, one or two of the horses became frightened, and in a flash, Inez Clavering had disappeared from their very midst into the river.

In an instant the daring young stranger had sprung to the rescue, and, at the peril of his own life, saved Inez Clavering's.

From that moment he had no trouble in gaining an entree into the exclusive society in which Miss Clavering moved.

He was a gay, handsome young fellow, who had gone through all the different stages of love's sweet dream unscathed. Mothers were sure to say to their daughters when speaking of him:

"You must not believe him when he talks nonsense and poety to you. He means nothing."

This was the young man who was invited to Forrester Villa.

Those who witnessed the young man's presentation to Florabel laughed.

"If she were not already married, I should say she had certainly made a conquest," they said.

One glance at that lovely face and he turned deadly pale.

"What do you think of Max's wife?" asked Inez Clavering, as she stood with Arthur Hurlhurst on the terrace a little later.

"She is perfection," he answered, adding, with suppressed eagerness: "Who do you say she was before her marriage?"

"A mere nobody," laughed Inez, derisively. "I have really forgotten her name."

During the fortnight that followed, Arthur Hurlhurst hovered about Florabel like a veritable shadow. Of course he meant nothing by it, and no one laughed more than Max Forrester.

Max's mother was by no means pleased, and Inez Clavering was bitterly angry at the thought that a young man who had hitherto been her devoted admirer should find another face equally as fair, and, above all, the sweet dimpled face of Florabel.

It was no laughing matter to Florabel. She, in the small world of her narrow experience, had never met or even heard of a male flirt like Arthur Hurlhurst. She did not, could not, understand him. A woman of the world would have laughed at him, as all worldly women did. It simply frightened Florabel. She took all his compliments and idle sighs seriously, and at last she grew miserable over what, to every one else, was an idle jest, and studiously avoided him on every possible occasion.

"He sees I am not fitted for my husband's rank of society and takes advantage of it," she told herself with hot, bitter indignation. "How dare he speak to me, and look at me as he does!"

"Once she appealed to Max against his friend, but he only looked annoyed, assuring her Arthur Hurlhurst's attentions meant simply nothing.

"I shall never allow any man to forget that I am a married lady, and not to be made love to!" declared Florabel with hot pride.

Max's face grew dark.

"How could you mistake me so, Florabel?" he cried, angrily. "If any man *dared* attempt to make love to you I would lash him. You simply make a mistake. You do not see the difference between this merely fashionable, nonsensical, trifling and reality;" and, he added, slowly and thoughtfully, "the poor fellow is as much in love with Inez Clavering as it is in his power to be with anyone save himself."

"Oh, how I wish from the bottom of my heart she would marry him, then, and that he would take her," Florabel burst out, turning away.

Florabel watched their guest closely the next day, but she could not see that he was the least in love with Inez Clavering. Instead of watching Inez he always appeared to be watching herself, and with a look in his eyes she could not understand.

"I will keep silent no longer," murmured Arthur Hurlhurst one day, as he paced restlessly up and down beneath the beeches. "I must see Florabel and tell her all."

Seeing Florabel was easier said than done; she avoided him so persistently. In sheer despair he bethought himself of writing a note and slipping it to her unobserved, urging her to see him, for he had something of the greatest importance to say to her, and that no one must know, for *his very life* almost depended upon her observing the strictest secrecy in regard to this note; and his prayer that she would meet him in the drawing-room that night, if but a few moments, just after tea.

He wrote the note, and watched his opportunity of giving it to her unobserved. At last his opportunity came.

She was searching through Lord Tennyson's poems for some particular quotation and missed it.

"Let me assist you in looking for it," said handsome, gallant Arthur Hurlhurst, stepping to her side. He laid the note between the pages.

"Do not refuse my request," he whispered. "I pray you, for your own sake as well as mine, see me again and give me time to explain."

As he turned away hastily, he saw her draw back with anger and dismay.

He had risked almost his life itself, as he had said, on a daring venture. Would she betray him? He dared to think.

Giving her the note was adroitly managed; but it happened, unfortunately, that Inez Clavering witnessed the little transaction. She saw Florabel read over the few lines, her hazel eyes darkening with anger; then contemptuously tear up the note and fling it to the winds.

Arthur Hurlhurst waited patiently in the drawing-room quite an hour after tea; but Florabel did not come, and he grew desperate.

"I must see her," he said, as he paced nervously up and down. "How madly I have acted. I *must* see her and explain all."

Florabel longed to go directly to her husband and tell him of the note she had received, and its contents, but the fear that he would laugh at her sealed her lips in silence.

She did not deign to notice the note, but avoided the sender more scrupulously than ever.

Then Arthur Hurlhurst wrote again.

"I *must* see you," he said, as he thrust the note into her unwilling hand, "and alone. Let the prayer of a desperate man influence you. You will not regret having seen me. Come down to the rose arbor at dusk."

After the watchful eyes of Inez Clavering observed the note; she promised herself that she would find out the meaning of this secret correspondence—un-earth the mystery.

When Florabel read the second note she was in despair, What could he have to tell her of such grave importance? she wondered. That night when the moon was shining on the flowers, a fate most pitiful drew Florabel to the rose arbor to keep the strange, unwilling appointment.

(To be Continued.)

A Welcome to A Friend.

I give thee welcome, good old friend;
'Tis years since last we met:
And in thy absence oft I've felt
A deep, sincere regret.
With other friends I've met; but none
Hath been so kind or true.
Their songs were like the nightingale's,
But soon away they flew.

I give thee welcome, dear old friend;
For though I am but poor,
By night or day, come when you may,
You'll open find my door.
In friendship from a heart like thine
Much good there must accrue;
I give thee welcome, dear old friend,
I've tried and found thee true.

There is one man who always draws the line somewhere, and that man is a surveyor.

How to be Happy, Though Single.

People may admire the marriage state, and yet have their own good reasons for not entering it. Under the dying pillow of Washington Irving there were found a lock of hair and a miniature. Who will say that a man or woman ought to marry who treasures up such memorials, and thinks of all that might have been?

Impecuniosity is another reason for denying one's self the luxury of a wife. A mistake may, of course, be made as to the amount of money necessary for marriage. There are those who could drive a coach-and-two, but waiting for a coach-and-four, they are carried into the desolation of confirmed bachelorism. That man, however, is much to be pitied who leads such a pure life and whose "I can't afford it" is no mere excuse. Let him continue to work and economise, and before very long he will have—

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing."

To this angel he should be true in anticipation, remembering how Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, advised her unmarried sons to keep themselves pure, so that all the blessings of a virtuous home might one day be theirs.

What is one man's meat may be another man's poison. To some persons we might say, "If you do marry, you do well, but if you marry not, you do better." In the case of others marriage may have decidedly the advantage. Like most other things, marriage is good or bad according to the use or abuse we make of it.

The applause that is usually given to persons on entering the matrimonial stage is, to say the least, premature. Let us wait to see how they will play their parts.

And here we must protest against the foolish and cowardly ridicule that is sometimes bestowed upon elderly men and women who, using the liberty of a free country have abstained from marrying. Certainly, some of them could give reasons for spending their lives outside the temple of Hymen that are far more honorable than the motives which induced their foolish detractors to rush in. Some have never found their other selves, or circumstances prevented the injunction of these selves. And which is more honorable, a life of loneliness, or a loveless marriage? There are others who have laid down their hopes of wedded bliss for the sake of accomplishing some good work, for the sake of a father, mother, sister or brother. In such cases celibacy is an honorable, and maybe a praiseworthy, state.

A mother having become alarmed about the failing state of her daughter's health, and not being able to get much satisfaction from a consultation with the village doctor, took her to a city physician for further advice. He asked a few questions as to the girl's daily habits and mode of life, carefully stethoscoped her heart and lungs, and then gave an involuntary sigh. The mother grew pale, and waited anxiously for a verdict.

"Madam," he said, "so far as I can discover, your daughter is suffering from a most serious complaint, which, for want of a better name, I shall call 'dullness.' Perhaps it is in your power to cure it. I have no medicine which is a specific for this disease."

Girls who suffer in this way too often prescribe for themselves marriage with men whom they cannot love, honor, and obey. This is as bad as dram-drinking or gambling; but what else can the poor things do? They have not been trained, like their brothers, to useful work, and have always been told that woman's first, best occupation is—to be a wife. To which it may be answered:

"Most true; but to make a mere business of marriage
To call it a 'living,' vocation, career,'
Is but to pervert, degrade, and disparage
A contract of all the most sacred and dear."

Many a girl looks on marriage as a vocation, who has never thought of the duties it involves; and I think for a woman to fail to make and keep a happy home is to be a "failure" in a truer sense than to have failed to catch a husband.

To make "old maid" a term of reproach has mischievous results, and causes many an ill-assorted marriage. Girls have been hurried into marriage by the dread of being so stigmatised, who have repented the step to their dying day. The sacredness of marriage, and the serious responsibilities it brings, are either ignored altogether or but lightly considered, when marriage is represented as the only profession for women.

Let mothers teach their daughters that although a well-assorted marriage, based upon mutual love and esteem, may be the happiest calling for a woman, yet that marriage brings its peculiar trials as well as special joys, and that it is quite possible for a woman to be both useful and happy, although youth be fled, and the crowning joys of life—wife and motherhood—have passed her by or been voluntarily suspended.

Who does not know "old maids" who are the light and stay of homes darkened by sorrow, and tottering by the strokes of affliction? "Auntie" is respected and beloved by her nephew and nieces; for she has ceased to think of her own happiness, and is always planning for the good of others. She is not soured by celibacy, but sheds upon all who come in her way the sweetness of good temper and the light of practical wisdom. She has not a home of her own, but, as Wesley did, she takes the world for her parish, and becomes the neighbor of every one who needs her help. Can a life be anything but beautiful which is lived—as are the lives of many unmarried women—in the spirit of these lines:

"Question not, but live and labor,
Till your goal be won;
Helping every feeble neighbor—
Seeking help from none.
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone;
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

The lives of many unmarried people are unhappy because they have failed to find an object in life; but when they are more fortunate, their love and powers may be drawn out quite as much as those of the married, by interesting work. They are married to some art or utility, or instead of loving one, they love all. When this last is the case, they go down into the haunts of evil, seek out the wretched, and spare neither themselves nor their money in their praiseworthy enthusiasm for humanity. Employment is a "perennial fireproof joy" that will always make people happy, though single.

Labouchere says: "I suppose that there are black sheep in all professions, but really the legal flock seems to contain more than its fair proportion. In two days recently, no fewer than five solicitors were struck off the rolls by order of the court. Two of these gentlemen, by Act of Parliament, had been sentenced to penal servitude for forgery or embezzlement; another was pronounced by the court guilty of embezzlement; and the other two had failed to account for funds entrusted to them.

A remarkable four-year-old child dwells with its parents in Coalport, Pennsylvania. Apparently it has no bones, as the child folds its legs behind its head as readily as other persons fold their arms in the same place; it uses its feet to scratch its head quite as often as it uses its hands; and contorts its body in a most remarkable way.

A FATAL WAGER.

By CASPAR GREVILLE.

Two young men, the Count de Brechtenstein and the Baron de Leiftern, both natives of Vienna, and companions at school and university, were living at Pesth in the very closest intimacy. The first was in the habit of boasting continually of his courage and intrepidity, which he said were such that no circumstances, however sudden and alarming, could shake them.

"Not even supernatural things!" said M. de Leiftern to him one day.

"Those still less than others; and that for the good reason that they do not exist," answered his friend.

"You are deceived," replied Leiftern, "as I can convince you, and I will bet you one hundred ducats that you shall feel fear."

"I accept the wager," answered De Brechtenstein; and the two friends forthwith shook hands in confirmation of the bet.

M. de Leiftern permitted upwards of four months to lapse without mentioning the wager to M. de Brechtenstein; until one evening when he knew that the latter was at the theatre, he repaired to his friend's residence, situate at the gates of the city, and under pretext of wishing to have a joke with him, he obtained from his valet-de-chamber permission to hide himself under the bed wherein M. de Brechtenstein usually slept alone, and which was in a sort of summer-house situated upon the edge of a forest, chosen for the sake of quietude.

M. de Leiftern was dressed completely in black, and he had brought with him a sheet and a mask representing a skull, which he put on, and before creeping under the bed he took the precaution of drawing the balls from two loaded pistols which were always suspended close to the head of his friend's bed.

M. de Brechtenstein, on his return from the theatre, undressed, extinguished the light, and got into bed. As soon as he was asleep, M. de Leiftern, disguised as a spectre, crept softly from under the bed, raised himself up to his full height at the foot, and began to draw off the coverlid. M. de Brechtenstein awoke; he looked steadily at the spectre: and then with a calm voice, said "Go away and let me be quiet."

M. de Leiftern continued to withdraw the covering, and M. de Brechtenstein again ordered him a second and a third time to withdraw; but seeing that the spectre made no attempt to do so, he seized one of his pistols, and aiming steadily at his object, fired. M. de Leiftern remained in the same position, and rolled along the coverlid of the bed, towards his friend, one of the balls which he had abstracted from the pistol.

Immediately upon this M. de Brechtenstein, who was then sitting up, fell backward. M. de Leiftern snatched off his mask and the bed sheet in which he was enveloped, spoke to him and told him who he was, took him by the hand and endeavored to raise him, but in vain; his friend was dead. A violent attack of apoplexy had killed him.

How to Have a Pretty Wife.

If you want your wife to remain pretty, be good to her. You can tell by the lines in a married woman's face how she is used at home, just as you can tell the age of a tree by the number of circles in a section of its trunk.

No feminine mouth gets thin-lipped and drawn down at the corners if it is kissed often enough. The man who goes out of the front door with a bang after kicking the dog, threatening to drown the kittens, and cuffing his little boy for daring to be

"A little faithful copy of his sire"

in temper, is responsible for the big wrinkles beneath his wife's eyes.

Lots of gray hairs came from sitting up into the wee, sma' hours, peeping out of an upper window, with a shawl over the head, listening to distant howls, and feeling sure that "he" has been murdered for his watch and Alaska diamond pin at last, as the watching wife always expected he would be. A man who stays out late only when he takes his wife with him, never need to give her money for hair regenerators.

Old maids may be fresh and rosy; at least they have peace and quiet and no bother; but if a woman has a husband who doesn't suit her—who snaps and snarls, and snubs and growls, and treats her as though she were a steward whom he suspected of defalcation—she will look as harassed as she feels: her nose will grow sharp, and crows' feet will came prematurely. She will have the disappointed air that is attributed to spinsters, but which is really possessed by wives whose spouses are not what they ought to be, by any means. And between you and me, if you will only make love to your wife, and stay at home, *with an air of liking it*, when you are well, and not only when you feel sick and are obliged to do so, she will think you perfection, consider all your mistakes misfortunes, and will not believe you have a fault in the world. Moreover, as long as you tell her she is pretty, she will remain so; and if she thinks you admire her, she will be careful to dress herself becomingly—which, with a woman, is half the battle.

Love your wife; be true to her; let her know that you admire her, and let her have the pride of feeling that her friends know it also, and she will alter so slowly in her looks that you will never know the changes at all. Love is the greatest beautifier in the world, and to be loved is the elixir of life.

New Mode of Washing.

The ill effects of soda on linen has given rise to a new method of washing, which has been extensively adopted in Germany and introduced into Belgium. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and adding to this one tablespoonful of turpentine and three of liquid ammonia. The mixture must then be well stirred, and the linen steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover up the vessel containing them as nearly hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterward washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be reheated and used a second time, but in that case half a tablespoonful of turpentine and a tablespoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy of time, labor, and fuel. The linen scarcely suffers at all, there is little necessity for rubbing, and its cleanliness and color are perfect. The ammonia and turpentine, although their detersive action is great, have no injurious effect upon the linen, and while the former evaporates immediately, the smell of the latter is said to disappear entirely during the drying of the clothes.

To Remove Freckles.

The following ointment was recommended by Wertheim, of Vienna:—White precipitate subnitrate of bismuth, each one drachm, glycerine ointment, one ounce. This was to be applied in a thin layer every other night, and in from four to six weeks the result would be found to be highly satisfactory. Another remedy is given as follows: Horseradish grated into a cup of cold sour milk—let it stand 12 hours, then strain and apply two or three times a day—will, it said, remove freckles from hands or face in a short time. Or, one ounce of lemon juice mixed with a quarter of a drachm of pulverised borax and half a drachm of sugar, will also remove them. Keep the lotion in a glass bottle, corked tightly a few days before using, and apply to the freckles occasionally, and disappear.

Newspaper Advertisements.

An advertisement of the present day as a rule, is a model of clearness, precision, and compactness.

In fact, quite a degree of pleasure can be derived from the perusal of it, aside from the important information which it oftentimes conveys.

In ingenuity the modern advertisement is not a remarkable: in fact, it is frequently a work of art, both in a literary and typographical sense. The aim of some advertisers in many cases seems to be to draw the attention of the reader away from the fact that it is an advertisement. While not taking rank among what may be termed literary productions, it possesses many of their brightest features. In the hands of the master workman, be he advertiser, writer, or compositor, the matter becomes attractive to the most casual reader. The latter's attention is drawn toward it, and his interest in it aroused before he is fully aware of the fact. The old style of merely puffing one's merchandise has been out of date. The reading and purchasing public of to-day demands something stronger and better. That this want is recognised and appreciated by the keen advertiser and equally alert public is apparent to almost every one. The fact is, advertising has become such an integral part of modern business methods that it is almost impossible to carry on any kind of trade or traffic without its aid. It is well known that many concerns pay large salaries to skilled writers whose only employment is the invention and the framing of attractive and telling advertisements.

Thousands of pounds are annually expended simply in putting the matter in shape, and many millions more for its publication in the press. The firm who can express in clear, strong, and concise language, set in an attractive form of display, just what it has to offer, at once attracts the merchant as well as the consumer.

No merchant can now wholly depend for business upon the fact of his being well known to the trade. No matter how many years he may have been established, or how familiar his name is to the purchasing public, or how celebrated his wares are; if he does not advertise and keep doing so in some way, buyers and consumers will in time ignore him and visit and trade with his competitor who sounds his trumpet upon all occasions to the extent of thousands of pounds a year, and pays the same without murmur because it pays him to do so.

How Micro-Organisms are Estimated.

The microscopic living particles, says Dr Frankland, possess such an astonishing power of rapid multiplication that within a very short period of time it becomes impossible to form an opinion as to the number of original organisms from which the vast population is descended. But if these organisms, as contained in a specific volume of water, be mingled with a nutritive liquid suitable for their multiplication, such as extract of meat, and if each individual organism be then immediately deprived of their possibility of movement by adding sufficient melted gelatine to render the whole solid on cooling, then the several colonies or groups thereafter produced from these isolated individuals can be distinguished with a low magnifying power, showing the number of parent organisms originally introduced, and also their several characters and kinds. For this purpose, the gelatinised nutritive mixture in which the water under examination is mingled, is poured upon a glass plate, where it sets in a few minutes to a solid film. It is then carefully covered with a glass and kept at a favorable temperature until the development is sufficiently advanced to describe and count them. The more potent varieties are the more active as ferments, and will the sooner liquefy the gelatine by decomposition, which is therefore one of the valuable tests of their quality. A water containing one or two varieties is, other things being equal, to be preferred to one having the same number in many varieties, since if the latter case it is evident that the water has been subjected to more numerous sources of contamination, or to influences not identical to the subsistence of many different kinds of organisms. Some kinds of organisms are more difficult to remove than others.

The Way Of It.

This is the way of it, wide world over:
One is beloved, and one is the lover;
One gives, and the other receives,
One lavishes all in a wild emotion,
One offers a smile for a life's devotion;
One hopes, and the other believes,
One lies awake in the night to weep,
And the other drifts into a sweet dreamless sleep.

One soul is aflame with a god-like passion,
One plays with love in an idler's fashion;
One speaks, and the other hears.
One sobs "I love you," and wet eyes show it,
And one laughs lightly and says, "I know it,"
With smiles for the other's tears.
One lives for the other and nothing beside,
And the other remembers that the world is wide.

This is the way of it, sad earth over:
The heart that breaks is the heart of the lover,
And the other learns to forget.
For what is the use of endless sorrow?
Though the sun goes down, it will rise to-morrow,
And life is not over yet.
Oh! I know this truth, if I know no other,
That Passionate Love is Pain's own mother.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

To Beautify the Hands.

Every lady's ambition is to have soft and white hands. One secret is to keep them always clean. Whenever they require it, wash them in soft water, slightly tepid, with the best toilet soap, and then dry them carefully and thoroughly on a rough towel. Brisk rubbing, by causing quick circulation, tends to produce a transparent surface on the skin. There are various soaps recommended to improve the color of the hands, among them sand-soap, which is a composition of soft-soap, sweet oil, and finely sifted sand, worked up to a proper consistence, and left to harden. This soap will be found quite effective in removing the roughness of the skin occasioned by exposure to sharp winds. Pure honey-soap is also good for the hands.

The trial for perjury of Thomas Castro, otherwise Arthur Orton (as the indictment ran) who asserted that he was Roger Charles Tichborne, was commenced in the Court of Queen's Bench, London, on April 23, 1873, and continued 188 days to Feb. 28, 1874, when he was found guilty and sentenced to 14 years penal servitude.

A delightfully intelligent scientific person informs the world, through the medium of the columns of a contemporary, that thirty-two million persons could shake hands and encompass the whole world if they joined hands together.

Sixty enterprising girls in Chicago have started an establishment where they manufacture men's clothing for wholesale dealers. Their prospects are very encouraging.

An Unfeeling Husband.—A lady last week had her likeness taken by a photographer, and he executed it so well that her brute of a husband says he prefers it to the original.

Farm and Garden.

Importance of Cleanliness.

The dairyman who would excel in his business and stand at the top, must practice thorough cleanliness in every detail. Pure, fragrant milk, round well-flavored cheese, and the finest and sweetest butter are procured under these conditions. The cows themselves are also as absorbent of impurities as the milk. The air breathed into the lungs, and carried through all the intricate cellular passages and chambers of the lung tissue, is brought into contact with an infinite number of capillary blood vessels, which absorb the air and discharge the load of impurities in this fluid are retained, poisoning the very source from which the whole animal system is nourished; and thus the animal is polluted by the absorbed impurity, which is forced to escape in this way. As the milk is a direct product from the blood, the blood cannot make pure milk. Besides, the self-preserving instincts, or rather laws, of animal life, tend to force the blood to throw off impure matter in the easiest way, and as a large quantity of milk is secreted daily, and the milk glands are exceedingly active, any impure matter in the blood is rapidly discharged through the milk glands. An instance of this was afforded when a quantity of frozen turnip leaves left in the stable, which was filled with the odor of them, caused the milk to smell disagreeably by the absorbtion of the odor through the cows. Physicians are well acquainted with the fact that the perspiration of painters who use turpentine always has an odor, more or less, of the turpentine, and the fumes of the lead used in the paint are absorbed by the lungs and produce the frequent and very injurious disease known as "painter's colic" by the lead poisoning. Arsenic is also breathed in the vapors given off by green colored wall paper, and causes at times fatal poisoning. Disease is most prevalent where impure air prevails and if disease and death are produced by the absorbtion of impurities, we cannot expect pure milk from foul stables.

Thus the careful management of the cows becomes an important part of the business of the dairymen. The stable should be clean, or the cows cannot be clean; it should be well aired and ventilated, or the air in it will be impure; it should be made comfortable, or the cows will be worried and yield less milk; it should be cool in summer and warm in winter; there should be a convenient way to dispose of the manure; a convenient and safe mode of entrance and exit; the fastening should be safe; the cows should be safe; the cows should be separated so that they cannot hook or punch each other when fastened and yet be so close together that space is economized: they should be preserved from uncleanliness and annoyance, and kept contented and happy.

Failures With Sitting Hens.

It is more difficult to supply heat to eggs in winter than in summer, as is well known, and for that reason a hen should be given but a few eggs in cold weather if she is expected to bring up a strong vigorous brood. Heat, air, and a certain proportion of moisture are necessary for developing the germ of the egg to a chick. Some hens cannot give the eggs the proper temperature, and they will consequently be a day or two later in hatching, while others bring off the chicks a day before they are really due. Eggs may be exposed, provided they do not reach the freezing point, but a genial warmth will revive them, and the germ quickens again; but they must receive sufficient heat in the aggregate, or they will not hatch. When the hen has too many eggs, those on the outside of the nest will be exposed too long during very cold weather. The temperature of the bodies of hens varies from one hundred and one degrees to one hundred and four degrees. A newly-laid egg, weighing too ounces, loses a portion of its weight during incubation, as the chick will not weigh over one and a quarter ounces when hatched, hence no moisture is absorbed, as is generally supposed. The most important matter connected with incubation is that of using eggs from vigorous stock only. If the hen does her duty, the chances are that in breeding, overfeeding, or immaturity of the parent stock have caused failure, even if the eggs are fertile, and the hen has nothing to do with it more than to impart heat, which can be done by mechanical means as well.

Crossing with Dorking Fowl.

The Dorking is now being given a higher place in the appreciation of people, as its excellence as a table fowl has attracted attention. The finest and most savoury meat that can be placed on the table is a capon from a cross of the Dorking and Game, while the cross of the Dorking with the Asiatic breeds of hens, makes not only a very fine market fowl, but the chicks are superior broilers. The Dorking is an average layer. That is, while it lays a large number of eggs compared with some breeds, yet it is not equal in that respect to the Leghorn or Minorca, but as a strictly egg-producing and market fowl combined it has no competitor, especially if the size of the carcass and quality of the flesh are considered. The Dorkings feather very rapidly when young, and unless fed carefully are not as easily raised as are chicks of the Asiatic breeds, but when crossed on other breeds, this difficulty is removed. All Dorkings have five toes on each foot, which distinguishes them when dressed and placed on the stalls. They are very solid, compact birds, and active foragers, being hardy when matured, and as free from disease as any bird.

Feeding Breeding Sows.

During gestation breeding sows should have only a small allowance of corn. Shorts (middlings or ship stuff), bran, skim milk, buttermilk and clover, should constitute their daily rations, as these foods go to make up good sound bodies in her young. Milk is one of the best articles at our command when she is suckling her young. When weaning, the pigs should be fed two parts milk, one shorts, and one corn meal, by weight. A run on good clover will be of great benefit and go far towards making a good frame. When matured or nearing that condition add more of the carbonaceous, and for the two last months of fattening, if fat pork is desired, feed largely of corn, but if lean, juicy meat is the aim, the muscle-making foods must be continued.

Good Vinegar.

How to make good vinegar from refuse apples:—Use no decayed fruit, no water, no sugar, no molasses, no acid. Grind and press the juice from the selected refuse apples, put in clean casks or old vinegar barrels if at hand, leave in the open air with bung out to work, and fill up from time to time that all impurities may flow off. If a few gallons are wanted for immediate use, put in the old vinegar, and it will hasten the change, if kept in the sun or near the fire. Before it freezes out of doors, remove your casks to the cellar, in a warm corner, and where there is some light. You will, in a few months, have good vinegar, which will of course improve with age.

Eggs in Winter.—If many winter eggs are expected, the appliances and materials should be provided before winter arrives. It is bad policy to commence rigging up after winter comes. If the houses are all perfected, and the hens fed up to the laying point at the start, there will be little trouble in keeping it up during the entire winter.

On the wedding journey: He (sentimentally)—"Darling, do you love me better than your first husband?" She—"Certainly. He's dead!"

Nature.

The Nesting Spider.

Dr. M'Cook gave, before the British Association, the result of observations on the nesting habits of *Atypus niger*, a Florida Spider. Referring to the original description of the black atypus of Florida, made by Hentz in his "Spiders of the United States," Dr M'Cook said that a good drawing of the species had been made by an Englishman, Mr. John Abbott, as early as 1792. Mr. Abbott quite happily described the creatures as the "purse web spider," and made a brief and correct note of its habits. The nests of the black *Atypus* are silken tubes of close texture, and various lengths and sizes, which are spun against the bark of trees, nearly equal portions being above and below grounds. Some of the tubes are from 12 inches to 14 inches long and the thickness of a pipe stem. The inside of the nest is quite white and clean, the outside is weather-stained and covered with sand. The mode of spinning these were described in the paper. The work is done in sections, the length of the tube being accomplished by adding to the original section until the desired length is attained. The new made tubes were found covered on the outside with sand. The spiders were not seen in the act of sanding their nests, but a similar habit in *Atypus piceus* of England has been well observed and freely described by Mr. F. Enock, who made the interesting discovery that the sand is forced through the texture of the web from the inside.

The close relations were pointed out between the nesting tubes *Atypus niger* and *Atypus piceus*. The chief differences seemed to be that the former suspends the exterior part of its tube against the trunk of a tree, attaching it thereto by threads, while the latter suspends it to stocks of grass and weeds, or trails it along the ground among the herbage. It was, said Dr. M'Cook, interesting to compare the nests of the group of spiders known as tunnel weavers, to which *Atypus* belongs. Beginning with the great hairy spider, tarantula, the giant of the order, we have a simple burrow, whose opening is sometimes covering a patch of spinning work. Second in the series may be placed *Cyrtochenius elongatus*, whose nest is a silk-lined burrow, the lining of which is carried above the earth in the form of a funnel-shaped tube. In the nest of *Atypus piceus* this funnel appears at times as a long tube of nearly uniform size, extending horizontally along the ground. Next comes the nest of *Atypus niger*, already described, and then the trap-door spiders of various American and English genera.

After further tracing the tube-making habit, Dr. M'Cook mentioned a fossil spider which he had seen in the British Museum. This fossil was taken from the Eocene tertiary at Garnet Bay, Isle of Wight, and might be the distant progenitor of the present British species. It was evident that the genus has undergone little or no change since this, its first apparition.

A Use of Flowers by Birds.

A correspondent writing to *Nature* says: "Some years ago you allowed me to describe the pretty doings of a couple of goldfinches, who, having built their nest on a bough overhanging a garden path, proceeded to make it more like the sky above, and, therefore, less visible from below, by hanging it around with wreaths of forget-me-nots. This year, in the same garden, some sparrows have shown equal ingenuity. They began a nest in a *Pyrus japonica* against a white house, whilst the tree was still almost bare of leaves. Not wishing for the noise and dirt so near the windows, I removed it, and they began another; all in it was removed, and this time, though a little more than a flat beginning, it had eggs upon it. They tried again, and on removing it the third time I found that the birds were overlaying it on all sides with flowers of some sweet Alyssum that was growing below; the intention being, evidently, to render it more like the background of the white wall, and, therefore, less conspicuous.'

Schumann's Kinder-Scenen.

The spirit of the Ingle-nook
Has come to led me forth,
To wonder at the leaping brook,
The wind from out the north;

To wander with Haroun the great
Through groves of Eastern scent;
To watch, beyond the garden gate,
The birds fly, skyward bent;

To lie amid the grass, and dream
Each slim and spreading spire
A tufted palm, lit by the gleam
Of distant heaven's fire;

To dream and dream of things beyond
The gate—beyond to day—
Until upon the miller's pond
The low red light shall play.

And then, when all my dreams shall swim
To murmuring of the brook,
I shall be led from twilight dim
Back to the Ingle-nook.

Exclusive Grain Diet for Fowls.

There is no more wisdom in confining poultry exclusively to a grain diet than in keeping animals on a food devoid of bulk. In the growing season, the hens eat grass, seeds, and insects, and in winter they may be given more bulky food than they usually receive, and at a less cost than that of feeding grain exclusively. If clover hay be finely cut, boiling water poured over it, and the mess well sprinkled with a mixture of ground grain, and seasoned with a little salt, they eat it willingly, and it affords an agreeable variety. The clover also largely assists in supplying albumen to the eggs, while the health of the fowls is promoted by the food not being very concentrated. No doubt some may consider such feed as suitable only for a cow or horse, but it is also good for poultry. If hens are kept on corn they become exceedingly fat, and as unfit for laying as an over-fat animal is for breeding, but feed them on a variety which contains more of the flesh-forming elements than the carbonaceous, and they gage better results. As the stock should be kept warm and comfortable, so should the fowls. It is much cheaper to provide suitable quarters than to keep them from freezing by stuffing with corn. They will also eat dry hay, if cut in short lengths; but it is better to feed it moistened and warm.

A confectioner of Newport, England, having missed from the bakehouse time after time dainty morsels, set a watch, and a form resembling that of a boy was seen stealthily creeping along the roof of the adjoining bakehouse. No attention was paid to cries to come down, and a gun was fired. The aim was good, and a dead monkey rolled from the roof into the road.

A California man caught and killed a large turtle, removed the eggs from the body, and put them in a cupboard. Several weeks afterwards his wife was nearly frightened to death on opening the cupboard to find what she took to be young lizards crawling over everything on the shelves. The turtle's eggs had hatched.

In the Sydney (Australia) lighthouse is the largest electric light in the world. It has a power of 180,000 candles, and may be seen from ships fifty miles out at sea. The next largest is in the Palais d'Industrie, Paris, and has a power of 150,000 candles. The largest light in America is 21,000 candle power. It is San Jose, California.

Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, said of the hubbub raised over his allusion to the Prince of Wales as "the fat little bald-headed man in red clothes" that he, Stead, believed the English people wouldn't have been half so much horrified had he attacked the Trinity!

Agricultural land of England (irrespective of buildings) is worth, in round numbers, five thousand million pounds.

Traveller.

Punjabee Well-Jumpers and Krooboy Divers.

By Thomas Stevens.

Eleven miles out of Delhi, the old capital of the Mogul Empire, in what is now British India, is the Kootub Minar, said to be the tallest minaret in the world. The Kootub is one of the things that everybody goes to see who visits that part of India. My bicycle journey around the world took me through Delhi; and having to wait over a few days while I obtained some photographic apparatus from Calcutta, I thought I would ride out one day and see the Kootub. When I arrived there I discovered that the minar, tall and beautiful though it was, was not the only extraordinary sight to be seen in the neighborhood. While looking about at the ruins after coming down from the tall monument, four boys, from twelve to sixteen years of age, came racing up, and bowed their heads almost to the ground in a low salaam. They were naked, except for a big turban on their heads and a breech-cloth about their waists. Their shiny bronze skins fairly glistened in the fierce Indian sun, but being used to it, they didn't seem to mind the heat a particle.

One of them could speak a word or two of English, just enough to make me understand that they wanted to let me see them jump into the water. "Pahni, sahib jump; pahni, pice, pice," the spokesman—or spokesboy—of the party explained, whilst his three companions stood by and smiled expectantly. "Pahni" is the Indian word for water, "sahib" for sir, and "pice" for money. From travelling through so many different countries without knowing much of the language, I had acquired the ability to very readily understand what the natives meant by the two or three disconnected words of English they might know. I didn't quite catch the meaning of what they wanted to do this time, however. I had seen the Krooboys at Aden dive into the sea and bring up coins thrown in, and I naturally thought these youthful Punjabees wanted to do some similar feat. Putting the words "water," "sir," "jump," "money" together, and remembering the Krooboys, I told them to go ahead, quite prepared to toss a coin into some lake or tank, and have a little fun in seeing them dive after it.

One of the boys ran along ahead of me to show the way, the other three followed respectfully behind; all of them seemed overjoyed at the prospect of earning "pice" from the sahib by jumping into the water. Pretty soon we arrived at the brink of a well that looked to me somewhere about fifty feet deep. The boys stood on the side and laid off their turbans preparatory to jumping down the well. Looking at them rather incredulously, I asked if they wanted me to toss a coin down into the water. "Na-ee, sahib; na-ee," the spokesboy replied, and in a twinkling he stepped off the brink and dropped straight as a plumb-line down the well. For a moment he was out of sight beneath the water, but in less than a minute he had climbed up the projecting rocks and rejoined us unharmed. The other three boys followed his example, one after another; they seemed to think no more of jumping down that fifty-foot well than in jumping into a pond. They seemed so delighted at the present of a coin which, when divided among them, would give each jumper about five pence, that they insisted on jumping down again before letting me go. They were afraid that they were not giving me sight-seeing enough for my money by merely jumping down once for five pence.

I afterward learned that these boys followed jumping down this well for a living. Trained to it from infancy almost, they had come to regard it as a very little thing to do, and long practice had taught them to drop without the slightest danger of striking against the side. Every day or two some English travellers would come out from Delhi to see the Kootub Minar and the ruins of ancient cities there, and, like me, would be pretty sure to wind up by seeing these intrepid youngsters jump down the well. Five cents a day is pretty fair wages for a fourteen-year-old boy in India; so that if these enterprising little Hindoos got some Englishman or American to jump down the well for every day, they earned good wages.

The Krooboys at Aden do their jumping, or rather diving, entirely in the sea. As every one of them can swim like fish, there would seem, at first thought, to be little or no danger in their feats. On the contrary, however, they are exposed to far more danger than the Punjabee boys at the Cootub. The water about Aden is swarming with ferocious sharks that are a constant source of danger.

We were lying off for the night in Aden Harbor in a P. and O. steamer, when I first became acquainted with the Krooboy divers. As the big ship slowed up to cast anchor, about twenty tiny cockle-shell boats came racing from the shore, each propelled by a naked boy with a paddle. The young paddlers were as black as ink, and had big bushy heads of black inky hair. When they arrived alongside the ship we could see that their boats were little more than mere troughs of wood, just sufficient to keep them afloat. They held out their hands to the passengers looking over the bulwarks, and shouted, "Bakshish," "piastre," "pice," "franc," "rupee." The young Krooboys had picked up the word for "money" in a good many different languages, so that the passengers from different countries might understand what they wanted. A Frenchman would, of course, recognize the word "franc" at once; a Turk or Greek or Egyptian, "piastre,"; an Indian or Anglo-Indian, "pice" "rupee"; and everybody who has read about or travelled in the East understands "bakshish."

Some of the passengers had been past Aden before, and knew all about the Krooboys. An English officer on his way to India tossed a silver coin carelessly into the sea. Flop! flop! flop! went the Krooboys into the water, the quickest of them almost reaching the water ahead of the coin. The water was clear, and we could see the commotion they made below the waves in their scrambling dive after the shining coin; but in an incredibly short time they all rose to the surface, one of them holding it triumphantly up to view. As many as thirty coins were thrown overboard altogether, but although some of the passengers took particular pains to throw theirs in edgewise, so that they would sink rapidly, the nimble Krooboys never missed bringing up a single coin.

We got to talking about the danger they were constantly exposed to from the prowling monsters of the deep. "Sharks!" queried an old sailor. "Pooh! sharks wouldn't eat a Krooboy even if he could catch one; it's only white people that man-eating sharks care about." Still, for all the old sailor's remark, we all thought that if very hungry —and when are sharks not very hungry!—Mr. Shark would have no squeamishness about making his supper off a Krooboy, providing no white person was to be obtained.

Every day from one to half a dozen ships pass through the Red Sea, going to or returning from India, and a good many of them stop awhile at Aden. Aden is an English colony with a garrison of soldiers, and a coaling depot for the navy, so that a good deal of shipping is done there. Every ship that stops for ever so short a time there is immediately waited upon by the little fleet of Krooboy divers. New travellers are always curious to see them perform their marvellous feat of bringing coins up from the depths of the blue sea, so that they reap quite a harvest some days, and on the whole probably earn very good wages at their curious profession.

The present King of Spain is not yet 20 months old, and his court are taking advantage of the fact to pull his nose while they can. It won't be safe by-and-bye.

Boys and Girls.

Which Loved Best.

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and the wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am there's no school to-day!"
So she rocked the babe till asleep it lay.

Then, stepping softly, she fetched the broom
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she;
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

Pin and Needle.

Two gay little cats were Needle and Pin, so called because they had the sharpest of sharp claws beneath their soft velvet gloves; and very graceful bits of creatures did they appear as they frisked and frolicked in the bright sunshine, amidst the summer flowers. Plenty of fresh, sweet milk, too, had these pet pussies, to say nothing of chicken and custard on highdays and holidays, but still the desire of their small feline hearts was cream, rich yellow cream! "No, no," said Dolly, their mistress, "cream is not for kittens. It does not agree with them, and makes their glossy coats rough and ugly." But not a whit cared Needle and Pin whether their pretty fur jackets were smooth or not, and one day they disobeyed Mistress Dolly, and patted on their soft little paws into the pantry, where they were forbidden to go, and where on the table they discovered a large blue and white bowl filled with their favorite dainty.

"Ah, ha! now we will have a pic-nic!" purred Needle.

"Oh! do you dare to take any?" asked Pin.

"Of course," cried Needle. "Mistress Dolly is out, the cook is busy, and here goes for the first lap!" and his tiny red tongue darted into the dish.

"Hark!" exclaimed Pin, "I hear a noise!"

"Pshaw! it was nothing but a miserable mouse in the wall," said Needle, and both began to drink the cream so fast that they nearly choked themselves, and were so engaged that they never heard the approach of the cook until she stood in the doorway, flourishing a poker above their devoted heads.

"Hiss! puff! spit!" How they did jump! the cream dish flying in one direction and they in another! When, alas! poor Needle came to grief, for he landed and stuck fast on a very sticky piece of fly-paper, which had been left on the table to catch the troublesome little black coats of the air. In vain he kicked and rolled and spit—the more he squirmed, the tighter it stuck, until at length, in despair, he gave one wild leap and went off with the paper on his back, looking for all the world like an advertisement for a porus plaster, while the fat cook held her sides and shook with laughter. Under the back piazza naughty Pin and Needle repented of their disobedience in sackcloth and ashes, or rather grease and fly-paper; for a goodly portion of the cream had gone over Pin as she made her escape, and it was an army contract to get it off, while two sicker kittens were never seen than they were that night.

"Me—ow! me—ow! me—ow!" they wailed in heartrending tones, as Mistress Dolly scrubbed them with soap and sand! and now at the sight of the blue and white cream dish they scamper off in affright, and there are no more obedient cats in the country than gray and white Pin and Needle.

The Land of Toys.

The vicinity of the Black Forest is a veritable land of toys, while the pleasant town of Sonneberg has been termed the great toy-capital, nearly everyone of the inhabitants being engaged in the manufacture of playthings. Wooded toys are the speciality, and each family has its own particular branch. Thus one makes nothing but animals, another nothing but waggons, etc. Each toy passes through half-a-dozen hands, and even toddling little ones share in the work. Half a million dollars' worth are shipped from there every year, and as they come to us through Holland are called "Dutch toys." Hence the old couplet:—

"The children of England take pleasure in breaking
What the children of Holland take pleasure in making."

Interesting Figures.

How few people realise how many spawn of fish a million is. We are accustomed to read of this or that hatchery turning out so many millions of whitefish, shad, salmon, or speckled trout, as the case may be, with but little thought of how many a true million really is. In conversation with an acquaintance some days ago, while speaking of the number of million of spawn we had laid down in the Caledonia hatchery, I was asked how many bushels of spawn I supposed we had, and if I knew how many spawn it took to make a bushel. I replied that I had never thought of the matter in that light, but as it would be quite interesting to know I would ascertain. Accordingly, I had a few estimates made with some of the different varieties of spawn we have had at the hatchery. We began with the spawn of the salmon trout, the spawn of which is obtained from Lake Huron. I mention this fact as the size of the spawn obtained from the fish caught in the different lakes differ slightly: as, for instance, those taken from the Lake Ontario salmon trout are a trifle smaller than the Lake Huron trout eggs. We counted a quart, exact measure, and found they would run six thousand to the quart, and, taking this as a basis, there would be one hundred and ninety-two thousand to the bushel, which would make just five and a quarter bushels to spawn the million. The young fry when hatched out would require two hundred twelve gallon cans to remove them, supposing that five thousand were placed in a can, which is about all that can be transported any distance safely in a can of that size. Brook or speckled trout, the spawn of which are considerably smaller, are found to measure eleven thousand seven hundred to the quart, or three hundred and seventy-four thousand four hundred spawn to the bushel, and nearly three bushels to the million. When hatched it required one hundred and sixty-seven cans of the above capacity to transport them, figuring at six thousand to the can. Whitefish eggs I have estimated at thirty-four thousand to the quart, and at this rate there would be one million one hundred thousand eight hundred in a bushel. Shad eggs are about the same size as the whitefish, and I should estimate them at about the same. As ten thousand young fry of either the whitefish or shad is about all that can be safely transported in a twelve or thirteen gallon can, it would require one hundred and ten cans to carry one million of either of these kinds.

An English officer who had killed eleven elephants, thirteen tigers, and seven lions, died recently from the effects of a cat-bite. It is the little things of life which mould our fate.

Ladies' Column.

"Sweetheart" was the Name.

'Twas a brand new boat; there were few afloat
More graceful and staunch than she;
And captain and crew, and maids not a few,
Were wild on her deck to be.
Her masts were set and her sails were wet,
She was ready to leave the shore,
Yet from stem to stern, as all might discern,
No sign of a a name she bore.

"Won't you name her for me?" asked Nora Lee
Of the captain so young and gay,
With a melting glance that made his heart dance;
And how could he answer nay?
"Let my name fly from the peak so high,
And 'twill bring you good luck, I know,"
In turn cried Dolly, and Maude, and Molly,
Miriam, Grace and Flo.

The captain was kind, and really inclined
To honor the maidens fair.
Who thought in this way he'd his choice betray,
And the love of his heart declare;
He was proud and pleased to be daily teased,
Though he knew it was half in fun,
And that none might be offended, why, he
Said yes unto every one.

The day dawned bright, and the breeze was right,
And the boat—as you may surmise—
With white wings spread the fleet outsped,
And easily won the prize;
And a pennant blue waved its signal true
From the captain to those on shore,
And though maids demurred, he had kept his word—
"Sweetheart" was the name it bore!

No Carpets.

It looks now as if "the carpet must go." The European system of painting floors instead of carpeting them, and decorating them with handsome rugs, is gradually growing in popularity in America. Carpets, as well as curtains, lambrequins, etc., may be deemed necessary parts of house-furnishing, but they all collect dust and dirt of a more dangerous character. In the winter they may be tolerated, but when summer comes they should all be removed to places of security, and protected from light and insect destroyers. The floors should be oiled with boiled linseed oil, and whenever coverings of any kind are desirable, on account of lessening sounds, rugs and mats should take the place of carpets, and plain shades and shutters will suffice to exclude too glaring a light and diminish the dust nuisances. Floors thus treated are kept clean much easier, as the oil becomes incorporated with the wood and makes a hard finish, as it is oxidised by contact with the air. The same treatment of floors, removal of carpets and unnecessary materials for the lodgment of dust and organic impurities, will make the sleeping apartments much more wholesome. It has long been acknowledged that carpets are entirely out of place in the apartments occupied by the sick; but they retain the poisons of such diseases as small-pox, diptheria, and scarlet fever, and it seems strange that a crusade against them has not long since been organised.

Aids to Beauty.

A lady who is noted for her freshness of complexion, attributes it to the practice of using a wash made of sliced cucumbers soaked in milk, applied every night to the hands and face and allowed to dry on. It is invaluable for removing tan and freckles. A new style of hair dressing seems likely to gain many votaries. The hair is brushed up very high and fastened with an invisible comb, not in the middle of the head as formerly, but almost over the forhead, and then arranged with ornamental pins in bows, loops and curls. This construction forms a sort of diadem-shaped background to the frizzled front hair. The Grecian knot of hair, slightly protruding from the centre of the back of the head, is a severe style that is becoming only to women who possess very regular features. The larger "emigrant twist" looks far better en suite with, for instance, a snub nose. The classic coiffure first mentioned, is apt to prove a burlesque when affected by a woman with the style of nose last mentioned. The long-featured, slim-faced woman errs, when admiring the style and effect upon a round, rosy face, she drags her hair high upon the crown of her head, and there coils and twists it into towering loops, into which she thrusts tall pins and formidable daggers. The number of inches from the apex of said daggers, to the extreme point of her chin, is very frequently a problem and a wonder which has been known to be wagered upon.

Fancy Work.

DECORATED CLOTHES PINS.

The small sized old-fashioned wooden clothes pin is used. This is first covered with a ground of paint, either bright or dark, according to taste, and then adorned with a delicate spray of leaves and flowers. One with a Nile-green ground, decorated with a miniature garland of dark holly leaves and scarlet berries. Another with a pale pink ground is further beautified by the tiny blossoms of the blue forget-me-not. These decorated clothes pins are used as napkin holders, and, to say the least, are somewhat of a relief from the monotonous ring, especially when the latter is a poor imitation of something which it is not. With dainty fringed napkins the effect of these simple ornaments is very good. The napkin should be folded in a triangular form, so the two fringed edges will be outward. Push the third, or plain edge, back into the fork of the pin. The whole appearance then is that of a white or variegated three-cornered fan with a gay-flowered handle. This fashion, simple as it appears, will be found to suggest many possibilities in the way of decoration.

HANDSOME TABLE COVERS

Are made of alternate squares or half squares of basket flannel and of velveteen. One made of two shades of brown is very pretty, and one of brown and lemon color is particularly effective. The spread should be lined; it is not necessary that the entire lining should be of expensive material; unbleached factory cloth will answer, provided the facing is deep. No border is requisite, but if one prefers it this should be of velveteen, with facing of a contrasting color. If the blocks are neatly put together no needlework is necessary to adorn the spread; that resting on the option of the maker.

PARLOR ORNAMENT.

Purchase a plain Indian straw basket, one of neat manufacture and pretty shape; paint it black. This gives an effective background for the fruit designs painted or pasted on the sides and ends; line the basket with brightly tinted velvet; cover the handle with silver or gold cord—the same should run along the edges of the opening. This dainty piece of home art forms a lovely card basket. A common straw hat, a size to fit a boy of six years, can be made into an artistic novelty. Face the rim with satin nicely pleated; fill the crown with artificial flowers, secure them from tumbling out by long loops of thread; suspend the hat from the top of a cabinet or music stand.

LIGHT LAP ROBES

For babies' carriages are of linen scrim with border of drawn work and a scant ruffle of Irish point around the edges, or of Madras muslin, trimmed with a gathered frill to match. This latter is finished with deep scallops, button-holed with silk corresponding to the darker color in the Madras fabric.

Miscellaneous.

Withered Leaves.

From each bough
Withered leaves
Flutter now,
Nature grieves.
Golden rod in radient pride
Decks the winding river's side;
Smiles 'mid tears.
First the symbol of death's coming,
Second, of hope serene,
That o'er comes the grave's dark terrors
Reaching to the things unseen.

As alone
I wandered,
Thus alone
I pondered.
Dulling grief with thoughts like these
'Till adown the sighing breeze,
Sweet and low,
Seemed to me her voice was calling,
Calling as in years gone by;
'Mid the sound of dead leaves falling
Echoed in my soul this cry.

Breaking heart,
Calm thy grief,
Life at best
Is but brief.
It is but the prelude, dear,
To the everlasting here.
Do not mourn;
Here our souls again united
Soul to soul two merged in one
Will be wedded close, my darling,
In the fire of His sun.

Still they fall
Dying years,
But her call
In my ears
Echoes to my soul's recesses.
Carking grief no more oppresses
All is peace.
For I know that hope eternal,
Blessed hope that ne'er deceives,
Fills the breeze that softly rustles
O'er her grave the withered leaves.

—*E. M. Munroe*

The Oldest Form of Bread.

Biscuits are the oldest form of bread. At what period of a man's history the lightening of dough by fermentation was first adopted, no one of course knows. It is, however, certain that cakes are made of nothing but meal and water and then baked, are very much older. Fragments of unfermented cakes were discovered in the Swiss lake dwellings, which belong to the Neolithic age, an age dating back far beyond the received age of the world. This is the earliest instance of biscuits as yet discovered, for biscuits are merely unfermented bread. Although this rude form of bread was early discarded for the fermented variety, yet in this, as in many other matters, it was found convenient to return to a discarded and apparently valueless process. Thin, unfermented cakes were found to possess merits for special purposes. They would keep good for a great length of time, and they were convenient to carry, and thus afforded wholesome and nutritious food in a portable and convenient form. The simplicity with which they could be made and baked was also a point in their favor. It is not a little odd that the word "biscuit" embodies the process by which biscuits were made from time to time immemorial to within the last century, if not, indeed, later. *Bis*, twice, and *coctus*, cooked, shows that they were twice baked; and although the double process has now been discarded, yet the name is retained.

Writes Labouchere in *Truth*:—Here is an instance of the sort of persons who are made resident Magistrates in Ireland. I extract it from the report of a trial in a local Irish newspaper. Lord Londonderry has no doubt convinced himself, as was promised, of the "sufficiency of the legal knowledge" of the addition to the ranks of the Resident Magistrates. Colonel Connolly, R. M., Carragh, was recehtly trying a case which he had refused to postpone at the request of one of the solicitors engaged in it. Here is what followed:

Solicitor's Representive! "Your worship, there is a *parole* agreement in this case."

Colonel Connolly, R. M.: "A parallel agreement? Produce it."

Solicitor's Representative: "But, your worship, there is a *parole* agreement."

Colonel Connolly: "Well, produce it."

Solicitor's representative: "But it is a *parole* agreement. I mean a verbal agreement, your worship—an agreement in words."

A Rev. M. Baxter, of the Church of England, has just delivered three prophetic lectures at Liverpool. There is nothing vague about this prophet. England is to be separated legislatively from Ireland, India and her colonies. Lucien Bonaparte is to become King of Syria, and later on, Emperor of France. Belgium and the Rhine provinces are to be annexed to France. In 1896, 144,000 watchful Christians are to ascend from earth to Heaven, and the millennium is to commence on April 11, 1901. The lecturer challenged any minister or individual to show that he had made any mistake. No one, as yet, has taken up the challenge—possibly because every one is convinced that no mistake has been made; possibly for other reasons.

The total gross debt of the Dominion of Canada, June 30, 1887, amounted to £51,040,074. Against this there were assets, including investments for sinking funds, etc., province accounts and banking accounts, amounting to £9,034,722, leaving the net debt on that date at £43,005,152. In case of union, which some of America's neighbors propose, Uncle Sam would no doubt have to assume the payment of this debt. The most of it was incurred in aiding the construction of railroads and public works.

Alfred Carpenter, of the Marine Survey Office, Bombay, has observed Macacus monkeys on the Island of South Burmah opening oysters with a stone. They bring the stones from high water mark down to low water, selecting such stones as they can easily grasp. They effect the opening by striking the base of the upper valve until it dislocates and breaks up. They then extract the oyster with the finger and thumb, occasionally putting the mouth straight to the broken shell. The way they have chosen is the easiest way to open the shell.

When Tonkin is costing France 20,000,000f. a year, it is surprising that for the sake of a sum of 423,000f. revenue should be raised by licensing gaming-houses. Yet this is what is being done. The right of opening game-tables has been let by tender for this amount. Henceforth, if the Prince of Monaco is reproached with living on the proceeds of the gaming-tables, he will twit France with the beam in her own eye.

An English philosopher declares that there are thirty criminals among every 1,000 bachelors. The philosopher should study the habits of bachelors more closely. A man by deliberately remaining a bachelor constitutes himself a criminal in the first place, and to this great offence adds scores of little ones.

The long drought in England caused great embarrassment to the umbrella trade, as sales nearly ceased. One manufacturer, who was sued for a debt of £5, declared that nothing but the drought prevented payment of the debt, and the court granted him a month's respite in the hope that rain might come and umbrellas be saleable.

The fact that a man's brain grows lighter as he grows older is considered a curious thing. His brain is supposed by the community to be the lightest when he is about 20 years old.

The tallest man in America is eight feet two inches high. This will disappoint some men who have imagined that their own heads scraped the clouds as they promenaded around.

Humor.

A Defective Sale.

I sold a horse to Farmer Jones—
Not such as every farmer owns—
A horse of old and famous breed,
A high-toned and patrician steed;
His head had quite a haughty toss,
He was a hoss as was a hoss.
I sold him from all blemish free,
And sold him with his pedigree.

He was delivered as per bill;
But bless that horse! I have him still.
For ere the sun had rushed to rest
Smack in the variegated West,
The gentle Jones was at my gate
To say he *thought* I traded straight—
But when he bought that horse from me,
He also bought his pedigree.

Said I; "The pedigree is brief,
Is 'Snifter, by Mambrino Chief,
Dam Fino, she by Glencoe, *imp.*,
Out of Aphrasia, sired by Gimp,
Brother to Hambletonian Buff—
Is that there pedigree enough?"
He said: "Them facts is known to me.
What *I* want is that pedigree."

I took a pen and wrote it out,
And guaranteed it past all doubt;
And then I added to the lot
Some names of horses I've forgot:
As blood came cheap, I gave him blood,
And dammed and sired him to the Flood.
Said Jones: "No littrachoor for me—
Young man, give up that pedigree!"

I drew his family-tree, the root
Jabbed in some old primeval brute,
With branches going off in pairs
To show the sires and lady mares,
And twigs that wandered off a mile
To prove collateral equine style.
Said he: "I want my pedigree,
And not no picture of a tree."

And then I kicked that champ of champs
To where the far horizon slumps;
But when the morrow's glad sunrise
Cheered up the merry morning flies,
To town that ancient farmer hopped,
And got his cheque severely stopped;
And he returned that horse to me
Till I could find his pedigree.

THE PEN OF A READY WRITER.

They wheel his chair in the sunshine
Where the warmest south winds blow;
For he loves to sit where the swallows [illegible]
And the shadows come and go:
As his fancies twine and intertwine—
"Pro Bono Publico."

He used to write for the *Journal*
In seventeen eighty-four;
An old man then, but his ready pen
Was lusty at twice two score.
And he used to fill, with his sparkling [illegible]
Three columns a week, and more.

He tackled the other papers
As fast as they got born.
They thought he would die 'ere the [illegible] went by
But he bought him a bigger ink horn.
And the editor's life with care was rife
From even till dewy morn.

He gathered his friends around him,
"Taxpayer," "Vox Populi," "Lex,"
"Constant Reader," "True Blue" [illegible]
"Citizen," too,
The editor's soul to vex:
And the older they grew, the garrulous crew
Made worse newspaporial wrecks.

And he never will die while ink lasts
Or a paper to press can go;
His old pen grumbles and censures and mumbles,
As things are too fast or too slow,
Though his temper's infernal, his pen eternal—
Old "Pro Bono Publico."

—Robert J. Burdette.

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Halloran. "Patsy [illegible] with a bad accident, sure enough. [illegible] it afther happenin'? ye ask. It was this: He was wurrakin', as ye know, [illegible] new sewer, an' wa'n't payin' much att[illegible] to things, an' so happened to [illegible] up in the air when the six o'clock w[illegible] blowed, an' of course he lets go wid [illegible] fer his coat, an' the pick comes down on [illegible] fut! Be gobs, it'll not happen again, [illegible] he swears he'll not sthrike a lick wid it after a qua-r-r-ter past feive!"

Young lady (at church festival)—"Really, Mr. Featherly, I must ask you to excuse me; I have eaten so very [illegible] and there is a limit to one's endurance, you know, even in so good a cause as this."

Mr. Featherly—"Quite true, [illegible] Smith, but still I think you might oblige——"

Young Lady—"Oh, well, as you seem so earnest about it, Mr. Featherly, I [illegible] will take just one more lobster."

Mr Spurgeon says, "a wild goose never lays a tame egg." No, it never [illegible] then the egg will become tame, Mr. Spurgeon, if you keep it long enough. [illegible] Insipid, sir, insipid! And after that [illegible] begin to grow wild again; wilder than [illegible] so wild that its own mother wouldn't recognize it. She wouldn't want to; she'd want to disown it, as unfit for any use [illegible] to attend unpopular lectures.

Foreign Count (at breakfast on wedding tour)—"Ish de menu satisfactory, my [illegible]"

Bride (sweetly)—"Thank you, A[illegible] is all that I could wish. But if you please you may ask the waiter to bring me some coffee and a small steak."

Foreign Count (absent-mindedly, in stentorian voice)—"Slaughter in the pit! Draw one!"

Minister (dining with the family)—"You never go fishing on Sundays, do you, Bobby?"

Bobby—"Oh, no, sir."

Minister—"That's right, Bobby. Now can you tell me why you don't go fishing on Sunday?"

Bobby—"Yes, sir. Pa says he doesn't want to be bothered by me."

Proud Mother (haughtily)—"You allowed yourself to be won rather easily, Edith!"

Edith—"I suppose I did. But as A[illegible] is rather bashful, and I am nearing thirty, I thought it only proper to make it just as easy as possible for him."

Mrs. O'Hoolihan—"Faix, Dennis! [illegible] phat are yez afther doin' now?"

O'Hoolihan—"Begob, Rosy, it's meself has bought a music-stool for Katie, an' I've been woinding the bastely thing up for [illegible] half an hour, an' not a dhrop of music can I get out of it at all, at all!"

Mrs C.—"Doctor, you were at the last illness of my eldest boy?"

Doctor—"Yes."

Mrs. C.—"You also tended professionally my first husband, who died?"

Doctor—"Yes."

Mrs. C.—"Well my second husband is ill, and I would like you to see him."

Countryman (to dentist)—"I wouldn't pay nothin' extry fer gas. Jest yank her out if it does hurt."

Dentist—"You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth."

Countryman—"Oh, 'taint me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute."

"**And** do you really love me, George?" she asked.

"Love you!" repeated George, fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good night on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home. Love you!"

Mrs. Newly Rich (leaving a small party given by a woman of social rank but not superabundant means)—"Good-bye, my dear Mrs. Blank. I have enjoyed myself greatly. What an unequalled faculty you have of making a little go a great way."

BROKEN HILL.

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Mr James Nettleton, who is well-known in this district, proceeded recently to Broken Hill to erect some mining machinery. He writes to his children describing his journey and giving a brief outline of the diggings. We are permitted by Mr Mason to extract the following particulars from a letter he received last week. After describing the journey, the zig-zag and wonderful curves of some of the South Australian lines, and the characteristic features of the country the train passed through, he says that a passenger has to pass the Customs officers three times—at Servicetown, Adelaide, and Broken Hill, and then continues—"I got clear; some of my mates were stuck up and had to pay duty. On arrival at Broken Hill, I called a cab, put in my traps, and paid 3s to go half a mile to the main street, where I had breakfast and afterwards had a look round town. The main street is about a mile long, and many of the business places are well-built of brick and stone, some two storeys high. Some of the pubs. have 50 rooms, and are doing a good trade. What do you think of "three star" brandy 14s per bottle; gin 8s; whisky 8s, and so on? Still, the drinks are only 6d. Every article except bread and meat (which are the same in price as you pay) is very dear, especially soft-wood timber (no other is used), and it cannot be got near at hand. There are no trees here, only a bastard sheoak scrub, which is utilised for firewood, and when you stand on Broken Hill and look around you see tents and zinc houses for miles like in thousands, and beyond are the range of hills. Claims are floated for twenty miles on each side of the range, and shafts will be sunk, and machinery erected to keep faith with the shareholders, so millions of money will be spent. Water is struck at from 60 feet to 100 feet deep, and is very salt. Except on the hills little can be done without machinery. The sinking is very hard,—tough granite, sparkling with mica, and costs about £5 per foot sinking. Townships are rushing up each way on the lines of reefs, and will increase in number as the mines develop. I had a look at the smelting works on Sunday afternoon. The men were working in all directions, and what with furnaces, blasting, and pumping engines, belts, machinery, tunnels, poppet-heads, together with shafts and the great chimneys taking away the smoke, the Broken Hill is bewildering. I have not seen such works in Victoria. Just think of a thousand tons of lead and silver waiting to be shipped at Adelaide. Appearances remind me of a rush in the old days—tents in all directions, only you don't hear the shooters going off in the evening, for men coming here seeking to toil have not much to protect; no 3 feet holes, and a pound weight off the bottom. Anyway, as it is wages it is a little for all who will work. I think the labor market for the present well stocked, for when I see eight tenders for sinking one shaft and six for another, posted outside the managers' offices, I don't think labor very scarce. Not so many applicants would turn up in Ballarat, and on our works not less than twenty ask for employment every week. I will just give you a list of the wages paid. A printed notice is posted up in every engine house and upon all works:—

Carpenter's, 11s to 12s per day
Engineers, 11s to 12s per day
Engine-drivers, 10s per day
Miners, 10s per day
Surface laborers, 8s 4d per day
Blacksmiths, 11s to 12s per day.

Tradesmen are paid no more than in the Ballarat district, so those who can keep employment at home and think anything of comfort will consider, when the extra cost of everything is taken into account, it is less than Ballarat. The days are hot, the nights cool, and drinking water very indifferent. All is rush, and "forward" is the watchword. This is not a place where one would prefer to settle down in; wages are soon reckoned up, and if anything is to be made it must be at contracting."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth! Go at 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 at 1s 1½d per bottle.

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

POISONS IN DISGUISE.—There are poisons labelled as such, and these are compounds which, although claimed to possess remedial properties, are scarcely less destructive than poison. To this latter class belong all counterfeits and imitations of Wolfe's Schnapps, and the bogus importations which also pretend to its health-giving properties. Beware of these would-be rivals of the great Elixir.

Riponshire Council.

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The monthly meeting of the above council was held on Thursday last, the following councillors being present:—Crs Murray (president), Cushing, Andrews, Oddie, Beggs, Austin, and Lewis.

MINUTES.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Public Works department, informing council that their request for assistance to build bridges at Trawalla and Lillirie will receive due consideration when the Estimates are being prepared.—A discussion was initiated on this letter by Cr. Oddie, who believed from the tone of the correspondence that the Minister was treating the Council's letter as an entirely new application, which was not the case. The Council had not been fairly dealt with by the Minister of Public Works. For a number of years they had put in request for assistance to rebuild the bridges referred to, and as the matter stood at present the Council were in the awkward position of being threatened with heavy damages if an accident should unfortunately occur. This state of affairs had been represented to the department, and the claims of the Council had been admitted, but they had been repeatedly put off with promises which up to the present time had not been kept. He moved that the Secretary be instructed to again write to the department, and mention the special promise given by the Minister of Public Works to a deputation; also, to forward copies of correspondence received from the department. Cr. Andrews seconded, and the motion was carried.

From Department of Trade and Customs, asking if council have any objection to undertake the administration of the Fisheries Act in their district.—Secretary to write making enquiries as to the nature of the responsibilities to be undertaken.

From Shire of Creswick, asking the co-operation and support of council in endeavoring to induce the Government to include the construction of the proposed railway line from Allendale to Newstead in the next railway bill.—To lie on the table.

From J. W. Thwaites, Tallangatta, forwarding copy of the rules of the Benambra Stock and Pastures Association.—No action taken.

From D. Hehir, drawing attention to the fact that Mr Geoghegan has not yet removed the fence from off the road in Kay's lane; only a portion has been removed, and the post holes are left open, and are dangerous.—The engineer, at the request of the council, stated that the fence which the council had ordered Mr Geoghegan to remove, had been taken away; it was a great inconvenience. The fence now complained of was in a totally different place, and was no inconvenience to traffic. It appears the parties concerned were having a neighbor's quarrel. The matter was referred to the north riding members.

From 44 ratepayers of Beaufort and north riding, calling attention of the council to the necessity of further stocking the reservoirs, dams, and creeks of the district, the season now approaching when fish can be got for that purpose.—Cr. Andrews said that for some two or three years endeavors had been made to get a good supply of trout to stock the reservoirs with, but the fish were not to be obtained. Trout was a fish that would thrive well in the dams of this shire, and as an opportunity is afforded of getting a good supply of the fish, they should take advantage of it. In the absence of Cr. Thomas, he would not move in the matter, but ask, as far as his riding was concerned, it should be left to its representatives. Referred to north riding members accordingly.

From James Gibbs, manager of the Saxon Consols G.M. Co., requesting the council to remove his name from the ratepayers' roll and place the names of Wm. Graham and David Cochrane thereon instead.—Request granted.

From James Cathie, asking for a reduction in his assessment.—Not entertained.

From George Douglas, on behalf of Mrs. Kennedy, a widow, of Preston Hill, stating her inability to pay her rates.

From William McFarlane, calling attention to the "arbitrary conduct" of the rabbit inspector in putting a man on his land at Middle Creek where there were no rabbits to speak of. He wrote—"I am busily engaged killing myself, and also employ a young man when occasion requires;" also stating that he had not received any notice from the inspector.—Mr McFarlane attended in person to support his complaint. He said that the man put on at his expense and his boy had only been able to kill an average of three rabbits a day, and with the exception of perhaps one or two, all the burrows had been plugged for a long time and had never been re-opened. What he complained about was the action of the inspector in keeping the man on his land, when there was nothing for him to do. The inspector pointed out that he had not been able to visit Mr. McFarlane's land for a week, having been busy in other parts of the shire; but he knew the land well as that over which the Council had had so much trouble with Mr. Stevens. It was necessary that a man should be kept at work there, and unless Mr. McFarlane promised to put one on he would not be justified in taking off the man he had engaged. He would visit the land next day (Friday). Cr. Beggs said he knew the land, and that it was a very difficult matter to get at the rabbits to kill them, owing to the thick ferns and scrub. Mr. McFarlane was informed by the president that the inspector had been instructed to use more stringent measures in future, and if he (Mr. McFarlane) had read the newspaper reports of last meeting, he would have learned that the inspector has power to go beyond the authority given him by the Council, and was the sole judge of whether a ratepayer was doing all he could to keep down the pest. Mr McFarlane then retired.

From 15 ratepayers, Nerring, asking for repairs to road from Sailor's Gully hotel to Nerring State school.—Referred to north riding members.

From George Carver, requesting that a bridge or crossing over the drain be placed opposite his allotment in Pratt street.—Referred to north riding members.

From John Whitfield, offering to take charge of the reservoir on the hill and do sundry other work for for LI 5s per week.

From H. D. Ramsay and Henry Ramsay, requesting permission to mine upon that portion of the road running due north, south from the railway gates at Southern Cross, commencing at a point 9 chains from said gate, and extending 4 chains along said road.—To lie on the table for a month.

From Robert Chirnside, again drawing attention to the Skipton and Streatham road, which is in a very rough state, and covered with loose metal; and owing to the drains being choked water remains on the road.—The engineer said that some time ago Mr. Chirnside urged the council to make this road. There was very little traffic over it, but sheep were being continually driven along it, and they were the cause of the stones becoming loosened, the road having no chance to set. He always had the loose stones removed. No action taken.

From the hon. secretary Flowers' benefit committee, asking the council's patronage to the dramatic entertainment to be given on the 31st instant.—Patronage granted.

From George Wotherspoon, complaining that his valuation had been made much higher than had been the case last year, asking that the same might be amended.—The valuer stated that he had made a slight mistake, misunderstanding the information supplied him with respect to the transfer of a part of the business of Wotherspoon Bros & Co. On motion the alteration was allowed.

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment on recommendation of the finance committee:—

Engineer ...	... £33	6	8
Secretary ...	... 20	0	0
Mrs Taylor ...	... 1	15	0
Local Board of Health	... 5	5	0
Seymour Baker	... 5	9	0
J. Daly, Skipton	... 12	0	0
W. G. Stevens, pound	... 0	5	0
Jas. Whittla ...	... 5	0	0
D. Cameron, dogs	... 4	12	0
E. Whiting ...	... 2	0	0
Insurance of pound cottage	1	12	6
Municipal Association	... 6	16	0
J. Christie ...	... 1	2	9
J. Tompkins ...	... 1	5	0
Rabbit Suppression	... 31	1	7
John Whitfield...	... 14	0	0
Joseph Whitfield	... 7	4	0
Wm. McFarlane	... 8	0	0
R. Gibson ...	... 8	0	0
J. Bell ...	... 3	3	6
Wm. Stephens ...	... 5	15	0
John Danks ...	...	16	3
M. Muir ...	... 8	0	0
M. Meehan ...	... 12	12	9
D. McFadzean ...	... 2	2	0
M. Carrigan ...	... 14	0	0
Isaac Storey ...	... 8	0	0
Taylor Brierley...	... 1	10	0
H. Stuart ...	... 3	12	9
Wm. Buchanan ...	... 3	10	9
Hawkes Bros. ...	... 6	5	3

CONTRACTS.

North Riding—Watkin L33 4s 6d; Chas. Ball, LS 18s 9d; C. Broadbent, L4 13s,

East Riding—Jas. Madden, L115 6s 1d; M. Sheehan, L108 16s; Peter Page, L14; Jas. Nunn, L40.

West Riding—Jas. Madden, L35; A. R. Slater, L80.

Extras—North Riding—On contract 449, 30s.; 442, £8; 446, 20s. East Riding—332, £14 19s. 7d.; 334, 30s. 330, 20s.

NORTH RIDING BUSINESS.

The north riding members reported:—Referring to the several matters decided by the council to be dealt with by the north riding members, we have the honor to report that at our meeting held on 16th April the following resolutions were made—That the council have no funds to admit an extension of the Beaufort Water Supply; that Mr John Whitfield be offered the position of caretaker of Jackson's reservoir on the same terms as heretofore; that the committee do not see their way to comply with Mr De Baere's request to recommend a reduction in the amount of the rates applied for; that want of funds prevent their complying with the request of Mr Bridges for road improvements until the ensuing year; that the engineer attend to the complaint made by the Beaufort V.F. Brigade; that Mr. Anderson's tender of L19 19s for the removal of the pound house be accepted; that repairs be made to the entrance of Mr P. Grant's premises at Raglan; that it be a recommendation to the council to cancel all permits given for shooting over the reservoir adjoining the park.—Report received and adopted.

ENGINEER'S REPORT.

Mr H. H. Jackson reported, with respect to the lamps that have been asked for for Skipton, "I find that it is proposed that one should be erected on the bridge, a second one at the junction of the roads at the foot of the hill, a third at the junction near the top of the hill, and a fourth at the other corner of the block near the Ripon hotel. I have been kindly furnished by Mr Cleve'and with the cost of lamps that have been put up in the Hampdonshire part of the township of Skipton. The lamp posts are wood, and costs 30s each erected; the lamps, burners, etc., complete, 42s each. The lighting is done by contract, and the contractor lights the lamps and supplies the oil, wicks, glasses, and keeps the lamps in proper repair for a fraction under 4s 11d per lamp per week.

The matter of lamps was left in the hands of the east riding members.

RABBIT INSPECTOR'S REPORT.

Mr John McRae reported—On the 26th ult. a man was engaged to dig out burrows and destroy rabbits on Mr William McFarlane's grazing block, Mt. Cole State Forest, where he is still at work. Rabbits are not now so numerous on Mr McPhee's grazing block, owing to the diligent measures taken by him to promote their destruction. Visited the land on ten different occasions during the last two months, and never saw a man on it until the 30th ult., when I found one near the tent. Should rabbits increase on Mt. Cole men will be put on without further notice to Mr McPhee. Rabbits are still plentiful on the Mt. Emu reserve, although fair attention is paid to their destruction. Owing to the persistent manner in which the digging out of burrows has been neglected on the mount estate, I found it necessary to engage three men on the 7th instant to dig them out at the owner's expense. On the 3rd two men were engaged to dig out burrows on the margin of Lake Burrumbeet, at the Government expense; the work was finished yesterday (9th) and the whole of the reserve is now in good order. On the 2nd instant, a man was engaged to re-dig burrows on the Emu Creek reserve. When he is finished there he will be sent to Lake Goldsmith and Salt Lake, as there are a few rabbits on both lakes.

Cr. Oddie said he had been informed that the Crown lands at Burrumbeet which were referred to had been leased. He would like some information on the subject. The Inspector informed the Council that some time ago he had received a telegram from the Lands department, stating that the reserve had been leased from 1st May to the 31st December, but that was not the land referred to in the report. Cr. Murray said that the revenue derived from the leasing of any of the reserves should go to the council, and not to the Government. Cr. Oddie said that no reserves should be leased without the consent of the council. Any application for a lease of portion of a mining or commons reserves was referred to the mining board or commons managers, and similar reference should be made to this councils before such other reserves were let. Cr Cushings—The council were themselves to blame for not applying for the control of the reserves. Cr. Andrews endorsed Cr Cushing remarks. If the council were to complain to the Government they would be answered to that effect. The inspector stated that the reserve in question was in the Ballarat shire, but he could not say whether that body had control of it. The secretary was instructed to make inquiries.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Cr. Lewis, returning officer, reported that the only candidate nominated for the west riding extraordinary vacancy, was Mr. E. H. Austin, who had been declared duly elected.

TENDERS.

The tender of James Lynch for rolling the roads of the shire till January 1st, 1890, at 4s 3d per hour, was accepted.

EXCHANGE OF ROAD.

On the motion of Cr Cushing, the necessary order for the registration of the exchange of road with Mr. Gardiner, of Beangal, was sanctioned by the council, and was signed by the president, who also affixed the seal. This completes the whole business in connection with the exchange.

The council then adjourned, and sat as the Local Board of Health, when a letter from the Central Board, referring to the health officer's report, was read and received. The resignation of Const. O'Shaughnessy as health officer for the east riding was accepted, and Constable J. A. Bourke was appointed to the position. The board then rose.

Melbourne Gossip.

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(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

As the coming Sessions draws near, interest in politics revives. The announcement that the Ministry intends to introduce a new Electoral Bill entirely recasting country constituencies, is creating something like a panic. The Bill will deal with a plan of establishing a uniform system of representation—one member, one constituency—on the basis of a representative for every 12,000 of the population carrying one-third to one-fourth of electors. If this bill should become law many of the smaller towns returning members would have to be joined on to country districts with altogether different interests at stake, and many districts will not be properly represented as they ought to be. Should the Ministry persist in their insane plan of campaign, there will be an outcry throughout the entire colony, and it behoves all country Members to look to their constituent's interests, and band themselves together to quash this iniquitous movement.

IT is high time to preach decentralization in face of the foregoing; for this threatened policy is merely another effort of centralization, which is the evil genius of our colony. The Ministry is unusually strong, and it seems to be their desire to force the position and aggrandize themselves at the expense of the weaker. We have had enough of centralization, and it is time we had more attention paid to provincial interests. The feeling is pretty general, too, outside certain political circles that this premediated policy of the Government is iniquitous, and if it comes to a head the Opposition will meet it *vie et armis*; in fact a prominent member of the Opposition informs me that, so strong is the feeling of antagonism throughout the country, that he is in hopes the Government will quickly let the matter drop, "A consummation devoutly to be wished."

PAH! It is perfectly sickening to read of the continual disputes and wranglings that take place in Melbourne between those in power. This latest phase of the Higinbotham *versus* Sargood imbroglio is not at all a pleasant matter for consideration. There has always been jealousy between the two, and now the musical arrangements have been the cause of an open rupture, leading to the President's resignation. Of course it is pretty well known that the President of the Executive Commission will get a title after it is all over, and the whole affair seems to be caused by the jealousy and envy of those who tried, and successfully as it has proved, to force the Chief Justice's hand and cause him to resign. There are three or four who are simply panting to be the recipients of the coming knighthood, and it is a disgrace and a scandal that this jealousy should be so actively demonstrated. What will be the end of it all time alone will tell, but in the meantime, until things are settled, of course the Exhibition suffers. Affairs seem to be going altogether there now. The business is being delayed, the English manufacturers and growing disgusted, the greater body of the French intending exhibitors are doubtful about sending, and things are generally at sixes and sevens—and it is not too much to say, that it isall owing to the jealousy and inefficiency of those appointed to carry out the work.

I AM glad to say that Australia is gaining for itself a reputation at home as the birth-place of talented musicians and artists. Never before has there been such a number of young compatriots before London and European audiences. There is Mrs. Armstrong, our Tasmanian queen of song, on the Drury Lane boards in opera. There is Miss Montague Conyers (Miss Lulman) one of the greatest favorites in London at concert and matinee. There is Miss Florence Meuck-Meyer charming the musical world of Vienna and Paris with her mastery of the piano—the Lizst of the future she is termed, and in the dramatic arena and Mrs. Campbell Praed with "Ariadne," and young Fergus Hume with the "Hansom Cab Mystery"—both of which plays are drawing large houses. I likewise hear from home that Mr. C. E. Hearn, a Sydney native and long known in the art world there, has had the honor of being appointed to instruct their Royal Highnesses, the three Princesses of Wales, in water-color painting and sketching from nature. All this shows we can hold our own in other ways than on the cricket field and with the sculls.

It would seem as though the Government had put its foot into it after all, in regard to the Chinese immigrants. Their high-handed procedure has aroused such acclaim throughout the entire colonies that, whatever comes of it, we will not complain. But it seems that among the Afghan contingent was a certain Ah Moy, who is well known in the Castlemaine district, and is supposed to be the richest Chinaman in Victoria next to Kong Meng. He is naturalised, too, and speaks English fluently, but he was refused admittance within our golden gates. It is through his intervention, I am told, that the leading Chinamen of Melbourne have issued a writ for L1000 damages against the Collector of Customs; and I am informed the matter is not at all likely to end there. Ah Moy has powerful friends here, and is determined to get into Victoria and regain possession of his ancestral acres (by purchase). Of course, with the authorities, it was 'one and all,' and they could make no exception. If it is proved that legally the Government has outstepped its prerogative, there will be damages without end to pay, for Captain Roy and his principals in Hongkong will keenly watch the course of affairs, and endeavour to mulct the Government in heavy damages. Indeed, the ill-starred captain is likely to return forthwith, whatever happens, and enter an action against the Government for a very large sum. Of course, as is the same with everything, whether it be land booms or silver booms, or crime booms, the lawyers will come in for a good thing.

The amalgamation of the two artists' societies that existed in Melbourne—the Australian Artists' Association and the Victorian Academy of Arts—has resulted in an initiative exhibition given by the new association, the Victorian Artists' Society. The Government House party, attended by Sir James McBain, figured at the opening, when the exhibitors took the opportunity of presenting Lady Loch with a set of photos of the pictures, handsomely mounted in a plush case. Is seems to be the general opinion that the paintings are not first-class this year, though a few stand out as exceptions. However, there has already been sold about four hundred pounds' worth, so the painters cannot grumble. The "Grosvenor Gallery, (asit is somewhat euphuistically called) will be quite a fashionable resort during the next two months at least once a week, for one afternoon hebdomidally the artists give afternoon tea, eked out by some mild singing.

The rapid and startling fall in the price of tin from L166 per ton to L78 almost within a week, has had a curiously depressing influence throughout mining circles generally. But if we here knew a little more of what goes on behind the scenes in London and Paris and such centres where the market price is ruled, we should not be so easily frightened. A large firm of tin exporters in town here, who are in constant telegraphic communication with their branches in London and Paris, have given me the true history of this fall in price. It seems that a powerful ring has been formed in London and Paris for some twelve months to obtain a monopoly of the metal. They gradually bought up, or cornered, or combined with half the principal tin mines in Europe; but many would not join the combination, and this sudden fall is the result, being brought about with the view of influencing the companies that stood out from joining the syndicate. My friends inform me that it is impossible the metal can be kept down for a very long period, however powerful the combination against it. The price it was—L166 the ton—is too high, and it may not reach that, but in all probability it will settle down at a normal figure at about L110 to L115, which is its real market value when uninfluenced by speculative operations.

A sensational romance took place in town last week, which has not yet found its way into print. Mr W. (the self-styled 'Champion Skater of the world'), a young man of some 28, arrived in this colony about 18 months ago, penniless. Being presentable and an expert at rinking, he quickly became the admiration of the majority of the young lady rinkers, and of one particular, who, he found out, was likely to benefit to the tune of L20,000, in consequence of an action-at-law shortly to be tried. The engagement of the young lady and the skater was announced, and matters went on swimmingly until the law case came on, when, sad to relate, she lost it. The consequence was that Mr. W. broke off the engagement. Now the damsel was naturally greatly indignant, and swore vengeance. She and a very wealthy (really wealthy this time) young lady friend put their heads together and concocted a scheme as follows:—The friend fell (or pretended to fall) desperately in love with the Champion, and this passion he reciprocated, for there was no doubt about *her* fortune. They became engaged, and the 2nd of May was appointed for the wedding. The evening prior the ceremony the intending bridegroom invited a host of friends to a champagne supper, whilst a sumptuous dinner was ordered by him to follow the ceremony—for what could be not lavish on his friends on the strength of the promised £20,000 his *fiancee* volunteered to settle upon him *after the marriage!* But alas for his aspirations; vengeance fell on the gay deceiver. When he called at the house of his promised bride on the wedding morning he found the bird flown. It had been a conspiracy between the two girls, and the deluded "Champion Skater of the World" found himself left to meet a pile of unpaid bills and jibes and sneers of his friends. Thus was the biter bit.

ROMANTIC ARRESTS AT BIRMINGHAM.

"Much sensation has been caused at Perry Barr within the last day or two" (says the *Birmingham Daily Post*) "by the arrest of two sisters, named respectively Alice and Harriet Woodhall, who have been living in such style at Frederick Villa, Witonlane, Perry Barr, as to have given color to the supposition that they have been persons of means. The main facts of the case are that in 1884 the two persons were in the service of an elderly gentleman of independent fortune, named John Gill, at New York. His habits were such as to cause serious doubts to his friends with reference to his sanity, and medical men were called in to examine him, with the result which they pronounced him insane. He was accordingly removed him to a private asylum, where he subsequently died. Previous to his death, however, his affairs were investigated by his friends, and, the result altogether not proving very satisfactory the Woodhalls were arrested, and charged with obtaining, either by threats or otherwise, a number of coupons, representing no less a sum in English money than £25,000. They were duly brought up, and were held in bail in their own security of $10,000. This they forfeited, and made their way to England, and were lost sight of until the end of 1886, at which date they were traced to Birmingham, where it now appears, they have been living very sumptuously, yet very quietly, for the past three years. Late one night Inspector Tunbridge, of Scotland-yard, applied to the Handsworth police for assistance, and proceeded to the address named above, where he arrested the sisters on an extradition warrant granted at Bowstreet, by Mr. Vaughan, the stipendiary magistrate, on a charge of forgery. He was only able, however, to take away the elder sister, Alice; for the other upon realising her position, was suddenly taken very ill, and a medical certificate being obtained to the effect that it would be dangerous to remove her, she was detained in charge at her residence until she should be ready to go to Bowstreet. There both prisoners will be charged. Although the women have lived a Perry Barr for more than two years, very little of their private affairs seems to have become known beyond the fact that almost every day, at about 9 o'clock, a carriage and pair furnished with a liveried coachman was seen to drive up to the door and to drive off in the direction of Birmingham. It is known that they invariably got out in Broad-street; but their destination seems to have been kept a close secret. At what hour they were accustomed to return has not been observed by the neighbours. It is stated that the younger prisoner has repeatedly given it out that her sister was possessed of wealth, and that she was only acting a maid to her. This statement would seem to be born out by the by the fact that no servants have been observed about the house. Pending this temporary confinement at Witton Lane, the services of four policemen are requisitioned, two being on guard in the daytime and two at night. During the watch on Wednesday night the prisoner gave strong evidence of being hardly so ill as might have been supposed. She was about to reach a brandy bottle, ostensibly on the purpose of fortifying herself with its contents, when one of the officers put himself in her way with a view to frustrate the intention. Thus disappointed, she seized the first thing at hand to throw at her gaoler, which happened to be a spirit lamp. She was disarmed, or the result might have been unfortunate, and, with the result of his fellow-policemen, the menaced man secured her from doing further harm for the time being. The prisoners are between 30 and 40 years of age.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

A quiet business only was transacted in the produce market during the past week. Two or three small parcels of wheat were taken up at 3s 6½d, bags returned, and one lot of 50 bags realised 3s 2d, bags in. Flour has not had much business at £7 10s per ton. Very little wheat has come in at at Horsham at last week's rate, 2s 9½d per bushel, and at Donald and St. Arnaud there is no change, though the market is weaker. In this district very few oats have been offered, but 50 bags have changed hands at 2s 6d, bags returned. Potatoes have been abundantly supplied, and hay is brought in well up to requirements. Chaff is a trifle easier. Fresh butter is very scarce and eggs sell readily at 1s 4d per dozen. We quote:—

Wheat, 3s 2d, per bushel, bags in
Oats, 2s 2d to 2s 3d per bushel, bags in
Oats, seed, 2s 6d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 10d per bushel
Bran, 10d per bushel
Cape barley, 2s 6d per bushel
Peas, 3s per bushel
Rye, 4s 9d per bushel
Flour, £7 10s per ton
Potatoes, Warrnambool, £2 per ton
Hay, sheaves, £2 per ton
Hay, trussed, £2 5s per ton
Straw, 25s per ton
Chaff, 2s 9d per cwt
Onions, 4s 6d per cwt
Carrots, 2s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 1s 3d per pound
Butter, potted, 9d per pound
Hams, 10d per pound
Bacon, 9d per pound
Cheese, 5d per pound
Eggs, 1s 4d per dozen.—*Advertiser.*

NOTICE.—Anyone found TRESPASSING on the Challicum Estate, in pursuit of Game, after this date, will be Prosecuted.

G. THOMSON, Jun.
Challicum, 17th February, 1888.

Auction Sales.

TREMENDOUS UNRESERVED AUCTION SALE.

£1000 Bankrupt Stock

OF A

GENERAL STORE.—DRAPERY, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Fancy Goods, Millinery, Pictures, Ironmongery, Colonial Produce, Potatoes, Hollow-ware, etc., etc.

TO LAST FOR FOUR DAYS.
Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday,
16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th MAY.

IN NICKOLS' ROOMS, ARARAT,
Commencing at 11 each day.
MUST BE SOLD. No Reserve.
J. T. PROCTOR, Charlton.

SALE BY AUCTION
AT
RHYMNEY, ARARAT,
On the Farm of G. W. Harbeyer.

MONDAY, 21st MAY,
At 1 p.m. sharp.

Reaper and Binder, by McCormick
Dray and Harness
Set Kalamazoo Harrows
1 Trolly, 1 Grindstone
Lot Harness, Blacksmith's Tools
Woolpacks
3 Draught Horses, stand trial
1 Hack
2 Stallions
10 head young Cattle, Springers, etc.

Also,
On account of G. W. Harbeyer, Esq., who has sold his land,
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AND EFFECTS.
And on account other owners,
£400 WORTH MERCHANDIZE,
Forming portion of the stock of a General Storekeeper.
GROCERIES, DRAPERY, FURNITURE, FANCY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, etc., etc.
Entirely Without Reserve.
J. T. PROCTOR, Auctioneer.
Charlton.

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 & CO.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS } Conjointly

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 3.

8 H.P. PORTABLE STEAM ENGINE, with chaff-cutter, elevators, riddles, etc., in good working order.

LOT 2.

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.

GARDENING FOR MAY.

Kitchen Garden.—Asparagus, rhubarb, and seakale beds will want cleaning and manuring. Sow broad beans, peas, lettuce, onions, radish, and spinach, for successional crops. Plant out early cabbages and late sowing of celery. Finish manuring and digging all vacant ground, whether wanted for immediate use or not; bear in mind that turning over ground in a wet state does it more harm than good. If ground is wanted for other purposes, carrots, parsnips, and other tap-rooted vegetables may be taken up and stored.

Flower Garden.—As dahlias and hollyhocks die off, the stalks should be cut down and cleared away, the former being taken up and housed in a dry shed or cellar. Look over your seedling, annual, and other plants; thin them where thick, and keep slugs and other vermin away. Prune perpetual flowering, Bankisian, and other spring-flowering roses. Continue planting evergreens and flowering and ornamental shrubs; stake the same when necessary. Propagate by cuttings, fuchsias, roses, etc. Attend to hedges, keeping them well clipped; if new ones are required, use hawthorn, furz, osage orange, or acacia, where strength is required; if light small hedges are wanted, the small leaved prickly acacia, Cape broom, sweet briar or pittosporum are the best.

Farm.—Complete wheat sowing; also sow barley, beans, oats, peas, rye, and vetches, for seed. Finish sowing grasses, clovers, and lucerne.

Business Notices.

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.

Advances on Wool, Grain, etc.,

Stock, Stations and Station Produce of all kinds.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY (Limited)
Capital, £4,500,000.
Reserve Fund, £270,000,

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 throughout the season.
Auction Sales of Tallow, Hides, Sheepskins, Leather, etc., three times a week throughout the year.
Auction Sales of Grain, Flour, etc. held every Wednesday.
CARTAGE.—NO CHARGE is made for Cartage from railway or wharves to Warehouse.

DAVID ELDER, Manager.
WILLIAM OLIVER, Wool and Produce Manager.
Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins Street west.

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 cent pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
9in., 11in., 11in., 12½in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.
NEXT TO POLICE STATION

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.

Business Notices.

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 returns 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 of 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 Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

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

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,
DELIVERY BOOKS,
DRAPER'S HANDBILLS
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c.,
PRINTED in FIRST-CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.
Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing
Of Every description executed at the
"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE,

BOOKBINDING
ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPT, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,
Prepared on the shortest notice.

Business Notices.

WOTHERSPOON BROS. AND CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCERS, WINE & SPIRIT
— AND —
GENERAL MERCHANTS,

HAVE ON HAND THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Teas, Sugars, 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 & Bedding, Ironmongery, Paints, Oils, Chinaware, Glassware, Earthenware, Fancy Goods, etc.

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.

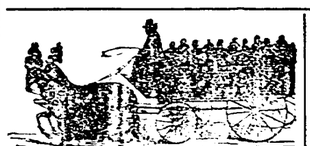
J.C. having also purchased a new stock of

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.



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.

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

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.
Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

THOS. GEO. ARCHARD,
CIVIL ENGINEER,

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

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

Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company.

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.

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

Medical.

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 181, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.
SPECIALTY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, & JOINT DISEASES.
128, COLLINS STREET EAST.

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, TOMSITT and Co., 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 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 in heir to. Sold everywhere, Chemists, Storekeepers, Hotelkeepers, Merchants, &c.

BE SURE and say "Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters." All imitations are worthless. Victorian Consignee—August Anton Ludwig Setzer, 68 Queen street, Melbourne.

Medical Notices.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

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

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

Bronchitis, Diphteria Colds Coughs Sore Throat and Shortness of Breath.

Relaxed and congested throats enlarged uvula ulcerated or tongid tonsils whooping cough, croup wheezing from accumulated mucous, and other difficulties of respiration also palpation 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 Granular Swellings, Stiff Joints and Diseases of the Skin.

This unvaluable unguent has greater power over gout and rheumatism than any other preparation. None need remain in pain if its renowned 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 effected 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 peedil and effectually it ensures a cure.

Piles, Fistulas, and Exhortations.

The cures which this Ointment effects in healing piles and fistulas of long standing, after they have resisted all other applications, have been so countle s and notorious throughout the world that any effect 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 Kidney's 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 penet a e, and in almost every case give immediate relef. Whenever the Ointment has been once used it has established its own worth, and as 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:—

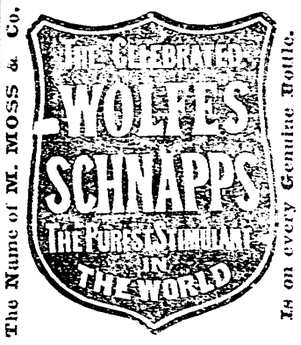
Bad Legs	Fistulas	Scalds
Bad Breasts	Gout	Sore Throats
Burns	Glandular Swellings	Skin Diseases
Bunions		Scurvy
Chilblains	Lumbago	Sore Heads
Chapped hands	Piles	Tumours
Corns (soft)	Rheumatism	Ulcers
Contracted and Stiff Joints	Sore Nipples	Wounds

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 or Pot and can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

Allopecia Baldness — The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY — COMOTROPICS
All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

The Name of M. MOSS & Co. is on every Genuine Bottle.



WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS
£1 ORDERS.

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

As a protection against these FRAUDS, and in order to ensure the Destruction of the Wrappers, there are Packed in the large sized 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.

TRADE MARK.
COUGHS COLDS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS
ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION
10 BOURKE ST. EAST. OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE MELBOURNE.
REGISTERED.
FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

Medical Notices.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

How to enjoy Life

Is only known when the blood is pure, its circulation perfect, and the nerves in good order. The only safe and certain method of expelling all impurities is to take Holloway's Pills, which have the power of cleansing the blood from all noxious matters, expelling all humors which taint or impoverish it, and thereby purify and invigorate and give general tone to the system. Young and old, robust or delicate, may alike experience their beneficent 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 must 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 accompanying 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 Complaints	Retention of Urine
Blotchs on the Skin	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptoms
Female Irregularities	Tic-Doloreux
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Venerial Affections
Headache	Worms of all kinds
Indigestion	Weakness from whatever cause
Liver Complaints	&c., &c.
Lumbago	

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; also, by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the 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 can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

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

Let such person (he or she) sit quietly down in the privacy of their own apartments, and with pen and ink describe each symptom of their case. A clear statement thus written, and laid before me is far preferable in nervous diseases to a personal consultation. Where, however, a disease is of a peculiar and exceptional character, a personal consultation may become necessary; but my success in correspondence is so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated during the last thirty-two 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 up only

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

How many after marriage have privately consulted me and been blessed, and their married 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 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; his doubts removed; and he is comparatively a new man—in fact, in many cases, a new being altogether.

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

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

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

LOUIS L. SMITH.

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

Consultation Fee by Letter £1.
Fee for personal Consultation, 11 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine.

Medicines forwarded, well-packed, to all the Colonies, India and Europe.
The only locally qualified practitioner advertising and registered under the Medical Board of Victoria, and practising the last 30 years.

128 COLLINS STREET EAST,
MELBOURNE.

HOPPER'S
MILK PUNCH
GENUINE OLD ENGLISH ELIXIR-VITÆ
Can be obtained at Smith's Cottage Hotel, Beaufort, and the Manufactory, Snake Valley, Carngham.

Medical Notices.

CLARKE'S
WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE

FOR THE [illegible]
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

For Cleansing the Blood from all Impurities [illegible]
For Restoring Health and Vigour to all who have to lead sedentary lives [illegible] and permanent cure.

It Cures Old Sores
Cures Ulcerated Sores on the Neck
Cures Ulcerated Sore Legs
Cures Elephantiasis, or Enlargement of the Legs
Cures Surfy 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 any [illegible] it is the most delicate constitution to partake of. The Proprietor solicits sufferers to give it a trial, feel its value.

Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.

READ THE FOLLOWING.—
"Carlton, near Nottingham, [illegible]
"Messrs. the Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln.
"Gentlemen,—Some [illegible] years ago I became lame with ulcerated sores [illegible] recommendation for a cure, and after a number of doctors, (some [illegible] men with diseases of the kind [illegible]) After being in this state for [illegible] years I determined to try our Blood Mixture as a last resource, as she at that time appeared to be at death's door and [illegible] having no use in her legs [illegible] to say, and after taking [illegible] she experienced a perfect cure. [illegible] four years ago since the cure [illegible] there is no sign of the [illegible] may add that it has cost [illegible] trying one remedy after another [illegible] taking your valuable medicine [illegible] you my sincere thanks.—I am [illegible] yours gratefully "C. [illegible]
"P.S.—You may make what use of this you think fit, but if the [illegible] kindly keep back my name. You can [illegible] refer any one making [illegible] address as follows,—[illegible] Carlton, near Nottingham."

Sold in Bottles [illegible] containing six times [illegible] sufficient to effect a permanent cure, [illegible] majority of four shillings [illegible] ISTS and PATENT MEDICINE [illegible] throughout the world.

Proprietors,
THE LONDON AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY,
LINCOLN,
TRADE MARK—"BLUE [illegible]

ONE BOX OF
CLARKE'S B41 PILLS

IS warranted to cure any case of Nervous Debility, or any disease arising from a constipated habit. Sold in boxes, [illegible] Patent Medicine Vendors.

Sole Proprietors [illegible]
APOTHECARIES HALL [illegible] ENGLAND.

EXPORT AGENTS—
Burroughs, Wellcome & Co., [illegible] London.
Newbery & Sons, 27 N[illegible]
Barclay & Sons, 95 Farringdon [illegible]
Sanger & Sons, [illegible]
And all the Leading Wholesale Houses.

MELBOURNE AGENTS—
Rocke, Tompsitt and [illegible]

SYDNEY AGENTS—
Elliott Bros. & Co., [illegible] Ed. Row & Co.

ADELAIDE AGENTS—
Faulding & Co., [illegible]

BRISBANE AGENTS—
Berkley & Taylor, [illegible]
Elliott Bros. & Co., [illegible]

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS—
Kempthorne, Prosser & Co., [illegible] gists, Dunedin, Auckland, [illegible]

FOR COUGHS [illegible] Asthma, Consumption, [illegible] &c.

KAY'S COMPOUND [illegible] Aniseed, Squills, [illegible] Chlorodyne.

KAY'S COMPOUND [illegible] is specially adapted [illegible] Colds.

KAY'S TIC PILLS [illegible] Facepache, &c. [illegible] &c.

COAGULINE—[illegible] BROTHERS LTD.

REMEDY FREE—A [illegible] Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, [illegible] tried in vain, may [illegible] a simple [illegible] Esq., Rochester, New York.

"The Riponshire Advocate"
PUBLISHED EVERY [illegible]

CONTAINS a complete [illegible] news for the week.
Subscribers who [illegible] regularly at any [illegible] would [illegible] Wednesday [illegible] Lawrence street, [illegible] be rectified. [illegible] for our subscribers [illegible] but it will be impossible [illegible] prove editorial [illegible] when neglect takes place.

Advertisements sent in without order as to the number of insertions [illegible] will run till countermanded [illegible] tisement can be written [illegible] in writing, delivered at the [illegible] the day previous to publication.

Advertisements [illegible] received after 5 o'clock [illegible] to publication.

New subscribers are only charged [illegible] time of entering the paper.

Orders to discontinue subscriptions [illegible] paper must be in writing, [illegible] and for the current quarter.

NOTICE.

All advertisements [illegible] of Wanted, Missing Friends [illegible] wards, if not exceeding twenty [illegible] be inserted for twelve [illegible]
Notices of Births, Marriages [illegible] will be charged 2s 6d [illegible]
Displayed advertisements [illegible] ments above one inch, four [illegible] for the first two insertions, [illegible] per inch for all subsequent insertions.
Business and double column [illegible] if ordered for extended periods, will be [illegible] in proportion to the number of insertions.
Alterations to standing advertisements [illegible] be received no later than Wednesday [illegible] week.

Published by H. P. HENNINGSEN [illegible] for the Proprietors, at the Office, [illegible] street, Beaufort, in the Colony of Victoria.

The Ripponshire Advocate.

No. 659 — BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1888. — PRICE SIXPENCE.

Business Notices.

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.]

—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

ADVERTISEMENTS received for insertion in this Paper, in England, by CLARKE SON and PLATT, 85 Gracechurch street London.

Business Notices.

JUST ARRIVED!

AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK

—OF—

DRAPERY, CLOTHING,

MILLINERY, BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. McKEICH,

(Late WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.)

NEILL STREET,

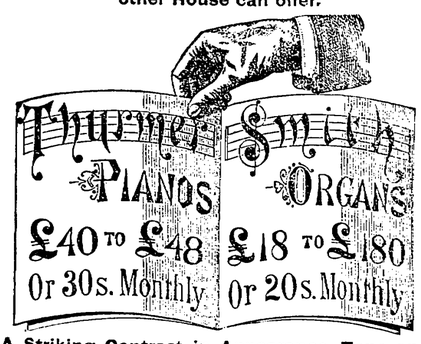
BEAUFORT.

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.

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.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT,

STATIONER AND NEWS AGENT,

Business Notices.

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 coloured 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 1½d 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.

Business Notices.

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,

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.

BURNS 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.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

Business Notices.

W. BAKER,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

W. Baker has ON SALE the following lines:—Pine Shelving, Flooring, and lining boards; Californian, kouri, and clear pine, up to 36 inches; cedar, all thicknesse and widths; table legs, sashes, doors architrave and other mouldings, window glass, white lead, oils turps, and all othe building requirists.

Sashes, doors, and all kinds of joiner made to order at the lowest possible

Hardwood supplied at Timber Yard prices.

WORTH TRYING!

—IS—

CHAPMAN'S

Australian Foliage Balsam.

[Extracted from the Mount Cole Eucalyptus]

An all-round Remedy for Every Ailment.

TAKEN internally is an excellent care 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 the the 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 1 oz. phials, 1s. 6d.; and 2 oz. phials, 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 Ararat and district, Messrs Firttely and Lewis, storekeepers; for Ballarat West, Mr. Walter Cornell, wholesale druggist, Sturt street; and Retail from all Chemists and respectable storekeepers.

Two Testimonials, selected from One Hundred and Fifty.

Amphitheatre, Nov. 27, 1886.

Mr. C. Chapman.—Sis,—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 accutely 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.

WATERLOO COACHES.

COACHES from WATERLOO to BEAUFORT start as under:—

From the Fireshire Aotel 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.

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,
Proprieter.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPP'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 doctor's 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.

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PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1782.

PROMPT SETTLEMENTS & 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. MANSFIELD TAYLOR, Agent.

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

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.

Head Office; Melbourne, 1 Market Buildings.

Established 1869.

The chief features are MODERATE RATES, LARGE BONUSES, and AMPLE SECURITY.

Policies opened before 31st October have a special advantage—they will participate in the Bonus to be declared for the period ending 30th September, 1886.

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

ALEX. H. YOUNG, Manager

Government Advertisements.

V. R.

A Gold Mining Lease Declared Void.

ATTENTION is directed to the *Government Gazette* of the 11th May, 1888, page 1448, in which it is notified that the undermentioned Lease has been declared void:

ARARAT DISTRICT—RAGLAN DIVISION.
No. 1104; dated 10th May, 1886; J. Wotherspoon; 5a 3r 36p; Waterloo Flat.

C. W. LANGTREE,
Secretary for Mines.

Office of Mines,
Melbourne, 14th May, 1888.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS

QUEEN'S BIRTADAY.

By all ordinary trains on the 21st, 22nd, 23rd, and 24th May, Holiday Excursion tickets will be issued to and from all stations (suburban excepted), available for return up till the night of the 31st May.

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

Public Notices.

WALTER CORNELL,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST,
86 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.
(Two doors from Lester's Hotel.)

PRESCRIPTIONS carefully dispensed and forwarded to any part of the Colonies. Genuine Drugs and Chemicals.

The largest assortment of Superior Brushware, Combs, and handsome cut glass perfume bottles out of Melbourne.

Homœpathic Medicines,

Indian Corn Solvent—Best Cure for Corns.

Clarke's Lung Balsam, for Croup, Hooping Cough, and Safe Medicine for Children.

Dr. Clarke's Cough Mixture for Adults—a proved valuable remedy.

Blue Stone, Horse and Cattle Medicines. Quicksilver Acids, Mining Chemicals.

Wholesale agents for Pear's Soap, Warner's Safe Cure, &c., &c.

The Trade and Storekeepers supplied at Melbourne Prices.

WONDERFUL NEWS!

S. NATHAN,
The Furnishing Arcade,
225 ELIZABETH STREET,
MELBOURNE,
IS SUPPLYING
FURNITURE,
BEDSTEADS
AND
BEDDING,
CARPETS,
FLOORCLOTHS,
PIANOS,
&c., &c., &c.
ON
TIME-PAYMENT
WITHOUT
Money or Security.

GUNS
By the Best English Makers.

Goods forwarded to all parts of the Colony,
WITHOUT MONEY OR SECURITY,
ON THE
MOST LIBERAL TERMS IN THE WORLD.

S. NATHAN,
THE FURNISHING ARCADE,
225 Elizabeth Street,
MELBOURNE.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
ISSUED WEEKLY.
Simultaneously with the London Edition.
PRICE SIXPENCE.
Best Illustrated Paper.
H. P. HENNINGSEN,
News Agent, Havelock Street, Beaufort.

TO THE DEAF.—A 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness and Noises in the Head; now cured at your homes. PRICE 6d. Address, NICHOLSON, Lincoln's Inn, and Chambers, William Street, Melbourne.

Public Notices.

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.

JUST RECEIVED—From England.
A Large Assortment of Newest SONG-BOOKS.—H. P. Henningsen, Havelock Street, Beaufort.

BEST CUT AROMATIC TOBACCO can be obtained from Mr. H. P. Henningsen, Havelock street, Beaufort.

WANTED—A General SERVANT; must be good cook and laundress. Apply early Bank of Victoria, Beaufort.

NOTICE.—Anyone found TRESPASSING on the Challicum Estate, in pursuit of Game, after this date, will be Prosecuted.
G. THOMSON, Jun.
Challicum, 17th February, 1888.

WHAT WILL IT COST TO PRINT?
The Centennial Publishing Company undertake to revise and prepare manuscript for Publication either in serial or book form. Estimates and Designs furnished. GARNET WALCH, NAT. J. BARNET } Editors.
Melbourne, Premier Chambers, 7 Collins street W.

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

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 & CO.,
21, Market Street, Melbourne.

THE "RED CROSS" PRESERVING COMPANY,
Chapel Street, South Yarra, Victoria.
Canned Tomatoes, equal to American, and at the same price; also Peaches, Pears, Apricots of the finest quality, and in heavy syrup. All these goods are manufactured under the supervision of Mr George James WARD, late of California. The Jams, Jellies, Pickles, Tomato Sauce, and Assorted Sauces of this Company are well known to be better than any imported.

SHIRE OF RIPON
PAYMENT OF RATES.
NOTICE is hereby given that no person will be ENROLLED on the VOTERS' LIST in respect of any property, unless before the Tenth day of June next all sums payable in respect of any RATES made three months or more before such day in respect of such property have been paid.
The Shire Secretary will attend at the office of the Shire on the seven days (Sunday excepted) immediately preceding the said Tenth day of June, for the purpose of receiving payment of rates during office hours, viz., 10 to 3 o'clock.
D G. STEWART,
Shire Secretary.
Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 16th May, 1888.

THE
Riponshire Advocate.
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, 19th MAY.

THE cablegrams received during the week convey a very uncertain and ominous sound respecting the continuation of peace relations between the various countries of Europe. That Britain will be involved in some way or other in a conflict with the combined forces of Russia and France is the opinion of Sir Charles Dilke, who builds his belief on the basis of the action of both powers in increasing their war fleet by an enormous number of fast cruisers, he assuming that these vessels are intended for crippling British trade in the event of war breaking out. Following on this statement, anxious fears are in circulation touching upon the comparative strength of the British and Russian fleet in the Pacific, a report having got abroad that the latter was much superior than the former, both as regards the number and class of vessels ready for active service. Lord George Hamilton, the first Lord of the Admiralty, has stated in the House of Commons that there need be no alarm on this score, for the Russian fleet in the Pacific was far inferior, both in the number and the strength of the vessels, to Her Majesty's China squadron alone, the commander of which was perfectly satisfied with the strength of the British fleet as compared with that of Russia. But the alarmists are by no means to be outdone. Lord Wolseley recently made a telling speech on the subject of the defences of Great Britain, in consequence of which the War Office was attacked through the papers by Lord Randolph Churchill and others, for not making sufficient provision for the defences of the country. The Premier in the House of Lords condemned Lord Wolseley for making alarming speeches on the subject, and this led to an important debate on the national defences question. Lord Wolseley defended himself and said that the present Secretary for War had done much to improve and strengthen the defences of the empire, but he considered they were still in an unsatisfactory condition [illegible] able officer, and a man of such large experience in military affairs, words like these may naturally cause excitement throughout Her Majesty's dominions. Colonel Sargood was ridiculed for giving expression to an opinion that the defence of London was not sufficiently secure; but when Lord Wolseley declares that he is unable to guarantee the safety of London in the event of an England being invaded by an enemy, the matter must be viewed more seriously. No doubt some good will be done, for it is better that a scare should be raised now, and the matter of defence be thoroughly investigated, than that England should continue in a state of doubtful security. A great public meeting has been announced to be held in London to protest against the inadequacy of the national defences.

While this agitation is going on in England, there does not seem to exist between Germany and Russia that friendly relationship which is necessary for the maintenance of peace. The belicose attitude of one power towards the other is fast assuming a very serious shape. The aggressive grab-all policy of Russia in respect of the Baltic provinces finds no favor with Germany, the Government of which country are about to introduce legislative measures directed against Russian securities. In addition to this, a cause for Russian hostility is based on the confiscation by Prince Hohenlohe, of certain large estates, which he holds in the face of the decision of the highest Russian court of law, which is to the effect that the vast Wittgenstein estates are not to pass, as by the ordinary laws of testamentary succession they would have passed, to Prince Hohenlohe, the eminent man who is at present Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine. The estates in question occupy more than 630,000 acres—almost 1000 square miles—in Luthiania, in and about the province of Vilna. They belonged to the late Prince Peter, of Sayn-Wittgenstein, who recently died without children, leaving the bulk of his property to Princess Hohenlohe, a daughter of Prince Louis of Sayn-Wittgenstein, and wife of the Statthalter. But two obstacles prevented the quiet devolution of the property. It had been mortgaged to a Russian bank, and Prince Wittgenstein had failed to pay the interest; and Prince Hohenlohe and his wife were foreigners. The first difficulty had led to a foreclosure on the part of the bank; the second brought the new inheritors of the property into collision with the ukase of March 14, 1887, by which the present enlightened Russian Government forbade foreigners either to own or to occupy land in Poland or Lithuania. The Court at Vilna decided both points against Prince Hohenlohe, who went some months ago to St. Petersburg to press his claim. The Germans look upon this decision as hostile to them, for the question really at issue is the right of foreigners to occupy or succeed to land in Poland and Luthiana, and this, together with other measures of an anti-German character, are interpreted by Germany as hostility to the latter empire. The differences must be settled one day, but how soon who can tell?

WHATEVER may be the meaning of the action of the railway authorities in doing away with the signalling from the cutting about three miles from Beaufort, on the line to Ararat, they have given occasion for much grumbling to the travelling public. There are four trains passing each way through Beaufort daily, which carry passengers between Ararat and Ballarat, and two of these meet twice a day at the local station, viz., at 5 p.m. and at midnight. Not once since the beginning of this month, when the new arrangement came into operation, has it worked satisfactorily; on the arrival of the train from Ballarat the semaphore has been against it, and it has been kept outside for sometimes as long as 30 and 35 minutes, and never once yet has the delay been shorter than 20 minutes. The time-table might reasonably be altered to give say 15 minutes longer in Ballarat, or the up train from Ararat might be timed to start a few minutes earlier or later, as the case may be. The cause of the annoyance is perhaps that the trains travel—one too fast or the other too slow. The down train leaves Ballarat at 3.45 p.m., and is allowed 1h. 37m. to travel 28½ miles, and is timed to reach Beaufort at 5.22 p.m., whereas it almost always challenges the station at 5 minutes to five. The up-train, which leaves Ararat at 4.2 p.m. is timed to reach Middle Creek at 4.56 p.m. At this station "Line clear" is obtained from Beaufort, and the main line is made for that train. If the down train signals its approach immediately after it is not allowed to [illegible] since the commencement of the new arrangement, with the consequences above stated. A similar annoyance is occasioned when the trains meet at midnight, and we think the traffic manager might very easily arrange matters so that these annoyances might be done away with.

LOCAL & GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

—o—

A DARING FEAT.—On arrival of the midnight train from Ballarat on Saturday night last a discovery was made which resulted in a charge being preferred by the stationmaster against a youth about 15 years, for a breach of the regulations framed for the control of the passenger traffic. The up train was on the No. 2 road, ready to start on its journey to Ballarat, when the down tram pulled up at the station, and the guard of the former whilst walking between the two trains heard a clanking of the coupling chains, and fearing something was wrong, turned his lantern full on and observed the young fellow just getting down off the buffers, with a carpet bag. Enquiry elicited the fact that he had ridden all the way from Burrumbeet, sitting on the buffers. He would not at first give his name, but subsequently told the police his right name was Nicholas Jones, but that he had been going under the name of Richard Weston. He had no parents. Formerly he had been an inmate of one of the Roman Catholic orphan asylums, but had been boarded out. He was not satisfied with the treatment he had received from the person to whose charge he had been consigned, and ran away. He was caught, and as he was too old to be sent to the asylum, he was sent for a term to prison. He was recently discharged at Castlemaine, and wandered across country, arriving at Burrumbeet station just as the train was about to leave, and the thought entered his mind that he might be dropped in some town where he would be fortunate enough to obtain some kind of employment, but as he had no money, he, unobserved, got on to the buffers between two trucks, and rode to Beaufort, where he was caught and given in charge. On Monday morning he was brought before Messrs A. Andrews and J. W. Harris, J.'sP., and remanded till next day, when the same two justices ordered his imprisonment for 24 hours. We have since heard that a gentleman in want of a strong useful lad has taken Jones on, and will give him a chance of earning his living in an honest manner. The feat of riding in such a position was a very risky one, as, being tired, had he fallen into a drowsy state and fell, the chances are that he would not be living to tell his tale.

Mr J. W. Harris, J.P., sat upon the bench at the court for the first time on Monday last, in company with Mr A. Andrews, J.P., when several cases were set down for hearing. Mr George Thompson, jun., of Challicum Estate, proceeded against Jabez Lilley, Patrick O'Brien, T. Buchanan, and Robt. Bone for trespassing on the estate on the 7th April in pursuit of game, contrary to notice advertised. All of the defendants pleaded guilty. George Thompson said that he had no desire to press the charge except in the case of Bone, and his reason for this was that he repeatedly refused to give his name when asked to do so. He informed the bench that he would not refuse permission to anyone to shoot on his holdings provided they applied for that permission, and gave their names, as he wished to know who to blame in the event of any damage being done. Bone had refused to give his name, and that was why he pressed the charge against him. Lilley, O'Brien, and Buchanan were discharged with a caution, after being ordered to pay 3s 3d costs each; and Bone was mulcted in 2s 6d and 3s 3d costs.

FOOTBALL.—On Saturday last the Beaufort football club opened the season with a match on their ground against a team from Skipton. Although rain had fallen the previous day and evening, some of the members of the local club were at work early on the morning of Saturday with a plough, draining and marking out the ground, and so far succeeded that the "oval" was in as good a condition as could be expected from such a low-lying locality. The visitors arrived about one o'clock, and after a rest of a couple of hours came on the ground ready for the trial of strength. The Beaufort team were three men short, but they quickly made up their number, and play was started shortly after three o'clock in the presence of a fair number of onlookers, including a number of ladies. Fortunately the rain held off during the afternoon. Mr Elder captained the visitors, and Mr T. Kenny the local men; Messrs S. Chapman and E. Elder officiating as goal umpires during the first half time, and Mr J. Ryan central umpire. Beaufort lost the toss, and had to kick eastward. The ball once set in motion was carried well forward, but soon returned to the centre, where it remained for most of the first quarter, travelling from the north to the south wings. The attack and defence were equally determined, so much so that to the spectators both teams seemed so evenly matched that the issue was doubtful. A few minutes before "time" was called, however, the red and whites got the ball up near the Beaufort goal, where several scrimmages took place, out of one which Andrew Tait managed to get a good kick at the leathern oval, which being direct, dribbled through goal, no one being there to intercept it. The second quarter was marked by a great determination on the part of Beaufort to equalize matters. During almost the whole of this period the ball was in the vicinity of Skipton goal, the visitors being completely nonplussed by the effective little marking of their opponents. Kenny got a shot at an awkward angle for goal, but a strong puff of wind carried the ball off, and a behind only was scored. Heathershaw from a neat mark met with a similar misfortune. Shortly afterwards the same player got a mark close in and was more fortunate. Two more behinds were scored out of shots for goal on the Beaufort side, and half-time was called. Mr Elder (goal umpire for Skipton) did duty as "central" during the second half time, Mr D. Maher taking his place at the goal. The game now became much faster to the end. Two or three of the visitors played hard and well, but the majority seemed "winded." Beaufort, however, had "woke up," and were playing much better than they did in any match last season. They played close and sure, their marking being very cleverly done, and frequently had shots for goal, but the ball being very greasy it was difficult to pilot it in the right direction. In the second half the visitors got two behinds in addition to their score of the first half, while Beaufort missed several goals from the cause mentioned. The game resulted in a draw very much in favor of the local men, who score 1 goal 9 behinds to their opponents' 1 goal 3 behinds. In the evening both teams sat down to a repast in the Societies' Hall, provided by Mr Jas. Cowans, and a happy hour was spent. On Thursday next, 24th inst. (Queen's Birthday), the following team will proceed to Carngham to try conclusions with the club there:—Sinclair, White, Kenny (capt.), McFarlane, Archard, Calwell (2), A. Robertson, Ison, Welsh, Audas, Shields, Gilloch, Harris, Ryan, Humphreys, Mitchell, Prowse, Cathie, Wilson (2), Thomas, Glenister.

NELSON PROVINCE ELECTION. — It is pretty freely suggested that Mr Agar Wynne intends to contest the seat now held by Mr Williamson (who retires in September) for the representation of the Nelson Province in the Legislative Council.

SHIRE RATES.—Persons who have not yet paid their rates for this year are directed to an advertisement appearing in another column from the shire secretary, if they are not desirous of being disfranchised.

THE AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN.—The Australian Eleven have started their season in England with big successes. To-day they finish a three days' match against the Oxford University; on Monday they commence a three days' match with the Yorkshire Club at Sheffield; on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday next they play Lanchashire, at Manchester.

CLOSE SEASON FOR FISH.—Our attention has been called to the fact that notwithstanding that the close season for fishing commenced on the first of this month, persons are in the habit of still indulging in angling at the Beaufort Park lake. Some large fish are reported to have been caught lately which have been found full of ova; and it is indeed a great shame that the police are not interfering in this matter.

AUCTION SALES.—Mr W. E. Nickols announces a sale at Waterloo for the 28th instant—Mrs Fred. Wilkins' farm. Mr Proctor sells Mr Harbeyer's property on Monday. Messrs A. M. Greenfield and Co. in conjunction with Mr W. Edward Nickols will offer Mr Rupert Smith's property on Monday next.

RAGLAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.—The anniversary of this school will be celebrated to-morrow and Monday.

THE ILLUSTRATED AUSTRALIAN NEWS.—Mr Henningsen, the local agent, informed us that the forthcoming issue of the "Illustrated Australian News" will contain an eight page supplement of views in and around Sandhurst, with descriptive letter-press. The price will be the same as ordinary single numbers, and as a large demand is anticipated, he will thank intending purchasers to let him have their orders at once for extras. A sample copy of the supplement may be seen in Mr Henningsen's window.

DONATION.—The secretary to the Beaufort football club (Mr T. Wilson) desires us to acknowledge a donation of £1 from Mr A. Andrews, on behalf of the funds of the club.

A NEW DRESSMAKER.—Miss Thomas, of Neill street, announces that she has commenced business in Beaufort, and will be pleased to attend to the orders of ladies of the town and district.

FLOWERS BENEFIT.—The rehearsals of the piece to be played on the 31st instant for the above object are progressing rapidly towards a smooth running.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—The Secretary of the Beaufort Rifle Club informs us that as yet no definite arrangements have been made respecting the match at Ararat on Thursday next.

LOYALTY.—At the meeting of the local branch of the A.N.A. on Tuesday the following resolution was carried:—"That this branch strongly disapproves the foolish action of the members of the Association at the recent anniversary banquet, in refusing to honor the toast of Her Majesty the Queen." After the routine business, during which two candidates for membership were proposed, Mr. G. A. Eddy read a very interesting paper on "The Cheap Defence of Nations," which was freely and favorably discussed.

A TROUBLESOME MOTHER-IN-LAW.—The desperate steps that some men are driven to take in order to get rid of a mother-in-law are aptly illustrated by an application to the Emigration Inspector at New York, the other day, by an Irishman named M'Cartney. In September last the man emigrated, and obtaining work in New York saved sufficient money to buy a ticket, which he sent to his wife. Mrs. M'Cartney prepared at once to set out, and wrote to her husband telling him that she should sail in the steamer British Prince, and that her mother would accompany her. The news appears to have driven M'Cartney to desperation, and he called upon the Emigration Inspector, and warned him against allowing Mrs. Mary Hunter to land, as she had no means of support, and would become a charge upon the city. Accordingly when the steamer came into port, M'Cartney went on board with the Emigration Inspector to identify his mother-in-law. The inspector informed her that by the Pauper Emigrant Law she would not be allowed to land until she was competent to support herself. "What's to prevent Dick supporting me until I get something to do myself?" the indignant mother-in-law inquired. "He says he won't have anything to do with you, and won't be responsible for you," was the reply; and Mrs. Hunter would have been sent back to England in the British Prince had not an officer of an employment agency, hearing of the case, obtained work for her. This is certainly a little hard upon M'Cartney, for, after the step he took to prevent her from landing, it is hardly probable that the friendly feeling between them will be increased and there are likely to be stormy scenes in his household.

THE GREAT AUK'S EGG.—"What an absurd price!" was probably the exclamation of some who read in the daily papers that Mr. Stevens, the auctioneer, of King-street, Covert-garden, sold last Monday a great auk's egg for L225. This is the highest price ever given for a single egg, at any auction in England; and, as an open sale is perhaps the best test for value, the fortunate possessor of a fair specimen of an auk's, or garefowl's, egg may reasonably consider his prize as worth more than its weight in Bank of England five-pound notes. The egg is the eleventh that has been sold by Mr. Stevens; and it is interesting to note their increase in value. In 1853 two eggs belonging to Mr. Potts were sold at L30 and L29; but the egg in the collection of the late Mr. Yarrell fetched only L21 in 1856. In 1865 four eggs, the property of the College of Surgeons, were sold at an average of a little over L30; and four years later Mr. Troughton's egg was purchased by the late Lord Garvagh at what was then considered the enormous price of L60. In 1880 Mr. Small, a naturalist at Edinburgh, purchased at an auction for thirty-two shillings a cabinet which contained two great auk's eggs; and when they were sold by Mr. Stevens, in the same year, they realised L100 and 102 guineas, although both were badly damaged. Last December one of the eggs purchased in 1865 was sold for L168. When the egg which has just fetched L225 passed into the collection of its late owner, in 1851, it was obtained for L18. There are only sixty-seven recorded specimens of this egg, and of these Great Britain holds the largest share. Eight of our museums possess twelve eggs, and thirty-two are in thirteen private collections; whilst of the remaining twenty-three eggs fourteen are in museums and nine in private hands. Of course other eggs may exist, unknown to collectors; so recently at 1884, a clergyman in Dorsetshire recognised an egg at a house at which he was visiting, the owner being quite unaware of its value; as the smaller end had been broken off very probably the egg had been sucked by the finder; so plentiful was the bird some 250 years ago, that vessels fishing on the Newfoundland coast were victualled with garefowl's and as the crews could secure them, when found on land, by the simple process of placing a plank from the shore to the boat, up which the birds could be driven, they were not slow to avail themselves of the supply. The wholesale slaughter naturally resulted in the extinction of a bird which had no power of flight. It survived in Europe but a few years its extermination in America, and the last two specimens of which we have trustworthy evidence were killed in Iceland in 1844. At the present time nearly eight skins are known to exist, twenty-two of which are in this country. The total length of the bird is about thirty inches, and the colour black and white. It is too much to hope that, if another egg comes into the market, some patriotic Englishman will purchase and present it to the national collection. The two wretched specimens at the National History Museum at South Kensington are a disgrace to the grandest ornithological collection in the world.—"Illustrated London News."

AN ELOPEMENT SPOILED.—For several months James Miller, aged 35 years, a wealthy lumber merchant of Barber county, has, with the consent of the mother, but against the father's protest, been paying attentions to Lucy, the daughter of John Howell, a wealthy citizen of Calhoun. The young lady is 20 years old. The father's objection was so strong that the courtship was carried on clandestinely. During the father's absence the mother made Miller quite at home. Under the circumstances mutual friends were induced to aid the couple in an elopement. Miller was on board the train at Phillipia, and met his sweetheart a mile away at a switch station. Everything was in readiness, and Miller jumped on the engine to induce the engineer to make a stop. The engineer at first refused, but finally concluded to stop at the appointed place. Mr M. jumped off to meet Miss Howell, when to his consternation her father leaped off the rear of the train and made a break for his daughter. The crowds tried to keep him back, but he broke through them. Miss Howell in the meantime rushed to Miller, and both boarded the train, and the engineer pulled out, the father having barely time to catch on to the rear platform. The train was crowded, and when the irate parent attacked his would-be son-in-law a scene occurred. The two fought at intervals during a ride of 20 miles, the father always being worsted, until the train reached Grafton, where the line ends. Here the father called for police aid, and marched his daughter to an hotel, where he kept her all night. Miller is furious, and says he will marry the girl if it takes a summer.

MODERN PRIZE FIGHT.—Nothing more absurd and disgusting can possibly be conceived than the so-called international prize fight between Sullivan and Mitchell. These two worthies (says a contemporary) who are always ready to exhibit their prowess on the music-hall stage for a consideration, evidently had a desire for a stand-up fight, such as, after all, constituted the combats in the palmy days of the ring. There was no fighting, properly so-termed, but only a ludicrous exhibition of slogging, in which leggs were used more than fists, and the two pugilists attacked one another round after round without any harm being done on either side. It was a brutal farce throughout, with nothing manly or ennobling about it. The rain, too, came down in a deluge, and the onlookers, all of whom were of the same ruffian stamp as the principals, were treated to the enlivening spectacle of a couple of men splashing about in a perfect slough, pummelling each other till a draw was suggested by both sides. After these two last exhibitions on French soil, revival of pugilism ought to sink into contempt, and bring to its last chapter the history of the British prize ring. Even the people whose tastes are gratified by the recital of these brutal encounters must now be disgusted at the way in which they have been gulled. It is a reproach to the Government that this revival of an offensive anachronism has not been summarily suppressed. Sullivan and Mitchell were both arrested and imprisoned by the French authorities after the fight. They have unfortunately been released, but it seems a pity that our neighbors did not, by any exemplary punishment, show us the way to stamp out these disgusting and ridiculous exhibitions.

CONFESSION OF A HORRIBLE MURDER.—A shocking murder committed four months ago at Trieste has just come to light through the arrest at Pesth of a young man named Johann Simics for theft. He has confessed to having, about the end of January, enticed into his apartment at Trieste, a bank clerk, aged 24, who had been sent out with a sum of 600 florins, and after cutting his throat with a penknife, which he had previously sharpened for the purpose, he forced the body into a chest, and then poured carbolic acid over it to prevent a bad smell. He then remained for over three weeks in occupation of the same room, sleeping every night close to the chest containing the body. On removing from Trieste to Pesth, he left the chest with the dead body in it behind him in the room he had occupied. On receiving this confession the Pesth police telegraphed to the address in Trieste given by the prisoner, and there the chest had been found, with the poor clerk's body in it. Since the departure of the murderer the room has been tenanted by another occupant, who little dreamt what was in the trunk left by the previous lodger. The prisoner Simics has since been delivered up to the Trieste authorities.

A BLACKGUARD PROPERLY PUNISHED.—One foul blackguard has been caught and punished as he deserved. In the Scottish Court of Sessions (says the "Weekly Dispatch") a lady has recovered £2000 damages against a man occupying a very good position as a merchant in Dundee, for sending to her husband on the morning of her wedding a letter reflecting on her moral character. The document was, as regards its phraseology, and the accusations it made, of a most abominable and disgusting nature; in fact, the judge (Lord Adam) would not permit it to be read in open court, and the lady and her husband, like sensible people, met it in the most effective manner by an action for damages. Whether the motive behind the letter was spite, jealousy, or blackmail, the offence was equally rank, and the offender deserved no mercy. We cannot imagine any meaner or more brutal form of spite than that which tempts a man to send such a document to a woman's husband on the day of her marriage. Even if the wretch had been intriguing with the woman, he was a poor creature at best to betray her weakness. But the chances are that the man who was capable of penning such charges was capable of inventing them.

ERRATTA.—An omission occurred in our report of the council meeting in last Saturday's issue, to which Mr McRae (the rabbit inspector) has called our attention. In the clause relating to the Mount Cole State Forest we ommitted four small words in copying his report near the beginning. "But this is not" should be inserted before the words "owing to."

The Riponshire Advocate.

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Poetry.

The Bouncing Betsy.

A flower, in the long ago I knew,
That by the dusty roadside grew,
Twas of a purplish, pinkish hue,
And called the Bouncing Betsey.

How often when a little child,
Where garden flowers around me smiled
I've left them all to pluck the wild,
Sweet, laughing Bouncing Betsey.

Some say 'tis called the Mountain Pink,
A fitter name by far they think;
But deep into my heart will sink
No name like Bouncing Betsey.

Full often when on country ground
I've wandered far, but nowhere found—
Aye, though I've looked for miles around—
The fragrant Bouncing Betsey.

And so, for years, I've thus repined:
"In vain my search, I cannot find;
'Tis like my childhood, left behind,
The friendly Bouncing Betsey."

Till, in the Summer-time now past,
Within a country fair and vast,
I met my old-time friend at last,
The glowing Bouncing Betsey.

The years grew back with sudden flight,
No clouds, aye all was sunshine bright—
I laughed a gleeful child that night;
I found the Bouncing Betsey.

I stooped and kissed her perfumed head;
My friend I'd thought forever dead;
She spoke—I'll tell you what see said,
The dear old Bouncing Betsey:—

"Whene'er you have an end in view
Keep bravely on, nor pause to rue;
When least you think, t'will come to you,
As came the Bouncing Betsey."

Then poets praise the pansy's glow,
The lily, violet, japueminot,
But I, of all the flowers that grow,
Will sing the Bouncing Betsey.

—Nellie F. O'Neill.

Novelist.

THE RIVAL BELLES OF PARRAMATTA.

A CHARMING LOVE STORY OF INTENSE AND THRILLING INTEREST.

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

CHAPTER XI.

"YOU MIGHT TRUST ME WITH YOUR LIFE, DEAR."

To the last day of her life every incident of that fatal night was engraven upon Florabel's memory. She remembered how the night wind moaned among the beeches, as though it would warn her to turn back. How white the moonlight was that shone on the sleeping flowers, and how her heart throbbed as she neared the rose arbor.

Arthur Hurlhurst was already there, pacing up and down. He turned when he saw her, and came forward eagerly.

"Thank Heaven, you did not refuse my prayer," he said. "You have come."

"It is sorely against my will that I am here," she began, nervously. "Tell me why you have asked for this interview. What can you have to say to me, and in so mysterious a manner?"

"Much," he replied, "that cannot be uttered hastily. Little Florabel, do not fear me. Look at my face. Have I the appearance of a man who sought this interview for any foolish, vain reason?"

She looked at him in bewilderment. His face was pale and sad, that was usually so careless and gay. There was certainly nothing of the trifler in his earnest demeanor.

"You may trust me," he said. "You might trust me with your life. Come into the rose arbor and sit down."

"I can stay but a moment. I prefer standing here," replied Florabel. "As it is, I run a great risk by coming here at all."

"I know it," he said, sadly. "Would to Heaven that I could talk to you openly. Since I have been in this house, aye, since the first morning I looked upon your face, I have longed to tell you what I have brought you here to listen to to-night. I feared, too, my great interest in you would be noticed, and commented upon. Do not draw back in such indignant anger, Florabel," he said. "Has it never struck you who I am?"

"No," she replied, her indignation giving place to puzzled wonder and amazement at the strangeness of his words.

"Have you looked upon my face and never thought of me save as a stranger? Is there not something in my face familiar to you—a strong resemblance to some one whom you have loved and lost?"

"No," she answered again.

In an instant he had swept off the wig of dark hair he wore, and stood revealed before her, singularly fair, instead of dark, as she had always believed him to be.

"Hush! Florabel," he commanded. "Do not cry out. I am your most unhappy brother, who has sought this interview to tell you this in secret, because I dared not reveal my identity publicly, for reasons which I shall explain farther on."

The effect of these words on Florabel was startling. She caught her little hands over her heart with a low cry.

"It cannot be true!" she gasped. "I—I *had* a brother once, but he died in the year I was born."

"You have a brother *still*. He did *not* die," replied Arthur Hurlhurst. "Come into the rose arbor and I will tell you all about it."

Like one in a dazed dream she permitted him to lead her to the arbor, and place her on a seat, for she was trembling like a leaf.

He stood before her with a white, troubled face, his arms folded over his chest.

"I can readily understand why you know nothing of what I have to tell you. You were too young a child when your mother died, to comprehend, even had it been revealed to you, our family history, and the grim skeleton our closet holds," he said.

"A few words will suffice to explain, Florabel," he added; "but before I proceed I will convince you that I am in truth your brother, if you fail to see in my face, now that this dark wig does not disfigure it, the exact counterpart of your own, and a likeness to our poor mother. Here is her portrait, and there her letters to me. You see they are in her writing—signed Elsie Dean."

Her hands trembled so that she could hardly hold them. The tawny golden curls that clustered round her temples, and the profile of the thoughtful face bore, indeed, a startling resemblance to the fair young mother she had lost so long ago.

"Can you remember to have ever heard our father spoken of, Florabel?" he asked, suddenly.

"Nothing more than that he died when I was very young," she replied.

"He broke our mother's heart, Florabel, and wrecked my life," declared the young man, hoarsely. "Nothing but good should be spoken of the dead; but I repeat that it is quite true. He treated her so cruelly she was obliged to live apart from him; and I—ah! how grieved I am to say it—clung to my father. I was but a boy of ten; how could I discriminate between right and wrong?

"I can remember how my fair young mother came to me, and pleaded with me on her knees, to leave father and come with her, for she feared his evil example; and I refused. Slowly she raised herself to her feet—'Then from this hour you are as one dead to me,' she said. She turned away, and I never looked upon her living face again.

"You could not understand, even if I were to picture to you, the life my father led and the influences which surrounded me. He was a gambler, and led a reckless, checkered life. On one day he fared as sumptuously as a lord; on the next we went supperless to bed. The wine cup, too, had a most terrible fascination for him. And, oh, Florabel, how can I find words to tell you this!—but it must be told. One night, at the gaming table, under the influence of drink, he took a fellow creature's life, and the sentence passed upon him by the law was a life for a life; but the gallows was cheated of its prey. They found him one morning in his cell—dead!"

A wild, bitter cry broke from the girl's lips. Her face was pallid with awful horror too pitiful for words. But if the young man heard he did not heed it. He continued, bitterly:

"Thrown on the world as I was, and stepped at so young an age in pernicious associates, little Florabel, do not wonder that I went wrong. I have done more harm in the world than good. I followed in my father's footsteps. I was reckless. Evil companions led me into a great wrong. I forged my employer's name, Florabel; then fled, horror-stricken at my crime.

"Do not look at me with such horror in your eyes, Florabel. I have repented it. But, alas! the way of the transgressor is hard. I am hounded down. I would be shown little mercy, even though I made restitution pound for pound.

"Now you know why I dared not openly claim you as my sister, Florabel, darling, and why I am in disguise in name as well as in appearance. They are on the outlook for Arthur Dean. I tremble at the sound of a footstep. My heart almost stops beating at the sound of a strange voice. There is no sensation in life more terrible than the knowledge that a man has a price set upon him; the feeling that he is hunted like a wild beast; that the man who gives him food and drink would surely betray him if he knew who he was. There is no hell so terrible to a man as the reproach of his own conscience. Be kind to me, Florabel. I have thrown myself unreservedly upon your mercy. You will not betray me."

She looked up into the white, handsome face.

"No, brother," she said, slowly, "I will not betray you. Would to Heaven the knowledge of all this had been spared me! It has shadowed and darkened my life."

"I could not be near you without the fear, in some unguarded moment, impulse might overcome judgment. If I had stooped to kiss you or take you in my arms, you would have shrieked aloud—alarmed your husband; then my identity would have been revealed; and you know what that would mean."

At her husband's name a low cry came from Florabel's lips. What a web of sorrow, shame, and disgrace was woven about her! A felon's daughter! The sister of a forger! God pity her! Max would surely leave her if he knew that.

"Florabel," said Arthur, sadly, "let me hear you speak my name once. Say God bless you, brother Arthur, before we part; for I leave the villa to-night. I have already said good-bye to its inmates."

She turned her fair, sad face to him, and he never forgot it as he saw it then. The breath of the summer wind was not more faint than the voice that said:

"God bless you, Arthur! My unhappy brother, farewell!"

He dared not clasp her in his arms, pillowing the drooping, golden head on his breast—wipe away her tears and comfort her; he felt that in her sweet innocence and guileless purity, she was as far above him as an angel from Heaven. He could have knelt at her feet, but he dared not clasp her in his arms.

"If you had sent me from you in anger and disgust, dear, I should have gone straight to the bad," he murmured, "but for *your* sake I will try to live a new life—I will, indeed, Florabel."

Neither of them saw the dark figure of a woman, stealing as stealthily as a shadow, down the path that led from the rose arbor to the house. It was Inez Clavering; she had seen Florabel steal from the house, and had followed her, seeing the meeting between herself and Arthur Hurlhurst.

It must be admitted she was not above listening; but they talked so low, not a word was audible from where Inez stood, concealed by the flowering plants.

Suddenly a cruel thought came to her. She would go and fetch Max. He should witness their clandestine meeting, and if it parted them, so much the better.

She acted upon the thought at once.

She found him smoking on the western terrace. She glided up to him, noiselessly, and laid a little, white jewelled hand on his arm.

"Oh, it's you—is it, Miss Clavering?" he said, rising hastily, and courteously placing a seat for her. "I thought it was Florabel, my wife. I had almost forgotten that she went up to her room with a sick headache, with the avowed intention of not joining us this evening."

CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT IS THE HANDSOME STRANGER TO YOU? ANSWER!—I WILL KNOW!"

"Max," said Miss Clavering, declining the proffered seat and taking a step nearer him—"I wonder if I should be accused of interfering, if I were to tell you of something I observed a few days since, and which seems to have led to quite an unlooked-for climax so-day."

"By no means," he declared; he should be only too pleased to listen.

"She is so very young, and knows so little of the world, I feel it my duty to speak, that you may warn her against any step which might seem—well, a little imprudent."

"What has Florabel been doing?" asked Max, with a smile. "Has she broken some terribly severe law of etiquette?"

"It is not that—but of our late visitor, Mr. Hurlhurst, I would speak. He was a very handsome young man, and one who could fascinate where he chose."

"Well, and what can that possibly have to do with Florabel's short-comings?" demanded Max Forrester, surprisedly.

"On the first day of his arrival we all remark how much he seemed struck with Florabel. Mind, I insinuate nothing against him. He is only a young man of the world, but I believe he has been trying to get up a sentimental friendship with her."

"What makes you think so?" asked Max, indifferently, for he saw nothing remarkable in any one admiring his beautiful young wife.

"I noticed a little circumstance which struck me rather unpleasantly," replied Inez. "I saw him on two occasions slip a note into her hand."

"You must be mistaken, Miss Clavering," declared Max, flushing hotly. "My wife would never receive a letter from any one."

"It is true," said Inez. "I repeat, I saw it."

She saw his face grow dark.

"If that fellow has dared to write nonsense to my wife, I would follow him and thrash him," he cried. "I can see how it is. Florabel did not mention these notes. She was afraid I should quarrel with him."

"I think I can make a pretty accurate guess at the contents of the last one," said Inez, quietly. "It must have been an appointment to meet him in the rose-arbor to say good-bye; for she has gone there, and there they have met. She is not in her room, but in the rose arbor *now*. I am sure there can be nothing wrong. With a few well-chosen words you can put her on her guard. She is so very young and inexperienced. If he requested her to meet him, she would go, not knowing how to refuse."

Max Forrester sprang to his feet, and, with one bound, had cleared the terrace, and was flying over the lawn towards the rose arbor, his footfalls making no sound on the long, green grass.

As he neared the arbor he heard voices—low, whispered voices—and the next instant two figures stepped out into the white, bright moonlight. At the first, fatal glance he saw that Inez's words were true. It was indeed Arthur Hurlhurst and Florabel, and the sight struck him motionless and dumb. He had come to a sudden halt, standing there like a statue, stunned and bewildered.

What were they doing here—his handsome friend and Florabel? Had the skies fallen at his feet he could not have been more startled or amazed.

He had believed in Florabel so implicitly, in her guileless truth, her freedom from every taint of the world's treachery, sin and deceit. "Ah, God! what could it mean?

He tried to spring forward and confront them, but his limbs refused to move. He stood watching them like one paralysed, unable to speak or move.

He saw Arthur Hurlhurst hold out his hands to Florabel, and he heard him:

"It shall not be farewell forever, dear little Florobel. I shall soon come back to you, and then—"

The wild moaning of the high wind among the trees drowned the rest of the sentence.

He tried to call out to them with mighty fury, but the words he would have uttered died away in his throat, leaving no sound. He could only stand there like a man turned to stone, incapable of action, hidden from them by the trees, while they passed down the path, and out of sight.

After parting with Arthur, Florabel hurried to the house. She stood for a moment panting in the corridor, leaning against a marble Clytie, her hands pressed tightly over heart to stop its wild throbbing, ere she dared enter the drawing-room where she expected to find Max.

He must not notice her agitation. By a supreme effort she controlled it, and threw open the door. Max was not there. Nor was he smoking his cigar, out on the terrace, as was his custom at about this time.

What if he had walked out into the grounds, tempted by the beauty of the night, and by any horrible chance saw her at the entrance of the rose arbor with Arthur!

Her heart almost ceased to beat as the thought flashed through her brain. Then she put it from her with a shuddering cry. Ah, no, fate would be too kind to her to allow anything like that to happen.

She walked slowly and thoughtfully up to her room.

"A convict's daughter! A forger's sister!" she murmured. "Heaven pity me! How quickly Max would leave me if he knew that!"

That night, while darkness and silence fell upon the villa, there was one beneath its roof who seemed to die a living death. That night a fair young face lost its radiance and youth; a pure, loving heart rebelled bitterly against dark, stern fate; a golden head tossed wearily to and fro; and in the darkness came but that one thought:

"If Max knew, he would despise me and send me from him."

In the rose garden which lay back of the villa a different scene was transpiring. Max Forrester was pacing up and down like one driven mad.

He had followed Arthur Hurlhurst to the station, and it would have ended in a tragedy if fate had not interfered. He arrived there a few minutes after the train had started, bearing his handsome guest with it.

Max Forrester retraced his steps to the villa, but it was hours before he could control himself sufficiently to enter the house and go up to Florabel's boudoir.

The house was wrapped in gloom and darkness. No doubt, she slept. What he had to say to her must wait until the morrow.

All night long he paced the library—surely, one of the most unhappy men the world ever beheld.

Early the next morning he sent for Florabel.

"Would she go down to the drawing-room? Mr. Forrester was waiting there to see her." That was the message her maid delivered.

She threw on her pretty blue morning-robe, and hurried down stairs. She pushed the door open softly.

Max stood before the mantel, his fair, handsome head leaning on his hand against the cold, pulseless marble, his back turned toward her.

How dejected and unhappy he looked; or, perhaps, it was only her fancy.

Florabel tiptoed shyly to his side, and glanced up into his handsome face. How strange, haggard and white he looked.

It was a wonder that the odor of the pale rose she wore did not warn him of her near presence; it usually did. He was so much engrossed in his thoughts that he appeared neither to see nor hear.

"Max," she called, softly, holding out her little white hands to him.

He started and wheeled suddenly around.

A startled cry escaped her lips. The face that she had never seen stern nor angry before was both now, and his eyes were flashing and stormy.

He tried to make himself feel sure that Florabel would clear away all the unpleasant mystery by a few simple words.

He did not attempt to touch her, and as he looked down into the lovely face—so dainty, so sweet, so pure and loving—the words he had sent for her to hear seemed more bitter than death to utter. Yet pride demanded it. Yes, he must speak, and the sooner it was gotten over with the better.

"Florabel", he said, sternly and abruptly, "I have sent for you to explain to me, if you can, the mystery of last night's meeting which I witnessed in the rose arbor."

The horrible words died away in utter silence. He saw the question strike her as a keen, blighting draught of chilly air strikes a hot-house flower. She quivered from head to foot, and dropped before the pitiless anger of his stern, accusing voice.

The color fled from her crimson lips, and the light died from her beautiful eyes, raised so pathetically to his. She tried to answer, but the words died away in a faint gasp.

It seemed to her that the great chandelier above her head went whirling around her, the garish light of day faded into utter darkness; yet, through it all, she could see Max Forrester's white face and angry eyes.

"Do you deny that you were there?" he asked, bitterly. "That you met Arthur Hurlhurst there, and by appointment? Remember, I saw you, and I saw him. Do you deny it?"

"Ah, no!" she gasped, piteously. "How can I, when you saw me?" she stammered, with a hard sob, that might have melted a heart of stone. But his anger was so thoroughly aroused he did not heed it.

She clasped her little white hands together, as though she were uttering a silent prayer in piteous agony.

"Florabel," he said. "tell me the object of that secret meeting, that I may judge if there be any circumstance that extenuates or explains such an action. Be frank with me."

The tone of his voice might have warned her

The golden head drooped, and a look of terror stole into her eyes. She must not betray Arthur; no, no. Heaven help her—she dare not!

"Will you tell me why you met Arthur Hurlhurst in the rose arbor?" he asked again.

I—I—cannot, Max," she gasped, oh! so faintly.

"Tell me. What is this man to you?" he cried, his face awful with dark, grim fury. "I *will* be answered! I *will* know?"

"You are strong and I am weak; you might kill me—strike me dead at your feet—but, oh, Max, I could not answer! I *dare* not!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HARRIE'S WILL.

BY MAGGIE M'BLAIN.

Crawfordsburn is situated on the County Down side of the Belfast Lough, so named from the burn running through Crawford's estate. It is a beautiful spot—one of the most popular resorts for the inhabitants, high and low, of Belfast, that important town in the north of Ireland. In summer hardly a day passes that its shady bowers do not resound with fun and laughter.

Picnic parties revel in its cool shades. Happy pairs, too, loiter along the narrow winding paths conversing on a topic interesting only to themselves. On the single hand-rail of the little rustic bridge which spans the burn, many a name is cut, while the lovers stand to admire the foaming water of the fall tumbling down over its rocky wall to the burn, coursing its way under the bridge, dancing and singing to the happiness it sees above.

The fall is not much to boast of; it is only pretty and charming, like the fall of a bridal veil over a robe of neutral color shot with vivid green. An American would scorn to call it a fall; but that same fall, with its glen luxuriant with wild-flower, fern and laurel, has special charms for all classes of pleasure seekers.

The County Down coast from Lydenham (two miles from Belfast) to beyond Crawfordsburn, a run of about six miles, is a tract of land hardly to be surpassed in England for the luxuriance and loftiness of its trees.

The living green of the Emerald Isle, too, is proverbial. Oh, how exhilerating it is to wander over hills, through shady meadows, and by cooling streams!

There is another advantage here, also, for the weary traveller, or a delight to the tourist. At many points along the county road, a few minutes' walk will take one to the open sea, to indulge in a refreshing bath. The bathing along the coast is safe, and the water is excellent.

Bangor, the far-famed watering place for summer residents, who go there principally on account of its convenience is situated about one mile and a half farther than Crawfordsburn along the coast. Its convenience is due to the frequency of trains and to the steamers plying to and fro over the Belfast Lough.

A sail up and down the lough is very enjoyable, and the sea breezes fanning the face, while the pretty scenery of the Down and Antrim Coasts refreshes the eye. Many stone-finished villas are erected on the rugged bluffs which characterise the sea shore for three or four miles on the Belfast side of Bangor, and many, too, nestle in the intervening glens and meadows.

Lea Court, the home of Kathleen Rivers, stands like a sentinal of the lough on one of the highest green bluffs. Mrs. Lisle, with whom she lives at Lea Court, is an old schoolmate of Kathleen's mother. Mrs. Lisle took her little namesake, when but four years old, to be with her own child as a companion. She thought one child might easily be spared out of a family of twelve; and Kathy was delighted to leave dull Belfast for a home on the sea coast, with the assurance that she would often go to visit her brothers and sisters.

On an evening in midsummer, Mrs. Lisle was seated in the drawing-room. Her easy chair was drawn close to the bay window which looked out upon the sea. The sunsets are unsurpassed as seen from the Down coast. The old lady let her book lie in her lap, while she gave herself up to admire the peaceful scene in its rich golden coloring spread out before her. Quickly, but by degrees, the coloring becomes more subdued, and then the sun, like a crimson ball of fire, sinks behind the Antrim hills, reflecting crimson bars along the horizon.

The gray twilight had just set in when there is a low hum of voices, and Mrs. Lisle conjectures that Kathleen, her daughter Alice, and her two nephews, Ralph and Tom, who are spending their holidays in the vicinity of Crawfordsburn, are returning from a picnic in the glen.

Mrs. Lisle only recognises Kathleen's voice; that other deep voice she knows is neither Ralph's nor Tom's.

She sees the two heads appearing above the top of the bluff. A stranger is with the young girl. She has seen him before, but does not remember him.

The pair only stand long enough to exchange a greeting, and the stranger disappears down the bluff. Kathleen enters the drawing room with a flushed face and an unusual light in the dark eyes.

The face is not beautiful, but the tall form is perfect in outline. Mrs. Lisle is quite satisfied with her appearance; she is so winsome and attractive.

"Had you a happy day, my dear?" asks Mrs. Lislie, kissing the mobile lips.

"A golden day, mamma!"

Kathleen kneels down, and lays her head in the motherly lap.

"Where are the others, Kathy?"

"They should be here now. Perhaps Ralph is perverse, and taking his own time."

"What reason has he to be perverse?" asks the old lady, gently.

"Because—because—"

"Why do you hesitate, child?"

"I left the party, and I am sure Ralph is angry. You know, mamma, we are always together."

"And why not together to-day, my dear?"

"I don't know that he has a right to be so exacting, when another, not Ralph, chooses to carry me off," the girl says with a blush.

"And that other—"

"Was Mr. Harcourt. You remember we met him twice at Bengor last summer at Aunt Lucy's garden parties."

There is a pause, and then the girl adds quite coolly,—

"Mamma, Mr. Harcourt proposed to me this evening."

Mrs. Lisle's face pales.

"My child, what has bewitched you? He is twice your age."

A sudden thought takes root in Kathleen's mind. She to herself, "I will try it." To Mrs. Lisle she replies,—

"I am not bewitched, Mrs. Lisle. But perhaps the enchanted atmosphere of Crawfordsburn has bewitched Mr. Harcourt into a freak that I hope he won't rue."

And the young girl laughs a little bitterly.

Mrs. Lisle raises the girl's head and looks at the flushed face meditatively. For the first time in her life she fails to get any satisfaction there. She asks gently,—

"Do you love Mr. Harcourt, child?"

Kathleen quickly draws her head away to hide the color that rushes over face and neck.

"Is that a trying question, dear?" adds the old lady, in a pained tone.

She waits a minute or two, looking sadly down at the young creature who has never till now caused her a pang.

Slowly Kathleen rises to her feet, and assuming all the dignity of which she is capable, and that is a great deal, she says in a deliberate tone.

"Mrs. Lisle, I shall open my mind to you, though I may be degraded in your estimation, and, for that matter, in my own, too. I confess that I do not love Mr. Harcourt. He knows that and is satisfied. I would not deceive him. It is the first offer of marriage I have had. I may never have another." The girl colors here. She words her phrases carefully. "I am neither rich nor beautiful. Mrs. Lisle, it would be a marriage of convenience, would it not?"

"Just twenty-one, and you will do an unholy thing to be repented of all your life."

"Just twenty-one, but old enough to take my own way."

Is this daring girl Kathleen Rivers? Mrs. Lisle seems to doubt it. Kathleen, too, seems to doubt her own identity.

"Oh, my child, how I have failed to do my duty to you that you should act and speak so!" wails Mrs. Lisle, turning from the girl and burying her face in her chair cushions.

Kathleen's heart is touched.

"Dear mother," she cries, falling at her adopted mother's knee, "do not say so. You have ever been as my very own dear mother. Do not grieve so. I shall endeavor to please you in everything, dear."

Mrs. Lisle looks at her searchingly, and says, with a ray of hope in her face,—

"Your parents will guide you, dear, will they not!"

The young girl is sorry to cause more pain; nevertheless she answers,—

"I believe all parents are pleased to have their daughters comfortably settled in life.

"What will you do if they are not pleased with your choice?"

A blush dyes Kathleen's face as she coldly replies,—

"I suppose, Mrs. Lisle, I must be honorable and keep my promise."

"My child, you cannot know how it pains me to see you so careless about entering upon the most serious event of your life. What will your life be without love? Oh, my child, it is not too late to draw back."

"I hear their voices," cried Kathleen, to her feet; "do be calm, mother, dear! All may be well yet."

She has just disappeared when the young people enter.

Ralph, a fine, stalwart fellow of six feet comes into the room, and throws himself on a lounge with an excessively wearied air. Tom, a bright, energetic young fellow of five-and-twenty, followed by his cousin Alice, exclaims as he enters,—

"Has that madcap, Kath, got home yet, aunt? She has? For once in her blessed life she behaved disgracefully to-day. She spoiled our day, in fact."

"Tom, hold your tongue. Do you not see that aunt has been troubled already?" cries Ralph, irritably.

He bids his aunt and Alice good-night, and hurriedly goes out. Tom follows, but turns back to say with a knowing smile,—

"He has forgotten all about our proposed boating to-morrow, Alice. I can sympathise with the poor fellow; can't you? Well, I shall be round at five. I prophecy we shall enjoy ourselves perfectly without them."

Alice, with a pleased expression, is sure they will.

The same night Mrs. Lisle tosses uneasily on her bed as a sad history of a blighted life passes her mental vision. Towards morning the story merges into a troubled dream in which Kathleen is the central figure.

Mrs. Lisle awakes with a shudder. May not the dream become a reality? How she may save her adopted child from a rash act that may cause life-long unhappiness occupies the anxious mother's heart all the forenoon. Her sympathy is also with Ralph.

Luncheon being over, Alice stocks a basket with good things from the table to carry to some poor women that they might enjoy a "tasty wee bit" with their early tea.

Kathleen makes no movement to accompany her friend. For the first time Alice is shut out from Kathleen's confidence; she resents it keenly.

When Alice is gone Mrs. Lisle goes to her boudoir to have her usual afternoon nap. She cannot sleep. At the end of half an hour she rings the bell, and requests Miss Rivers to be sent to her at once.

Kathleen comes into the room with nervous apprehension in her bearing, and with cheeks flushed. Mrs. Lisle is seated at the window when the young girl enters. She need not have feared, for Mrs. Lisle holds out her hand reassuringly, drawing her to the stool at her feet.

"Sit down, dear. Lay your head in my lap. I want to tell you a story," she says, kindly.

Kathleen meekly obeys, for she has often sat thus listening to tales of the old lady's young days; but to-day the tears fill her eyes at the kind tones of her friend's voice when she knows she does not deserve any kindness. How good she is, too, to let her sit at her feet and lay her head on her knee instead of enduring her searching glance while she relates a story which, she feels, is for her benefit alone.

Laying her hand on the girl's cheek, while her eyes wander out over the lounge, the old lady begins,—

"My sister Harriet, who was called 'Harrie' generally, and myself, were two in a family of five girls and two boys. When I was about fourteen years old and Harrie five years older, there were two or three of my father's salesmen living in our house. They had served their time in our firm, and the consequence was that they became too familiar with us.

"One of the salesmen, Henry Lewis, was a general favorite, but I always claimed most of his attention, and he was a willing partisan. I had been accustomed often to sit on his knee until I had grown quite tall. He told me stories while he emptied his pockets of sweets for me to eat. I was full of fun and mischief, often mimicking the ludicrous characters of his amusing tales, and he always relished my playful moods. I grew to be quite proud of his notice, he was so much older than I.

At the same time he was equally attentive to my sister Harrie, but in a different way. My plaything and toy, he was necessary to my child-life; to her he was gentle and considerate, as a strong but sympathetic man to a petted, delicate young woman. Henry anticipated her every wish, bringing her books and new music, flowers, and perfumes. They sang together in the evenings, and sometimes then would go to a concert; but some of my brothers and sisters went with them. Father would not allow one of us to go anywhere alone with a gentleman.

"When I was sixteen Henry would call me his 'little girl,' and sometimes 'little wife,' though I was not little at all. But I was such a child! These fond terms only elated me and made me feel very important and proud. Then he began to say things which to my young ears sounded silly and strange. I would only laugh in his face at such times, but he was too good-natured to be offended at my indifference, and patiently persevered in his endeavor to make me think seriously until he succeeded.

"Though Harrie was so much older I told her my secret. Every one in the house confided in her, she was so good and gentle, sympathising in all our joys and sorrows. Being delicate she was always to be found in some part of the house when we wanted her.

"I was too thoughtless to observe that my sister began to stay much in her own room, and to notice how she received all the news I related to her concerning Henry; for in my girlish simplicity and confidence I told Harrie many of the love-sayings that were poured into my young ears by my extravagant lover.

"Oh, Harrie, how I must have hurt you!"

"Well, my sister guarded *her* secret closely, for I never knew until years after, that she had given her heart to Henry when he sought it, years before he had turned to me."

Mrs. Lisle ceased speaking for a moment. Alice felt the hand lying on her cheek, trembling,

"Mother," she said, with feeling, "tell me no more when it pains you."

"You have not heard yet, dear, what I most wish you to hear. Well," she resumed, "Henry Lewis proposed for me to my father. My youth was an obstacle he would not ignore, and he would not permit a long engagement, besides the suit was not according to his ambition. I was of gentle birth, and my father did not forget that fact, so Henry was precipitately dismissed without further notice. I seldom saw him again except accidentally on the street, when I hurried past him. I had always a keen sense of honor, which would not allow me to deceive my father whom I loved to devotion.

"I received letters in which Henry said he would wait five years, when I could make my choice. I forbade him to write, telling him I would not act contrary to my father's wish. Well, to get on with my story. In four months after this, my sister Harrie married a rich merchant. On Harrie's side it was a loveless marriage, and an unhappy life was the result.

"About four years after Harrie's marriage Henry again pressed his suit. I need not say that I refused him, for I suspected his former position towards my sister, from faint rumors when surprise was expressed at her hasty marriage. At last, I knew definitely. His cruel pen told me of his regret that my sister was beyond his reach. It was not long before I knew that Harrie's life was unhappy; and once, when I tried to sympathise with her in showing her all the blessings she possessed, she cried—

"'I do not deserve sympathy. I have brought my misery on myself, and I know I must suffer. I would be married at any cost! I know the cost now. I am the victim of an unreasonable will and I am miserable. Oh that my will could command affection for my husband! I think that my apathy has killed his love. I am sure it has.'

"My sister knew that I was aware of the first cause of her suffering, and also of my continual regret of my share in it. Once she said to me,—

"'If I should die before you, sister, do not grieve for me, for I shall then be perfectly happy. My will shall be satisfied.'

"Such is the story of Harrie's will, dear," Mrs. Lisle added, in a tone full of tender, regret; and her eyes with the far-way look in them.

Kathleen sat still without moving. She glanced up at the pathetic face that looked, not at her, but out over the lough.

Presently the girl said gently,—

"Mamma, is there not a pleasant ending to Harrie's story?"

"Like most of the stories you read, dear?" said Mrs. Lisle, with a faint smile. "I do not know what you would think of the end. Some time before her death she took pleasure in the thought that her suffering was just punishment for a willful deed."

"Poor Harrie!" Kathleen said, a sad cadence in her voice. "Her sin was ever before her—her life one long regret. Her words suddenly recall Mrs. Lisle's words of the day before. "You will do an unholy thing to be repented of all your life!" and her conscience smites her at her own rude rejoinder, that implied that she would take her own way.

Kathleen loved Ralph with all her heart, and felt that Mrs. Lisle knew it. How base she must seem to her! But did Ralph return her love? The fluctuating color tells of uncertainty.

The adopted mother anxiously notes the girl's changeful face, but he fails to read it.

Kathleen rises, lays her hand on the lady's arm, and looking into her face with a longing to dispel the doubt she sees there, she says.—

"Mamma, I see the lesson that Harrie's story is meant to convey. Take comfort—oh, do! I shall try to please you in everything."

This is all the girl ventures to say, but she says it very earnestly.

Mrs. Lisle looks mystified. The girl's words are only a repetition of what she said the day before, and how can she comfort? She looks up with a question in her eyes only in time to see Kathleen swiftly gliding through the door. The child acts and speaks strangely, she thinks. Does she think that I will come round to her way of thinking?

It is sundown. Kathleen stands at the drawing-room window. She watches intently the approach of a boat to see how many are in it. Presently it nears the shore. She recognises Tom and Alice. They have kept their engagement, but where is Ralph? His absence causes her uneasiness; however, she has a sense of pleasure in feeling that it is on her account. A sudden thought causes the color to leave her face. May not her conduct be the means of driving him away that she amy not see him again! But if he loves her, surely be will not give her up so easily.

Kathleen's tall, white figure paces the room with a nervous movement. The hands clasp and unclasp with suppressed excitement. She seems to await a climax that she does not hope for. She does not know that Ralph is closeted with his aunt.

When Mrs. Lisle tells her nephew everything, even to that little sentence of Kathleen's, "I shall try to please you in everything," his face lights up with a pleased sense of relief. He feels certain that Mrs. Lisle misunderstood Kathleen in the first engagement. A temptation, no doubt, presented itself to her mind, as a means to bring herself "to the point."

"I can see the whole game as plain as daylight," he says, laughing. "She will please you in everything, dear aunt, never fear!"

Kathleen starts at the sound of a footstep at the door, and when a gentle knock follows, a trembling voice says,—

"Come."

A smile is still on Ralph's face when he enters the room; she sees it, and she feels that he has heard all, but with a keener perception of the situation than his aunt.

A crimson tide floods face and neck, and as Ralph comes and lays his hand on her shoulder and tries to look into her face, she turns away.

"What aunt believes about this affair is not true, is it?" he asks, drawing Kathleen to a seat.

For an answer the girl hides her face in her hands.

"Your little *ruse*," with a smile, "was cleverly played. You never once committed yourself. And frightening aunt into an error, you allowed her to remain in it, for reasons of your own."

Ralph gently draws the hands from the burning face.

"Look at me, dear, and see if you still doubt my love?" he adds, in a voice low and earnest.

She glances timidly up at him, and her head droops immediately; as quickly, he stoops and kisses her.

"That's a seal, mavourneen," he murmurs. "You belong to me now, for sure. Presently he adds, with an amused little laugh." Harcourt must be at our wedding, dear, in order to show our appreciation of his share in hastening our happiness!"

After a while spent in explanations and sweet confessions, Kathleen says demurely,—

"Ralph, let me go, please. I must see Mrs. Lisle."

"Yes," he laughs, "you have that account to settle!"

"No, you must not come, Ralph?" she protests, as he has no intention of releasing her, and she runs off.

Kathleen finds her adopted mother in the dining-room, standing at the window in a listless attitude. A sight of the happy face of the girl radiant with a new light, her arms open to receive her. In reply to the murmured apologies and confessions, she says,—

"My darling, I am too happy to be displeased when my unfortunate mistake has ended with such a happy issue. As Ralph's wife you will have nothing to regret. But, my child, I cannot allow your conduct to go without reproof. You allowed me to believe a lie. More of this again. I will not cloud your happiness this evening."

"Mamma," says Kathleen, with a happy little blush, "I have taken my own way!"

"Yes, yes, you puss! I understand it all now."

Mrs. Lisle draws the young girl close and kisses her tenderly.

At this juncture, Ralph comes smiling into the room. Tom follows, leading Alice, shy and reluctant, into her mother's presence.

The old lady looks up with an expression of quiet surprise; the tears gather in her eyes.

"The nest," she says in a pathetic tone looking from Tom to Ralph and back again "is robbed of its young."

Alice hides her face in her mother's bosom.

"A double wedding!" cries Tom, glancing at his brother, who stands beside Kathleen in a protective manner.

"Tom," says Ralph, shaking hands with heartiness, and laughing, "we owe our luck to that Harcourt!"

"I see it!" cries Tom, as his brother's meaning dawns upon him. "Your love-affair naturally set me to thinking, and our lonely boating excursion gave me my opportunity. Harcourt's a brick! He is!"

Freaks of a Zebra.

I once had a young zebra which would follow me anywhere, and it was frequently allowed to accompany me into town from the suburbs where I resided. The path led through some dense bush, fitted with many varieties of thorny growth so characteristic of South Africa. In passing through, if I should happen to see a Kaffir coming in the opposite direction, I would quicken my pace, pass the Kaffir, and leave the zebra well in the rear, who, so soon as he found out there was a native between us, would instantly charge as if he were going to eat him up. The Kaffir would be sure to press against the bush with his back to the path, so as to allow the enemy all the room possible for a free passage, when the zebra would rush past, but in so doing would manage to land his heels on the naked Kaffir's seat with such force as to pitch him headlong into the prickly bush, from which he would emerge filled with tiny prickly thorns. My pet finally became such a terror to all the native population that, so soon as I would turn into the main street of the town the cry of "*Itubi, Itubi!*" shouted from a dozen throats, would cause an immediate stampede of every native to the side opposite to that on which I was passing. One day as I was returning home, the baker called me across the street with the information that a leopard had visited his pig pen in the suburbs on the previous night, and wanted to know if I could manage to shoot it as it would be sure to pay a second visit. While chatting with him his wife called out, "The zebra is eating all my tarts." On looking around, I found the zebra had passed behind the counter, poked his nose into the bow window and seized one of the cookies displayed therein, while the woman flirting her apron and shooing vigorously, kept at a respectful distance, warned by his flattened ears and switching tail. Springing over the counter, I backed him out from behind it, and allowed him to munch away with my arm passed around his neck to prevent a repetition of the robbery, while I finished my conversation. Several times subsequently, but not constantly, when we would pass the shop, he would walk in, help himself, hurry out and trot down the street to catch me, chewing a tart, for which I had to pay. The idiosyncracies of animals, one of my favorite studies, must be my excuse for interlarding my narrative with these notes.

Russia is advancing in one respect: she is now looking after the purity of the food of the people. In future, cases of adulteration are to be severely punished, the courts having power to inflict from three to six month's imprisonment, and a fine of from 300 to 600 roubles, for a first offence, while a second conviction would deprive the offender of his civil and political rights, in addition to a fine and imprisonment. The Muscovite is not so tender with such offenders as we are in England.

In Iceland kissing has incurred penalties of great severity. For kissing another man's wife, with or without her consent, the punishment of exclusion or its pecuniary equivalent was awarded. A man rendered himself liable for kissing an unmarried woman under legal guardianship without her consent. The law required that every kiss should be wiped out by a fine of three marks—equivalent to 140 ells of wadmal—a quantity sufficient to furnish a whole ship's crew with pilot jackets.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm one would think the water travelled. The water stays in the same place, but the motion goes on. Sometimes, in storms, these waves are 40 feet high, and travel 50 miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally 15 times the height; hence a wave five feet high will extend over 75 feet of water.

SUPPLEMENT.

Sketcher.

Sunday Life in London.

How The First Day of the Week is Observed in the Metropolis.

In a city so cosmopolitan in character as London its observance of Sunday more closely resembles New York than any other capital of Europe. Paris and Edinburgh are totally unlike each other in various respects, but in none greater than the regard each pays to a proper regard for the Sabbath. The gay and hilarious Frenchman loves to spend the day in amusement and frivolities, in marked contrast to the fervid Scotchman observing the hours with punctilious care and religious zeal.

Neither the lax liberties characterising a Sunday in Paris, nor the restrictions apparent in Edinburgh, will ever gain a foothold in the English metropolis. A city of 5,000,000 of people possessing tastes so diverse, it is not surprising that in some quarters a due respect for the Sabbath is lacking. In other sections a stroll through the streets of London on any Sunday morning will disclose a respectful demeanor of its citizens, and throngs of devotees hastening to 2,000 places of worship.

It is not strange, however, that a class of this, the greatest capital of the world, do not attend church service regularly, spending the day at some suburban resort on the Thames, or an outing in one of the various parks of the city. Steamers ply back and forth, thronged all day with pleasure seekers, the hundred lines of omnibuses carrying a goodly share of citizens seeking recreation outside of London smoke. The underground railway also transfers teeming throngs from Charing Cross and Blackfriars to romantic country nooks, 15,000 hansoms offering facilities to excursionists wishing to combine ease and comfort.

We were reminded recently of the return of Sunday from a cessation of the noisy din across Blackfriar Bridge and a general quiet on this embankment. The day was bright and beautiful, just the reverse of the preceding morning, opening with a cloud of fog, unusual for London at this season. Fortunately the fog dissipated soon after breakfast, partaken of in the hotel's grand saloon, amid a flood of electric light. Though intensely dark, it was not so dark as some London fogs when the postman requires a lantern to go on his accustomed daily rounds. On such occasions this ugly mass seems thick enough to cut with a knife, penetrating dwellings and pervading the lanes and streets of the metropolis. The prevaling yellow tinge of Saturday's fog indicated the presence of smoke, so prevalent here, massing through stagnation of the air and pervading the city's busy thoroughfares.

London points with just pride to its 1,200 charities, many of which are open for inspection of visitors on Sunday. Hospitals, dispensaries, and asylums can be seen in every portion of the metropolitan district, forming models of architectural beauty and surrounded by grounds tastily arranged. In no other city of the world are similar institutions kept on so extensive a scale, with such liberal endowments and generous patronage.

Scanning the long list of charities, we selected the Foundling Hospital for a Sunday morning visit and to enjoy a service of song by the children. Engaging a hansom, we soon glided past St. Paul's, its melodious chimes filling the air with sweet music, hushing the jar and bustle of the metropolitan life. Skirting the viaduct on our right, where Dr. Parker's City Temple Church looms up in grand proportions, Holborn is reached and Furnival's Inn passed, famous as a resort for Charles Dickens.

Surrounding Ludgate Circus and on every street corner could be seen members of the Shoe Black Brigade, for these red-coated little fellows do a thriving business here every Sunday morning. "Shine your boots, sir?" accompanied by a respectful bow, greets pedestrians of every social grade, planting their feet in mechanical obedience on the box and a moment later placing a penny in the boy's hand. It is just thirty-six years ago since a few philanthropists of London put their heads together and organised an institution in behalf of shoe blacks.

In those days the society was known as Ragged Schools, a term if used to-day would fail to receive the support of 10,000 gaily uniformed bootblacks of London. Since the inception of this organisation in 1851, numerous branches have been added to the society every year, its funds increasing proportionately. Through an admirable management, boys' earnings are credited to a specific account, swelling annually, reaching this year the fabulous sum of nearly £100 000. The Shoe Black Brigade possesses buildings in various sections of the city, where suitable quarters and food are provided, and a bank account carefully kept with each member.

Thirty minutes' ride deposited us at the gateway of Foundling Hospital, a gravelled walk leading to the portals of the chapel, an usher in the vestibule receiving voluntary contributions from visitors; other attendants conducting strangers to seats in the auditorium or gallery. Boys and girls separately flanked either side of the organ, the former in tasty blue suits and the latter in frilled caps, dainty white aprons and dark dresses. An assemblage of 300 children thus attired presented a pleasing spectacle, from the flaxen three year old to the youth of 14 or 15. During the service, the youngsters sang in perfect unison and harmony, rendering especially creditable some of the chants.

At the close, we were conducted throughout the various buildings of the institution, visiting first the dormitory, lined on either side by cots in spotless coverlids; the museum, full of rare curiosities, paintings and sculpture, containing also gifts from former members, with letters full of gratitude and affection; the schoolroom, with its graded seats and suitable desks, the gymnasium and spacious playground.

We could not take leave of the institution without witnessing the children partaking of dinner in the two capacious dining halls. The inmates marched in with military precision, the boys seating themselves at a given signal, and the girls in like manner in their department. Soup, meat, vegetables and white bread formed the meal, apparently greatly relished, lady attendants cutting and preparing the food for the younger children.

A trip to Hyde Park, with such atmospheric conditions as existed, proved a great boon to residents of Central London. It was an exceptional day for the great metropolis—clear skies, brilliant sunshine and gentle breezes enticing thousands to the West End. Here was witnessed a procession, bright with colors, exhibiting tailoring and millinery in every phrase. Gay equipages glided through Rotten Row, with here and there a graceful equestrian, and further on predestrians, all whirling hither and thither through the shade and sunshine.

The sequestered walks did not escape intrusion, the remotest part of the park even being penetrated by the roving multitude. In the afternoon music was furnished by a military band, at various points lay preachers attracting knots of attentive listners. Golden haired babies in perambulators were to be seen, in some cases tied securely to the back of a Shetland pony, followed by a faithful nurse. Children passed looking bright and happy in light suits and sailor costumes, and young men dandling canes or puffing cheap cigarettes. Men of more mature age wore the conventional silk tile, lapel of coat turned down low, displaying an immaculate shirt front, tan colored kid gloves and the indispensable umbrella forming conspicuous articles.

Ladies lacked a proper taste in the art of dress, some of them looking even dowdyish. Though wanting in this respect, English women have achieved a reputation for clear complexions and a robust constitution. The secret of this consists in plain food, comfortable clothing, open air exercise and reasonable hours, followed by sound sleep. These simple rules, in addition to a climate favorable to imparting freshness to the complexion and aiding physical development, gives to English women a constitution not easily imparied. While the ladies of the British Isles maintain just claims for color and vigor, the fair sex of Spain and Italy are noted for their brunettes, Germany for its blondes, French girls for their bright eyes, Americans combining a grace with beauty.

At four in the afternoon we attended a service in St. Paul's, noted for its impressive intonation and musical service, though possessing imperfect ocoustic properties. A stroll through the Strand, Oxford Street, and Eastern London in the evening revealed bands of the Salvation Army parading with music, street preachers discoursing on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, attracting motley groups of listners and street arabs. Saloons are seen in every block ablaze with gas and electric light, 100,000 of these remaining open every Sunday evening in London from 6 to 11 o'clock and from 1 to 3 in the afternoon.

Old Saws in Rhyme.

A good name is better than riches or gold;
If you do not ask questions no lies you'll be told.

You cannot with chaff catch a very old bird,
And children should only be seen and not heard.

All coming events cast their shadow before;
In time of sweet peace get all ready for war.

In love and in war all is fair—so they say;
Take the bull by the horns; turn about is fair play.

One good turn deserveth another, you know;
From very small acorns the biggest oaks grow.

The early bird catches the worm, as we learn,
And even a worm that is trod on will turn.

The proof of the pudding is found in the eating,
As history ever itself is repeating.

If nothing you venture, 'tis nothing you gain;
On the just and the unjust fall the very same rain.

Till you are out of the woods do not halloo too loud;
Two is good company—three is a crowd.

This beautiful world wasn't made in a day;
Least said soonest mended; who breaks has to pay.

One may as well die for a sheep as a lamb;
Fair exchange is no robbery; don't be a clam.

How we apples do swim; catch a weasel asleep;
A new broom sweeps clean and still waters run deep.

'Tis a step to ridiculous from the sublime;
Procrastination the thief is of time.

Necessity knoweth no law; love is blind;
Absence of mind beats presence of mind.

Self-preservation is heaven's first law;
The camel's back breaks from the very last straw.

Call things by their right name; aim high when you shoot;
Marriage is lottery; a tree's known by its fruit.

All's well that ends well; robbing Peter to pay Paul;
Better late is than never; time surely cures all.

In accord with his folly we answer a fool;
There's always exceptions to every rule.

Nip and tuck; do or die; make or break; hit or miss;
Wisdom is folly when ignorance is bliss.

Dead men tell no tales; ev'ry Jack has his Jill;
You cannot make water go running up hill.

Fingers all thumbs; hide and seek; extremes meet;
Bread is the staff of life; sweets to the sweet.

Look on the bright side; don't run in a rut;
Keep your ears open and keep your mouth shut.

—H. C. DODGE.

The Women Ahead.

The Cambridge examinations were signalled last year by a series of splendid victories for the women. Girton and Newnham, which not many years ago were scarcely ever mentioned by the English press save to point out some joke, have distanced the venerable old foundations. A Girton girl is the only person, male or female, who has reached the honors of senior classic. In the medieval and modern language examinations a Newnham girl is the only occupant of the first class. Two other ladies have attained the first class in the second part of the examinations. Here are subjects for common-room consideration. The dons looked sourly upon the proposition to admit the Newnham and Girton and other girls to the Cambridge examinations at first, and if it is to their credit that they consented to the innovation there can be little doubt that they expected it to demonstrate the intellectual inferiority of women. But ever since the lists were opened the girls of Great Britain have been "up and coming," and each year a larger proportion of them has received honors and ecomiums, until now they have fairly carried the day and beaten the men on their own ground.

The Coffee Girl Past and Present

The coffee girl of the past used to be demure, attentive, tolerably modest, though not a prude, and tolerably respectful, though not reverential. The coffee girl of the present is quite the reverse. She is haughty to the boundaries of scorn; spoiled by those Pompadour kids who flirt with her. She views the sober, steady person, who is insensible of her charms, as a lout who occupies the room of his betters. There is but one way of fetching her pride down, and that is, to pack around a pill-box full of dead flies, insert two or three in the custard pie every time she fills that order, call her attention to the same with a gesture of disgust, and impress her with the conviction that she is a careless slattern, whom it would be gross flattery to call a coffee girl.

Oatmeal for the Complexion.

It would not be easy to find handsomer women anywhere than the oatmeal eaters of Edinburgh, and the only ladies that equal them in roseate health and classic beauty of figure, so far as I have observed, are found in the interior districts of Ireland. Oatmeal would seem to have something to do with it, and every one may remember the reply of the Scotchman to the taunt of Dr. Johnson that the horses in England ate the same kind of meal as the men in Scotland. "Ah!" said Scotchie, "but such horses and such men!"

Little Mattie persisted in running off to a neighbor's, and her mother finally said: "If you go out of the gate again, Mattie, I'll whip you." In a short time the child was discovered on forbidden ground, and led home. "Now, Mattie," said her mother, "what did I tell you?" "But, mamma, I didn't go out of the gate: I climbed over the fence," was Mattie's triumphant reply.

Essayist.

So Tired.

"I didn't see you at Charlie's last evening."

"No. I was so tired I could not come."

What right have you, or any man, to get tired habitually, that you cannot attend to social duties? You will hear men and women excusing themselves constantly from church, from the club, from the caucus, from a friend's wedding or a neighbor's funeral, by this same old expression, "I was so tired I could not make up my mind to go out again after I once got home." I respectfully urge my question: Has a man any right to habitually weary himself at his work of bread-winning, or fame-winning, or money-getting, to the extent that he cannot afford mind or body for the other duties of a social creature?

All of which is easy enough to ask, objects some weary worker whose business has grown upon him till he is no longer its master but its servant. He protests that no man would be happier than he to attend to the wants of his social nature "if he could." To whom I beg to suggest in reply the query if it is really of necessity, or rather ambition, to be a great merchant and to control markets that he is so bound to the wheel? There are ambitions; but they are all one at the root. The business man yields to the love of commercial power just as the soldier does of military sway. Could you not take your choice to be more of a home man, rather than an influential member of a trade, if you would? Is it not true that you were doing well enough when you saw larger openings, and you deliberately went in of free choice and loaded yourself up till you are where you are to-day?

You know it is true, nine times out of ten. There is a tenth time which is an exception; you took up a bad concern to get what was owing you; or you shouldered a friend to help him out; or you had some obligation to your partner that was a bond of honor. But in the other nine cases, dear sir, your overwork is the deliberate choice of your unthinking ambition; you preferred business power to social life; you chose the dear right of the development of your "grand chance" rather than the development of your heart, you had not the self-mastery "to let so good an opportunity slip," and hence you did let slip your old friends, your home enjoyment, your control over sons and daughters, not to speak of health and certain years of a green old age sacrificed at the end.

You are so tired! Why, man, it is hard to pity you. You do not pity yourself. Your selfishness has overshot itself. You are killing your affections. You are growing cold as a stone. You have chilled off many an old friend already, and are making no new ones.

Friendship with you is reduced to a mere matter of commercial valuation. You "know" men only as they stand for influence in the commercial world. If you examine your conversations with your friends you cannot but observe that you rarely have a good, old-fashioned chat; you talk shop constantly. All who love you are saddened by this. You at once change your plan. Suppose you do sacrifice grand chances. That will give younger men a chance in the market. You do not need the whole earth. But the best of it would be that you might save your heart.

Then there is quite another class. Poor bread-winners who have all they can do to make the ends meet. Employees who are pushed and crowded, not by deliberate choice of their own, but in order to keep their place at all. If they don't consent to such enslavement, there are others who will. Perhaps you are so faithful and so efficient that you are invaluable; you are the only man or woman who can do the task you have to do. You confess that it is drying you up, socially and domestically. But you ask me what you can do.

Probably you can do nothing suddenly. But you can resolve in your heart that you mean to have more liberty. You must teach some other man or woman to do your work. You are afraid to? Ah, I thought so. You fear that the apprentice may supplant you. You are not willing to live and let live. You are not generous. And so your selfishness overshoots itself and is withering you up.

Or you, bread-winner, can resolve to live less expensively in other directions. Impossible, you say.

Stop and think.

Are you not foolishly kind to the daughter, who dresses too extravagantly for a poor man's child?

Are you not making a mistake in being unwilling that your children should now begin to do some honorable work?

Are you vainly educating your daughter out of her sphere in life which she is most likely to occupy? There's a deal of folly abroad in the Australian select school for girls.

Have you bought too expensive a house, and so loaded yourself up?

Are you too heavily insured?

Have your personal expenses any need of supervision and curtailment?

At all events, I believe most of us could have more leisure for the heart if we wanted it. If we appreciated that it was one of life's chief blessings to enjoy an evening with our friends; to sit and chat with our neighbor at ease; to laugh at our own fireside, after the day's work, instead of being so tired that we go to sleep over a book, or while the children are romping around us. No man should be too tired to keep up his friendships.

"Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, our shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend."

We have all of us learned, to our sorrow, that the dear friend, once sacrified to business engagements and the demands of an all-engrossing life, we may need again in some sick day, some hour of gloom. But alas! he then may say, out of his memory of furtile approaches to us "I am so tired! I cannot come!"

One Thing and Another.

Misfortune easily overtakes the lazy man. The active man keeps ahead of it.

A poet would be out of place as a minister. He is essentially a layman.

The phrase "making Rome howl" is evidently a new one, for it is rum that makes the man howl.

The playing cards of the Patagonians are made from the skin of the guanoco; which suggests the idea that the Patagonian plays a skin game.

There is nothing reconciles a man to his lot so much as patience. Methuselah's nephews had to wait a long time, but they no doubt came into the property at last.

Immortal.

Oh! life is short, and swiftly flies;
Soon to the grave we all must go
Except the man—he never dies;
'Tis he who says: "I told you so!"

Inquisitive.—"Twins, did you say? Boys or girls?"

"A boy and a girl."

"Indeed! Which is the boy?"

"This one."

"Ah! And which is the girl."

An Error Corrected.

"H'm! 'All things come to those who wait,'"
The waiter said and pursed his lips.
"That error I can dissipate.
There's something never come—that's tips."

Traveller.

Encounter With a Tiger.

We had gone but a short distance on the trail of the wonderful deer, when an extra thick, cool, gamy-looking patch of cover in the bed of the nullah attracted my attention; so, kicking up a large tuft of grass, I hurled it in. This was answered by a loud "wough-wough," and out sprang a tigress, who was scrambling up the opposite bank, when I fired at her. She flinched at the shot, and fell back, when I let her have the second barrel, yelling to Davidson to "look out." He heard me just soon enough, and had only time to get behind the trunk of a large "mhowa-tree," when the tigress galloped up past him within a few yards. I heard him fire two shots in rapid succession, and soon made my way up to him. He said that after his shots the tigress went on, but very lame; and he lost sight of her at a spot where the little plateau he was on sloped down to some open ground covered with bushes, around whose base patches of rumnah-grass, some three feet high, were scattered here and there. On reaching the spot where the ground sloped downward, we saw the tigress lying under a bher-tree out in the open, some two hundred yards from us. Davidson was for opening fire on her there and then, but I would not assent to this; and, after some argument as to the best course to pursue, we decided to walk up to her till within some thirty or forty yards before firing—that is, if she would allow us to take such liberties. This we did; and got up to within some thirty yards of where she was lying, gazing at us with her head between her paws, preparatory to charging. Davidson then fired, and, with that hoarse, coughing roar made by a charging tiger, which can never be recalled by those who have once heard it without a tingling of the blood and a quickening of the pulse, up she jumped, and came straight at us, the incarnation of fiendish rage; but both firing in succession, she turned and entered one of the patches of grass I have alluded to, where she stood for an instant, giving me a standing shot. I heard the "thud" of my bullet, and the next instant she turned, and came roaring and charging down at us again. During this charge through the dry, withered grass she presented a most curious appearance; and the only thing I can liken the scene to is an imaginary long, fiery, wriggling serpent advancing rapidly in a sinuous course. Davidson gave her another shot as she came on; and, as he did so, an old stump of a tree, some four feet hight, and slightly out of her direct course, seemed to attract her attention, and this she attacked with great fury, giving it a couple of swift, lightning-like pats with her muscular paws. This gave us time to put in three more shots, which, as they were delivered at only some fifteen yards distant, tumbled her over, to our intense relief and satisfaction. Pelting the body well with clods of earth and stones, to make sure she was dead, we walked up to inspect our prize, and were surprised to find the vitality she had exhibited. We had fired twelve shots at her, and out of these ten were hits.

The Arab Lover.

The Arab loves as none but an Arab can love; but he is also mightily excitable and easily won. An Arab sees a girl bearing water or brushwood, and in a moment, almost at a glance, is as madly in love as if he passed years of courtship. He thinks of nothing else, cares and dreams of nothing else but the girl he loves; and not infrequently, if he is disappointed in his affections, he pines and dies. In order to commence his suit he sends for a member of the girl's tribe who has access to the harem; and, first ensuring his secrecy by a solemn oath, confesses his love and entreats his confident to arrange an interview. The confident goes to the girl, gives her a flower of a blade of grass, and says: "Swear by Him who made this flower and us also that you will not reveal to any one that which I am about to unfold to you." If the girl will not accept the proposal she will not take the oath, but, nevertheless, keeps the matter perfectly secret from all. If she is favorably disposed to the match, she answers: "I swear by Him who made the flower you hold, and us," and the place and time of meeting are settled. These oaths are never broken, and it is not long before the ardent lover becomes the happy husband.

A Famous Monument.

Eight years before Columbus discovered America an old Portuguese sailor named Diego Cam went cruising down the coast of West Africa until he came to a great river on whose south bank he set up a big white stone and carved an inscription upon it celebrating its discovery. It was the mighty Congo, and for many years the famous Pedra Pedrao stood on the old sailor's achievement. Years later, when all eyes were turned to the new world, the Congo had been almost forgotten, and when it next attracted notice the Pedra Pedrao had disappeared. The spot where it stood has for centuries been known as Pedrao Point. Three or four months ago Baron von Schwebin, the Swedish traveller, heard from some natives of a large fetich stone hidden in the tall jungle grass at some distance from the beach. It was only after long palavers with the chiefs that he obtained permission to visit the revered object. He found to his delight the veritable Pedra Pedrao, its well-known inscription only partially effaced. The famous monument of a great discovery will doubtless be treasured hereafter as one of the most interesting relics of the early navigators.

Golden Days.

Together now, and soon to part,
A deathless love in either's heart,
What wonder that our lips should meet
In burning kisses, dangerous (?) sweet,
These golden, perfect days;

Those golden days of sunny weather,
Of sunny sea and purple heather!
Freedom, for just a little space,
To gaze upon each other's face,
Those golden, perfect days.

An American gentleman who has recently travelled through Japan says that the Japanese will in a few years be the greatest railroad builders of the world. As yet there are only 370 miles of railroad in Japan, but many new roads are projected. The Japanese are good railroad patrons, for even when they have no business to transact they will ride back and forth on the railroad until they have spent their last cent, and the beggars in the large towns nearly always spend the money which they get on a railroad trip.

With the aid of science even the desert of the Sahara is becoming inhapitable, and colonization is encouraged. The Lower Sahara is an immense basin of artesian waters, and the French are forming fresh oases, with skill and success, so that the number of cultivated tracks is increasing rapidly. After a period of thirty years forty-three oases have 13,000 inhabitants, 120,000 trees between one and seven years old, and 100,000 fruit trees.

To-Morrow.

The future hours? Ah, no;
It is the gods' alone!
The hours are ringing low
"Farewell" in every tone.
The future! Think! Beware!
Our earthly treasures rare,
Hard won through toil and care,
Our palaces and lands,
Great victories, and all
Possessions, large and small—
But only to us fall,
As birds light on the sands!

—*Victor Hugo.*

Ladies' Column.

Spoken in Anger.

'Twas but a little word in anger spoken,
While proud eyes flashed through bitter, burning tears;
But oh, I felt that fatal word had broken
The cord of love that bound our hearts for years.
Thy tortured face, that long, wild look of sorrow,
Like some pale ghost, must haunt me while I live;
And yet, how bright, how full of joy the morrow,
Had I but breathed one simple word—"Forgive!"
I did not hear the tender voice appealing,
Nor marked thy anguish when I cried, "De-part!"
Too blind to see thy pitying glance, revealing
The generous promptings of thy noble heart.
How could I know that faithful heart was yearning,
Though crushed and wounded to its inmost core,
To take me back, like a weary bird returning
In fear and trembling, when the storm is o'er.
"Remember, love, that it may be forever;
To see my face no more by night or day.
Be calm, rash heart, think well before we sever,
Recall the angry word and bid me stay."
Dead silence fell; the song-birds hushed their singing.
"Enough," I proudly cried; "I choose my fate."
While even through my maddened brain kept ringing
The death-knell of my love—too late, too late!
"Forgive, forgive!" I wailed, the wild tears streaming,
As, 'mid the moaning trees, I stood alone;
"Love, let thy kisses wake me from my dreaming."
Thy pleading voice, thy tortured face, was gone.
That angry word, I may recall it never;
For o'er thy narrow grave rank weeds have grown.
"Remember, love, that it may be forever."
Ah, words prophetic! love, had I but known!
My locks are gray, my eyes are dim with weeping,
The face once loved by thee, no longer fair!
Beneath the daisies thou art calmly sleeping;
There a lone woman often kneels in prayer.
Ah, sweetheart mine, thou art so lowly lying,
Thou canst not hear the tearful voice above,
That with the night wind evermore is sighing,
"I spoke in anger; oh, forgive me, love!"

—*Fanny Forrester.*

Pretty Girls of Dublin.

Ireland is noted for its beautiful women, and the girls of Dublin are as pretty as those of any city in the world. They have, as a rule, fair, rosy complexions and good forms, and they know how to dress the latter. I attended a regatta at Dalkey, the great yachting place near Dublin, and saw some several thousands of the better class of girls of Ireland. The poorer classes were shut out by the higher prices of the inclosure allotted to us, and the crowd was a kidgloved one. The girls seemed to be remarkably healthy and in high spirits, and they showed, as I could judge from the whitty remarks I heard *en passant*, all the love of humor for which old Ireland is famous. The Irish brogue coming out of the pearly teeth of a rosy cheeked, bright eyed Irish girl sounds very sweet indeed, and were I a millionaire, with one or two girl babies, I would take them to Ireland to raise them for the sake of their complexions. The beauties are not, however, confined to the upper classes. I saw pretty girls everywhere, and many a sweet face there is among the white capped servant girls of the hotels, and even among the workers in the fields, or in the cotter's huts.

Nuns who Never See a Man.

The Via Merulana Convent, in Rome, will remain in possession of the nuns until the death of the last of them, when the property will go to the city. The sixteen remaining Franciscan nuns, who are called the Sepulte Vive, are still in the old monastry, where they once received a visit from the Princess of Wales. These nuns, some of them ladies of noble families, observe a very strict rule. Once entering the convent they never leave it alive. They never see men, not even the priest who says mass in the chapel. The altar is screened off, and they can just see the elevation of the Host. Through a small aperture they receive holy communion. Iron gratings and a linen vail guard the small openings through which they make confession. They never undress for repose, but spend half the night in prayer, and keep, except in extreme cases of illness, a perpetual abstinence from meat. They make almost everything they use, even to shoes and medicines. If a parent of one of these nuns dies the announcement is not made to the nun herself, but in general terms it is said that one of them has lost by death a father or a mother, as the case may be.

Slaves in Petticoats.

In Germany women do most of the menial out-of-door work. Switzerland is the only country in continental Europe where peasant women are not obliged to do all the hard work. A woman was seen recently in Naples carrying a coffin on her head, chatting gayly with a man who walked empty-handed at her side. Not infrequently a woman and a cow are seen together, pulling a coal-cart through the streets of a north German city, a man touching them up gently, to be sure, with a whip as he walks beside them. In Denmark it is not unusual to see a woman high up in a cherry tree picking the fruit, while a man lies at the foot waiting to place the ladder when she shall be ready to come down with her burden. In upper Austria I saw a slight and very pretty young girl carrying the mortar up to the second story of a building, while a man waited there to put it in place when she arrived. A woman was seen in Holland drawing a canal boat, bent nearly double with the leathern harness as she trudged along the towpath, a man sitting at his ease in the boat smoking.

Crown Jewels of France.

The history of the French crown diamonds is a curious and interesting one, being closely connected with that of royalty itself. Thus there are the jewels, seven in number, brought into France by the Italian Prime Minister Mazarin; these diamonds later on ornamented the diadem of Louis XV. The crown diamonds were frequently worn by Marie Antoinette, who had a great fondness for precious stones, as was, indeed, amply shown by the unfortunate affair of the necklace—one of the causes, historians have said, of the downfall of the French 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.

A female orchestra, all players of brass instruments, is creating a sensation at Dresden.

Miscellaneous.

This and That.

For still the Lord is Lord of might,
In deeds, in deeds, he takes delight;
The plough, the spear, the laden barques,
The field, the founded city, marks;
He marks the smiler of the streets,
The singer upon garden seats,
He sees the climber in the rocks;
To him the shepherd folds his flocks,
For those He loves that underprop
With daily virtues heaven's top.
And bear the falling sky with ease,
Unfrowning caryatides.
Those he approves that ply the trade,
That rock the child, that wed the maid,
That with weak virtues, weaker hands,
Sow gladness on the peopled lands,
And still with laughter, song and shout,
Spin the great wheel of earth about.
But ye!—O ye who linger still,
Here is your fortress on the hill,
With placid face, with tranquil breath,
The unsought volunteers of death.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A Defiant Young Colleen.

At no time in the life of the National League have the people been so fired with national sentiment as now. A striking instance of this all penetrating enthusiasm occurred on October 14, at Taghmon, County Wexford. Twenty persons were arraigned in court and prosecuted under the crimes act for having attempted to intimidate a landgrabber. Sixteen of the prisoners were discharged for want of evidence, but the other four, all of whom were children, were convicted. Among them was a girl named Lawlor, and the resident magistrate, in pronouncing sentence of imprisonment upon her, suggested that she might escape being locked up by expressing regret for her conduct and finding bail in a nominal sum. Instead of expressing contrition, as the magistrate manifestly expected she would, the girl promptly replied: "It is no disgrace to be imprisoned for Ireland. I do not regret what I have done, and I will not give bail." At this the crowd cheered heartily, and Mr. Edmond Leamy, member for Northeast Cork, who was defending the prisoners, exclaimed: "You are the best little girl in Ireland, and a credit to your country!" This utterance was enthusiastically received and indorsed by the crowd, and the girl's loyalty to the national cause was unanimously approved by a public meeting held after the abjournment of the court.

Underground Wires.

Some very interesting facts concerning underground wires in Great Britain were given recently by W. H. Preece in a paper read before the Society of Arts. "In London alone," he said, "we have 225 miles of pipe, containing 10,212 miles of wire. In fact, all our great trunk lines are out of danger of stoppage by storms. We have 868 miles of open wire included within the metropolitan area, but these are chiefly in the suburbs, and include long, outlying sections, used either for police or fire brigade wires, or for private persons. There are 213 offices in London now served wholly by buried wire." It appears that in 1886 there were in the United Kingdom 26,426 miles of overhead telegraph lines, embracing 150,590 miles of wire, and 677 miles of underground lines, with 19,605 miles of wire. It is estimated that to connect only the more important towns by underground wires, and "uniting these towns by less than half the existing number of overhead wires, would cost something like £2,500,000." Of submarine cable there are now 112,673 nautical miles, which has absorbed a capital of £7,000,000. The larger part of this, or 102,531 miles, is owned by twenty-seven private companies, having from one to fifty-three cables each.

If, remarks an English writer, as Lord George Hamilton has stated, our respite from further ironclad building only depends on the naval policy of foreign Powers, we shall not get a very long rest. The Italian Government is even now laying down a new ironclad which is to entirely eclipse the *Re Umberto*, at present the most powerful ship afloat. The dimensions of the new ship, which is to be called the *Sardegna*, may be judged from her engine-power, which is to be 22,800 horse-power. The *Re Umberto's* engines are of 19,500 horse-power.

What next? asks the *Sewing Machine News* (New York). We have had the musical sewing machine, the melody being stored in the box-cover. The invention flared up, and quickly flickered out in this country, and it was last heard of in that most musical of all lands, where, it is to be hoped, it will remain. Now we have musical fire-engines! A music-box attachment is run while the engine pumps. Above the roar of the conflagration and the cries of the affrighted populace the strains of soul-inspiring music arouse the courage of the fire-fighters and cheer them on in their dangerous duty, just as martial strains inspire soldiers to charge up to the very cannon's mouth.

The Sierra Nevada Range might be called a continuation of the Cascade Mountains; but those are of volcanic origin, and the Sierra Nevadas are granite, though traces of volcanic action are often found on the flanks and base. It commences at Mount Shasta, 14,400 feet high, and runs in a southerly direction to Tejon Pass, where it joins the Coast Range not far from Mount Whitney, the highest mountain in the United States south of Alaska. There are but few passes over these mountains, and the Pacific slope is very steep, the Central Pacific road descending 6,300 feet in eighty miles.

Mr. Ruskin says: No man should marry till he has made himself worthy of a good wife, and able to maintain her and his children in comfort, and he should choose her as he would choose his destiny—with range of choice from earth to heaven (a tall woman). No man should marry under four-and-twenty, no girl under eighteen.

At the Terre Haute Polytechnic the other day, experiments were made to ascertain just what a snail's pace is. Half a dozen of these slowgoers were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart, and the average pace was ascertained. It was calculated that a snail can crawl a mile in just fourteen days.

The native Christians of Tinnevelly, Southern India, have sent £80 to the Church Mission Society of England as an expression of their sympathy with the persecuted Christians in Uganda, Africa. The native Christians of Madagascar have given £800,000 for the spread of the Gospel within the past ten years.

It is computed that the death rate of the world is 68 a minute, and the birth rate 70 a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.

Advertisements reflect the signs of the times in the United Kingdom. "A member of Parliament and Oxford graduate" advertises for employment, and a "Ruined Landlord" also begs for work to support his young, motherless family.

Lord Salisbury has been weighed while at Royat. He weighs 115 kilogrammes, whilst Prince Bismarck only weighs 95 kilogrammes. Physically, he is, therefore, a greater man than the Prince—and, indeed, than any other statesman in the world.

A paragraph is going round the papers that whilst the handloom weavers in Paisley numbered 1165 when the Queen ascended the throne in 1837, there are now only 149 weavers in the town.

The Pope has conferred the Grand Cross of the Order of Christ upon the Duke of Norfolk.

An old bachelor's definition of a baby—A crying evil which you only aggravate by putting down.

Humor.

No More.

No more the song-birds wake the morn
With joyous strains,
No more the florets fair adorn
The rural lanes.

The verdant beauty of the leas
Is gone to-day,
The autumn glory of the trees
Has passed away.

Beneath the birches bending o'er
The glassy stream,
We "stretch our listless length" no more
To lie and dream.

No more vacation's joys we taste
By lake or wood,
No more by bovines wild is chased
The frightened dude.

We tear our coats and vests no more
In thickets dense,
Nor pantaloons by climbing o'er
The barbed wire fence.

"Ain't you most ready?" yelled a man from the bottom of the stairs to his wife, who was getting ready to go with him on the train.

"Don't hurry me and I'll be ready all the sooner," returned the busy woman, snappishly.

The husband said no more, and let her take her own time. In about three-quarters of an hour she came down looking as trim as a new doll, and said:

"Well, here I am, but what have you been doing? Why haven't you got on your hat and coat?"

"Oh, there's no great rush now, my dear; no rush at all."

"Why not?"

"The train has been gone a quarter of an hour."

"Well, you're a mean thing," said the woman, bolting out of the room; "that's just what you are. If you hadn't kept hurrying me all the time I'd have been ready long ago."

A number of persons were visiting an artist's studio the other day, and one of them, wishing to say something pleasant, stopped before a picture, and said: "This is very well painted; but why did you choose such a homely model?" "It's my mother, sir," quietly answered the artist. "Oh!—I beg your pardon," stammered the confused critic. "I ought to have known better, for the likeness to yourself is perfect."

"But, your honor," said the prisoner, "I am not guilty of this crime. I have two witnesses who will swear that at the hour when this man was robbed I was at home in my own chamber, taking care of my baby."

"Yes, your honor," glibly answered the prisoner's counsel, "that is strictly true. We can prove a lullaby, your honor."

Mrs. Dusenberry.—"I wish I lived in Thibet."

MR. DUSENBERRY.—"Why, my dear?"

MRS. D.—"A woman there is allowed to have four husbands."

MR. D.—"But what would you want with four husbands?"

MRS. D.—"Because, when I asked for a new bonnet, the chances are four to one that I would get it."

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?"

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.

What He Intended to Fall Back Upon.—"I don't know what'll become of you after I die, John," said a father to his high-collared, cane-carrying, cigarette-smoking son: "I have nothing to leave you, and you can't support yourself."

"Then," replied John, as he withdrew the nob of his cane from his mouth, "I'll get married."

A Wise Answer.—The teacher had been reading the parable of the good Samaritan, and at its close, to apply the lesson, asked:

"Now can you tell me who is your neighbor?"

A little hand went up instantly.

"Well, Mamie, who is your neighbor?"

"Please 'm, the lady next door, who lends ma her flat-irons,"

Too Smart.—"Children," said the minister, as he arose to address the Sunday-school, "what shall I speak about to-day?"

"About five minutes," said a sleepy-headed boy on a back seat.

That boy was waked up after he got home.

"Hello, Charley, what are you doing moving?" asked one young man of another whom he met with a big valise in his hand.

"I've just commenced my vacation."

"Your vacation?"

"Yes. I'm vacating at the request of my landlady."

A man wanted a position in the post-office. Postmaster Durham asked him if he had ever had experience in handling the mails.

"I should say I had. I was a policeman in Sandridge three years. All the principal males down there were handled by me."

He didn't get the place.

"Do you call this a band of picked musicians?" said a hotel manager to the leader of a summer band.

"Och! dot vas so; I bick 'em mineselluf," replied the bandmaster.

"Well, then you picked them before they were ripe," replied the manager.

"That's one of those Hanlan razors, is it not?" said the customer.

"Hanlan razors?" interrogated the barber.

"Yes; pulls like thunder," gasped the sufferer.

Poor Consolation.—SHE.—"No, Tom, I cannot be your wife; but I am glad you asked me."

HE.—"Why?"

SHE.—"Because I never had the chance of refusing any one before."

A Poet in Trouble.—"Can't I get in?" called the poet to his wife through the keyhole, at 1 A. M.

"No," was the emphatic response. "You're bard out."

The Leaves She Likes.—A society girl says that autumn leaves may be very beautiful, but they are not nearly so nice as ten o'clock leaves, when Adolphus picks up his hat to go home.

Young wife.—"I took great pains with that cucumber salad, John, and I hope you enjoyed it."

HUSBAND (anxiously).—"I am afraid, my dear, that I took great pains with it too."

A young lady says that she has found out a good way to keep her hands smooth and white; and that is to let her mother do all the work.

My lad, always trap for big game—it is just as easy to catch a rabbit as a mouse, and then only look at the difference in the amount of meat you get.

"How should a woman who wants to be a blacksmith begin to learn the trade?" By "shoeing" hens.

Time improves queensware; look how long Queen Victoria wears.

Summary of European News.

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Telegrams conveying the subjoined information have been received during the week by the Melbourne "Argus":—

The *Standard* states that Parliament will be asked to sanction the steps necessary for placing the first and second army corps on a war footing, and for immediately issuing magazine rifles to all the British regular troops.

The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies has passed a resolution in favor of the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery throughout the empire.

Pope Leo XIII. has conferred the honor of Chevalier of the Order of Gregory the Great on Mr A. L. Kenny, M.B., of Melbourne.

Sir Morrell Mackenzie reports favorably on the condition of the Emperor Frederick. He states that the throat is improving, and that the œsophagus or gullet is not affected.

News has been received that hostilities have broken out on the Russo-Afghan frontier. The Dhemshed tribe was desirous of placing itself under the protection of Russia, but the Ameer, Abdurhan, objected, and endeavored to prevent the proposed step by military force. The tribe in question resisted, and skirmishes have occurred between it and the troops of the Ameer. General Alikhanoof, the commander of the military district of Merv, has started with a Russian force to assist Dhemshed.

A communication has been received from Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, who is at present in Rome, whither he went to confer with the Pope in connection with the recent papal decree condemning the National League, boycotting, and the Plan of Campaign. The Archbishop denies that the decree will in any way injure the National League or seriously affect the National movement in Ireland. The Irish bishops have informed Pope Leo XIII. that they are prepared to render entire submission to the decree of His Holiness in condemning the National League, the Plan of Campaign, and boycotting.

Mr John Dillon, M.P., for East Mayo, who was arrested on the 17th April for advocating the Plan of Campaign at proclaimed meetings on Sunday, the 8th April, was brought before the magistrates and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with hard labor, in Dunkold Gaol. Mr Dillon gave notice of appeal.

The action of the Australian Governments in refusing to allow Chinese to land in the colonies has been brought under the notice of the Hong Kong Chamber of Commerce. The chamber passed a resolution protesting against the action of the colonies as being likely to imperil British interests in China, and alienate that country from Great Britain.

The official organ of the Hungarian Government publishes an important article on the present position of affairs. It declares that the situation in the east of Europe has become intolerable, and the powers must end it soon, either with or without the assistance of Russia.

Sir Andrew Clark, the inspector-general of fortifications, and formerly surveyor-general of Victoria, has expressed his views with regard to the present feeling of insecurity in connection with the national defences. He considers that there is no ground for panic, and that the defences are stronger now than they have been for years. He speaks in high terms of the "magnificent efforts" of the colonies in the direction of defending their shores from from invasion, and declares that the work of completing the defences of the coaling stations is now well in hand. He dwells strongly on the necessity of the coaling stations being permanently garrisoned, and kept in constant readiness for war.

In the course of the debate in the House of Commons on the 15th inst., on the national defences, Mr Labouchere referred contemptuously to the New South Wales Contingent, the despatch of which was, he declared, a suggestion by the Premier of the colony, who wished to show servility to England. He also asserted that members of the contingent had been guilty of misconduct. Sir Charles Beresford, replying to the charges of Mr Labouchere, warmly denied the truth of the allegations made by the member for Northampton. He declared that the New South Wales contingent was a splendid body of soldiers, and that their discipline was excellent. Everyone connected with the British force in the Soudan, he said, was grateful to Australia for the assistance it had rendered to the expedition. Colonel Bridgewater and Captain Prince, British officers in the Soudan, had declared that the behaviour of the contingent was admirable.

MINING.—Approximate yields for the week:—Saxon Consols, 65 oz.; Waterloo 27 oz.; No. 1 Victoria, 45 oz.

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

THE AMERICAN ROSE POTATOES.

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Messrs Newton Bros., of Spring Hill (says the "Creswick Advertiser") are at present digging one of the finest crops of potatoes which have been grown in the district this season. The potatoes are of the "American rose" species—a kind not altogether unknown but still very little grown hereabouts. They possess the merit of coming to maturity much earlier and being better yielders than most other sorts. Those grown by the Messrs Newton this year were ripe six or seven weeks before "pink eyes" put in at the same time, and the yield from about three acres will be about 20 tons. They are an excellent sample, being uniform in size, smooth skinned, and as sound as possible. There are some very large specimens amongst them, but they are very very long, rather than thick and broad. The "American rose" potato was introduced into the district in a curious manner. About five or six years ago, when returning from Ballarat, Mr. Hutchins, of Newlyn, picked up a large potato on the road. Considering it to be a good sort, he took it home, and, dividing it into sets, planted it. They throve well, and in a few years Mr Hutchins not only had seed for himself, but was able to supply his neighbours. Two years ago, Messrs Newton Bros. got half a ton; this year they will have twenty tons, the bulk of which they intend disposing of for seed.

EFFECTIVE HEALTH PRECAUTIONS.

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As several of our public drains are at times in anything but a healthy condition, the following, clipped from the "M. D. Advertiser", will serve as a useful hint to our Shire Council:—The efficacy of the eucalyptus as a means of drainage was referred to by his Worship the Mayor at the Local Board of Health meeting recently. The board were discussing, conversationally, the best means for the drainage of the southern portion of Alma street, which at present requires some attention in this way. Mr. Lowenstein casually remarked that the gum trees already planted in the street had proved most effective in the absorption of the drainage from the rear of High street, and would no doubt render similar service if planted in the other portions where adequate provision had not been made for the drainage of the street. It is certainly a noteworthy fact that though Alma street receives nearly all the drainage from the eastern side of High-street, it is one of the driest thoroughfares in the town, and this is no doubt largely due to the absorption of moisture by the gum trees planted along the street.

ORIENTAL JUSTICE.

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The Old Testament stories of Solomon's decisions, as well as the tale of Susanna and the Elders, are brought graphically to mind by the following narrative, sent to the *Civil and Military Gazette* by a native correspondent in Afghanistan, of a curious decision given recently by the Ameer:—"A man applied to the Ameer with a claim of 60 rupees against another, on account of an alleged loan which the borrower refused to pay. The Ameer summoned the defendant before him in his garden at Jellalabad, but he denied that he owed any money to the other. When the appellant was ordered to produced his witnesses, he said that he had none 'except the tree under which I gave him the loan.' After long deliberation the Ameer ordered him then to go to the tree and ask it for justice in the case. A little while later he had gone the Ameer said, inquiringly, that the appellant must surely have reached the tree by that time? Whereupon the defendant, who was present said, 'not yet; the tree is too far.' As soon as the Ameer heard this from the defendant he gave orders quietly in the Turki language to one of his servants to go after the appellant and bring him back; and he ordered the defendant to go and see if the appellant came back, he was also ordered to go and see if the defendant went to the same tree under which he said he gave him the loan; and it was so. The Ameer of Cabul thereon ordered the defendant to pay the claimant 60 rupees, because he could not have known the right tree if he had not borrowed the money; and he was fined also for giving false evidence.

JUVENILE FOOTBALL.—A match was played on Wednesday a fortnoon, between teams representing Beaufort and Main Lead State Schools. The lads, captained respectfully by G. Nicol and J. Harris, met on the Beaufort football ground at half-past three and played till five o'clock Some good work was done by the local boys but the visitors were too strong for them and the match resulted in two goals for Main Lead to Beaufort's nil. Both goals were kicked by T. Harris. After the game the players were treated to cake and lemonade.

Sir James Murray's Patent Fluid Magnesia secures a perfect digestion, corrects acidity, and relieves heartburn, without injury to the coats of the stomach. Effectual in cases of irregular digestion, gout and gravel, and the safest corrective for women and children. Recommended by leading physicians. Invaluable in hot climates. In bottles 1s. each, of all chemists and patent medicine vendors. Rocke, Tompsitt & Co., agents, Melbourne.

GIVEN UP BY THE DOCTORS.—"Itis possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and is cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!" "Well-a-day! This is remarkable!" "I will go this day and get some some for my poor George. I know hops are good.

A QUEEN'S MESSENGER SNOWED UP.

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The following communication (says *The Times*) has been received from a Queen's Messenger as to the severity of the weather on the continent on the night of March 2nd:—I was awakened about 8 a.m. the next morning, and found the train had stopped between Bromberg and Dirschau, and about 320 miles from Berlin. After a time the conductor came and told me that the train was snowed up. I looked out and saw it was blowing a hurricane, and snowing as much as to make the air quite dark. For about seven hours we remained *plantes*, and the snow getting deeper every moment. I had eaten nothing since 8 p.m. the day before but a bit of bread, and the conductor said that nothing could be got unless he sent to the nearest village. There were about 10 peasants on the line, scratching away at the snow with picks, which were about of as much use as toothpicks. I bribed one of these to go and see what he could get, and in course of time he brought some black bread and Blutwurst, (blood sausage), but this dainty does not recommend itself to every stomach. After a while five or six passengers in the carriage held a council, and all resolved on staying were they were. One of them, a German officer, assured us that 'zwei hundert soldaten' were coming that evening, and that to-morrow 'zwei tausend militar' would be there to help us. I got out of the train on the lee side, and walked along as well as I could, and could not see even the vanguard of our delivering host; but I made out that to windward the snow formed a wall half as high as the carriages, while to leeward of the train the steam and heat of the engine had reduced the snow to water, which in turn had frozen so that the wheels of the carriages were locked in solid ice. I felt like an Arctic explorer. The train was fast like the pictures one used to see of Erebus and Terror, Sir J. Franklyn's ships, and looked like remaining there till spring. I then resolved to send at once for a sledge to take me to some habitation. From this the other passengers tried to dissuade me, and said that they would stop where they were; but when two or three sledges arrived, they all followed my example. We were half lifted out of the train. The cold and the force of the snowstorm were so great as almost to blind us, and in about half-an-hour we got to a small cabaret, where they was barely standing-room for all of us with our hand luggage, and nothing to eat. As the sledges could not take us to the nearest station we then started on foot, and floundered about in single file like geese on a common in the dark for about a mile or more, the snow being nearly up to our middle and the cold very great. I had extreme difficulty in keeping my eye on the man carrying my bag of despatches, &c. We then go to Laskovitz, wet through and chilled to the bone. At Laskovitz we waited for two hours in a miserable salle d'attente, and then took the train for Grandenz, a small town on the Vistula near the Polish frontier, where there was a decent inn, and we got supper and a bed. I should have slept pretty well but the walls were thin, and my neighbour a sick German, kept me awake by his groans, 'Ach Gott,' 'Du lieber Herr Jesus,' and other ejaculations of pious despair. We were at Grandenz about 30 hours, and at last got away after many delays, to the Russian frontier, which we crossed at Weirsboloff. There was no train till next morning, so I had to sleep in a 'toilette-zimmer' on the floor between two polish Jews, one of whom coughed all night and expectorated with such vigour and impartiality that I expected to find at daylight that he bespattered my fur coat and rugs. Next morning left for St. Petersburg by a slow train, and I am quit for a slight cold and sore nose and ear, which were a little frost-bitten. One poor devil was so bad from the exposure that he had to remain at Grandenz. It is barely a month since I was snowed up in Hungary, and underwent a similar experience, though not so severe. I consider myself lucky to have saved my despatches."

"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND".

* * * Pretty Wives,
Lovely daughters and noble men.

My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation and my wife who was a pretty blonde 20 years ago, became sallow, hollowed-eyed withered and aged before her time, from malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness. A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl, upon recovery, had lost her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-timed beauty with composed interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this country, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters to thank for it.

The dear creature just looked over my shoulder and says 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be *more pretty wives if* my brother farmers would do as I have done. Hoping you may be long spared to do good, I thankfully remain,

C. L. JAMES,
BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co. Md.,
May 26th, 1886.

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

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably suprised at the utmost 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 too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Browne's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

Melbourne Gossip.

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(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The true words of wisdom in regard to the Chinese Question come to us from Adelaide, where the suggestion is made that the several Colonial governments hold a conference to discuss the important topic. Recent events have shown that there is absolute unity of sentiment throughout Australasia on the subject, and so what could be better than unity of action? I hope to see a General Convention instituted, for we may be sure we are only now at the beginning of the trouble. So vital is the question to the Colonies at large, that there should be immediate action taken, and to the wishes of *united* Australasia England would never be opposed even through it be her policy to pacify China.

What can be said about the Bent scandal that is new? There is no doubt—there *can* be no doubt—but that the Kensington Hill Job was a great piece of political knavery as had ever disgraced Victorian politics. And now comes the Alphington and Heidelberg fiasco. It simply resolves itself into this—that we have a railway to a place, and that a traveller could reach that place more quickly if he started out from town in a buggy than if he took the rail. It is shocking that such things should be, shocking that they be allowed. Victorian politics are sinking to a low ebb when such crying evils exist. The crying evil is supposed to be Centralization, and so it is; but it is not metropolitan Centrilization but individual—when everyone in power looks after himself first and the country last.

It is strange how people *will* herd together in towns, when the country offers such a field for settlement and enterprise. There are hundreds starving here who might earn an honest livelihood up country well enough, but who stick to Melbourne with leech-like persistency. It will hardly be thought possible, but last week the Executive Commission of the Exhibition advertised for six clerks at fifty shillings a week, and received nearly *seven hundred* applications. Junior clerks and messengers were also required at thirty shillings and twelve and six, and for these appointments over one thousand applications were sent in. A stranger reading this would think the rest of Victoria outside Melbourne a more inhospitable waste to be settled in only under dire necessity.

"*Fortuna favet fatuis*," fortune favors fools, is an old Latin adage; but in these nineteenth century days fortune has changed her tactics and favors sharebrokers instead, and they are generally anything but fools; they leave that for their clients. As a proof of both these statements I can instance the case of a firm of brokers who have issued a prospectus for the purpose of turning their business into a limited company. The nominal capital is a mere trifle, only £30,000, and the vendors of the business receive shares equal to £40,000 as purchase money. Now I say nothing whatsoever as to the value of the concern as an investment or speculation, but what proves the extraordinarily lucrative nature of brokering is the fact that the vendors sell nothing but their connection; to seats in the exchange, and lease of small offices—and get £40,000 for it. They have no stock, no freehold, nothing but the good will and a few extras £5000 would cover. Their brokering connection is thus (roughly) valued at £35,000, which is good enough proof how lucrative dealing in shares must be.

I am informed on the very best authority possible—my informant being a member of the Ministry—that there is no truth in the statement going the round of the papers that an agent of the Rothschilds' has offered the Government thirty millions for the ninety-nine years' lease of West Melbourne Swamp. If the Rothschild's were so foolish, my informant continued, the Government would be likely to jump at the offer, for it would benefit Melbourne in every way. To make it pay the purchasers would have to build a city on the site, and what that would do for Melbourne and the colony could hardly be stated I am afraid the whole thing is a *canard* hatched in the ingenious brain of some journalist hard up for a paragraph.

Surely "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." Who would ever have dreamt that Melbourne would see the day when Pacific Islanders, savage-born and perhaps cannibal, would stand on the public platform and profess themselves martyrs to religion. But such has readily been the case, and what is more the martyrdom is true inasmuch that it had let to exile. A married couple known as Mr. and Mrs. Tonga are the exiles referred to, natives of the island of Tonga, near Fiji, both a deep bronze in color, thick set, and with broad features, but not ill-looking. They have lately arrived in Melbourne, and being staunch Wesleyans are being petted and made much of by that body, who naturally regard them as prized and precious converts. They are paraded and exhibited and made to show their paces, but it is only just to say of these two simple Tongans that they seem to be filled with a reverent and religious spirit.

Once again the literary world of Melbourne is all agog with rumours of new journals to to be initiated. First and foremost we have the announcement by prospectus of the *Evening Star*—a proposed evening daily—to be started here in conjuntion with the *Victorian Farmer's Gazette*, in 50,000 shares of £1 each. The provisional directorate is anything but an influential one, and I do not anticipate any very great success for the company. Then it is understood among journalists that Mr. Phil Robinson, the war correspondent (who is now in Melbourne), is going to start a second evening paper with Miss Alice Cornwall as his backer. In addition to this there is a company being formed privately to carry on a Sunday paper—the *Sunday Times*—on similar lines to the one in Sydney and to those at Home, which enjoy great popularity.

The land boom has effected us in various ways besides putting heaps of money into the pockets of fortunate jobbers, syndicate-mongers, and speculators. Hundreds of men have given up the employment in banks, offices, and so on, in order to swell the great army who follow and make profit out of our great craze. I was walking in Prahran a day or two ago, and saw painted on the windows of a small office the name of the occupant with the following list of callings—"Architect, surveyor, land and estate agent, auctioneer, insurance broker, and financial agent." This was followed by "Money advanced, loans negotiated, estimates given, rents collected;" whilst it further appeared that this many-sided gentleman was secretary to two land companies. On inspection I found him to be an insignificant-looking individual of hardly mature age. This is the kind of mushroom growth the great land boom has created, and it is a bad sign. It tends to show how flimsy is the whole thing, and built upon what poor pretences.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

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Shortly before the great American War of Session, the celebrated Sanford's Philadelphian Nigger Opera Troupe was at Richmond, Virginia, the city being full of strangers from the country. Conspicuous amongst these was a Mr Charles Loxley, a rich tobacco planter, a sensible but obstinate man, and one who had lost many slaves.

The story goes that Loxley was seen one night in the act of rising, with an earnest look towards the stage. On being asked what was the matter, he replied—'That fellow with the tamborine is my Josh.' His friend thought he was mistaken, and tried to convince him of his error; but no, nothing would do; he was certain that the nigger was his Josh, and have him he would before he slept. The most his friend could do was to prevail upon him to allow the performance to go on till its close. Just before the termination, however, Loxley went out, and returned with a warrant and proper officers to execute it; and when the curtain fell the posse rushed upon the stage and seized Sanford, who before he had time to wash off his burnt cork was handcuffed and secured. Sanford did not show the least alarm, confident that he could soon wash out the dark insinuations that he was 'my Josh.' When Loxley called him 'Josh,' Sanford, for reasons of his own, always answered, 'massa,' and his peculiar way of doing this made Loxley yet more sure that he had found his 'boy.' After Sanford had asked permission to bring his 'other clothes' in a bundle, they went to the alderman's office, where Mr Charles Loxley made a solemn oath that this man was his Josh. He knew him by his general appearance, and by his voice. Upon such positive evidence, and considering the respectable position and character of the claimant, the alderman had but one course, and handed over poor Sanford to durance vile.

Of course those acquainted with the renowned performer richly enjoyed each turn the farce took, and were on tiptoe awaiting the *denouement*, and of course followed him as he demurely walked handcuffed aside of his master to the hotel. Arrived there Sandford said, 'Massa Charles, please let me wash de dust out of my eyes, and take off dese good close.' Loxley agreed to this but would not permit him to go out of his sight. Water was procured, and Sanford had scarcely commenced his ablutions, ere the bystanders raised such a shout of laughter at Loxley's expense as perhaps was never heard before in the 'Old Dominion.' Sanford was metamorphosed in an instant. His color, voice, gait, and demeanor were all changed in a tinkle, and from an old greasy negro he came out a finished gentleman.

This may have been a true story, or a puff for Sanford, who was a celebrated 'dialect performer' in the Ethiopian manner, and careful in his discrimination of the blacks of different states. His representation of a Kentucky slave was considered such a refutation of Mrs Beecher Stowe's famous book that the students of a Southern university actually presented the actor with a valuable service of silver for 'defending their institutions, and showing slaves in their proper light'—meaning good-humoured, merry, happy, and contented!

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Glad Tidings.—Some constitutions have a tendency to Rheumatism, and are throughout the year borne down by its protracted tortures. Let such sufferers bathe the affected parts with warm brine, and afterwards rub in this soothing ointment. They will find it the best means of lessening their agony, and, assisted by Holloway's Pills, the surest way of overcoming their disease. More need not be said than to request a few days' trial of this safe and soothing treatment, by which the disease will ultimately be completely swept away. Pains that would make a giant shudder are assuaged without difficulty by Holloway's easy and inexpensive remedies, which comfort by moderating the throbbing vessels and calming the excited nerves.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

There has been little change in the value of grain and other farm produce since our last report. The sale of one fairly large parcel of wheat at 3s 0½d., bags returned, is reported, and a few small parcels have been parted with at 3s. 2d., bags in. Flour has been in fair demand at £7 10s per ton. At Horsham wheat is a trifle weaker, buyers giving 2s 9d per bushel. At St. Arnaud, 2s. 10d. is being given, and the same quotations rule at Donald. Oats in this district show no change in value. One lot of 50 bags of feed changed hands at 2s 2d per bushel, bags in, and 2s 7d was given for 50 bags of good seed, bags returned. There is a little inquiry for Cape barley for green feed, but scarcely anything doing in rye. Bran sells readily at 10d per bushel. Ballarat potatoes are coming in at £2 5s per ton. Hay is well supplied at late rates. Fresh butter continues scarce, and good prints readily realize 1s. 3d.; and eggs are very poorly supplied and are wanted at 1s. 8d per dozen. We quote:—

Wheat, 3s 2d, per bushel, bags in
Oats, 2s 2d to 2s 3d per bushel, bags in
Oats, seed, 2s 6d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 9½d per bushel
Bran, 10d per bushel
Cape barley, 2s 8d per bushel
Peas, 3s per bushel
Rye, 5s per bushel
Flour, £7 10s per ton
Potatoes, Warrnambool, £2 per ton
Hay, sheaves, £2 per ton
Hay, trussed, £2 5s per ton
Straw, 25s per ton
Chaff, 2s 9d per cwt
Onions, 5s per cwt
Carrots, 2s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 1s 3d per pound
Butter, potted, 9d per pound
Hams, 11d per pound
Bacon, 9½d per pound
Cheese, 5d per pound
Eggs, 1s 8d per dozen.—*Advertiser.*

BALLARAT MARKET.

Thursday, 3rd May.

Wheat, 3s 2d to 3s 3½d; oats, Danish, 2s 5d to 2s 6d; stout up to 2s 7d; peas, 2s 6d; barley, 4s 9d to 5s; Cape, 2s 10d to 2s 11d; potatoes, 30s to 32s 6d; hay, prime chaffing, £2 5s to £2 10s; medium 30s to 35s; oaten straw, 25s to 30s; wheaten, 25s; manger hay, £3.

MELBOURNE WEEKLY MARKET.

Messrs Dalgety and Co. report under date 15th May:—

Wool—There is nothing fresh to report, but the market will be tested this week with some small sales. Tallow—The market fell 6d. per cwt at last London sales, and a similar decline must be quoted here. We have made good sales, principally of mixed, at the reduction, and still have inquiries unsatisfied. Sheepskins—The tone of the market is brisk, and all lots meet with good competition at quotations as under:—Butcher's green skins, 30 to 48d; mat skins, 51d to 54d; lambskins, 24d to 30d; lamb pelts, 12d to 22d; dry skins, 30d to 39d; dry pelts, 12d to 22d; dry skins, in bundles—4d to 5½d for merinos, and 3½d to 5d for crossbreds; pelts, 2d to 3½d per lb. Hides—We note a further improvement in this market, all lots being readily saleable at an advance on last week's rates. Kangaroo and Furred Skins—A steady inquiry exists for all descriptions, but the quantity in the market is still limited.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

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Under the above heading the "Doncaster Reporter" of July 6th, 1887, publishes the following in its editorial columns:—

Our readers may recal the circumstance of a young clerk, named Arthur Richold, falling insensible on the Wheatley Lane in this town some time ago, and being picked up, as he continued perfectly helpless, and taken in a cab by two gentlemen to the office of F. W. Fisher, the solicitor who employed him. On restoring him to consciousness, it was ascertained that he was afflicted with what seemed to be an incurable disease. When he was able to speak he said he had been to his dinner and on his way back to his work, when suddenly his head was in a whirl and he fell in the street like a man who is knocked down. On coming to his senses in the solicitor's office he thought what this might be, and feared he was going to have a fit of illness, which we all know is a very dreadful thing for a poor man with a family to care for.

With this in his mind he at once sought the best medical advice, telling the doctors how he had been attacked. They questioned him, and found that his present malady was exhaustion of the nervous system, resulting from general debility, indigestion, and dyspepsia of a chronic nature. This in turn had been caused by confinement at the desk and grief at the loss of dear friends by death. The coming on of this strange disease, as described by Mr Richold, must be of interest both to sick and well. He had noticed for several years previously, in fact, that his eyes and face began to have a yellow look; there was a sticky and unpleasant slime on the gums and teeth in the morning; the tongue coated; and the bowels so bound and costive that it induced that most painful and troublesome ailment—the piles. He says there was some pain in the sides and back and a sense of fulness on the right side, as though the liver were enlarging, which proved to be the terrible fact. The secretions from the kidneys would be scanty and high-coloured, with a kind of gritty and sandy deposit after standing.

These things had troubled Mr Richold a long time, and after his fall in the street he clearly perceived that the fit of giddiness was nothing more than a sign of the steady and deadly advance of the complaint, which began in indigestion and dyspepsia. His story of how he went from one physician to another in search of a cure that his wife and little children might not come to want is very pathetic and touching. Finally he became too ill to keep his situation, and had to give it up. This was a sad calamity. He was appalled to think how he would be able to live. But God raised up friends who helped to keep the wolf from the door. He then went to the sea-side at Walton-on-the-Naze, but neither the change, nor the physicians who treated him, did any good. All being without avail he visited London, with a sort of vague hope that some advantage might happen to him in the metropolis. This was in October, 1885.

How wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence, which dashes down our highest hopes and then helps us when we least expect it.

While in London he stated his condition to a friend, who strongly advised him to try a medicine which he called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, saying it was genuine and honest, and often cured when everything else had failed. He bought a bottle of a chemist in Pimlico, and began using it according to instructions. He did this without faith or hope, and the public may therefore judge of his surprise and pleasure when after taking a few doses he found great relief. He could eat better; his food distressed him less; the symptoms we have named grew less; the dark spots which had floated before his eyes like smuts of soot gradually disappeared, and his strength increased. Before this time his knees would knock together whenever he tried to walk. So encouraged was he now that he kept on using Mother Seigel's Syrup until it ended in completely curing him.

In speaking of this wonderful recovery, Mr Richold says it made him think of poor Robinson Crusoe, and his deliverance from captivity on his island in the sea; and added, "But for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup the grass would now be growing over my grave."

Our readers can rest assured of the strict truth of all the statements in this most remarkable case, as Mr Richold (now residing at Swiss Cottage, Walton-on-the-Naze) belongs to one of the oldest and most respected families in the beautiful village of Long Melford, Suffolk, and his personal character is attested by so high an authority as the Rev. C. J. Martyn, rector of that parish, beside other excellent names.

We have deemed the case of such importance to the public as to justify us in giving this short account of it in our columns.—[Adv.]

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

Dressmaking.

MISS THOMAS

BEGS to acquaint the Ladies of Beaufort and district that she has COMMENCED BUSINESS in Neil Street, and will be pleased to receive and attend promptly to any orders entrusted to her

Auction Sales.

WATERLOO.

MONDAY, 28TH MAY, 1888,
At 12 o'clock noon.

GENERAL
CLEARING SALE
BY AUCTION.

LAND, HORSES, MILCH COWS, Stack Hay, Reaping Machine, Chaff-cutter and Horse-works, Double and Single-furrow Ploughs, Harrows, &c.
(For full particulars see bills.)

W. EDWARD NICKOLS will sell, for Mrs. Fredk. Wilkins, on the Farm, near the Waterloo Swamp, on the 28th inst., Without Reserve.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS,
Auctioneer.

WATERLOO, NEAR BEAUFORT.

FRIDAY, 25TH MAY, 1888.
CLEARING SALE BY AUCTION,
At 12 o'clock noon.

On the premises, Mr James Harris' residence, at the junction of Musical with Tippera Gullies, Waterloo.

FREEHOLD—8 ACRES,
On which is erected a comfortable six-roomed Weatherboard HOUSE, all securely fenced.

Horse, Dray and Harness, Pony, Waggonette (by Procter) and Harness, 3 Milch Cows and 3 Heifers, all springing; a five-roomed Weatherboard House, a quantity of Hay.

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,
Comprising double and single Bedsteads, Cot, Chest Drawers, Dress Tables and Glasses, Chairs, Oilcloth, Tables, Chiffounier, a fine-toned Pianoforte, by one of the best makers, nearly new, and a large lot of sundries.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS will sell, for Messrs. Jas. Harris and Wm. End, senior, as above; and as the owners are leaving the district the whole is for Positive Sale, Without Reserve.
W. EDWD. 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 & CO.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS } Conjointly

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 3.
8 H.P. PORTABLE STEAM ENGINE, with chaff-cutter, elevators, riddles, etc., in good working order.

LOT 2.
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.

SALE BY AUCTION
AT
RHYMNEY, ARARAT,
On the Farm of G. W. Harbeyer.

MONDAY, 21st MAY,
At 1 p.m. sharp.

Reaper and Binder, by McCormick
Dray and Harness
Set Kalamazoo Harrows
1 Trolly, 1 Grindstone
Lot Harness, Blacksmith's Tools
Woolpacks
3 Draught Horses, stand trial
1 Hack
2 Stallions
10 head young Cattle, Springers, etc.

Also,
On account of G. W. Harbeyer, Esq., who has sold his land,
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AND EFFECTS.
And on account other owners,
£400 WORTH MERCHANDIZE,
Forming portion of the stock of a General Storekeeper.
GROCERIES, DRAPERY, FURNITURE, FANCY GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, etc., etc.
Entirely Without Reserve.
J. T. PROCTOR, Auctioneer,
Charlton.

GARDENING FOR MAY.

Kitchon Garden.—Asparagus, rhubarb, and seakale beds will want cleaning and manuring. Sow broad beans, peas, lettuce, onions, radish, and spinach, for successional crops. Plant out early cabbages and late sowing of celery. Finish manuring and digging all vacant ground, whether wanted for immediate use or not; bear in mind that turning over ground in a wet state does it more harm than good. If ground is wanted for other purposes, correts, parsnips, and other tap-rooted vegetables may be taken up and stored.

Flower Garden.—As dahlias and hollyhocks die off, the stalks should be cut down and cleared away, the former being taken up and housed in a dry shed or cellar. Look over your seedling, annual, and other plants; thin them where thick, and keep slugs and other vermin away. Prune perpetual flowering, banksian, and other spring-blooming roses. Continue planting evergreens and flowering and ornamental shrubs; stake the same when necessary. Propagate by cuttings, fuchsias, roses, etc. Attend to hedges, keeping them well clipped; if new ones are required, use hawthorn, furz, osage orange, or acacia, where strength is required; if light small hedges are wanted, the small leaved prickly acacia, Cape broom, sweet briar or pittosporum are the best.

Farm.—Complete wheat sowing; also sow barley, beans, oats, peas, rye. and vetches. for seed. Finish sowing grasses, clevers, and lucerne.

Business Notices.

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.

Advances on Wool, Grain, etc.,

Stock, Stations and Station Produce of all kinds.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY (Limited)
Capital, £4,500,000,
Reserve Fund, £270,000,

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 brough the season.
Auction Sales of Tallow, Hides, Sheepkins, Leather, etc., three times a week through out the year.
Auction Sales of Grain, Flour, etc. held every Wednesday.
CARTAGE.—NO CHARGE is made for Cartage from railway or wharves to Warehouse.

DAVID ELDER, Manager.
WILLIAM OLIVER,
Wool and Produce Manager.
Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins Street west.

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

American shelving boards
Do lumber do
6 x 1 T and G Scotch flooring
6 x ½ do do lining
6 x ½ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
⅓in., ⅓in., 1in., 1½in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.
NEXT TO POLICE STATION

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.

Business Notices.

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 returns 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 of 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 Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

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

Business Men, Read!

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising isto 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,
DELIVERY BOOKS,
DRAPER'S HANDBILLS
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c.,
PRINTED in FIRST-CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.
Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing
Of Every description executed at the
"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE"
OFFICE,

BOOKBINDING
ON REASONABLE TERMS
MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPT, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,
Prepared on the shortest notice.

Business Notices.

WOTHERSPOON
BROS. AND CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS, WINE & SPIRIT
— AND —
GENERAL MERCHANTS,
HAVE ON HAND THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Teas, Sugars, 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 & Bedding, Ironmongery, Paints, Oils, Chinaware, Glassware, Earthenware, Fancy Goods, etc.

LARGEST DEALERS IN COLONIAL PRODUCE, Comprising—
Flour, Bran, Pollard, Wheat, Oats, Potatoes, Onions, and pure Hay Chuff, &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.

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.

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

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.
Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

THOS. GEO. ARCHARD,
CIVIL ENGINEER,
BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Beaufort and district that he is prepared to execute Plans and Specifications for any descriptson of buildings, supply Contractors' quantities and prepare estimates.
Address—Messrs. Hawkes Bros., Ironmongers. etc., Beaufort.
Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company.

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.

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 Good, &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 Masou, which he hopes to merit by supplying a good article at a reasonable price.

Medical.

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 181, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.
SPECIALTY:
NERVOUS, RHEUMATIC, & JOINT DISEASES.
128, COLLINS STREET EAST.

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 'ough' Bronchial Cough, Shortness of Breath, Soreness, Oppression, and all affections of the Chest and Lungs; accumulation of Phlegm, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Influenza, Diphtheria, Inflamed, Ulcerated, or Sore Throat. Public Speakers and Singers, and others, will find it invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice, occasioned by unusual exertion of the vocal organs. It contains nothing deleterious. It never fails in giving prompt relief. Sold in bottles 2s 6d and 4s 6d each, and may be obtained of every respectable Chemist and Patent Medicine Vendors who, if they have not it by them, can easily procure it from the Wholesale Agents without any extra charge Wholesale Agents FELTON, GRIMWADE and Co., and ROCKE, TOMPSITT and Co., Melbourne.

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 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 in heir to. Sold everywhere. Chemists, Storekeepers, Hotelkeepers, Merchants. &c.

BE SURE and say "Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters." All imitations are worthless. Victorian Consignee—August Anton Ludwig Setzer, 68 Queen street, Melbourne.

Medical Notices.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

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

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

Bronchitis, Diphtheria Colds Coughs Sore Throat and Shortness of Breath.

Relaxed and congested throats elongated uvula ulcerated or tongid tonsils whooping cough, croup wheezing from accumulated mucous, and other difficulties of respiration also palpation 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 Grandular Swellings, Stiff Joints and Disease of the Skin.

This unvaluable 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 effected 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 peedil and effectually it ensures a cure.

Piles, Fistulas, and Exhoriations.

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

In Disorders of the Kidney's 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 relef. Whenever the Ointment has been once used it has established its own worth, and as 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	Scalds
Bad Breasts	Gout	Sore Throats
Burns	Glandular	Skin Diseases
Bunions	Swellings	Scurvy
Chilblains	Lumbago	Sore Heads
Chapped hands	Piles	Tumours
Corns (soft)	Rheumatism	Ulcers
Contracted and Stiff Joints	Sore Nipples	Wounds

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 or Pot and can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

Allopecia Baldness The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY **COMOTROPHICUS.**
COMOTROPHICUS Rubbers, &c.
All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

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 sized 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.

TRADE MARK.
COUGHS COLDS ASTHMA BRONCHITIS
ROWLEY'S COUGH EMULSION
10 BOURKE ST. EAST. OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE MELBOURNE.
REGISTERED.
FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

Medical Notices.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

How to enjoy Life

Is only known when the blood is pure, its circulation perfect, and the nerves in good order. The only safe and certain method of expelling all impurities is to take Holloway's Pills which have the power of cleansing the blood from all noxious matters, expelling all humors which taint or impoverish it, and thereby purify and invigorate and give general tone to the system. Young and old, robust or delicate, may alike experience their beneficent 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 weeker 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 eac day with accumulated sufferings, all of which may be avoided by taking these Pills according to the accompanying 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 Complaints		Retention of Urine
Blotchts on the Skin		Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints		Sore Throats
Debility		Stone and Gravel
Dropsy		Secondary Symptoms
Female Irregularities		Tic-Doloreux
Fevers of all kinds		Ulcers
Gout		Venerial Affections
Headache		Worms of all kinds
Indigestion		Weakness from whatever cause
Liver Complaints		&c., &c.
Lumbago		

The Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's establishment, 78 New Oxford street, London; also, by nearly every respectable Vendor of Medicine throughout the 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 can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

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

Let such person (he or she) sit quietly down in the privacy of their own apartments, and with calm minds describe each symptom of their case. A clear statement thus written, and laid before me, is far preferable in nervous diseases to a personal consultation. Where, however, a disease is of a peculiar and exceptional character, a personal consultation may become necessary; but my success in correspondence is so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated during the last thirty-two 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 up old?

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

How many after marriage have privately consulted me and been blessed, and their married lives mabe 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 **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; his doubts removed; and he is comparatively a new man—in fact, in many cases, a new being altogether.

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

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

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

LOUIS L. SMITH.

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

Consultation Fee by Letter £1.
Fee for personal Consultation, L1 1s.
The latter is inclusive of Medicine.

Medicines forwarded, well-packed, to all the Colonies, India and Europe.
The only legally qualified practitioner advertising and registered under the Medical Board of Victoria, and practising the last 35 years.

128 COLLINS STREET EAST,
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.

Medical Notices.

CLARKE'S!
WORLD FAMED
BLOOD MIXTURE.

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND RESTORER.

For cleansing and clearing the blood from all impurities cannot be too highly recommended.
For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin Diseases, and sores of all kinds it is a never-failing and permanent cure.

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

As this mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranteed free from anythink 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, 1888.
"Messrs. the Midland Countries Drug Company Lincoln.

"Gentleman.—Some ten years ago my wife became lame with ulcerated legs. I (on the recommendation for a cure, and also a large number of doctors, (some of these very eminent men with diseases of its kind, but to no effect. After being in this state for betwixt five and six years I determined to try our Blood Mixture, as a last resource, as she at that time appeared to be at deaths door and had to be put to bed, having no use in her legs; and, I am thankful to say, and 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 valuble medicine, for which Iret my sincere thanks.—I am Gentlemen, yonas gratefully "C.S."

"P.S.—You may make what use of this 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 vast majority of long standing cases, by all CHEMISTS and PAMENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world.

Proprietors:
THE LONDON AND MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG COMPANY,
LINCOLN, ENGLAND.
TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

ONE BOX OF
CLARKE'S B41 PILLS
IS warranted to cure all discharges from the Urinary Organs, in either sex, acquired or constitutional; Gravel, and Pains in the Back. old in boxes, 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

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

EXPORT AGENTS—
Burgoyne, Burbidges & Co., Coleman street, London.
Newbery & Sons, 37 Newgate street, London.
Barclay & Sons, 95 Farringdon street, London.
Sanger & Sons, Oxford street, London.
And all the London Wholesale Houses.

MELBOURNE AGENTS—
Rocke, Tompsitt & Co., Melbourne.

SYDNEY AGEFTS—
Elliott Bros. & Co., Wholesale Druggists.
Ed. Row & Co.

ADELAIDE AGENTS.
Faulding & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

BRISBANE AGENTS—
Berkley & Taylor, Wholesale Druggists.
Elliott Bros. & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

NEW ZEALAND AGENTS—
Kempthorne, Prosser & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Dunedin, Auckland, and Christchurch.

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

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

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 Quinnie, Iron, &c.

COAGULINE.—Cement for broken Articles Sold everywhere. Sole Makers—KAY BROTHERS Lim., Stockport England.

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.

"The Riponshire Advocate"
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

CONTAINS a complete summary of local 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 the number of times to be inserted will run till 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 6 o'clock on tee evening previous to publicaton.

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.

NOTICE.

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 in proportion to the number of insertions.

Alterations to standing advertisements must be received no later than Wednesday in each week.

Printed and Published by H. P. HENNINGSEN, for the Proprietors, at the Office, Lawrence street, Beaufort, in the Colony of Victoria.

The Ripponshire Advocate.

No. 660 — BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1888. — PRICE SIXPENCE.

Business Notices.

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 Weigall's Paper Patterns.

N.B.—A Liberal Discount for Cash.

COME EARLY AND SECURE BARGAINS.

[See Circulars.]

—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

ADVARTISEMENTS received for insertion in this Paper, in England, by CLARKE SON and PLATT, 85 Gracechurch street London.

Business Notices.

JUST ARRIVED!

AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK

—OF—

DRAPERY, CLOTHING,

MILLINERY, BOOTS AND SHOES.

J. McKEICH,

(Late WOTHERSPOON BROS. & CO.)

NEILL STREET,

BEAUFORT.

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.

AUTUMN AND WINTER

DRAPERY

DRAPERY

NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS

OPENING DAILY!

Dress Materials. Ulsters. Blankets

CLOTHING

BOOTS AND SHOES.

G. H. COUGLE,

MANCHESTER HOUSE,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT,

STATIONER AND NEWS AGENT,

Business Notices.

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 coloured cashmeres. A choice assortment of silks, satins, etc.

SNOW and ROOM "CRAWFORD'S" — Have a splendid line of all wool 10/4 blankets at 15s, worth 21s; extra quality flannel at 1s; good and strong roller towling at 1½d 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 1½d 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.

Business Notices.

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,

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.

BURE 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.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort.

Business Notices.

W. BAKER,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

W. Baker has ON SALE the following lines:—Pine Shelving, Flooring, and lining boards; Californian, kouri, and clear pine, up to 36 inches; cedar, all thicknesse and widths; table legs, sashes, doors architrave and other mouldings, window glass, white lead, oils turps, and all othe building requirists.

Sashes, doors, and all kinds of joiner work made to order at the lowest possible prices.

Hardwood supplied at Timber Yard prices.

WORTH TRYING!

—IS—

CHAPMAN'S

Australian Foliage Balsam.

[Extracted from the Mount Cole Eucalyptus]

An all-round Remedy for Every Ailment.

TAKEN internally is 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 the the 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 1 oz. phials, 1s. 6d.; and 2 oz. phials, 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 Ararat and district, Messrs Firttely and Lewis, storekeepers; for Ballarat West, Mr. Walter Cornell, wholesale druggist, Sturt street; and Retail from all Chemists and respectable storekeepers.

Two Testimonials, selected from One Hundred and Fifty.

Amphitheatre, Nov. 27, 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 accutely 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.

WATERLOO COACHES.

COACHES from WATERLOO to BEAUFORT start as under:—

From the Fireshire Aotel 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.

Retuin 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.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPP'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 doctor's 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.

Insurance.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE OF LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1782.

PROMPT SETTLEMENTS & 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. MANSFIELD TAYLOR,

Agent.

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

THE NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.

Head Office: Melbourne, Market Buildings.

Established 1869.

The chief features are MODERATE RATES, LARGE BONUSES, and AMPLE SECURITY.

Policies opened before 31st October have 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

Public Notices.

WALTER CORNELL,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST,

86 STUBT STREET, BALLARAT.

(Two doors from Lester's Hotel.)

PRESCRIPTIONS carefully dispensed and forwarded to any part of the Colonies. Genuine Drugs and Chemicals.

The largest assortment of Superior Brushware, Combs, and handsome cut glass perfume bottles out of Melbourne.

Homœpathic Medicines,

Indian Corn Solvent—Best Cure for Corns.

Clarke's Lung Balsam, for Croup, Hooping Cough, and Safe Medicine for Children.

Dr. Clarke's Cough Mixture for Adults—a proved valuable remedy.

Blue Stone, Horse and Cattle Medicines. Quicksilver Acids, Mining Chemicals.

Wholesale agents for Pear's Soap, Warner's Safe Cure, &c., &c.

The Trade and Storekeepers supplied at Melbourne Prices.

WONDERFUL NEWS!

S. NATHAN,

The Furnishing Arcade,

225 ELIZABETH STREET,

MELBOURNE,

IS SUPPLYING

FURNITURE,

BEDSTEADS

AND

BEDDING

CARPETS,

FLOORCLOTHS,

PIANOS,

&c., &c., &c.

ON

TIME-PAYMENT

WITHOUT

Money or Security.

GUNS

By the Best English Makers.

Goods forwarded to all parts of the Colony,

WITHOUT MONEY OR SECURITY,

ON THE

MOST LIBERAL TERMS IN THE WORLD.

S. NATHAN,

THE FURNISHING ARCADE,

225 Elizabeth Street,

MELBOURNE.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

ISSUED WEEKLY.

Simultaneously with the London Edition.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

Best Illustrated Paper.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,

News Agent, Havelock Street, Beaufort.

TO THE DEAF.—A 132 page Illustrated Book on Deafness and Noises in the Head; now cured at your homes. PRICE 6d. Address, NICHOLSON, Lincoln's Inn, and Chambers, William Street, Melbourne.

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.

WHAT WILL IT COST TO PRINT?

The Centennial Publishing Company undertake to revise and prepare manuscript for Publication either in serial or book form. Estimates and Designs furnished. GARNET WALCH, NAT. J. BARNET } Editors.

Melbourne, Premier Chambers, 7 Collins street W.

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

JUST RECEIVED—From England.

A Large Assortment of Newest SONG-BOOKS.—H. P. Henningsen, Havelock Street, Beaufort.

Public Notices.

BEAUFORT, CHARLTON, EURAMBEEN UNITED COMMON.

NOTICE is hereby given of my intention to Yard all Unregistered Goats on the Common at Beaufort, Raglan, and Charlton, at Mr Pearson's yard, Waterloo; and all goats not claimed and fees paid within 48 hours will be sold or destroyed.

D. D. CAMERON, Herdsman.

BEST CUT AROMATIC TOBACCO can be obtained from Mr. H. P. Henningsen, Havelock street, Beaufort.

NOTICE.—Anyone found TRESPASSING on the Challicum Estate, in pursuit of Game, after this date, will be Prosecuted.

G. THOMSON, Jun.

Challicum, 17th February, 1888.

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 & CO.,

21, Market Street, Melbourne.

THE "RED CROSS" PRESERVING COMPANY,

Chapel Street, South Yarra, Victoria.

Canned Tomatoes, equal to American, and at the same price; also Peaches, Pears, Apricots of the finest quality, and in heavy syrup. All these goods are manufactured under the supervision of Mr George James WARD, late of California. The Jams, Jellies, Pickles, Tomato Sauce, and Assorted Sauces of this Company are well known to be better than any imported.

SHIRE OF RIPON

PAYMENT OF RATES.

NOTICE is hereby given that no person will be ENROLLED on the VOTERS' LIST in respect of any property, unless before the Tenth day of June next all sums payable in respect of any RATES made three months or more betore such day in respect of such property have been paid.

The Shire Secretary will attend at the office of the Shire on the seven days (Sunday excepted) immediately preceding the said Tenth day of June, for the purpose of receiving payment of rates during office hours, viz., 10 to 3 o'clock.

D G. STEWART,
Shire Secretary.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 16th May, 1888.

SHIRE OF RIPON

BEAUFORT RESERVOIRS.

NOTICE is Hereby Given that FISHING in the above Reservoirs is PROHIBITED until the 31st day of October next.

By order,
D. G. STEWART,
Shire Secretary.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 19th May, 1888.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, 26th MAY.

THE fifth progress report of the Royal Commission on Vegetable Products deals almost exclusively with a branch of the question, which has received persistent attention in our columns. By an examination of the customs returns, for all the Australian colonies, it has been ascertained by the Commission that, taking the colonies as a whole, we import annually, at least eleven millions worth of products, all of which we could raise ourselves. In Victoria alone, we last year imported products of this class amounting in value to over six millions, and we did this whilst we were raising wheat largely in excess of our own requirements, and the surplus of which we are only able to export at rates which only left the very narrowest margin of profit, if, indeed, they left any margin at all. Exception may perhaps be taken to some of the lines in the table which the Commission has prepared. There are some, for example, who will not admit that we can profitably grow our own tea, for which we are debited with an amount of £568,472, and there are other items which will not be accepted without dispute. As to all of these, we believe that members of the Commission are right, and that, instead of curtailing the list, and reducing the total value, both might be justifiably increased. But assumin that concessions were made on the most liberal scale, to the doubts and prejudices of the sceptics and ill-informed, nothing is clearer than that the value of the agricultural products of the colony could be readily and profitably increased, each year, to the extent of between three and four million sterling. It seems almost incredible that we should pay another colony £76,456 in a single year for oats; but we paid this amount last year, and it was not by any means an exceptional year. During the preceeding twelve months our outlay on imports of this grain was £20,000 higher, and if we cared to examine the records for a series of years, we should find that our imports of oats have varied in value from £60,000 to nearly £100,000 per annum. This is only one item. The Commission draws attention to scores of others. Our fruit bill for a single year amounts to a little short of a quarter of a million. We pay away another quarter of a million for tobacco; and if we are reminded that we are beginning to better our condition in both these lines, there are still plenty of others, in which there is scope for energetic enterprise, before we have nearly balanced our present annual outlay in foreign productions, for which we ought to look to our own soil.

The Commission recommend such tariff alterations as will offer the inducement of increased prices to agriculturists; but it is clear that something more than this is expected. It is not because present prices are unremunerative that farmers neglect the opportunities which are open to them. If that were so, they would give up wheat growing. To the extent that they can be encouraged by protection, they are of course entitled to it. But it is a keener, a more active, a more intelligent eye of the resources of the country, and to the methods by which they can make these resources minister to the wants of the people and their own enrichment that the desired end may be reached. That it may be reached without touching the tarifl is beyond all doubt, and that when it has been reached, it can be easily extended is also certain. The report before us very appropriately reminds us that when we have brought the limit of production up to our needs "a large export trade to other countries ought in time to spring up, particularly to the United Kingdom, India, Eastern Asia, and the Pacific Islands, where the demand for our live stock, wine, butter, cheese, fruits, jams, and other products, both raw ahd manufactured, will no doubt in the immediate future assume considerable dimensions." To begin with, we may be satisfied with something like an awakening to the desirability of supplying ourselves. The prize is worth striving for. An annual addition of three or four millions to the current wealth is not a matter which we can afford to put aside as of no concern. It is doubly important when we remember how far its influence would extend, and that to place ourselves beyond the need of imports in most of the lines to which attention has been directed by the Commission, would largely expand the the range of the labor field, and provide profitable employment for thousands. This directs atteution to another question incidentally referred to by the Commission. The members consider that they would fail in their duty if they did not state distinctly that no subject was made clearer "than that the agricultural industry is seriously hampered, owing to the fact that an adequate supply of farm labourers cannot be obtained, notwithstanding the high rate of wages offered." Enlarged and varied production would, it may be argued, increase this difficulty; but it would do so only for a time. We should inevitably attract population to our shores by widening our field of production, and we should attract just that sort of population that would be a help to the farmer, because, whilst aiding him in the new lines, it would increase his market in the old lines in which the disadvantages of over-production are at present so conspicuous. The benefit would be an all round one, and if the farmer got somewhat the largest share of it, there are none who would be so dissatisfied that it should be so.

LOCAL & GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

—o—

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.—A meeting of this club to wind up the affairs of the Easter Monday gathering was held at the Mechanics Institute on Friday evening, the president, Mr McKeich, in the chair. The balance-sheet was read, the totals showing that L157 11s 2d had been the amount received, which with a balance in bank from last year of L36 18s 8d, made a total of L194 9s 10d. The expenditure included an amount of L88 for prizes, and after voting a bonus to the indefatigable secretary, Mr. R. A. D. Sinclair, who was highly complimented on the fulfilment of his duties, and a donation to the Park fund, there remains a balance in bank of L61 19s 10d. After the business was over, an adjournment was made to Loft's hotel, where a very enlivened time was spent over a discussion on the Chinese question, at the conclusion of which the following resolution was carried :—"That this meeting endorses the action of the Premier and the Government in excluding all Chinamen from admission into the colony of Victoria."

A BOWLING CLUB.—The formation of a bowling club has been the subject of discussion in certain circles for the past fortnight, but the difficulty in the way was the selection of a centrally convenient site for a rink. That difficulty has now been overcome, a site having been found at the rear of the Mechanics' Institute, within the reserve. A gentleman taking an interest in the sport, having obtained permission of the committee, has undertaken the work of making the ground level, manuring and sowing it with the best suitable grasses, in anticipation of the immediate formation of the club, and in trust to Fortune for payment. There is every probability that the game of bowls will possess a powerful charm for old and middle-aged gentlemen, and in some instances for the young men, and we hope shortly to chronicle the formation of the club, a very good number of intending members having already given in their names.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.—We are in receipt of the current number of the "Illustrated Australian News," which contains an eight-page illustrated supplement, treating of the history of Sandhurst. The issue is a first-class one, and the engravings throughout beautifully executed. "Punch" this week teems with the choicest items of the week's events. The cartoon is on the Chinese question. The idea is excellently conceived, and very suggestive. Mr Henningsen is local agent for both papers. We have also received from the Department of Agriculture copies of the interesting reports and recommendations touching the "blight in wheat in Korong Vale."

PARK IMPROVEMENTS.—Visitors to the Beaufort Park and Recreation Reserve have recently noted a marked improvement in the plantations surrounding the reserve, which have been effected by Mr W. G. Stevens, since his appointment as curator. The trees are now well and properly looked after. The water lilies planted some time ago are growing well, and two beautiful specimens are out. The plants are spreading rapidly. The wisdom of having some one to take charge of the park was exemplified on Sunday last, when a party having hired a boat, was observed by Mr Stevens to be making for the spot "where the lilies grow," and he called out in time to save them from being plucked.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Mr. J. A. Lord, of Raglan, writes :—"Will you kindly allow me through your paper to acknowledge with thanks the amount of 17s., collected for the Sabbath school by Mrs. James Cuthbertson. I will also take this opportunity of thanking any whose names were unintentionally omitted at the meeting on Monday night."

A WEDDING.—One of those events which scarcely ever fail to cause a flutter of feminine curiosity (writes a correspondent), in which was taken a great amount of interest, was celebrated at St. Joseph's R.C. Church, Learmonth, on Wednesday. Miss Mary Ryan, second daughter of Mr and Mrs M'Auley, and Mr. John Slattery (of Bald Hills) were united in the bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Dean Hoyne (of Ballarat), assisted by the Rev. Father Barrett (of St. Arnaud), in the presence of a large number of persons, chiefly of the gentler sex. The bride, who was beautifully attired, wore a grey steel merveilleux dress, handsomely trimmed with orange blossom, with wreath and veil to match. The bridesmaids were four in number, viz., Miss A. Ryan, sister of the bride; the Misses Mary and Nellie M'Auley, half sisters to the bride; and Miss Winnie Slattery, sister of the bridegroom. Two of the bridesmaids were dressed in blue and white, and two in cardinal and white. The gentlemen attendant on the bridegroom were Messrs Michael Slattery, and M. and P. Ryan (brothers of the bride). The ceremony over, the bridal party returned to the residence of the bride's parents, where breakfast was partaken of, and the usual complimentary speeches were given. Mr and Mrs Slattery shortly afterwards took their departure for Melbourne. The bride was the recipient of a large number and variety of choice and costly presents, which were accompanied by the good wishes of the donors. In the evening a large number of guests assembled by invitation at the Temperance Hall, where the festivity was kept up by dancing to the music of Mr. F. Cox's string band till an early hour next morning.

RAGLAN SABBATH SCHOOL.—The services in connection with the anniversary of the Primitive Methodist Sabbath School at Raglan were held on Sunday and Monday last, and were the most enjoyable that have been held for some time, the weather being delightful. On the Saturday evening, the Misses Panther, Stevenson, Prince and Willox spent some hours in decorating the church, and for the tasteful way in which it was done they deserve great credit. On Sunday afternoon several waggonettes loaded with visitors from Beaufort and other parts of the district arrived, and before three o'clock the church was crowded by an audience that listened attentively to an excellent address delivered by the Rev. H. Heathershaw. At 7 the church was again packed when the same gentleman occupied the pulpit and preached a most impressive sermon from the text. "What think ye of Christ?" At each service, the children gave some very good recitations, and with the assistance of the church choir sang some choice pieces of music. On Monday by two o'clock the children had mustered in large numbers, followed shortly by young men and women of the of the district. The weather again being most delightful, and every one in the best humor, games were soon initiated and kept up with spirit the whole of the afternoon. At four o'clock the children, about 100 in number, sat down to a first-class spread provided by a number of friends, and were waited on by Mesdames Panther, Stevenson, and Prince, and Messrs Cuthbertson, Lord, and Tiley. After justice had been done to the food, a good supply of lollies followed to "top up." Messrs Panther, Stevenson, and Tiley kept the juvenile portion well occupied for another hour in races, &c., for a lot of toys. By this time the tables were relaid with the taste which comes from familiarity with the work. Number one table was provided by Mesdames Panther (3), Tiley, and Prince, and waited on by Mrs B. Panther and Misses M. Panther and A. Stevenson. Number two table was provided by Mrs James Cuthbertson, and waited on by that lady and Miss Alice Cuthbertson. Numbers three and four were given by the bachelors, and were prepared and waited on by Mesdames Lord and R. Stevenson, and Miss E. Prince. On the centre of one of the latter tables was a large ornamental card, entwined in ferns and flowers, bearing the words, "Bachelor's Table;" on the centre of the other was a large ornamented "Bachelors' Cake." When tea was over, the cake was drawn for by the bachelors, and won by Mr. A. McDonald. By 7.30 the church was ready for the public meeting, which consisted chiefly of recitations, &c., by the children, singing, and an address by the chairman, the Rev. H. Heathershaw. At the close of the meeting, votes of thanks were passed to the ladies who had in any way assisted; to the bachelors; and to Master Frewin Lord, who presided at the organ. Much credit is due to Mr. E. Tiley who, as on former occasions, fixed up the tables, made the tea, and in various ways assisted to the success of the anniversary, the total proceeds of which were £23 3s 7½d.

JUVENILE FOOTBALL.—The return football match between the Main Lead and Beaufort schools was played at Main Lead on Thursday last. J. Harris captained the local team, and G. Nicol the Beaufort boys After a well-contested game, the Main Lead again proved victorious, scoring four goals to one. Mrs Ball and Mrs Grant kindly provided the lads with refreshments, which kindness we are requested to acknowledge with thanks.

FLOWERS BENEFIT.—We would again announce the entertainment to be given on Thursday next, when we hope to see a crowded house.

A CRIMINAL'S REVENGE.—Details of several brutal murders committed by one man and telegraphed from Pesth. The murderer is a convict who, having been imprisoned for matricide at Illava, in Hungary, for the past 17 years, was recently conditionally released. He was supposed to have become quite reformed but as soon as he was released from prison he proceeded to his native place of Szerb Klari, went straight to the house of the judge who sentenced him, fired a revolver at him, missed but killed the judge's wife. He then escaped and went next to the office of the notary. Hearing that the latter was not in, he fired at the notary's assistant, severely wounding him. A gardener tried to apprehend the murderer, but was fired at and severely wounded. Further on the blood-thirsty criminal fired at and killed a street passenger, and finally reached his own house. Some little time after, when the police came to arrest the murderer, they found his wife and child lying dead with their skulls split open by a hatchet, but the murderer had escaped, and as not yet been recaptured.

A REMARKABLE STORY.—Count de Morel, a well known resident in Devonshire, brought an action at Stonehouse on March 14th to recover possession of several foreign orders which he had found in the possession of Mr. Suett, a curiosity dealer of Stonehouse. Count de Morel was waited on some weeks ago by Mr. Suett, who invited him to inspect some foreign medals which he thought would interest a Spanish nobleman. The Count did so, and then borrowed the medals to take home, and subsequently he claimed them as having belong to his late father, and being stolen from Thankes, his late residence, two years ago. They were the Order of Charles III. of Spain, the order of St. Gregory the Great, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and three smaller orders. These were identified by the Count, his daughter, and his housekeeper most positively as having belonged to the late Count and as having been in the drawing-room of Thankes two years ago. The mountings were peculiar, and easily identified. It was sworn in evidence, on the other hand, that these medals had been brought three years ago from Chili by a woman who had been there in business for 30 years as a pawnbroker, and at whose death in Cornwell, they, with many other curiosities, were sold by auction at Redruth, in Cornwell, by the woman's nephew, who inherited them. This evidence seemed conclusive that the medals must have been in Chili at the date of the robbery from Thankes, but Count de Morel offered to produce an oil painting of his late father in which these orders and their mountings were exactly depicted. They corresponded, he said, in every particular most minutely. The Judge said it was morally impossible that these precise orders in their details could have been duplicated, and he adjourned the case for the production and examination of the painting a month hence, he medals being meanwhile impounded.

A PRIMA DONA'S SECRET.—Through indiscretion or spite of a dismissed femme de chambre the secret of the renowned singer Madame Adelina Patti's continued youthful appearance, has been revealed. If this informant is to be believed, the diva takes a bath about 5 o'clock every evening when she is going to sing, but she never allows the water to touch her neck or face, although the rest of her body is religiously immersed. She has a singular theory that hot or cold water produces wrinkles, and impairs the purity of the complexion, and it is certainly some proof of its correctness that although she is nearer 50 than 40, not a single wrinkle is visible upon her neck, throat, or face. Of course, she insists that she keeps equally clean by means of cold cream, which she uses in copious quantities, generally spreading it on her face and neck, and leaving it there while her maid goes through the hair-dressing process, often a period of an hour or more. Then the cold cream is taken off very carefully with a towel, and Madame Patti considers herself washed.

PROSPECTING BOARD.—At the meeting of the Ararat District Prospecting Board on Monday last, at Stawell, several applications to participate in the prospecting grant were received. Mr Browne explained that a misapprehension had arisen in reference to the time for sending in applications. He had had a great many enquiries, and had inspired a paragraph in this paper recommending intending applicants to send in their applications for that meeting. It was resolved that as the intentions of the Government were not known, consideration of the applications be postponed, and that applicants be made acquainted with this decision.

WATERLOO.—The Excelsior Minstrels gave an entertainment at the Mechanics' hall on Thursday night, in the presence of a very fair audience. As on former occasions the corner men—Messrs Woodfine and Roberts—were remarkably good, as was also Mr Taylor as interlocutor. All the items and jokes were much appreciated. In the second part encores were numerous. Messrs Taylor and Edwards danced a hornpipe. Miss Vowles accompanied the minstrels throughout in an efficient manner. A Tryolean sketch produced a good deal of merriment, and was without doubt the best thing of the kind yet given by this troupe. The entertainment concluded with a side-splitting farce, the principal characters being taken by Messrs Woodfine, Roberts, Lyttle and Taylor. After the entertainment a dance was commenced and kept up till early morning.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

There is little of interest to report respecting our local market, few transactions being reported during the past week We have heard of only one small sale of wheat at 3s 2d per bushel, bags in. The tendency of the market is downwards, 2s 11d being offered for parcels, bags returned, though owners do not seem anxious to reduce their stocks at this figure. There is an easier feeling regarding flour, which is dull of sale at £7 7s 6d per ton. At Horsham wheat remains unchanged, at 2s 9d, the market being inactive. At Donald 2s 10d is given, and at St. Arnaud the market is without change. In thi district feeding grains are dull of sale. One lot of 100 bags of wheat has been taken up at 2s 2d, bags returned, and 50 bags of inferior sold at 2s, bags returned. Two loads of Warrnambool potatoes came in this morning and were cleared at £2 5s. The market is liberally supplied with hay at late rates Dairy produce is generally easier. Fresh butter is more plentiful, a good quantity coming in from Warrnambool. Eggs are also better supplied, and have eased to 1s 6d per dozen. We quote :—

Wheat, 3s 2d, per bushel, bags in
Oats. 2s 3d per bushel, bags in
Oats, seed, 2s 6d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 10d per bushel
Bran, 10d per bushel
Cape barley, 2s 8d per bushel
Peas, 3s per bushel
Rye, 4s 6d per bushel
Flour, £7 7s 6d per ton
Potatoes, Warrnambool, £2 5s per ton
Hay, sheaves, £2 per ton
Hay, trussed, £2 5s per ton
Straw, 25s per ton
Chaff, 2s 9d per cwt
Onions, 5s per cwt
Carrots, 2s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 1s 3d per pound
Butter, potted, 9d per pound
Hams, 11d per pound
Bacon, 9½d per pound
Cheese, 5d per pound
Eggs, 1s 6d per dozen.—*Advertiser.*

DALGETY AND COMPANY'S LONDON WOOL SALES.

The second series of Colonial wool sales for 1888, opened on the 5th inst., with an estimated available total of 340,000 bales after deduction of what has been forwarded direct, but inclusive of the wools held over from last series. The attendance both of home and foreign buyers was large and has continued so up to present date. The demand appears good, and biddings are generally very spirited up to a certain point, exporters so far taking about two-thirds of the quantity sold; practically prices show very little alteration from those ruling at the close of last series; the finer grades of good combing merino's, showing in some cases, a slight advace on the decline than submitted to, whilst medium, short, and faulty clothing wools, (especially scoured) are at best up to closing rates. The biddings for crossbreds have been very spirited but prices are barely as good as last series, especially in the case of coarser grades. Lambs wool appears in very large supply, the best lots, when of fair length, are free from fault, make good prices, but short wasty and faulty parcels, are very harp to quit even at low prices. Assuming an increased production of 100,000 bales Australian, and 20,000 capes, the distribution of arrivals over the 5 series (assuming about the same proportion of new clip wool to be available this year as last), would be probably.

1st Series—	354,000	271,000	
2nd do.	368,000	278,000	
Total	722,000	549,000	Inc. 177,000 bales
3rd do.	350,000	372,000	
4th do.	255,000	286,000	
5th do.	143,000	143,000	
Total	748,000	801,000	Dec. 53,000 bales
			Net Inc. 120,000 bales

Of course this is merely an assumption, but it shows that over the full amount of increase, the presuming is limited to 120,000 bushels will have been dealt with in the 2 first series of the year. As regards the River-plate, shipments and stocks at ports of shipment up to 31st March show a decrease of 30,003 bales, but it is stated that heavier quantities than usual were then still held in the interior and from the latest telegrams these appear to be now coming forward, and the deficit is likely to be smaller than at one time anticipated. Accounts from most of the woollen manufacturing centres are fairly satisfactory, but the political distrust which has so long exercised a repressing effect on trade is yet far from removed.

GEELONG STATION PRODUCE MARKET.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, May 23—

Sheepskins—We submited a large supply to a full attendance of buyers, and made an entire clearance of every lot at satisfactory prices. Butchers' fresh-killed skins, 21d to 33d each; large and superior ditto, 33d to 48d each; country and station skins, 15d to 30d each, and 3d to 4½d per pound; pelts and short-woolled skins, 1d to 2½d per pound; lambskins, 3d to 6d per pound.

Hides—Values remain unchanged. We had a good supply, which we cleared to the local tanners as follows:—Heavies, from 3½d per pound; good conditioned, salted, 3¾d to 3¾d per pound; light and medium sorts, 2¾d 3¾d per pound; kip, 3¾ to 3¾d per pound; calf, 4½d to 5½ per pound.

Tallow—We disposed of our usual weekly supply of oddments, and 27 pipes country mixed sorts to the local manufacturers at current rates.

GIVEN UP BY THE DOCTORS.—"Itis possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and is cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!" "Well-a-day! This is remarkable!" I will go this day and get some some for my poor George. I know hops are good.

Rifle Shooting.

—o—

TRIANGULAR MATCH AT BALLARAT.

Failing in their efforts to arrange a match with the Ararat, Great Western and Jackson's Creek clubs, the Beaufort club entered into an agreement with the Ballarat Civilians club to fire on their ranges against them and a team from the Melbourne Rifle club, and journeyed thither by rail on Thursday morning. The weather did not promise fine, and throughout the day great unpleasantness was experienced from this cause. Arrived on the ground, a little delay was occasioned in starting work. Three targets were used at each range, the distances being 200 yds, 400 yds and 500 yds. The Beaufort team were rather taken aback at the outset by the statement that only solid drawn cartridges were to be used, an article to which they had never been accustomed, and which, owing to the allowance that it made on the elevation, was bound to have a marked effect upon their shooting. There being no alternative, however, they had to acquiesce in the terms of the local men. There we twelve men aside, and from the commencement to the conclusion of the match, one notable source of complaint was the manner of marking and signalling the shots, which was by no means so satisfactory as it should have been. The consequence was an undesirable loss of time and no little confusion amongst the scorers. Considering the disabilities of the weather, some very good shooting was done, notably that of A. Trompf, who made 89, the top score of the day, Archard, McRae, Thomas, and Chapman, for Beaufort; Marsh, with 85, Wiseman, and Reeve, for Melbourne; Mann, 83, and Davis, 83 for Ballarat. Until the last three squads went on to the mound, the Beaufort had a considerable lead over both of their opponent. But time was wasted over challenging the signals, and darkness and rain coming made accurate shooting an impossibility, the targets being almost invisible to the riflemen, and the scores made was more the result of guesswork than judgment. The Melbourne team ultimately won the match, Ballarat being second. Shortly after one o'clock, the three teams were were treated to a substantial lunch on the ground. The following are the results :—

MELBOURNE CLUB.

	Yds—200	400	500	Total
Marsh ...	27	22	29	8[illegible]
Wiseman ...	23	33	25	[illegible]
Reeve ...	21	30	29	8[illegible]
Page ...	28	26	25	7[illegible]
Irving ...	23	27	28	78
Kellow ...	26	26	25	77
Wood ...	25	23	27	75
Eales ...	26	30	18	74
Clarke ...	21	32	21	74
Chapman ...	24	22	22	68
Simpson ...	18	20	24	62
Newnham ...	23	26	10	59
Totals	285	324	283	892

BALLARAT CLUB.

Mann ...	23	30	30	8[illegible]
Davis ...	24	34	25	83
Graham ...	26	27	26	79
Glendenning...	28	21	22	7[illegible]
Owen ...	14	30	32	76
Monsborough	23	27	26	76
Kay ...	19	27	26	72
Walker ...	23	24	25	7[illegible]
Axford ...	20	28	23	71
Commons ...	30	25	16	7[illegible]
Webb ...	12	28	27	67
Gilbert ...	18	30	13	61
Totals...	260	331	297	888

BEAUFORT CLUB.

Trompf ...	27	31	31	89
McRae ...	25	27	30	82
Archard ...	23	32	27	82
Thomas ...	28	24	28	80
Chapman ...	23	32	25	80
Male ...	24	30	22	76
Harris ...	25	28	22	75
Keith ...	26	26	17	69
McKeich ...	18	25	20	63
Jackson ...	15	28	20	63
Prowse ...	20	28	9	57
Wotherspoon	15	10	15	40
Totals ...	269	321	266	856

After the Shooting, three cheers were given all round, and the Melbourne captain asked the company to give three hearty cheers for the highest scorer of the day—Mr. A. Trompf. He was the youngest rifleman on the ground, but they would admit that his consistent shooting had been admirable. The response was a hearty round of cheers. A rush was then made for the cabs and the party reached the city in safety.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably suprised at the utmost 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 too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Browne's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

The Ripon Advocate.

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Poetry.

Endurance.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to see our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see the sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill,
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But think it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own,
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,
This also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body; but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne.

Novelist.

THE RIVAL BELLES OF PARRAMATTA.

A CHARMING LOVE STORY OF INTENSE AND THRILLING INTEREST.

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I DID WRONG, PERHAPS, IN PERSUADING YOU TO MARRY ME."

It was the most terrible moment of beautiful, hapless Florabel's life. A hushed silence had ensued between them since the fatal answer had fallen from her lips—"Oh, Max! Heaven help me! I—I—cannot tell you what Arthur Hurlhurst is to me."

She had sunk on her knees before him, her beautiful golden hair falling in abandon about her death-white face, her little hands clenched tightly over her heart. She quite believed it was breaking, there was such intense pain with each throb.

She could feel his eyes burning down into her very soul; he was standing before her in the attitude of a judge before a criminal.

"What shall I say to you?" he cried, bitterly. "You have done that which, in the eyes of the world, would seem most appalling; the situation does not seem to strike you. Oh, fair of face and false of heart, you *shall* tell me what took you to the rose-arbor—*why* you kept that appointment!"

"Do not judge me so hardly, Max," she wailed out despairingly; and she was so lovely in her utter woe that his heart was touched in spite of himself.

He stepped nearer her, and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"Answer me this, Florabel," he said, in a low, hoarse, constrained voice, as though he hated the thought that prompted the question: "Has this man—any—any—claim upon you?"

The blood almost froze in his veins as he saw her bow her golden head in token of assent. He staggered back with a cry of anguish never to be forgotten.

"I ask from Heaven what I have ever done that I am so terribly punished?" he cried.

But from the blue heaven to which he appealed there was no reply.

"Some men meet with a cruel fate," he said, "but they deserve it. In my life I may not have done much good, but I have done no great harm. I am too honorable a man to be made a dupe of. I have no words," he continued, slowly, "in which to upbraid you; they are all weak and meaningless. To speak to you I want words that lash, scourge, and burn."

"Have pity," the poor child gasped, tears falling like rain down her face.

"You deserve none," declared Max Forrester, bitterly. "I did wrong, perhaps, in persuading you to marry me. You were very young and inexperienced. I thought you cared for me. You never told me you had a lover; you be-fooled me."

Her white lips parted in horror and dismay. She tried to answer him—to refute the cruel charge—but the words died away in her throat.

"It is time that we came to an understanding," he cried. "Never *more* shall you be wife of mine until this mystery is cleared. Do you hear me, Florabel? Though it wrecks my life, I will cast you out of my heart. Our paths shall lie asunder. I will give you to-day in which you can decide whether you will confess all to me. If by midnight you *still refuse*, I shall return to Sydney, and my object will be to secure a separation from you."

Even as he uttered the words he did not mean them; it was simply his intention to frighten the truth from her.

She uttered no word, no cry. She rose from her knees, turned slowly, and staggered from the room.

"I thought you were jealous of me," he cried out after her, with a harsh, bitter laugh. "Bah! With what consummate skill you have played that little comedy. It is I who have every reason to be jealous of you."

She did not turn her head. She walked slowly down the corridor and up to her own room. She had barely strength to lock the door. She shook as in an ague. She was cold. Her head reeled. Absolute pain and agony kept her from fainting. She lay down on her couch, with her face turned to the wall, trying to think, for now she had need of all her powers to know how to meet the terrible fate.

"I cannot betray poor Arthur, whom they are hunting down," she wailed. "If I told Max who he was, he would put the officers of the law on the track at once. Yet, how can I endure his suspicions? Oh, Heaven help me! I see a wrecked life either way!"

Suddenly it occurred to write to Arthur. He could tell her what to do. He could advise her.

She hurrried to her writing desk and penned a short note, which in her thoughtlessness she gave to one of the servants to mail.

"Take it yourself, and quickly, to the village post-office, John," she said, nervously, "and find out if it is in time for the ten o'clock mail. You will have barely time to reach there."

The servant mailed the letter, then reported to Florabel that he had been successful in getting the letter in just before the mail closed, and by this time it was on its way.

It so happened, as the man left Florabel's door, he met young Mr. Forrester in the corridor. At any other time he would not have deigned to pry into his wife's affairs; now he waved aside these delicate feelings. Intense curiosity had mastered him.

"John," he asked, sharply, "what did my wife want?"

And he flushed uneasily as the man turned and looked at him, surprised at the question.

"She wanted me to take a letter in great haste to the post-office, sir, and see if it would go out soon. I was telling her I was just in time to get it in the outgoing mail."

"John," said Max Forrester, speaking with difficulty, "you have been in the family long years, or I should not ask you the question I now ask; but I expect a straightforward answer. Did you see to whom that letter was addressed, and where it was going?"

"I could not help but notice, sir," the man answered respectfully. "It was addressed to the gentleman who just left here—Mr. Arthur Hurlhurst, Sydney. I cannot remember the street and number."

He saw Max Forrester's face turn white as death as he wheeled about and strode down the corridor toward his wife's apartments.

"Heaven help me! I hope I haven't said anything wrong," thought the old servant, in dismay. "There is a look on his face I don't like. Can there be any trouble between the young master and his bride, I wonder? Her eyes were swollen, as though she had been weeping. I am afraid there is something wrong."

Max Forrester passed on with hurried footsteps to his wife's boudoir, and in answer to his impatient rap there was a faint—

"Come in."

He opened the door and strode into the room. Florabel was sitting by the window, her face buried in her hands. She sprang up as he entered, and looked piteously into his face.

Had he come to make friends with her—to take her in his arms and kiss away her tears, whispering that no shadow must ever come between them?

But no. He strode up to her, seizing her with angry vehemence—with a force that would have shamed him if he had realised it.

"Florabel," he cried, hoarsely, "how *dared* you write to Hurlhurst? What was in that letter?"

She started back, quivering like a leaf. Then, like a hunted fawn driven at bay, she turned and faced him.

The husband and wife looked at each other. Anger, temper, pride shot out from "eyes that had once looked love to eyes that spake again."

"You are silent," he cried. "Answer me! I will get at the depths of this matter. Did you write him of that little scene down in the drawing-room?"

"Yes!" answered the poor child, incoherently.

He had taken her so much by surprise she did not have the opportunity of thinking of a suitable reply.

"Will you tell me what else you wrote?"

His voice, in its low, hoarse intensity, might have warned her, but it did not.

"No," she replied, faintly, "I cannot."

At that instant the blotter on her writing desk, which she had so lately used, caught his eye.

By some strange fatality the blotter was a new one, used only on that occasion, drying the ink on the hastily written note she had penned to Arthur.

What did those warning lines mean? He snatched it in his hand, an old college trick recurring to him, and held it before the mirror.

Oh, God! the pity of it. There, standing out in bold relief, he read these words, and they convicted poor, innocent, hapless Florabel in his eyes:

"DEAREST ARTHUR: I am in great trouble. Come to me and comfort me. My heart is breaking. Max suspects—"

This was all that was legible, but it was quite enough. Max Forrester turned to her with a bitter cry, his face fairly livid with passion.

"No need for me to ask what this man is to you, after such a proof as *this*!" he cried, hoarsely. "Now listen to what I have to say. To-night—aye, this hour—I leave you forever! I pray Heaven I may never look on your fair, false face again!"

Ere she could call out to him he was gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLORABEL'S FOLLY.

A moment later she heard the swift galloping of a horse going down the chestnut drive. Every clatter of the iron hoof struck a death knell to her heart.

No cry came from her white, closed lips that locked as though they would never open again; no statue, carved from stone or marble, was ever more silent or motionless. Outside the wind stirred the leaves of the trees, dying away in a low moan over the rose garden; but she never heard; she was dead, dumb and blind under this great stroke of anguish.

She was trying to realise that he had gone from her; that of his own free will he had left her. He never why had wooed and wedded her; that she should never look upon his face again. It was utterly impossible—utterly absurd.

She heard the sound of a wild laugh, and was startled by not knowing that it was her own.

He had gone out of her life forever, to return no more, and he—her husband—given to her before Heaven and man—how could he have left her forever?

Gradually the mist clears from her brain; her thoughts grow distinct, and she realises the full horror of the awful sorrow that has fallen upon her.

There must be a sense of something wrong in the household, for when John reached the servants' hall and saw Gregory, the maid, he said, hurriedly:

"I do not like the looks of matters about young master's apartments. It is a dreadful thing to say, but I am almost afraid that he has quarrelled with his young bride. I heard loud and angry words from their boudoir a little while since, then he rode away from the house like one mad. Make some excuse to go and speak to her. She will have little sympathy from his mother or Miss Clavering, poor thing! They have been trying to set him against her since he brought her here. It's a poor place for a bride in a mother-in-law's house."

"I will go to her at once," said Gregory, with her kindly face full of sympathy.

She hurried through the long marble corridor to Florabel's room.

The door was ajar. She pushed it open and entered. Gregory was startled at the ghastly face turned toward her.

Florabel looked up with startled eyes.

"Yes, I am in great trouble, Gregory," she said. "I may tell you—the whole world will know it soon—my husband has left me?"

And he flushed uneasily as the man turned and looked at him, surprised at the question.

"She wanted me to take a letter in great haste to the post-office, sir, and see if it would go out soon. I was telling her I was just in time to get it in the outgoing mail."

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He had gone out of her life forever, to return no more, and he—her husband—

She was expecting him to return, he told himself; all the rest of the house was dark as the tomb.

The hour was so late, he put up his horse without disturbing the groom; then hurried into the house, and no warning came to him of the blow that awaited him when he should reach his wife's boudoir.

He tapped lightly, but assuring himself she did not hear, he entered unceremoniously.

She was not losing her beauty-sleep by sitting up waiting for him—that was evident.

So many pretty little trifles, reminding him of Florabel, lay strewn about.

He saw her jewel-case, with the lid open, lying on the marble mantel. Ah! that was very careless of Florabel, indeed, to lay her jewels about like this. He must speak to her about it. Of course, the servants were all very honest, still it were best not to tempt them like this.

He closed the lid on the sparkling gems, and carried them in his hand toward the inner apartment.

"Florabel," he said gently, thrusting aside the pale blue plush portieres, hesitatingly, with his white hand—"Florabel, my darling?"

There was no answer. The stillness that reigned was oppressive. No golden-haired, little creature sprang forward to meet him, flinging herself, with sobs, into his outstretched arms, crying out how unhappy she was, because they had quarrelled. Where was Florabel?

CHAPTER XV.

"I WILL KEEP THEM APART FOREVER."

Max Forrester stood quite still in the boudoir, and glanced uneasily about him.

As his eye roved past the centre-table near him, he saw a letter lying on it, addressed to himself. At the first glance he had recognised Florabel's delicate chronography. What could that mean?

Then there came to him a conviction that there was some terrible sorrow in store for him. He turned up the gas-jet, and, sinking down in the nearest seat, tore the envelope open.

As he read, great drops of moisture gathered on his forehead; the wavering words seemed to be half hidden beneath a blood-red mist.

There were but a few lines, and read as follows:

"MAX—When this falls into your hands I shall be far away from Forrester Villa. When you know all, you may find it in your heart, perhaps, to pardon Arthur for my sake. I am going to him now, to plead with him to come to you, and tell you all; for I could not—no, no, I *could* not. You took me into a life for which I was unfitted, and the end has come. When you hear our terrible story—for all the world must know sooner or later, Arthur says—by the old love I plead with you not to curse me, even though you bitterly regret your proud old name was ever linked with mine. Yours unhappily,

"FLORABEL."

He sprang from his seat with a cry of rage and pain that startled the whole household in that dead hour of the night, and brought the servants hurrying around him. They found him standing there in the middle of the room, his face as white as death, and intensely excited, as they gathered about him.

His mother and Miss Clavering had thrown on their dressing-gowns, and came hurrying to the scene; but where was Florabel, his young wife?

"I will go for his wife," cried the housekeeper. "How can she sleep amid such a din?"

"Hold," cried Max, as he started for the inner apartment. "She is not there. My wife has fled—gone to Arthur Hurlhurst. I have no wife! She has gone! Do you hear me? She has fled from me?"

The servants fell back with a low cry of consternation; his mother fainted.

"Heaven help us," cried the housekeeper. "Our young master must be mad to say such a thing."

Faithful Gregory uttered no word.

Max strode from the room, leaving them in little groups talking the matter over. Miss Clavering followed him out into the corridor, laying a little white, fluttering hand on his arm.

"I am sorry for you, Max," she said, "but you are best without her. I saw how it would end long ago, and I warned you. Let her go. Never let your heart break over the falsity of a woman."

"Think of the disgrace, Inez," he groaned. "By to-morrow every one will know it."

"You will have to face it," she declared. "Face it bravely, like a Forrester should."

"I tell you what I shall do," he cried. "I will follow Hurlhurst to the end of the world and hunt him down, showing him less mercy than I would a dog. Such men are not fit to live. He tempted Florabel away, and he shall answer for it by his life, or he shall take mine.

Inez Clavering was terribly frightened.

"Oh, Max," she cried, "do not do it. Your life is worth more than a thousand fickle hearts like Florabel's. She was only a—"

He stopped her short by an imperative gesture.

"No matter what she has done, do not say anything about my Florabel," he commanded. "I could not endure it;" and he turned on his heel and left her, strode back to Florabel's deserted boudoir, and locked himself in.

Meanwhile the train bearing Florabel was whirling swiftly toward Sydney.

Flight from her home seemed to Florabel, even in her excited, ill-reasoning state, a terrible step. But on the other hand, now that Max had deserted her, they would be glad she had gone, for they hated her.

When she reached Sydney she took a cab, and shortly after found herself at the street and number her brother had given her.

She rang the bell, and a tidy maid showed her into the parlor.

"No card?" she said, lifting her eyebrows in surprise. "Then who shall I say is waiting for Mr. Hurlhurst?"

"His sister," responded Florabel, simply.

A few moments later and Arthur Hurlhurst came hurrying into the room. He cried out in alarm when he saw her white face:

"Great Heaven, Florabel!" he gasped. "What is the matter? Why are you here? What has gone wrong?"

"My life has gone wrong," she answered, simply. "My husband has left me, Arthur."

If a shaft had suddenly yawned beneath his feet—a thunderbolt from a clear sky fallen on his head—he could not have been more astounded. He had not as yet received her letter.

"I—I do not understand, Florabel," he cried. "I think my ears must be deceiving me. What is it you say?"

She stood before him like a drooping lily, her face pale, her lovely golden hair dishevelled, her hands clasped nervously together, her tear-wet, hazel eyes regarding him intently; and oh! so piteously.

"I said that my husband had left me, Arthur. He has gone out of my life forever. I—I could not remain in his mother's house, for she hated me, and I came away."

He fell back thunderstruck. He was litterly speechless.

"Take off your hat and cloak and sit down and tell me about it, Florabel," he said nervously.

She unfastened her long travelling duster, and there, in picturesque disarray, were the blue mull and white lace evening dress she had worn the evening before, with a spray of faded rosebuds clinging to the corsage.

He looked on in utter dismay. "Great heavens, did you travel in that?" he cried—"an evening toilet! Pray put on your cloak again. I did not know. I was not prepared to see you dressed like that. Put your cloak on quickly, before any of the servants see you."

"And now, Florabel," he said, "when she had complied, "let me hear all about this strange affair. I really thought you were one of the happiest and most loving of couples. What has gone wrong?"

His amazement grew when he heard her story.

"This is bad business," he said, slowly; "worse than I thought. Sending that letter to me, and your husband tracing what you had written on the back of a blotter was most unfortunate. You should have laughed him out of the idea when he accused you of meeting me."

"I could not tell an untruth," said Florabel, slowly.

"What a straight-laced little Puritan you are!" he said, impatiently. "Any other woman would have known enough for that, it seems to me."

"I could not tell him you were my brother, for I had taken a solemn oath not to reveal it," she said, with a sob.

"No, no; of course you could not," he agreed; "for if you had it would have all leaked out, and by this time I should have been in a prison cell. Forrester is not the fellow to spare me were I twenty times your brother."

"I believe you mistake him, Arthur," she replied earnestly. "He would not set the officers of the law upon you for my sake. You ask me why I am here, Arthur," she went on. "I will tell you. I want you to find Max and tell him all, and pray with him, plead with him, not to hate me, for father's sake and yours. For I love him so, oh, Arthur! I cannot live away from him."

Arthur's face had grown white as he listened.

"Why, that would ruin me, Florabel," he cried. "By doing so you would consign your only brother to prison, as sure as the sun shines. Keep our secret a little longer, and our trouble will blow over. I shall have made enough to make restitution; and when the money is paid, the charges against me will be withdrawn, and I will stand before the world again a free man. For the love of Heaven, be patient with me a little while, Florabel."

"How long will it be before you can get the money that you took paid back, brother?"

"Hush! Walls have ears!" he whispered, impatiently. "Don't talk so loud, Florabel. Some one might hear. You know what a reputation boarding-house mistresses have for keeping their ears to the keyhole when there is any one in the parlor.

"You ask how long it will take me to refund that money. Well, about three weeks, I should say. We must keep quiet that long. You shall stay here in this house. Mr. Dickson will find a room for you."

"Shall I be here three weeks—away from Max?" she asked, piteously, the tears starting to her hazel eyes.

"You will not complain, knowing it will save me," said Arthur.

As he walked slowly up to his room, his brows contracted into a deep frown.

"A pretty how-d'-do!" he muttered. "What shall I do, with Florabel on my hands, and she with no money, while I can barely get enough to pay my board from week to week? But one thing is evident—I must keep her and Forrester apart *forever* to save myself."

(To be Continued.)

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

Ought a person, under any and all conceivable circumstances, to own the tie of kinship?

That is, suppose the brother becomes a drunkard? You say yes, he is a brother still. Suppose he become a "high-toned defaulter?" A brother still. Suppose your brother becomes a "vulgar," common thief, a burgular and a gaol-bird? Suppose he is sent to prison. Suppose—that horror!—that one's sister has turned her face toward perdition and walks wantonly. Oh, the Magdalen is always some one's sister! At all events her blood runs kin with some other one who is pure and manly, or womanly, and almost killed by the consciousness of the shame.

Then, I am not asking the mother whether her love is yet burning toward the very bad child. No doubt God has so made woman that her child is ever her child, beloved. Still, I think there are cases where so foul was the basement that—well, at least a father's indignation burned up his parental love. Say, at least, a father. As for that wonder, a mother's heart—well, who ever fathomed it? But my question was as to a brother and sister.

And I ask it upon the supposition that natural love may die in a brother's breast. I believe that. A wicked brother ought to be warned that, notwithstanding the relationship, he can go on in his evil and heart-breaking course till natural affection ceases to claim him and the hearts of his kindred—except that of a mother—cease to regard him with any tenderness. The wicked fellow is not quite as the stranger; no, for he is a kinsman, capable of disgracing the name, and perhaps incurring for his kin pecuniary and social liabilities of a most expensive and unbearable character. On which very account anger and shame, pain and anguish of mind, come into the breasts of those who love him, to absolutely kill all the affection they originally had for him. Even pity dies, as the innocent members of the group smart and blush under the shame which a castaway can inflict.

This ought to be said, because many a cruel wretch goes on his unchecked way of profligacy notually presuming and calculating upon the rescuing love of relations. He thinks he can, at any time, load himself on the honest shoulders of good men and women who lay in the same cradle with him. He lays the flattering unction to his heart that "Oh, they know I am their brother, and they love me. They will wipe away the results of my debauch and pay the charges of my scrapes, because they love their brother." No, sir. It does not follow that they love you, whether you show yourself lovely and to be loved, or not. It is high time, young scapegrace, that you awake to the fact that you are murdering love by torture of the inquisition of Satan.

Well, then. Granting that love may perish, may be quite starved out by the wicked courses of a bad brother or sister, what ought one to do then? I do not ask whether a brother or sister ought to try to reclaim and reform such a person. We ought to do that with all persons, so far as it is within our power. But I ask if we ought to try the rekindlings of love. Ought we to attempt the rewarming of our cold hearts? If we had in the case our brother repents—and all would confess that we had, and that it is easy so to do, easy to throw the arms about the evil-doer as he stands begging for our love, and all penitential tears—ought we to try to love him if he repents not? Shall we accuse ourselves that we do not?

I believe the highest grade of morality would give but one answer. We ought to love ever, and love on. If we were as good as our mother—and his mother—we certainly should. I am not encouraging the wicked brother in his presumption; I have just warned him. But I believe it is really the saddest of all sad effects of a bad brother's course that he has impoverished our hearts. We are by so much less the men and women we might have been had he not quenched in our breasts a noble flame, a sacred love. We owe it to ourselves, not to speak of him, to prevent his inflicting such devastation upon our inward being. The best of our group—the brother with the big heart, the sister who is nearest like mother—these love on, and love ever. It is only the shallowest of our number who give way. All will admit that they have somewhere seen a brotherhood or a sisterhood that nothing could poison; a high and noble flame of love that no vileness could quench. I think that is the ideal.

If so, how shall we reach such heights of love? If our brother were insane we would know how to tie his frenzied hands, to dir-arm him, to keep off his gnashing teeth, that he did not wound our flesh. But how to keep a cast-away brother from desolating our hearts by making us hate him? Ah, that is indeed a question. Perhaps it can never be quite done. He will hurt our affections more or less, as in his frenzy he might wound our bodies more or less.

But yet, to be forewarned is, in a measure, to be forearmed. We must will to love on, and love ever. There is much in that. We may at once resolve never to forget the attractive elements of the bad brother's character; no man is all bad, nor was always bad. To recall the pretty boyish face, the days of childish innocence, the charm of infantile grace, and ever keep them in mind, so loving him by memory of what he ever was. This helps—oh, yes, it helps, as many a bereaved heart can testify. There have been undoubtedly noble deeds of self-denial and heroism, deeds of sacrifices, of which you, sir, where the recipient. You must not forget, sir, how this now profligate drunken brother saved your life in the boyish swimming pool or on the ice. You must not forget how grandly he shouldered his musket and went forth to war for the flag. Then, too, there are lovely traits in him now. Why he, maybe, has readier tears than you for the sight of woe. He is his own worst enemy quite probably, and would throw his life away for a friend. Has he not gifts that are engaging? His voice in song, his flashes of wit, his mental powers if only rightly directed, his handsome face and form, if only the blur of sin, and crime, and habits base could be wiped away by the favor of a forgiving God. Then, too, blood is thicker than water. He is beloved by your mother. His suffering wife loves him, poor thing! His abused children—whom you pity as you love them—love the wicked father, your brother. Most of all, God loves him; and ye who would be godlike, will love on, and love ever, feeding your love on faith and hope, with charity considering yourselves lest ye also be tempted and fall.

A Hotel Incident.

Some of our hotels in the smaller Dakota towns are not all they should be. And a few years ago they were worse than they are now.

I remember about four years ago at Castlewood which is very hard to forget. A friend and myself drove up about sundown and asked the proprietor, who was standing out front, if we could stay all night. He looked gloomy and glanced up the street and scowled and asked us if we had any chewing tobacco about us. Then he kicked a dog that trotted past and said he supposed he would have to keep us.

We tied the horses out in the back yard, where they had the protection of a clothes line, and went in. About fifty railroad graders were engaged in wiping their faces and hands on the towel. We went about half-way upstairs and sat down on a step.

After the graders had eaten, the proprietor came past and happening to see us said: "What the blazes ye ducks doin' up there?"

"This was the only place we could find to sit down," replied my companion.

"Who in thunder air ye anyway?"

We explained to him that we were guests of the house who had recently arrived.

"Well, ye can't get no supper here," he said. "The men'her et it all up. I reckon ye might git some crackers over at the store."

We went down and started out, when he said:

"Ye feilers hain't got no baggage I notice."

"We have a team and buggy."

"Oh, blank the team 'n' buggy—prob'ly both stole. Ye'll have to pay in advance."

"How much is it?"

"Ten shillings apiece an' 'bout four shillings for stablin' the team."

We paid and went over to a store and got some crackers. While there we learned the landlord's name was Wrath, or something like that, and that he was a reformed missionary who used to work among the Sioux Indians.

When we went to bed we discovered that the hotel was not finished. The partitions between the rooms were lathed up about four feet from the floor and there stopped.

As I intimated, Castlewood was a new place. The oldest inhabitants were in the bedsteads. Several millions of them came out, however, during the course of the night and tried in their humble, unassuming way to entertain the guests.

Early in the night a long railroad grader with a head of hair like an evergreen tree, who slept in room number 15, sat up in bed, reached over the partition and extracted the pocket-books from our pantaloons. Then he took both pairs of pantaloons over and tried them on, but they were too small and he threw them back.

Later the gentleman in number 13 reached over, and not finding any pocket-books, took our watches. He said he had his opinion of people who travelled without any money.

About every half hour during the night a man would come upstairs drunk and fall into our room and insist that it was his. Then he would rip around a while and break a few laths and pull us out of bed, and after we would convince him that it was not his room he would explore our pockets and abuse us because we were dead-beating our way about the country without money or collateral.

Then occasionally the landlord would wander in sort of aimlessly and drive a couple of nails over the window so there would be no possibility of our getting it up. Then he would tell us that the right to snore in the Grand Pacific hotel was confined to regular boarders, and step on the floor to see if there was any pocket-book in them.

Then occasionally a couple of slats would fall out of our bed and somebody would chuck an empty flask into our pen.

We went down to breakfast late and found Mr. Wrath standing around the table looking sickly and wearing a calico dressing gown adorned with pictures of an old dog and three pups on top of a kennel floating around at the time of the flood.

When we went into the dining-room a woman was finishing her toilet in one corner. She laid her black hair on one end of the table and went out and brought in our breakfast.

It consisted of two small buckwheat cakes with teeth marks on them and two round pieces of beefsteak. There were no teeth marks on the steak, but we could see where former guests had fired their revolvers at it and dented it.

"Jes' rub yer cakes on the meat an' you'll find it makes 'em a powerful sight more edifying," said Mr. Wrath as he paced up and down the room and looked at the ceiling.

After we went out in the office I mentioned the fact that we had been robbed.

"S'posen I hadn't collected my bill last night—where would I be now?" inquired Wrath.

I admitted that I didn't know.

"I notice," he continued, "that somebody has stole a hind wheel off'n yer buggy—I reckon ye kin put a rail under an' git out of town. There hain't no buggy-makers here."

Queer Customs.

The modes of salutation among savages are very curious. Kissing, which seems so natural to civilised people, is quite unknown to Australians, New Zealanders, Papuans, Esquimaux, and other races. The Polynesians and Malays sit down when speaking to a superior in South Africa the natives turn their backs in similar circumstances; while some tribes in the Neilgherry Hills of Hindostan show respect by placing the thumb of an extended hand to the tip of the nose. The Esquimaux pull a man's nose as a compliment; and a Chinaman puts on his hat where we take it off. In China, too, a coffin is considered to be a very tasteful and appropriate present for an aged person or an invalid. The original idea of marriage among savages seems to have been mostly one of possession. A wife was generally a war captive, and hence arose the custom of marriage by capture. All over the world it is found that, after even friends' preliminary arrangements have been made between the parents of the happy couple, the bridegroom always makes some pretense of carrying off his bride; and probably to this same origin as this ceremony has been traced the custom of lifting the bride over the door step, which occurred among the Romans and other nations.

The worship of animals is found widely distributed over the whole world; and this worship may possibly be traced to the very common system of calling families after animals—a system which easily led to a belief that the families were related to or descended from the animals whose names they bore, and ultimately crystallised into worship. In many cases the religious ideas of the lower races were greatly influenced by the phenomenon of sleep. Men's minds are often active in dreams when the body is still, and so savages imagined that during sleep man wandered away to visit absent friends in far distant regions. Therefore they believe that a man has a spirit that can leave the body. The analogy between sleep and death could hardly have failed to strike even a savage; and, as it was seen that men awoke from sleep, so the idea was conceived of rising from the tomb. The lowest savages appear to be entirely devoid of any belief in a future life, but when once the idea is grasped it is tenaciously retained. Even the early Britons readily lent money on promise of repayment in the next world. It is a very common belief among the lower races of man that as a person dies so he will rise again. The Fijians are so fully convinced of this that directly the first symptoms of old age appear they eagerly put an end to life. Consequently in many Fijians no old people are to be seen.

His Proposals.

(He was about to pop the question to the girl of his choice, and was trying to decide how he should do it.)

First he thought of the knightly proposal in the style of the middle ages: "By my halidome, fair maid, say thou wilt be mine, and the holy friar shall unite us ere another sun gilds the turrets of the City Hall!"

Then he considered the theatrical style: "I have long loved you in secret, ge-ur-ra, and though I am not rich, I can offer you the true and unselfish devotion of me whole-ha-a-r-r-t!"

He thought perhaps the easy conversational style might do: "Well, Alicia—I *may* call you Alicia, mayn't I?—everyone thinks we are going to be married! Ha ha! Suppose we *do* get married, just to please 'em!"

But, after all, he did it something like this: "Er—Miss Alicia—er—excuse the familiarity; but—er—er—will you—er—Oh, Lord!" And then she came to the rescue, and said: "That'll do, Willie, dear; it's all right, and I know papa and mamma will be so pleased!"

The Parson's Joke.

A clergyman, a widower, recently created quite a sensation in his household, which consisted of seven grown-up daughters. The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a number of days, visiting in an adjoining county. The daughters received a letter which stated that he had married a widow with six sprightly children," and that he might be expected home at a certain time. The effect of that news was a great shock to the happy family. The girls, noted for their meekness and amiable temperaments, seemed another set of beings; there was weeping, and wailing, and tearing of hair, and all manner of naughty things were said. The tidy home was neglected, and when the day of arrival came the house was anything but inviting. At last the Rev Mr. X. came; but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual, and, as he viewed the neglected apartments, there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious. At last the eldest mustered courage and asked:

"Where is our mother?"

"In heaven," said the good man.

"But where is the widow with six children whom you wrote you had married?"

"Why I married her to another man, my dears," he replied, delighted at the success of his joke.

Magistrate (to prisoner): "What impelled you to suicide?"

PRISONER: "It was a conversation I overheard, sir, on the boat coming down from Sydney. One of 'em said, 'Who's oo ducky?' The other said: "I'se oo ducky, whose ducky is oo?" So I happened to have some deadly poison in my pocket and I swallowed it."

A butcher said of a rival in business: "He's a nice chap, he is. He's always ready to meet his customers half-weigh!"

No matter how selfish a doctor may be, he is always a man of feeling. He invariably feels the pulse of his patients."

Public Notices.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGIST,

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Homœpathic Medicines,

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A Large Assortment of Newest SONG-BOOKS.—H. P. Henningsen, Havelock Street, Beaufort.

Public Notices.

BEAUFORT, CHARLTON, EURAMBEEN UNITED COMMON.

NOTICE is hereby given of my intention to Yard all Unregistered Goats on the Common at Beaufort, Raglan, and Charlton, at Mr Pearson's yard, Waterloo; and all goats not claimed and fees paid within 48 hours will be sold or destroyed.

D. D. CAMERON, Herdsman.

BEST CUT AROMATIC TOBACCO can be obtained from Mr. H. P. Henningsen, Havelock street, Beaufort.

NOTICE.—Anyone found TRESPASSING on the Challicum Estate, in pursuit of Game, after this date, will be Prosecuted.

G. THOMSON, Jun.

Challicum, 17th February, 1888.

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.

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SHIRE OF RIPON

PAYMENT OF RATES.

NOTICE is hereby given that no person will be ENROLLED on the VOTERS' LIST in respect of any property, unless before the Tenth day of June next all sums payable in respect of any RATES made three months or more betore such day in respect of such property have been paid.

The Shire Secretary will attend at the office of the Shire on the seven days (Sunday excepted) immediately preceding the said Tenth day of June, for the purpose of receiving payment of rates during office hours, viz., 10 to 3 o'clock.

D G. STEWART.
Shire Secretary.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 16th May, 1888.

SHIRE OF RIPON

BEAUFORT RESERVOIRS.

NOTICE is Hereby Given that FISHING in the above Reservoirs is PROHIBITED until the 31st day of October next.

By order,
D. G. STEWART,
Shire Secretary.

Riponshire Offices,
Beaufort, 19th May, 1888.

THE

Riponshire Advocate.

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, 26th MAY.

THE fifth progress report of the Royal Commission on Vegetable Products deals almost exclusively with a branch of the question, which has received persistent attention in our columns. By an examination of the customs returns, for all the Australian colonies, it has been ascertained by the Commission that, taking the colonies as a whole, we import annually, at least eleven millions worth of products, all of which we could raise ourselves. In Victoria alone, we last year imported products of this class amounting in value to over six millions, and we did this whilst we were raising wheat largely in excess of our own requirements, and the surplus of which we are only able to export at rates which only left the very narrowest margin of profit, if, indeed, they left any margin at all. Exception may perhaps be taken to some of the lines in the table which the Commission has prepared. There are some, for example, who will not admit that we can profitably grow our own tea, for which we are debited with an amount of £568,472, and there are other items which will not be accepted without dispute. As to all of these, we believe that members of the Commission are right, and that, instead of curtailing the list, and reducing the total value, both might be justifiably increased. But assuming that concessions were made on the most liberal scale, to the doubts and prejudices of the sceptics and ill-informed, nothing is clearer than that the value of the agricultural products of the colony could be readily and profitably increased, each year, to the extent of between three and four million sterling. It seems almost incredible that we should pay another colony £76,456 in a single year for oats; but we paid this amount last year, and it was not by any means an exceptional year. During the preceeding twelve months our outlay on imports of this grain was £20,000 higher, and if we cared to examine the records for a series of years, we should find that our imports of oats have varied in value from £60,000 to nearly £100,000 per annum. This is only one item. The Commission draws attention to scores of others. Our fruit bill for a single year amounts to a little short of a quarter of a million. We pay away another quarter of a million for tobacco; and if we are reminded that we are beginning to better our condition in both these lines, there are still plenty of others, in which there is scope for energetic enterprise, before we have nearly balanced our present annual outlay in foreign productions, for which we ought to look to our own soil.

The Commission recommend such tariff alterations as will offer the inducement of increased prices to agriculturists; but it is clear that something more than this is expected. It is not because present prices are unremunerative that farmers neglect the opportunities which are open to them. If that were so, they would give up wheat growing. To the extent that they can be encouraged by protection, they are of course entitled to it. But it is a keener, a more active, a more intelligent eye of the resources of the country, and to the methods by which they can make these resources minister to the wants of the people and their own enrichment that the desired end may be reached. That it may be reached without touching the tariff is beyond all doubt, and that when it has been reached, it can be easily extended is also certain. The report before us very appropriately reminds us that when we have brought the limit of production up to our needs "a large export trade to other countries ought in time to spring up, particularly to the United Kingdom, India, Eastern Asia, and the Pacific Islands, where the demand for our live stock, wine, butter, cheese, fruits, jams, and other products, both raw and manufactured, will no doubt in the immediate future assume considerable dimensions." To begin with, we may be satisfied with something like an awakening to the desirability of supplying ourselves. The prize is worth striving for. An annual addition of three or four millions to the current wealth is not a matter which we can afford to put aside as of no concern. It is doubly important when we remember how far its influence would extend, and that to place ourselves beyond the need of imports in most of the lines to which attention has been directed by the Commission, would largely expand the the range of the labor field, and provide profitable employment for thousands. This directs attention to another question incidentally referred to by the Commission. The members consider that they would fail in their duty if they did not state distinctly that no subject was made clearer "than that the agricultural industry is seriously hampered, owing to the fact that an adequate supply of farm labourers cannot be obtained, notwithstanding the high rate of wages offered." Enlarged and varied production would, it may be argued, sncrease this difficulty; but it would do so only for a time. We should inevitably attract population to our shores by widening our field of production, and we should attract just that sort of population that would be a help to the farmer, because, whilst aiding him in the new lines, it would increase his market in the old lines in which the disadvantages of over-production are at present so conspicuous. The benefit would be an all round one, and if the farmer got somewhat the largest share of it, there are none who would be so dissatisfied that it should be so.

LOCAL & GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

—o—

BEAUFORT ATHLETIC CLUB.—A meeting of this club to wind up the affairs of the Easter Monday gathering was held at the Mechanics Institute on Friday evening, the president, Mr McKeich, in the chair. The balance-sheet was read, the totals showing that L157 11s 2d had been the amount received, which with a balance in bank from last year of L36 18s 8d, made a total of L194 9s 10d. The expenditure included an amount of L88 for prizes, and after voting a bonus to the indefatigable secretary, Mr. R. A. D. Sinclair, who was highly complimented on the fulfilment of his duties, and a donation to the Park fund, there remains a balance in bank of L61 19s 10d. After the business was over, an adjournment was made to Loft's hotel, where a very enlivened time was spent over a discussion on the Chinese question, at the conclusion of which the following resolution was carried:—"That this meeting endorses the action of the Premier and the Government in excluding all Chinamen from admission into the colony of Victoria."

A BOWLING CLUB.—The formation of a bowling club has been the subject of discussion in certain circles for the past fortnight, but the difficulty in the way was the selection of a centrally convenient site for a rink. That difficulty has now been overcome, a site having been found at the rear of the Mechanics' Institute, within the reserve. A gentleman taking an interest in the sport, having obtained permission of the committee, has undertaken the work of making the ground level, manuring and sowing it with the best suitable grasses, in anticipation of the immediate formation of the club, and in trust to Fortune for payment. There is every probability that the game of bowls will possess a powerful charm for old and middle-aged gentlemen, and in some instances for the young men, and we hope shortly to chronicle the formation of the club, a very good number of intending members having already given in their names.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.—We are in receipt of the current number of the "Illustrated Australian News," which contains an eight-page illustrated supplement, treating of the history of Sandhurst. The issue is a first-class one, and the engravings throughout beautifully executed. "Punch" this week teems with the choicest items of the week's events. The cartoon is on the Chinese question. The idea is excellently conceived, and very suggestive. Mr Henningsen is local agent for both papers. We have also received from the Department of Agriculture copies of the interesting reports and recommendations touching the "blight in wheat in Korong Vale."

PARK IMPROVEMENTS.—Visitors to the Beaufort Park and Recreation Reserve have recently noted a marked improvement in the plantations surrounding the reserve, which have been effected by Mr W. G. Stevens, since his appointment as curator. The trees are now well and properly looked after. The water lilies planted some time ago are growing well, and two beautiful specimens are out. The plants are spreading rapidly. The wisdom of having some one to take charge of the park was exemplified on Sunday last, when a party having hired a boat was observed by Mr Stevens to be making for the spot "where the lilies grow," and he called out in time to save them from being plucked.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Mr. J. A. Lord, of Raglan, writes:—"Will you kindly allow me through your paper to acknowledge with thanks the amount of 17s., collected for the Sabbath school by Mrs. James Cuthbertson. I will also take this opportunity of thanking any whose names were unintentionally omitted at the meeting on Monday night."

A WEDDING.—One of those events which scarcely ever fail to cause a flutter of feminine curiosity (writes a correspondent), in which was taken a great amount of interest, was celebrated at St. Joseph's R.C. Church, Learmonth, on Wednesday. Miss Mary Ryan, second daughter of Mr and Mrs M'Auley, and Mr. John Slattery (of Bald Hills) were united in the bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Dean Hoyne (of Ballarat), assisted by the Rev. Father Barrett (of St. Arnaud), in the presence of a large number of persons, chiefly of the gentler sex. The bride, who was beautifully attired, wore a grey steel merveilleux dress, handsomely trimmed with orange blossom, with wreath and veil to match. The bridesmaids were four in number, viz., Miss A. Ryan, sister of the bride; the Misses Mary and Nellie M'Auley, half sisters to the bride; and Miss Winnie Slattery, sister of the bridegroom. Two of the bridesmaids were dressed in blue and white, and two in cardinal and white. The gentlemen attendant on the bridegroom were Messrs Michael Slattery, and M. and P. Ryan (brothers of the bride). The ceremony over, the bridal party returned to the residence of the bride's parents, where breakfast was partaken of, and the usual complimentary speeches were given. Mr and Mrs Slattery shortly afterwards took their departure for Melbourne. The bride was the recipient of a large number and variety of choice and costly presents, which were accompanied by the good wishes of the donors. In the evening a large number of guests assembled by invitation at the Temperance Hall, where the festivity was kept up by dancing to the music of Mr. F. Cox's string band till an early hour next morning.

RAGLAN SABBATH SCHOOL.—The services in connection with the anniversary of the Primitive Methodist Sabbath School at Raglan were held on Sunday and Monday last, and were the most enjoyable that have been held for some time, the weather being delightful. On the Saturday evening, the Misses Panther, Stevenson, Prince and Willox spent some hours in decorating the church, and for the tasteful way in which it was done they deserve great credit. On Sunday afternoon several waggonettes loaded with visitors from Beaufort and other parts of the district arrived, and before three o'clock the church was crowded by an audience that listened attentively to an excellent address delivered by the Rev. H. Heathershaw. At 7 the church was again packed when the same gentleman occupied the pulpit and preached a most impressive sermon from the text. "What think ye of Christ?" At each service, the children gave some very good recitations, and with the assistance of the church choir sang some choice pieces of music. On Monday by two o'clock the children had mustered in large numbers, followed shortly by young men and women of the of the district. The weather again being most delightful, and every one in the best humor, games were soon initiated and kept up with spirit the whole of the afternoon. At four o'clock the children, about 100 in number, sat down to a first-class spread provided by a number of friends, and were waited on by Mesdames Panther, Stevenson, and Prince, and Messrs Cuthbertson, Lord, and Tiley. After justice had been done to the food, a good supply of lollies followed to "top up." Messrs Panther, Stevenson, and Tiley kept the juvenile portion well occupied for another hour in races, &c., for a lot of toys. By this time the tables were relaid with the taste which comes from familiarity with the work. Number one table was provided by Mesdames Panther (3), Tiley, and Prince, and waited on by Mrs B. Panther and Misses M. Panther and A. Stevenson. Number two table was provided by Mrs James Cuthbertson, and waited on by that lady and Miss Alice Cuthbertson. Numbers three and four were given by the bachelors, and were prepared and waited on by Mesdames Lord and R. Stevenson, and Miss E. Prince. On the centre of one of the latter tables was a large ornamental card, entwined in ferns and flowers, bearing the words, "Bachelor's Table;" on the centre of the other was a large ornamented "Bachelors' Cake." When tea was over, the cake was drawn for by the bachelors, and won by Mr. A. McDonald. By 7.30 the church was ready for the public meeting, which consisted chiefly of recitations, &c., by the children, singing, and an address by the chairman, the Rev. H. Heathershaw. At the close of the meeting, votes of thanks were passed to the ladies who had in any way assisted; to the bachelors; and to Master Frewin Lord, who presided at the organ. Much credit is due to Mr. E. Tiley who, as on former occasions, fixed up the tables, made the tea, and in various ways assisted to the success of the anniversary, the total proceeds of which were £23 3s 7½d.

JUVENILE FOOTBALL.—The return football match between the Main Lead and Beaufort schools was played at Main Lead on Thursday last. J. Harris captained the local team, and G. Nicol the Beaufort boys After a well-contested game, the Main Lead again proved victorious, scoring four goals to one. Mrs Ball and Mrs Grant kindly provided the lads with refreshments, which kindness we are requested to acknowledge with thanks.

FLOWERS BENEFIT.—We would again announce the entertainment to be given on Thursday next, when we hope to see a crowded house.

A CRIMINAL'S REVENGE.—Details of several brutal murders committed by one man and telegraphed from Pesth. The murderer is a convict who, having been imprisoned for matricide at Illava, in Hungary, for the past 17 years, was recently conditionally released. He was supposed to have become quite reformed but as soon as he was released from prison he proceeded to his native place of Szerb Klari, went straight to the house of the judge who sentenced him, fired a revolver at him, missed but killed the judge's wife. He then escaped and went next to the office of the notary. Hearing that the latter was not in, he fired at the notary's assistant, severely wounding him. A gardener tried to apprehend the murderer, but was fired at and severely wounded. Further on the blood-thirsty criminal fired at and killed a street passenger, and finally reached his own house. Some little time after, when the police came to arrest the murderer, they found his wife and child lying dead with their skulls split open by a hatchet, but the murderer had escaped, and as not yet been recaptured.

A REMARKABLE STORY.—Count de Morel, a well known resident in Devonshire, brought an action at Stonehouse on March 14th to recover possession of several foreign orders which he had found in the possession of Mr. Suett, a curiosity dealer of Stonehouse. Count de Morel was waited on some weeks ago by Mr. Suett, who invited him to inspect some foreign medals which he thought would interest a Spanish nobleman. The Count did so, and then borrowed the medals to take home, and subsequently he claimed them as having belong to his late father, and being stolen from Thankes, his late residence, two years ago. They were the Order of Charles III. of Spain, the order of St. Gregory the Great, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and three smaller orders. These were identified by the Count, his daughter, and his housekeeper most positively as having belonged to the late Count and as having been in the drawing-room of Thankes two years ago. The mountings were peculiar, and easily identified. It was sworn in evidence, on the other hand, that these medals had been brought three years ago from Chili by a woman who had been there in business for 30 years as a pawnbroker, and at whose death in Cornwell, they, with many other curiosities, were sold by auction at Redruth, in Cornwell, by the woman's nephew, who inherited them. This evidence seemed conclusive that the medals must have been in Chili at the date of the robbery from Thankes, but Count de Morel offered to produce an oil painting of his late father in which these orders and their mountings were exactly depicted. They corresponded, he said, in every particular most minutely. The Judge said it was morally impossible that these precise orders in their details could have been duplicated, and he adjourned the case for the production and examination of the painting a month hence, he medals being meanwhile impounded.

A PRIMA DONA'S SECRET.—Through indiscretion or spite of a dismissed femme de chambre the secret of the renowned singer Madame Adelina Patti's continued youthful appearance, has been revealed. If this informant is to be believed, the diva takes a bath about 5 o'clock every evening when she is going to sing, but she never allows the water to touch her neck or face, although the rest of her body is religiously immersed. She has a singular theory that hot or cold water produces wrinkles, and impairs the purity of the complexion, and it is certainly some proof of its correctness that although she is nearer 50 than 40, not a single wrinkle is visible upon her neck, throat, or face. Of course, she insists that she keeps equally clean by means of cold cream, which she uses in copious quantities, generally spreading it on her face and neck, and leaving it there while her maid goes through the hair-dressing process, often a period of an hour or more. Then the cold cream is taken off very carefully with a towel, and Madame Patti considers herself washed.

PROSPECTING BOARD.—At the meeting of the Ararat District Prospecting Board on Monday last, at Stawell, several applications to participate in the prospecting grant were received. Mr Browne explained that a misapprehension had arisen in reference to the time for sending in applications. He had had a great many enquiries, and had inspired a paragraph in this paper recommending intending applicants to send in their applications for that meeting. It was resolved that as the intentions of the Government were not known, consideration of the applications be postponed, and that applicants be made acquainted with this decision.

WATERLOO.—The Excelsior Minstrels gave an entertainment at the Mechanics' hall on Thursday night, in the presence of a very fair audience. As on former occasions the corner men—Messrs Woodfine and Roberts—were remarkably good, as was also Mr Taylor as interlocutor. All the items and jokes were much appreciated. In the second part encores were numerous. Messrs Taylor and Edwards danced a hornpipe. Miss Vowles accompanied the minstrels throughout in an efficient manner. A Tryolean sketch produced a good deal of merriment, and was without doubt the best thing of the kind yet given by this troupe. The entertainment concluded with a side-splitting farce, the principal characters being taken by Messrs Woodfine, Roberts, Lyttle and Taylor. After the entertainment a dance was commenced and kept up till early morning.

COMMERCIAL.

ARARAT PRODUCE MARKET.

There is little of interest to report respecting our local market, few transactions being reported during the past week We have heard of only one small sale of wheat at 3s 2d per bushel, bags in. The tendency of the market is downwards, 2s 11d being offered for parcels, bags returned, though owners do not seem anxious to reduce their stocks at this figure. There is an easier feeling regarding flour, which is dull of sale at £7 7s 6d per ton. At Horsham wheat remains unchanged, at 2s 9d, the market being inactive. At Donald 2s 10d is given, and at St. Arnaud the market is without change. In the district feeding grains are dull of sale. One lot of 100 bags of wheat has been taken up at 2s 2d, bags returned, and 50 bags of inferior sold at 2s, bags returned. Two loads of Warrnambool potatoes came in this morning and were cleared at £2 5s. The market is liberally supplied with hay at late rates Dairy produce is generally easier. Fresh butter is more plentiful, a good quantity coming in from Warrnambool. Eggs are also better supplied, and have eased to 1s 6d per dozen. We quote:—

Wheat, 3s 2d, per bushel, bags in
Oats, 2s 3d per bushel, bags in
Oats, seed, 2s 6d per bushel, bags in
Pollard, 10d per bushel
Bran, 10d per bushel
Cape barley, 2s 8d per bushel
Peas, 3s per bushel
Rye, 4s 6d per bushel
Flour, £7 7s 6d per ton
Potatoes, Warrnambool, £2 5s per ton
Hay, sheaves, £2 per ton
Hay, trussed, £2 5s per ton
Straw, 25s per ton
Chaff, 2s 9d per cwt
Onions, 5s per cwt
Carrots, 2s per cwt
Butter, fresh, 1s 3d per pound
Butter, potted, 9d per pound
Hams, 11d per pound
Bacon, 9½d per pound
Cheese, 5d per pound
Eggs, 1s 6d per dozen.—*Advertiser.*

DALGETY AND COMPANY'S LONDON WOOL SALES.

The second series of Colonial wool sales for 1888, opened on the 5th inst., with an estimated available total of 340,000 bales after deduction of what has been forwarded direct, but inclusive of the wools held over from last series. The attendance both of home and foreign buyers was large and has continued so up to present date. The demand appears good, and biddings are generally very spirited up to a certain point, exporters so far taking about two-thirds of the quantity sold; practically prices show very little alteration from those ruling at the close of last series; the finer grades of good combing merino's, showing in some cases, a slight advace on the decline than submitted to, whilst medium, short, and faulty clothing wools, (especially scoured) are at best up to closing rates. The biddings for crossbreds have been very spirited but prices are barely as good as last series, especially in the case of coarser grades. Lambs wool appears in very large supply, the best lots, when of fair length, are free from fault, make good prices, but short wasty and faulty parcels, are very harp to quit even at low prices. Assuming an increased production of 100,000 bales Australian, and 20,000 capes, the distribution of arrivals over the 5 series (assuming about the same proportion of new clip wool to be available this year as last), would be probably.

1st Series—	354,000	271,000	
2nd do.	368,000	278,000	
Total	722,000	549,000	Inc. 171,000 bales
3rd do.	350,000	372,000	
4th do.	255,000	286,000	
5th do.	143,000	143,000	
Total	748,000	801,000	Dec. 53,000 bales
			Net Inc. 120,000 bales

Of course this is merely an assumption, but it shows that over the full amount of increase, the presuming is limited to 120,000 bushels will have been dealt with in the 2 first series of the year. As regards the River-plate, shipments and stocks at ports of shipment up to 31st March show a decrease of 30,003 bales, but it is stated that heavier quantities than usual were then still held in the interior and from the latest telegrams these appear to be now coming forward, and the deficit is likely to be smaller than at one time anticipated. Accounts from most of the woollen manufacturing centres are fairly satisfactory, but the political distrust which has so long exercised a depressing effect on trade is yet far from removed.

GEELONG STATION PRODUCE MARKET.

Messrs George Hague and Co. report under date Wednesday, May 23—

Sheepskins—We submisted a large supply to a full attendance of buyers, and made an entire clearance of every lot at satisfactory prices. Butchers' fresh-killed skins, 21d to 33d each; large and superior ditto, 36d to 48d each; country and station skins, 15d to 30d each, and 3d to 4½d per pound; pelts and short-woolled skins, 1d to 2½d per pound; lambskins, 2d to 3d per pound.

Hides—Values remain unchanged. We had a good supply, which we cleared to the local tanners as follows:—Heavies, from 3¼d per pound; good conditioned, salted, 3½d to 3¾d per pound; light and medium sorts, 2½d 3¼d per pound; kip, 3¼ to 3½d per pound; calf, 4½d to 5½ per pound.

Tallow—We disposed of our usual weekly supply of oddments, and 27 pipes country mixed sorts to the local manufacturers at current rates.

GIVEN UP BY THE DOCTORS.—"It is possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and is cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!" "Well-a-day! This is remarkable!" I will go this day and get some some for my poor George. I know hops are good.

Rifle Shooting.

—o—

TRIANGULAR MATCH AT BALLARAT.

Failing in their efforts to arrange a match with the Ararat, Great Western and Jackson's Creek clubs, the Beaufort club entered into an agreement with the Ballarat Civilians club to fire on their ranges against them and a team from the Melbourne Rifle club, and journeyed thither by rail on Thursday morning. The weather did not promise fine, and throughout the day great unpleasantness was experienced from this cause. Arrived on the ground, a little delay was occasioned in starting work. Three targets were used at each range, the distances being 200 yds, 400 yds and 500 yds. The Beaufort team were rather taken aback at the outset by the statement that only solid drawn cartridges were to be used, an article to which they had never been accustomed, and which, owing to the allowance that it made on the elevation, was bound to have a marked effect upon their shooting. There being no alternative, however, they had to acquiesce in the terms of the local men. There we twelve men aside, and from the commencement to the conclusion of the match, one notable source of complaint was the manner of marking and signalling the shots, which was by no means so satisfactory as it should have been. The consequence was an undesirable loss of time and no little confusion amongst the scorers. Considering the disabilities of the weather, some very good shooting was done, notably that of A. Trompf, who made 89, the top score of the day, Archard, McRae, Thomas, and Chapman, for Beaufort, Marsh, with 85, Wiseman, and Reeve, for Melbourne; Mann, 83, and Davis, 83 for Ballarat. Until the last three squads went on to the mound, the Beaufort had a considerable lead over both of their opponent. But time was wasted over challenging the signals, and darkness and rain coming made accurate shooting an impossibility, the targets being almost invisible to the riflemen, and the scores made was more the result of guesswork than judgment. The Melbourne team ultimately won the match, Ballarat being second. Shortly after one o'clock, the three teams were were treated to a substantial lunch on the ground. The following are the results:—

MELBOURNE CLUB.

Yds—	200	400	500	Total
Marsh ...	27	29	29	85
Wiseman ...	23	33	25	[illegible]
Reeve ...	21	30	29	[illegible]
Page ...	28	26	25	[illegible]
Irving ...	23	27	28	[illegible]
Kellow ...	26	26	25	[illegible]
Wood ...	25	23	27	[illegible]
Eales ...	26	30	18	[illegible]
Clarke ...	21	32	21	[illegible]
Chapman ...	24	22	22	[illegible]
Simpson ...	18	20	24	[illegible]
Newnham ...	23	26	10	[illegible]
Totals	285	324	283	[illegible]

BALLARAT CLUB.

Mann ...	23	30	30	83
Davis ...	24	34	25	83
Graham ...	26	27	26	79
Glendenning...	28	21	22	71
Owen ...	14	30	32	76
Monsborough	23	27	26	76
Kay ...	19	27	26	72
Walker ...	23	24	25	72
Axford ...	20	28	23	71
Commons ...	30	25	16	[illegible]
Webb ...	12	28	27	67
Gilbert ...	18	30	13	61
Totals...	260	331	297	888

BEAUFORT CLUB.

Trompf ...	27	31	31	89
McRae ...	25	27	30	82
Archard ...	23	32	27	82
Thomas ...	28	24	28	80
Chapman ...	23	32	25	80
Male ...	24	30	22	76
Harris ...	25	28	22	75
Keith ...	26	26	17	69
McKeich ...	18	25	20	63
Jackson ...	15	28	20	63
Prowse ...	20	28	9	57
Wotherspoon	15	10	15	40
Totals ...	269	321	266	856

After the Shooting, three cheers were given all round, and the Melbourne captain asked the company to give three hearty cheers for the highest scorer of the day—Mr. A. Trompf He was the youngest rifleman on the ground, but they would admit that his consistent shooting had been admirable. The response was a hearty round of cheers. A rush was then made for the cabs and the party reached the city in safety.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably suprised at the utmost 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 too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Browne's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

The Ripon Shire Advocate.

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Poetry.

Endurance.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life;
Yet to see our sense the bitter pangs reveal
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see the sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill,
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still,
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But think it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own,
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,
This also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body; but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
Lo! all things can be borne.

Novelist.

THE RIVAL BELLES OF PARRAMATTA.

A CHARMING LOVE STORY OF INTENSE AND THRILLING INTEREST.

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I DID WRONG, PERHAPS, IN PERSUADING YOU TO MARRY ME."

It was the most terrible moment of beautiful, hapless Florabel's life. A hushed silence had ensued between them since the fatal answer had fallen from her lips—"Oh, Max! Heaven help me! I—I—cannot tell you what Arthur Hurlhurst is to me."

She had sunk on her knees before him, her beautiful golden hair falling in abandon about her death-white face, her little hands clenched tightly over her heart. She quite believed it was breaking, there was such intense pain with each throb.

She could feel his eyes burning down into her very soul; he was standing before her in the attitude of a judge before a criminal.

"What shall I say to you?" he cried, bitterly. "You have done that which, in the eyes of the world, would seem most appalling; the situation does not seem to strike you. Oh, fair of face and false of heart, you *shall* tell me what took you to the rose-arbor—*why* you kept that appointment!"

"Do not judge me so hardly, Max," she wailed out despairingly; and she was so lovely in her utter woe that his heart was touched in spite of himself.

He stepped nearer her, and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"Answer me this, Florabel," he said, in a low, hoarse, constrained voice, as though he hated the thought that prompted the question: "Has this man—any—any—claim upon you?"

The blood almost froze in his veins as he saw her bow her golden head in token of assent. He staggered back with a cry of anguish never to be forgotten.

"I ask from Heaven what I have ever done that I am so terribly punished?" he cried.

But from the blue heaven to which he appealed there was no reply.

"Some men meet with a cruel fate," he said, "but they deserve it. In my life I may not have done much good, but I have done no great harm. I am too honorable a man to be made a dupe of. I have no words," he continued, slowly, "in which to upbraid you; they are all weak and meaningless. To speak to you I want words that lash, scourge, and burn."

"Have pity," the poor child gasped, tears falling like rain down her face.

"You deserve none," declared Max Forrester, bitterly. "I did wrong, perhaps, in persuading you to marry me. You were very young and inexperienced. I thought you cared for me. You never told me you had a lover; you be-fooled me."

Her white lips parted in horror and dismay. She tried to answer him—to refute the cruel charge—but the words died away in her throat.

"It is time that we came to an understanding," he cried. "Never more shall you be wife of mine until this mystery is cleared. Do you hear me, Florabel? Though it wrecks my life, I will cast you out of my heart. Our paths shall lie asunder. I will give you to-day in which you can decide whether you will confess all to me. If by midnight you *still* refuse, I shall return to Sydney, and my object will be to secure a separation from you."

Even as he uttered the words he did not mean them; it was simply his intention to frighten the truth from her.

She uttered no word, no cry. She rose from her knees, turned slowly, and staggered from the room.

"I thought *you* were jealous of *me*," he cried out after her, with a harsh, bitter laugh. "Bah! With what consummate skill you have played that little comedy. It is I who have every reason to be jealous of you."

She did not turn her head. She walked slowly down the corridor and up to her own room. She had barely strength to ock the door. She shook as in an ague. She was cold. Her head reeled. Absolute pain and agony kept her from fainting. She lay down on her couch, with her face turned to the wall, trying to think, for now she had need of all her powers to know how to meet the terrible fate.

"I cannot betray poor Arthur, whom they are hunting down," she wailed. "If I told Max who he was, he would put the officers of the law on the track at once. Yet, how can I endure his suspicions? Oh, Heaven help me! I see a wrecked life either way!"

Suddenly it occurred to write to Arthur. He could tell her what to do. He could advise her.

She hurrried to her writing desk and penned a short note, which in her thoughtlessness she gave to one of the servants to mail.

"Take it yourself, and quickly, to the village post-office, John," she said, nervously, "and find out if it is in time for the ten o'clock mail. You will have barely time to reach there."

The servant mailed the letter, then reported to Florabel that he had been successful in getting the letter in just before the mail closed, and by this time it was on its way.

It so happened, as the man left Florabel's door, he met young Mr. Forrester in the corridor. At any other time he would not have deigned to pry into his wife's affairs; now he waved aside these delicate feelings. Intense curiosity had mastered him.

"John," he asked, sharply, "what did my wife want?"

And he flushed uneasily as the man turned and looked at him, surprised at the question.

"She wanted me to take a letter in great haste to the post-office, sir, and see if it would go out soon. I was telling her I was just in time to get it in the outgoing mail."

"John," said Max Forrester, speaking with difficulty, "you have been in the family long years, or I should not ask you the question I now ask; but I expect a straightforward answer. Did you see to whom that letter was addressed, and where it was going?"

"I could not help but notice, sir," the man answered respectfully. "It was addressed to the gentleman who just left here—Mr. Arthur Hurlhurst, Sydney. I cannot remember the street and number."

He saw Max Forrester's face turn white as death as he wheeled about and strode down the corridor toward his wife's apartments.

"Heaven help me! I hope I haven't said anything wrong," thought the old servant, in dismay. "There is a look on his face I don't like. Can there be any trouble between the young master and his bride, I wonder? Her eyes were swollen, as though she had been weeping. I am afraid there is something wrong."

Max Forrester passed on with hurried footsteps to his wife's boudoir, and in answer to his impatient rap there was a faint—

"Come in."

He opened the door and strode into the room. Florabel was sitting by the window, her face buried in her hands. She sprang up as he entered, and looked piteously into his face.

Had he come to make friends with her—to take her in his arms and kiss away her tears, whispering that no shadow must ever come between them?

But no. He strode up to her, seizing her with angry vehemence—with a force that would have shamed him if he had realised it.

"Florabel," he cried, hoarsely, "how *dared* you write to Hurlhurst? What was in that letter?"

She started back, quivering like a leaf. Then, like a haunted fawn driven at bay, she turned and faced him.

The husband and wife looked at each other. Anger, temper, pride shot out from "eyes that had once looked love to eyes that spake again."

"You are silent," he cried. "Answer me! I will get at the depths of this matter. Did you write him of that little scene down in the drawing-room?"

"Yes!" answered the poor child, incoherently.

He had taken her so much by surprise she did not have the opportunity of thinking of a suitable reply.

"Will you tell me what else you wrote?"

His voice, in its low, hoarse intensity, might have warned her, but it did not.

"No," she replied, faintly, "I cannot."

At that instant the blotter on her writing desk, which she had so lately used, caught his eye.

By some strange fatality the blotter was a new one, used only on that occasion, drying the ink on the hastily written note she had penned to Arthur.

What did those warning lines mean? He snatched it in his hand, an old college trick recurring to him, and held it before the mirror.

Oh, God! the pity of it. There, standing out in bold relief, he read these words, and they convicted poor, innocent, hapless Florabel in his eyes:

"DEAREST ARTHUR: I am in great trouble. Come to me and comfort me. My heart is breaking. Max suspects—"

This was all that was legible, but it was quite enough. Max Forrester turned to her with a bitter cry, his face fairly livid with passion.

"No need for me to ask what this man is to you, after such a proof as *this*!" he cried, hoarsely. "Now listen to what I have to say. To-night—aye, this hour—I leave you forever! I pray Heaven I may never look on your fair, false face again!"

Ere she could call out to him he was gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLORABEL'S FOLLY.

A moment later she heard the swift galloping of a horse going down the chestnut drive. Every clatter of the iron hoof struck a death knell to her heart.

No cry came from her white, closed lips that locked as though they would never open again; no statue, carved from stone or marble, was ever more silent or motionless. Outside the wind stirred the leaves of the trees, dying away in a low moan over the rose garden; but she never heard; she was deaf, dumb, and blind under this great stroke of anguish.

She was trying to realise that he had gone from her; that of his own free will he had left her—the lover who had wooed and wedded her; that she should never look upon his face again. It was utterly impossible—utterly absurd.

She heard the sound of a wild laugh, and was startled by not knowing that it was her own.

He had gone out of her life forever, to return no more, and he—her own husband—given to her before Heaven and man—how could he have left her forever?

Gradually the mist clears from her brain; her thoughts grow distinct, and she realises the full horror of the awful sorrow that has fallen upon her.

There must be a sense of something wrong in the household, for when John reached the servants' hall and saw Gregory, the maid, he said, hurriedly:

"I do not like the looks of matters about young master's apartments. It is a dreadful thing to say, but I am almost afraid that he has quarrelled with his young bride. I heard loud and angry words from their boudoir a little while since, then he rode away from the house like one mad. Make some excuse to go and speak to her. She will have little sympathy from his mother or Miss Clavering, poor thing! They have been trying to set him against her since he brought her here. It's a poor place for a bride in a mother-in-law's house."

"I will go to her at once," said Gregory, with her kindly face full of sympathy.

She hurried through the long marble corridor to Florabel's room.

The door was ajar. She pushed it open and entered. Gregory was startled at the ghastly face turned toward her.

Florabel looked up with startled eyes.

"Yes, I am in great trouble, Gregory," she said. "I may tell you—the whole world will know it soon—my husband has left me?"

As she uttered these words her lips quivered, and the hot, bitter tears fell like rain down her face.

"Left you!" echoed Gregory. "Oh, surely you don't mean it, ma'am. He has not left you for good. No man in his senses could have done that."

"It is quite true, Gregory," she answered, and her voice sounded like nothing human. "He has gone, never to return."

"Oh, poor child," and the woman paused; her horror was too great for words. "Poor child!" she gasped, "what shall you do? and you loved him so well!"

"That is it, Gregory," she answered, piteously. "What *shall* I do? I—I have heard of such things, but I hardly thought they were real. Oh, Gregory, what do other wives do when their husbands forsake them? I—I never thought what those wives did—never dreaming that such a thing could ever happen to me."

And the hapless girl turned in her agony to the older woman, who had seen and knew more of life.

"Are you quite sure there is no mistake?" said Gregory. "It seems so impossible."

"It is quite true," faltered Florabel, tears still falling like rain down her pale cheeks.

"Then, poor child, you ought to send for your relatives at once."

She never understood why Florabel drew back, looking so white and scared.

"I cannot stay here, Gregory," she sobbed. "I will go away. Think of the bitter anger and reproaches his mother and Miss Clavering would cast upon me if I were to stay here. They have made life bitter enough for me already."

"If you would but stay here, and not mind them, I am sure he would come back when his anger had time to cool. Most men are hasty. They always repent."

"He will never come back," wailed Florabel. "He said so. He left me with almost a curse on his lips," she cried, wringing her hands. "No, no, Gregory, I will not stay here. I am going away. You must help me to get my things ready. I am going to Sydney by the midnight express."

In vain the maid pleaded. Florabel was firm. His mother and Miss Clavering should not gloat over her terrible misfortune to her face, telling her they were right glad Max had left her *at last*, and that it was the wisest step he had ever taken. No, no, she could never endure that.

When Gregory found that she was firm in her purpose, with weeping eyes she helped her to pack the little hand-satchel she had brought with her.

"That was my mother's," she sobbed. "I shall take that with a few necessary articles. All the rest I shall leave behind."

"But your jewels!" cried Gregory, aghast. "Why, they are worth a small fortune, child. Surely you wouldn't leave *them* behind you."

"Yes," said Florabel, resolutely, "I shall leave them here."

In vain Gregory protested. She would not touch the jewels. Nor would she allow the faithful maid to accompany her to the railway station.

When the midnight train started, it carried with it poor Florabel.

She had left a note pinned to the cushion on her table. They would find it on the morrow, and that would explain all.

As for Max he had parted from Florabel in such bitter anger he hardly knew what he was saying. An hour's hard riding cooled his fevered brain.

"Had he been too hasty?" he asked himself. "Would it have been better and wiser to plead with his young wife to clear up this mystery, than to *command* her?"

She was a spirited little thing; he remembered that she always rebelled against coercion.

He would not ruin two lives by being too hasty. He would temporise with her. He turned his horse's head about, and rode slowly back through the dewy fragrance of the night.

Those notes might have meant nothing which Hurlhurst had slipped into Florabel's hand; perhaps the name of some piece of music, or a new book, and that meeting in the rose-arbor might have been accidental after all. He would not believe the fellow was anything to Florabel; that might have been an ingenious manner she had adopted to test his love for her, to allow him to imagine so.

He was fiery-tempered—the curse of the Forrester's for generations back had been passionate jealousy; it had led to grave results before now; and Max resolved to combat, step by step, the family foe.

It was a great concession for a man of his proud nature to make—to return, once more, and plead with her, for the old love's sake, to set the matter straight that was drifting them apart.

If it was a lesson to cure him from flirting with Inez Clavering he would heed and profit by it. Young and foolish wives had been known to try such experiments, to see if their liege lord's love had waned. He almost smiled as he entered the gates. There was a faint light in Florabel's room. She was expecting him to return, he told himself; all the rest of the house was dark as the tomb.

The hour was so late, he put up his horse without disturbing the groom; then hurried into the house, and no warning came to him of the blow that awaited him when he should reach his wife's boudoir.

He tapped lightly, but assuring himself she did not hear, he entered unceremoniously.

She was not losing her beauty-sleep by sitting up waiting for him—that was evident.

So many pretty little trifles, reminding him of Florabel, lay strewn about.

He saw her jewel-case, with the lid open, lying on the marble mantel. Ah! that was very careless of Florabel, indeed, to lay her jewels about like this. He must speak to her about it. Of course, the servants were all very honest, still it were best not to tempt them like this.

He closed the lid on the sparkling gems, and carried them in his hand toward the inner apartment.

"Florabel," he said gently, thrusting aside the pale blue plush portieres, hesitatingly, with his white hand—"Florabel, my darling?"

There was no answer. The stillness that reigned was oppressive. No golden-haired, little creature sprang forward to meet him, flinging herself, with sobs, into his outstretched arms, crying out how unhappy she was, because they had quarrelled. Where was Florabel?

CHAPTER XV.

"I WILL KEEP THEM APART FOREVER."

Max Forrester stood quite still in the boudoir, and glanced uneasily about him.

As his eye roved past the centre-table near him, he saw a letter lying on it, addressed to himself. At the first glance he had recognised Florabel's delicate chronography. What could that mean?

Then there came to him a conviction that there was some terrible sorrow in store for him. He turned up the gas-jet, and, sinking down in the nearest seat, tore the envelope open.

As he read, great drops of moisture gathered on his forehead; the wavering words seemed to be half hidden beneath a blood-red mist.

There were but a few lines, and read as follows:

"Max—When this falls into your hands I shall be far away from Forrester Villa. When you know all, you may find it in your heart, perhaps, to pardon Arthur for my sake. I am going to him now, to plead with him to come to you, and tell you all; for I could not—no, no, I *could* not. You took me into a life for which I was unfitted, and the end has come. When you hear our terrible story—for all the world must know sooner or later, Arthur says—by the old love I plead with you not to curse me, even though you bitterly regret your proud old name was ever linked with mine. Yours unhappily,

"FLORABEL."

He sprang from his seat with a cry of rage and pain that startled the whole household in that dead hour of the night, and brought the servants hurrying around him. They found him standing there in the middle of the room, his face as white as death, and intensely excited, as they gathered about him.

His mother and Miss Clavering had thrown on their dressing-gowns, and came hurrying to the scene; but where was Florabel, his young wife?

"I will go for his wife," cried the housekeeper. "How can she sleep amid such a din?"

"Hold," cried Max, as he started for the inner apartment. "She is not there. My wife has fled—gone to Arthur Hurlhurst. I have no wife! She has gone! Do you hear me? She has fled from me?"

The servants fell back with a low cry of consternation; his mother fainted.

"Heaven help us," cried the housekeeper. "Our young master must be mad to say such a thing."

Faithful Gregory uttered no word.

Max strode from the room, leaving them in little groups talking the matter over. Miss Clavering followed him out into the corridor, laying a little white, fluttering hand on his arm.

"I am sorry for you, Max," she said, "but you are best without her. I saw how it would end long ago, and I warned you. Let her go. Never let your heart break over the falsity of a woman."

"Think of the disgrace, Inez," he groaned. "By to-morrow every one will know it."

"You will have to face it," she declared. "Face it bravely, like a Forrester should."

"I tell you what I shall do," he cried. "I will follow Hurlhurst to the end of the world and hunt him down, showing him less mercy than I would a dog. Such men are not fit to live. He tempted Florabel away, and he shall answer for it by his life, or he shall take mine.

Inez Clavering was terribly frightened.

"Oh, Max," she cried, "do not do it. Your life is worth more than a thousand fickle hearts like Florabel's. She was only a—"

He stopped her short by an imperative gesture.

"No matter what she has done, do not say anything about my Florabel," he commanded. "I could not endure it;" and he turned on his heel and left her, strode back to Florabel's deserted boudoir, and locked himself in.

Meanwhile the train bearing Florabel was whirling swiftly toward Sydney.

Flight from her home seemed to Florabel, even in her excited, ill-reasoning state, a terrible step. But on the other hand, now that Max had deserted her, they would be glad she had gone, for they hated her.

When she reached Sydney she took a cab, and shortly after found herself at the street and number her brother had given her.

She rang the bell, and a tidy maid showed her into the parlor.

"No card?" she said, lifting her eyebrows in surprise. "Then who shall I say is waiting for Mr. Hurlhurst?"

"His sister," responded Florabel, simply.

A few moments later and Arthur Hurlhurst came hurrying into the room. He cried out in alarm when he saw her white face:

"Great Heaven, Florabel!" he gasped. "What is the matter? Why are you here? What has gone wrong?"

"My life has gone wrong," she answered, simply. "My husband has left me, Arthur."

A chasm had suddenly yawned beneath his feet—a thunderbolt from a clear sky fallen on his head—he could not have been more astounded. He had not as yet received her letter.

"I—I—do not understand, Florabel," he cried. "I think my ears must be deceiving me. What is it you say?"

She stood before him like a drooping lily, her face pale, her lovely golden hair dishevelled, her hands clasped nervously together, her tear-wet, hazel eyes regarding him intently; and oh! so piteously.

"I said that my husband had left me, Arthur. He has gone out of my life forever. I—I could not remain in his mother's house, for she hated me, and I came away."

He fell back thunderstruck. He was litterly speechless.

"Take off your hat and cloak and sit down and tell me about it, Florabel," he said nervously..

She unfastened her long travelling duster, and there, in picturesque disarray, were the blue mull and white lace evening dress she had worn the evening before, with a spray of faded rosebuds clinging to the corsage.

He looked on in utter dismay. "Great heavens, did you travel in that?" he cried—"an evening toilet! Pray put on your cloak again. I did not know. I was not prepared to see you dressed like that. Put your cloak on quickly, before any of the servants see you."

"And now, Florabel," he said, "when she had complied, "let me hear all about this strange affair. I really thought you were one of the happiest and most loving of couples. What has gone wrong?"

His amazement grew when he heard her story.

"This is bad business," he said, slowly; "worse than I thought. Sending that letter to me, and your husband tracing what you had written on the back of a blotter was most unfortunate. You should have laughed him out of the idea when he accused you of meeting me."

"I could not tell an untruth," said Florabel, slowly.

"What a straight-laced little Puritan you are!" he said, impatiently. "Any other woman would have known enough for that, it seems to me."

"I could not tell him you were my brother, for I had taken a solemn oath not to reveal it," she said, with a sob.

"No, no; of course you could not," he agreed; "for if you had it would have all leaked out, and by this time I should have been in a prison cell. Forrester is not the fellow to spare me were I twenty times your brother."

"I believe you mistake him, Arthur," she replied earnestly. "He would not set the officers of the law upon you for my sake. You ask me why I am here, Arthur," she went on. "I will tell you. I want you to find Max and tell him all, and pray with him, plead with him, not to hate me, for father's sake and yours. For I love him so, oh, Arthur! I cannot live away from him."

Arthur's face had grown white as he listened.

"Why, that would ruin me, Florabel," he cried. "By doing so you would consign your only brother to prison, as sure as the sun shines. Keep our secret a little longer, and our trouble will blow over. I shall have made enough to make restitution; and when the money is paid, the charges against me will be withdrawn, and I will stand before the world again a free man. For the love of Heaven, be patient with me a little while, Florabel."

"How long will it be before you can get the money that you took paid back, brother?"

"Hush! Walls have ears!" he whispered, impatiently. "Don't talk so loud, Florabel. Some one might hear. You know what a reputation boarding-house mistresses have for keeping their ears to the keyhole when there is any one in the parlor.

"You ask how long it will take me to refund that money. Well, about three weeks, I should say. We must keep quiet that long. You shall stay here in this house. Mr. Dickson will find a room for you."

"Shall I be here three weeks—away from Max?" she asked, piteously, the tears starting to her hazel eyes.

"You will not complain, knowing it will save me," said Arthur.

As he walked slowly up to his room, his brows contracted into a deep frown.

"A pretty how-d'-do!" he muttered. "What shall I do, with Florabel on my hands, and she with no money, while I can barely get enough to pay my board from week to week? But one thing is evident—I must keep her and Forrester apart *forever* to save myself."

(To be Continued.)

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BY HARKLEY HARKER.

Ought a person, under any and all conceivable circumstances, to own the tie of kinship?

That is, suppose the brother becomes a drunkard? You say yes, he is a brother still. Suppose he become a "high-toned defaulter?" A brother still. Suppose your brother becomes a "vulgar," common thief, a burglar and a gaol-bird? Suppose he is sent to prison. Suppose—that horror!—that one's sister has turned her face toward perdition and walks wantonly. Oh, the Magdalen is always some one's sister! At all events her blood runs kin with some other one who is pure and manly, or womanly, and almost killed by the consciousness of the shame.

Then, I am not asking the mother whether her love is yet burning toward the very bad child. No doubt God has so made woman that her child is ever her child, beloved. Still, I think there are cases where so foul was the basement that—well, at least a father's indignation burned up his parental love. Say, at least, a father. As for that wonder, a mother's heart—well, who ever fathomed it? But my question was as to a brother and sister.

And I ask it upon the supposition that natural love may die in a brother's breast. I believe that. A wicked brother ought to be warned that, notwithstanding the relationship, he can go on in his evil and heart-breaking course till natural affection ceases to claim him and the hearts of his kindred—except that of a mother—cease to regard him with any tenderness. The wicked fellow is not quite as the stranger; no, for he is a kinsman, capable of disgracing the name, and perhaps incurring for his kin pecuniary and social liabilities of a most expensive and unbearable character. On which very account anger and shame, pain and anguish of mind, come into the breasts of those who love him, to absolutely kill all the affection they originally had for him. Even pity dies, as the innocent members of the group smart and blush under the shame which a castaway can inflict.

This ought to be said, because many a cruel wretch goes on his uncheckered way of profligacy actually presuming and calculating upon the rescuing love of relations. He thinks he can, at any time, lead himself on the honest shoulders of good men and women who lay in the same cradle with him. He lays the flattering unction to his heart that "Oh, they know I am their brother, and they love me. They will wipe away the results of my debauch and pay the charges of my scrapes, because they love their brother." No, sir. It does not follow that they love you, whether you show yourself lovely and to be loved, or not. It is high time, young scapegrace, that you awake to the fact that you are murdering love by torture of the inquisition of Satan.

Well, then. Granting that love may perish, may be quite starved out by the wicked courses of a bad brother or sister, what ought one to do then? I do not ask whether a brother or sister ought to try to reclaim and reform such a person. We ought to do that with all persons, so far as it is within our power. But I ask if we ought to try the rekindlings of love. Ought we to attempt the rewarming of our cold hearts? If we had in the case our brother repents—and all would confess that we had, and that it is easy so to do, easy to throw the arms about the evil-doer as he stands begging for our love, and all penitential tears—ought we to try to love him if he repents not? Shall we accuse ourselves that we do not?

I believe the highest grade of morality would give but one answer. We ought to love ever, and love on. If we were as good as our mother—and his mother—we certainly should. I am not encouraging the wicked brother in his presumption; I have just warned him. But I believe it is really the saddest of all sad effects of a bad brother's course that he has impoverished our hearts. We are by so much less the men and women we might have been had he not quenched in our breasts a noble flame, a sacred love. We owe it to ourselves, not to speak of him, to prevent his inflicting such devastation upon our inward being. The best of our group—the brother with the big heart, the sister who is nearest like mother—these love on, and love ever. It is only the shallowest of our number who give way. All will admit that they have somewhere seen a brotherhood or a sisterhood that nothing could poison; a high and noble flame of love that no vileness could quench. I think that is the ideal.

If so, how shall we reach such heights of love? If our brother were insane we would know how to tie his frenzied hands, to dir-arm him, to keep off his gnashing teeth, that he did not wound our flesh. But how to keep a cast-away brother from desolating our hearts by making us hate him? Ah, that is indeed a question. Perhaps it can never be quite done. He will hurt our affections more or less, as in his frenzy he might wound our bodies more or less.

But yet, to be forewarned is, in a measure, to be forearmed. We must will to love on, and love ever. There is much in that. We may at once resolve never to forget the attractive elements of the bad brother's character; no man is all bad, nor was always bad. To recall the pretty boyish face, the days of childish innocence, the charm of infantile grace, and ever keep them in mind, so loving him by memory of what he ever was. This helps—oh, yes, it helps, as many a bereaved heart can testify. There have been undoubtedly noble deeds of self-denial and heroism, deeds of sacrifices, of which you, sir, where the recipient. You must not forget, sir, how this now profligate drunken brother saved your life in the boyish swimming pool or on the ice. You must not forget how grandly he shouldered his musket and went forth to war for the flag. Then, too, there are lovely traits in him now. Why he, maybe, has readier tears than you for the sight of woe. He is his own worst enemy quite probably, and would turow his life away for a friend. Has he not gifts that are engaging? His voice in song, his flashes of wit, his mental powers if only rightly directed, his handsome face and form, if only the blur of sin, and crime, and habits base could be wiped away by the favor of a forgiving God. Then, too, blood is thicker than water. He is beloved by your mother. His suffering wife loves him, poor thing! His abused children—whom you pity as you love them—love the wicked father, your brother. Most of all, God loves him; and ye who would be godlike, will love on, and love ever, feeding your love on faith and hope, with charity considering yourselves lest ye also be tempted and fall.

A Hotel Incident.

Some of our hotels in the smaller Dakota towns are not all they should be. And a few years ago they were worse than they are now.

I remember about four years ago at Castlewood which is very hard to forget. A friend and myself drove up about sundown and asked the proprietor, who was standing out front, if we could stay all night. He looked gloomy and glanced up the street and scowled and asked us if we had any chewing tobacco about us. Then he kicked a dog that trotted past and said he supposed he would have to keep us.

We tied the horses out in the back yard, where they had the protection of a clothes line, and went in. About fifty railroad graders were engaged in wiping their faces and hands on the towel. We went about half-way upstairs and sat down on a step.

After the graders had eaten, the proprietor came past and happening to see us said:

"What the blazes ye ducks doin' up there?"

"This was the only place we could find to sit down," replied my companion.

"Who in thunder air ye anyway?"

We explained to him that we were guests of the house who had recently arrived.

"Well, ye can't get no supper here," he said. "The men'hev et it all up. I reckon ye might git some crackers over at the store."

We went down and started out, when he said:

"Ye fellers hain't got no baggage I notice."

"We have a team and buggy."

"Oh, blank the team 'n' buggy—prob'ly both stole. Ye'll have to pay in advance."

"How much is it?"

"Ten shillings apiece an' 'bout four shillings for stablin' the team."

We paid and went over to a store and got some crackers. While there we learned the landlord's name was Wrath, or something like that, and that he was a reformed missionary who used to work among the Sioux Indians.

When we went to bed we discovered that the hotel was not finished. The partitions between the rooms were lathed up about four feet from the floor and there stopped.

As I intimated, Castlewood was a new place. The oldest inhabitants were in the bedsteads. Several millions of them came out, however, during the course of the night and tried in their humble, unassuming way to entertain the guests.

Early in the night a long railroad grader with a head of hair like an evergreen tree, who slept in room number 15, sat up in bed, reached over the partition and extracted the pocket-books from our pantaloons. Then he took both pairs of pantaloons over and tried them on, but they were too small and he threw them back.

Later the gentleman in number 13 reached over, and not finding any pocket-books, took our watches. He said he had his opinion of people who travelled without any money.

About every half hour during the night a man would come upstairs drunk and fall into our room and insist that it was his. Then he would rip around a while and break a few laths and pull us out of bed, and after we would convince him that it was not his room he would explore our pockets and abuse us because we were dead-beating our way about the country without money or collateral.

Then occasionally the landlord would wander in sort of aimlessly and drive a couple of nails over the window so there would be no possibility of our getting it up. Then he would tell us that the right to snore in the Grand Pacific hotel was confined to regular boarders, and step on the floor to see if there was any pocket-book in them.

Then occasionally a couple of slats would fall out of our bed and somebody would chuck an empty flask into our pen.

We went down to breakfast late and found Mr. Wrath standing around the table looking sickly and wearing a calico dressing gown adorned with pictures of an old hen and three pups on top of a beaned flannel around at the time of the flood.

When we went into the dining-room a woman was finishing her toilet in one corner. She laid her black hair on one end of the table and went out and brought in our breakfast.

It consisted of two small buckwheat cakes with teeth marks on them and two round pieces of beefsteak. There were no teeth marks on the steak, but we could see where former guests had fired their revolvers at it and dented it.

"Jes' rub yer cakes on the meat an' you'll find it makes 'em a powerful sight more edifying," said Mr. Wrath as he paced up and down the room and looked at the ceiling.

After we went out in the office I mentioned the fact that we had been robbed.

"S'posen I hadn't collected my bill last night—where would I be now?" inquired Wrath.

I admitted that I didn't know.

"I notice," he continued, "that somebody has stole a hind wheel off'n yer buggy—I reckon ye kin put a rail under an' git out of town. There hain't no buggy-makers here."

Queer Customs.

The modes of salutation among savages are very curious. Kissing, which seems so natural to civilised people, is quite unknown to Australians, New Zealanders, Papuans, Esquimaux, and other races. The Polynesians and Malays sit down when speaking to a superior; in South Africa the natives turn their backs in similar circumstances; while some tribes in the Neilgherry Hills of Hindostan show respect by placing the thumb of an extended hand to the tip of the nose. The Esquimaux pull a man's nose as a compliment; and the Chinaman puts on his hat where we take it off. In China, too, a coffin is considered to be a very tasteful and appropriate present for an aged person or an invalid. The original idea of marriage among savages seems to have been mostly one of possession. A wife was generally a war captive, and hence arose the custom of marriage by capture. All over the world it is found that, after even friendly preliminary arrangements have been made between the parents of the happy couple, the bridegroom always makes some pretence of carrying off his bride; and probably to the same origin as this ceremony has been traced the custom of lifting the bride over the door-step, which occurred among the Romans and other nations.

The worship of animals is found widely distributed over the whole world; and this worship may possibly be traced to the very common system of calling families after animals—a system which easily led to a belief that the families were related to or descended from the animals whose names they bore, and ultimately crystallised into worship. In many cases the religious ideas of the lower races were greatly influenced by the phenomena of sleep. Men's minds are often active in dreams when the body is still, and so savages imagined that during sleep man wandered away to visit absent friends in far distant regions. Therefore they believe that a man has a spirit that can leave the body. The analogy between sleep and death could hardly have failed to strike even a savage; and, as it was seen that men awoke from sleep, so the idea was conceived of rising from the tomb. The lowest savages appear to be entirely devoid of any belief in a future life, but when once the idea is grasped it is tenaciously retained. Even the early Britons readily lent money on premise of repayment in the next world. It is a very common belief among the lower races of man that as a person dies so he will rise again. The Fijians are so fully convinced of this that directly the first symptoms of old age appear they eagerly put an end to life. Consequently in many Fijians no old people are to be seen.

His Proposals.

(He was about to pop the question to the girl of his choice, and was trying to decide how he should do it.)

First he thought of the knightly proposal in the style of the middle ages: "By my halidome, fair maid, say thou wilt be mine, and the holy friar shall unite us ere another sun gilds the turrets of the City Hall!"

Then he considered the theatrical style: "I have long loved you in secret, go-ur-r- and though I am not rich, I can offer you the true and unselfish devotion of me whole ha-a-r-r-t!"

He thought perhaps the easy conversational style might do: "Well, Alicia, I *may* call you Alicia, mayn't I?—everyone thinks we are going to be married! Ha ha! Suppose we *do* get married, just to please 'em!"

But, after all, he did it something like this: "Er—Miss Alicia—er—excuse the familiarity; but—er—er—will you—er—Oh, Lord!" And then she came to the rescue, and said: "That'll do, Willie, dear; it's all right, and I know papa and mamma will be so pleased!"

The Parson's Joke.

A clergyman, a widower, recently created quite a sensation in his household, which consisted of seven grown-up daughters. The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a number of days, visiting in an adjoining county. The daughters received a letter which stated that he had "married a widow with six sprightly children," and that he might be expected home at a certain time. The effect of that news was a great shock to the happy family. The girls, noted for their meekness and amiable temperaments, seemed another set of beings; there was weeping, and wailing, and tearing of hair, and all manner of naughty things were said. The tidy home was neglected, and when the day of arrival came the house was anything but inviting. At last the Rev Mr. X. came; but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual, and, as he viewed the neglected apartments, there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious. At last the eldest mustered courage and asked:

"Where is our mother?"

"In heaven," said the good man.

"But where is the widow with six children whom you wrote you had married?"

"Why I married her to another man, my dears," he replied, delighted at the success of his joke.

Magistrate (to prisoner): "What impelled you to suicide?"

PRISONER: "It was a conversation I overheard, sir, on the boat coming down from Sydney. One of 'em said, 'Who's oo ducky?' The other said: "I'se oo ducky, whose ducky is oo?" So I happened to have some deadly poison in my pocket and I swallowed it."

A butcher said of a rival in business: "He's a nice chap, he is. He's always ready to meet his customers half-weigh!"

No matter how selfish a doctor may be, he is always a man of feeling. He invariably feels the pulse of his patients."

SUPPLEMENT.

Farm and Garden.

Schemes.

Schemes for swindling farmers are in operation constantly because they can be worked easily. They are successful not because farmers are over-credulous or lacking in common sense but because they do not fortify themselves against the wiles of smooth-tongued solicitors by information always accessible if reasonable effort be made to obtain it. Thus the Bohemian oat swindlers have taken from farmers thousands of pounds through palpable fraud that left really no excuse for their victims who could at any time have had ample protection if they had read the papers in which exposures of their fraudulent schemes have been made so many times that to intelligent readers they have become stale. So with innumerable patented swindles by which the profits of many farmers have been absorbed—swindles that would have been quite impossible if farmers had been readers of papers conducted in their interest. A man may have good practical sense in managing the business of a farm, he may be skilful in every branch of the work, a good farmer, successful in getting full crops and in marketing them, yet unacquainted with the pitfalls prepared especially to entrap him and therefore an easy victim to the rascals who know his peculiarities. How shall he be protected? Simply by more knowledge. He must read more—read the papers that will serve to guard him against the schemes that entrap unwary feet. Perhaps he will say he can find no time to read, or that he can not afford to pay for a paper. Bosh! all bosh. He deceives himself and he has no excuse when deceived by others. To save a pound or two he takes the risk of losing a hundred and in one way or another he is pretty sure to lose it. It is this false economy that makes him the prey of designing rascals who practice their arts with confidence because they deal with ignorance. Farmers have only themselves to blame when they are cheated by devices that would count for naught if they were reasonably informed.

Value of Wood Ashes.

There is still many a farmer who does not know the value of wood ashes upon the land, and it will be a happy day for agriculture when all the products of our wood fires shall be turned in the direction of the farm instead of being sold to the soap-maker. In the *Popular Science News*, Dr. J. R. Nichols gives the result of an analysis of ashes taken from his own fireplace, and here it is. He says. "One hundred pounds held 19.85 of alkaline matter soluble in water, and consequently if we estimate the value of commercial potash at fourpence per pound, we have a cash potash value in one hundred pounds of ashes of six shillings. A bushel of ashes weighs thirty-four pounds, and hence the potash value of a bushel of ashes (fractions omitted) is two shillings."

From these results, it is easy to see how much better it is for the farmer to retain his ashes for the farm, and pay cash for his soap, at any price which the soap-maker would be willing to pay.

Besides the valuable salts of potash, wood ashes contain phosphoric acid, soluble silica, etc., which add greatly to their value as a fertilising material. It is safe to say that every bushel of wood ashes made upon the farmer's hearthstone or in the stove, is worth as a fertiliser for the farm the sum of two shillings, and how many thousands of bushels have been sold in America to be leached and made into commercial potash, at fivepence to sixpence per bushel, and paid for in store goods at that. The soap makers may offer tenpence per bushel now to be paid in soap, but that is not half their real value as a fertiliser, and the farm may be sorely in need of the very substances they contain.

Removing the Horns.

To take the horns off the calves a correspondent of an exchange says as follows:—The operation of dehorning a calf is so simple and so easily performed that one feels almost ashamed to describe it for publication. In the genus bos the horn proper is a hollow appendage of the skin. In the very young calf this appendage is merely the matrix of the future horn. At the age of ten or fifteen days this matrix is a small, hairless, movable prominence. This matrix, together with a small band of true hairy skin, one-eighth of an inch wide, can be removed by one sweep of a strong, sharp pocket-knife, and forever after the animal will be hornless. Throw the calf on its side, let an assistant press the side of the head to the earth. Let the operator now grasp the matrix between the thumb and two fingers of the left hand, place the knife one-eighth of an inch outside the naked matrix, and with firm, steady pressure, cut through to the opposite side, the knife passing between the base of the matrix and the skull, so that a rim of hairy skin one-eighth of an inch wide remains attached to the base of the matrix now amputated and held in the left hand. Turn the calf on the other side and in like manner remove the other matrix. This simple operation causes very little pain, the loss of only one ounce of blood, and soreness for only a day or two; the calf is not injured or stunted, does not lose its appetite, and the wounds heal more quickly than those caused by castrating. The writer first performed this operation in the spring of 1868, and has performed it annually since. His observations are that the dehorned cattle mature earlier, grow larger, and never injure each other. He is of the opinion that more hornless than horned cattle may be shipped in a truck. As to the plan working, the writer says it does, and that he practices it all the time. He, therefore, ought to know.

That Horse Taming Secret.

Apropos of "Horse Whispering," a correspondent points out that the mystery is very simply explained by Borrow. Here are his words in the "Romany Rye": "I knew a cob in Ireland that could be driven to a state of kicking madness by a particular word used by a particular person in a particular tone: but that word was connected with a very painful operation which had been performed upon him by that individual, who had frequently employed it at a certain period while the animal had been under his treatment. The same cob could be soothed in a moment by another word used by the same individual in a very different kind of tone—the word 'deaghblasda,' or sweet tasted. Some time after the operation, while the cob was yet under his hands, the fellow—who was what the Irish call a fairy smith—had done all he could to soothe the creature, and had at last succeeded by giving it gingerbread buttons, of which the cob became passionately fond. Invariably, however, before giving it a button he said 'Deaghblasda,' with which word the cob by degrees associated an idea of unmixed enjoyment. So, if he could rouse the cob to madness by the word which recalled the torture to its remembrance, he could easily soothe it by the other word, which the cob knew would be instantly followed by the button, which the smith never failed to give him after using the word 'deaghblasda.'"

Mr. Hunter (with much feeling on pressing her hand at parting)—"Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed."

MISS BOND: "Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre."

Judge (to condemned murderer)—"Is there anything you want to say why judgement should not be passed."

MURDERER: "It was always the wish of the deceased to die suddenly."

Jones (to his friend)—"Yes, old boy, I've determined to economise on car-fare, and walk home from the office every day. By the way, let's go in and take something. It's a devilish long walk home."

Sketcher.

Chief of Stranglers.

Many of the great criminals whom I have seen bore in their faces a terrible warning of what they were; but with the Thugs of Jabapur it is not so. These human vampires who now gather round me, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, every one of whom has taken more lives than any public executioner in Europe, are to the outward eye a set of quiet, slouching, meagre old men, who might be a gang of beggars, a group of harmless village folk, a party of superannuated native workmen, or anything on earth but what they really are.

"That's the chief," whispers my guide, pointing to a small, lean, gray-beard, with a white turban, who is sitting before the nearest hut, rocking a child on his knee, and stroking its thin, little, brown face with the hand that has shed the blood of his fellow men like water.

"Ask him," rejoined I, "how many murders he has committed."

A momentary gleam of cunning twinkles in his snake eyes. The old tiger is evidently suspicious, and stands on his guard.

"I cannot tell," he answers, with an indifference which, under such circumstances, has in it something indescribably ghastly. "I didn't keep count of them beyond a hundred."

"Now, before we go," says I to our conductor, "I mean to see for myself how the strangling was done. Oblige me by telling this man to put his noose around my wrist, for I don't care to trust him with my throat."

The savage eagerness with which the withered old skeleton obeys the call—as if filled with fresh life by even the make-believe show of murder—is fearful to see. Knotting a small coin into the corner of his handkerchief to give him a sure hold, he slips the noose round my arm and then, bringing his knuckles together with a sudden twist, gives my wrist a squeeze and almost makes the bone crack.

The awful change that passes over his face at this moment baffles all description. His dull, flimsy eyes seem to blaze with hell-fire, his sharp, white teeth are laid bare in a wolfish grin, his shriveled, corpse-like features quiver with a ferocious joy so fiendish that an actual demon starting up before me could scarcely be more appalling. The thought of that face bending over some helpless man in the gloomy depths of the forest, just as the fatal noose tightened, is altogether too much for my nerves, and it is with a long breath of relief that I find myself outside the fatal inclosure once more.

The History of the Umbrella.

In Queen Anne's time, it is mentioned both by Swift and Gay it is employed by women, but up to the middle of the eighteenth century it appears never to have been used in England by men, though Wolfe, the future conqueror of Quebec, wrote from Paris, in 1752, describing it as in general use in that city, and wondering that so convenient a practice had not penetrated to England. Hanway, the famous traveller and philanthropist, who returned to England in 1750, is said to have been the first Englishman who carried an umbrella; and a Scotch footman, named John MacDonald, who had travelled with his master in France and Spain, mentions in his curious autobiography that he brought one to London in 1778, and persisted in carrying it in wet weather, though a jeering crowd followed him, crying, "Frenchman, why don't you get a coach!" In about three months, he says, the annoyance almost ceased, and gradually a few foreigners and then some Englishmen followed his example. Defoe had described an umbrella as one of the contrivances of Robinson Crusoe, and umbrellas therefore were in consequence at one time called "Robinsons." They were long looked on as a sign of extreme effeminacy, and they multiplied very slowly. Dr. Jamieson, in 1782, is said to have been the first person who used one at Glasgow; and Southey's mother, who was born in 1752, was accustomed to say that she remembered the time when any one would have been hooted who carried one in the streets of Bristol. A single coarse cotton one was often kept in a coffee house to be lent out to customers, or in a private house, to be taken out with the carriage and held over the heads of ladies as they got in or out; but for many years those who used umbrellas in the streets were exposed to the insults of the mob, and to the persistent and very natural animosity of the hackney coachmen, who bespattered them with mud and lashed them furiously with their whips. But the manifest convenience of the new fashion secured its ultimate triumph, and before the close of the century umbrellas had passed into general use.

A Curious Wager.

A wager was made early in the last century by a banker named Bulliot. He was a firm believer in the superstition that if rain falls on St. Swithin's day (July 15), it will also fall, more or less, for forty days after. St. Swithin's day in the year 1725 was very wet, and so Bulliot offered to bet any one who chose to put down his money that the next forty days would be rainy. So many persons showed a desire to take up this wager that its terms were reduced to writing as follows: "If, dating from St. Swithin's day, it rains more or little for forty days successively, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; but if it ceases to rain for only one day during that time, Bulliot has lost." On these terms Bulliot betted against all who presented themselves. He was so confident of success that he placed money against articles of value of every description. People brought gold-headed canes, snuff-boxes, jewels, even clothes; and Bulliot wagered as much money against them as he considered they were worth. When his stock of cash came to an end he issued notes and bills of exchange to such an extent that it was said he had paper money out to the value of 100,000 crowns. All this naturally excited a great deal of public curiosity, and the rash man found himself quite fashionable for the time being. Verses were made in his honor, a play was produced which had him for its hero; in a word, he attracted as much attention as if he had been a monarch or a famous statesman. But unfortunately for Bulliot, St. Swithin, was not true to his character. For the first twenty-one days of the stipulated time more or less rain fell. The twenty-second day, however, was bright and cloudless, and night came on without there being the slightest sign of rain. Bulliot was ruined, and ruined so completely that he was unable to meet the notes and bills that bore his name. The holders of these tried to enforce payment; but the ancient law did not recognise debts of this kind any more than does the law of modern days. They were accordingly nonsuited, and their debts declared irrecoverable.

Wife (to husband)—"I caught Bridget starting the fire this morning with kerosene, John."

HUSBAND—"How much do we owe her?"

WIFE—"Four months' wages."

HUSBAND—"Well, let her go on with the kerosene."

"**Rev. Mr. Sticker**:—"So you don't think I practice what I preach, deacon?"

DEACON KICKER:—"Well, considering that you've been preaching on the subject of 'resignation' for the last forty-nine years, I dont quite think you do."

Minister—"And do you like to go to church with your papa and mamma, Bobby?"

BOBBY (inclined to be non-committal): "Well, I guess I like it as well as pa does."

Health.

The Smoke Cure.

An intelligent and trustworthy correspondent has sent us the following:—"The smoke of woollen rags is a cure for the most dangerous wounds."

A lady of my acquaintance ran a machine needle through her finger. She could not be released till the machine was taken to pieces. The needle had broken in her finger in three places, one of which was bent almost double. After repeated trials the pieces were extracted by pieces, but they were very strongly imbedded. The pain reached to the shoulder, and there was every danger of lockjaw. The woollen rags were put over the coals, and she held her finger over the smoke, and in a very short time all the pain was gone, and it returned, though it was some little time before the finger healed. This is one of many instances of such cures, some of them taking place after several days from the time of the wound. Let wooden rags be kept sacredly and always at hand for wounds. The smoke and stench will fill the house, perhaps, but that is a trifle when the alternative is lockjaw; or even a long, painful sequel to the wound. Another instance, was the wound made by an enraged cat, which tore the flesh from the wrist to the elbow, and bit through the fleshy part of the hand. One ministration of the smoke extracted all the pain which had been frightful.

Effect of Imprisonment on the Mind.

To the ordinary mind, full of busy schemes and plans for future good, in the many acitve and fruitful years which people are so sure remain to them, the condition of one condemned to die at the hands of the law is inconceivable. To the sick, ofttimes the restraint which comes from their own weakness, the irksomeness of inactivity, is harder to bear than all the agonies of pain and disease. This is but the beginning with the prisoner. Withdrawn from all the interests of the world, having no longer any part in humanity, destined at a fixed hour to have the poor remnants of his pale and shadowy life choked out of him at the hands of the race of which he was once a part, he must count the days and hours that remain to him till that agonising moment when he shall, before the unpitying eyes of the community he has wronged, writhe out that wretched existence, to which he yet as an animal clings. All crime probably has an element of insanity in it. There is something abnormal and unbalanced, there is no sense of proportion, no idea of values. All things are seen through a refracting medium which strangely distorts and falsifies them. But under the strain of prison life the sanest mind cannot long retain its tone.

Plants in the House.

The question of the effect of house plants upon the health of those who sleep in rooms in which they are grown, is a disputed one. Indeed pretty nearly all questions are mooted ones. A recent writer affirms that it is foolish to boldly say that there is no danger to health from this source. He points out the fact that the plants are frequently diseased; that the soil in which they are planted is not very health giving, to say the least, and that the fertilisers used would be better away from a person than near him. It must be noted in answer to all this that while there is truth in what this writer says, it is but a small truth. We are all the time surrounded by much more extensive and fertile causes of disease and do not appear to suffer from them. The average house contains much more fertile causes of disease than have been pointed out by this writer. Then what does experience teach us? Theories often sound all right, but they do not always accord with practice. The fact is that experience has demonstrated that there is no danger to health from plants in the sleeping-room. Science itself is most strongly on that side of the question, but we need go no further in our inquiries than to experience.

Ancient Views on Temperance.

Nearly a century ago Johnson said: The water-drinker glides tranquilly through life without much exhilaration or depression, and escapes many diseases to which he would otherwise be subject. The wine-drinker experiences short but vivid periods of rapture and long intervals of gloom. He is also more subject to disease. The balance of enjoyment, then, turns decidedly in favor of the water-drinker, leaving out his temporal prosperity and future anticipations, and the nearer we keep to his regime the happier we shall be. Here, however, as in all other things, there is a certain latitude within the range of health and happiness which the wise man and the philosopher will occasionally traverse round, but not exceed. The native fountain is in the centre of this circle, and from it our eccentric divergences should be narrowly watched and carefully limited.

The Cause of Infectious Diseases.

It is generally believed at the present time that the peculiar poisonous matters, the immediate cause of infectious diseases, are living germs or organisms, which are introduced into the body through the mouth or lungs. Consonant with this theory, it is accepted that these germs exist in nature; are always somewhere awaiting, as it were, conditions favorable for their continued development. If this is believed, then it follows that for each infectious disease there is a specific germ or poison which is capable of giving rise to that disease and no other. The germ theory has been established by facts in several diseases, and it seems highly probable that further investigation will yet prove that it is properly accepted for all infectious diseases.

Lead Mechanically Mixed with Water.—It has been proven beyond all doubt that waters which circulate or stand in leaden pipes or vessels not only take up particles of lead through mechanical action due to friction, but attack the metal, the result being generally lead carbonate. Minute quantities of lead introduced into, and accumulating in, the system must rank among the causes of anæmia and defective nutrition in large towns.

Superfluous Hair.—The removal of superfluous hair from the skin is possible both by means of depilatories and by electricity. The former are mostly preparations of sulphide of barium or sulphide of calcium, and the process by electricity is very slow, each hair root having to be killed separately.

Healthfulness of Oysters.—A wealthy New York physician declares it as his belief that "the oyster is the most healthful article of food known to man."

The Danes and Normans did not quite succeed in conquering Ireland, having been decisively defeated at Clontarf by the King of Dublin when their hold upon the country seemed within their grasp. They had been long established in Ireland.

Stout man (whose appetite had been the envy of his fellow-boarders)—"I declare I have lost three buttons off my vest?"

MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE (who had been aching to give him a hint)—"You will probably find them in the dining-room, sir."

Customer (getting measured)—"How much are these trousers going to cost me?"

TAILOR—"Four pounds, sir. How many pockets do you want in them?"

CUSTOMER—"None. I won't need any pockets after I've paid for the trousers."

Ladies' Column.

Love's Sleep.

Deep within my lady's eyes
Sleeping Love in ambush lies;
Ne'er before have been invented
Means to make him so contented.

Dost thou dare the lad awake
At thy pearl? He will take
Vengeance for his broken sleep,
And thy heart forever keep.

He hath found a fitting nest,
Let the world awhile have rest.
Have a care and turn away,
Lest he seize thee for his prey.

If thou rouse him thou wilt rue it,
And a single glance will do it,
He who meets those wondrous eyes
By Love's shaft that moment dies.

Victoria's Railway Carriages.

The saloon carriages in which the Queen travels between England and Scotland are so exceedingly comfortable that even a long journey in them cannot fatigue the passengers. There are two double saloons, which communicate by a passage, and they are always placed in the centre of the rain. They have solid wheels and specially manufactured springs, so that the motion of the train is hardly perceptible. Each saloon contains separate sets of electric bells—one for attendants and the other for the officials, and the ringing of the latter causes the train to stop with all speed. The day saloon has sofas, easy chairs, reading tables, a writing table and a table for meals if they are to be taken in the train. The night carriage has thickly curtained windows, and contains two beds of the cot shape usually seen in the principal cabins of large yachts; and there is a lavatory compartment adjoining, in which is a large hip bath. Both saloons are lighted by gas, the lamps being well shaped, and the floors have thick carpets and mats, and the ceilings are thoroughly padded. The curtains are drawn the whole length of the day saloon after dusk. The Queen travels with a prodigious number of dispatch boxes and bags and parcels of books and bundles of rugs and wraps, for which there are huge racks.

Through the Storm.

I heard a voice, a tender voice, soft falling,
Through the storm;
The waves were high, the bitter winds were calling,
Yet breathing warm;
Of skies serene, of sunny uplands lying
In peace beyond;
This tender voice, unto my voice replying,
Made answer fond;
Sometimes, indeed, like clash of armies meeting,
Arose the gale;
But over all that sweet voice kept repeating,
"I shall not fail."
—NORA PERRY.

At the French seaside resorts, bathing is the chief amusement, but it is a far different thing from bathing in America. The Frenchman attires himself in sumptuous robes, with Turkish slippers, a cigarette, and eye-glasses. Then he promenades along the beach with the air of a Roman emperor. Occasionally he allows the water to dash about his ankles, and even to his knees, but never above that point. After an hour or two of such elegant attitudinising, he retires with the air of a conqueror. The French lady who bathes invariably wears high-healed shoes laced almost to her knees. Her bathing dress is made with long-trained skirts, which she holds above the reach of the waves with one hand, while with the other she holds a fan and a smelling-bottle. She is always accompanied by a maid, who holds a parasol over her head. She allows the water to dash about her ankles, and wet her shoes. But, as she wears oil-silk stockings, her feet do not become wet.

The Value of the Tomato.

Few fruits have proved so useful in the family as the tomato, which fifty years ago was hardly known at all, and which, only a generation since, was more a curiosity than an object of use. Not only can this plant be raised successfully on almost any soil, and even in window-boxes and in its own abandoned and dishonored cans, but when picked green it can be forwarded long distances, being firm to resist injury from jarring and improving the time by ripening on the way. In summer, in its fresh ripeness, it makes one of the most cooling salads that we have, and one of the most piquant sauces; it is canned by every prudent housekeeper for winter use, giving in time of snow a taste of summer to the table; it makes, chopped with onions and peppers, a fine and lasting pickle; and put up and boiled with sugar, slices of lemon, and ginger root, it makes a preserve rivalling the most toothsome East India sweetmeats.

A Speedy Cure for Whooping-Cough.—Moon, a Norwegian physician, is reported to have been able to cure whooping-cough by means of inhalations of sulphurous anhydride. In the first instance this was done accidentally while disinfecting some rooms, subsequently it was done by burning six drachms of sulphur per cubic metre of space; the bedding, etc., being well exposed to its influence. After the room had been closed for four hours, ventilation was restored, and the children put to sleep in the beds impregnated with the sulphurous vapors. In the morning the cough had ceased.

HOUSEHOLD.

Tasty Dishes.

SOUPS.

Beef Soup.—Ingredients: ¾ lb. of lean beef, ¼ lb. of rice, ¼ lb. each of turnip, carrot, and tomatoes, 3 stalks of celery, *or* 3 sprigs of parsley.

METHOD: Cut the meat into pieces about half an inch square; wash and pick over the rice; peel and cut into half-inch squares the turnip, carrot, and tomatoes; cut the celery or parsley very small. Put the meat in a soup-kettle with four quarts of cold water, and bring it slowly to a boil; then add the vegetables, prepared as above, a level tablespoonful of salt, and a quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper, and boil the soup gently until all its ingredients are tender. By the addition of boiling water increase the soup when it is done to its original quantity of four quarts; see that it is properly seasoned, and serve it hot.

FISH.

Eels Stewed a l'American.—Ingredients: 3 lb. eels, skinned and cleaned, and all the fat removed from the inside; 1 young onion, chopped fine; 4 tablespoonsful of butter. Pepper and salt to taste, with chopped parsley.

METHOD: Cut the eels in pieces, about two inches in length; season and lay in a saucepan containing the melted butter. Strew the onion and parsley over all, cover the saucepan closely, and set in a pot of cold water. Bring this gradually to a boil, then cook very gently for over an hour and a half, or until the eels are tender. Turn out into a deep dish.

Gibbens (who isn't handsome, but thinks he is, and ogles pretty girls)—"I want to get something which my wife will appreciate. Now, what do you suggest?"

SALESWOMAN: "Why don't you go into the saddler's, two doors below, and get her a pair of blinders?"

Boys and Girls.

Grandma's Angel.

Mamma said, "Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to tea."
I knew I must not disturb her, so
I stepped as gently along, tiptoe,
And stood a moment to take a peep—
And there was grandmother fast asleep.

I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or softly call;
But I hadn't the heart to do it at all—
She looked so sweet and quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair;
With her dear white hair and a little smile,
That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she told me so.

I went up close and didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on the cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
Just in a whisper, and then said this:
"Grandmother dear, it's time for tea."
She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said, "Why, pet, I have just dreamed
Of a little angel who came and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on the face,
She pointed at the very place!
I never told her 'twas only me;
I took her hand and we went to tea.

A Future Emperor.

On the 7th of May, 1882, there was great rejoicing in the city of Berlin, the home of William I., the venerable Emperor of Germany. Cannon were thundering, flags were flying, and joyous crowds of people were in the streets. All this merry-making was because on the evening before a tiny baby boy had opened his eyes on the world in the Marble Palace at Potsdam, one of the royal residences of Prussia.

This baby boy is now a sturdy little fellow of five years, "going on six," as children say. He is the oldest great-grandson of Emperor William, and also of Queen Victoria, and if God spares his life he will one day sit on the throne of Germany.

When this royal baby was a month old the christening ceremonies took place in the chapel at Potsdam. The scene was one of the most touching and solemn ever witnessed. The aged great-grandfather, with tears of emotion streaming down his cheeks, held the infant in his arms while the babtismal water was sprinkled on its forehead. On one side stood the grandfather and grandmother, the Crown Prince of Prussia and his wife, who is the oldest daughter of Queen Victoria, and on the other the youthful parents, Prince William and Princess Augusta. The baby, who was arrayed, in a long flowing robe of white silk heavily embroidered with silver, behaved with true princely dignity during the ceremony until his name was pronounced to be Frederick William Victor August Ernest, when he screamed lustily, and was carried away by his nurse to be laid in the cradle of state in which the royal infants of Prussia have been rocked for more than one hundred and fifty years.

Although little princes receive a great number of names, bestowed in honor of their royal relatives, they are known by one, or at the most two. This youngest heir to the German throne is called Prince William. He is a playful, robust boy, and enjoys romping with his two younger brothers, Frederick And Adalbert, like any other boy of his age. He is too young to give a thought to the grave responsibility which will one day be placed in his hands, or to realise that his great grandfather must soon pass away from earth, or that his grandfather, the good Crown Prince Frederick William, is so ill that there is little hope of his recovery.

Little Prince William has a very happy life. His young mother loves him dearly, and is very proud of her pretty boy; and there are many palaces where the patter of his little feet is sweet music. He is often taken to see his grandmamma in her palace at Berlin; and he likes "going to grandma's" as well as other little boys and girls do, for this royal lady is a true daughter of the good Queen Victoria, and her life with her family is as sweet and loving and familar as if she lived in a cottage instead of a palace. On pleasant afternoons she may often be seen with her grandchildren driving along the beautiful street called Unter den Linden, in Berlin, and under the arches of the Brandenburg Gate out into the great park, which is called the "Thiergarten." Here there are lakes with swans that come sailing up to the banks to be fed, and great cages in which are monkeys, tigers, enormous lions that roar so loud that they can be heard for a long distance, and many other kinds of beasts, and birds with beautiful plumage.

Potsdam is the place which Prince William likes best of all for here he can run in the beautiful park which surrounds the Marble Palace, ride on his pony, and play soldier with his young companions. There are five royal palaces at Potsdam, in which are many interesting mementos of former Kings of Prussia. The celebrated Frederick the Great lived here in the Palace of Sans Souci, and the room in which he died in 1786 remains as it was at that time, even to the silent clock still marking the hour when the great King passed away.

The life of a Prince is not all play, for almost as soon as he is out of the cradle he must begin to prepare for the duties and responsibilities of his life. Little Prince William has nurses who talk to him in French and English, and a governess who teaches him all that his little brain can understand. He is taught swimming and riding, and when he plays soldier he is taking his first lessons in military drill. He has Bible lessons too, like all other good boys and girls, for the members of the royal family of Prussia are sincere Christians, and teach their children to follow the paths of truth and righteousness.

When Prince William is old enough he will be sent to school, and his course of study will be the more severe and rigorous because he is a prince, and must become an intelligent ruler. He is taught to treat his teachers with the greatest respect and deference, and to be always kind and courteous toward those who serve him, no matter how poor or how humble they may be.

On the summit of a hill in South Germany, not far from the beautiful lake of Constance, are the ruins of the ancient castle of the Hohenzollerns, which some historians think was built more than a thousand years ago. It was a solitary ruin, overgrown with ivy, and it had been inhabited only by bats and owls for more than four hundred years, when, in 1850, Frederick William IV. of Prussia, brother of the present Emperor, visited the house of his ancestors and ordered a portion of the castle to be rebuilt.

The Hohenzollerns were famous knights in the Middle ages. They joined the great troops of the crusaders, and were brave and foremost in battle. They were powerful grandees in the day of the Emperor Barbarossa, that famous old warrior who lost his life while on a crusade, although, according to German fairy tales, he is not dead, but sleeping in a great mountain near Salzburg, with his snowy beard grown through the table upon which he leans, and streaming all around him on the stone floor of the cavern. When the time comes he will awake and come forth, with his great sword in his hand, to slay evil-doers and avenge the wrongs of the suffering and the oppressed.

The Hohenzollerns have been rulers of Prussia for more than four hundred and fifty years. Let us hope that little Prince William will prove a noble member of his illustrious family, and when he sits on the throne may he be a wise and Christian leader of the great people of Germany.

Miscellaneous.

Beneath the Surface.

Beneath the surface there is wealth,
Though often hid from view;
We catch the dross as if by stealth,
And miss the good and true.

As deepest currents ever glide
Where scarce a ripple floats,
So hearts their richest treasures hide,
And souls their richest notes.

We see the light that faintly beams;
But, from its feeble glow,
We fail to trace the flame that gleams
Beneath the outward flow.

We deem the mountains proud and grand;
Their wealth is not in show;
Though high their heads, their golden sand,
Lies deep and far below.

We ever judge by outward show
The wealth that lies within,
And by the surface we would know,
The prize we seek to win.

The rank and dress will oft deceive
The worth of soul to tell,
For merit true we oft perceive
Where birth unkindly fell.

We gather stones that round us lie,
And shells of dullest ray,
Yet pass the gems unnoticed by
And fling the pearls away.

And many thoughts that fill the mind,
And virtues of the soul,
Are, like the gems we never find,
Deep hid within their goal.

And many hearts beat warm with love
Whose friendship ne'er will die;
We never heed, nor pause to prove,
But coldly pass them by.

The objects that we cherished most
Are clear to us, we know;
Yet many a prize to us is lost
Because 'tis hid below.
—*W. F. Fox.*

Mr. Edward King writes thus from Paris to the Boston *Journal* concerning Zola: "There is one thing which the master, seated in his comfortable study at Meudon, had not considered, and that is the change in the literary fashion, just as important and imperative as the change in hats or bonnets, shoes, or the colors of toilets for the premieres at a theatre. It never had occurred to him that he might outlive his vogue, and that the danger of creating a specialty abnormal and more or less indecent in literature lay precisely in this fact, that some day the public would weary of the adnormal, and turn, as it has for the last three thousand years, back to the pure and the correct in form. There was an immense peal of laughter throughout Paris when the *Figaro* published, the other day, the protest of five of Zola's apostles against the extreme vagaries of their master. The protest was well written, yet ungenerous, because some of these young people had been towed into smooth water by Zola, and had no sooner reached the haven of comparative success than they turn upon him tooth and nail. It may be, however, that they are sincere in their repentance, for some of them began by being nastier than the prince of nastiness. To-day they freely admit that they must rally to the spirit of the age, and that the adaption of the filth of the last half of the eighteenth century to the novel of the last half of the nineteenth is no longer possible. They therefore have announced their desertion in a body and have issued a solemn warning to Zola that, if he continues to write in so filthy a strain, he will come to grief and get into literary chancery."

The extraordinary pearl, known as the "Southern Cross Pearl," is a freak of nature which has not yet been explained. The pearl was found at Roeburn, Western Australia, and consists of nine pearls adhering together in the form of a Latin cross, seven in the shaft and two in the arms, one on each side of the shaft and two in the arms, one on each side of the shaft, nearly opposite from the second pearl from the top. The pearls are slightly compressed, like peas in a pod; and no trace of an artificial junction can be observed. It has been suggested that a fragment of sea-weed may have got into the shell and formed the frame of construction. The pearls are of fine quality, though slightly misshapen at parts, and the value of the gem is high. Its character is unique, and filled the owner—an Irishman named Kelly—with superstitious awe, which led him to secrete it for some time.

Coloring Whitewash for Interior Walls.—Coloring matter may be stirred into whitewash to make any desired shade. Spanish brown will make a red-pink, more or less deep according to quantity used. Finely pulverised common clay mixed with Spanish brown makes a reddish stone color. Chrome yellow for yellow color, and if small quantity is used, a cream. Use indigo for different shades of blue, and indigo and chrome yellow for green. Green pigments cannot be safely used with lime, as the lime will injure the color, and the green will cause the wash to peel off. For different shades of red, mix Venetian red and Spanish brown in various proportion. Lampblack will give a pretty gray if used in proper proportions with the whitewash.

A Dangerous Invention.—A Russian lieutenant of engineers has perfected an apparatus for intercepting telegraph and telephone messages in time of war. The apparatus is contained in a small oblong box and weighs rather less than three pounds. The telegraphic receiver is of the recording type, and a battery for returning false messages to the enemy forms part of the equipment. An invention of the nature above described cannot fail to be dangerous in the hands of unscrupulous persons.

American for the Best.—In the new yacht which won the race on the occasion of Queen Victoria's jubilee, and now supposed to be the fastest in the world, the masts are of Oregon fir. The fine woods from Australia, Norway, and other countries where mast timber is secured, were tested thoroughly and rejected as not equal to American fir.

The death-rate of the world is computed about sixty-seven a minute, ninety-seven thousand seven hundred a day, and thirty-five million six hundred and thirty-nine thousand eight hundred and thirty-five a year; while the birth-rate is seventy-nine a minute, one hundred thousand five hundred a day, and thirty-six million seven hundred and ninety-two thousand a year.

When Mr. Gladstone abolished the paper duty he did not appeal to the Queen to aid him by the exercise of her royal perorogative, because she has no perorogative in regard to the imposition or remission of taxation. The duty was abolished by the vote of the House of Commons.

Printed matter may be copied on any paper of an absorbent nature by dampening the surface with a wet solution of acetate of iron and pressing it in an ordinary coping press. Old writing may also be copied on unsized paper, if wet with a solution of sulphate of iron mixed with a simple solution of sugar syrup.

Marshal Blucher is still warmly remembered by the Prussians. On the recent anniversary of his death his statue in Berlin was hung with laurel, and one aged veteran who fought under Blucher laid at the foot a wreath of oak leaves.

The total number of children within the age of compulsory school years in Prussia is 5,500,000, of whom 4,800,000 attend school. There are more than 700,000 teachers in 33,000 elementary schools. The average number of pupils to one teacher is 78.

A chair of sanitary engineering, believed to be the only one in the world, has been established in the Imperial University of Japan.

The first known circulating library is said to be that of St. Pamphilus of Cæsarea, who in 309 A. D. collected 30,000 volumes to lend out.

Humor.

England's Welcome to Sullivan.

John Sullivan, my jo, John, tho' 'tis the first we've met,
You've made a hit indeed, John, we never can forget;
Tho' Albion doesn't take, John, to Muscle[illegible], you know,
You are a muscleman we like, John Sullivan, my jo.

Your comb uprears itself, John, [illegible] fighting cocks,
Your foes they tell us true, John, [illegible] have from Knocks;
And, tho' no son of Nox yourself, you'll put to sleep, we know,
Whoever comes to "bank" with you, John Sullivan, my jo.

Tho' we'd an "Iron Duke," John, our Wellington so great,
You have an "iron duke," John, that [illegible] greater weight,
And all the bony parts, John, of [illegible] you a show,
Will meet a Waterloo indeed, John Sullivan, my jo.

That one-time star, O'Rion, who [illegible] prowess felt,
Persuaded was to plan-it that you [illegible] take the belt,
And whosoe'er's enough, John, an [illegible] a go
With you will come to-rest-real well, John Sullivan, my jo.

We know our Smithy's good, John, and will his rivits weld,
To have you to his weal, John, most permanently held;
But you will forge a link, John, that [illegible] enchain him so
That soon his bellows will give out, John Sullivan, my jo!

For Sweet Charity's Sake—[illegible] PARSON: "I was very glad to see [illegible] church last Sunday, Farmer Wattle."

FARMER WATTLE: "You [illegible] powerful sermon, and it had a good [illegible] me."

RURAL PARSON: "Well, it was the [illegible] of a series of sermons on charity: 'The Stranger Within Thy Gates.'"

FARMER WATTLE: "Well, parson, I've been turning tramps away for a good [illegible], but after I heard that sermon I made up my mind to do different, and that night when a a tramp asked for a place in the barn I gave him a a bed in my house."

RURAL PARSON: "I feel greatly [illegible] aged, Farmer Wattle."

FARMER WATTLE: "Well, I [illegible] next morning I discovered that the [illegible] within my gates had decamped with everything he could lay his hands on."

What he Didn't Want.—He was a professional agitator, and he was addressing a select gathering the other night.

"The government knows very well what we want!" he yelled.

"Yes, and it knows very well what you don't want!" blandly observed an individual in the crowd.

"What's that!" fiercely retorted the [illegible].

"Work!"

And that orator was "[illegible]" and the meeting broke up in confusion.

Freaks of Fashion.—SYDNEY LADY: "Bless your heart! what brings you here?"

MELBOURNE SOCIETY LADY: "I have retired from society temporarily. You know Edith Kingdon Gould's baby is a boy, don't you?"

SYDNEY DAME: "Of course."

MELBOURNE SOCIETY LADY: "Well, [illegible] has made boy babies fashionable this season, and my last is a girl."

"Why, Harry," said a lady to a small boy who was crying in the street, "what's the matter?"

"Mother whipped me!" groaned the boy.

"What for?"

"'Cause I fell in the River an' [illegible]"

"Well, don't you think you deserved it?"

"No, I don't. I came purty near [illegible] drowned, and if I had, then would she [illegible] her eyes out? Any just been so I didn't, and I come home a little wet, she give [illegible] a whippin'. Next time I'll get drowned [illegible] teach her how to treat a feller—[illegible]"

Young Mr. Sissy (to his pretty cousin)—"I say, Maude, how did my song '[illegible] Again from a Foreign Shore' [illegible] press the company?"

PRETTY COUSIN—"Well, some of them, Charley, looked as if they were sorry that you had got back."

Miss Bas-Bleu—"Are you very fond of reading, Mr. Downtown?"

MR. DOWNTOWN: "Fair [illegible]"

MISS B.: "Have you read [illegible] Sum?"

MR. D. "No; I never was fond [illegible] metic, and when I was at school I couldn't even get on with his Iliad."

Mrs. Brailer—"Here's Deacon C[illegible] right in front of us, Tom. See what he's reading, and when the train boy comes in buy the book for me. It's sure to be instructive!"

MR. BRAILER (looking over the deacon's shoulder): "Larry Donahue's Hotelkeeper's Guide!"

Hostess—"That was a charming composition, Herr Sweitzel. Was it original?"

HERR SWEITZEL (who has been playing one of Choppins most famous concert[illegible] general and well-sustained conversation): "Oh! it vos nod more orichinals den d[illegible] gompliment I vould it tear opp!"

Reporter (interviewing rich man)—"You began life barefooted and worked for five shillings a week, I believe?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

"Well, that will have to go in, anyway. They all do it, and if we should make an exception in your case our readers would complain."

"You put your foot in it nicely to-night," said Mrs. Sweetspeech.

"How was that?" asked her husband.

"When you told Mrs. Fourthly that you were sure her husband would never go the way he sent other people."

"Well, and what of it?"

"Why, her husband is a preacher."

"Great Scott! I thought he was a sheriff!"

The editor of a French journal, in discussing an alliance between his country and Russia, said: "For more than fifty years the burning of Moscow caused a coldness on the part of Russia toward France." The freezing of Napoleons' retreating army gave rise to heated expressions, we suppose.

The little folks have a wonderful gift of expression, even if their vocabulary is somewhat limited. Little Richy, an up-town toddler, wasn't feeling very well, and his mother inquired what was the matter.

"I feel as if some of me was dead," was the expressive reply.

He (at dinner):—"May I assist you to the cheese, Miss Vassar?"

MISS VASSAR (just graduated)—"Thanks, no! I am very comfortable where I am! But you may assist the cheese to me, if you will!"

Helen.—"Mamma, what is a [illegible]?"

MOTHER: "My child, never speak of anything so indelicate. It is the Latin for stomach-ache."

Old Lady (very much shocked)—"Little boys, what are you playing 'Shinny' for on the Sabbath day?"

LITTLE BOYS: "We're playing sixpence a game."

Visitor (at prison)—"I suppose the convicts are deprived of their valuables when they arrive?"

WARDEN: "But even the poorest of them have a watch and chain."

FOOTBALL.

—o—

BEAUFORT V. CARNGHAM.

Thursday last being a public holiday, the Beaufort footballers proceeded to Carngham to play a friendly game with the locals. The weather was not very encouraging in the early part of the day, but nevertheless a full team turned up. The ride was long and tedious, and no one was sorry when the Man of Kent hotel was reached, where dinner was ready. After having disposed of as much as the cravings of the inner man called for, a spell of a couple of hours was indulged in. At 3 o'clock the visitors were on the ground ready to start, but the local team were three or four men short, and refused to start until they arrived. The consequence of this was that it was half-past three before the game commenced; both teams being complete. Beaufort won the toss, and decided to kick with the wind, which was blowing fairly strong. On the ball being set in motion, the visitors went in with a rush, and forced the play to the Carngham goal. Roddis relieved, and the Beaufort sticks were beseiged. Some good play, and the ball was taken to the north wing, where the ball was incessantly out of bounds, the umpire having a lively time of it. This nuisance arose from the extreme narrowness of the ground, and was continually complained of throughout the match. Beaufort secured a behind, and Carngham brought the ball forward, and Roddis secured it, a behind resulting. Then commenced the play-for-the-men on the part of the majority of the Carngham team, which was continued right throughout the game. The locals were almost all in the ruck, and with brute force again pushed the play (!) to the Beaufort goal. Relieved, and the ball was taken to the centre. Ellis kicked to Roddis, who sent the ball between the posts, securing the first goal for Carngham. Kicked off, and the play was forward. On account of the number in the ruck, it was impossible for any display of football, and the roughness was not at all appreciated by the visitors, who preferred playing for the ball rather than men. There were numerous falls during the first half, and most of the Carngham team tried to "set" the visitors to such an extent that the Beaufort team was on the point of withdrawing from the field several times. Other counsels prevailed, and the game went on, the ball being sent into Carngham territory, Gibson getting a mark in front, but allowing too much windage, only a behind resulted. Kenny and Harris had tries for goal, but were unfortunate. At half-time the game stood—Carngham, 1 goal 2 behinds; Beaufort, 4 behinds. The second half was as rough as the previous, and Carngham had the ball around the visitors' goal. A running kick by Murray, and the ball struck the post, adding another behind to Carngham. Strapp had a difficult kick, a behind resulting. A good deal of time was wasted on account of the unsatisfactory boundary line. T. White Wilson (2) relieved Beaufort goal very neatly, and Ison played along the north wing. The visiting ruck men did well, but the Carngham played with utter disregard to rules. Several Beaufort players received rather severe kicks, and a local man got a kick in the head which momentarily stunned him. The game played by several of the Carngham team was such as called forth the utmost disgust. They seemed to have not to have the slightest idea of the rules which tend to make football a scientific, interesting, and enjoyable pastime. Their only aim seems to be the throwing of some of the opposite side, and kicking like young horses in a scrimmage, oftimes with the remark, that "if anyone gets that (meaning a furious kick) he will feel it." It is not a matter for surprise that people do not care to look at football matches in some of the small country towns, as that of Thursday last was a most disgraceful exhibition of football on the part of a large majority of the local team. The Beaufort team showed that they had mastered the rules of the game, and played in a fair and straightforward manner, although they occassionally lost their temper. Thomas had a try for goal from a very difficult angle, and succeeded in putting it between the visitors' sticks; the ball was touched going through, however. Time was almost immediately called, the final result being—Carngham, 1 goal 5 behinds; Beaufort, 8 behinds. Mr. Oddie was very satisfactory as central umpire, being firm and strict. The visitors were entertained after the game at the Man of Kent hotel, and a very enjoyable hour or so was passed; songs and recitations being freely given by members of both teams. All then rose and sang "God save the Queen," after which the visiting teams hurried on preparations for the journey home, arriving at Beaufort at about 1 a.m.

Melbourne Gossip.

—o—

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

There is hardly a man in Melbourne (except, perhaps, Mr Bent) who does not feel sorry that Mr Service is deserting the Lower House for the Legislative Council. He has been all through his political career "*inter vitæ scelerisque purus*" a man of upright life and pure from guilt, and now he is into the Upper House (which was as certain as things can be in this mundane sphere) he will have opportunities of doing useful work for the public by giving it the benefit of his long experience acquired on the floor of the popular Chamber. I went to hear him last Monday at the Athenæum, where he addressed a meeting of the electors of the Melbourne Province, and I was thoroughly impressed with the quiet dignity of his words and manner, the almost lofty tone of his remarks, and the calm impartial yet shrewd way in which he reviewed the topics of the hour. We may not all of us be Conservatives, nor yet have been in touch with his political opinions during his past career, but anyone who knows the man, and his mode and manner of thought, cannot but be impressed by him, and I myself say, "James Service, then good and faithful servant, long may you be spared to do as good work in the Council as you have done in the Assembly."

I hear on excellent authority that one of the earliest questions to be pressed on the notice of the Government is the of establishing a Foundling Hospital in or near Melbourne. Public attention has been aroused lately to an unwonted extent by the numerous instances of infanticide that have lately cropped up. I myself have counted seven cases within the last fortnight, and almost every day one's eyes are shocked by seeing an account of the same thing. There is a strong feeling here that some sort of an establishment where motherless children would be taken in is requisite; though others aver that a home for foundlings would be nothing better than an incentive to immorality. I am told that strong representations have been made to Mr Gillies regarding the matter, and he has promised to give his support to the project of founding a Government institution of the kind referred to. It will certainly be a good thing for the city, and as certainly will help to save many and many an innocent and helpless life.

I was correct in my statement last week that there was no truth in the rumor of the Rothschild's offer for the West Melbourne Swamp, and I think I am equally correct in stating that their agent here is Mr B. J. Fink, M.L.A. The latest news going the round of financial circles is that this gentleman intends including in one mammoth company all his recent purchases in city property, the company to have a capital of some million or so; but whether this is in connection with the Rothschilds, I am not in a position to state. I hear also that a strong requisition is to be made to the Government regarding the Spencer street railway station. It is a complete block to the city, Collins st., Flinders st., Bourke st., and Lonsdale st. being literally cut off by it. With the bringing up of the extension-of-the-city-westward question again, this sore subject has been revived, and the public will not let it rest again lightly.

We are to have a curious bigamy case, so I am told, figuring in the law-courts, the history of which is shortly this:—A young Melbournite, son of a bank-manager here, went over to New Zealand a couple of years or so ago, and while there fell in love with a pretty girl and secretly married her. A short time after he returned to Melbourne, but like a young fool was too frightened to tell his father of his marriage, as his bride was as poor as a church-mouse. In the meantime the girl's father takes her willy-nilly to England, as he disbelieves her story of a marriage, and is desirous of hiding what he thinks is his and her shame. After a time the young bridegroom crosses over to New Zealand to find his wife, and not being able to discover any trace of her, imagines himself a free man, and forthwith marries again. This the first wife discovers after a time, and her father having died in the meantime, comes over to this country to claim her rights. This will make a pretty kettle of fish, and the dishing up of the same will set all the *gobemouches* of society tattling for a twelvemonth.

I notice Mr. Cowen, the musicial *maestro* of the forthcoming Exhibition, has telegraphed out that he intends giving among other selections the patriotic song, "The Empire Flag," the music of which is written by the celebrated composer, McKenzie. It is not generally known that the words of this song, one of the popular in England, are from the pen of an Australian, Mr. Stuart Reid, of Eddington Station, near Camperdown. The poem appeared first in Cameron and Lang's Xmas. supplement of '85. Mr. Reid then sent the words home, and McKenzie put them to music so successfully that the song, first sung at Convert Garden, quickly gained popularity. Mr. Reid who is a well known poet and writer, must feel proud at knowing his song is to be a prominent feature of the Exhibition music. It will be a kind of consolation, for so far he has not gained a penny from it.

I mentioned something in a previous letter about a new arcade to be built running from Collins into Elizabeth street, I have since heard more about it, and am informed that Mr. J. B. Fink, M.L.A., the projector, intends making it the most magnificent thing of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere. The architect entrusted with the building of it has been sent to Europe to procure the latest designs and improvements and decorations, and has been given *carte blanche* as regards expenditure. I was talking a few days ago to two capitalists interested in the venture, and a witty pressman I found in their company. "Fink's Arcade" was the subject of discussion, and one of the Crœsuses was holding forth about it, when my press friend broke in, "Fink's Arcade you call it? Nothing could be more appropriate." "How?" said the first speaker, somewhat mystified. "Don't you see!" answered the other. "Fink's ark-aid. That's because he's afloat on a sea of prosperity." Not bad this, considering what passes for wit now-a-days.

I took a trip last Sunday down to Mentone, one of the prettiest of the marine suburbs round Melbourne. I think it the most picturesque of all our little coast places, and the way it has gone ahead the last twelve months is something marvellous. I remember it as a bit of a villiage with two dozen cottages, now it is a fashionable suburb where a good deal of our moneyed men have set up semi-country and semi-marine residences. I see two they have formed *(de la maniere Australienne)* a racing club, and give their first meeting in September. The course is now being laid out, grand-stand being built, and plenty of money being spent. The secretary informed me that the Club intends laying down an electric tramway from the station to the course, which will be a novelty in its way. I prophecy a great future for Mentone, as up to the present I only knew it as celebrated for fruit and snakes, and now find it quite another place.

Has it ever struck any of my readers how misfortune seems to dog some families and make them the particular butt of its assaults? In my experience I have come across several families so afflicted, and on the other hand have known others with whom everything seemed to prosper. As an example of the former Matheson family seems to me to be striking instance. The late Mr. Matheson during his lifetime was one of the best known men in Melbourne, and as manager of the Bank of Victoria occupied a prominent position in principal matters. He left a large fortune, but with his death everything seemed to go wrong with the family. Firstly, Mrs. Matheson died, within a short period—it seems as if some fatality has marked them out. One of the Miss Matheson married Dr. James, the physician, who went home with the Normanbys, and another married Judge Molesworth's son. The immense fortune left by Mr. Matheson is thus being narrowed down among the few of the family remaining.

"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND".

* * * Pretty Wives,
Lovely daughters and noble men.

My farm lies in a rather low and miasmatic situation and my wife who was a pretty blonde 20 years ago, became sallow, hollowed-eyed withered and aged before her time, from malarial vapors, though she made no particular complaint, not being of the grumpy kind, yet causing me great uneasiness. A short time ago I purchased your remedy for one of the children, who had a very severe attack of biliousness, and it occurred to me that the remedy might help my wife, as I found that our little girl, upon recovery, had lost her sallowness, and looked as fresh as a new blown daisy. Well the story is soon told. My wife, to-day, has gained her old-timed beauty with composed interest, and is now as handsome a matron (if I do say it myself) as can be found in this county, which is noted for pretty women. And I have only Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters to thank for it.

The dear creature just looked over my shoulder and says 'I can flatter equal to the days of our courtship,' and that reminds me there might be *more pretty wives if* my brother farmers would do as I have done. Hoping you may be long spared to do good, I thankfully remain,

C. L. JAMES,

BELTSVILLE, Prince George Co. Md.,
May 26th, 1886.

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

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

Sir James Murray's Patent Fluid Magnesia secures a perfect digestion, corrects acidity, and relieves heartburn, without injury to the coats of the stomach. Effectual in cases of irregular digestion, gout and gravel, and the safest corrective for women and children. Recommended by leading physicians. Invaluable in all climates. In bottles 1s. each, of both chemists and patent medicine vendors. Rocke, Tompsitt & Co., agents, Melbourne.

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

Summary of European News.

—o—

Telegrams conveying the subjoined information have been received during the week by the Melbourne "Argus":—

The Emperor Frederick has so far recovered that, accompanied by the Empress Victoria, he has driven into Berlin from the Imperial Palace of Charlottenburg. The Emperor and Empress received a tremendous ovation from the people, who assembled in crowds to greet their Majesties. The marriage of Prince Henry, the second son of the Emperor, to the Princess Irene, the third daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and the late Princess Alice of England, was celebrated on Thursday.

The German Imperial Court will remove from Charlottenburg shortly to the Imperial Palace at Potsdown.

In consequence of the threatening attitude of Russia the German official press has made strong representations as to the necessity for Austria strengthening her position on the Galician frontier. The result has been that the Austro-Hungarian Government has sent large reinforcements to the frontier. Teree German Generals have visited Vienna, and had an important interview with the Emperor Francis Joseph. They have since proceeded to Galicia, where they inspected the Austrian military arrangements in that province, with a view of advising the Austrian as to the adequacy of the frontier defences in the event of a Russian invasion.

The French Government has made arrangements for the immediate equipment of 14 of the largest steamers belonging to the Messageries Maritimes and Transatlantique companies as auxiliary cruisers. A commission is now sitting to decide what armament should be adopted.

Further particulars which have been received respecting the floods in the United States, caused by the overflow of the Mississippi, show that an immense deal of damage has been done. The area covered by the flood waters is estimated at 250,000 acres, and the loss amounts to 4,000,000 dols. (£800,000).

Mr T. J. Condon, M.P. for East Tipperary, who was recently sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment for attending a proclaimed meeting, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for inciting the peasantry to refuse the payment of rent in accordance with the "plan of campaign."

In consequence of the sympathy for France which continues to be felt by the bulk of the population of Alsace-Lorraine, the German Government has decided to take stringent measures to prevent the establishment of friendly relations between the inhabitants of the province and the French people.

A reporter of the *New York Herald* has had an interview with the Chinese Ambassador in London on the subject of the anti-Chinese legislation proposed by the Government of New South Wales. His Excellency is of opinion that the refusal of that Government to allow Chinese passengers to land is cruel and unjust, and that Sir Henry Parkes will discover that such conduct is not the way to gain favours from the Government of Pekin. He considers that Australia would have done better by endeavoring to conciliate China, as was done by the United States. The *Times* in a leading article on the Chinese question in Australia, strongly deprecates the panic which seems to have seized on the colonies. It declares that the anti-Chinese legislation proposed by the Government of New South Wales is calculated to gratify the most exclusive race passions, and is harsh and irritating in its character. It contends that such a law ought only to be adopted only in concert with the other colonies, and after due notice had been given to those who were likely to suffer from its effects. It considers that it would be calamitous if the colonies were to put themselves in the wrong at the outset, and that since Lord Salisbury, and not Sir Henry Parkes, will be compelled to justify to the Chinese Government any action that amounts to the breaking of treaty engagements, it is only reasonable that the voice of the British Governments should be distinctly heard at an early stage of the negotiations.

A conspiracy of a serious nature has been discovered at Belgrade, the object of which was to arrest King Milan, with a view to his dethronement. It has been ascertained that many officers in the army and a number of the most trusted adherents of the King were involved in the plot, and that the latter proposed to proclaim Prince Peter Karageorgewitch, the Philo-Russian claimant of the throne, as King of Servia.

RAINFALL.—The rainfall registered at Beaufort up to Thursday was 46 points.

CRICKET.—The cricket match between the Australians and Lancashire stands thus:—Lancashire, first innings 98; second innings two wickets for 40; Australians, first innings, 163.

MINING.—Approximate yields for the week:—Saxon Consols, 45 oz.; Waterloo 65 oz.

POISONS IN DISGUISE.—There are poisons labelled as such, and these are compounds which, although claimed to possess remedial properties, are scarcely less destructive than poison. To this latter class belong all counterfeits and imitations of Wolfe's Schnapps, and the bogus importations which also pretend to its health-giving properties. Beware of these would-be rivals of the great Elixir.

REVENGE AT THE ALTAR.

—o—

A wedding ceremony that was about to take place on March 4, in Knooknamuckley Church, near Portadown, was interrupted in a most startling manner. William Thompson, a young man residing at Gilford, entered the church a few minutes before the wedding, and took a seat. The ceremony was just about to commence he fired a pistol at the bridegroom, whose name is also Thompson. The latter fell forward, pierced through the right lung. The bride screamed and fainted, and for a time there was a scene of confusion, during which William Thompson escaped, but he was soon afterwards arrested. The injured man died on the following Friday. In the afternoon the prisoner was brought before Mr Chisholm, a Justice of the Peace at Portadown. The first witness examined was Elizabeth McGreedy, daughter of the sexton of the church. She deposed that after the rector entered the building the accused came in and asked her what time the wedding was to take place. When told ten o'clock he sat down. Shortly afterwards the wedding party entered the church in couples. Thomas Thompson, the bridegroom, and Mary Ann Moffett, were the first couple. The bride was Fanny Jane Moffett, who entered along with William Coulter. When they had got as far as where witness sat, there was a shot, and she saw smoke. She heard the bridegroom moan. After the firing witness was frightened, and ran out to the graveyard. The prisoner was sitting where the smoke was. She saw him afterwards in the graveyard, and believed him to be sober. Other witnesses gave corroborative evidence, and the prisoner was remanded for a week. The prisoner, it is said, purchased the revolver at a shop in Portadown, and was the morning before the act seen loitering near the church. No cause is assigned for the outrage except alleged cruelty to the first wife of the injured man, who was the prisoner's sister. As the result of a police enquiry at Gilford, a woman named Thompson has been sent to Armagh gaol on remand, charged with inciting her brother to the murder in the church. The Gilford police proceeded to the canal running between Newry and Belfast, and at a point opposite the Madden station commenced dragging operations in search of a dagger or sword said to have been thrown in on the previous evening. They had at that time in charge a daughter of Mrs Thompson, the woman mentioned above, who, it was alleged, had thrown the dagger into the water. The efforts of the constabulary to entice the girl to point out the spot where she threw the instrument into the water proved futile. On arrival at the station of the train from Dublin, the sergeant threatened to convey her immediately to Armagh gaol. The threat had the desired effect; she pointed out the spot, and in a few moments the dagger was brought up. It appeared that William Thompson, the man now in custody, purchased the dagger from a marine-store dealer in Gilford, and as soon as possible after the crime his friends took this means of getting rid of proof against him.

CHAMBERMAIDS.

—o—

BY MARK TWAIN.

Against all chambermaids, of what soever age or nationality, I launch the curse of a bachelordom! because they always put the pillows at the opposite end of the bed from the gasburner, so that while you read and smoke before sleeping (as is the ancient and honored custom of bachelors) you have to hold your book aloft, in an uncomfortable position, to keep the light from dazzling your eyes. When they find the pillows removed to the other end of the bed in the morning they receive not the suggestion in a friendly spirit; but, glorying in their absolute sovereignty, and unpitying our helplessness, they make the bed just as it was originally, and gloat in secret over the pang their tyranny will cause you. Always after that, when they find you have transposed the pillows, they undo your work, and thus defy and seek to embitter the life given you. If they cannot get the light in an inconvenient position any other way, they move the bed. If you pull out your trunk out six inches from the wall, so that the lid will stay up when you open it, they always shove that trunk back again. They do it on purpose. If you want the spitoon in a certain spot, where it will be handy, they don't, so they move it. They always put your other boots into inaccessible places. They chiefly enjoy depositing them as far under the bed as the wall will permit. It is because this compels you to get down in an undignified attitude, and make wild sweeps for them in the dark with the bootjack. They always put the match box in some other place. They hunt up a new place for it every day, and put up a bottle, or other perishable glass thing, where the box stood before. This is to cause you to break that glass thing, groping in the dark, and get yourself into trouble. They are for ever and ever moving the furniture. When you come in, in the night, you can calculate on finding the bureau where the wardrobe was in the morning. And when you go out in the morning, if you leave the slop-bucket at the door, and the rocking chair by the window, when you come in at mid-night, or thereabouts, you fall over that rocking chair, and you will proceed to the window and sit down in the slop-tub. This will disgust you. They like it. No matter where you put anything, they are not going to let it remain there. They will take it and move it the first chance they get. It is their nature. And besides it gives them pleasure to be mean and contrary this way. They would die if they couldn't be villains. They always scrape up the old scraps of printed rubbish you throw on the floor, and stock them carefully on the table, and start the fire on your valuable manuscripts. If there is my one particular old scrap that you are more down on than any other, and which you are gradually wearing your life out to get rid of, you may take all the pains you possibly can in that direction, but it won't be of any use, because they will always fetch that scrap back again, and put it in the same old place again every time. It does them good. And they use up more hair oil than any six men. If charged with purloining the same they lie about it. If you leave the key in the door they will carry it down to the office and give it to the clerk. They do this under the vile pretence of trying to protect your property from thieves; but actually they do it because they want to make you tramp back downstairs after it, when you come home tired, or put you to the trouble of sending a waiter for it, which waiter will expect you to pay him something, in which case I suppose the degraded creatures divide. They keep always trying to make your bed before you get up, thus destroying your rest and inflicting agony upon you; but after you get up they don't come any more till next day. They do all the mean things they can think of. Chambermaids are dead to every human instinct. If I can get a bill through the Legislature, abolishing chambermaids, I mean to do it.

A MIGHTY HUNTER.

—o—

It is a well-known axiom among the hardy ivory hunters of Southern Africa that the average life of the professional elephant hunter has no longer duration than from five to seven years, the risks run being so many and various. Accidents from the wounded elephants, the frightful fatigue to be undergone—for elephants, when alarmed, will frequently travel 48 hours on end, and have to be unceasingly "spoored" or lost—fevers, dangers from native treachery; these are but instances of the perils which surround this dangerous yet fascinating calling. Most of the elephants south of the Zambesi have now retreated to the region of the Tsetse fly, where they can only be pursued on foot, a fact which adds vastly to a pursuit sufficiently exhausting on horseback. Of all South African Nimrods, Mr F. C. Selous, author of that excellent work, "A Hunter's Wanderings in South Africa," is the 'doyen.' Though still but a young man, he has pursued the hazardous business of ivory hunting these 16 years without interruption. In that time he has slain more elephants probably than any other Englishman, whether of past or present generations. He has seen the mighty pachyderms driven from one fastness to another, until now, south of the Zambezi, it is a difficult matter them even in the remotest part of Mashonaland or the Mababa hunting veldt. During his last hunting trip, although no fewer than 13 lions, 51 elands, 25 buffaloes, besides sable antelope, and other odds and ends fell to the rifles of himself and friends, only two elephants were laid low. But for the present Mr Selous by no means intends to throw up the game. He is even now preparing for a great expedition to fresh fields and pastures beyond the Zambezi in a hunting "veldt" virgin to European and Dutch hunters. Taking with a few of his old and tried native attendants, he is on his way once more to the far Zambezi, which he will cross westward of the Victoria falls at the junction of that river with the Chobe. His ox waggons are to be floated across the great river, a feat never before attempted or even dreamed of.

Holloway' Ointment and Pills.—Coughs, Influenza.—The soothing properties of these medicaments render them well worthy of trial in all diseases of the lungs. In common colds and influenza the pills taken internally and the ointment rubbed externally are exceedingly efficacious. When influenza is epidemic this treatment is easiest, safest, and surest. Holloway's Ointment and Pills purify the blood, remove all obstructions to its free circulation through the lungs, relieve the overgorged air tubes, and renders respiration free without reducing the strength, irritating the nerves, or depressing the spirits. Such are the ready means of saving suffering when afflicted with colds, coughs, bronchitis, and other complaints by which so many are seriously and permanently afflicted in most countries.

References are in their way the best recommendations. The opinions of those in whom we confide; whose experience we respect, and whose judgments we anmire, are generally sure to guide us right. At any rate they are apt to be reliable. No friend would willingly mislead another, or seeing him in crooked paths would not try and guide him into the way that is straight. The authentic certificates that accompany Wolfe's Schnapps have been the touchstones to success.

THE GREATEST BLESSING.—A simple, pure and harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it. Will you try it? See another column. "Eagle."

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 as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are now decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sold by all Chemists and Pefumers everywhere at 3s 6d per bottle. Wholesale depôt, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

—o—

Under the above heading the "Doncaster Reporter" of July 6th, 1887, publishes the following in its editorial columns:—

Our readers may recal the circumstance of a young clerk, named Arthur Richold, falling insensible on the Wheatley Lane in this town some time ago, and being picked up, as he continued perfectly helpless, and taken in a cab by two gentlemen to the office of F. W. Fisher, the solicitor who employed him. On restoring him to consciousness, it was ascertained that he was afflicted with what seemed to be an incurable disease. When he was able to speak he said he had been to his dinner and on his way back to his work, when suddenly his head was in a whirl and he fell in the street like a man who is knocked down. On coming to his senses in the solicitor's office he thought what this might be, and feared he was going to have a fit of illness, which we all know is a very dreadful thing for a poor man with a family to care for.

With this in his mind he at once sought the best medical advice, telling the doctors how he had been attacked. They questioned him, and found that his present malady was exhaustion of the nervous system, resulting from general debility, indigestion, and dyspepsia of a chronic nature. This in turn had been caused by confinement at the desk and grief at the loss of dear friends by death. The coming on of this strange disease, as described by Mr Richold, must be of interest both to sick and well. He had noticed for several years previously, in fact, that his eyes and face began to have a yellow look; there was a sticky and unpleasant slime on the gums and teeth in the morning; the tongue coated; and the bowels so bound and costive that it induced that most painful and troublesome ailment—the piles. He said there was some pain in the sides and back and a sense of fulness on the right side, as though the liver were enlarging, which proved to be the terrible fact. The secretions from the kidneys would be scanty and high-coloured, with a kind of gritty and sandy deposit after standing.

These things had troubled Mr Richold a long time, and after his fall in the street he clearly perceived that the fit of giddiness was nothing more than a sign of the steady and deadly advance of the complaint, which began in indigestion and dyspepsia. His story of how he went from one physician to another in search of a cure that his wife and little children might not come to want is very pathetic and touching. Finally he became too ill to keep his situation, and had to give it up. This was a sad calamity. He was appalled to think how he would be able to live. But God raised up friends who helped to keep the wolf from the door. He then went to the sea-side at Walton-on-the-Naze, but neither the change, nor the physicians who treated him, did any good. All being without avail he visited London, with a sort of vague hope that some advantage might happen to him in the metropolis. This was in October, 1885.

How wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence, which dashes down our highest hopes and then helps us when we least expect it.

While in London he stated his condition to a friend, who strongly advised him to try a medicine which he called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, saying it was genuine and honest, and often cured when everything else had failed. He bought a bottle of a chemist in Pimlico, and began using it according to instructions. He did this without faith or hope, and the public may therefore judge of his surprise and pleasure when after taking a few doses he found great relief. He could eat better; his food distressed him less; the symptoms we have named grew less; the dark spots which had floated before his eyes like smuts of soot gradually disappeared, and his strength increased. Before this time his knees would knock together whenever he tried to walk. So encouraged was he now that he kept on using Mother Seigel's Syrup until it ended in completely curing him.

In speaking of this wonderful recovery, Mr Richold says it made him think of poor Robinson Crusoe, and his deliverance from captivity on his island in the sea; and added, "But for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup the grass would now be growing over my grave."

Our readers can rest assured of the strict truth of all the statements in this most remarkable case, as Mr Richold (now residing at Swiss Cottage, Walton-on-the-Naze) belongs to one of the oldest and most respected families in the beautiful village of Long Melford, Suffolk, and his personal character is attested by so high an authority as the Rev. C. J. Martyn, rector of that parish, beside other excellent names.

We have deemed the case of such importance to the public as to justify us in giving this short account of it in our columns.-[Adv.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS!—Are you broken in your rest by a sick child suffering with the pain of cutting teeth! Go at 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 at 1s 1½d per bottle.

Dressmaking.

MISS THOMAS

BEGS to acquaint the Ladies of Beaufort and district that she has COMMENCED BUSINESS in Neil Street, and will be pleased to receive and attend promptly to any orders entrusted to her.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THE WEEKLY TIMES

FARMER'S ANNUAL.

H. P. HENNINGSEN,
Agent, Beaufort.

Auction Sales.

WATERLOO.

MONDAY, 28TH MAY, 1888,
At 12 o'clock noon.

GENERAL
CLEARING SALE
BY AUCTION.

LAND, HORSES, MILCH COWS Stack Hay, Reaping Machine, Chaff-cutter and Horseworks, Double and Single-furrow Ploughs, Harrows, &c.
(For full particulars see bills.)

W. EDWARD NICKOLS will sell for Mrs. Fredk. Wilkins, on the Farm, near the Waterloo Swamp, on the 28th inst., Without Reserve.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS,
Auctioneer.

GARDENING FOR MAY.

Kitchen Garden.—Asparagus, rhubarb, and seakale beds will want cleaning and manuring. Sow broad beans, peas, lettuce, onions, radish, and spinach, for successional crops. Plant out early cabbages and late sowing of celery. Finish manuring and digging all vacant ground, whether wanted for immediate use or not; bear in mind that turning over ground in a wet state does it more harm than good. If ground is wanted for other purposes, corrots, parsnips, and other tap-rooted vegetables may be taken up and stored.

Flower Garden.—As dahlias and hollyhocks die off, the stalks should be cut down and cleared away, the former being taken up and housed in a dry shed or cellar. Look over your seedling, annual, and other plants; thin them where thick, and keep slugs and other vermin away. Prune perpetual flowering, banksian, and other spring-blooming roses. Continue planting evergreens and flowering and ornamental shrubs; stake the same when necessary. Propagate by cuttings, fuchsias, roses, etc. Attend to hedges, keeping them well clipped; if new ones are required, use hawthorn, furz, osage orange, or acacia, where strength is required; if light small hedges are wanted, the small leaved prickly acacia, Cape broom, sweet briar or pittosporum are the best.

Farm.—Complete wheat sowing; also sow barley, beans, oats, peas, rye. and vetches. for seed. Finish sowing grasses, clovers, and lucerne.

Business Notices.

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.

Advances on Wool, Grain, etc.,

Stock, Stations and Station Produce of all kinds.

NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY (Limited)
Capital, £4,500,000,
Reserve Fund, £270,000,

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 throughout the season.
Auction Sales of Tallow, Hides, Sheepskins, Leather, etc., three times a week throughout the year.
Auction Sales of Grain, Flour, etc. held every Wednesday.
CARTAGE.—NO CHARGE is made for Cartage from railway or wharves to Warehouse.

DAVID ELDER, Manager.
WILLIAM OLIVER,
Wool and Produce Manager.
Melbourne Wool and Grain Warehouses, Collins Street west.

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 ¼ do do flooring
American and Baltic deals, all sizes
4 out pine weatherboards
6 do do
American clear pine
⅞in., ⅞in., 1in., 1¼in., cedar, wide and narrow boards
Cedar table legs, all sizes
French casements, doors, sashes
Mouldings, architraves, skirtings
Broad palings and shingles
A stock of all sizes of hardwood always on hand
Also, GEELONG LIME.
NEXT TO POLICE STATION

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.

Business Notices.

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 returns 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 Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

With every issue of the Paper is given
A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

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

Business Men, Read!

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

"What steam is to machinery, advertising isto 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,
DELIVERY BOOKS,
DRAPER'S HANDBILLS
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c,
PRINTED in FIRST-CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.
Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing
Of Every description executed at the
"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE,

BOOKBINDING
ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL, RECEIPT, DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.,
Prepared on the shortest notice.

Business Notices.

WOTHERSPOON BROS. AND CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS, WINE & SPIRIT
— AND —
GENERAL MERCHANTS,

HAVE ON HAND THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Teas, Sugars, 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 & Bedding, Ironmongery, Paints, Oils, Chinaware, Glassware, Earthenware, Fancy Goods, etc.

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.

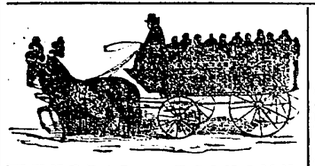
THE BLUE HOUSE,
BEAUFORT.

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.



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.

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

RENTS and Debts Collected. Agent for the South British Fire and Marine Insurance Company.
Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

THOS. GEO. ARCHARD,
CIVIL ENGINEER,

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

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

Agent for the Imperial Fire Insurance Company.

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.

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 Good, &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

Medical.

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 181, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. LURZ, Melbourne.

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

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 Venders who, if they have not it by them, can easily procure it from the Wholesale Agents without any extra charge Wholesale Agents FELTON, GRIMWADE and Co., and ROCKE, TOMPSITT and Co., Melbourne.

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 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 in heir to. Sold everywhere, Chemists, Storekeepers, Hotelkeepers, Merchants, &c.

BE SURE and say "Dr. Griefendorff's Bohemian Hop Bitters." All imitations are worthless. Victorian Consignee—August Anton Ludwig Setzer, 68 Queen street, Melbourne.

Medical Notices.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.

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

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

Bronchitis, Diphteria Colds Coughs Sore Throat and Shortness of Breath.

Relaxed and congested throats elongated uvula ulcerated or tongid tonsols whooping cough, croup wheezing from accumulated mucous, and other difficulties of respiration also palpation 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 effected parts after their due fermentation 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 peedil and effectually it ensures a cure.

Piles, Fistulas, and Exhortations.

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

In Disorders of the Kidney's 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 as 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	Scalds
Bad Breasts	Gout	Sore Throats
Burns	Glandular Swellings	Skin Diseases
Bunions		Scurvy
Chilblains	Lumbago	Sore Heads
Chapped hands	Piles	Tumours
Corns (soft)	Rheumatism	Ulcers
Contracted and Stiff Joints		Wounds
Sore Nipples		

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 or Pot and can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

Allopecia Baldness The ONLY CERTAIN and INNOCUOUS REMEDY
COVYOT'S CORPUSCLES
All Druggists, Storekeepers, and Hairdressers.

The Name of M. MOSS & Co. Is on every Genuine Bottle.

THE CELEBRATED
WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS
THE FOREST 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 sized 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.

TRADE MARK.
COUGHS COLDS
ROWLEY'S
10 BOURKE ST. EAST, OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE MELBOURNE.
COUGH EMULSION
ASTHMA BRONCHITIS
REGISTERED.
FOR ADULTS & CHILDREN.

Medical Notices.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

How to enjoy Life.

Is only known when the blood is pure, its circulation perfect, and the nerves in good order. The only safe and certain method of expelling all impurities is to take Holloway's Pills which have the power of cleansing the blood from all noxious matters, expelling all humors which taint or impoverish it, and thereby purify and invigorate and give general tone to the system. Young and old, robust or delicate, may alike experience their beneficent 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 accompanying 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 Complaints	Retention of Urine
Blotchts on the Skin	Scrofula, or King's Evil
Bowel Complaints	Sore Throats
Debility	Stone and Gravel
Dropsy	Secondary Symptoms
Female Irregularities	Tic-Dolereux
Fevers of all kinds	Ulcers
Gout	Venerial Affections
Headache	Worms of all kinds
Indigestion	Weakness from whatever cause
Liver Complaints	
Lumbago	&c., &c.

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 can be had in any language, even in Turkish, Arabic, Armenian, Persian, or Chinese.

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

TO THE PUBLIC.

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

Let such person (he or she) sit quietly down in the privacy of their own apartments, and with calm minds describe each symptom of their case. A clear statement thus written, and laid before me, is far preferable in nervous diseases to a personal consultation. Where, however, a disease is of a peculiar and exceptional character, a personal consultation may become necessary; but my success in correspondence is so great, that of the thousands upon thousands whom I have treated during the last thirty-two 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 up old?

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

How many after marriage have privately consulted me and been blessed, and their married 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 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; his doubts removed; and he is comparatively a new man—in fact, in many cases, a new being altogether.

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

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

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

LOUIS L. SMITH.

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Consultation Fee by Letter £1·
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Medical Notices.

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Cures Grandular Swellings
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From whatever Cause arising.

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Thousands of Testimonials from all parts.

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"Gentleman,—Some ten years ago I became lame with ulcerated legs. I saw your recommendation for a cure, and also a number of doctors, (some of these were men with diseases of its kind, but to no After being in this state for here years I determined to try our Blood Mixture as a last resource, as she at that time was to be at death's door and had to be put having no use in her legs; and, I am to say, and after taking 13 of your she experienced a perfect cure. This four years ago since the cure and there is no sign of the complaint returning may add that it had cost us nothing trying one remedy after another taking your valuable medicine, for a ret rn my sincere thanks.—I am yours gratefully "C.S."

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

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TRADE MARK—"BLOOD MIXTURE"

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"The Riponshire Advocate"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

CONTAINS a complete summary of the news for the week.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper regularly or at an early hour of the morning would much oblige us by immediately warding their names to the office of this paper, Lawrence street, in order that such cases may be rectified. We are most desirous of seeing for our subscribers a regular and early issue, but it will be impossible for our arrangements to prove effectual, unless we are warned of any when neglect takes place.

Advertisements sent in without a written order as to the number of times to be inserted will run till countermanded, and charged for. Advertisement can be withdrawn without an order in writing, delivered at the office by 10 a.m. the day previous to publication.

Advertisements for this paper cannot be received after 6 o'clock on Tuesday evening prior to publicaton.

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.

NOTICE.

All advertisements coming under the heads of Wanted, Missing Friends, For Sale, Lost, Found, Lodgings, Situations Vacant and Situations Wanted, 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.

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

Alterations to standing advertisements must be received no later than Wednesday in each week.

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