







HAND AND RING.

CHAPTER XXVIII Continued.

These letters created a great impression. To those who believed her to be engaged to Mr. Orcutt...

Byrd felt himself nudged by Hickory. "Did you hear that?" he whispered. "And do you believe it?"

"I don't know. I have no remembrance of saying anything. I was utterly dumfounded at seeing him in this place, and cannot say into what excitement I may have been betrayed."

That she entreated him to take it back, which he declined to do, though he cannot say that she did not receive it in the manner she declared for her reasons nothing of the ring after the moment he put her hand aside as she was offering it back to him.

PREERENCES AND TREASURES. I'd rather drink cold water from the brook. Than quaff excitement from a golden chalice.

DRIVEN ASHORE. Room! It is half-past five in the morning, and the little town lies fast asleep in the darkness.

PASSING. "What ship is this coming sailing across the harbour bar. So strange, yet half familiar."

A NEGRO FUNERAL. Just before sundown we were called to the funeral of a young man who had fallen from a mango tree a few days previous.

THE CONCERT. The Societies' Hall at night to overflowing by a highly audience. The stage manager introduced Jackson's...

THE EMPEROR'S NIGHT VISIT. Only a hundred years ago Protestants were cruelly persecuted in Austria.

TO BE CONSIDERED. He arrived once that the Emperor Joseph II. was travelling quietly as the Count of Falkenstein.

HE OUGHT TO HAVE KNOWN BETTER. An old gentleman who had provoked the house of a fashionable lady whom he had known in boyhood...

THE MUSIC WAS IN ENGLISH. A short time ago an old lady was given a ticket for the Royal Italian Opera.

THE MUSIC WAS IN ENGLISH. Japan is shaken 600 times a year by earthquakes and has 700 stations erected for electric railway.

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# The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1359

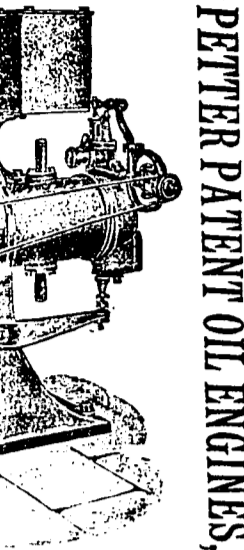
Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1903

PRICE THREEPENCE

## CREAM TORS.

number that the improved... We are forward... month. The Crown is... It skins cleanest... materials.



PETER PATENT OIL ENGINES.

er should get particulars of... Cheese Plants, &c.

CO., STREET, MELBOURNE.

## DRINK WHISKY,

Want to enjoy the exhilaration... only to be found in a... THE SPIRIT, distilled and... tured under the very best... wide conditions, in one of... OTLANDS' GREATEST... IPT-DATE DISTIL... RIES, then

ONCE FOR

## GAL CLUB WHISKY.

Imported into Victoria... the last few weeks. Its... tention comes with it

## THE FIRST-CLASS CLUBS

BRITAIN AND EUROPE... has the fulness of AGE, of... STRENGTH, and of QUALITY... IS MORE. It has a... VOUR WHICH IS IRRE... RIBLE, and which will... tain to be a welcome in every... ing hotel in the State. Its... is opportune? Such a... is wanted.

Agent—J. R. WOTHERSPON

## G. BRAVO,

Esser and Tobacconist, 100... STREET, BEAUFORT... TO THE POST OFFICE... the public of Beaufort and... his commercial business, and... tention to business to receive... of public patronage.

## CONDENSED MILK

Makes... flesh, Fat, Money;... Separator Milk... Perfect Food... ED FOR A FARTHING... (in Half-cwt. Sacks),... 17 6 per cwt.

## BABCOCK

## METER

Give your orders for JOB PRINTING to... the newspaper in your district, because it... prints thousands of reports and notifica... tions for which it receives no payment... what. It is always spending its time... and money to benefit and improve the... prospects of the place to which it... accedes. It gives you value in return... for your printing order.

23 King St., Melbourne.

ER PARKER, at the office of 74... Beaufort, Victoria.

RELIABILITY.  
RELIABILITY.  
RELIABILITY.  
RELIABILITY.  
RELIABILITY.  
RELIABILITY.  
RELIABILITY.  
RELIABILITY.  
RELIABILITY.  
RELIABILITY.

YOU MUST HAVE NOTICED

Our business going ahead while others were standing still or going backwards.

YOU MUST HAVE AN IDEA

Of what our business is now compared to what it was a few years back.

YOU MUST GUESS

That there is something powerfully convincing about our method of doing business. ARE YOU ONE OF FAYNE'S GUESTS? If not, we respectfully ask for your patronage, and if afterwards you do not think we are worthy of it, we are perfectly willing to lose it.

Whatever is done here is done properly. Whatever we sell you is "Right" in the full sense of that word.

Our stock embraces everything in the Watch, Clock, and Jewellery line, and a good selection is shown in everything. If there is one lot of goods more than any other we would like you to inspect it is our fine selection of Rings—either Wedding Rings and Keepers, Dress and Engagement Rings, or Gent's Rings.

We have a beautiful stock of Diamond Marquise, Diamond Half-hoop, and Gipsy Dress and Engagement Rings, at all prices.

Another thing we wish you to bear in mind is that all FAYNE'S RINGS are made by Expert Ring-makers only. You can buy a ring here with confidence, and rest assured that it has passed through hands whose owners have made ring-making a life-long study. Of course, you can see from the foregoing that this is undoubtedly our specialty; but a splendid selection of other goods is shown as well, including Brooches, Links, Bracelets, Gold Chains, Photo Pendants, Gent's Gold and Silver Chains, Lockets, Medals, Neckties, Gold, Silver, Nickel, and Gem-set Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, &c.

Sight Tested and Spectacles Made to Measure. We can guarantee you satisfaction in every description of Watch, Clock, and Jewellery REPAIRS. Expert workmen employed in each branch of the trade.

The Address is—

## GEORGE PAYNE,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER, BALLARAT

(Two doors down Sturt-street from the Post Office.)



## FUNERAL ECONOMY.

Established 1860.

## A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker), UNDERTAKER,

Corner of Neill and Havelock Streets, and opposite State School.

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

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

## A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, Window Blind and Bedding Manufacturer.

A. H. Sands has ON SALE the following line—Pine Shelving, Floor, and lining boards; Californian, kauri, and clear pine, up to 36 inches; cedar, all thicknesses and widths; table legs, sashes, doors, and window and other mouldings, window glass, white lead, oils, turps, and all the usual requisites. Sashes, doors, and all kinds of Joiner's work made to order at the lowest possible prices.

Give your orders for JOB PRINTING to the newspaper in your district, because it prints thousands of reports and notifica... tions for which it receives no payment... what. It is always spending its time... and money to benefit and improve the... prospects of the place to which it... accedes. It gives you value in return... for your printing order.

An advertisement is a paper man's marketable commodity, and it is quite as much so as a side of bacon, a pound of butter, or a ton of flour. No man can afford to give away the things he sells for a livelihood, and the man who does so in order to get business generally in a bad way. Don't try to put the paper man "in a bad way." But exercise a little human nature. Support him; he needs encouragement and support; but do it in the legitimate and proper way. If the printer gets a few pounds worth of printing orders from you, he is not in a position to give you a pound's worth of advertising for nothing. And you have had value for the printing already. Go into a grocer's or draper's for 1/3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis 1/1 worth of something else that you may ask for. Try him; you don't believe us.

## SUPPORT

## LOCAL INDUSTRY,

AND

## SUBSCRIBE

TO THE

## LOCAL PAPER,

THE

## RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE.

We ask that our efforts for the district's good shall be recognised. An increased circulation means still greater usefulness on our part. When a neighbour or friend asks for the local paper, tell him or her that for the small sum of

3s per Quarter

It is obtainable direct from the office regularly.

In addition to complete and impartial reports of all local meetings, an interesting

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

## Plain and Ornamental

## JOB PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Dispatch.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS OF WONDERFUL CURES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Clark's Blood Mixture is sold in Bottles 2s. 6d. each, and in cases containing six, times the quantity, 11s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of low-standing cases.

BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the world. Sole Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MALDEN COURTESY DRUG COMPANY, Lincoln, England. Trade Mark—"Blood Mixture."

## Clark's Blood Mixture.

CAUTION.—Purchasers of Clark's Blood Mixture should see that they get the genuine article. Worthless imitations are sometimes prepared off by unprincipled vendors. The words "Lincoln and Malden Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England" are engraved on the wrapper of each bottle. Beware of cheap imitations. Beware of cheap imitations.

## ADVERTISING

ALWAYS PAYS.

Business men should note that as the Local Paper is extensively read in the district, it therefore affords a splendid advertising medium.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."  
**Clark's Blood Mixture**  
THE WORLD-FAMOUS BLOOD PURIFIER  
IS WARRANTED TO CURE THE BLOOD  
FROM ALL IMPURITIES OF WHATEVER CAUSE ARISING  
FROM SCURF, SCALD, SCALD, SCALD, SCALD, SCALD,  
FOR SCURF, SCALD, SCALD, SCALD, SCALD, SCALD,  
AND SORES OF ALL KINDS. IT IS A NEVER-FADING AND  
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CURE FOR ALL THE ABOVE MENTION













# Fry's Cocoa

Supplement *The Riponshire Advocate.*

TO

DECEMBER 19, 1903.



A NECESSARY COMBINE.

JUPITER PLUVIUS.—“How well you get on when I help!”  
 AGRICOLA.—“Yes, old fellow; but the sweat of my brow had to be added to your rain.”

**BOSISTO'S "PARROT BRAND"**  
**EUCALYPTUS OIL**

For Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises,  
 Wounds, Coughs and Colds.

ASK FOR BOSISTO'S  
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**Kruse's Fluid Magnesia**

**FOR INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS,  
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Beneficial to INFANTS during the TEETHING PERIOD.  
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## OUR FURNITURE, CARPET AND FURNISHING DEPARTMENTS

Are the Most Extensive in Australia, and the elaborate alterations made in our Carpet and Furnishing Drapery Departments have made a **MAGNIFICENT SHOWROOM**, well-lighted, wherein **CARPETS, CURTAINS** and **COVERINGS** can be shown to the greatest advantage.

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We make a Specialty of **Villa and Moderate-Priced Furniture.**  
 The "New Style" Bedroom Suite, in Kauri Pine or Polished Walnut Colour, £10 10s.  
 Beautiful and Luxurious Saddlebag Suites, in Rich Colourings, £24 10s.  
 Very Handsome Sideboards, Full Plate Glass Back, Carved Doors and Drawers, £12 10s.

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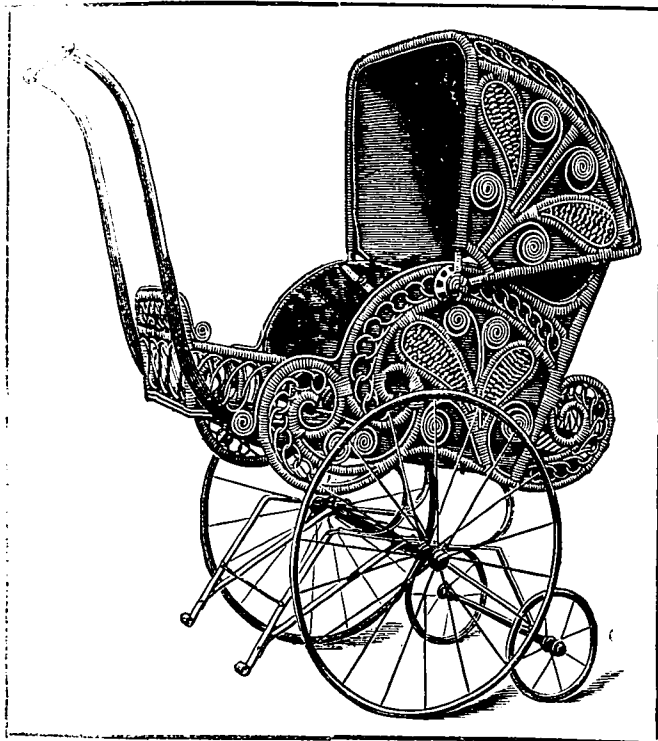
We have a magnificent range of Brussels and Axminster Carpets, in the most modern colourings and styles, at the very lowest prices.  
 The new "Marie Antoinette" Wreath and Ribbon Axminster Carpet, with self-coloured centre, and Lovely Border of Wreaths of Flowers in Colours.  
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We are now displaying all the Latest and Most Fashionable Goods in Casement Linens, Choice Cretonnes, Lovely Madras Muslins with Frills. For Draping and Furnishing Windows—especially in the modern type of house—Making Loose Covers for Chairs, **PRINTED CASEMENT LINENS**, at 3/6 per yard, are an ideal material. It washes perfectly.

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"SPEAKS FOR ITSELF"

1/- 1/3 1/6 1/9 2/-

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**MISS COLLARD,**  
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157 Chapel Street,  
 Windsor.

DEPOT FOR THE CELEBRATED  
**C.B. CORSETS.**

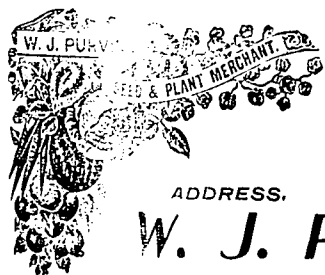
Underclothing, Baby Linen, Costumes,  
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BEST POSSIBLE VALUE FOR CASH ONLY.

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Are the **PUREST** and **SUREST SEEDS** Obtainable Absolutely.

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After all, the BEST HOUSE for  
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PRICE LIST. PER BOTTLE.

WHISKIES.		CHAMPAGNES.	
Scotch.			
Highland Park	4/2	Monopole	5/2, 10/
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White Horse	3/9	Chas. Farris	3/6, 6/3
Bullock Lade	3/9	SCHNAPPS.	
Walker's Special	3/9	Wolfe's	2/3, 4/3
Walker's	3/9	Silverstream	2/, 3/8
Scotch Cream	3/9	Jenke's	3/8
Dewar's Special	3/9	GINS.	
Glenmorangie	3/6	Gilbey's	3/6
Glen Dew	3/3	Burnett's	3/6
Glen Doon	3/3	Burnett's Old Tom	3/6
Grant's	2/9	Bols	4/
Irish.			
Jameson's	3/ 5/9	A.V.H. proof	5/
Burke's	2/6, 4/8	J.D.K.Z.	2/6, 4/8
Burke's proof	2/9, 5/5	Hollands	1/9, 5/6
Mitchell's	2/6, 4/8	RUMS.	
Mitchell's proof	2/9, 5/5	Marie Brizard's	5/3
Dunville's	2/6, 4/8	Sheriff's	2/3, 4/6
Dunville's proof	2/9, 5/5	Old Jamaica	1/10, 3/9
Killarney Dew	2/4, 4/6	Old Imported	1/6, 3/
Old Irish Blend	2/, 4/	Queensland	1/3, 2/6
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Martell's	5/5	ALES & STOUTS.	
Hennessy's	5/3	Bas's	8d., 11d.
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 Importer of All Sporting Requisites.  
 Has BATS & BALLS SPECIALLY MADE for Country Use.  
 Balls, 6/6, 7/6, 8/- Bats, 17/3, 21/- 25/-  
 Country Clubs Particularly Catered for.  
 Good Material at Moderate Prices.  
 No Inferior Stock Kept. Send for Lists.

The Phrase,  
**THE WONDERFUL WERTHEIM SEWING MACHINE**

Applies to a Sewing Machine that has been tested in Thousands of Homes and by Tens of Thousands of People.  
 There is only one Verdict:  
**"It Exceeded our Highest Anticipations."**

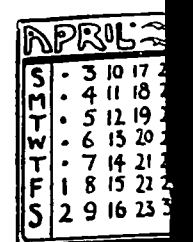
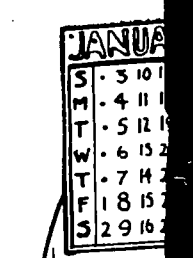
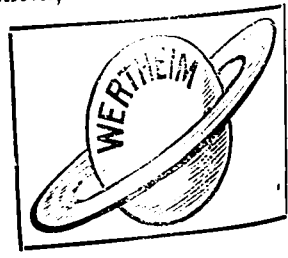
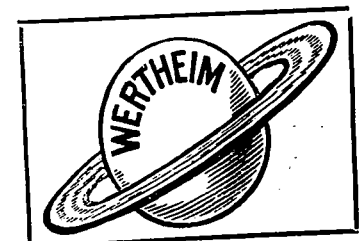
Every day we receive some flattering testimony of the phenomenal success which has been achieved by The Wonderful Wertheim Sewing Machine. It is the Household Friend, ready at any moment to serve its owner by clothing the family. Hemming, Stitching, doing Embroidery, Frills, Tucks, or any design in Fancy or Art Work. A Perfect Boon to the Household and an ornament in any home. The Wonderful Wertheim Sewing Machine Sews Backwards or Forwards, and can be supplied either as a STRAIGHT SHUTTLE MACHINE, OSCILLATING SHUTTLE MACHINE, ROTARY SHUTTLE MACHINE, or VIBRATING SHUTTLE MACHINE.

You may have a Wonderful Wertheim Sewing Machine for the asking and a Very Small Weekly or Monthly Payment it will COST YOU NOTHING TO TEST ONE, and the one you purchase will more than repay for itself.

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They include the superb Perzina, Planet, Pfaffe, Barthol, Steinweg, Schiedmayer, Hapsburg, Schwechten, &c

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 294, 296 Bourke St., Melbourne  
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 Branches Everywhere.



In January, stop The Smart Girl In February, little is aught but C In March begins The motto is,

Satisfaction guaranteed.



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 Drink Cure  
 Remedy.  
 three weeks from the  
 LOSS OF WORK.  
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 under cover.  
 VICTORIA ROAD,  
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**MERCERY.**  
**Nicholls,**  
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 ... 1/11 to 3/6  
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 ... 2/11 to 7/6  
 ... 2/11 to 5/6  
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**WINE**

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**PARABLE.**

**WERTHEIM**

# ALMANAC FOR 1904.

**JANUARY**

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T	5	12	19	26	
W	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
F	18	15	22	29	
S	29	16	23	30	

**FEBRUARY**

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M	1	8	15	22	29
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W	3	10	17	24	
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

**MARCH**

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W	9	16	23	30	
T	10	17	24	31	
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S	5	12	19	26	

**APRIL**

S	3	10	17	24
M	4	11	18	25
T	5	12	19	26
W	6	13	20	27
T	7	14	21	28
F	8	15	22	29
S	9	16	23	30

**MAY**

S	1	8	15	22	29
M	2	9	16	23	30
T	3	10	17	24	31
W	4	11	18	25	
T	5	12	19	26	
F	6	13	20	27	
S	7	14	21	28	

**JUNE**

S	5	12	19	26	
M	6	13	20	27	
T	7	14	21	28	
W	8	15	22	29	
T	9	16	23	30	
F	3	10	17	24	
S	4	11	18	25	

**JULY**

S	10	17	24	31
M	11	18	25	
T	12	19	26	
W	13	20	27	
T	14	21	28	
F	15	22	29	
S	16	23	30	

**AUGUST**

S	7	14	21	28	
M	1	8	15	22	29
T	2	9	16	23	30
W	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
F	5	12	19	26	
S	6	13	20	27	

**SEPTEMBER**

S	4	11	18	25	
M	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
W	7	14	21	28	
T	8	15	22	29	
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	

**OCTOBER**

S	2	9	16	23	30
M	3	10	17	24	31
T	4	11	18	25	
W	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
F	7	14	21	28	
S	8	15	22	29	

**NOVEMBER**

S	6	13	20	27	
M	7	14	21	28	
T	8	15	22	29	
W	9	16	23	30	
T	3	10	17	24	
F	4	11	18	25	
S	5	12	19	26	

**DECEMBER**

S	4	11	18	25	
M	5	12	19	26	
T	6	13	20	27	
W	7	14	21	28	
T	8	15	22	29	
F	2	9	16	23	30
S	3	10	17	24	31

## THE SMART GIRL'S CALENDAR.

In January, stout or slim,  
 Smart Girl must be "in the swim."  
 Every little worth  
 But Cricket on the earth.  
 In March begins the motor's flight,  
 So motto is, "Sit close! Hold tight!"

In April to the Hunt she jogs,  
 Quite gaily going to the dogs.  
 In May she shows her form at golf,  
 To mash the caddy and the toff.  
 In June she thinks it quite a lark  
 To sit and watch the "men of mark."

In July on the mimic stage,  
 As Juliet she loves to rage.  
 In August dull to cheer her gloom,  
 She'll watch spring bonnets bid and bloom.  
 In soft September days she ought  
 To have a racket in the court.

October sees her knock them all,  
 Belle beautiful, at the Lord Mayor's ball.  
 In swift November at the course,  
 Her fancy turns to thoughts of horse.  
 December brings her sweetest joys—  
 She's Santa Claus to troops of boys!





### A WHITE AUSTRALIA.

1. The white man: "Fancy meeting you!" THE ABORIGINAL.—"My word! not much difference between you white feller Australian and me black feller Australian when we change clothes."  
 2. The black man: "Ye! You're no white Australian." MAGGIE.—"Pooh! I'm a little bit of both." THE JUDGE.—"Well, fight it out between you. I no longer draw the colour line."  
 3. THE SWAN AND THE BLACK SNAKE (to the Chinese dragon and the Indian cobra).—"Out of this; we are the only black things permitted in Australia."



When the Australian uncle of the little boys Bull arrived, the boys said — "We'll lure his nibs on to a game of cricket, get him out for a duck-egg, and then stick at the wickets all day."



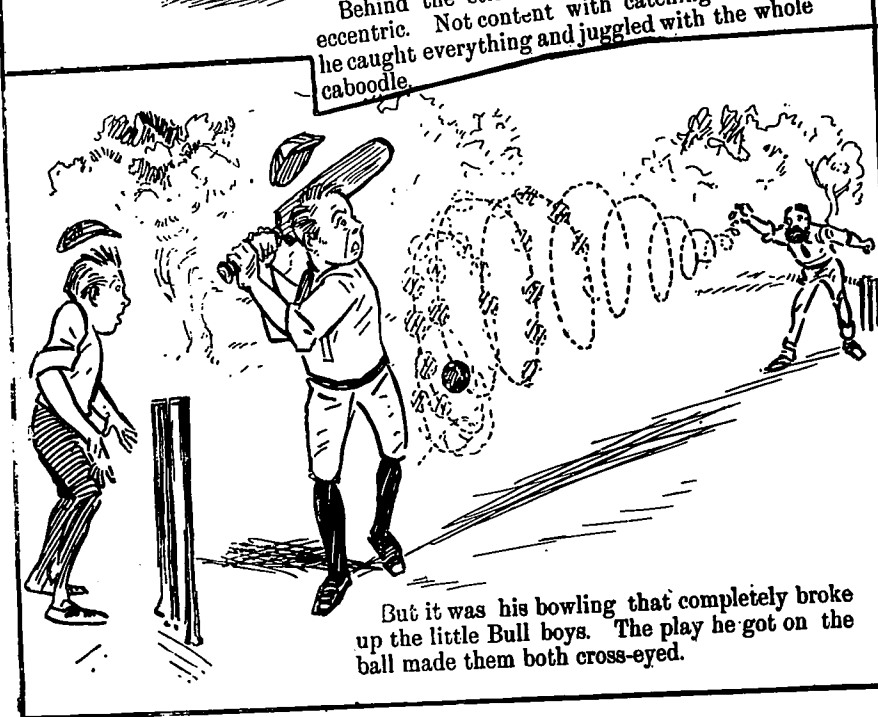
His nibs went in, and the way he dealt with the English bowling was a fearsome thing to see.



Behind the sticks his capers were still more eccentric. Not content with catching the ball, he caught everything and juggled with the whole caboodle.



In the out-field he fielded as well with his head as his hands, and nothing passed him.



But it was his bowling that completely broke up the little Bull boys. The play he got on the ball made them both cross-eyed.



"Didn't you know, boys," said the simple uncle. "I was called the Cinquevalli of the Antipedes, and I played with the Australian Eleven for a few seasons?"

## THE WILY AUSTRALIAN.

Smithson, the spruce, trim-figured professional man, was coming smartly through the gardens, when he heard the sound of angry voices, followed by a woman's scream. Just ahead of him a couple were quarrelling, a low-looking man and a neatly-dressed, slim, fair-haired girl. The man was using bad language, and as Smithson drew near he saw the brute strike the girl. Now, Smithson prides himself on his gallantry, and is something of a boxer, so he ran to the rescue, and taking the bully by the scruff, hurled him on the grass. "Get out, you cur!" he said. "Oh, save me, sir; save me!" cried the girl, throwing her arms about Smithson, and clinging to him in an agony of terror. Smithson rather liked the sensation. "Do not fear," he said, "he'll not harm you while I am near. If you like, I'll give him a charge. 'Oh, no, no!' said the girl. 'He is my brother, I could not bear that. But he has gone to the bad, and is always molesting me.'" The wicked brother had shrunk away, and Smithson parted with the girl after she had thanked him warmly. It was not till close upon noon that Smithson missed his gold watch and chain. At the detective office they

said: "Been rescuing any woman in distress lately?" Smithson described the incident in the gardens. "Yes," said the officer, "that's the latest little game. The girl got your watch." Smithson now carries a Waterbury, and is no longer anything of a knight errant. "Would you marry for money, my dear?" She was asked. (She was pretty and bright.) And she answered, with promptness, I fear: "If it's cash on delivery I might!" He was a Johnnie type, and he drove up to the bush pub. in the squatter's trim dog-cart. His name was Harold, and he was fresh from Finland. He entered the bar, and while he drank draped himself against the counter and drank stinging whiskey, and lisped pretty things to the barmaid, some boys outside unharnessed his pony, led it into the publican's garden, pushed the shafts of the dog-cart through the pickets of the fence and harnessed the horse in again, so that the pony was inside the fence and the cart outside. When Harold came from the bar he stood for three solid minutes staring at the miracle in solemn awe. "Co-come and lu-look

here," he cried. "By Ju-jove, you n-never saw anything li-like this before!" They all gathered round, and wondered aloud, and offered weird solutions of the mystery. "Tain't so strange the bu-begger ge-getting through the fence; what surprises me is how the deuce he pu-put the pup-pup-palings on again," stut-tered Harold. They tell of a young lady of Balmain, Sydney, who holds the record for engagements. She claims to have been engaged to twenty-three men within three years. What an engaging little creature this must be! A kindly old gentleman coming through the Treasury Gardens the other day was accosted by a sad, tall stranger, of the type of the Weary Billy, who told a very pitiful tale of the privations he had endured. "I am no ordinary tramp, sir," he said, "as doubtless you will perceive from my address. I am a gentleman of education and refinement, and you will understand how it must pain a man of some delicacy to be compelled to appeal for assistance in the public streets. But needs must when hunger drives. It is bad to have to wear boots

like these, and such habiliments as now cover me, but one can do that and still preserve one's independence. It is hunger that humbles me. I am humbled now. Please give me some-thing for bread." The kindly gentleman gave him a coin and passed on. A few minutes later, feeling dry, the kindly one dropped into a city hotel for a drink, and found the Weary Billy from the Treasury Gardens reclining against the bar ogling a long whiskey and soda. "Why, you blanky fraud," cried the kindly soul, "you have imposed upon me. It's like your confounded check to beg money to spend in drink." "Sir," said the Weary Billy with great dignity, "how dare you presume to interfere with me. This is none of your business. Allow me to inform you that this refreshment was not purchased with your silver-peace." A little scrap of interesting conversation heard in the vicinity of The Rocks, Sydney, "Yah, he ain't no account as a fighter, he's a cur, he is. Six or seven of us picked on to him the other night, an' the coward used a stick."

## THE VOICE OF

By GEORGE M.

In the small town of V. amid a belt of Australian prize was felt when Frank, a young man, suddenly resigned his expedition of scientific exploration of the interior of the continent. Lately promoted from a head office, it was thought comparative youth, and some means lately come into, he promising future. Moreover, stay in the town he had in view to the strikingly good-bison, daughter of a wealthy they had become engaged, offered immediate marriage Sydney as an alternative of venturing, but Vera's father opportunity on the spot of daughter. When, therefore, reasonable condition, and joined much room for gossip was opinion being that his act and peculiar, and that the Vera was left in an unsatisfied And when Frank's letters, venturesome band passed by ordinary communication. Vera and without elder sister, was from her unfeeling friend, contrived a modest living as a and teacher of music.

Indeed, between the two the bond of affection. To Vera, that Mrs. Naseby was undowered, with a child sleeping, and that she was scarcely. There was something more, fortune, which embitter the strong with human sympathy brave to endure her own, all other troubles brought to this disposition a refinement of breeding and a face of mere technical beauty; in personality of singular attraction. "I wish," pensively remarked as she sat in Mrs. Naseby's "we knew more about Frank. I don't think I could marry loved another woman." Mrs. Naseby went on intending, and then said quietly: "I know I'm fastidious, but with a little trow; but for a man before I met Frank. I'll ask Frank when he well. Mrs. Naseby shook her head would be most imprudent. prompts women to uncover is only one thing harder to untratisfied, and that is curio-



### OH, RAPTURE!

"A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every goddess seems to set her seal,  
To give the world assurance of A MAN!"—Shakespeare (slightly altered).

### THE VOICE OF THE STARS.

By GEORGE MARTIN.

In the small town of Willowdene, nestling amid a belt of Australian uplands, some surprise was felt when Frank Moreton, bank manager, suddenly resigned his post and joined an expedition of scientific exploration bound for the interior of the continent.

Lately promoted from a clerkship at the bank office, it was thought that, despite his comparative youth, and some small independent means lately come into, he was sacrificing a promising future. Moreover, during his short stay in the town he had managed to fall captive to the strikingly good looks of Vera Harbiston, daughter of a wealthy landowner, and they had become engaged. It is true Frank offered immediate marriage and residence in Sydney as an alternative to his proposed adventuring, but Vera's father demanded a year's opportunity on the spot of becoming better acquainted with Frank before giving him his daughter. When, therefore, Frank refused this reasonable condition, and joined the expedition, much room for gossip was provided, the general opinion being that his action was unnatural and peculiar, and that the engagement with Vera was left in an unsatisfactory position.

And when Frank's letters ceased, as the adventuresome band passed beyond the reach of ordinary communication, Vera, being motherless, and without elder sister, would seek comfort from her faithful friend, Mrs. Naseby, who contrived a modest living as church organist and teacher of music.

Indeed, between the two there existed a strong bond of affection. To Vera it was not merely that Mrs. Naseby was understood to be widowed, with a child sleeping in the cemetery, and that she was scarcely older than herself. There was something more. Sorrow and misfortune, which embitter the weak and fill the strong with human sympathy, had made her brave to endure her own, and quick to share all other troubles brought to her. Unite to this disposition a refinement of manner, a note of brooding and a face of sweetness rather than mere technical beauty; in a word, a winning personality of singular attractiveness.

"I wish," positively remarked Vera one day, as she sat in Mrs. Naseby's little sitting-room, "I knew more about Frank. Do you know, I don't think I could marry a man who had loved another woman."

Mrs. Naseby went on intently with some sewing, and then said quietly: "If your love was real, that would stop you. Besides, if he loved you, would it matter?"

"I know I'm vindictive, too," observed Vera, with a little frown. "But, then, I never cared for a man like that. I met Frank, and I want—well, I'll ask Frank when he comes back!"

Mrs. Naseby shook her head decisively. "That would be most imprudent. It is curiosity that prompts you to uncover the past, and there is only one order to bear than curiosity ungratified, and that is curiosity satisfied."

But Vera was following her own thoughts. "If there was anything to know, I would prefer to know it before marriage, when not too late," she replied positively.

Mrs. Naseby laid down her work, and, leaning towards Vera, said impressively: "Dear, why know? What concerns a woman is to be the one a man ultimately loves and remains faithful to. Is not that a triumph over any past he may have had?"

A little sigh escaped her, and tears were being held back only by an effort.

But Vera was quite unconvinced by her friend's opinions.

"Well, to change the subject," she exclaimed, with forced gaiety, "whose 'Wedding March' are you going to play if we are married? I prefer Wagner's if your little organ won't break down under it."

"I'll do my best," smiled the other, bravely, "but if there's any breaking-down I'm afraid I shall do that. . . . You're going? Good-bye, dear. Don't think—only trust."

And necessarily a long wearying period of many months of silence followed for Vera as regarded Frank.

To happy lovers, hand-within-hand, silence speaks with a voice of such rare music as expands the heart and brims the eyes. To the parted, who trust implicitly, there is neither silence nor sound; the memory of the last embrace, the joy of the next, fill all. To the parted who doubt, silence speaks with tongues that lash and sicken the soul.

And presently a blow fell so rudely as to lack even the warning grace of an hour. Hamul Khan, Afghan camel-man of far-distant parts, had somehow picked up the news, and forthwith communicated it to Willowdene in a narrative of much feeling and dignity. Frank was dead. A fever had stricken him even as the little band was on its homeward march, and the efforts of his comrades had not availed to save his life.

The first effects of the shock over, and Vera, red-eyed, wandered mechanically towards Mrs. Naseby's cottage, but there was no response to her summons. Aimlessly she strolled on till she reached the cemetery, about which she moved as one in a dream. The morning was dull, the spring had been cheerless, the summer delayed its coming.

Suddenly she paused. She had come unwittingly on a slight figure kneeling at the side of a tiny mound, upon which was placed a posy of fresh flowers. The kneeler was Mrs. Naseby. Her hands were clasped, and her dark-circled eyes closed as slightly swaying she moaned:

"Oh, Frank! my love! my love! Where are my pride and my strength now?"

And as an access of emotion mastered her, she broke into a sobbing, which painfully shook her frail form.

In a moment she started affrightedly, as she felt a hand on her shoulder. She beheld Vera bending beside her, her eyes expanded, her expression one of tense, breathless enquiry.

"You said . . . 'Frank,'" breathed Vera,

in an awed whisper. "Did you mean . . . him?"

Mrs. Naseby lifted her head wearily. "Yes," she choked.

Vera glanced at the little grave, and her white face gradually became hard and set.

"I understand," she said, gently. . . . "And he had not given you the right to his name? . . . No? And yet you continued to care for him?" pursued Vera, suppressed incredulity in her tone. . . . "Yes?"

She reached and touched caressingly the still clasped hands. "And you would have played at my wedding!"

Her tone was tender and wondering. "I understand now what you said about the Past. You are brave! How I admire your pride! But my feeling for Frank is dead now, and if he were not in his grave I would say—"

"Oh, hush! do not!" impetuously cried the other, "we were both thoughtless, and I don't think he loved as I did. He was poor then, and spent all that he had to settle me here, and when, by strange chance, he was sent to Willowdene, I thought Fate was bringing him to me again with a new love. But, no; he would not even live here, though I told him in my poor pride, I didn't want to see him, and shouldn't mind if he married somebody else, and —"

A rapid, crunching step on the gravel path, and a man, with travel-stained attire, and drawn, bronzed face stood before them. It was Frank Moreton. On seeing the two women he stopped abruptly, the potentiality of their companionship causing his face to flush, so that he hardly noticed their sharp cry, and the strained look with which they gazed at him, though a subtle perception conveyed to him instantly the change in Vera.

When he spoke, his speech was hurried and broken. "I have come as quickly as I could," he said, "and am deeply sorry I was not here before Hamul's meddlesome letter. I was very ill, and they had given me up."

He glanced at the little grave, and his face fell as he met Vera's look. "Do you know?" he asked her, his voice dropping.

"Yes!" she answered frigidly, "and I presume it isn't necessary to add that there can be nothing more between you and me."

Turning to the kneeling woman, who anxiously beheld this change in the scene in which her life was set, she said, encouragingly: "Dear, don't let your pride fail you now, after he has broken the spring-time of your life." And, drawing herself up, she walked leisurely away.

"Constance!" cried Frank, in a new voice, ringing with the hope that now shone in his eyes, "it is to you I have come back with reparation, if it is not too late! The voice of the stars, as I lay under them, came down and spoke to me of you on countless nights, until at last I—ah!"

And, reading the look she gave him, he flung himself on his knees beside her, and folded her in his arms.

A broken spring? What matter! For here is

the majesty of the sun, waving back with his golden mantle the gloom which had held the season, and with his divine fire filling bodies and souls long starving for warmth.

Spring? It is past!—think no more of it!—for this is Summer, the long-looked-for, come at last!

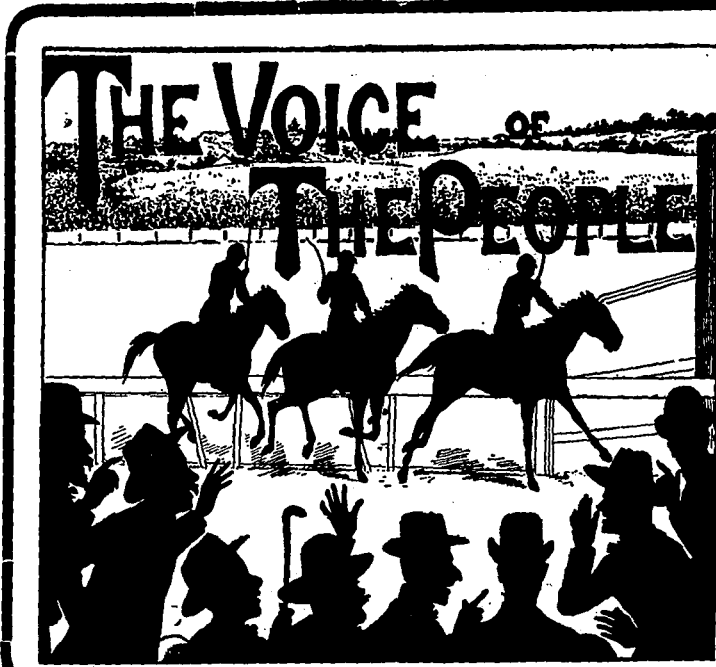
He was a young man of an inquiring turn of mind, and he wandered into the establishment of a Melbourne firm that supplies photographic materials. "Say," he said to the man behind the counter, "er you a futty-grapher?" "I'm a photographer," replied the salesman. "Know all about the business?" "Pretty well." "There's a futtygraph of a flea in your winder what's mighty interesting." "That's an enlargement." "Is it? I thought it was a flea. Looks too big fer a flea, though." "It's a flea alright; but it's a flea magnified." "Oh, that's it, is it? Hows'mever, twas't that pint of view I cum to arks you about. What puzzles me is how the deuce you got that flea to sit fer his futty-graph."



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THE TWINS (to mendicant who wants sixpence).  
— "We never encourage beggars."

THE MENDICANT.— "Then make it threepence, guv nor, an' I'll feel horribly discouraged."



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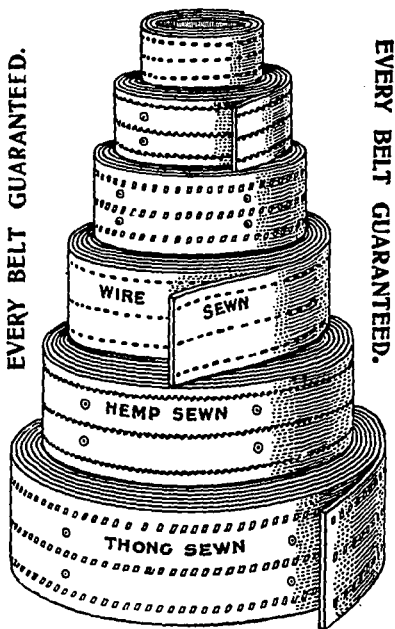
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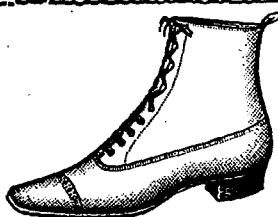
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### CHRISTMAS IN THE BUSH.

Deep in the bush he dreams apart,  
And one fair figure dimly sees;

But though the rapture stirs his heart,  
His guests are only memories.

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The female barber is now in vogue in Australia, and in London with the razor in several establishments, but the hairdressing barberess has not yet gained the hands of the kindred institutions that have been trying to abolish the barbershop. It will come when the abolition of the little barberess will be justly sought after, and then we men are attracted to the hussies of the brush and the over-indulgence in cigars, cigarettes is promoted by the daily "Down with the daily shaft" war cry of the reformers, married man won't be able to shave without getting into a

"Why should I consent to my daughter's marriage with you, sir?" said the stern Toorakian parent, adjusting his glasses. "Humanitarian principles should prompt you." "I don't understand." There are many excellent reasons why I should marry your daughter. For instance, I have nothing to do, and if I had I shouldn't do it. I have no means of living, and if I don't get your daughter and the five pounds a week she possesses I really don't know what I shall do, particularly as my father kicked me out this morning." "Those are all excellent reasons why you should marry my daughter, young man," said the stern parent, thoughtfully. "Then, you appreciate my honest straightforwardness?" "I do." "And will consent?" "I will not." "But you are satisfied with the reasons I advanced why I should marry Clara?" "Yes; and now I want some equally good reasons why Clara should marry you." Clara married the other fellow.

The best bit of cheek known or heard of in Australia was that of the book agent who worried a man into a condition of melancholy from which he died, and then went along as agent for a firm of tombstone-makers to sell the widow a monument.

We have just heard of an affectionate heathen named Prig Itt, who went into a farmer's poultry yard by the Wagga way by the light of an absent moon and attempted to steal a large piece of poultry that was roosting on one leg in a retired place. He took hold of the bird by the neck, and the bird awoke to its great danger and entered a protest. The noise and racket and the Chinese language gone bad that followed disturbed the farmer's rest, and he went down with a lantern and an axe-handle to investigate and hit up lumps on anybody who happened to be unduly interfering with his property. He found Prig Itt struggling wildly with the male bird he had taken up with in an unguarded moment, and the bird was plucking all the hair out of his head and bending his ribs inwards with fearful kicks. Then the farmer relieved the bird, and beat Prig Itt all out of shape before pointing him homewards and kicking him half-way there. Prig Itt had tried to carry off a trained emu, dreaming it was an enlarged Brahmoputra—that's all.

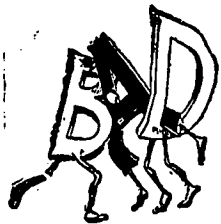
A miserable trick was put upon the Riverina years back. The phrenologist bent, but he had succeeded in bourne papers to take him to had been vigorously boomed. house of a wealthy squatter was given, and was invited to rest just to show his remarkable squatter privately undertook to cent be for the entertainment ment his guests were to receive men submitted to his hands who was described to the phrenologist herebefore mentioned botanist, eccentric, but amazing phrenologist felt his bumps, mended a glowing account of h was unique in his knowledge o mal life, a man of extraordinary great intellectual force. No department of science he had

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SUNSET.

The day's dull toil is over,  
And soft the winds are whispering their mes-  
sages to me,  
Where, on the red, red clover,  
With red skies arching over,  
I rest with you, my lover,  
And watch the great warm sea—  
The sea that ripples, whispering of love to you  
and me;  
Whispering and whispering—dear heart, what is  
it whispering?

"Our Lord the sun is dying,"  
The breezes tell us, whispering, as they creep,  
crooning, past.

Hark! to the mourners sighing,  
As they march westward, trying  
To keep his colours flying  
In glory to the last.

"Our king is dead!" a-whispering, the west  
wind shivers past.  
"Dead—dead!" Love, hear it whispering, whis-  
pering, whispering!

Another day is ended;  
The shadows grey are stealing o'er mountain-  
spur and wave,

And in a pageant splendid—  
Rich gold and crimson blended—  
The dead king's court has wended,  
In proud grief, to his grave  
And night winds come a-whispering, beneath the  
starlight brave.

Love, let us rest here, whispering—your lips and  
my lips whispering,  
Whispering, whispering.

WILL. LAWSON.

A blind man is a poor subject for a practical  
joke, but the constitutional practical joker has  
neither conscience, morals, nor sense of recti-  
tude, consequently a great many people were  
attracted around a blind man, sitting begging  
in the main street of a Victorian town one  
morning in October. What attracted the crowd  
was the fact that the blind man wore a suit of  
prison clothes, dotted over with broad arrows.  
A policeman arrived on the scene, and proceed-  
ed to take the blind man in charge. He was  
not the kind of policeman referred to in the  
familiar heading, "Police Intelligence"; because  
he had no intelligence. "Why are you arresting  
the man?" asked a bystander. "Fer bein' il-  
legally at large. He's an escaped convict."  
"Nonsense! He's sat here every day for a  
year past. You must have seen him yourself."  
"I know I have," said the officer; "but that  
don't alter the fact that he's an escaped prisoner.  
The clothes will convict him." "But how can  
he be an escaped prisoner if he's never been in  
gaol?" "I dunno," answered the Law. "It  
ain't fer me to say, but them clothes have  
escaped iv he hasn't, an' I'll run 'em in." He  
gave to the blind man by some person un-  
known, and he had donned them in good faith.  
The case was dismissed, and the cop. was not  
complimented on his clever capture, strange to  
say.



AND SHE'LL HAVE A VOTE.

EX-CANDIDATE. — "Oh, yes, I tried to go into the House, but  
failed to get a seat."  
THE LADY. — "Dear me! Why didn't you book one at the  
box office?"



KITTY IN THE GARDEN.

HE. — "Why, I never expected to see you here. I heard you  
were 'pegging out.'"  
SHE. — "Yes, so I was. To-day is washing day, you know."

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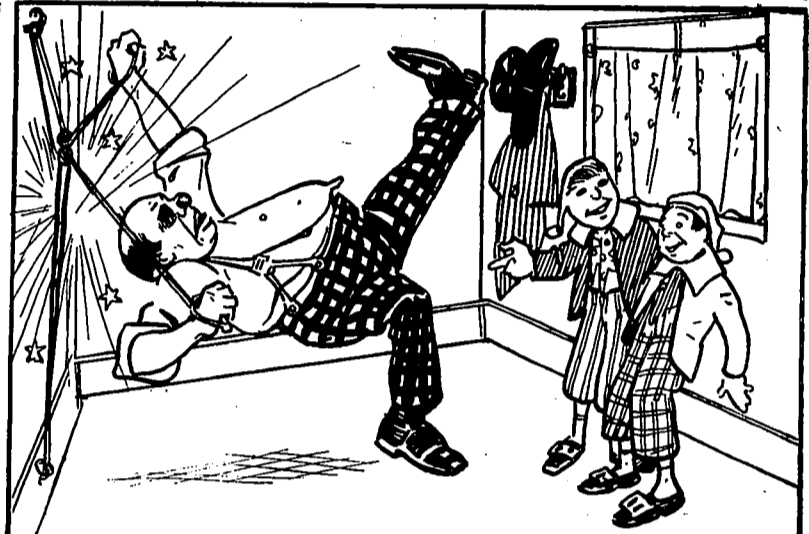
Mugg, finding himself running a trifle to lard, determined to get into form again and give the lads an object lesson. He fastened on and took a long, strong pull.



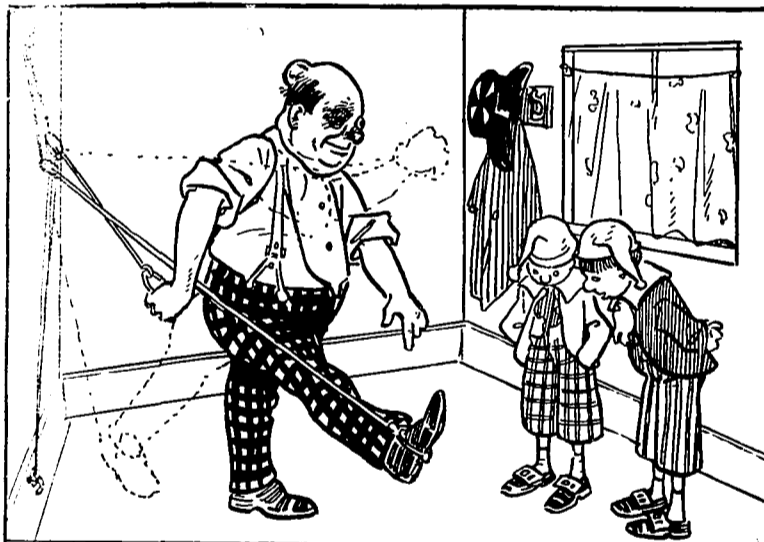
But these elastic bands are tricky, and the reaction plucked Mugg off his feet, and landed him on his occiput with a crack that crippled the wall.



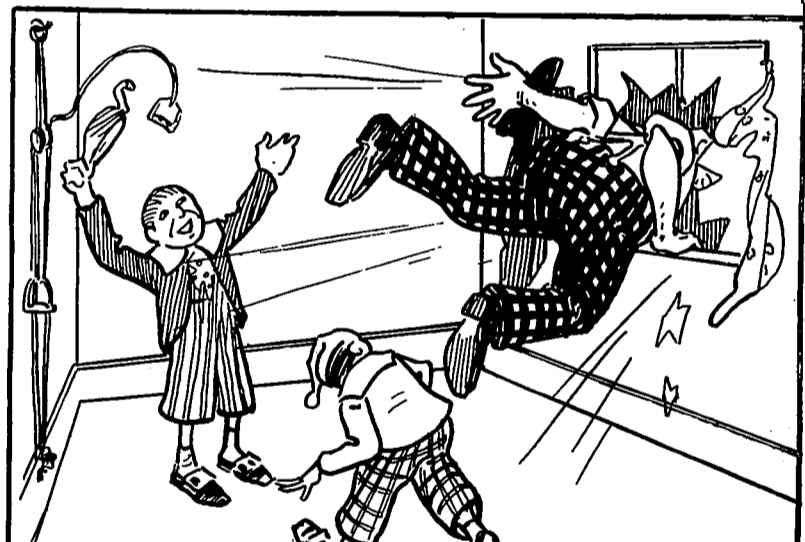
"Never say die, boys!" cried the gallant Mugg, and he turned his back to it, and gave a yank that lifted the house off its foundations.



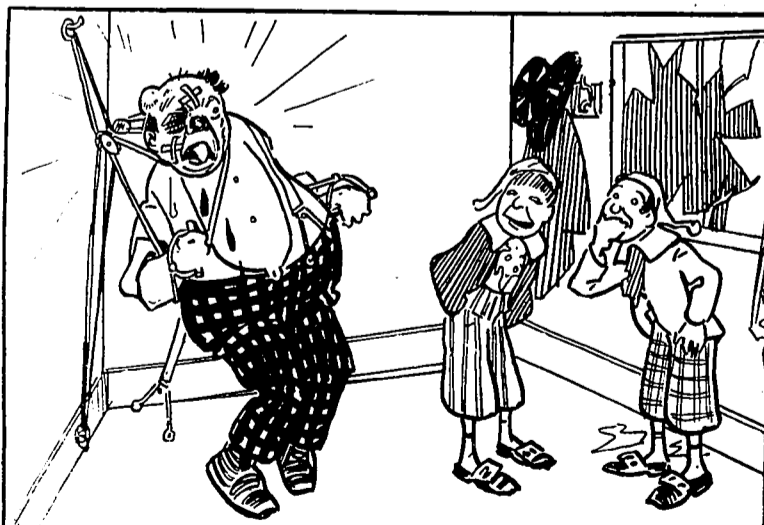
Gee-whiz! She got back at him again, and his double somersault, landing on his chin, was a beautiful thing to see



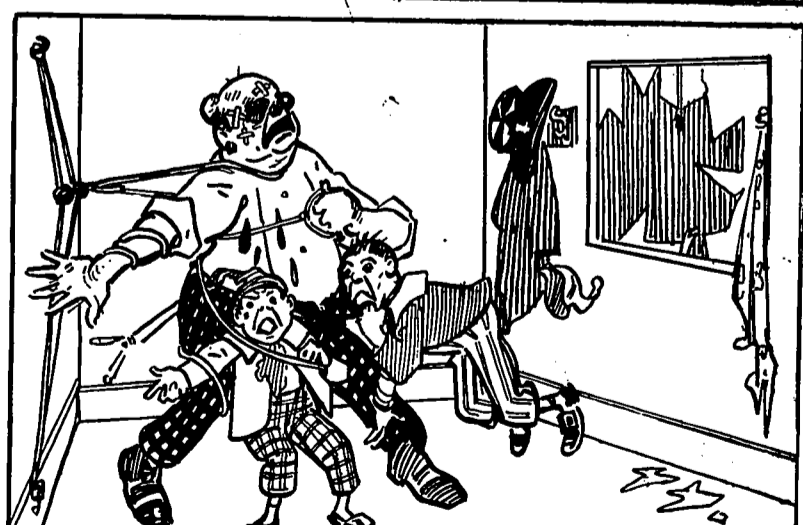
Mugg was a bit excited, and rushing back this time, missed grips.



and went plunk through the window into his 40-guinea glass house, filling himself with "panes" and penalties.



But Mugg was not to be done by any measly machine, and he dashed at it again, and the blanky thing got him in its toils and choked his false teeth out.



And when the boys tried to rescue him, it grabbed up the family like an infuriated octopus. After being disentangled Mugg sold the exerciser and bought an axe. He'll stick to wood-cutting as a flesh reducer.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.



EN.  
you here. I heard  
g day, you know."

ENTS

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### A BUSH INCIDENT.

It is in curious accordance with the ethics of popular fiction, but it is nevertheless quite true that at the time Bryce was wretchedly poor. He had been cutting wood very industriously all through the cold and hungry winter, and piles were stacked all over the paddock, high monuments to his industry, but there was nobody to cart the wood to the nearest railway station, eleven miles off, the roads being impassable, and so the hard work did not help to provide bread for Bryce's five voracious youngsters, and the woodcutter was in a bad way. He had been to see one of the wood-dealers to try and sell him some of the wood as it stood, but the price the man offered was so ruinously small that the cutter refused fiercely. There were hot words and a quarrel, and Bryce returned to his breadless home. Credit had been stopped at all the stores, and there was no way of getting the materials for more than one meal. That evening the youngsters ate the scraps of the saw, axes and his maul and wedges to the paddock breakfastless, and feeling quite unfit and horseless. He sat for some time on the old butt he had started to cut up the day before, wofully reviewing the situation; but it was so desperate that he was glad to start work as an escape from his grim thoughts. He ran the crosscut through the butt at a terrific rate, and started again five feet

nearer the stump. He had got half way through when suddenly the saw jumped on something hard, and a small disc was jerked out of the saw cut to Bryce's feet. He picked it up with some curiosity and uttered an exclamation of wonder. It was a sovereign. Bryce never spoke of his find, presuming that as has often happened in Victoria, years ago when the district was a rich alluvial field some lucky digger had used that butt as a safe deposit, and had died without letting it be known where his money was hidden. Such a treasure trove is rightly the Government's, but Bryce reckoned he could make better use of it than any Government, and he kept his secret.

She was a small, plump, fair widow with golden hair—hair that looked as if it had turned yellow in a single night—and she had tumbled eyes and a sentimental, sensitive manner. "No," she told the slim, poetical youth in the corner of the garden under the old gum tree, "I did not love my late husband. He was old enough to be my father, and the marriage was forced upon me. For some weeks before our wedding day I was often on the point of committing suicide, but I was strong. Our married life was very brief; my husband died within two years." "And how did he die?" asked the youth. "He drowned himself," replied the little widow, with a sigh. Said the lady lecturer to the Sydney suburban audience, when advocating a tax on

larger hole, found he had exhausted the treasure trove. Bryce staggered home like a drunken man, and when he and his wife counted the money on the bed they found themselves possessed of £375. Bryce never spoke of his find, presuming that as has often happened in Victoria, years ago when the district was a rich alluvial field some lucky digger had used that butt as a safe deposit, and had died without letting it be known where his money was hidden. Such a treasure trove is rightly the Government's, but Bryce reckoned he could make better use of it than any Government, and he kept his secret.

bachelors. "The bachelor is a miserable man, anyhow; and you can always tell him by reason of the fact that his trousers are kicked out at the heel." We know a few married men whose trousers are kicked out, too; but it is not at the heel. The question is simply this—Is it better to be a bachelor and have your trousers kicked out at the heel or a married man, and have them kicked out at the heel?"

Australia is never in such low water as during a drought. They say silence is golden, and yet we are told that money talks.

"The future is dumb to us," says a Sydney-side poetess. This does not fit in with the popular assertion that "time will tell."

We have several ladies' rifle clubs in Victoria, and amongst the numbers are many excellent shots.

And yet we know a damsel fair Who puts the rifle neath a ban, And who would beat them all, we swear, At smartly bringing down her man.

A Sydney doctor says that he has discovered a method to prevent sneezing. This will not be popular. There is nothing more disappointing than to fail to fetch off a sneeze that has been hanging round in one's head. However, the discovery may be useful to burglars who are in the habit of hiding under the bed.

### MR. PILKINGTON'S EXPERIENCE

Mr. Cornelius Pilkington, gentleman who has retired on a comfortable income, an situated in a pleasant suburb is a widower, unencumbered home. In common with his as a matter of course, his ally speaking, and it is in romance, especially of the emotional class. We have to disclose this little weak consequences that flowed from "He had greedily devoured positions of Miss Braddon. Wood, Du Boisgobey, Fergus and other writers of the ay and other interested in the pitude of mankind and vic herein depicted. Often, in 'not exciting' feature app Monotonous even tenor of Why did not his house a noblewoman who h Why did not one of his s ghters embark boldly upon and lawless enterprise? It able (though the morbid-m man) to posture as the the situation, condemning, retribution, as the positio demand. His prosaic relat peared too mean-spirited to gratification in this way.

One evening not long ago seated in his drawingroom. tion to circulating library hand, and a decanter of w position, when suddenly the door, and immediately a man entered. He was tall, markable physiognomy. His goggled protected his eyes; moustache surmounted his chin was adorned with a "Mr. Pilkington, I presume ing a chair without awaiting an invitation. "That is my name," repli man. "May I enquire—" "I have come," interrupt place before you—" Mr. Pilkington, who had in most of the artifices by agents seek to delude the to assure his visitor that steered against overtures i or pictures on time-payment peals for charitable subscrip by him to his solicitors. up his book with the air of dismissed the subject and t gether.

"Mr. Pilkington," murmured a calm, sad voice, rising fr had not anticipated this t desired to confide to you e gloomy and entralling impo mind of a carking burden you decline to receive my co turned to depart. This, however, was touchi upon a susceptible point. H aside, and adured his visit chair, and relieve himself of as explicitly as was consist stances. The stranger accordingly and appeared to brood moce ments. "This is a sad world of len-th, and I have been football of fortune."

Mr. Pilkington murmured sympathy with the battered kials, and awaited further de "My name is Sanerazure, other, "and but for the cre I should have been the estate and a title. As it or son, a peggary outcast, ent upon the charity of an e "That happens frequently." kington.

"All my life I have been t crance and ill-will," said the "At school I was caned for other boys, and expelled bec of puerile petulance, I stabbe nile tyrants with a dinner-ku Mr. Pilkington was rather idea of morbid petulance, but "At Cambridge my ill dos me. Was it my fault that exceeded my income—that my warned for the society of t Or that thereupon pecuniary sined?"

Mr. Pilkington observed the very natural indeed. "My cold-hearted sire—my who had robbed me of my f rally law of primogeniture relief. Money became a sim endeavoured to raise it up the signature of a young noi age St. Boniface's, but th ried it to his lordship, who ture and obtained the bill he read me a lecture on wha to term his lincency. But h report, and—would you believ elled?"

Mr. Pilkington thought the cold suits believe it, but I astonished to reply. His visitor gloomily proceed passages in my life which I touch lightly upon; neither, i "in" that I should attempt tanced a skein." Mr. Pilkington found bread he could readily understand t went on: "I will not weary you r details of my wretched stru cifics—how I, the lineal de arent Gibbelines, was redu lthood in the bureau of a gar votary of commerce." "Well, come, you know," in kington, "if it comes to that

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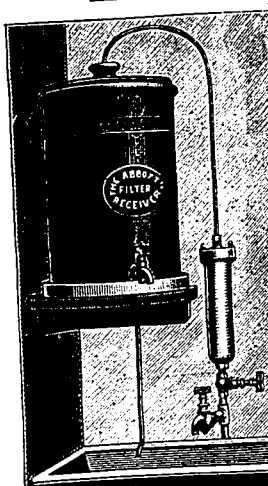
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MR. PILKINGTON'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Cornelius Pilkington is a worthy old gentleman who has retired from business with a comfortable income, and occupies a villa situated in a pleasant suburb of Sydney.

He had greedily devoured the fanciful compositions of Miss Braddon, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Wood, Du Boisgobey, Fergus Hume, Guy Boothby, and other writers of the same school, and was deeply interested in the astonishing turpitude of mankind and vicissitudes of fortune herein depicted.

One evening not long ago Mr. Pilkington was seated in his drawingroom, with the last addition to a circulating library sensation in his hand, and a decanter of wine in a convenient position, when suddenly there came a knock to the door, and immediately thereafter a gentleman entered.

"That is my name," replied the old gentleman. "May I enquire?" "I have come," interrupted the other, "to place before you..."

Mr. Pilkington, who had become well versed in most of the artifices by which peripatetic agents seek to delude the unwary, hastened to assure his visitor that he was absolutely steed against any surreptitious in regard to hool's or pictures of any subscription were referred to him by the visitors.

"Mr. Pilkington," murmured the stranger, in a calm and rising from his chair, "I had not anticipated this treatment. I had desired to explain to you certain matters of gloomy and gloomy import—to relieve my mind of a certain burden of care—but since you decline to receive my confession—and he turned to depart."

This, however, touching Mr. Pilkington upon a susceptible point. He laid Guy Boothby aside, and resumed his visitor to resume his chair, and relieved himself of his carrying burden as expeditiously as consistent with circumstances.

The stranger accordingly sat down again, and appeared somewhat moodily for a few moments.

"This is a world of ours," said he at length, "and I have been assuredly a very faithful of fortune."

Mr. Pilkington murmured some incoherent words, the while the battered recipient of many blows and with further developments.

"My name is Sangrazure," continued the other, "and I am the cruel caprice of nature. I should have been the heir to a large estate and a fortune. As it was I was a young man, a penniless dependent upon the bounty of an elder brother."

"The heavens be gently," observed Mr. Pilkington.

"I have been the victim of intolerance and ill-will," said the unfortunate man. "I was wronged for the misdeeds of others and wronged because, in a moment of passion, I stabbed one of my juvenile friends with a dinner-knife."

Mr. Pilkington was rather startled at this confession, but forbore remark.

"My destiny still pursued me. Was it my fault that my requirements were not met? (myself a patrician) I was the property of those nobly born? Or did I incur pecuniary embarrassments on my own account?"

Mr. Pilkington observed that all this was very natural.

"My dear sir—my unnatural brother and I, by the law of my inheritance by the law of my inheritance, both denied me the same simple necessity. I was upon a bill hearing, and a young nobleman of my color, who denied the signa- ture of the bill. Sending for me, he made a private confession to you believe it?—I was ex- cited. 'I did not come here,' he hissed between his teeth, 'to be treated with cool disdain, or to be the recipient of frigid conventionalities. You must and shall hear me—and then let justice claim her due. Nay, stir not,' he added, as Mr. Pilkington stretched his hand towards the bell. 'Sound that ere the fitting moment has arrived, and accept the dread consequence as you may.' And full at the horrified old gentleman's countenance he levelled a six-shooter of most approved design: it clicked ominously as he cocked it, and its tiny mouth gaped as though endowed with a cruel thirst which nothing but blood could satisfy.

"For mercy's sake, man," exclaimed the agonised object of this attention; "put away that horrible weapon! Put it away, I beg of you!"

"I don't mind jokes, you know, but it might go off!"

"Will you hear me, then, and go further from the bell?" queried the other, imperturbably. "Yes, yes, to be sure; anything you please—only put that away."

Mr. Sangrazure thus assured, uncocked the weapon, replaced it in his pocket, and once commenced his narrative. Mr. Pilkington wiped his brow with his handkerchief, and wished himself out of his dangerous visitor's reach.

"I was formerly," said the latter, "a clerk in the house of Skinflint and Co., of this city. Whilst there it was my misfortune to behold Miss Melusina Skinflint, the eldest daughter of our senior in the firm, and to become inspired with a hopeless, maddening passion for her. Well might she be included in the category of those tawny-haired sirens who, reclining on the shoals of feminine fascination, woo poor mortals with enchanting melody to their destruction. Having ensnared me within the circle of her Circe-like allurements, she coldly repulsed my overtures of affection, and threatened to denounce me to her sire. Too well I divined the reason that she spurned me; she loved another, a fellow-clerk, who—belonging to the family—was shortly to be received into the firm. A smirking, tailor-made idiot! I had never liked him, but now that he had robbed me of my heart's idol I vowed revenge. Yet I dissembled, and for the better unravelment of my plans affected a cordiality and regard which completely veiled my real sentiments towards him.

"At length my opportunity arrived. By an artful device, with the details of which I need not trouble you, I beguiled him into meeting me late one night at the office. Our warehouse is situated on an arm of the harbour, and a small pier or jetty, used for business purposes, abuts upon the back premises. This is completely fenced on two sides by tall columns of piles driven closely together, and at high tide the water rises to a minimum depth of ten feet all round. Luring my unsuspecting victim on the jetty, I suddenly hurled him into the water. I knew that he could not swim, and anticipated glutting my eyes with the spectacle of his death struggles amidst the overpowering element.

very great hardship in it. A sordid and vulgar votary of commerce, indeed," added the old gentleman, indignantly, for it struck him that the descendant of the Ghibellines was both pointed and personal in his remarks.

The latter, however, paid no sort of attention to him, but proceeded "Yes, behold me, I say, driving a pen in a dingy office, subject to the coarse domination of plebeian ledger-keepers. It could not last. Accident placed under my control the keys of the safe; I procured an impression in wax, and obtained counterparts. Thus, from time to time I was enabled to avail myself of portions of this sordid huckster's wealth—procured, I doubt not, by one long series of fraud, trickery and chicanery, devoted by me to nobler purposes, by me and by my loving and sympathetic spouse—a kindred spirit—two souls attuned as one. Why should I have been otherwise?"

Mr. Pilkington hinted that this was a doctrine to which (however specious it might appear at first sight) he was hardly prepared to yield assent on the score of commercial morality.

"Conventional prejudice—nothing more," said Mr. Sangrazure. "But, alas! my happiness was too great to endure. A paltry informer gave information to the uncongenial spirit to which I had been formerly tied, and she set upon me the minions of the law. I fled the country."

"Why had you been married before, then?" interrupted the stupefied Mr. Pilkington.

"Had I not mentioned that?" enquired his visitor. Mr. Pilkington was too much bewildered to be positive whether this little item had, in fact, been included in the category or not. Here was a man coolly confessing to stabbing forrery, robbery and bigamy, and referring to them as mere peccadilloes. Was anything yet to be revealed? he enquired. Indeed there was.

"Alas!" said Sangrazure, "I have not yet touched upon the canker-worm of my existence. Flood! The deadly primeval curse of Cain! Would that I could wash it from my soul, but I cannot—it haunts me night and day!"

Mr. Pilkington cast an uncomfortable glance about the apartment, as though he half antici-

ated that the spectre of one of his guest's numerous victims was hovering around some where.

"Yes, and retribution must be made," added the other, in a sepulchral tone. "Such expiation as a full confession can afford, and it was for this I sought you."

But his unwilling host had had quite enough of these extremely harrowing confidences, and hinted that a more experienced and sage penitencier might be found for the ghostly consolation which Mr. Sangrazure seemed to require.

The latter, however, became suddenly intensely excited. "I did not come here," he hissed between his teeth, "to be treated with cool disdain, or to be the recipient of frigid conventionalities. You must and shall hear me—and then let justice claim her due. Nay, stir not," he added, as Mr. Pilkington stretched his hand towards the bell. "Sound that ere the fitting moment has arrived, and accept the dread consequence as you may." And full at the horrified old gentleman's countenance he levelled a six-shooter of most approved design: it clicked ominously as he cocked it, and its tiny mouth gaped as though endowed with a cruel thirst which nothing but blood could satisfy.

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"Will you hear me, then, and go further from the bell?" queried the other, imperturbably. "Yes, yes, to be sure; anything you please—only put that away."

Mr. Sangrazure thus assured, uncocked the weapon, replaced it in his pocket, and once commenced his narrative. Mr. Pilkington wiped his brow with his handkerchief, and wished himself out of his dangerous visitor's reach.

"I was formerly," said the latter, "a clerk in the house of Skinflint and Co., of this city. Whilst there it was my misfortune to behold Miss Melusina Skinflint, the eldest daughter of our senior in the firm, and to become inspired with a hopeless, maddening passion for her. Well might she be included in the category of those tawny-haired sirens who, reclining on the shoals of feminine fascination, woo poor mortals with enchanting melody to their destruction. Having ensnared me within the circle of her Circe-like allurements, she coldly repulsed my overtures of affection, and threatened to denounce me to her sire. Too well I divined the reason that she spurned me; she loved another, a fellow-clerk, who—belonging to the family—was shortly to be received into the firm. A smirking, tailor-made idiot! I had never liked him, but now that he had robbed me of my heart's idol I vowed revenge. Yet I dissembled, and for the better unravelment of my plans affected a cordiality and regard which completely veiled my real sentiments towards him.

"At length my opportunity arrived. By an artful device, with the details of which I need not trouble you, I beguiled him into meeting me late one night at the office. Our warehouse is situated on an arm of the harbour, and a small pier or jetty, used for business purposes, abuts upon the back premises. This is completely fenced on two sides by tall columns of piles driven closely together, and at high tide the water rises to a minimum depth of ten feet all round. Luring my unsuspecting victim on the jetty, I suddenly hurled him into the water. I knew that he could not swim, and anticipated glutting my eyes with the spectacle of his death struggles amidst the overpowering element.

adv is implacable. It craves for retribution. I can struggle no longer. I yield to its demands, and surrender myself to justice. Go, then, for the satellites of the law."

Mr. Pilkington was half-stupefied at this horrible and ghastly confession. He tried to pass off as a joke, but the self-accusing assassin persisted in his demand for a policeman and a pair of handcuffs. He declined to accompany the old gentleman to the lockup, averring that once again at large he might not be able to control his resolution, and that, moreover, he wished to commit his narrative to paper whilst awaiting the authorities. Mr. Pilkington at length reluctantly yielded. He more than half suspected his visitor to be a maniac; but, even presuming such to be the case, was it advisable to allow a dangerous lunatic to be at large, armed with a deadly weapon? The drawingroom was on the first floor, with windows a considerable height above the ground, and the door being locked, Mr. Sangrazure might safely be entrusted to his own society during his host's absence. Accordingly, Mr. Pilkington secured the portal and left his visitor, the latter with his face buried in his hands, muttering wildly to himself.

It was fully a mile and a-half to the nearest police station, and on his way there Mr. Pilkington could not help reflecting on Mr. Sangrazure's singular inconsistency, as viewed by romantic canons. Had he, dissembling his former career, obtained a situation in Mr. P.'s household as secretary, butler, or even groom, and then commenced a series of experiments upon a Borgian scale, his conduct would have appeared legitimate. As it was, it seemed incomprehensible. Arrived at the station, the story was told, and the astonished police sergeant in charge (having satisfied himself of Mr. Pilkington's sobriety) despatched a stalwart and experienced senior-constable to make the requisite enquiries, and act as might seem advisable.

All was quiet at Pilkington Villa. They were somewhat surprised to find the drawingroom door unlocked, and more surprised to find that Mr. Sangrazure had departed. Further examination disclosed the circumstance that the drawingroom and several other apartments had been ransacked, and that Mr. Sangrazure had taken with him (perhaps as souvenirs) a quantity of silver plate, jewellery, cash and valuables to the extent of about £500, from whence it was concluded that another descendant of

the ancient Ghibellines had probably been lurking in ambush. The most curious part of the proceedings was that no one had seen Mr. Sangrazure except Mr. Pilkington. The servants averred that he had made no signal at the front door, neither had he been admitted in the usual way, nor had his presence or departure been noticed. He had disappeared as mysteriously as he came, leaving behind him (possibly as a delicate attention to his host) a volume entitled "How to Help Yourself."

It is Mr. Pilkington's firm determination that should any fugitive stranger ever again visit him with a view of making him the repository of confidences, he will brain the intruder with the poker by way of a preliminary.

"P. L. M."



TWO MEANINGS.

Gertie.—"Oh, mother, I wish you'd try to contract the fashionable lean."  
Mamma.—"It's useless, my dear. All those anti-fats are failures."

DIGNITY.

Johnny.—The tragedienne at this theatre I suppose?  
Miss Montmorency.—Tragedienne! do you wish to insult me? I'm in the ballet."

ated that the spectre of one of his guest's numerous victims was hovering around some where.

"It was a dark night, yet sufficiently clear to enable me, by stooping, to perceive what ensued. He fell with a sullen splash, disappeared beneath the surface, but almost immediately rose again, blinded and gasping, only to sink a second time, after fruitlessly beating the water for a few seconds. Again he appeared and struggled frantically, whilst I calmly surveyed him with a mocking eye. Again he sank, and once again arose; for the last time, as I knew. A wild, smothered cry for succour rose to his lips. With a supreme effort he succeeded in clutching the edge of the jetty, and in spasmodic terms implored my mercy. Mercy! My own safety now demanded the consummation of the deed. Snatching up a jagged piece of timber which lay adjacent, I struck him on the hands, which clung so despairingly, and on the lips, that pain would have clamoured for help. I laughed sardonically as he disappeared for ever.

the ancient Ghibellines had probably been lurking in ambush. The most curious part of the proceedings was that no one had seen Mr. Sangrazure except Mr. Pilkington. The servants averred that he had made no signal at the front door, neither had he been admitted in the usual way, nor had his presence or departure been noticed. He had disappeared as mysteriously as he came, leaving behind him (possibly as a delicate attention to his host) a volume entitled "How to Help Yourself."

miserable man, tell him by reas- oners are kicked out, too; but a question is at the heel or a m kicked out at

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lace and insertion, fastened on  
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Cotton Spencers, transparent lace, fastened  
at side, 2/6.  
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### EDITORIAL COMMENT.

## The Charles M. Read Coy.

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ON A PLAIN.

The brown plain touched the sky-line south and north and west and east, The sun hung low, his livid glow consuming man and beast.

Below, upon the blistering sands, a helpless speck, alone, With piteous cries and fevered eyes and pleading hands upthrown,

A horse lay dead beside him, and the world was sere and dry, In direst pain, "Oh, God! Thy rain—Thy rain, or I must die!"

And all about the stricken wretch, as round a thing accourt, There gathered hosts of noonday ghosts. In all the crew the worst Was one faint, hoary, vaporous fiend. The others called him Thirst.

"From out Thy vasty depth and store of ocean cool and sea, Through storm and calm that in Thy palm Thou holdest steadfastly, One little drop, Almighty God, is all I crave of Thee!"

The sunrays smote his eyes, there burned a fever in his brain, With eager feet he fled to meet the mirage-flow again And bask in verdant shadow out upon the treeless plain.

He stumbled often as he ran, he saw a river glide, And cool and green 'mid vines was seen a homestead fair and wide, And kindly people offered drink, but faded at his side!

An age it seemed he hastened on, but found himself at last Returned again, distraught with pain, where in the moments past He'd prayed. And now his curses at the sullen sky were cast.

He cursed while he had breath, and then, above the waste of brown, On horse and man the carrion clan came wheeling slowly down. The man with lifeless brows returned the angry heaven's frown!

And now the winds came up in haste across the stirring plain. They veiled the sun, as one by one the clouds streamed in again; And on the thankless dead below was poured the teeming rain!

WARD EDSON.



SAW HER VOTE COMING.

OLD QUIVERFIL.—Now, madam, I understand why our children were nearly all girls. It was your habit to object to keep me constantly in an ignominious minority in my own house.

A MORNING IN THE BUSH.

By HELEN DAVIS.

The eyelids of slumber lift from bower and lawn, As the shout of the hill-tops loud welcomes the dawn, And the hush of the forest awakens to song, While the day's heralds speed in a sun-girded throng.

locality. Presently the greyness changes to a roseate tint in the east, and, defying the triumphs of the artist's brush, and the dramatic power of the scene-painter to render the transformation, the beauty of the rose passes into the glory of gold, and soon the conquest of the night by the day, sun-crowned and splendid, is complete.

It is the magic hour of health and energy. The earth, after the period of rest, is being galvanised with fresh forces of life by the sun, and the birds and the beasts and the thought forms of creatures crowding her spaces are astir, gathering and renewing their vigour for the day.

The blood that flowed sluggish in our veins overnight is now coursing swiftly, sending its rich flood mantling to the cheek. Our whole physical being is vitalised in consonance with Nature! It is as though we were admitted to the rights of her mystery, where the new generations of things are made palpable, and we breathe and enter into her ecstasy.

Now it is a fully visible world laid open to the sight, where the shadows lie across the light in fantastic images of the substance, with contours clear-cut and defined, but changing and lessening as the hours proceed.

And the chill of the darkness but kisses the air, As the mists melt and vanish in radiance fair, And the bee from the fragrant heart of the flower In deep honeyed draughts sips the night-sweated shower.

We pass on through the aisles of the forest, where the trees are stately as sculptured columns, marble-white or softly grey. The foliage of their branching canopies, catching the slanting sunbeams on its surface, shakes them back with dewy brilliancy, until, with the play, the air appears ablaze with the fire of living jewels. On and on we go, with the sensation upon us of aisles stretching through the world, of a world without limit; of a boundless vision. On, with the grand symphony in our ears of sounds that sense may not define;



A REDUCING REGIME.

THE FAT UN. Used to be as fat as me, eh? What did you take for it? THE OTHER. Six months.

that fills the heart and mind with what can be but ill-expressed though intoning the Infinite to song; where, mingled with the trees, Theme every whisper of the wind in the trees, the hum of the insect on the wing, the distant note of the bird, has its part of set beauty.

In the shimmering distance, strange forms come and go, floating in their ethereal vestments through the sunlight out into the blue beyond! They are the offspring of the Imagination, the inspiration of the Unknown, ever luring us forward till our steps seem to rest on the borderland dividing them from us, yet for ever eluding the touch of our hands.

But all is glad with the abounding life, and moves in perfect accord with the great Scheme of the Invisible, arterial Time, pulsing through eternity.

They have some strange, instructive and entertaining ideas of Australia in the newspaper offices of Germany. We have just come across an illustrated Berlin weekly in which there is a diverting account of the manner in which the postal requirements of the Australian back-blocks are met by an enterprising and resourceful people. Of course, it is not possible to send postmen to every house, homestead and station in the wide and wildering Never-Never, and so at each house not otherwise served there is kept a trained kangaroo, which bounds away at a fixed hour to meet the postman at a given spot. Each 'roo has its owner's name and address on a breastplate, and the postman puts the letters for the particular house to which the animal belongs in the kangaroo's pouch, and the intelligent beast immediately bounds off to deliver the mails. It is, we are told, an extremely curious sight to see the scores of kangaroos assembled at the crossroads, awaiting the coming of the mail. How very amusing! It only remains for that editor to tell his readers how we employ bunyips to distribute our newspapers in order to make them fully conversant with Australia and Australians.

He was a sailor man evidently come off one of the trading vessels. He was in his working clothes, burnt the colour of new tan, as big as a decent ham, and he had taken a little beer; not too sufficient to make him very plump, entered the vehicle, and plumped side the slim and skinking... the umbrella, the little book... of a mother's treasure. rate, one imagined. "Goot said the sailorman, in a friendly shoot coom ashore from dot funnel, und planky glat I vos I'm dellin' you." The shrill... a little more. The expletive... sailorman went on cheerfully heavy hand on the other's kn... vos a tog—Oh, a planky... cross-eyed tog, dot's vot he me you don'd know dot made his name. No; vell, dot's... He splid you blanky head mit shoot as soon as look. "Vy dash, planky dash, vy you so as I tolt you?" he say und ding at your head."

The sailorman pounded his little fellow's knee, and crept closer to the stout... But the sailorman followed... mit anydings vot comes... mit Morris. It vos goot for... of re de mast on dose ship... er captain he ain't so bad... a shendleman—he vos a real... Bang went the hand again... cried the curate, in pain... somebody; he vos high und... no notice of scum like you und... baned again, and the woman... of the little man lost all pat... up, she seized the sailorman... him violently, baned his he... of the tra'n, and said: "p... screaming idiot!" While she... curate escaped. "Dot vos... said the sailorman, gaily, t... an's. "Aind't she a planky..."

and just what... was as... but just... along... appearing... made... "I'm... der blue... ashore... shrank... but the... ing his... mate... crimson... s'pose... is, dot... for you... ink-spike... sh. dash... dot rope... oes some... hand on... his right... "Hilt you... 's de tay... you ain't... you. But... He vos... shendleman... "Oh"... captain. he... He take... the other... and, jump... ears, shook... against the... don't be a... doing it... be the vic... the other... one feller?"

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as your deliberate

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i: "Hans, don't  
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aily, to the other  
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### TYPES OF IMPERIAL PEERESSES.

- COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY (Ireland).
- COUNTESS POWIS (England).
- PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESSE (Miss Cornwallis West), England.
- COUNTESS DE CORRIE.

Photos by L. London.

**AN EXPENSIVE VOTE.**

Many things, besides the return of the candidate, may depend upon a political election, as many years ago Harry Barker found out in his own experience, and to his bitter cost. Harry was a dashing, free-and-easy young fellow, nephew to old Barker, one of the wealthy men of the Western District of Victoria. As he was a crochety old bachelor, Harry was naturally looked upon as his heir, that is provided that he did nothing to alienate his uncle's affections. He was not likely to do this, for, beyond politics, and making money, and Barker had no special hobbies, and did not care much how his friends—or his foes for the matter of that—lived or what they did with their spare time. So Harry, who was in a bank at Warrnambool, lived his own life, humoured his uncle, and was happy in his expectations of the future, beside getting solid advantages in the present.

"Harry," said old Barker one day to his nephew, "there is a general election in a month's time, and I'm thinking of becoming a candidate."

The nephew felt inclined to laugh outright at the preposterous idea. He knew that his uncle took himself seriously in politics, but he also knew that nobody else on earth did. It was right enough for the general public to "kid" the old man in political matters, take him with mock gravity and sham earnestness, and dine and drink at his expense—but to accept him, to imagine him in the role of a representative—the notion was too funny for expression in words. As delicately as he could, Harry tried to dissuade him from his intention, but in vain.

"I've considered the matter," said the old man, "and I am determined to stand. My workmen, my tenants and their workmen amount to not a few votes, and I think I am pretty well known in my district, so that I think I will have a very fair chance."

Old Barker was the only person who thought so, but not the only person to say so. There were many persons to urge him on, no matter how hopeless his prospect of success. Some encouraged him for the fun of the thing, and others because they were in favour of a contest. The more candidates there were, the more money was spent in halls, meetings, canvassing, drinking and printing. These interested parties poured into old Barker's greedy ears their firm opinion that he would go in at the head of the poll, and the old man went on with his campaign seriously, never dreaming that his candidature was regarded by the bulk of the electors as a gigantic farce.

On the morning of the election, Harry tried to discount the certain defeat by warning his uncle of the uncertainty of human life and Victorian politics, that promises were of a particularly pie-crusty nature at election times, and soon—

"Never mind me," said the old man, cheerfully. "I can take defeat when necessary. So off you go to the polling-booth and record your vote. I dare say you will worry



**AN AUSTRALIAN-BORN PEERESS OF ENGLAND.**

**THE COUNTESS OF DARNLEY.**

Vandijk Photo.

more over the result of this election than I will."

Portentous words, although neither the speaker nor the hearer knew it at the time! "He hasn't got Buckley's chance—not a possible," mused Harry to himself as he went into the town. "He'll get perhaps twenty or thirty votes, all told, but they won't go anywhere near saving his deposit money. If there was the slightest hope of gaining the election or even of saving the fifty pounds goodness knows I'd vote for him willingly—but as there isn't, it would be idiotic on my part to throw away my vote. Barker is likely to run Smithers close, and I don't want Barker at any price, so I guess I'll just have to vote for Smithers. Uncle will never know or suspect that I wasn't one of the few who voted for him. That's one of the great advantages of the glorious institution of the vote by ballot."

So Harry Barker gave his vote for Smithers in the election contested by Barker, Bunker and Smithers. The young man only saw his uncle once again during the polling hours. They met at the door of the booth.

"I've been in to vote," remarked Harry. "Good boy," smiled the old man. "I'm just going in to record my own."

"I think I can guess to whom it will be given," said Harry. "Barker for ever! Plump for Barker!"

The old man laughed joyfully, and slapped his nephew on the back.

That evening there was a crowd assembled to hear the declaration of the poll.

"The voting," shouted the returning officer, is as follows:—Smithers, 843; Barker, 842."

"By Jingo!" thought Harry, "that was a close thing. It was lucky I decided not to throw away my vote on the old man."

"And Barker, 1," continued the returning officer. "I therefore declare that Smithers is duly elected."

Harry Barker gasped. He was standing beside his uncle. The old man said nothing, but gave one look at his nephew. Old Barker knew that he had recorded his own vote for himself, and as only one vote had been recorded in his favour, his workmen, tenants, even his nephew, had deserted him.

Next day the old man altered his will, and left his wealth to the church. Harry Barker's vote had gained Smithers the election, and lost the voter an income of at least a thousand a year!

**A PARENT'S INSTRUCTION.**

Mary had a little dam,  
Who, when she said a word,  
Declared that all good boys  
Should be seen, but rarely heard.

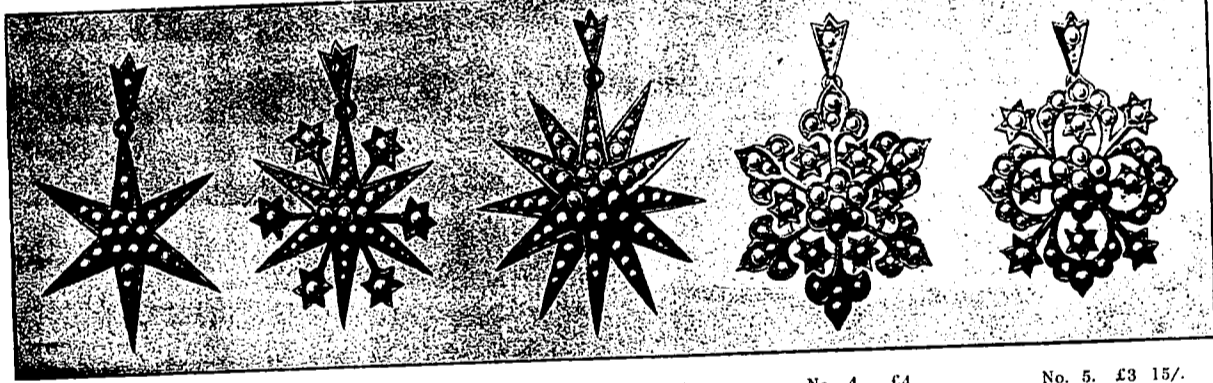
When asked her lessons,  
To follow out this rule,  
The teacher smartly boxed  
And called her tongue-lash.

Strange that when a man  
pays his way, it is said to be to his

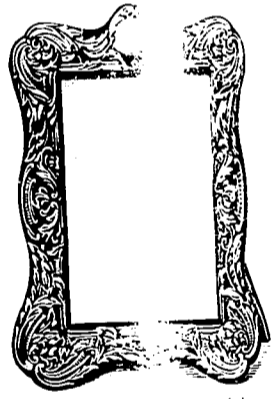
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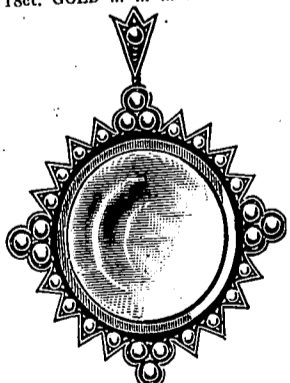
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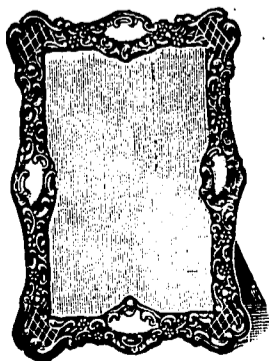
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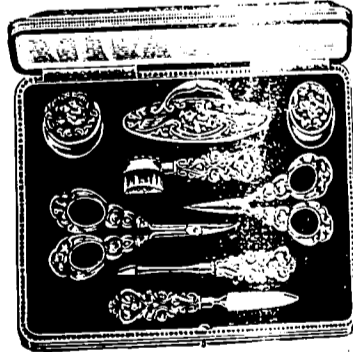
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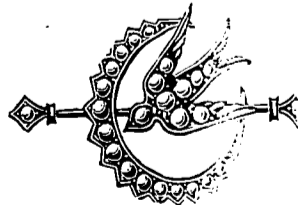
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WHEN HER LADYSHIP CARRIES THE SWAG.

(Date, about 1950.)

The Swagswoman.—It was the worst thing that ever happened to our sex when they emancipated us. The only difference it makes is that you carry the baby and man the bluey. Couldn't those fools of early-century women see that bluey was heavier than baby?

THE FORTY WOULD-BE BENEDICTS

By Erica.

There is always a outcry among Australian men that there are not enough men to go round. At public dances and socials the complaint is the same. Therefore the fact that within the space of one short hour a young lady receives forty proposals comes as rather a shocker in the matrimonial race. I have inserted in "Matrimonial Mail" a young lady with whom I was anxious to meet. I refer to the above, but it is not the case, of course, which she reports. Young men looking for wives are engineers, solicitors, and the like. They made up the number of 40. It is a noteworthy fact that the quality most desired is cleanliness, doubtless soap will be paid for by the lady's "means." From the above we have the favourite age of a bachelor of forty, which years have brought him sense, a reasonable amount of money, a stickler evidently in the marriage service. I am 24 years of age, height, fond of amusement, and of one character, and have an income of a year." The family had got into its second year. The fact that the magic of your possessing me, arouse any in me: an ideal life who possesses the "virtue" etc." But they are inclined. I am not inclined. I understand your meaning that you state I misunderstand me. I would be the last to an arrangement could be made.

bled breast—"I have a fair tenor voice, and I play both the piano and the violin."  
An American has an eye to business. He encloses his official card, with the brief remark: "Be kind enough to give me a call; if business lady we may come to terms." An apologetic young man has just had "a hard day's work preparing for a spree at Footscray," and concludes, "If you do not think my style bold, forward, or, as the followers of Torrey and Geil would call, 'most improper,' please address, etc."  
Nearly all are, according to themselves, handsome and amiable, and, as one puts it, "Not to be too egotistical, I am what is generally considered good-looking, and although I say it myself, am of a good disposition and principle." Which? Another, brief and to the point—"My dear, I should like to see you, and if we like each other it will not take long."

A good many insist on their experience, "I am very musical and of world-wide experience," as if that were a recommendation to any young lady.  
An "easy-going individual" is "thirty-one, fair complexion, tall, not particularly good-looking, with plenty of friends, one enemy, some means, good prospects and a desire to meet a nice, amiable, good-tempered and affectionate girl."  
Another, in arranging a means for identification on meeting, thus describes himself—"I am twenty-five, medium build, fair (of course, not ginger), and I had a moustache, but I took it off a month ago, but am letting it grow again." One can imagine the first kiss. He also would wear "a boxer hat, umbrella and grey Chesterfield" (perhaps like Robur tea, "nothing else!")  
Modesty is not in it with the young man who is "considered of high character, but not a



DEAF RIGHT THROUGH.

James.—Are you deaf on both sides. Mack?  
M'Allister.—Aye, mon—inside and out.



WHY GO HUNGRY?

A CUP DAY SKETCH.  
Saveloy Merchant.—'Ere y'are; saveloy an' roll an' a dead bird fur thruppence!

saint, fairly well educated, but not an Admirable Crichton."  
Into very few does the element of love enter, though one is "eager to devote all love and devotion to a true, loving help-mate," and yet another—"Your vision will be ever flitting before my eyes till I see you"; poetical though hardly possible. The Immigration Act, fortunately, does not apply to marriage, else the following would be out of it—"I am a Swed, so you must for gev my bade spelling of verdes." Ten of these received favourable answers, with instructions to meet the young lady of means at a well-known corner, and eight surprised young men might have been seen that night surveying one another with shamefaced looks, while upon a balcony, out of sight, their fair deceiver watched them return homeward with vows of celibacy upon their lips.

HER HONOURABLE INTENTIONS.

A TELEPATHIC INTERVIEW.

The lady is a prominent figure in the Shemocracy of Australia, and the telepathic interviewer discovered her sitting in her study up to her neck in papers. At her elbow steamed a glass of hot grog, spreading an odour of rum and lemons, and by it smoked a capacious pipe that had just been set down.

It should not be necessary to explain to our readers that a telepathic interviewer does not necessarily address his subject. He conveys his question by the process of thought, transference, and receives his replies in the same way, so that it is not required of our special telepathist that he leave the office in order to interview the man in the next street or Kai-Interviewer William on his throne. Indeed, Editor of the "Review of Reviews," who is a Stead, the telepathic interviewer has gambolled on the meads of Asphodel in other worlds than ours. However, we put the questions and answers colloquially for literary convenience.

"Madam," said the interviewer, "you know what I want?" "Precisely," answered the lady, "you want to know all I do not wish to tell."

"That puts the matter tersely. I want to hear of the aspirations and intentions of the Australian woman now that she has the franchise."

"Her aspirations are high, her intentions strictly honourable."

"No doubt she thinks so, but will man think so?"

"What does it matter? Man is played out."

"Come, come; he still counts for something."

"As a billiard-marker?"

"Nonsense; you are satirical. He counts for much in the political world."

"Well, he seems to do so just now, I admit, but it is all seeming. As soon as woman was given the freedom of the polls she had practically abolished him as a political force."

"She seems to be willing to assume some of his most conspicuous weaknesses."

"The telepathist suggested the pipe and the grog. Merely paraphernalia. Man has skited—(excuse the term, but it is expressive)—about his smoking and drinking as if they were only the attributes of the strong. We are determined to undeceive him."

"Why this attitude of bitterness towards the male?"

"You remember the drama, 'Sowing the Wind,' and the cry, 'Sex against sex? That is our shibboleth.'"

"But after all man has given you this power. As he was strong he was merciful. Why abuse his generosity?"

"Man has given what he could no longer withhold, and after we have been under the whip so long, do you think we are going to forget the strokes because the hand that wielded it is no longer all-powerful?"

"So you are eager to be under the whip again?"

"Never again—never!"

"The party whip."



IT DIDN'T WORK.

Dick. "I married to reform. I thought I'd have no excuse for drinking after I married."

Jess. "And now?"

Dick. "Oh, I find I had no excuse for drinking before I married."

"Ah! quite another matter. Practically man is a political back number; woman takes his place because he has degenerated, and she has strengthened. We arrive, sir, because we are now too strong to be delayed. Man has given nothing; we have taken all that remains. Man sently we will take all that remains. Man once ruled because he was the stronger sex; we have superseded him because we are now the stronger and the more subtle. We, sir, are the sterner sex these times!"

"Really, your tone and manner are quite vindictive. The revolting woman's attitude towards a man and a brother is most—most revolting."

"Yes; we mean to have our vengeance. For generations and generations we have been the subject sex, and did man ever forget to let us know it? We had the keener intelligences, ways, and saw through his weak, vain, egotistic, boastful attitude, and despised him for it."

"Oh, come—the keener intelligence!"

"Certainly; did not woman eat first of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and did she not give Adam some part of the apple?"

"To be sure."

"Well, she only gave him the core. She ate first, and ate most; but only lately has physical strength come with courage to impel her to turn her knowledge to the best advantage. Australia, the youngest nation on the earth, is the first to produce a generation of women physically and morally equipped to dominate, and, damme, sir, we mean to dominate!"

The telepathist moistened his dry lips, and looked about, but that tumbler stood alone. "No, thanks," he said; "I don't drink between the hours of four and ten past. Tell us, now, your intentions towards man."

"We mean to put him down with an iron hand."

"Same old flat-iron?"

"No, sir, the mailed fist."

"Oh, I say, you can't make it a matter of fists. We can beat you at that game. Look at the University boxers; look at Doherty, McCall, Felix, Starlight, and Little Peter Jackson."

"Only a few. What of them? We'll overwhelm them with numbers. We merely mean to uphold the old democratic formula."

"What's that?"

"Majority rule. We are in the majority."

"Yes, if you can get girls to admit they've come to it."

"Pshaw! the modern woman is superior to the egregious little vapidities that make her ashamed of her years."

"That's just where you advanced political woman will fall in. The modern woman is superior to none of her grandmother's weaknesses. Why, she's going back to pinched waists again."

"Never! Never! The stayless waist is the symbol of woman's freedom. The corset was the fetter that bound her. Only when she discarded it had she strength to triumph."

"Well, she's going back to it, and all its attendant evils, and man will conquer again. Her energies will run to waste, so to speak."

"Never—I tell you. We are the sterner sex. The sterner sex we mean to remain. For the future man is the weaker half. Stays for him, then. And in proof of the fact that the corset belongs to the weaker sex, note how many men are wearing them. Why, many officers in the army wear stays. Woman bequeaths the

corsets to man, with her other gyves. Woman takes over all that's good in the world—all power, all dominance, all freedom."

"She gives the stay-lace for the latch-key?"

"It's a fair exchange."

"And the billets?"

"Women will take the easy and remunerative ones; men, as befits the lower animals, may take the hard and ill-paid ones."

"Everywhere—politics, church, army, stage, all the professions?"

"Most certainly."

"But not in the army, surely?"

"Decidedly in the army. The rank and file will be men, the officers will be women. Presently we shall hear no more of armies of lions led by asses."

"What of social legislation?"

"It will be of women, by women, for women. Man is not the king of beasts; woman is, consequently all laws must be shaped to her advantage."

"You anticipate taxing bachelors?"

"No, and for an excellent reason."

"Which is?"

"There will be no bachelors to tax. Woman will have the privilege of making love and proposing. For a man to refuse a proposal of marriage from a woman over twenty-five will be a criminal offence."

"Punishable with?"

"Forcible marriage to a widow three times removed."

"What of the male politicians—the Deakins, Reids, McMillans, Lynes, Turners?"

"Back to their kitchens they go."

"But they know nothing of kitchen work."

"They have just about intelligence enough to learn. I tell you, woman will be bothered with none of them, the posturing, jabbering humbugs. They must go. We have had unadulterated male rule; now for the rule of the female."

"Man is to have no consideration?"

"As much consideration as he's given woman. You'll take the franchise from him?"

"To be sure. Why else should we have troubled to set it for ourselves? Man is the inferior animal; he must be subordinate to us in all things. I am not quite certain but that the time will come when we shall keep men in harems."

"Thank Heaven, the corset is returning to make females effeminate again."

"Sir, that can never be. The corset is a secret of this country well-kept. It is a manufacture within the country, and isishable with death."

"At this point the telepathist turned himself off at the leader of the Shemocracy."

Epitaph of a young man:  
It seems to my poor, pale  
I've fed on hash since  
And now, along with  
I go to ashes after de-

THE SAVING OF TERRY

BY WARD F. DONOVAN

Donovan was a reformer cognised this himself. Who been less the result of than the wildness of a flunced by had surrounded ate love of adventure.

Terry Donovan had been the bush in a locality sufficient of the taint of blood of those Australian we dwellers in the respect grow ashamed to mention tempt for the law and characteristic of the rough workers.

At Cunamine a bushranger every second family, and at twelve years of age fired with thrilling tales of performed by the bushrangers small towns and the homes and spreading consternation able people and dismay who, in spite of noble re- frantic Government, found manoeuvred at every turn.

With the people forming Terry moved the name of scoff and a byword, and beat them were heroes of When one of the pillage heard his mother declare— "Sure, there's another by-

to-night!" Given all that, Terry's ous heart, hot blood, a lov these surroundings supplied surprise of everybody and his own people, who had d the evil seed, before he was wanted by the police.

Terry, the brightest boy mine, wanted by the police, piest, handsomest, kindest son, wanted by the police was in tears, and his fat "Oh! little did I he wend he comin' home to me."

"Tis the different thing, read the thraps 're after zlemily."

Terry took it merrily and played up in a smart of size. Two hundred head been lifted, and swung a one night, and disposed of and nobody doubted but of the cattle lifters. Terry after him for a time, but horse, too, and he gave the main.

"Just for devilment!" Queen, when she besought, answers to be more careful. Alice was the seventeen heart, and their love was more than most bush at Terry was a pretty, and Terry was level in spite of Old Man both of the police; and Terry ran like a creek in the

Terry laughed at her de- dent horse under me, and Alice vander, and I'll beat can send against me," he

But being badly wanted the serious disadvantage th out from the benefits of him off from his opportu alternative but to go on d rest to the authorities, t increase the feverish desire make his better acquainta serious risks Terry could s house now and then, and appointment with Alice oned could not make his living lawful way now, so his first to a second with the same to a sticking-up episode. Terry curred at Coodle's run at fr-arms were flourished, a carried off. That led t

broken as Day-break Dono shortened to Daybreak in d break was the name he ma

The use of revolvers at C ed on a price being put d and subsequent escapades increase in the price, and escapades of Daybreak fil papers. Terry had a fee he was hunted from flat t one end of the country t chances of seeing Alice he night he ran the gauntlet supplies by Queen's dam. to him that night opened

"Terry, you are killing m and look at me, dear. You He struck a match, and his eyes never left her f turned his fingers; and ther dely in his arms, and he

to hers. "My God, how you are a rest at ease, my dar more. I'll go away where I'll make a home on a f send for you. I swear to de a lawless thing again. if you do not hear from m promise that when you do t me."

Terry Donovan was true; he saw no more of Day- He simply passed out, and cene never again recorded.

The story is shifted on t another district far from Terry was Sutch was working time, and most prosperous l Sutch has a pretty f children, and is on the d of a few wise investm call him exactly a ha-

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1. She:—"Do you think we can live happily without political affinity—I a Radical, you a Conservative?"  
He:—"To be sure, my dear. Holding such divergent opinions we'll make an excellent 'pair.'"
2. GOING TO THE POLL. Finnegan:—"Ged out wid ye! D' ye think yez ken corrupt the whole iv this family iv intelligint an' independint electors wid won beer?"
3. Mr. and Mrs. New-wed occupy separate compartments in the train on their honeymoon trip. Said Mrs. New-wed:—"Until you can see your way to come over to me on this question of reciprocity, we must continue to sit on opposite sides."

# THE DAWN OF THE NEW

4. Neglected Ones that have no show with politicians now will be FRANCHISE-ABLE and responsible partners.
5. THE FASHION FOR suitable though not

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Sorry we women were given  
a dozen daughters."  
dress may be worn, but



# DAWN OF THE NEW EVE.

in the background... and now with the... CHISE.—Am... through not indispe...

in the... in some... got a... given votes. A woman... but a mere man forms a

6. Susceptible Candidate.—“How did I get along canvassing? I lost my head—engaged myself to fifteen electors, married seven, and promised to be a brother to some thousands. I’m wanted for divorce, bigamy and breach of promise, and ten husbands are chasing me with guns.”
7. The Leader of the Ladies’ Unemployed Movement. “Now then, girls, hold up your banners on high. Don’t be ashamed of your principles and the three H’s—‘Husbands, Homes and Hairpins for all!’”
8. DRIVE-TO VOTE.—“You are voting for Mr. Cressus. I see, as you have come in his carriage.”  
“Deed, no, thin—I am going to vote for that dacint chap in the belltopper that druv me down to the booth.”





# Skinflint Henley's Experiment.

By WARD EDSON.

John Henley, Esq., J.P., owner of Emu Downs, wealthy pastoralist and a power in the land, at least in the thousands of acres com-

prising Emu Downs, was a Scotchman remark- able for his caniness. He was John Henley, Esq., to most of the people of the "better class" with whom he had dealings, but to all shearers, drovers and bush workers he was Old Skin the Flint.

John was a bachelor because he was too mean to marry, at least that was the opinion of all hands on Emu Downs, and who should know better? Besides, John's own admission was on record.

"Only a verger poor man can afford to marry." By which Skinflint Henley meant that a very poor man had nothing for a spend- thrift wife to dissipate for him.

Henley was a lonely man at 50. If he pos- sessed any relations he kept them at arm's length, and they were never heard of at Emu Downs. Relations were another luxury that the very poor could afford. But the only squatter's loneliness did not seem to affect John. He got all the joy he desired to get out of life in managing his run so as to screw out of the land every penny each acre could carry. What was to come of the money he collected so laboriously was no concern of his, his joy was in gathering it, and seeing the piles accu- mulate, and so on, was the delight he felt in seeing and handling minted gold that led him into the daily indiscretion of which he felt him guilty, the keeping much money in the house.

Henley had been very well satisfied indeed with the qualities and fortunes of a man before he would take his cheque in a business transaction, and he often stipulated for a payment even when dealing with big men.

"It doesn't matter what a mon's gettin' onny- ty at all when nought comes to him," he said. "I was in Melbourne. Only a visit to Melbourne, but he had much stock at the time, and indulged himself for a week, and the thronging people he had thrown amongst had a dour, hard man. The girls walking together, of couples every where, often laughing gaily, gave him new ideas."

John Henley rarely through the Fitzroy city one morning, when a young couple sitting by the path. The man was quite poor-looking, and in wretch- ed clothes. His face was set in a look of misery, which there was a certain look of a baited animal. The girl was not more than twenty years of age. Her face had the unmis- takable stamp of a girl who had sat looking into the dis- tance, a sort of despair in their vacant eyes.

John Henley saw that the hands between them were clasped together. He was startled, but the sight did not pass from his mind. He saw the people's fortunes. Henley's mind had not been wont to busy itself with other people's affairs, but it ran on this theme in the city. There were those two youngsters, desperately poor, and unutterably wretched, thinking perhaps of the cheapest death they could indulge in together; and here was a man, enormously rich, and capable of giving them happiness with a turn of his hand. He had never troubled to give anyone happiness, although he had heard the taste for that kind of thing must be vaunted by people who had nothing to give.

Then it was that a mad idea came to Skin- flint Henley, an idea such as he had never entertained in his life before, an idea that he could not think of for long after without trembling for his own sanity. He would try an experiment in kindness.

John Henley turned back. He walked past the young couple, struggling with his own mind, in quite a tremor of excitement. Turn- ing again he scented himself by the girl. His hands were trembling, his heart beat heavily—he was like a man under the influence of a strong drug.

"Good day to ye," said John Henley. The young man started, looked critically at the rather shabby stranger, and answered, shortly:

"Good day!" "It's a fine day, maybe?" "Very." The young man did not seem dis- posed to keep up the conversation.

"And yet you two dinna appear to be verger well satisfied wi' things." He was addressing the girl.

She turned and looked at him, her eyes filled—and she started to weep.

"Damn it, man, why don't you mind your own business?" cried the youth. "Do we look like people who want to be bothered with curious meddlers?"

"Maybe not," said John, quietly, "but dinna be so fast, laddie. I've a mind to help you, if you do not boot it."

"Appearances are deceifful, laddie. Are ye out o' work?" "I am."

"Where was ye workin' last?" "In gaol," said the youth, defiantly.

"Oh, George, don't—don't!" cried the girl. "He was innocent, he was innocent. But he can get out since he came out, and we are starvin'—we are actually starvin'!" The girl threw herself upon her husband's breast, and wept bitterly.

"Now, go on the devil out of this if your curiosity is satisfied," said the husband, "or by Heaven I'll throw you off. I ask nothing from you."

"In gaol, in gaol!" said John Henley to himself. "Eh, but you's had!" John Henley saw the flushed face con- fronting him, and he drew a bulky purse from his pocket, opened it, showing it to contain ten sovereigns and gold. He counted ten sovereigns into the palm of his hand.

"Maybe I can help you as if I could help you



## REASON ENOUGH.

THE JOHNNIE.—Aw! How is it you girls generally want money with your husbands? THE LADY.—For the same reason that we generally want jam with our pills.

now," he said. "Here, tak' it! Tak it, laddie!" The youth stared into Henley's face. He saw no kindness there; it was grim and dour, and the small eyes burned evilly.

"Good God! Do you mean it?" he whis- pered. For answer John Henley dropped the money into the girl's lap. "If ye want work, an' you're a wellin' couple, be at Emu Downs run, Bogaburra, the morrow week. Gi' me ye'r name."

"My name is George Thornton. This is my wife," said the young man. "Good. Maybe ye can ride?" "I have been used to horses."

"An' the missus can do housework, maybe?" "Yes, oh, yes! I'll do anything," said the girl.

"Good again. Ye'll be at Emu Downs the morrow week. Your money enough." John Henley arose and hastened away, leav- ing the young people thunderstruck. A hun- dred yards further on he was overtaken by the girl.

"Sir, we did not thank you," she said. "God bless you, you have lifted us out of terrible misery! God—God bless you!" "Dinna bother me, woman!" said Skinflint Henley almost fiercely, and hurried on.

George Thornton and Jess, his wife, were at Emu Downs on the day appointed. They saw nothing of John Henley, but the super. told them it was all right. George was given work about the homestead, and Jess found herself occupying the position of housekeeper and general servant. Henley had no other servant, but he lived very quietly, and the work was not heavy.

Neither of them saw much of the boss. On the second day after their arrival he had spoken to Jess.

"Ye mind the wisdom o' a silent tongue?" he said. "Tell your husband, too, I'd as lief hear nothing o' your folly in Melbourne there."

So George and Jess kept their story to them- selves, and were amazed when they heard of the reputation Skinflint Henley had at Boga- burra, but they thought they knew him better.

"He is eccentric, but he has a heart o' gold," said George, and remembering that Skinflint Henley had come to him like a smiling Providence when his heart was black with hate and despair, he was possessed with a feeling of gratitude towards his boss that was almost a passion. Their wages were small, but they had no expenses, and were saving money. Jess was healthy and happy again. The light was back in her eyes and the roses in her cheeks, and George liked the work, and felt like a man who had been given freedom and comfort and happi- ness after a long misery.

They had been on the station about seven months, when one night Skinflint Henley awoke from a horrible dream to find a dim light burning in his room, and to hear the chink of sovereigns. He had a feeling he was being rob- bed by George Thornton, the gaol-bird. He awoke to find his dream true to this extent—he was certainly being robbed. He had recently sold a stallion, son of the Pride o' Lee, for a

large sum paid in gold. What he saw was his rouseabout Skinner and the but cook, Ogilvie, raking the money from the drawer into a bran bag.

For a moment Skinflint Henley was paralysed with terror, and a hoarse, inarticulate cry broke from his dry lips.

It was Skinner who rushed at him. He felt like a feather in the hands of the big brute. The thief's fingers were at his throat, pressing him down upon the bed with horrible strength. He experienced the agonies of strangulation, but all the time saw Skinner's face above him, hideous with the lust of a murderer, and he heard clearly the cook repeating clearly:

"Kill the old cow, Pippo—kill him! He knows us. Kill him! Kill him!" Skinflint Henley tasted death, and the room was blacked out, but the bitter cup was dashed from his lips. When his mind was cleared of the darkness that had fallen upon it he saw Skinner lying on his face on the floor, looking very dead, the blood flowing in a broad stream along the floor from a wound in his head. At the other end of the room two men were struggling desperately, with passionate, animal-like noises. He recognised George Thornton as one of the men. Suddenly Ogilvie broke away and made for the door, but Thornton was after him, and they clenched and fought again, but the younger man made a sudden, swift movement, and Ogilvie was spun over his hip and thrown heavily on the side of his head, and lay by Skinner stunned.

Half-a-minute later the super and two men from the huts rushed in. They had been roused by Mrs. Thornton. Skinner and Ogilvie were secured, and even while the men tied them Henley was busy with his gold, counting it coin by coin.

"He saved your life as well as your money," said the super to Skinflint Henley, talk- ing of George Thornton next day.

"Maybe, maybe!" said Skin- flint, a grily. "but it was na mare than his duty, an' he canna expect any reward!"

To George's great surprise he was told by the super a week after the trial that he was no longer wanted at Emu Downs.

"The sack!" cried George, amazedly.

"That's about it. Fact is, the old curmudgeon has an 'dea you'll expect some reward for saving his worthless life, and he's too mean to pay it, but not being hopelessly lo't

to every sense of decency he is ashamed to meet you about the place, and so I've been given the dirty job of turning you off."

"Don't you mind that, old man, and, come what may, give Skinflint Henley his due, there's something all right in the curious mixing and making of him. He did me a good turn once. So good a turn that I don't think I've paid it off yet, and I go from Emu Downs without a bitter thought for him."

Skinflint Henley heard this from the other side of the store-room door, and he hid himself away when George and Jess were leaving, knowing they wished to say good-bye.

With the money saved at Emu Downs the young people started in a small business in a town where George was not known as the youngest who served twelve months for em- bezzlement, and here they remained for five years. Then one morning a neighbour brought them an advertisement clipped from a Mel- bourne paper, inquiring anxiously for George Thornton, who was formerly in the employ of the late John Henley, Esq., of Emu Downs.

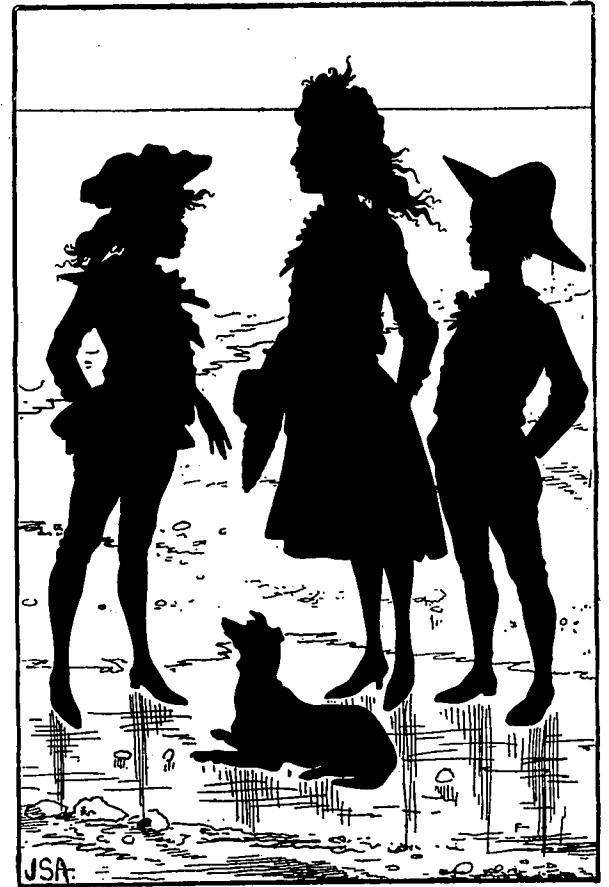
Shortly after this George learned with inter- est that after scattering the bulk of his prop- erty amongst his many poor relations, John Henley had bequeathed ten thousand pounds and 250 acres of land to his former faithful servant, George Thornton, as some small compensation for a noble service.

That 250 acres was one of the eyes of Emu Downs, and now George Thornton is a wealthy farmer and the father of the finest family with- in ten miles of Bogaburra.

Blickers was a budding author and an amateur photographer to boot, and one day it suddenly struck him that a story he was writing would go well if illustrated by real photographs. Accord- ingly, he cast his eyes about for two suitable in- dividuals to impersonate his hero and heroine, and his choice fell on Smithers, a bashful youth, and an unsophisticated damsel, whose Christian name was Melissa. Everything went well until the last picture came to be taken and the various episodes in the story had been faithfully imprinted on the photographic plates. The final picture, Blickers explained, was to il- lustrate the reunite of hero and heroine and the bliss of forgiveness. Smithers blushed hor- ribly at the suggestion, and Melissa strongly opposed the idea. Blickers stormed, coaxed, argued, and at last both consented; Smithers first then Melissa, who insisted that the pic- ture be taken by the instantaneous process. Blickers agreed, and arranged his camera, and Smithers advanced upon Melissa and necked her upon the lips just as Blickers squeezed the ball. "Too quick," said the operator; "try again."

And this time strangely the subjects were not both. The second kiss was of longer duration, but again Blickers said, "Too quick!" Then Melissa spoke shyly: "Perhaps you'd better take a time exposure, Mr. B." Blickers agreed and the kiss commenced. He exposed the plate for some time, and then packed up his camera and took his plates into his dark- room without notifying the two that the thing was done. He developed the pictures, and even printed the last one off the wet negative, and then went outside, only to find his subjects still locked in each other's arms. Blickers touched them gently on the shoulders, and they fell apart. "Is it took?" asked Melissa, inno- cently. For answer Blickers produced the print. "Well, I'm hi-wed," said Smithers, ad- miringly. "I'd 'eard that the photer was in the machine, but I thort it was only a kid's yarn. Ain't it marvellous?"

The latest fashionable race is the Panama Hat as supplied by the American Hat Stores—Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's, for Riding, Driving, Country, Seaside, Tennis, Golf, Fishing, Garden Parties and Races. A Hat from the American Hat Store gives one an "Air." Mere dressing nowadays doesn't count. It's the "Air" that tells. 245 COLLINS ST., (below "Ace"), Melbourne; 335 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY; 49 QUEEN ST., BRISBANE; 127 RUNDLE ST., ADELAIDE. WRITE for CATALOGUES.



THEIRS WAS AN "OLD MAN."

KIRBY.—"Pooh, your Kangaroo ain't as good as ours; it ain't got any pocket in its trousers."

he said, cheer- "Welcome Home" see about rooms, afterwards." he ship." ver the side, and rttled me!" cried utive Mrs. Bliss, the vessel's arrival ne," he blurted : "my sister-in- now; we'll want added, with forced y next v'ye." Mrs. Bliss, looking this moment Mrs. severe stateliness, Bliss by the cap- ammering nervous- each other for a opened, the mate Bliss, uttering a heally in his arms. sured, "I thought cement." s," he answered ly. "in the is- ioning that he had ontest for a widow ty in Melbourne. softly explained to wife the way." reddening. She mate, and looked g, repentant com- ent ago at his wise woman, and mate, and caressed hereby a loud snort l force of the mo- ked easily from the owed by his wife. evening her severe- us, so you'll have greasy bit o' mat- must have seen us," to cry. "It was with sarcastic amuse- n a tone of author- own home, and ed, penitently. er, exclaiming, "we'll the twain to their to the right-about, his wife with a new alterations—she de-

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NO CONFIDENCE

Albert Halliwell was a young man who had no profession, but he had a life of ease and pleasure. He had received a good education, and had an unimpeachable taste in literature. On the "Block" he was admired by the ladies. At his brilliant career he had figured as a commercial traveller, canvasser, and agent, but, finding such vocations vulgar, too Philistine to suit his personality, he decided to become a gentleman.

In this new profession Albert succeeded admirably. His items of expenditure were numerous, but he managed to save a few hundred pounds further "working expenses." A brilliant idea, which he carried out in theory, Sydney in order to put it into practice. This coup was to be his first success.

Albert didn't bustle. He selected neither his scheme nor his rooms in the most "select" way, made himself agreeable to the citizens, spent his money wisely, and was soon invited to excursions and race meetings. He went and popular figure in the resorts, sauntered into clubs, bars and smoked innumerable pipes on his pleasure trips around the harbour. He was having a good time.

One evening, when taking a walk in the harbour, about a month after his success in Sydney, a gentleman back to him mentioned to a friend that he was dining at the National Club that evening. This was the first time that Albert discovered that the gentleman, one of the leading citizens of the city. As the boat returned to the shore, he was lost in profound thought, mused, "this is the third opportunity that has thrust upon me. I've been waiting for this chance, and I think I'll take the chance."

Next day Albert did not go to work, and asked to be driven to the jeweller's establishment. He was dressed in his latest and most fashionable attire, and his pinkest and best form, so the shop and asked to see Mr. Carew, and inquired who the jeweller was. "What can I do for you, sir?" asked the wealthy shopkeeper. "Ah! I want to purchase a watch, and I have a friend named Albert, leaning on your counter. The jeweller brought me various kinds and prices, and then inquired who the jeweller was. 'I'll show you by Mr. Carew' (a friend of mine), and informed that this shop the best that was in the city."

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Smith, "I have the highest-class stock, and I will show you the best rings that you can see in Sydney." He then produced a pair of the most brilliantly brilliant diamond rings, and they looked like a connoisseur's.

Advertisement of Press, Tobacco, and other goods. Satisfaction guaranteed.



A RACE MEETING IN FAIRYLAND.

NO CONFIDENCE.

Albert Halliwell was a young man who liked to live without a profession. Many young men try to follow the same path, but Albert had reason. He managed to find pleasure on the indiscretions of others.

He had received a good education, possessed a fascinating and agreeable taste in liquors and had an unimpeachable "block" in his pocket. At various epochs of his brilliant career he had figured as bookmaker, billiard marker, commercial traveller, and journalist—but, finding such vocations too strenuous, too vulgar, too philistine to suit his dilettante personality, he decided to become a "professional gentleman."

In this new profession Albert, by many subtle devices, succeeded admirably, and, though his items of expenditure were numerous and heavy, he managed to save a few hundred pounds for further "working expenses." Then, striking on a brilliant idea, which he carefully and scientifically worked out in theory, he went over to Sydney in order to put it into practice.

This coup was to be his first masterpiece.

Albert didn't bustle. The strenuous life suited neither his scheme nor his character. He took rooms in the most "select" hotel in Sydney, made himself agreeable to many influential citizens, spent his money gaily amongst the "smart set," was soon invited to balls, soirées, excursions and race meetings, became a prominent and popular figure in the most fashionable resorts, sauntered into clubs, lounged in private bars and smoked innumerable Egyptian cigarettes on his pleasure trips around the beautiful harbour. He was having a good time.

One evening, when taking a "blow" on the harbour, about a month after his first appearance in Sydney, a gentleman sitting with his back to him mentioned to a companion that he was dining at the National Hotel on the following evening. This was the hotel where Albert resided. After making a few enquiries, Albert discovered that the gentleman was Mr. Smithers, one of the leading jewellers in the city. As the boat returned from Manly Albert was lost in profound thought. "Yes," he mused, "this is the third opportunity I have had thrust upon me. I've been here a month, and I think I'll take the chance."

Next day Albert did not pay his hotel bill. He went out after breakfast, called a hansom, and asked to be driven to "Smithers' jewellery establishment."

He was dressed in his latest dandified style, sported some flashy rings and studs and felt in his pinkest and best form, so when he quitted the shop and asked to see Mr. Smithers the attendants wondered who the "distinguished visitor" could be.

"What can I do for you, sir?" began the wealthy shopkeeper.

"Ah! I want to purchase a diamond ring," replied Albert, leaning languidly over the counter. The jeweller brought forth many rings of various kinds and prices, but Albert hesitated, and then asked whether he had not something rather better. "I was recommended to you by Mr. Smithers (a distinguished politician), and I thought that I could obtain in this shop the best that was to be had in Sydney."

"Yes, sir," replied Smithers, highly flattered, "we do keep the highest-class diamonds you could find anywhere in Sydney." He produced three exceptionally brilliant rings. Albert looked keenly at them.

selected the best one. "What is the price of this one?" he asked. "A hundred guineas." "Ah! all right, I'll have it."

As the jeweller carefully packed up the ring, Albert wrote out a cheque and handed it over the counter. Mr. Smithers looked doubtfully at the cheque, then said: "Will you excuse me a moment?" "With pleasure," bowed Albert.

Smithers went to the telephone, rang up Mr. Carew and asked the politician whether a certain Mr. Halliwell was "good" for £100. The answer came back, "Good for £100! As far as I can judge, he seems good for £1000." He then asked Albert if he knew Mr. X., Mr. Y. and Mr. Z., and Albert said, "Personal friends of mine." The jeweller again apologised, and rang up these gentlemen, who were citizens of means and repute, and all considered that Mr. Halliwell's cheque should be received. Mr. Y. went so far as to reply that he would endorse it himself.

Mr. Smithers then returned, handed Albert the ring, and said it was a fine day. Albert returned to his hotel, had a light luncheon and retired for the afternoon.

That evening the National Hotel was bright with decorations, gay with music, and lively with company. A private dinner party was being held at the largest table, so Albert selected a side-table that was deserted and secluded. He took his dinner in silence, heedless of the noise

and glitter of the merry party, at which Mr. Smithers was one of the most prominent guests. When he had finished dinner he asked to see the head waiter. A fat, oily, well-groomed man appeared, and Albert said, "Can you do me a favour?" "If it is in my power," replied the waiter. "Well, I want some ready money to-night to assist a friend. Look at this ring—what is it worth?" said Albert showing the ring that he had bought during the day. The waiter inspected it and replied, "It looks a good one. I should say about £50." "You're right. It is worth £50; but I will take £10 for it if you will promise to let me buy it back again. See, there is Smithers at that table. Show it to him, and he will tell you if it is genuine, but don't mention my name."

The waiter humbly apologised for disturbing Mr. Smithers, but being an expert, would he be so good as to tell him the value of the ring that he had under offer. Smithers looked at the ring and started. "How much, sir?" "About a hundred guineas." "A gentleman staying at this hotel has offered it to me for £10." "What's his name?" asked Smithers, excitedly. "Mr. Albert Halliwell," replied the waiter, stealthily. "Good Heavens," cried Smithers, jumping up and interrupting the party. "I expected as much. I knew the thing wasn't genuine. Excuse me, gentlemen, but I have been swindled to-day by a person in this

hotel. He has palmed off a spurious cheque on me. I must ring up the detective office at once." Through the telephone he told his story, and desired that a detective should be sent to put Halliwell under arrest.

Albert, who had not yet received the money from the waiter, was having a game of billiards when the detective arrived. A waiter interrupted a big break by announcing that somebody wanted to see him in the Lounge.

Albert walked languidly into the room, puffing at a choice cigarette, when Smithers shouted out, "That's the man. I give you in charge for fraud." Albert was not indignant. He merely smiled, turned to his friends and said, "I think I had better see this fare through."

So from "information received" Mr. Albert Halliwell was laid under arrest.

There was terrible excitement at the hotel when the news spread, and a most varied expression of opinion was given regarding his probable guilt or innocence.

At a later date, to the surprise of many, the case against Albert was dismissed, but a still greater shock was in store for all parties when Albert suddenly sued Mr. Smithers for "Defamation of character, damages, £2000."

When the great case was tried it was found that Mr. Smithers had no defence. He had completely lost his head, and had acted in the most foolish manner. He had never presented the cheque. When the judge ordered that it should be submitted to the bank it was soon proved that Mr. Halliwell was "good" for considerably more than the amount in question. Albert's excuse for selling the ring which, he observed, he intended to buy back again (he made the waiter prove that), was that he wished to lend a friend £10 to pay an urgent gambling debt, and on that evening he had no ready money. In reply to a question he said that he himself had never gambled in his life. The judge summed up strongly in his favour, and the jury awarded him £1500 damages.

Mr. Albert Halliwell has just decided to take a trip to Europe for the benefit of his health, but he promises his friends that he will return to Sydney next year. He likes the climate. "E."



DISCOURAGING.

SALVATION LASSIE.—"Mr. Swiggins! After all your faithful promises to me. What's the meaning of all those bottles?"

SWIGGINS.—"O, mish-hic—they's only t' remind me -hic- of the glorious old days -hic- I used t' ave. They's all empty, miss -hic- I shure you."

"We are going to have a hot time during this campaign," said the N.S.W. Senator mournfully. "I can see it sticking out a foot. The enfranchisement of women has increased the interest, and intensified feeling, and the rivalry between candidates will be more personal, more local and more bitter than ever it has been before. The sex element comes in, sex likings and dislikings, quite apart from politics, and that will make our task all the tougher for us. Already I can quote a case very much in point. That of T—, who was up pushing his claim in the vicinity of Spotted Dog. He is fairly well known at Spotted Dog, and is a good-looking chap, and a bit of a Lothario. He thought he was going to have a nice, easy time, and scoop the woman votes like shelling peas. To his great consternation he found his meetings going very badly, and he was pestered vigorously with flour-bags, and harder things, like spuds and onions. He couldn't understand it a bit, till he waded in and captured one man who'd given him a black eye with a green tomato. "Here," said T—, "what in thunder did you do that for?" "Well," snorted the elector, "to tell you the truth, you're too dashed popular with the missus!" "That's where we'll cop out, in being made to pay for the domestic differences of the electors."

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Life on the Wantwater Station a rule, of an exciting nature, and sions were welcomed as oases in Squatter Delton and his family in pastoral life—that is to say, that passed one-half the year praying, evened up the remaining six months nately cursing the drought and the family, a son and three daughters ously in Melbourne from Cup time mas, and vegetated and rusticated times economically upon the station. To the young folks life was a famine so far as excitement was it was in the days of the drought that the owner of Wantwater an impending arrival of the son of a friend, whose object was to gain perience."

"The Lord has delivered him in said the son and heir of Wantwater, well-set-up Australian native of five. "We shall have some fun," English Johnnie to while away the sure to be as green as they make. The girls—Maud and Jessie, twenty-two, and Mary, aged nine, lighted at the advent of a stranger one from England, who was pres looking and well-connected. "We'll make things lively for Maud."

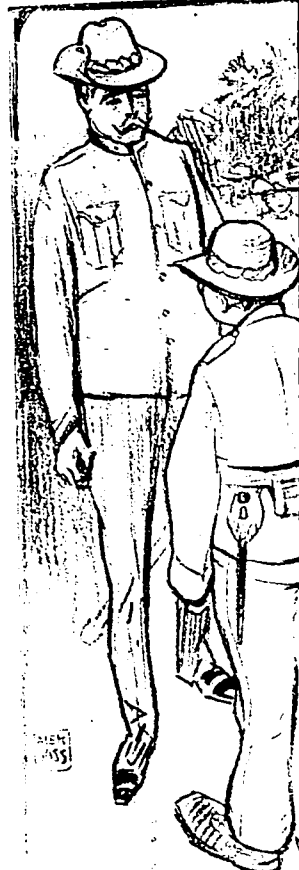
"So as to make things lively presented Jessie. "I wonder what he will be like the youngest, Mary. "Like?" cried her brother Harry usual new-chum article, of course nothing, who is always saying has reminiscences of Belgravia. Wow, and wouldn't know a horse. if it wasn't for the horns. Still come to Wantwater, for he'll tu no end of fun."

"Take care, Harry," said the s you don't go too far. I dares give you a lot of fun, but remember will be to some extent our guest demand?"

"I suppose, sir," rejoined the will have to take the fat and t them, the same as other English come out to learn colonial exper "I suppose so," said the squat his down as lightly as you can of his father who was my school. The station was for some days excitement over the expected visit had Mr. Reginald Chauncey. quite sufficient for most of the Australian family. They all pi of the dude, dudey, and prom considerable amusement at the pous. Only the youngest, M would for the expected visitor.

"All young Englishmen," she us necessarily dudes and wear perhaps he won't say Duntcherk came his name is Reginald Cha. But her brother and her sister protests to scorn. "Why," said Maud, "a man c to a name like Reginald Chaun were an eyeglass."

"Miss! for poor Mary's symp. When the new chum made his proved to be all that Harry at Jessie's satirical fancy had put an eyeglass in his eye, a collar deep round his neck, a belltop long-pointed patent-leather boots other accessories of a newly-arr. Personally he was tall and not had a fair drooping moustache have passed muster very well room. When he spoke the oth Mary blushed crimson, for his was "haw-haw" in a most pr



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CAPTAIN. — Going to leave  
Why?  
Tommy. — Oh, a bloomin  
-day. No one respects the

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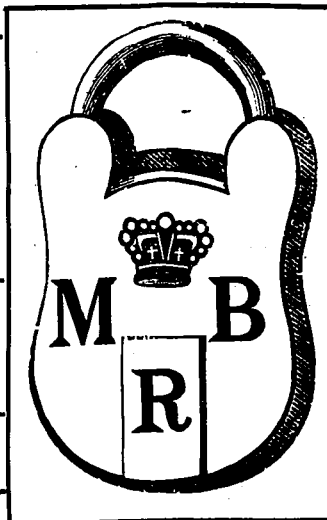
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uckjumper.  
BAR.  
first buckjumper, any  
ine well. He was an  
with flickering ears  
al little, deep-set eyes  
n out of the Wodonga  
wasn't much to look  
as a hack, but in one  
he threw me, anyway;  
I rode him home and  
hile, but he was very  
d him out to pick up  
oof. He'd never shown  
, and I was quite un-  
in a month or two  
ected him to be a bit  
inning to fancy myself  
time. He didn't seem  
at all—stood as quiet as  
d him up and got on him  
rd, and I was just think-  
handy he would be for  
to ride, when he moved  
n't leave me—not then—  
as I was afterwards in-  
on account of any par-  
kill on my part. In fact,  
properly understand what  
opened, though I had a  
was serious. I seemed  
ched on the apex of the  
nd the rest of the univer-  
ped away. I eluded the  
ple. There were several  
my hands, but I had no  
look at what they were,  
or something was trying  
hem away from me, but I  
e they would come in  
nd hung on to them like  
ath.  
i to recall the past—what  
up to this awful catas-  
The sun had risen that  
e. The same as usual. The  
r the day came back to me  
trouble. I had intended  
nto the town for the mail,  
saddled up a horse—the  
d bought in Wodonga, and  
nd had just mounted him  
happened. I remembered  
about a comet that was  
o hit the earth once, and  
sed it. He must have had  
go and knocked the old  
smithereens. That was  
enough, and I must have  
d on to him as he went  
—and wasn't he going  
rd before how comets tra-  
illions of miles a minu-  
too fast for me, I could  
o. You couldn't expect  
new quite well that I  
left, but I couldn't help  
ould anyone hope to see  
met? Millions of mil-  
—perhaps even faster than  
where was he going?  
up some other unfortun-  
that had never done  
rm—old Jupiter, perhap-  
etter not to get mixed up  
rt of business; it was bound  
in trouble. He put on a  
part, and I slid quietly  
is tail and dropped—  
n—down—through space.  
red would Mars or any  
be passing underneath  
I drop right through  
e another planet, revolving  
the sun in an orbit  
No; thank God!  
omething solid at last.  
this time. It must  
way out, though—perhap-  
is. I was very tired  
his tearing about through  
and wanted a spell. I  
nairs' out of the comet's  
n my hand. I must  
d them out as I slid off.  
ll: Someone was us-  
g the neck of my shirt.  
I like the tale about that  
ver. I'd be able to—  
y the holy wars, Bill, he's  
ghtning, but he's near it. I  
ht he'd finished you."  
oly that was my brother's  
I opened my eyes and  
It was not Uranus after  
I was in the middle  
the yard, with a  
ate in one hand and a  
rein buckle in the other.  
g in the corner, with  
nd the reins among his  
ay on, Tom?"  
ave till the fourth buck-  
oing from the first. He  
ame along next day with  
nd we dealt the che-  
ne moleskin pants and  
en't seen either of them  
those astronomer chaps at  
spare the time I'd like  
d on Uranus and see if  
cker on him. He came to  
of the "Annual" the year  
our pages, for the first  
s the young Austral a ar-  
s attracting such wide-  
throughout the continent  
just course, to Miss J. Ren-  
ady is to be congratulated  
the Christmas cards that  
ublished. Not only do  
erit success, but so does  
e young artist of sixteen.  
a fifth edition of the cards  
English Johnny  
gling him the horse's car-  
hine makes a deaf  
shall I grease the  
mon-ile." promptly  
plied

THE CASE OF BLACK ECKERT.

By EDWARD S. SORENSON.

It was a hot, blistering day, and Trooper Eckert, having ridden twenty miles from town that morning, smacked his lips expectantly as he sighted the wayside pub at Tooloon. Ned Tracey kept good grog and was liberal with it, but where he got the bulk of it was what was engaging Eckert's attention. He had discovered quite accidentally that several scattered back-block hotels got their supplies from Tooloon, and as he knew that very little loading went on by the teams for Tracey he had a suspicion that there was a plant somewhere in the neighbourhood.

"There's a stripe to be won at Tooloon, or I'm not fit for me position," he muttered, as he led his horse into the bark-covered stable at the back. His keen eyes were ever alert for tracks, particularly in the direction of the rugged hills across the creek. There was a road leading to a waterhole two miles down the course, whence Tracey carted his water. Eckert had seen him arrive with a load as he crossed the flat, and the cart, containing a big galvanised-iron tank, was standing between the stalls and the back of the hotel. The peculiar top attracted his attention; it fitted on like the lid of a billycan. Climbing on the wheel, he lifted it up and peeped in. Footsteps coming in his direction disturbed him, and he hastily climbed down. But he had seen and he hastily climbed down. He was only thirty, with a dark, stern cast of countenance, and his eagerness as he looked made him as stern and relentless as he looked. They called him "cruel," and he was variously known about the locality as "Black Eckert," "Eckert, the dog," and "the Black Snake." He was so well hated that there was hardly a man in the district he could rely upon for information or assistance if the exigencies of a case demanded it. The majority were "mum"—they didn't know anything; others purposely led him astray. So he never trusted anybody implicitly.

"There's only two classes in this part of the

heard will be giving me the slip. He's gone down the creek, I noticed by the tracks. I hope I'll overtake him at the waterhole." "An', by 'I hope you do," said Tracey. "An', by that token, you'll be back for tea?" "I'll be back in any case. So long—for the present."

Black Eckert had malignantly described Ned Tracey as he had seen him a fortnight before, riding out of town. Though he often had a night's spree and a free and easy time generally when he visited Tooloon, he did not like Tracey. He would rather see someone there after his own heart—one who would "lay him on" occasionally. Tracey fooled him, and on charged him for everything, so that his trips to Tooloon were expensive. His ideal publican was one who would treat the Force to everything free of cost, not to speak of extras, as he put it. He hated Ned Tracey and felt a glow of satisfaction as he rode away from his rough-and-ready caravansary. He was on the track of that which would place him prominently before the public eye, which would be flashed and published all over Australia and brought him reward—and the promotion he fretted for. Tracey had an illicit still, worked on a large scale, in the vicinity. In the pseudo water-tank on the cart he had seen several closed kegs, the smell of which was unmistakable. His approach to the hotel had been served and the unloading of the spirits had been delayed in consequence. This was unfortunate for Tracey, thought Eckert, for he had now only to follow the track of the dray to find the still.

In this, however, Black Eckert was mistaken. At the waterhole was a pump, built on a strong and rather elaborately-made stand, with a bark roof over it; and here the wheel tracks ended. The cart had been backed to the pump, which was high enough to run water, by means of a spout, into the tank if desired. Knowing that water had not been brought from here that day, Eckert at once became deeply interested in this pump. It looked innocent enough, in all conscience, and yet there must be a secret about it somewhere. The suction pipe descended straight into the water between four square

uprights. These were not solid, but made of pine battens, a device often adopted for strength and cheapness where suitable timber is scarce. But any kind of rough bush uprights would have suited as well in this instance, and so, ever suspicious, he thought the batten squares must have some special service other than appeared to the casual observer.

Mounting the stage, he saw that these uprights formed the four corners of a box-like square in which the pump was set. A little examination revealed that the top pulled out in two sections, one from each side of the pump. Having removed these, he saw the whole secret at a glance, and, in spite of himself, he felt an admiration for the man who had so cunningly planned it. In each upright was a small pipe; one of them came to the top of the box, and appeared to be a speaking-tube; the other three were four inches shorter, and were each fitted with a small brass tap. Standing in the box was a short piece of curved piping, which screwed on to any of the three, and was ostensibly used to connect the pipes with a keg or other receiving vessel. He screwed it on to one and turned the tap. The result was a flow of unmistakable brandy. The trooper's admiration increased, and there being a jam tin on the stage he treated himself to a stiff nip. Then he tried No. 2; but that was dry. The pipe smelt strongly of beer, so he surmised that beer was only "laid on" when required, as the pipes might turn it. He tried the third pipe, and got a swig of what would pass in a labelled bottle for medium whisky—in fact, it had the same taste as Tracey's "Glenlivet" and "Old Scotch." The trooper was now lost in admiration.

"By the hokey frost," he muttered, "but this cans all the smart dodges a man could find in a blue moon. Yer not too slow, Ned Tracey. Yer a genius—an' all the more credit to me for ferretin' out the secret. There's a stripe for me in this, or I'm much mistaken."

His next move was to find the direction of the still. The flow of liquor from the pipes told him that it was situated at a higher level than the stage, and so he must look for it among the rugged hills across the creek. Armed with a long stick, he searched the water carefully from the bottom of the uprights, and ascertained that they went straight across into the opposite bank. Taking a line by them, he

across a wombat-hole, and Coyle happened to drop face against the burrow, and so got enough air to live until the cool sand livened him up a bit; then he fought his way out. You were no doubt drunk at Tracey's by that time."

Eckert, nibbling his moustache, had stood eyeing the speaker closely, his face now an ugly pallor. The man removed his mask, and came nearer.

"Don't forget for an instant," he warned, "that my mate has you covered all the while. Do you know me now?"

"You are Duncan Coyle, sure enough," said Eckert, hoarsely. "I thought you were dead at the time I found you—"

"You lie!" said Coyle. "But what's the use of argument? I can't harm you now—unless you force me. We are quits."

"I don't see the point," said Eckert, surlily. "Our illicit product has dulled your wits," sneered Coyle. "I am the responsible party for everything here, and even if you had not more to lose than you can possibly gain by reporting what you have discovered, you can't proceed against a man who is legally dead. You can only take the plant and claim the reward—if we don't blow the cave to smithereens with dynamite when the approach of a posse of police is telephoned to us. In any case, your present position is preferable to what awaits you if your ambition overrides your common-sense. What say you, Black Eckert?"

"You have nothing to lose," said the trooper, reflectively. "If you hold your peace, then, I will give you the £100, and we'll cry quits!"

"You think more of the credit than the money, Black Eckert," Coyle answered; "but that isn't all. It's Ned Tracey's scalp you're after now—but you'll have to put me under another sandhill before you get it. . . . We're quits as it is, and I prefer to let it stand at that!"

"You have the big end of the stick," said the trooper, sulkily. "What now?"

"You can go!" said Coyle. "But don't forget that you will be closely watched from here to the pub."

Black Eckert lost no time in getting out of the cave. He cursed his luck bitterly as he climbed down the cliff; the opportunity of a



HIS TOUCHING CONFIDENCE.

MRS. BIGLEY.—"My little boy has the greatest faith in me. He says he is not afraid of the sharks while his mother is with him."

SMALL BOY (cutting in).—"O' course I ain't. Any shark what had sense would want to eat her first."

country," he said one day to Tracey—"them that's in gaol an' them that ought to be an', God willin', I'll make the numbers a little more equal; there's too many outside."

To-day, having made some valuable discoveries and seeing promotion looming ahead, he was less sinister than usual. He found Tracey doing something to the lock on his till. Tracey always managed to be busy at something in the bar when there was a sixpence about.

"You didn't happen to see a man go past here on a skewbald horse this morning, did you?" asked the trooper.

"I did, then," said Tracey.

"Had the horse a star an' a snip?"

"He had."

"Was the man a big, burly sort of a fellow now?"

"He was. I remarked it as he passed widout so much as callin' for a nip."

"With a big, shaggy beard?" added Eckert.

"Tremenjus big, an' shaggy, as you say," Tracey agreed.

"Well, that ain't the gentleman I'm looking for," Eckert returned.

"Isn't it?" said Tracey, a little sharply.

"The man I want hasn't a hair below his eyebrows," Eckert continued. "Let's try a glass of that beer of yours, Tracey. I don't know how it is, but I can never get any beer like yours in town. Where do you get it?"

"That's Townsville beer, Trooper. But 'tain't so much where it comes from as the way I keep it. That's a secret I learned from th' old man."

"He learnt you a trick or two, I'll warrant. I've heard the Sergeant say he was pretty smart in his day."

"He was," said Tracey, with a touch of pride, "as smart as any a one here or there."

"And sly, too, I'll wager," added Eckert.

"As to that," said Tracey, "it's purty evident that slyness an' smartness go hand-an'-fut."

"Not always," the trooper dissented. "Some people are too honest to be sly. But I must be moving, or the man without the shaggy



OBVIOUS.

HOFFENBLOOM.—"Vot I can'd undstant is vy doze comedians an' comic ardisis always make out dot ve Hepprews vork our hands all over der place vile talking. It vos tam ridic' lus."

Nosenstein.—"Tam ridic' lus!"

sighted up the hill, and found that the course took him close by a shepherd's hut, the top of which was just discernible over the cap of the first ridge. The shepherd was employed by Tracey, and the sheep-pens were close to the hut.

"I'll have another drop of that brandy before I start," he soliloquised, "an', by the hokey, I'll fill me waterbag, too!" He climbed up again, and first filling the bag ran out a good nobbler into the jam tin, which he drank leisurely, making appreciative comments thereon.

"It's good rood Tracey makes. 'Tis a pity I have to spoil his little game. 'T would be a handy place for a camp when I'm after thieves or other vagabonds. Gallons of grog for the takin', spoutin' out like artesian water. But duty is duty—an' there's a stripe hangin' to it, Tracey."

Tracey's grog was strong, and already Black Eckert was filled with a spirit of recklessness. Otherwise he was quite sober, though he rode up the hill with a clatter that was not displeasing. Leaving his horse at the sheep-pen, cretionary. Leaving his horse at the sheep-pen, he walked across to the hut. Smoke was issuing from the chimney, but there was no response to his knock on the door. It was fastened with a padlock, and this he immediately unlocked with a skeleton key. The first thing he noticed on entering was that the few glowing coals in the fireplace gave out no smoke whatever. Yet a fair volume of smoke was issuing from the top of the chimney! He went out and back again three or four times before he discovered the ruse. There was a double wall at the back of the fireplace which carried these there was evidently a flue which carried the smoke from a fire underground. This hut was, then, but another blind, like the pump, and it suggested to him the locale of the still.

Just behind the hut was a deep, wooded gorge, with a sheer drop of fifty feet. The fall began from some jutting rocks, twenty yards to the right, and it was towards this spot that the tell-tale pipes were directed. The trooper returned to his horse, and took another pull from the bag, as a preliminary to further in-

"I'll get it, too!"

"What do you reckon you'll get for it?" the other asked, quickly.

"A hundred quid, I think—an' perhaps a stripe," said Eckert, defiantly.

"It seems a pity to baulk you, Trooper; but it would be a greater pity to spoil our little plans here. What do you think of our grog?"

"You sampled it pretty well at the pump," eyes.

"The wrinkles deepened under Eckert's. "I heard Ned Tracey make the remark to-day that slyness an' smartness went hand-an'-loot. I believe him." He turned to the man who had been speaking. "You're an old man, I think, an' I fancy I've heard your voice before."

"I'm pretty old," the man replied. "You knew me once, Black Eckert; but I'm dead now."

"What's that?"

"I'm dead now," the man repeated.

"Rot! How can you be?"

"I mean I'm legally dead."

"I don't understand you."

"You remember Duncan Coyle, I think?"

"Eckert's dead," said Eckert.

"Legally," the other corrected.

"I buried him—le's ways, I helped to bury him—two years ago on the Ten-mile Sandhill."

"You buried him alive, you dog; and well you did," the man returned, savagely.

"Duncan Coyle never harmed you, Eckert; but he knew something against you—something to do with a tracker who was killed, accidentally. So, when you were sent to find Duncan Coyle, who'd you found off from Tracey's in the horrors, and wandered off him lying speechless on the Ten-mile Sandhill, you saw your chance. You made Toby, the black tracker, dig a hole in the sand, with a wooden spade of your own fashioning, and you flung him in and covered him up. You reported that he'd been dead two days and 'melted' badly. Your sable henchman, of course, corroborated. Luckily, the grave had been sunk

lifetime had come within his grasp, and had been snatched from him by the ghosts of the past. He might wait till Coyle passed out by the effluxion of time, seeing that Coyle was an old man; but there were others who had seen and heard all in the cave, and he did not know who they were. Chagrined and heavy at heart, he recognised at once that the plan was not for him to spring. Then he sought what little consolation he could from the fact that he owed his life on the present occasion to his misdeeds of two years ago. Reaching his horse, he took a deep draught from the bag to drown his disappointment, but instantly spat it out with a wry face. The bag was filled with cold water. A muttered oath escaped him, as he looked vengefully towards the hut. There was nothing suspicious-looking about the structure; nevertheless, he had an idea that the lookout man was somewhere in the roof. He didn't bother looking, however; he sprang into the saddle and rode hard back to the pub, as though the ghosts of a thousand crimes were at his heels.

"So yer didn't get that joker?" said Tracey, as he dismounted in front of the bar.

"No," the trooper answered. "When slyness and smartness go hand-an'-loot, Tracey, it takes some cleverness to do the catching."

"Well, it do, as you say," Tracey returned. "You'll be stoppin' for tea, I think you told me?"

"No," said Eckert. "I'll have a glass of your beer; then I'll be off. I had forgotten to go by to-morrow's mail. I had forgotten it."

He reached town late that night, and next morning he wrote his report. It was in the form of an application for removal to another district, as his health was failing in consequence of the trying climate. Two months later the petition was granted, and Black Eckert passed from the ken of Ned Tracey and Duncan Coyle, a soured and disappointed man.

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FOR **Christmas Presents**

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A FEW SUGGESTIONS FROM . . .

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All Prices and Designs, £3 to £60.

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All Newest Designs, 6s. to 75s.

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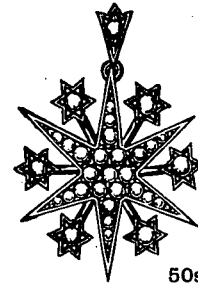
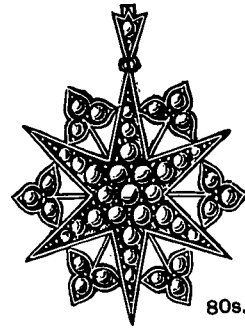
12s. 6d., 15s., 20s., 35s.

**Gents', do.,**

18s. 6d. to 25s.

**Pair of Brushes and Comb, in case,**

65s. to £5 10s.



80s.

50s.

Best Show of Pearl Star Pendants in Melbourne.

Our Own Make.

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**Plain Gold,**

20s., 30s., to £5.

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30s., 45s., 50s., to £6.

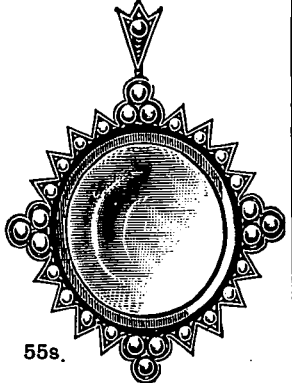
**Children's, From 15s.**

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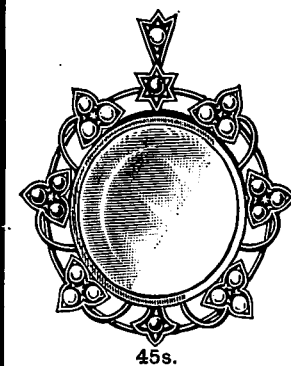
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35s., 45s., 55s., to £12.



55s.



45s.

**Sovereign Purses, Silver and Gold Pencils, Hearts, Pendants, &c.**

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**OTHER SILVER NOVELTIES—Manicure Sets, Puff Boxes, Photo Frames, Purses, Silver Chain Purses, &c., &c.**

**Ladies' and Gents' Silver and Gold Watches, all best makers. Our Special Gents' Gun Metal Watch, 15s., 20s. to 27s. 6d.**

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COUNTRY ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

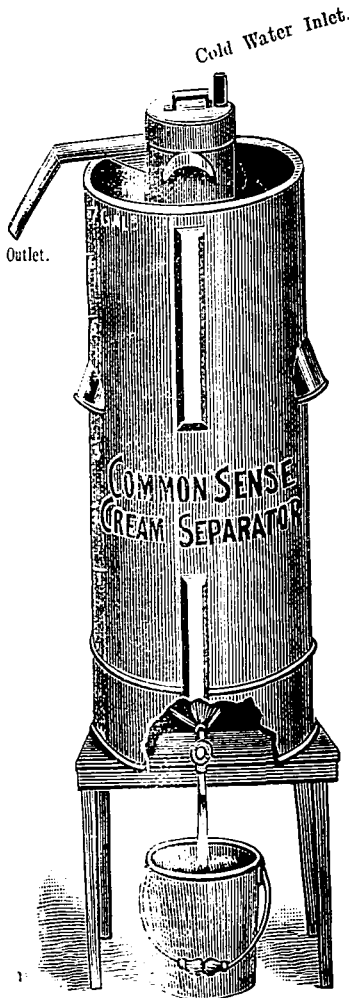
**Catanach's Jewellery Factory,**

Corner Little Collins St. & Royal Arcade, Melbourne.

# A REVOLUTION IN DAIRYING.

DO YOU KEEP A DAIRY?

## Common Sense Cream Separator.



In submitting this Separator to the dairymen of the Commonwealth, I am confident that the article which I manufacture is of more value to them than any other article used upon the farm, considering the small amount of money invested. Almost every conceivable device that inventors could produce has been offered to the butter makers of this country for the purpose of separating cream from milk in the most practical and economical manner.

At first the shallow pan settings, later the deep pan settings, some of which are used at the present time. The next in line came the Creamery, which has had a large sale, and which has been a success in a certain way, but the cost was not within the reach of all, while there was a large amount of labour required in caring for the small cans.

Then came the centrifugal Separators of various makes, which do good work, but which on account of high prices are out of the reach of the ordinary farmer.

It is with pleasure that I now offer a SEPARATOR that is one of the most simple in construction, most durable, most practical, and, best of all, its PRICE is so LOW that it comes within reach of everyone who owns one cow or more.

This Separator is A WONDER to those who know aught of Separators, and one that they willingly admit is practical and suitable for all Dairy purposes.

Now take the COMMON SENSE process. The hardest job of all is the milking. The work is all done when you get through with that, except pouring it into the Separator. Within 60 to 90 minutes the cream is all raised, you turn the faucet, draw off the milk, then the cream, wash the Separator, and the job is done.

There are many important points in connection with the COMMON SENSE Separator. No. 1. You require NO MOTOR POWER to work your Separator. 2. No Machinery, No Fires, No Oil. You can leave the separator to do its work alone while you are attending to other duties. 3. No work on Sunday! 4. You will SAVE the lives of 40 per cent. of your calves owing to the separated milk being entirely FREE from GASES, as in the case of ordinary centrifugal separated milk, the fruitful source of "Scour" in young calves. 5. You can save going to the creamery twice a day with your milk in hot weather "for fear of its going thick," and go once a week instead, if you don't make your own butter.

### Price List of Common Sense Cream Separators.

No	Capacity.	No. of Cows.	Milk per Day.	£1	10	0
No 0	7 gals.	1 to 2	60 lbs.	2	0	0
" 1	11 "	2 to 4	100 "	2	5	0
" 1½	18 "	3 to 4	150 "	2	12	6
" 2	30 "	5 to 7	200 "	3	0	0
" 3	50 "	8 to 15	400 "			

Directions furnished with each Separator. All Separators free on Boat or Rail, Melbourne. Orders must have cash with them, and exchange must be added to all cheques.

**The Farmers' Friend,**

**GEORGE LEACH, 233 ELIZABETH ST., MELBOURNE.**

Coyle happened to and so got enough and livened him up way out. You were by that time." "Mustache, had stood his face now an ugly his mask, and came stant," he warned, covered all the while. "sure enough," said night you were dead "But what's the use arm you now—unless ts." said Eckert, surlily, "dulled your wits," responsible party for if you had not more ibly gain by report- red, you can't pro- legally dead. You claim the reward— to smithereens with ch of a posse of po- In any case, your ble to what awaits rrides your common- ck Eckert?" "e," said the trooper, your peace, then, I d we'll cry quits!" credit than the mo- answered; "but that 's scalp you're after ut me under another . . . We're quits as it stand at that." of the stick," said at now?" "But don't for- ly watched from here me in getting out of ; luck bitterly as he the opportunity of a



comedians and hands all over in his grasp, and had by the ghosts of the till Coyle passed out by seeing that Coyle was an ere others who had seen ave, and he did not know rined and heavy at heart. that the plant was not hen he sought what little from the fact that he present occasion to his ago. Reaching his horse, t from the bag to drown ut instantly spat it out. e bag was filled with cold oath escaped him, as he ards the hut. There was king about the structure: an idea that the lookout in the roof. He didn't ver; he sprang into the back to the pub, as though usand crimes were at his that joker?" said Tracey, front of the bar. answered. "When sickness and-an-foot. Tracey, it s to do the catching." ou say," Tracey returned. for tea, I think you told t. "I'll have a glass of l be off. I have a report w's mail. I had forgotten late that night, and next his report. It was in the ion for removal to another lth was failing in conse- climate. Two months as granted, and Black Eck- e Ben of Ned Tracey, and ured and disappointed man.





PASSING THE JUDGES.

(Both the Chief Justice and the Bishop have passed as judges of the great Ascot show and the good judge—Yes, yes, one carriage, magnificent action, a beautiful creature! But how are we to discern her intellectual qualifications?)

THE BISHOP—Well, we might ask her to give her opinion of us!

# Secure a Share of the Profits

OF THE

## Australian Mutual Provident Society

For the CURRENT YEAR, by EFFECTING a LIFE ASSURANCE POLICY with that Office BEFORE THE CLOSE of the YEAR.

NOTE—The Amount of PROFIT distributed amongst the Policy-holders for THE ONE YEAR, 1902, exceeded

**FIVE HUNDRED and FIFTY-EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS CASH.**

### ACTUAL EXAMPLES

Of BONUSES DECLARED as at 31st December, 1902, on Whole-Life Policies Effected during

**OCTOBER, NOVEMBER & DECEMBER, 1902.**

POLICY NO.	AGE.	SUM ASSURED.	PREMIUM PAID.	1902 REVERSIONARY BONUS.
806,003	18	£200	£3 10 4	£3 0 0
805,922	20	200	3 14 10	2 16 0
806,623	23	5,000	101 0 10	73 8 0
805,812	29	500	11 15 5	7 2 0
805,633	34	500	13 8 9	6 14 0
805,885	39	250	7 16 6	3 8 0
806,114	43	1,500	53 8 9	20 6 0

Bonuses Vest when Policies have been Two (2) Years in force.

REMEMBER the NAME of OFFICE and ADDRESS.

Victoria Branch Office:  
459 COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.

W. J. WALKER, Resident Secretary.

EVERY YEAR A BONUS YEAR.

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AUSTRALASIAN BRANCH—

Corner of COLLINS and MARKET STS., MELBOURNE.

Funds in Hand Exceed £1,680,000.



Total Losses Paid Exceed £11,397,000.

Fire Risks of all kinds accepted at Lowest Rates of Premium.

Policies Cover Loss arising from Gas Explosion, Bush Fires & Lightning.

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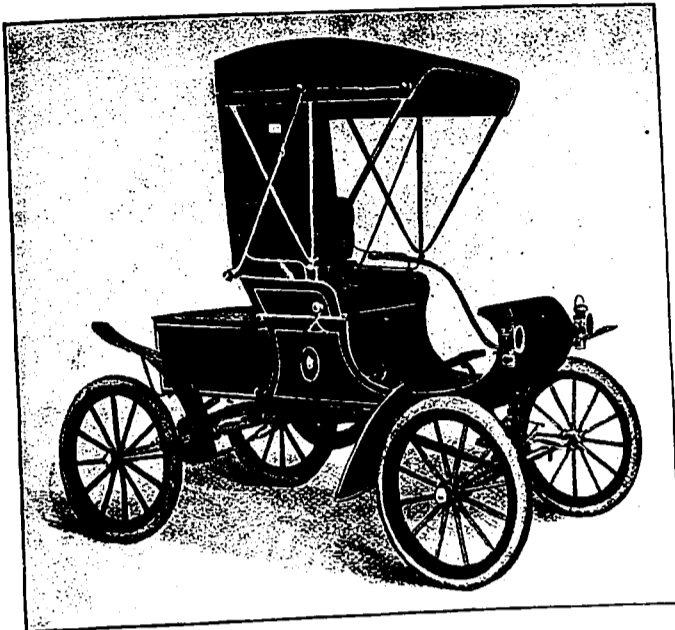
MAYHEW A. RIDGE,

MANAGER AND SUPERINTENDENT FOR AUSTRALASIA.

# THE Oldsmobile

Handsome and Graceful in Design.

The Greatest Hill-Climbing Automobile in the World.



The Motor is simple, easily understood, and of unusual strength; controlled entirely from the seat, and always under instant control.

Duplicate Parts always on hand.

The Pioneer Runabout of America.

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Write for Catalogue.

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MARSEILLES, Single	£35 to £71*
LONDON "	£38 to £77*
INDIA "	£28 to £37
MARSEILLES, Return	£61 to £107
LONDON "	£66 to £115
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\* There are a limited number of Berths for which the charge is £6 to £11 each less—

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447-449 Collins St., Melbourne.

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## WM. HAUGHTON & CO.,

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WOOL	OPOSSUM SKINS	BRUSH SKINS	HORSEHAIR
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TALLOW	WALLABY SKINS	BEE SWAX	Etc., etc.
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KING BILLY (stockings. White pellow

A STRANGE COIN

BY DIOGENES DO

There had been a rush at the early in the fifties, shortly after of Eureka, the effects of which sided nor had the wrongs of chief of which was the obnoxious half redressed. Feeling raised the Government, and patriots were "thick as leaves in Va that one could hardly venture to countering a Kossuth or a in the mud-begrimed costume hunter. Many of the more im became so imbued with the "ca then, it developed into something which continual brooding did no This let the sequel attest.

Among the first on the field, what proved to be a "golden by "Nek or Nothing," were three nationalities. A verbose and det man, known as "the Emperor" his autocratic, self-confident firm conviction—albeit, not co which at every turn he freely ex tonic English, that he could gov infinitely better than Sir Charles was not too popular. By some like more than one Emperor of looked upon as a crank, but he kind of heart and capacious was, nevertheless, excitable and yond all bounds, and took upo more than ten men's share of th form, which made him an excel that risky form of amusement practical joke, a thing which at the heart of Diggerdom.

The "Professor," on the othe shrewd Yankee, of the blustering endowed inter alia with a da mesmerism. He had for a tim demonstrator of the science, wh the nebulous stage in the colou

Bob Hargreaves, the third of ship of toil, was an Englishma somewhat silent man, who s common sense for the three.

That very elysium of the di night, with its rest and its r again returned, and was brighte that the three miners had "cie which meant, in plain English, th of gold had fallen to the lot of week's work.  
The harder having been replent in their tent, silently smokin of—who shall say what? The evolving from his seething bra gubernatorial reform, while t watching the curling smoke and of nothing in particular, was fur the other two and mentally as tion. "Can't we hev some fun. This question, in the course ments he nut into words by r Emperor, was you ever mesmeris

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Hill-  
omobile

The Motor is simple, easily understood, and of unusual strength; controlled entirely from the seat, and always under instant control.

Duplicate Parts always on hand.

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£35 to £71\*  
£38 to £77\*  
£28 to £37  
£61 to £107  
£66 to £115  
£42 to £56

for which the charge is

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2 Spencer St.



A REVOLUTION IN ABORIGINAL ARCHITECTURE PREDICTED.

... KING BILLY (who has just heard of the tactics of Santa Claus.—"M'word, Polly, we bin plenty big fools long nuff. No make um chimby; no wear um stockings. White pfellow catch alla plenty good things Old Man Santa Claus bling along!")

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

By DOGENES DODD.

There had been a rush at Peg Leg Creek, early in the morn'g, shortly after the dark deeds of Eureka, the effects of which had not subsided nor had the wrongs of the miners—the chief of which was the obnoxious licence—been redressed. Facing a very high against the Government, and patriots and reformers were "chick as leaves in Vallumbrosa," so that one could hardly venture forth without encountering a kossuth or a Daniel O'Connell in the mud-beetled costume of the gold-lunker. Many of the more inflammable spirits became so imbued with the "cause" that, with them, it developed into something like a mania which continual brooding did nothing to soften. This let the sequel attest.

Among the first on the field, as mates in what proved to be a "golden hole," called the "Nex or Nothing," were three men of different nationalities. A verbose and demonstrative German, known as "the Emperor" by reason of his autocratic, self-confident bearing, with a firm conviction—albeit, not confined to himself, which at every turn he freely expressed in Teutonic English, that he could govern the colony infinitely better than Sir Charles Hotham, who was not too popular. By some the Emperor—like more than one Emperor of later date—was looked upon as a crank, but he was large and kind of heart and capacious of intellect. He was, nevertheless, excitable and enthusiastic beyond all bounds, and took upon his shoulders more than ten men's share of the burden of reform, which made him an excellent target for that risky form of amusement known as the practical joke, a thing which always delighted the heart of Diggerdom.

The "Professor" on the other hand, was a strawed Yankee, of the blustering-showman type, endowed inter alia with a dangerous gift of mesmerism. He had for a time been a public demonstrator of the science, which was then in its nebulous stage in the colonies.

Bob Hargreaves, the third of the co-partnership of toil, was an Englishman, a solid and somewhat silent man, who supplied enough common sense for the three.

That very evening of the digger, Saturday night, with its rest and its recreation, had again returned, and was brightened by the fact that the three mines had "cleaned up" well, which meant, in plain English, that four ounces of gold had fallen to the lot of each for the week's work.

The latter having been replenished, they sat in their tent, smoking and thinking of—who shall say what? The Emperor was revelling from his smoking brain prodigies of infernalatorial power, while the Professor, watching the curls of smoke and thinking hard of nothing in particular, was furtively scanning the other two, occasionally asking the question, "Can't we be a little fun, boys?"

This question, in the course of a few moments he put in a very remarking: "Say! Emperor, was you ever mesmerised?"

"Nein!" answered the Emperor, "mein vill was too shtrong. I vas tried vonce on der pooblic platform by a travelling mesmerist, but id vas no goot, und I cannot be mesmerised any more now as den."

"Guess I could git yer," said the Professor, in whom were the lingering instincts of his former life, and who had a sly longing "to take some of the starch out o' the Emperor," as he phrased it.

After some little hesitancy, born of a dread of compromising his dignity, the Emperor consented to submit to treatment, and, to the sur-

tail, that the Governor de facto should at once be decapitated in favour of himself, the Governor de jure. He furthermore constituted Bob Hargreaves his aide-de-camp with plenary powers to publicly notify, without delay, the abolition of the diggers' licence, the concession of manhood suffrage, the reform of the nominee chamber, the dismissal of the Gold Fields Commissioners and the institution of many other reforms, which, strangely enough, have all since been accomplished. In "wild and whirling words" he pictured the glorious future of Australia, concluding with a comprehensive whoop

trouble. Suppose he's made his way to Wombat. Bet you'll find him at his favourite pub, the 'Now or Never,' inciting the mob to open rebellion."

"I oughter have removed the influence before he fell asleep," muttered the Professor.

Wombat, distant about ten miles, was the nearest township to Peg Leg Creek. Thither Bob and the Professor set out without delay, and without breakfast, their journey being somewhat delayed at the outset by the couple of whim horses which they had hired, and which persisted in circling around according to the habits of their daily life.

Arriving at their destination the two men at once interviewed Senior-Constable Mulcahy, the embodiment of local authority, who was a rare type of the Old Royal Irish Constabulary, now rapidly disappearing in Australia. He was stern, pompous and authoritative, six feet high and seventeen stone in weight.

In reply to inquiries—having previously cautioned the inquirers in the usual way—he remarked, sententiously, "From information received I went over to the 'Now or Never,' where I found the person ye desheroibe orating like a madman, partly in a furrin tongue, from the top of an old puddling toob, declarin' by this an' that he was the gov'nor of the colony, and the devil knows what all. There do be too many o' thim gov'nors on Peg Leg, oim thinkin'. Oi didn't know, ye see, whether to have him for 'false pretences,' 'behaviour' or 'lunacy,' so oi tuk him for vagrancy, and a foine toime Malone and meesilf had getting him into the Logs, and bedad! if he don't break through before the day is out oim no joodge, for such a phillaloo as he's been keepin' oop all the toime I niver heard at the fair at Mullingar."

"May we see him?" asked Bob. "May ye see him, says you. Well, by the holy fly ye'll do it at your own risk. Now, moind me."

Having been conducted to the lock-up the visitors found His Excellency standing on his head in the corner.

They were about to congratulate him on having been Governor, at least for one day, when they observed a strange glint in the eyes of their old mate.

"Right!" shouted the Professor in loud, impressive tones, "you are the Emperor again!" "Nein! I vas der governor," was the reply, "und dere vas mine aide-de-camp," he added, pointing at Bob.

"I say you are not; you are Carl Hoffman, our dear old mate, whom we call the Emperor," said the Professor in alarm.

The only reply was something that sounded like a string of Volapuk.

The joke ended here. The mesmerist's power was gone. The taper had been incautiously applied to the explosive mine. Alas! and the pity of it: the fate of many a better reformer was his, for the next morning the poor Emperor, the ardent, enthusiastic pioneer of Peg Leg, who never harmed mortal but himself, went down to the Melbourne Lunatic Asylum—and oblivion. And, strange to say, on that very mornine Sir Charles Hotham died.



ONE FOR THE A.N.A.

WILKINS.—"That's a real Australian Native, old man."  
OBSERVANT AMERICAN.—"Yew don't say. Wall, after all, it's real kind of them to exclude foreigners frum that thar Association."

prise of both his mates, was quickly reduced to what would now be called the "hypnotic condition."

Pressing his finger on the centre of the subject's forehead the Professor said, in mandatory tones: "You air the Governor of this Colony?"

"Nein!" replied the Emperor, rather dolefully: "I vish I vas, und den d'te would soon be mooch reformations."

"But I say you air," repeated the Professor in louder tones.

"Vell! Vell! You are right, of course I vas," said the Emperor, now completely subdued.

He then began to disport himself with overpowering Vice-regal dignity and authority accordingly, ordering, as merely a preliminary de-

for Das Vaterland, after which he fell back on his bunk, with anything but Vice-regal dignity, and fell asleep with his boots on.

"Guess we'll let His Excellency repose till morning," said the Professor; "he'll want rest almighty bad after the fatigue of his first Executive Council."

On opening their eyes next morning, Tom and the Professor were alarmed to find that the Emperor's bunk was empty.

The two men exchanged anxious glances, and, having dressed hurriedly, made a careful but fruitless search for their missing mate.

"Whar's he ben and got to?" said the Professor.

"How should I know?" answered Bob grumpily. "I thought this fooling would end in











**WOOL! WOOL! WOOL!**  
**New Zealand Loan & Mercantile Agency Co. Ltd.**  
 Offices, Collins Street West. Head Office, London.

**Wool, Skins, Tallow,**  
**Grain, Hides, Bark,**  
**Stock and Station Brokers,**  
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 Supplied in Casks, 5-Gallon Drums and 1-Gallon Drums. Can be confidently recommended.

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SUCH a toothsome, fascinating, Sorrow slaying, joy creating, Tempting sweetmeat (in folds of tissue), Milky morsel, one's taste caressing (As an eager swain finessing, In a quest—to kiss you); Silken softness, soothing selection, Creamy, mellow, smooth confection—Are "MILK KISSES" Divine!

Even amber-tinted wine To this morsel is inferior, Since of all it is superior "An Ecstasy"—sublime! Pure as blooms in early May, Fresh and sweet as new mown hay,

**MILK KISSES.**

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 (REGISTERED).  
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Beyond dispute the most perfect windmill motion in existence. Gives a direct and central lift of the pump rod and an even wearing of the bearings. It has no overhauling or twisting strains that is common to all others.

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Fitted with steel roller and ball bearings. Do not buy a mill till you have inspected this latest invention. The Cheapest & Strongest Mill ever offered.

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The Best Trough Ever Invented. Will not crack, sag, rot, or rust. All lengths. Write me your requirements. Packs in small space. Send for Catalogue.

**JAMES ALSTON,**  
 Patentee and Manufacturer,  
 QUEEN'S BRIDGE, SOUTH MELBOURNE.

Anyone can use it. All the Benefits of Electric Massage at Home by using THE NEW ELECTRIC MASSAGE ROLLER. Just the thing for ladies with "nerves" and for "brain-fagged" men. It tones the Nerves and Muscles, and is self-applied in an instant. Simply damp the roller and press the button—the graduated scale regulates the current from Weak to Strong as desired. Draw the roller along the Muscles or Nerves, the current does the rest. Invaluable in cases of Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Insomnia and Muscular Rheumatism. Removes wrinkles and Crow'sfeet, stimulates the Circulation, Softening and Whitening the Skin. Electrical Treatment is too well known to need any description here, and the only reason why it has not been more generally adopted is due to the fact that not only is the cost of the necessary apparatus very high, but the appliance itself is far too complicated to be used without the assistance of an expert. This new roller requires no expert knowledge; by merely grasping the coil and pressing the switch button a weak current is immediately obtained, which can be gradually increased at the will of the operator by merely drawing out the sheath at the end of the coil, and fixing it in that particular notch on the scale which gives the desired result. Absolutely no danger; no wires or complicated parts to be fitted together before using; ready for immediate use when you receive it. No liquids. No acids. Can be carried in the pocket or handbag in any position. All you have to do to renew the cell battery when the current has been entirely used is to unscrew the flint metal cap at the end of the handle, drop the old cell, place in a new cell, screw on the metal cap, and it is as good as new. Used for a few minutes each morning will develop and strengthen any part of the body. Invaluable to Athletes, Sportsmen, &c. Price—Only 25/- complete (post free to any address in Australia, Tasmania or New Zealand). Redress in Australia, Tasmania or New Zealand. Address: Orders to STAR NOVELTY CO., Premier Building, 229-231 Collins-street, Melbourne.

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Wealthiest Accident Company in Australasia.

**Total Funds, 31st December, 1902 - £1,379,391**  
**Income, 1902 - 1,167,091**

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**DAVID CLYNE, Manager.**



GOOD AN  
 MRS. GREEN.—"It's wort  
 of mine keeps me so thin."  
 WIDOW BROWN.—"Dear m  
 reflections. In these, however,  
 mitted to indulge long, for  
 utes Mr. Milmant made his a  
 him that my perfidious client  
 "So then, sir," exclaimed  
 gentleman, "I am to be b  
 perfect important business for  
 a Hamburg, sir."  
 "My dear sir," I replied, s



THE DENTIST.—"I cha  
 THE ARTIST.—"Great  
 THE DENTIST.—"But y  
 the patient. How was it possibl  
 know that my client—  
 "Your client, indeed," interru  
 mant: "Yah! you and your p  
 At this moment a boy entered  
 me a letter, for the reply to w  
 he had been directed to wait.  
 be the bill for the luncheon, the  
 cigars at the M— Hotel, whic  
 postor had, it seemed, ordered  
 and at my expense. This was  
 blow. I had lost two days' tim  
 time when was of little value on

Press, Tobacco, and  
 satisfaction guaranteed.



GOOD ANTI-FAT.

Mrs. Green—"It's worry over that husband of mine keeps me so thin."  
Widow Brown—"Dear me, I must marry again!"

reflections. In fact, however, I was not permitted to indulge in such long, for before many minutes Mr. Milmant made his appearance. I told him that my precious client had absconded. "So then, sir," exclaimed the irritable old gentleman, "I am to be bothered, and to neglect important business for nothing. You're a humbug, sir."  
"My dear sir," replied, soothingly, "pray

sum in cab-hire and the amount of the hotel bill, and had been assailed with abuse into the bargain. A violent yearning seized me—a longing desire to be in the immediate proximity of Mr. Leonidas Bulger, so that I might then and there commit a violent and aggravated assault upon him, and inflict grievous bodily harm, irrespective of his action of battery.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Milmant, in concluding his tirade, "I can only caution you to be more circumspect in future; and so, sir, ha, ha! I wish you a Merry Christmas!"

It was Christmas Eve, of all days in the year. "A Merry Christmas, indeed!" I muttered, dolefully, as visions arose of having with the New Year to abandon my independence and seek a stool in the office of some more fortunate brother solicitor.

Mr. Milmant, who had just opened the door, paused, returned, removed his hat, seated himself, cast a quizzical look at me and said, "Tell me how it all occurred." I did so, for there was something in the old fellow that I liked, despite his somewhat waspish demeanour. He also dexterously contrived to elicit from me the history of my life—if so simple a narrative were worthy the name of history.

When I had finished he laughed, as a pleasant bulldog might be supposed to do, and said, "Look here, after all, something may be done. Have you any engagement for this evening? If not come and dine with me. There's my address." And he handed me his card.

After a few moments' reflection and polite disclaimer on the ground of abruptness and so forth, I accepted the invitation. In due time I proceeded to Mr. Milmant's luxurious villa residence at Marrickville, where I found his family all that could be desired, and himself a most genial, hospitable and jovial host—so different are the habits worn by men at their offices and in their homes. I passed an agreeable evening, and ingratiated myself by a display of the vocal ability of which I was considered in those days to have some share.

On the following day, Christmas Day, Mrs. Milmant called upon my mother, and this was the commencement of an intimacy which has lasted many long years. The best thing of all was that Mr. Milmant entrusted some business into my professional guardianship, and introduced me to friends who did the same. When

once the tide set in it became a regular flow. Moreover, I may tell you that my wife's maiden name was Milmant.

So that I have every reason to bless the day on which Mr. Leonidas Bulger did me the honour to make me his professional adviser, and, unpromising as matters looked at first, the foundation of my fortune was really laid by my first client.

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.

Helen Gardon looked pitifully round the room for what she intended to be the last time, and tears stood in her eyes. She scarcely knew why she should weep. She told herself with truth that she was not regretting the step that she was about to take, that her tears were not of pity for the husband that she was leaving, for he had no need of pity. He would no doubt feel her loss for a little while, because of the blow that she was about to deal to his pride and his name, but he would soon be consoled by his books, his studies and his scientific researches. To what the world would say when her flight became known he would care as little.



REFERENCE NEEDED.

HE.—"Won't you promise to be my wife?"  
SHE.—"Have you got a reference from your last?"



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

The Doctor—"I charge five shillings for drawing a tooth."  
The Artist—"Great Scott! and I can't get as much for drawing a picture!"  
The Doctor—"But you forget my drawings are painless."

possible for me to interrupt Mr. Milmant. "Yah!" he entered, who handed me a letter, for he had been directed to the bill for the wine and the arch-impertinent in my name, which the crowning indignity was the crowning indignity. I had lost my time (though my value enough), a large

A Sydney beggar weighs close upon 280lb. He asked for bread, and they have given him 20 stone.

"Don't you see the signs about that dogs are not permitted in the gardens?" said the caretaker to the owner of the dog. "Yes, I saw them all right," replied the man, quietly. "Well, how is it this dog of yours is here?" continued the officer. "Fact is," said the dog's owner, "he can't read English, he's an Italian greyhound. Now, if the signs had been in dog Latin —" But the caretaker had fled.

as she. She would be far away beyond the reach of rumour, and he despised the opinion of the tattling world too much to heed it when he heard it. Yet the tears would fall, although she told herself that she was going to freedom, to happiness, to love. A bride will weep when voluntarily leaving home honourably to share happiness with her lover; with how much more reason should Helen Gardon weep when of her own free will she was leaving at one home, honour and self-respect behind her.

For a moment she hesitated as a vision of the possible future rose before her—of the future of such wives as depicted in novels—of waning love, cruelty, desertion. But these things were only in fiction. Such could never fall to her lot in the free and happy future. She dried her eyes and resolutely set herself to perform her final task and sign herself "Helen Gardon" for the last time. Her letter to her husband simply announced that she was leaving him for ever. Their marriage had been a mistake, for there had been no community of feeling between them; his world was not hers, and she could not enter into the life that he enjoyed—she neither asked nor offered—she hoped that he would speedily find forgetfulness and, in the future, when the law had freed him, a more fitting partner. She addressed an envelope; then, after an instant's hesitation, she took a telegram from her pocket. It was from Hector Mervyn, and stated that he would arrive by the Ballarat train at a certain hour, that all preparations had been made, and that he would expect to meet her at the station. They could leave by the Sydney express that afternoon.

"He may as well know the whole truth," she sighed, as she enclosed the telegram with her letter.

She placed the envelope addressed to her husband in the letter-rack in the hall, and with one final glance round and a little shudder, the cold breath of her guardian angel, she went.

Professor Gardon had been married but two years, and had been under the impression that his married life contained the average happiness of the wedded state. He was very fond of his wife, and allowed her perfect freedom. He was well-to-do, and he grudged Helen nothing. He made no objection to her life of gaiety—it was sufficient for him that she found pleasure in life. He made the fatal mistake of many husbands in forgetting that a woman marries for companionship more than for a home or a mere bread-winner. So gradually Professor Gardon gave more time and attention to his University and his researches than to his wife. Yet he and Helen had truly loved each other, although their lives and thoughts drifted insensibly apart. They lived their own lives, but those lives were in different worlds. It had never occurred to the professor's mind that he might sacrifice some of his leisure to those social pleasures which make up so much of the pleasure of a woman's life. Helen had never attempted to cultivate an interest in her husband's pursuits or his acknowledged fame.

The almost inevitable result followed. Hector Mervyn was highly connected, young, handsome, rich. He was on his travels round the world, and only meditated a week in Melbourne. That week grew into months, for Helen Gardon's handsome face and bright eyes completely fascinated him. Mervyn, as a distinguished visitor, was a social lion, and constantly met Helen at various balls and society functions. The neglected wife's vanity, if not her heart, was touched. The lover had all the wiles of

the serpent, and insidiously persuaded Mrs. Gardon that her marriage was a failure and that her husband had ceased to care for her. Helen at last consented to "rise superior to the prejudices of society," and elope with Hector Mervyn. They were to go at once to Sydney, thence to the East and to Europe.

It was a curious circumstance that in that supreme moment when she was leaving her home and respectability behind her, a trivial matter occurred to her mind. She had not sealed the envelope which she had placed in the letter-rack. It was a matter of no importance, for the servants were not curious, and—even if they had read her note—they would only learn what all the world would know, or guess, in a few hours. Yet, as she remembered the omission, she felt inclined to order the driver of the cab to return. Her horror of a return to the house was, however, too great, and she proceeded to keep the appointment at the Spencer-street Railway Station.

She was in ample time, for the train from Ballarat was not due for some half-hour after her arrival. Eager to forget, to lose herself



PROOF POSITIVE.

JIMMIE.—"Is that old fellow mother's father or father's father?"  
MINNIE.—"Mother's father."  
JIMMIE.—"How do you know?"  
MINNIE.—"Because he smokes his pipe in the drawingroom."

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# PICTURESQUE VICTORIA.

## Popular Holiday Resorts Easy of Access By Rail.

Victoria has many beauty spots, and it is not easy to choose between Lorne, Bright, Healesville, Warburton and Gippsland Lakes. Each place, however, has its characteristics, and it remains with the holiday-seeker to discover, with a little assistance, which of these five charming Victorian localities will afford him the utmost enjoyment of the few weeks he is able to spend annually away from business, and the heat and discomfort of city life.

### LORNE.

To Lorne the journey is very pleasant. Leaving the railway at Dean's Marsh, a coach conveys passengers for fifteen miles across the mountains. The ride is in itself an agreeable incident in a holiday. Lorne is a paradise of fern gullies and waterfalls, and the most beautiful of these are all within easy walking distance of the township.

The mountains look on Marathon, and Marathon looks on the sea. The same may be said of Lorne. Many visitors go year after year, and never tire of the place, for there is a wondrous variety of mountain scenery and a beautiful stretch of beach for many miles, on which thunder the heave-long waves of the Southern Ocean. Amongst the most famous beauty spots are the Phantom Falls, the Erskine Falls, Cora Lynn, notable for its resemblance in brown sandstone to the buried New Zealand terraces. In the Erskine and other streams trout afford fine sport for anglers, and many sportsmen spend days on the coast crayfish fishing.

wealth of colouring, such varieties of greys, greens and blues as artists dare hardly think real.

On a clear day from the Gorge may be seen Mt. Kosciusko, highest of Australia's mountains, on which Mr. Clement Wragge had a meteorological station, Bogong, Feather-top, Mt. St. Bernard, famous for its Hospice, and Mt. Hotham, locally known as Baldy, over which a coach road leads to Omeo. Below the Gorge is Buckland Valley, the pretty town of Porepunkah, the Owens Valley towards Bright, and the Eurobin Falls. The depth of the Gorge is 1600ft., and the waterfall between 500ft. and 600ft.

A week or two may be easily spent exploring the high plateau of the Gorge and neighbouring peaks. An accommodation house near by is extensively patronised in the season. Camping out is also possible for those who enjoy that mode of existence. During summer months it is both interesting and strange to hear in this highland ales of winter, when the landscape is white with snow, and getting lost in the mists is much easier than getting found. Visitors should stay several days here and ascend Cathedral Rock, famous for its echo, the Hump and the Horn. It is usual to see sunrise or sunset from the Horn, and the ascent, even for ladies, is not at all difficult. Near the summit, at the end of January, or even later, a strange collection of Bogong moths may be seen in the crevice between two rocks. Guides take sticks to disturb the insects, which flutter over visi-



Myers' Falls, Healesville District.

Beautiful views are obtained of the surrounding country, and on a clear day may be seen Cathedral Range, Mt. Juliet, etc. Narbethong, fourteen miles from Healesville, lies at the foot of the northern slope of the Black Spur, whence the road leads to Marysville, nine miles beyond.

South of Healesville are many interesting places, including Malleon's Lookout, named after the late Mr. A. B. Malleon, of Melbourne. The road to it from Healesville is appropriately named the Zig-Zag. The views obtained during the ascent are magnificent, and more especially at the Lookout, 1450ft. above the sea. Tourists may extend their journey hence to Launching Place, a quiet, picturesque and popular township, through which the railway runs to Warburton.

Persons familiar with the Yarra near Prince's Bridge are astonished when they see the same river at Warburton. One may drink the water here without fear. The stream is bordered with ferns, and murmurs over its rocky bed as if in sorrow at the prospect of its unpleasant condition beyond Dight's Falls and near the sea. Warburton is rich in forest scenery, and its fern gullies are fine. Very pleasant driving, riding and fishing will pass the time of holiday makers. The road towards Wood's

Point runs along the Yarra Valley, and a few miles out the mountains are met. The scenery is very beautiful, and the comfort of tourists is added to by a well-graded road, now being formed.

Since the railway has reached Warburton visitors have patronised it liberally during the holiday season. The days are not very hot, even in the height of summer, and at night the cool mountain air is delightful to people accustomed to the sultriness of Melbourne's summer evenings.

### GIPPSLAND AND LAKES.

A trip through the Gippsland Lakes country commences really where the Glen-garry and Thompson Rivers lose their identity in the broader bosom of the Latrobe. Anglers from the city have spent many pleasant hours upon the banks of the latter, fishing for perch. The narrow strip of country running between the ranges and the sea from the Lakes Entrance down towards the Snowy River is perhaps least known. It was a favourite haunt of the aborigines in pre-settlement days. Along the Gippsland hills that stretch from the Tambo westward to Lake Tyers, and overlook the sea, the lyre-bird has his haunts. The Lakes Entrance is a charming place for a holiday, and provides a great contrast to the heat of arid, northern Victoria.



Lakes Entrance.

Near the mouth of the Cumberland River the hills are particularly interesting. The views are much valued by tourists to Lorne, the coast at this point being most picturesque. Those who like walking find the twelve miles to Spirit Point a day's journey worth making. At low tide the sandy beach for miles hardens like cement, and the "going" is so easy that many ladies have done the trip without any difficulty. For less energetic visitors the coast near the township is full of interest.

Lorne is a place for picnics. Visitors from town never fail to appreciate these delightful outings to the fern gullies and waterfalls. The midday camp is a great novelty to many townspeople, and while the city boys there is a wealth of beautiful scenery to admire. The Erskine Falls and the Phantom are the most popular with picnic parties, owing to their very short distance from the township. The charm of Lorne is that every visitor finds amusement according to his taste. A long day may be spent in the fern gullies, and on the coast, and the evening in a variety of social entertainments.

### BRIGHT AND DISTRICT.

Bright, a day's railway journey from Melbourne, is the centre of one of the most picturesque resorts in Victoria. The town lies

"Deep in the shadow of a vale," and its atmosphere is both cool and health-giving.

It is an ideal summer resort. In December, January and February, when local people think from October to April is the best time to visit their beautiful country. The scenery of the Buffalo is perhaps the grandest and wildest in Victoria, and perhaps Australia. From the town the view is superb. The mountains, as they rise towards the misty horizon, present a picture of some strange terrific beauty. Such

tors' heads like a thick veil. The summit of the Horn is a sloping rock 5750ft. above the sea, and the view is superb. Local people are enthusiastic in praise of the sunrise in summer as seen from the Horn.

A return from the Buffalo can be made through the beautiful Buckland Valley, and the famous Eurobin Falls can be visited on the way back to Bright.

From the town towards Wangaratta it is a pleasant cycling trip through the Owens Valley and Myrtleford. Another day's journey can be made to Harrietville, thence up a well-graded and picturesque road to the Hospice on Mt. St. Bernard. The visitors' book here contains names of many people famous throughout the world. In winter those who understand the art, frequently snow-shoe down to Harrietville. In summer "the climate's most delicate." The district of Bright is bewildering in its beauties, and a few weeks' holiday there merely creates the longing for more. Like Lorne, Bright has its admirers and its subjects, whose loyalty is unquestioned.

### HEALESVILLE AND WARBURTON.

Healesville has the advantage of being only two hours' distance by rail from Melbourne. Possibly because of its comparative nearness to town it is much frequented by famous visitors to Victoria. Some years ago Sarah Bernhardt spent a day shooting there. Melba found time to admire the scenery of Healesville. The picturesque township was visited by the Princess of Wales, who was driven to Fernshave, and enjoyed a genuine Australian picnic. Her Royal Highness was enthusiastic in her admiration of the lovely tree ferns and the forest scenery on the Black Spur, on which she was driven a few miles. The road is metalled, and always in first-class condition. It is a pleasure either to cycle or drive over it, notwithstanding its steep grades. Beyond Fernshave the ascent is 1150ft. in two miles.



Eurobin Falls, Buffalo Mountains.

Photos. by N. J. Caire, South Yarra.

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HAND AND RING.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HICKORY.

Hickory's face was new to the court. He had occupied a considerable portion of one day in giving testimony for the prosecution, and his rough manner and varied face, twinkling, however, at times with an irresistible humor, were a well known not only to the jury but to all the habitués of the trial. Yet, when he stepped upon the stand at the summons of Mr. Orent, every eye turned toward him with curiosity, so great was the surprise with which his name had been called, and so vivid the interest aroused in what a detective devoted to the cause of the prosecution might have to say in the way of supporting the defence.

The first question uttered by Mr. Orent directed to put them upon the right track. "Will you tell the court where you have been to-day Mr. Hickory?" "Well," replied the witness in a slow and unassuming tone of voice, as he cast a look at Mr. Ferris, half-astounded and half-reassured. "I have been in a good many places."

"You know what I mean," interrupted Mr. Orent. "The court where you were with the honours of 11 and a quarter was it?" he asked, with a quick glance at the paper he held in his hand. "Oh, then," cried Hickory, suddenly relaxing into his usual manner, "I was all along the route from Sibley to Monticott Quarry Station. I don't think I was stationary at any one minute of the time, sir."

"In other words," suggested Mr. Orent, severely, "I was trying to show myself smart with my letters," bowing with a great show of respect to the two experts who sat near him. "Or, in other words, still, I was trying to make the distance between Mrs. Clemmens' house and the station I have mentioned, in time sufficient to upset the defence, sir?"

"And in those places where you could not run, did you proceed as fast as you knew how?" "Yes, sir." "Very well; now I think it is time you told the jury just how many minutes it took you to go from Mrs. Clemmens' house to the Monticott Quarry Station?" "Well, sir, according to my watch, it took one hundred and five minutes."

"Mr. Orent glanced impressively at the jury. "One hundred and five minutes," he repeated. He then turned to the witness with his concluding questions. "Mr. Hickory, were you present in the court-room just now when the two experts whom I have employed to make the run gave their testimony?" "No, sir."

"Do you know in what time they made it?" "I believe I do. I was told by the person whom I informed of my failure that I had gained five minutes upon them."

meant to be fair to him when I know how." "Oh, you did; and do you think it was fair to him to steal a ride on the highway?" "Yes, sir."

"Because no one has ever told me he didn't ride down the highway, at least till he came within sight of the station?" "Mr. Hickory," inquired the lawyer, severely, "are you in possession of any knowledge proving that he did?" "No, sir."

He did not find his task so easy, however when he came into direct contact with her. She looked very weary, too, and yet unnaturally excited. He tried to speak to her, but she would not listen to him. He became more assured that he would never feel satisfied with himself if he did not give her an immediate opportunity to disperse at once and forever these freshly awakened feelings.

His attitude, or possibly his expression, must have betrayed something of his anxiety if not of his resolve, for her countenance fell as she watched him, and her voice sounded quite as if she were about to ask to what he was indebted for this unexpected visit. He did not keep her in suspense.

"Miss Dare," said he, without kind-ness, "I thought you would be here, and I was obliged to disturb you to-night, but my duty would not permit me to have hitherto omitted to ask—"

"Sit down," he gently urged, pushing toward her a chair. "You have had a hard and weary week of it; you are in need of rest."

She did not refuse to avail herself of the chair, though, as he could not help but notice, she did not thereby relax a iota of the restraint which she bore. "I do not understand," she murmured; "what question?" "Miss Dare, in all you have told the court, in all that you have said me, about this case, I have never informed you how it was your first came to hear of it. You were—"

been at the time it was perpetrated, would, in all probability, bring strange revelations to light, he had been awakened to a most uncomfortable sense of his position, and he had not been required of him. To be sure, the time for presenting testimony to the court was passed, unless it was in the way of rebuttal; but how did he know but what Miss Dare had a fact in her possession which would help the prosecution in overturning the defence? At all events, he felt he ought to know whether, in giving her testimony she had exhausted her knowledge on this subject, or whether, in her sympathy for the accused, she had kept back certain evidence which if presented might bring the crime more directly home to the prisoner.

Accordingly, somewhere about eight o'clock in the evening, he sought her out with the bold resolution of forcing her to satisfy him on this point. He did not find his task so easy, however when he came into direct contact with her. She looked very weary, too, and yet unnaturally excited. He tried to speak to her, but she would not listen to him.

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"I am coming," she murmured, and stepped forth more like a faintly-breathing image than a living woman. His first glance at her face convinced him she was not in the least surprised at his in-coming. In that instant it had drifted into a state of feeling different from any he had observed in her before, and of a sort that to him was wholly inexplicable. Her words when she spoke were not those of a woman who had been in the habit of being overheard, but of a woman who had been in the habit of being overheard, but of a woman who had been in the habit of being overheard.

him his life" came from her lips at last. "Don't ask me that, Miss Dare. You and I have no concern with the consequences of this evidence."

"I must do it in this case—if I can, of course." "He did not reply." "And even if the testimony I desire to put in is not rebuttal in its character, no unbiased judge would deny to counsel the privilege of reopening his case to light, even if important facts have come to light."

As if overwhelmed by a prospect she had not anticipated, she hurriedly arose and pointed down the room to a curtained recess. "Give me five minutes," she cried; five minutes by myself where no one can look at me, and where I can think undisturbed about what I have better do."

She at once crossed to the small retreat. "Five minutes," she reiterated huskily, as she lifted the curtains aside. "When the clock strikes nine I will come out."

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As if overwhelmed by a prospect she had not anticipated, she hurriedly arose and pointed down the room to a curtained recess. "Give me five minutes," she cried; five minutes by myself where no one can look at me, and where I can think undisturbed about what I have better do."

She at once crossed to the small retreat. "Five minutes," she reiterated huskily, as she lifted the curtains aside. "When the clock strikes nine I will come out."

"I am coming," she murmured, and stepped forth more like a faintly-breathing image than a living woman. His first glance at her face convinced him she was not in the least surprised at his in-coming. In that instant it had drifted into a state of feeling different from any he had observed in her before, and of a sort that to him was wholly inexplicable.

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BOATING IN BERMUDA.

The boating is most enjoyable, not only from the pleasure derived from sailing, and the cooler atmosphere experienced on the water, but also from the wonderful scenery to be seen down in the depths of the ocean. It is better to be provided with a water-glass. It is impossible to describe the beauty of the coral reefs, bordered with sea-fans of every hue and size, and in every stage of encrustation, delicately-shaped ferns and sea-weed filling up the gaps, the whole forming a glorious blaze of exquisite tints deep, deep down; the variety of gorgeous fish to be seen, each inhabiting a different depth, and driving out intruders from their homes, from the prettily coloured angel fish to the huge rock-cod, a brilliant red; from the small anchovy leaping out of the water in thousands whilst being chased by bigger fish into the shallows, turning the sea into a sheet of silver in their fight from their enemies, to the ugly and dreaded shark. The island bounds with fashions, where the habits of the different fish can be watched, and a change of diet obtained too rough for cooking.

The Bermudians, both white and black, are born sailors, handling their yachts and dinghies beautifully. Everybody has heard of the Bermuda boat, with its peculiar rig and "leg-of-mutton" sail, able to sail so close to the wind, turn so rapidly, and weather the roughest storm. Dinghy-racing is most exciting work, requiring great nerve and judgment. In a close race it is wonderful to see the way the boats are managed and the methods adopted to win—some of the crew sitting well back over the gunwales with the ballast on their chests, others diving one by one from the stern of the boats to try and get a little more way on. The negroes there make the same way as elsewhere, fine strong men, speaking very pure English.

Poverty on the island there is none; there is work for all, the wages paid averaging a dollar a day. The origin of the slang expression, "That takes the cake," may not be generally known. Once a year the negroes collect together on some road or other, and appoint a judge. Several couples, men and women, dressed in grotesque costumes, go through absurd pantomimes and ridiculous performances. The couple earning the most applause are awarded a piece of cake, which prize is highly valued.—Chamber's Journal.

NOVEL AMUSEMENT WITH A PIANO. The market for antiques is variable. They command prices all the way from their weight in gold to the ordinary value of second hand furniture, according to the taste or eccentricity of the buyer. An eminent artist, who bought an old-fashioned piano not long ago, had had an experience which illustrates this. He had paid the dealer in antiques three pounds for the piano, and as a model it had been worth that amount to him; as a source of amusement it had been worth considerably more.

Soon after the piano was delivered, Mr. L. the artist, was entertaining some friends, when the door was opened, and a voice announced—"Mr. Gilliey's carriage is at the door, sir. He sent me up to say he will give you five pounds for that piano, sir."

"I don't want it," said Mr. L., "carelessly." "A few minutes later the coachman re-appeared to say, 'He'll give six pounds.'" "No," said Mr. L., "absolutely." "Soon the door opened again, and this was the message: 'He'll give eight pounds for your piano.'" "I can't make any such bargain!" exclaimed Mr. L., with rising indignation and surprise. "How many times does he want to be told?" he asked, as the door closed on the would-be purchaser.

ECHO TO THE "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Written as an Echo to the above poem. Four lines one, dejected one, Couldst thou but know What thousands admire Your "Beautiful Snow."

Perhaps might a soothing, A cordial impart, And blunt the keen edge Of remorse in thine heart. Poor, frail, erring sister, Oh, many there be, That hadst 'thou but lived) Would have comforted thee. But the first went forth From the King on his throne, 'And with power, yet in love, Whispered "Daughter come home."

You believed in the Saviour, Requested your lot, And the germ of salvation Was stirring within. When you wrote with such pathos The "Beautiful Snow," And felt like an outcast With nowhere to go. Oh! sad was thy fate, And gloomy thy lot, And when the snow falls Thou wilt not be forgot.

We will hope and believe At your desolate end, The Saviour was husband, And brother, and friend, That the white spark led To a mansion of rest, And the "Beautiful Snow" In blessing was best. Oh! daughters, more favoured, Oh! sisters, and wives, Respected and loved, Leading virtuous lives, Cast not the first stone At the fallen pass by, "The Saviour was well when God keeps," You have help from on high. Rejoice, and be thankful While you move in your sphere Like a beautiful star.

FATHER AND SON AT THE CIRCUS. Gorgeous plumes nodded in the street, the elephant marched with awkward tread, and the painted young lady in its costume rode in the lion's den. "The circus had come," said Mr. Mul-kittle, who stood at the gate and looked at the "grand aggregation," and his son eagerly requested him to enter. Mr. Mul-kittle promised him he would take him in the evening.

When evening came he was in a perfect flutter of excitement, when the "mammoth elephant" began to squall he could no longer restrain himself but cried in impatience at his father's seeming unconcern. "When they entered the menagerie he scarcely knew which way to turn. "This is like the Bengal tiger," said Mr. Mul-kittle. "There is a sacred ox, here we have a leopard. Here is a sea lion."

What Hinder Proposals.

The timidity of a girl during a man's proposal is apt to discourage him, and in his flutter he is inclined to believe the maiden does not appreciate him as he would like to be appreciated.

Painting by Machinery. Painting by machinery is now an accomplished fact, and in connection with the great iron railway bridge, recently built in America, the principle has been carried out with the greatest success.

What Cold Is. A person who has never been in the Polar regions can have no idea what cold is. When we have the temperature down to ten or fifteen degrees above zero we think it is bitterly cold; and if out houses were not as warm as our least degrees above zero, we should begin to think of freezing to death.

SOMETHING SHARP. A Scotch preacher once said—"You never saw a woman sewing without a needle! She would come but poor speed if she only sewed with the thread. So I think when we're dealing with sinners we must see to it that we have the law first; for the fact is they're sleeping sound, and they need to be awakened up by something sharp. But when we've got the needle of the law fairly in, we may draw as long a thread as we like o' Gospel consolation after it."

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and he and his assistant bullet papers and old systems of parchment to make of parchment result being made more rapidly, and of satisfaction to the system ends, a divisional returning of course, it has the advantage of instituting in regard to the divisional returning Barry, and his assistant with vigor and energy work was made feelings of those who in the task can be described when at

sed off very quietly at 1902 elections enrolled up, only 960 recorded over 220 being female. The first count was at 10 p.m., as follows:—McGrath, 45; Ritchie, 20. The totals, as given in the work were made public at the assistant returning-officers of the laboring men to the Senate returns, but just 3 that there was not of finishing the work time, the scrutiny was a well-earned rest. The at 10 a.m., by Messrs. and, and was not com-1.30 p.m. The voting—Andrews, 465; Skene, 10; McGrath, 101. In-

338; Best, 321; Tren-294; McIntyre, 259; 204; Tompkinson, 186; Findley, 166; Sully, 9; O'Laughlin, 77; Wil-

ANS SENATE VOTE. STYLES, MCINTYRE. ECTED FOUR. were the votes polled action in the Grampians the list is incomplete, to come in cannot be places. It will be Best, Dow, Styles and

98,420 94,726 3,991 2,711 3,272 2,638 2,432 2,377 2,288 3,086 749 2,417 2,397 3,272 2,725 2,876 388 908

being only five complete a twenty-three elector-ate to hand, and it en that anything may sitions of the candidates

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MELBOURNE PORTS. Number on Roll, 21,211. \*S. Magner ... 10470 Matthews ... 7993 Form ... 450

MERENDA. Number on Roll, 21,211. \*R. Harper ... 6031 F. T. Hickford ... 2802 E. F. G. Hodges ... 1655

NORTHERN MELBOURNE. Number on Roll, 34,683. H. B. Higgins ... 11,676 S. Painter ... 4897

SOUTHERN MELBOURNE. Number on Roll, 33,826. J. B. Ronald ... 8914 C. Montague ... 8095 E. Joke ... 1048 J. Sloas ... 699

MOIRA. Number on Roll, 21,211. T. Kennedy ... 4215 A. C. Palmer ... 3554

MELBOURNE. Number on Roll, 23,297. \*Sir M. McEachern ... 7756 W. Maloney ... 7679

WANNON. Number on Roll, 22,574. A. Robinson ... 5248 T. White ... 4554 P. J. Hogan ... 2277

WIMMERA. Number on Roll, 14,791. \*P. Phillips ... 2557 J. Grey ... 1774 M. Hirsch ... 1719

YARRA. Number on Roll, 35,804. F. Tudor ... 13,895 W. Wilson ... 6,479

Beaufort Presbyterian Sabbath School. A most enjoyable entertainment, in aid of the funds of the above school, was given by the children, assisted by Miss Jean Rorke and others, on Thursday evening last, in the Societies' Hall.

Snake Valley. (FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.) Another old and highly respected resident of Snake Valley in the person of Mrs. Knox, wife of Mr. Wm. Knox, passed away at her residence on Monday last.

Skipton. (FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.) The weather during the last few days has been very unseasonable, more like June than December.

Public Notice. W. H. HALPIN bears to notify the public of the surrounding district that he has ceased to be Agent for Lister & Baird, and that he will hold MONTHLY SALES in connection with DIXON BROS., BEAUFORT, THE FIRST SALE will be held during JANUARY.

Wanted to Hire, at New Year, two WHIM HORSES; constant employment. Apply to BARTON QUARTZ COMPANY, BEAUFORT, J. S. BAILEY, Mining Manager, 16/17/03.

Beaufort Athletic Club's Boxing Day, December 26th, 1903. To be held in the Beaufort Park, on Boxing Day, DECEMBER 26th, 1903. 218 ENTRIES RECEIVED. 258 IN PRIZES.

Rifle Shooting. The monthly match of the Beaufort Rifle Club was fired on the 9th inst. on the local range, for prizes of 15s and 6s, given by the club.

Mining News. BARTON QUARTZ COMPANY. The following half-yearly reports of the above company will be submitted to the shareholders at a meeting to be held at the Mechanics' Institute, Beaufort, on Wednesday afternoon next, at 2 o'clock.

A Merry Xmas. Remember, a small present, be it ever so small, gladdens the heart of young and old.

We Have Something Good for Everybody. We cannot suppress the silent eloquence of our Goods. They require only to be seen to be sold.

MONEY GOES A LONG WAY HERE. It is surprising how much can be bought for a little money.

Arnold's Balsam. For Coughs, Colds, Croup, Bronchitis, Consumption. THE BEST CHEST MEDICINE.

Great Indian Rheumatic Remedy. As the following Cases can testify. RHEUMATISM CURED.

DR. PARKER'S GREAT INDIAN RHEUMATIC REMEDY. As the following Cases can testify. RHEUMATISM CURED.

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Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on nature's plan—loosens the cold, relieves the lungs and makes expectoration easy.

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Beaufort Sheffield Handicap run under Victorian Athletic League, and a league handicapper appointed. Bicycle Races run apart from Lay W.

Two-mile Bicycle Race, 230.—1st, 21s; 2nd, 24s; 3rd, 21s. Nomination, 2s; acceptance, 1s. One-mile Bicycle Race, 214.—1st, 43s; 2nd, 24s; 3rd, 21s. Nomination, 2s; acceptance, 1s.

Handicap Wood-chopping Contest (18-inch logs), 4.30.—1st, 25s; 2nd, 22s. Nomination, 1s; acceptance, 1s.

Firemen's Alarm and Rush, 120yds., 2.10.—1st, 21s; 2nd, 18s. Nomination, 1s; acceptance, 1s.

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IF IT STRIKES YOU. That you would like to purchase something either for personal adornment or for a present for a friend.

COME HERE FOR IT. We have just opened a lovely lot of New Goods, Novelties suitable for the Xmas trade. Specially selected by our buyers.

We Have Something Good for Everybody. We cannot suppress the silent eloquence of our Goods. They require only to be seen to be sold.

MONEY GOES A LONG WAY HERE. It is surprising how much can be bought for a little money.

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NOTICE TO FARMERS. DIXON BROS., PRODUCE MERCHANTS, ETC., BEAUFORT.

They have on hand first-class Cornsacks from 4s 6d to 5s 6d per doz. Horse Rugs, Tarpaulins, Water Bags, Buggy and Coach Rugs a speciality.

We are Direct Importers of Duck and Canvas, and as we buy largely for cash we can offer special inducements in these lines. Farmers should not allow stacks to become damaged while our Tarpaulins are obtainable.

The only Machine that leaves Land Perfectly Level. This Patent Style of Machine is the only machine perfectly and completely controlled by Compound Levers to instantly set machine in and out of cut, or deeper or shallower when travelling. Made all size.

ORCHARDIST'S EXTENSION DISC. Patent Extension and Reversible Double Beam Steel Frame Orchard Cultivator, will extend out to 10ft. or 12ft. wide, and close up to 5ft. 6in. Simple and easy managed in every particular.

ONE-HORSE or PONY DOT. For smaller Growers, suitable for Vineyards, Nursery Growers, Small Orchard Potatoes and Onion Growers, is built on Reversible and Extension Principle. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES.

W. G. BARGER. SOHO DISC FACTORY, 231 & 233 FRANKLIN ST., MELBOURNE AND BOORF. AGENTS FOR BEAUFORT AND DISTRICT—DIXON BROS.

CHRISTMAS, 1903. HAWKES BROS., BEAUFORT.

Are again to the fore with an entirely New and Up-to-date Stock of ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, FANCY GOODS, GLASSWARE and ORNAMENTS.

Direct from the makers. Value better than ever. Call and see for yourself what a large and choice assortment there is to select from.

IN OUR WINDOWS. We are showing samples from the largest direct shipment of ENGLISH CROCKERY ever consigned to Beaufort, and just landed ex S.S. "Africa".

Dinner Sets, 17s 6d; Extra Large, 35s; Tea Sets, 15s; Bedroom Sets, 10s 6d.

All these Sets are direct from British Potteries, which is a sufficient guarantee of their excellent quality.

Our Linoleums and Floorcloths. Are second to none in quality and variety. No difficulty in making a selection from such a stock.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We have a few Remnants left (various lengths), at less than cost. PAPERHANGINGS. Are all the go just now. We have an immense assortment, at very small prices.

Xmas. and New Year Presents. Of every description, to suit all purses.

LINCOLN STUART & Co. Proprietary Limited. Flinders Street, Melbourne. SAY.... Their clothes are made so as to give the best possible value and satisfaction.

FAMOUS TWO-GUINEA SUITS. Write for Patterns and Measure Forms. The reasons for buying their clothes are—1st, they're good clothes; and, they cost them enough to be good; 2nd, if you don't think they're as good as they cost, you can have your money back.











The Whistling Buoy; OR THE MOANING MEMOIR OF A SECRET SORROW.

By Charles Barnard. CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

As he expressed it, reckless of what more than an hour passed before he completed the tale of his broken home and ruined hopes...



THAT IS THE MAN.

For hours those whose business it was to sail and guide the ship, and who regarded the expected port merely as a starting place for another voyage, had been looking for the pilot would bring a new face on board, or perhaps renew old friendships.

Suddenly there came over the smooth sea a white speck, and then the white speck again. The few passengers on the deck peered through the mist, but could see nothing.

One among the passengers stood apart and saw the pilot arrive. The man was brown and smiling face appeared above the rail the passenger turned quickly away, as if not wishing to be seen.

There would be many hours before the services of the pilot would be needed, and as the bridge was not busy by the time the steamer invited his pilot to his chart-room behind the wheel-room.

"Come right in, Captain, and make yourself at home," said the man, who was much surprised and delighted in my life. Must be six years since you used to take us in and out at Sandy Hook.

all who still had faith in their personal "luck," an informal meeting had been called to consider the momentous question as to how the money in the several pockets should be redistributed in order to make some common and rather according to the silly laws of "honor."

Young Mr. Royal Yardsickie attended the meeting, but took no part in the unseemly wrangle. He sat by himself, his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed on the floor.

"In a minute, Will, till I get the bearings of things a bit. There's a fellow better now. Let 'em come in."

The sailor with a grin, held the door open, and then slunk away one, at least the number of the pilot-boat, and the number could not be obtained the debt would be declared "off" in any sense.

"You are sure?" "Sartin as if the light was in plain sight. If the fog lifts to-day we ought to make Montauk; and then the course is easy to the light."

"I don't mind telling you 'bout it, Captain. Cap'n case, as they say, and what I shall feel better and get at the right of 'bout it. I ain't a sinner to a word to a soul since it happened."

"This person? Oh, she's sitting yonder, sir. Third table next the old gentleman; 'bouts her's 'n' 'ow though you'd better know it, seeing these American judges don't year no wigs."

While waiting the steward's return, he glanced round the saloon to see if the young committeeman had appeared. He was not to be seen anywhere.

"Madame Poirard, I dare say," remarked the Captain to himself. "Well might he be surprised; for the instant the tall thin man caught sight of the Frenchwoman she rose and left the table going out at the door where the two ladies had entered."

"I told this experience to Mr. Ford, and he said: 'If she had a few of our instant powder before sitting, she would have repudiated the fraud at once. It is instinct or the lack of it.'"

"Poultry raising would be an unimproved job," said he as he picked a turnip and offered it to him.

"What do you mean, Maria?" "I mean she is the child of a former slave in Savannah—white father, perhaps, but negro mother."

"Who is your authority?" "Mrs. Gearing, shallow and narrow-minded woman that she was, recognized that she was not from one who had it from the people who lived at the light."

"I've ordered your lunch here, Captain, because I do not suppose you care to meet the guests at the table."

NEWS FOR FARMERS. AT HOME WITH THE MACEDONIANS.

SEVERAL NEW JERSEY SETTLERS COMBINE ON A WONDERFUL IDEA.

A company has just been formed in New Jersey for the purpose of supplying instant to hens. Such well known farmers as James L. Ford, William Curtis Gibson and E. K. Manstreck St. Schwabers in a Company That Will Supply a Long Wait Want to Our Egg Producers.

"No man," said he, sitting down on one of his largest cucumbers and motioning me to sit on another. "We have ever kept hens but had wondered why they were not provided with a good common sense brand of instinct."

"I admitted the force of his remark because when a boy I had once set a hen on some green apples and she had covered them with a murmur for a week, when I took pity on her and would have repudiated the fraud at once."

"I made a mental calculation of the number of chickens that I had seen sacrificed in that way by motherly and good natured hens who would have felt hurt if you had told them that they did not know how to bring up their young."

"Poultry raising would be an unimproved job," said he as he picked a turnip and offered it to him. "If a fellow wasn't constantly running up against this lack of instinct on the part of the fowls, if a hen had instinct, she'd know enough to keep her mouth shut when she laid an egg, but as it is the cockles away like a woman with a secret, and before she knows it her egg is on the way to the table."

"I told Mr. Ford, as a shock hands with me in raising, that there was not a farmer, either amateur or professional, in the whole Union who would not be glad to purchase a package of his instinct powder, and as I left the general granger he was putting cushions under his water melons so that they would not get bruised by contact with the earth."

"I'm not a sinner to a word to a soul since it happened." "I don't mind telling you 'bout it, Captain. Cap'n case, as they say, and what I shall feel better and get at the right of 'bout it. I ain't a sinner to a word to a soul since it happened."

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ENGLISH ARTILLERY TROPHIES IN NORMANDY.

IN 1427 when the English in Normandy made their last assault on Mont St. Michel, under Lord Scyles, they attacked it with several powerful engines and certain machines of war, with which, says an old writer, they trained a battery so furiously against the walls that they made a breach."

The Bulgarians of Turkey, whose oppression has brought South-Eastern Europe to the verge of war, are an interesting people. Their ignorance is equal to their picturesqueness, and their superstition to their ignorance. The women, in their scanty white serge garments, embroidered skirts, and flowing sleeves, work in the fields from early morning till twilight, or trudge from distant villages to market between birds and masters, astride the small be-penned donkeys. Chivalry, it is needless to say, is not observed out here. We in the West venture to doubt that woman was made for man; but here beasts of burden and women are in the same unfortunate condition of inferiority and neglect.

"The Ocean made 17 hits out of 25 rounds with the 12in. gun or 71 hits per gun per minute; with her 6in. guns she fired 163 rounds and made no fewer than 117 hits, or 4.8 hits per gun per minute, which is admirable shooting. Her crew fully deserved the thanks which they received from the Admiralty on their return to England this summer. The Glory made 7 hits out of 21 rounds with her 12in. guns, and 80 hits out of 115 rounds with her 6in. guns; while the Goliath made 8 hits out of 19 rounds with the 12in. and 71 hits out of the 123 rounds with the 6in. On these figures it would appear that, in gunnery, the Ocean would be a match for both the Glory and the Goliath, since she made two more hits with her 12in. guns than both of the others put together and only 34 fewer hits with her 6in. guns for which the extra hits with her heavy weapon would fully compensate in battle. It is to be hoped that the China Squadron will continue to maintain its high reputation as the best shooting fleet."

SHOOTING OF THE CHINA SQUADRON.

The prize-returns for the China Squadron in 1902 gives the order of merit of the first six ships as follows—Ocean, Glory, Talbot, Goliath, Terrible, and Blenheim. The comparatively low place of the Terrible is due to the fact that she fired in bad weather, with a heavy sea running and rain falling, so that at times the men could scarcely see the target.

"I'm not a sinner to a word to a soul since it happened." "I don't mind telling you 'bout it, Captain. Cap'n case, as they say, and what I shall feel better and get at the right of 'bout it. I ain't a sinner to a word to a soul since it happened."

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GENERAL INFORMATION.

Nearly 30 per cent of all flowers are white.

The temperature of a swallow's body is extraordinarily high, no less than 112deg. Fahrenheit. It is stated that about one in eighteen of the population of Paris lives on charity, with a tendency towards crime.

The oyster ranks as one of the ten strongest things to be found on earth. When the duty of a fish is in its prime a force of nine hundred times its own weight is necessary to force open its shell. France gives the largest subsidy to shipping of any Power. The total amount, including postal subsidies is £1,700,000 a year. Japan comes next with about £600,000; and then Germany and Russia.

Sir Hiram Maxim, without whose guns no army of to-day could hope for success, started life with less than the proverbial half-crown in his pocket. When he went out into the world he owned exactly one shilling, and he earned his first week's wage as a decorative painter.

The strangest menagerie in the world is on an Ohio farm. Through all the gardens, orchards, and fields of this curious place one meets wild beasts of many kinds, ingeniously fashioned out of roots, trunks, and the branches of trees. It is a veritable toy Noah's Ark grown up.

Under encouragement of the Russian Government it is said that Siberia is gaining 200,000 farmers per year. Among its exports are cereals, butter, wool, leather, and dried and preserved meats. Already this remote country, which the popular imagination is apt to picture as a vast waste, the abode of frost, and snow, and misery, is becoming a field of as a possible competitor with the well-known cereal-producing countries of the world.

A Melbourne paper has discovered in a suburb of that city the last living link with the foundation of railway locomotion, the sole surviving pupil of George Stephenson. The name of that historical character is Henderson, and he has just entered on his ninetieth year. Half a century ago he emigrated to Australia and settled in Melbourne, where he practised his profession as an engineer for many years. He enjoys excellent health, and is full of reminiscences of the days of his youth, when railways were non-existent in England, and journeys now accomplished in a few hours occupied days and even weeks.

In the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong a coin is in circulation known as the "mil." This is a tiny copper coin with a hole in the center intended to take the place of the Chinese "cash," which is now of third of a penny, and is in general use among the coolies in the colony. The mil is one-hundredth part of a cent, one-thousandth part of a dollar, and as the silver dollar in use in Hong Kong is worth about 1s. 7d., it follows that the mil is worth about one-sixtieth part of a penny. This, therefore is the value of the smallest British coin.

The proprietors of a Chicago drapery store have hit on a novel and effective method of insuring the sale of toys. The firm has set up a miniature park and playground in the premises, where children may enjoy themselves while their mothers make purchases. The little ones can play on the grass, dig in the sand, and sail boats on the pond. The firm supplies all toys free of charge; and this is how the playground pays for when the mother comes to take away her child the sweet sorrow of parting with the toy asserts itself. "No, I darsay not," observed Mark Twain; "you see it is my own original idea."

"Oh, that's very simple. I want the cook and other servants in the kitchen to see everybody that calls. Directly the bell rings they look out of the window, without leaving their work and see who it is and what they are wearing. The work will get done, the dinner won't be spoiled, time will be saved, and the maids will be happy and stay with us. Under the old plan the poor souls were always running up and down the kitchen stairs to alley their episcopacy. That's wasted time and spoiled everything."

TANTALOOA TIGER AND SNAKE VALLEY.

After a lapse of some months the tiger in this district. It was about three weeks ago by a Haddon named Miss Roach, who was on the Snake Valley.

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OUR REPRESENTATIVES IN PARLIAMENT.

MR. OMAN, M.L.A., ON THE BOUNDARIES BILL.

Mr. Touthber, in the L. Assembly last week, proposed a amendment in the Electoral Boundaries Bill with the view of including the area in the electorate of St. George's Hampton.

Mr. Oman said he trusted the amendment would accept the amendment. The people concerned desired attached to the Stawell electorate which they were closely associated with. Mr. Oman stated in the House that he was not entitled to particular areas, but that these people were more associated with Stawell than with his electorate. It would not make any difference in regard to the number of members proposed was carried, the figures of the Government, that Stawell would have 3,587 and Hampton 3,413. He had into the question fully, and the latest figures. He found Hampton would have on the available, and which would be and begin the roll for the next election, 4,383 electors, whilst Ararat would have only electors. He felt that, in the of the people in question, the transfer should be made. Those desired to be attached, to the electorate of Stawell and Ararat there was no community of between his electorate and that of Hampton. He said that the member for Port Fairy, that speaking that honorable member, had a portion of the area in it. He was still of the same opinion should not be attached to Hampton. The Government was making the constituency one of the very largest. State. The voting strength of electorate was almost equal to constituency. It was, therefore, that the Government were doing injustice to the electoral district of Hampton. They had not consented to the Government should stick closely to the principle of Government had pursued right of following the shire boundaries that particularly instances, he thought Government should have stuck shire boundaries. By doing so would not have given the constituency voters than it was entitled to the people themselves a desired.

Best Treatment for Diarrhoea. After suffering for some months past with attacks of diarrhoea, and feeling very weak through my system becoming so weak, I had tried several remedies without getting permanent relief. Was advised Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after taking a few doses, I was cured. I checked the diarrhoea, my appetite renewed, and general tone of my system improved. EDWARD G. F. LANGRISH, Victoria. I had most successful remedy in the world for diarrhoea. It never fails when used with water and sweetened it is a life saver. For sale by R. W. ROTH, 50-C, Merchants, Beaconsfield.

Thomas Cheeseman and another were sinking a shaft amongst the diggings at Preston Hill, near Valley, on Friday last, and had got to 16 feet, when Cheeseman, who was working below, had occasion to go to the surface for some timber. He was on the surface when he suddenly fell into the shaft. He remained motionless in the shaft for some minutes, and was then discovered by the other men, who rushed to his aid, and he was brought to the surface. He was found to be dead, and was buried in the afternoon.

The debate on the second reading of the Election Expenses Limitation Bill was resumed in the Legislative Council on the 25th. The bill limits the expenditure of candidates to £250. Mr. McCutcheon moved the amendment that the bill be referred to a select committee. He said that the bill was a good one, but that it was not a good one, and that it was not a good one. He said that the bill was a good one, but that it was not a good one, and that it was not a good one.

The fact that the French Government has now declared war upon the whole race of races as sprayers of the plague, recalls the fact that the most sanguinary civil war has long raged among the two great tribes of themselves. The two great European tribes are those of the blacks and the browns, of which the black race was the first original though both people reached the New World from Asia. The black race is also the smaller, and if such words are applicable the most amiable and better looking of the two. His immigration is said to be dated from the fall of the Roman Empire and to have been assisted by the Crusades. His comparatively peaceful existence was rudely disturbed however, by the arrival of the brown race at the beginning of the eleventh century. Wherever he came, big, strong and hungry, he drove out the black race before him, and now they have become a rarity in towns; though in the depths of the country they may still be found.

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