PUBLIC LIBRARY OF VICTORIA 9.JAN.05

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1415 {Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper.} BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1905. PRICE THREEPENCE

A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.

GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.

2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET

FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.

GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.

SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.

COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.

WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY

AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.

REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Address—

GEORGE PAYNE,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

BALLARAT

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

FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS
(Late Wm. Baker),
UNDERTAKER,
Opposite the State School,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Picture Framer.

A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

Give your orders for JOB PRINTING to the newspaper in your district, because it prints thousands of reports and notifications for which it receives no payment whatever. It is always spending its time and money to benefit and improve the prospects of the place through which it circulates. I gives you value in return for your printing ord

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 is 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 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 L3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis L1 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 loan of 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, and interesting

14-Column Supplement

Is presented to Regular Subscribers.

ORDERS FOR

Plain and Ornamental

JOB * PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch.

Bear in mind that'

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.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—it cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For

SCROFULA,	BAD LEGS,
SCURVY,	BLOTCHES,
ECZEMA,	SPOTS,
BLOOD POISON,	BLACKHEADS,
ULCERS,	PIMPLES,
SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES,	and SORES OF ALL KINDS,

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

TRIED MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNTIL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Mr F. E. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Row, Chester, writes:—"Just a line in favour of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"—June 13, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr W. G. Weston, care of Messrs Knott, of 49, Essex-street, Kingsland-road, N.E., writes:—"Gentlemen,—"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from eczema and an irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. While an out-patient at one of the big London hospitals a doctor informed me that my disease was the result of looking after foreign horses. I have had as many as thirty horses under my care, my father being a horsedealer and jobmaster. He (my father) was speaking one day to a friend of mine who mentioned that he was being cured of an ulcerated leg, due to a horse-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I continued, however, to suffer until April 4 last, when my friend told me he was completely cured. Then I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myself, and I am now completely cured, after suffering and being disfigured for several years. I am able to follow my employment, and am very pleased to think there is such a valuable remedy obtainable for such a small sum. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case."—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES

Mr James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an outpatient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make whatever use you like of this letter."—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.—"We have seen hosts of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, in which the writers acknowledge the benefit they have received from Clarke's Blood Mixture, which as a curative agent cannot be too highly estimated, since it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition." This is a good testimonial from the *Family Doctor*, the popular medical weekly, which goes on further to say:—"It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science and skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

RE MINING LEASES.

It is notified for general information that applicants for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J.s.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. Fourth Tuesday.—Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Beggs.

THROAT AFFECTION AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight" cold, or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	...	8 and 4.50
Ballarat ...	...	8 and 4.50
Geelong ...	...	8 and 4.50
Trawalla ...	...	8 and 4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

Ararat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. (including Sundays.)

Stawell ...	11.50	8 p.m. Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays.
Middle Creek,	11.50	
Murtoa ...	11.50	
Buangor...	11.50	

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

English mail per Mail Steamer, via Adelaide, 8 p.m. every Wednesday.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan ...	9.15
Waterloo ...	9.15
Waterloo S.,	9.15
Main Lead, ...	9.15
Chute ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Nerring ...	9.15
Lake Goldsmith ...	9.15
Stockyard Hill ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Eurambeen ...	12.45
Shirley, ...	12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

MAILS INWARD.
Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—12.20 p.m. daily and 8.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat, 7 a.m. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

From Ararat, Stawell, Middle Creek, and Murtoa.—5.30 p.m. daily. Ararat, Stawell, and Buangor, 8.30 a.m. daily.

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

Office is open daily for transaction of postal and telegraph business, sale of stamps and postal notes from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

From 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., Saturdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SAVINGS BANK.

From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. for receiving deposits only.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

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

Of you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Besides dere ish dese differences: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can somedimes shenerally always make der advertising come right avay quick off, all der year rount, mit some moneys.—Joseph.

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

TAKE

BEECHAM'S

PILLS

To avoid Indigestion

That distressed feeling is simply a poorly-working stomach—it needs a little help—but no matter how bad it may be, a dose of BEECHAM'S PILLS will SPEEDILY GIVE RELIEF. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS for a few days and the trouble will disappear.

To Cure Sick Headache

Sick headache means an overtaxed stomach and a derangement of the digestive organs. BEECHAM'S PILLS have proved themselves a boon for removing that distressed feeling and discomfort. A dose will remove the immediate cause, and if repeated for a few days will enable your system to work normally.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes,

Price 1s. 1½d. (56 Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills.)

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER

SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.

All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

We have resolved to REDUCE the SUBSCRIPTION to "THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" (with which is published 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per quarter, in trust that this concession will be angel taken advantage of.

The Advertising Rates have also been considerably reduced, and advertisers will find it to their benefit to avail themselves of the columns of "The Riponshire Advocate," which is the only newspaper that is printed and published within the boundaries of the Shire. As the advocate of the interests and for the welfare of this district, it has a claim for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of Beanfort.

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

Business man—"You remember that 'ad.' I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again.' Editor—"Why, I thought you said no one noticed it while it was in." Business man (humbly)—"They didn't seem to until I took it out." The mere fact of your advertising lets people know you are still in business; also that your business is sufficiently important to stand advertising. If you are in business you cannot afford to do without advertising, as it is too much of an admission to the world at large.—Extract from an interview with a man who has profited by newspaper advertising.

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, billheads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give it your job printing.

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, BOOK SELLER, and STATIONER, begs to announce to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district that he is Sole Agent for the *Argus*, *Age*, *Herald*, *Star*, *Courier*, Melbourne *Punch*, Sydney *Bulletin*, *Ripenshire Advocate*, *Leader*, *Weekly Times*, *Australasian*, *Australian Journal*, *Sportsman*, and all other Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts, by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all Melbourne and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agent advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Wotherspoon & Co.

STEVENSON BROS.,

BUILDERS

AND

CONTRACTORS,

HAVELOCK STREET,

BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

JOHN HUMPHREYS

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT

ACCOUNTANT ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

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

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

Very few are too poor now-a-days to take their country paper, and it is false economy to try and get along without it. Hardly a week passes that something or other does not appear in its columns that will be of financial benefit to the subscriber, and by the end of the year he had made or saved or won twenty times the subscription paid for it. The city papers don't take the place of the country ones, though some people appear to think they do. The city papers are all right in their way, but they do not give you that in which you are most interested—your country news. You cannot learn from them when and where your country meetings are to be held, who are dying or who are marrying, who are moving in or who are moving out, court proceedings, who wants to buy or sell farm or land produce, in fact hundreds of things of which it might be of particular importance for you to know. If you can afford to take only one paper, by all means take the one that is published in the country or district where you live. It will cost you less, and thereby you will be assisting yourself and keeping the money in the district.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible.

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

A country paper kindly supplies this beautiful simile:—"You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

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

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

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

"The Riponshire Advocate"

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

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

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

The Circulation of the Riponshire Advocate Is Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

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

And another writer has said that—

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

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,
Printer and Publisher,
LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILLHEADS, POSTERS,
DELIVERY BOOKS
DRAPERS' HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c.,

PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office :—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the "RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

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

Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

Drapery, Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

COUGLE'S

UP-TO-DATE STORE. . . Filled with New and Up-to-Date Goods. . * *

When you want anything in

DRAPERY,

COME TO US.

Our GOOD VALUE is our Best Friend, as it speaks our Praises louder than Words.

Ladies, Inspect. OUR STOCK OF MILLINERY, BLOUSINGS, DRESSES, &C. WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

Ladies, Inspect. THIS IS THE BEST PLACE FOR CHOICE GOODS. Our Prices are the Lowest.

LATEST NOVELTIES, NEWEST GOODS, In All Departments.

G. H. COUGLE, The People's Draper, Havelock St., BEAUFORT.

W. H. HALPIN,

* AUCTIONEER, *

HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, AND VALUATOR.

Highest Prices given for Produce of all kinds. Loans negotiated. Money to Lend on Land.

MONTHLY STOCK SALE, Thursday, 19th Jan., 1905.

Agent for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manure.

SEVERAL LINES OF SHEEP FOR SALE.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.—Live Stock and Vehicles Insured.

COMMERCIAL.

BALLARAT LIVE-STOCK MARKET. Wednesday.

Fat cattle—A light yarding, numbering only 197 head, came to hand for to-day's sale, the quality generally comprising middling and useful descriptions; a fair proportion good, with a few pens prime. This being an off-day sale, only a small attendance of the trade was present, consequently throughout the day competition was languid, prices for all descriptions showing a decline on late rates, closing weak. Quotations:—Prime pens bullocks, £10 10s to £11 15s; good, £8 10s to £9 10s; useful, £7 10s to £8; prime pens cows, £7 to £7 15s; good, £6 to £6 10s. Calves—Only two forward, which sold fairly well. Sheep—Only 1125 were penned for to-day's sale, consisting mainly of middling descriptions, with a proportion of inferior, no really prime quality being represented. There was only a sparse attendance of the trade; still for anything approaching trade requirements competition was animated, prices for such showing an improvement, sales closing very firm. Quotations:—Good crossbred wethers, 17s to 18s 6d; odd sheep, to 19s; useful, 15s to 16s; good crossbred ewes, 15s to 17s; extra, 18s to 19s 7d; useful, 13s to 14s; good merino wethers, 15s to 16s; a few to 17s 5d; useful, 12s to 13s. Lambs—2321 came to hand, fully 1000 being only suitable for grazing. Of the remainder, a fair proportion ranged from good to prime. Except for prime heavy-weights, for which late rates were obtained, prices ruled easier. Quotations:—Prime, 15s to 16s; extra, 17s to 18s; good, 12s 6d to 13s 6d; useful, 10s 6d to 11s 6d.

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Notice to Advertisers.

OWING to the inconvenience caused by Advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue.

In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees.

Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday.

A. PARKER, Proprietor.

PHOSPHOL EMULSION

(Finest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda).

A Very Valuable Remedy for DISEASES of the CHEST, MINERS' COMPLAINT & GENERAL WEAKNESS.

A Free Sample Bottle will be sent upon receipt of 6d. to cover Postage.

Obtainable of all Chemists. PRICE, 2s. BOTTLE.

ROCKE, TOMPSITT & CO., Flinders St., Melbourne.

RICHARDS & CO., The Leading and Fashionable Ballarat PHOTOGRAPHERS.

GRAND NEW EXHIBITION OF HIGH-ART PHOTOGRAPHS.

Read Press Opinions. . . .

"The Ballarat Courier" says:—"The Xmas show at Richards and Co.'s studio surpasses all previous efforts in artistic photography yet produced by this progressive firm."

"The Ballarat Star" says:—"Each picture is marked by originality, artistic taste, and skill, which makes the picture in each case a masterpiece."

All the Latest Styles in Artists' Proofs. Aristo Platinos in Sepia and Blue; and the Newest Styles of Bridal Portraits.

Richards & Co.'s Studio has become quite famous for their Bridal Pictures.

Bridal Veils, Bouquets, Wreaths, etc., kept at the Studio.

Richard & Co.'s Famous Studio, 23 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, REGISTERED DENTIST, AND DRUGGIST, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT. Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.

HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS. Homeopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, R.D.S., *Surgical & Mechanical Dentist*, HAVELOCK-STREET, BEAUFORT, May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Teeth fitted accurately on vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teeth extracted painlessly with cocaine ether chloride of ethyl, laughing gas, &c.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—HAVELOCK-STREET (Next Mechanics' Institute), BEAUFORT

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG, Barrister and Solicitor, Proctor and Conveyancer, BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits.

TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

United Ancient Order of Druids

THE usual FORTNIGHTLY MEETING will be held in the LODGE ROOM, SOCIETIES' HALL, on TUESDAY Evening next, at 7.30 o'clock sharp.

L. A. JAENSCH, Secy.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

The above Hostelry having changed hands, the present Proprietress wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and no effort will be spared to make customers comfortable.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.

FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/- Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

First-class Groom always in attendance. Stabling Free. Horses and Vehicles on hire.

The Proprietress trusts that with every attention, combined with civility, she will receive a fair share of patronage.

—A TRIAL SOLICITED.—

M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 8TH JANUARY, 1905.

Church of England.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Trawalla, 3 p.m.—Rev. A. J. Pearce.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Waterloo, 3 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo. Raglan, 3 p.m.—Mr Brewn. Raglan, 7.30 p.m.; Chute, 3 p.m.—Beaufort Gospel Band.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.—Rev. R. McGowan. Chute, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Main Lead, 7.30 p.m.—Mr A. McLeod.

Bereavement Card.

MRS. M. O'BRIEN and Family desire to sincerely THANK their many friends for their kind expressions of sympathy, shown by telegrams, letters, and floral tributes during their recent sad bereavement.

THE Riponshire Advocate

Published every Saturday Morning.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1905.

Mr J. J. Dunn, of Chute, secured the first prize of £4 in the wood-chopping contest at the Ararat sports on New Year's Day. His handicap was 20secs.

LINSEED COMPOUND.' the 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years proven efficacy.

On Sunday evening last an unoccupied 4-roomed house, situated between Trawalla and Nerring, and recently occupied by the late Mr Thomas Hehir, was totally destroyed by fire. The house had recently been purchased by Mr L. Collins, and was uninsured. Certain circumstances connected with the occurrence have aroused the suspicions of the police, who are making inquiries.

Mr George Taylor, an old identity, died on Sunday last, aged 79 years. Deceased was a miner, and leaves two sons. The remains were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery on Monday, and the pall-bearers were Messrs A. Rogers, A. McDonald, J. P. Rogers, A. Cheeseman, and J. Pearce. The Rev. R. Yeo officiated at the grave; and the funeral arrangements were entrusted to Mr A. H. Sands.

The very sad death occurred at Beaufort on Wednesday, after a brief illness, of Mrs Lucy Ann Johnston, wife of Mr John Johnston. The cause of death was diphtheria. Deceased, who leaves two young children, was only 26 years of age. Her remains were interred in the Beaufort Cemetery the same evening. The Rev. R. Yeo read the Methodist burial service, and Mr A. H. Sands, undertaker, carried out the mortuary arrangements. Very great sympathy has been expressed for the bereaved husband and relatives.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort branch I.O.R. was held on the 30th ult. in the Societies' Hall. There was only a fair attendance, and C.R. Bro. W. G. Stevens occupied the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. New Year's greetings were received from Albert Park Tent. In view of the small attendance at meetings, Bro. J. M. Prentice gave notice of motion re changing lodge night from alternate Fridays to alternate Wednesdays. It was decided to forward a letter of condolence to Bros. T. and E. Buchanan. The Tent then closed. All lodge members and others who desire to attend the annual picnic on the 29th inst., are requested to notify the secretary (H. J. Buchanan) at once to that effect.

A very old resident of the district, in the person of Mr Morigan O'Brien, passed away last Saturday, at the age of 62 years, the cause of death being pneumonia and senile decay. Mr O'Brien was born at Limerick, Ireland, and arrived in Victoria 40 years ago. He was married at Creswick in 1868, and followed farming pursuits in Eurambeen for very many years, being highly esteemed for his many good qualities. Deceased leaves a widow and eight children to mourn their loss. The funeral took place on Monday, when the remains were followed to the Beaufort Cemetery by a large number of relatives and friends. The pall-bearers were Messrs John Jess, M. Kelly, L. Fay, M. Fay, Thos. Caulfield, senr., and P. O'Loughlin. The Rev. Father Lynch read the service at the grave; and the mortuary arrangements were carried out by Mr A. H. Sands.

On Friday week (says the "Ararat Chronicle"), a fire broke out at Mt. Mistake, on the Buangor side, and burnt over the ridge. The spectacle at night was a pretty one, the tops of the burning trees looking like fairy lights, with what appeared like ropes of fire connecting them. The fire burned all through Saturday and Sunday. On the last-named day the flames came down towards Mr Basham's residence, and a change of wind seemed to doom his dwelling to inevitable destruction. Late at night, however, the wind veered round again, but not before some of the eastern fencing had been destroyed. Fortunately, in the early hours of Monday morning two points of rain fell, and this had the effect of extinguishing the outbreak. Mr Basham had a very anxious time on Sunday, and remained up the whole of the night until the change came. The smoke and heat were intolerable.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis.

A fire broke out on the Carngham Common on Thursday morning, within 5 yards of a stack of firewood, owned by Mr Nunn. A strong west wind drove the fire into Aisbett's paddock, where one hundred workers, under Const. Brown, equipped with fire-beaters, after considerable difficulty checked its progress towards Carngham after three hours' hard work. Three houses belonging to Mr Aisbett were only saved after much exertion. Two hundred acres of Aisbett's grass were burnt, and 50 acres of the Carngham Common. The origin of the fire is a mystery.—"Courier."

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' of 38 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Jockey Club is announced for Wednesday evening next, at the Mechanics' Institute, to fix the date of the annual races and elect officers, etc. A full attendance of members and intending members is requested.

It is reported that a serious outbreak of diphtheria, said to be traceable to a bad drain at the corner of Havelock and Lawrence streets, has occurred at Beaufort, there being no fewer than six cases, two of which have proved fatal. The north riding members of Ripon shire, with the health officer and health inspector, held a special meeting in camera on the subject on Wednesday, and no doubt effectual remedies will be tried to abate the nuisance and prevent the disease from spreading. There are several vile smelling drains in the town which are a disgrace to the Council, notably those at Cuthbertson's corner and at the intersection of Pratt and Lawrence streets. The authorities should see that they are more often flushed and disinfected to prevent disease from occurring. It is really nothing short of gross negligence to allow these polluted spots to throw off their disease germs, and it is about time that the council were roused to a sense of their responsibilities and duties. [Since the above was in type, we noticed the surfacemen at work yesterday afternoon cleaning out and flushing one of the drains referred to.]

A second fatal case of diphtheria has occurred at Beaufort this week; William Thos. Bending, aged 3 years and 10 months, the son of Mr Henry Bending, falling a victim to this dread disease last night. We regret to hear that another member of the family is in a very low state. The remains of Wm. T. Bending are to be interred in the Beaufort Cemetery to-day.

We learn from the "Advertiser" that at the monthly meeting of the Ararat-shire Council on Thursday, a letter was received from the Shire of Ripon, forwarding a copy of letter from Mr W. McFarlane, Shirley, again drawing attention to the bad state of the Middle Creek through his land. The sand is covering the best part of his paddock, and is getting worse and worse. If undertaken the work should be a joint one.—Cr. Pickford—We spent £500 to define the creek and bring the water down in the summer time for the ratepayers, this council joining the Ripon Shire in bearing the expense, and now the Ripon Council wants this council to bear half the expense of this. This is in the Ripon Shire, and it is a long way from our boundary, but we spent money to bring the water down for the ratepayers in the summer time. No action taken.

LINSEED COMPOUND.' Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

The treasurer of the Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a donation of £3 from Rear-Admiral Bridges towards the funds of the brigade.

The monthly meeting of the Ripon-shire Council takes place on Monday next. Tenders are invited in our advertising columns for several contracts.

New Year's Day was ushered in very quietly at Beaufort, there being an absence of rowdyism of any sort. There were watchnight services at the Churches, and the bells tolled the death of the old year and the birth of the new. Monday was observed as a public holiday. A large number of private picnics were held at Mount Cole. Other residents found pleasure with gun and rod, or in attending sports meetings at Snake Valley and Ararat.

A sum of £20,000 was made available for mining development some time ago, and among the applicants for participation in the grant was a small party which asked for £200. The amount has not yet been allotted, but in the meantime the party struck something which they described as a "Christmas cake." In consequence they wrote to the Mines Department to say that they thought they could get along very well without the £200, and their application could be regarded as withdrawn.

COACULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

Skipton.

NEW YEAR'S SPORTS AND CONCERT.

A sports meeting in aid of the building fund of the Mechanics' Institute was arranged for New Year's Day; but owing to the rain which fell continuously from midday, the programme had to be abandoned. Only three races were run, viz.:—

130 Yards, open—J. Slater, 1; H. Donnelly, 2.

Girls' Race—A. Cook, 1; M. Stokie, 2.

Boys' Race—H. Madden, 1; G. Stoddar', 2.

A sheep-guessing competition (live weight), prize a fat wether, the gift of Cr. A. R. Slater, was won by J. Francis, who guessed 111½lb., the actual weight being 110lb.

The attendance, considering the weather, was good. Mr Notman made a good secretary, and had valuable assistance from Messrs Cleveland, McDonald, Bunston, and others. The Linton Brass Band gave selections during the day. In the evening a concert was given by the Skipton minstrel troupe, assisted by visitors, to a bumper house, and many people were unable to get in. The principal performers in the circle were Messrs J. Grist, H. Trainor, A. Wilkie, H. Jarvis, and A. McIntyre. In the second part, Mr Syers, of Geelong, was encored for both contributions, "The Young Brigade," and a humorous selection, "The Old Songs." Miss R. H. Earles sang "I Couldn't, Could I?" and the Masters Wilkie were well received for their contribution, "Girls and Boys." Miss Fanny Earles gave "The Bush Christening" (encored). The programme concluded with a farce, "Local Fads," the performers being Messrs Trainor, Jarvis, Wilkie, and Cleveland. It is expected that £40 will be available for the building fund.—"Courier."

DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU NEED IT.

Do not wait until some of your family is taken with a violent attack of colic or diarrhoea. A bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy at hand when needed has saved many a life. Procure it at once. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Beaufort Athletic Club.

A committee meeting of the above club was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday evening. Present—Mr H. M. Stuart (president), A. Parker (secretary), Broadbent, Hellyer, Cameron, Stevens, Pedder, D. F. Troy, W. J. Stevenson, W. C. Jones, Eastwood, and Sinclair.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From C. W. Jones, intimating that the Beaufort Brass Band would accept the club's offer re playing at the sports.—Received. Mr Jones pointed out that he had answered the first letter received from Mr Parker, regretting that owing to the band being in poor circumstances they could not play for less than in previous years. It seemed a second letter was sent re an engagement from 1.30 p.m., and Mr Parker wrote asking whether the band intended to accept that engagement. They would remember that some reference was made to that letter at last meeting. Dr. Eadie came to him and asked if he had written accepting the engagement, and he said he did not know that he had received any such letter. But after Dr. Eadie had gone he went to the band correspondence, which he kept separate from his own, and found the letter unopened. The only way he could account for it was that the letter had been delivered in his absence and put amongst the band correspondence. He was very much cut up about the matter, and went down to Mr Parker in heat and had hot words about it. When he was in fault he was always ready to admit it, and now wished to apologise to Mr Parker for the words he had used to him. Mr Parker was not to blame, but had done right to bring it before the Athletic Club as their secretary, and if he (Mr Jones) had received the letter he certainly would have answered it. Mr Parker remarked that Mr Jones had used language to him that he had no right to use, and which he would not tolerate from any man; but now that he had made the *amende honorable*, he (Mr Parker) felt it was only right that he, in the interests of the Band and the Athletic Club, as well as their citizenship, should accept the apology. He trusted therefore that the occurrence would be forgotten.

From R. Kelsey, winner of the two-mile bicycle race, appealing against the fine of £5 imposed upon him, as he thought he had been treated too harshly for an offence where he was not altogether to blame.—No action taken, on motion of Messrs Cameron and Troy; the opinion of the committee being that Kelsey was treated leniently in not being disqualified for the day, as was recommended by the referee.

From W. H. J. Peach, Joyce's Creek, under date of January 2nd, stating that as he had not received any handicaps of the club's Boxing Day's sports, he thought he would write and ask for one, as he was entitled to see them.—The secretary said he had posted a copy of the handicaps to Mr Peach on 17th December, and had now posted him another copy and replied that the copy previously sent to him must have gone astray through the post. He brought the matter under the notice of the committee to see whether the nomination fees should be refunded or not. No action was taken, it being considered that the writer should have applied before the sports were run.

From R. C. Jones, Ballarat East, asking the secretary, as he did not enter him for the woodchopping contest, to forward the 3s. by return post, as he posted his letter a day before the entries closed.—The secretary stated he had written informing Mr Jones that he had neither received the letter nor the money, and advised him to make enquiries at the post-office. To prevent the possibility of any mistake occurring he had taken the precaution to file each letter directly he received it and marked upon it whether fees were enclosed or not.

From F. Hendy, Ballarat, stating, in reply to secretary's letter re prize money in final of half-mile bicycle race, that in his opinion he was fourth. It was such an exciting finish that he did not wonder at the judges making a mistake, so he was quite willing to let Parsons have the money, although it would have just paid his expenses.—The secretary explained that owing to the accident in this race and the heavy rain most of the officials left their posts, and the only judge who had acted, so far as he could find out, was Mr Troy. The first and second men were placed correctly, and the name of the third man was given as Hendy. Subsequently Parsons came to him and claimed this prize, when he promised to make enquiries and withhold the prize in the meantime. Mr Sinclair moved that each be awarded £1. Seconded by Mr Cochran. The president moved as an amendment that the best thanks of the Beaufort Athletic Club be tendered to Mr Hendy for his straightforward reply. It was all very well to make £30, but they wanted to keep something in hand, and if they voted the funds away in pounds they would not be able to increase the prizes next year. Seconded by Mr Broadbent. The motion was withdrawn, and the amendment then became the motion and was carried; the prize to be paid to Parsons.

The secretary stated that W. Nunn and A. Cleland, the first and second prize winners of the boys' race, had not left their addresses with him, nor called for their money, and that in consequence he was still holding it for them. Mr Sinclair said that Nunn lived at Snake Valley, he thought, and Cleland at Waterloo, and the secretary promised to write to them.

The following accounts were passed for payment, on the motion of Mr Jones, seconded by Mr Cameron:—W. Martin, £5; J. B. Cochran, £1 18s; W. G. Stevens, £7 15s; scouts, 7s 6d; C. Broadbent, £7 13s 6d; Beaufort Brass Band, £5; A. Parker, £9 2s 6d; Trustees I.O.R., £1 15s; J. R. Hughes, £1 15s 6d; Mechanics' Institute, £1; E. H. Welsh, £2; Broadbent Bros. & Co., 10s; W. C. Pedder, £1; secretary's salary, £10; secretary's commission, £1 11s 6d; W. Gibson, £1 1s; R. G. Kirkpatrick, £1 1s; Shire of Ripon, £5 19s 1d; H. Stuart, junr., 10s. The sum of 5s was voted to the Methodist Church for loan of forms, and £5 to the Beaufort Amateur Minstrels for providing a concert, on motion of Messrs Eastwood and Broadbent. Mr Broadbent was also voted an extra £1 in consideration of the low price charged for the splendid logs supplied by him, on the motion of Messrs Jones and Eastwood.

An approximate statement of receipts and expenditure connected with the sports showed the former to have amounted to £181 12s 7d, and the latter to £150 4s 7d, leaving a profit of £31 8s.

Mr Jones gave notice to move at next meeting that a bonus of £5 5s be passed to the secretary for his services.

Mr Eastwood moved that Mr John Humphreys be appointed auditor at a fee of £1 1s. Seconded by Mr Jones, and carried.

Mr Pedder moved that the wind-up meeting be held on Monday, 23rd inst. Seconded by Mr Broadbent, and carried.

Mr Cameron gave notice to move at next meeting that a bonus of £2 2s be passed to Mr Stevens for the excellent way in which he put the track in order.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chair.

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION CURED.

Fred. Gillett, Esq., Walgett, N. S. W., writes: "For years I had been a sufferer from chronic constipation, due to my sedentary occupation, tutor. I sent for a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and the results were so satisfactory that I have since used half a dozen bottles. The Tablets have certainly done me a great deal of good, for when I first began to use them I had to take four tablets twice a week to produce the desired effect, but now two Tablets a month keeps the bowels in good order. Sold by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Art Exhibition.

The Christmas effort at Richards and Co.'s studio surpasses all previous efforts in artistic photography yet produced by this progressive firm; and since samples of Mr Dearden's work have been reproduced in numbers of the best English and American, and Australian illustrated journals, one can without exaggeration state that his reputation is world-wide. Without doubt, Ballarat's many visitors will be delighted and altogether charmed at having the opportunity afforded them of seeing for themselves what they had only previously heard about—that Mr Dearden's work is the work of an artist of consummate skill and tact, and that the place awarded him by the world of art in photography is richly deserved. He has the latest appliances, and is always ready with new ideas, skilfully manipulated, and making them all subservient to the subject and effect he wishes to produce. Thus, without seeming effort, he gains the most artistic results possible to be had by camera, and making pictures appear to be brush work in their conception and execution. This is exemplified in the picture—

O my song, whose winsome measure,
Filled my heart with secret rapture.

Here a young lady in evening dress sits in an elegant room. The pose shows her figure to the very best advantage; her mandoline is daintily held, as she finishes her song, with head raised, displaying the soft outlines of the face and neck. The lighting brings out every feature in the most pleasing manner, and every detail of the picture satisfies, leaving nothing we can desire.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,

is another gem of the art, although of quite a different order. Here is a girl posed in an open latticed window, upon which red japonica climbs, and whose tints relieve and make a charming change from the black and white studies. It also shows to great advantage the new art of coloring. Her head is lightly crowned with white drapery, which falls gracefully round her shoulders; her hand rests on the ledge of the window, and her glance is full of life and admiration. The soft lighting gives roundness and beauty to the face, and beautiful clearness to the drapery. "A Happy New Year" is a charming three-quarter length of a girl in walking dress. She stands with the handle of the door in her hand, holding in the other a few flowers Her face is full of animation, the expression clearly happy. It is the natural simplicity that calls admiration in this picture. A lovely picture of two sisters is next to be noticed. One stands over the other, who sits by a pedestal with a beautiful palm on it. The posing and natural expressions are fine points in this study. A delightful picture of Mrs A—— and her daughters, three-quarter length, and grouped with faultless care. The expression on each face has been duly studied, and every characteristic nicely brought out. This can also be said of Mr M—— and his daughters, where the three heads are grouped together, and make a very fine piece of work that shows magnificent detail. A beautiful picture of a bride and her bridesmaid will be sure to be one of the most popular of the exhibit. A lovely picture of a girl with a large picture hat with flowing strings is gracefully posed with her arms over the back of a chair. Her laughing face is given with every light and shade with the softness, crispness it is possible to have. Some splendid pictures of well-known citizens are also on view. The new handsome frames and tasteful mountings are a very attractive feature of this exhibit. A great many of the lovely child studies for which Mr Dearden is famed, are also to be seen along with his equally successful bridal and family groups. In the side case at the entrance are some lovely samples of the artists' proof in Aristo-platino, and the delightful sepia tints with their suitable mountings. All the latest styles in photography are also here, making a case well worthy of close inspection.

HUNGER IS A GOOD SAUCE.

When you do not have hunger as a sauce for your food, try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They cleanse and invigorate the stomach and give a relish for the food, as no other preparation can. They are easy to take, pleasant in effect and are just what you need. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Mining News.

All Nations Consols.—D. F. Troy and party—Driven the reef 180 feet in advance of No. 1 shoot. Stripping back the south wash drive with good results. Yield, 13oz. 9½dwts. Grant and party—Blocking back the south end with poorer returns. Adamthwaite and party—Driving south in hard wash, panelling back north end with fair returns. Yield, 6oz. 2dwts. Morris and party—Erection of machinery nearing completion. Saddlier and party—Prospecting in poor quality wash. Full yield—19oz. 11½ dwts.

Sam Slick Co.—Yaensch and party's tribute—Blocking out the wash in the whim shaft with good results. Sunk engine shaft to 70ft.; now putting in a Blake pump to cope with the drift water. Yield, 5oz. 12dwt.

Sons of Freedom Junction.—South main drive has been further extended 16ft. for 5 days, or a total from shaft of 94ft., in fairly tight good-looking country, showing small quartz veins through it.

Time has been lost by all parties through the holidays.

'LINSEED COMPOUND.' "The Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

Sixty points of rain fell at Beaufort on Monday.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," for it *will positively restore in every case Greyor White hair* to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Wholesale depôt 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

Carngham Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

ANNUAL SPORTS GATHERING.

The annual sports and race meeting in connection with the Carngham Widows' and Orphans' Fund was held on New Year's Day, under unfavorable circumstances. From early morning until about 12 o'clock light showers fell, and after midday the rain came down steadily, and the committee decided to abandon all the cycling events. The Berringa band, under Bandmaster Groves, rendered a programme of music, and materially assisted in keeping the crowd in the best of spirits. The officers were:—Cr. J. S. Douglas, judge; Cr. A. C. Roddis, starter; Mr Wm. Martin, clerk of course; Mr E. Wendt, clerk of scales and pony measurer. The stewards were Messrs J. S. Douglas, A. C. Roddis, W. F. Wookey, W. Murray, A. M. Gardiner, W. Martin, M. Kilfoyle, J. and M. Ryan, W. McEvale, T. Treleaven, J. Quillian, and P. Mark. The secretary (Mr P. J. O'Sullivan) carried out his duties with tact and efficiency. The following are the results:—

Maiden Race, 100 yards.—First heat: Hanlon, 1; Hogan, 2. Second heat: Adams, 1; Porter, 2. Final: J. Hanlon, 1; D. Adams, 2; J. Hogan, 3. Won by 6 inches.

Boys' Race, 100 yards.—C. Hanlon, 1; D. McSwan, 2.

Pony Race, four furlongs.—G. Brown's Clarina, 8st (E. Sandow), 1; D. Brown's Clarence, 7st 7lb (B. Taylor), 2; Wm. Williamson's Topsy, 6st 10lb (J. Lukis), 3. Only starters. Clarina quickly assumed the lead, and although Clarence made a great attempt to get on even terms the result was never in doubt, and the favorite won in a canter. Betting: 6 to 4 on Clarina, 2 to 1 agst Clarence, 5 to 1 Topsy.

Carngham Handicap, 120 yards.—First heat: Fraser, 10yds, 1; Baxter, 13yds, 2. Second heat: Kean, 10yds, 1; Porter, 7yds, 2. Final: L. Kean, 1; D. Baxter, 2; J. Porter, 3.

Flying Handicap, half a mile.—C. Grist's Nothing, 8st 12lb (E. Sandow), 1; J. Wall's Madrid, 10st 5lb (J. Marshall), 2; E. Hogan's Myrene, 7st 2lb (J. Boden), 3. Other starters: Cadger, Liberty II., Surprise, Jimmy, and Doreen. Betting: 3 to 1 on Cadger, 3 to 1 agst Surprise and Liberty II., 5 to 1 Nothing, any price others. Won by half a length.

Horse Trot, two miles.—McMasters' Satellite, 300yds behind scratch (owner), 1; F. Hall's Daisy, 50yds behind scratch (Reitze), 2; E. Formby's Boy II., scratch (owner), 3. Other starter: Ginger. Betting: 2 to 1 on Daisy, evens Satellite, 3 to 1 others.

Pony Trot, two miles.—T. Johnson's Belle, scratch (J. Sandow), 1; F. Hall's Young Wilks, scratch (Reitze), 2; D. Allan's Irene, scratch (Allen), 3. Other starters: Pansy, Tommy, Comet, Toby, However, and King James. Betting: Evens Belle and Young Wilks, 2 to 1 Irene and Pansy, 5 to 1 others.

Bracelet Stakes.—J. Maloney's Colonel Boy, 10st (H. J. Marshall), 1; F. M. Chisholm's Cryer, 10st (L. Griffiths), 2; G. Blurton's Cadger, 10st (G. Burton), 3. Other starters: Massey, Liberty II., Sweet Nell. Betting: 2 to 1 on The Cryer, evens Sweet Nell or Colonel Boy, 4 to 1 others. Owing to erratic riding, the stewards called the rider of Sweet Nell (P. Maloney) before them, and, after a long discussion, decided to disqualify the owner, rider, and mare for three years.

The usual race ball was held in the evening, in the Mechanics' Hall, and proved to be one of the most successful yet held.—"Courier."

The salary to be paid to Dr. Norris, the new chairman of the Health Board, has been fixed at £800 per annum. Dr. Norris formerly received a salary of £560 per annum. The late Dr. Gresswell was in receipt of £1100 a year.

The Premier states that a rough estimate he had made showed that £2,000,000 would have to be paid as compensation if the hotels in the State that could be closed were closed. He was, therefore, in favor of no compensation being paid, and would support the bringing up next session of a bill providing for the closing of hotels after seven years' notice, subsequent to the holding of a local option poll, no compensation being paid.

The intense heat which prevailed during Friday, Saturday and Sunday last was responsible for a number of bush fires throughout the State. At Mildura the shade temperature reached 117 deg. The State Governor had rather a warm welcome during his visit to the Murray "fruit garden." At Berrigan (N.S.W.) the thermometer registered 125 deg. in the shade. Destructive bush fires raged at Seymour, Chiltern, Avoca, Kilmore, Romsey, Upper Macedon, Wangaratta, Riddell, and various localities. A disastrous fire swept over the Lismore district, destroying the Lismore convent, which consisted of two buildings and 40 large rooms. The damage is estimated at £8000. About £6000 was covered by insurance. A few fatalities and several narrow escapes are reported from the respective districts affected by the fires.

Mail advices state that the preliminary official estimate of the crops in Great Britain gives wheat 4,600,000 quarters, barley 7,150,000 quarters, and oats 15,925,000 quarters, compared with the final returns for 1903 of 5,900,000 quarters, 7,430,000 quarters and 15,580,000 quarters respectively, eight bushels going to the quarter. Of this year's wheat yield it is calculated that about 4,000,000 quarters will be available for milling and commercial purposes.

As one who has attracted some local notice as a weather prophet, Mr John Hurrell, of Horsham, advises "The Leader" that "for the year 1905 there will be a moderate summer. I would advise early sowing. The farmers can confidently look out for a good return for 1905 The rainfall will be greater than that of 1904 and the weather more seasonable. There will be good spring rains.

(All Rights Reserved.)

MY LADY'S SIN,

OR

THE WICKED PLOT THAT FAILED.

By

The Author of "The Exchanged Will," "The Secret of the Grace Cup," "Counterfeit Claimants," Etc., Etc.

PART 10.

"His satisfaction over the arrangement which gives Amelia a pleasant holiday in Baden, while the Jeffrieses secretly go with you and Nina to the castle, is immense. He has, I find, been seriously anxious on that point, and, in truth, so have I. Although Amelia is a person of only average intellect, she has yet—a tongue! That tongue she might use to our extreme annoyance, it being, as you say most desirable that Nina's place of residence be kept secret. Now it will be! The Jeffrieses are trustworthy, and the trip to Heidelberg hoodwinks Amelia from the very outset. Heidelberg will bound her knowledge of my inconvenient stepdaughter's movements while our statement, that she is desultory jaunts through Germany under the care of a friend, will sound plausible enough. No fear, then, of well-meaning friends threatening Sir Robert's secret, or ours, by vis—— Great Heavens! Dolores has just come in, and tells me that Lucy is not to be found—has changed her lodgings, leaving no clue by which she can be traced! What does it mean? Has Lucy something to fear? Has—no, let me say it boldly! was Lucy's the box 'that was to go'? Answer me, my friend, for since reading your letter I have not dared to answer myself. Has she been distrusting us from the outset? Dolores (who has visited her every day or two since she left here) still laughs at me. But why did she leave Grosvenor-square so unexpectedly to us all? And why has she now slipped completely out of our reach? For Heaven's sake, answer me, my friend! Can write no more. Burn, and believe me, always gratefully yours,

"Inez B.——"

Mrs. Allingham read slowly and thoughtfully to the end, and then, lifting a tiny gold pencil, attached to her chain, wrote along the margin, the following words:

"I have read three times with the greatest care. No cause for anxiety."

She laughed softly and folding the letter, said:

"That will serve to guide me while answering. I can't think of reading all those pages over again, and in the press just now upon me, I might possibly forget, despite my first doubts."

With these words she rose. At the same moment a hasty rap at the door was followed by the hasty entrance of a serving-woman of some twenty-six years of age.

She was ready dressed for a journey, and at sight of Mrs. Allingham uttered an exclamation of dismay.

Mrs. Allingham raised a hand in protest.

"Not a word, Brigitta!" she cried "I have not forgotten that we leave for Heidelberg this afternoon. So don't waste time in dreadful predictions, but hand me my hat, and tell me everything there is to tell. What of Miss Beauchamp? Is she ready?"

"Yes, mistress, she is quite ready" answered the woman, hurrying about and gathering up various articles scattered on tables and chairs; "we shall miss the train"——

Mrs. Allingham composedly interrupted her, knotting the strings of her travelling hat with swift but tasteful hand.

"Never mind the train, Brigitta," she said, "but tell me what your sharp ears and eyes have discovered? Do they still call me 'the lady from Leipsic'? You are sure there are no doubts?"

"As sure as I live, mistress. I have told you so every day since we have been here. And then, why should there be doubts? Isn't your name and Leipsic on the book together?"

"Fate, Brigitta, fate! One never knows how the finger is going to turn."

"Well, I know that fate is for you this time, mistress. No one will ever follow us to the Black Forest from Baden. When they hunt for Mrs. Allingham they'll go to Leipsic!"

Mrs. Allingham smiled, took her gloves and asked:

"Miss Beauchamp and Mrs. Jeffries? Where are they? Down in Miss Beauchamp's room?"

"Yes, mistress; and Miss Beauchamp is sending a long message to the Lucy by Amelia, while Mrs. Jeffries stands with her back to them, by the window, ready to cry."

"What kind of a message, Brigitta?"

The woman laughed.

"Nothing to trouble you, mistress, dear. She is going to travel with you and visit you, and remain abroad a long time, studying German and painting and so on, and so on. And more than that, mistress, she sent word that her new maid, Brigitta, does well, and is gentle, tasteful and obedient."

"A very good letter, Brigitta. We could not have manufactured a better one ourselves. And be sure you keep a close watch over her mail. Remember all letters must pass through my hands."

Brigitta showed her glittering white teeth in response, crying significantly:

"Never fear me, mistress. I don't go through life with my eyes shut. It wouldn't do for us castle servants to do that, would it, mistress"

"Hardly."

With that meaning answer, Mrs. Allingham glanced at her watch, took her wrap and hand-bag from Brigitta, and then hurried the woman back to Nina.

She was following a moment later, when she encountered Dr. Jeffries ascending the stairs.

"We are a little late, I am afraid" he explained, "and Mrs. Jeffries desired me to come and meet you." Then, giving her no time to reply, he added in quick, cautiously lowered tones, "Mrs. Allingham I am the most miserable man on earth. I feel like a monster of wickedness. I wish there had been someone else upon whom Sir Robert could have laid this terrible burden. It half breaks my heart to look at that poor deceived girl. I'd rather put my hand into the fire than do what I am doing."

"Doctor!" cried Mrs. Allingham, in shocked tones of expostulation.

"Oh, I know I'm going right," cried the doctor. "It is not that. It is the misery of being the one to lead her into"——

The words failed on his lips.

"Have you tested her [illegible]-day?" asked Mrs. Allingham sympathetically. "Perhaps"—

"No hope! No hope!" sighed the doctor. "She's as fixed on that dreadful point, as the sun in the heavens. Nothing will convince her that Lady Beauchamp has not been attempting her life, and that, too, in the face of the fact that she does not improve in health at Baden. Good gracious me! What a trial it is!"

Again there was a brief silence. Then Mrs. Allingham's voice broke it.

"Well, doctor?" she murmured, interrogatively.

The doctor understood, and answered:

"She must go!"

The next moment they had joined Mrs. Jeffries and the lovely unsuspecting victim of my lady's immeasurable ambition and avarice.

CHAPTER XXI.

"And you will forgive the little deception by which I have accomplished this immense surprise, Miss Beauchamp? You will forgive," remembering that Dr. and Mrs. Jeffries have been in my confidence from the very first, and that I have exerted myself to the utmost to trip not only a great surprise, but an unalloyed pleasure."

Mrs. Allingham spoke these persuasive words just as her luxurious carriage stopped before the towered gateway of the half ruined castle within which Nina was about to be immured.

The girl answered with a delightful impetuosity, amply satisfying not only to the arch-deceiver, but to her sorrowing confederate opposite.

Looking out into the darkening twilight, and down the steep, wild road by which they had made their ascent to the fir-crowned heights, she cried, gratefully:

"Forgive! I can never sufficiently thank you, Mrs. Allingham. You have bestowed on me one of the greatest pleasures of my whole life."

"Then I am repaid," broke in Mrs. Allingham, warmly.

"No! Pardon me, that you never could be!" hurried on Nina. "The weird unbroken charm of this long drive to me words fail to describe. And now, to be set down in front of this frowning old castle, and invited to enter and refresh myself is like a chapter from the 'Arabian Nights'! And all the more that I am a little uncertain as to my whereabouts? How is it with you, Mrs. Jeffries?" she laughingly concluded.

"My dear," answered Mrs. Jeffries lucidly, "I am always uncertain as to my whereabouts when I am travelling."

Even the sad-hearted doctor roused himself to laugh, and Mrs. Allingham cried, gaily:

"Never mind your whereabouts, my honoured guests. Accept the gifts the gods send without question or fear. Enter this enchanted castle and be for ever happy and for ever blest."

As Mrs. Allingham spoke the carriage moved forward again, entering a roomy porte-cochere, lighted by a swinging lantern ahead. The next moment the heavy gates shut out the deepening gloom of the musical forest, clanging together with a dull solemn, reverberation, that sent a strange thrill of terror to Nina's soul.

Dr. Jeffries's voice broke with forced cheerfulness upon the ominous sound.

"Our gracious hostess is right, my dear," he cried addressing Nina. "We won't think of our whereabouts to-night. Time enough for that in the morning. To-night we shall be the guests of some beautiful enchantress, in some unknown quarter of the globe. Ghosts shall peep and grin at us from behind tapestried hangings, and grim shadows steal noiselessly after us along chill, gloomy cor"—

"My dear husband!" cried Mrs. Jeffries, "you make my blood run cold! For pity's sake, hush!"

"That's the way we want our blood," persisted the doctor.

But before he could inflict more horrors upon them, Mrs. Allingham came to the rescue.

"Pretty good, doctor, for a man who professes to be entirely prosaic! But we must beg you to restrain your flights of fancy for the present and lend us, flesh and blood divinities a helping hand in alighting. Here we are. Welcome, my friends, to the Devil's Castle, or Teufelsberg as it is called in German."

As the words passed her lips, the coachman drew rein close to a low flight of stone steps leading up to a double, iron-studded door. At the same moment the door fell apart disclosing a brilliantly-lighted rotunda, and a footman hastily advancing to the carriage.

Mrs. Allingham spoke to the man with a pleasant nod and word. But good Mrs. Jeffries cut short that brief greeting by softly saying:

"Did I understand you aright, Mrs Allingham? Did you say the Devil's Castle?"

The irresistible laugh with which the question was received by her three auditors brought a smile to the old lady's own lips.

"Well," she said, "it does seem a dreadful name. It makes the doctor's ghosts worse then ever."

"Oh, never mind my ghosts!" cried the doctor, as he made his descent to the stone floor. "My ghosts will never hurt anybody."

Mrs. Allingham hospitably led the way into the rotunda—a wide stone chamber, destitute of ornament or furniture, save a tall, fantastic pyramid of stags' antlers in the centre and a few rude stone chairs and benches.

Preceded by the obsequious footman, she passed into a spacious corridor at the right.

The man's hurrying steps rang back from the bare stone steps to the unaccustomed ears of the guests with a weird, hollow echo, in fit keeping with the place. But swift upon that repellent sound broke a scene that, in the sudden transition, seemed, indeed, like the work of an enchantress.

In a moment the footman had flung apart the wide folding doors at the end of the corridor, showing a handsome reception room, and beyond that a long, glittering vista of richly furnished apartments.

The latter were three in number, and separated by hangings of crimson and gold, suspended from pillared arches, and looped aside so as to afford the most striking view of the whole suite.

The first two were drawing rooms aglow with light, and odorous with the fragrant flowers profusely scattered in every direction.

The third ended the brilliant vista a sumptuously-spread rable, weighted with a glittering service of silver and a magnificent epergne of rarest flowers, sufficiently proclaiming its use.

In every particular it was a striking and effective scene.

But, striking and effective as it was, it gained only a passing notice from either hostess or guests. A single object had fixed every eye and claimed every thought.

CHAPTER XXII.

In the centre of the reception room and facing the corridor in the strongest glare of the massive silver sconces, stood a man who might have arrested instant attention at any place, and under any circumstances.

He was rather rall and rather thin for the perfection of masculine symmetry, but his frame was muscular, and his head and face really grand in their fair, intellectual shapeliness.

About the heavily-bearded mouth a half-mischievous smile faintly showed itself, sparkling brightly from the deep blue eyes, fixed in intent expectation and interest on the opening door.

There was no mistaking his likeness to Mrs. Allingham, nor the low passionate cry of surprised delight that involuntarily fell from their hostess as her eyes fell upon him.

Beyond doubt it was Dr. Allingham

He bowed low, advancing with a prompt hospitality and graceful ease that proved him a man well versed in the nice usages of polite society.

But he had taken only a few steps when his progress was arrested by Mrs. Allingham.

For a moment, oblivious of her waiting guests, she glided swiftly towards him crying eagerly:

"Berthold, you have got home!"

"I have got home, mother," Dr. Allingham answered bending his handsome head to meet her proffered caress.

With beaming face and tremulous voice she hastened back to the group in the doorway.

"It was so great and so delightful a surprise," she cried, in graceful apology, presenting her son to them

"A surprise," added Dr. Allingham as the introductions came to an end "which I trust our guests will deem sufficient excuse for my failure to welcome them at the tower steps"

Promptly and cordially reassured on that point, he continued, explanatorily:

"Reaching the castle less than an hour ago, and learning that my mother and her guests were momentarily expected, I could not resist the boyish temptation of surprising her in the most effective manner."

"A truly gratifying surprise to all of us," cried Dr. Jeffries, warmly. "And the more gratifying in that Mrs. Allingham has several times assured us your return from the great book mart of the world in time to meet us would be absolutely impossible. And, doctor," he continued, "let me further say, I cannot sufficiently congratulate myself on this most unexpected pleasure."

Supremely delighted with his elegant young host, Dr. Jeffries spoke with a hearty sincerity which made one of his chief characteristics.

But before he could say more, or Dr. Allingham respond, a diversion was created by the sound of opening doors and rustling hangings to the left of the drawing rooms.

Two suites of apartments, separated from the reception room by a side corridor, richly carpeted and hung with grey damask, had been suddenly thrown open.

The doorways were arched, and the silken hangings, just looped back, gave an unbroken view of both suites from end to end.

Both presented a most costly and beautiful appearance; the one furnished and hung in pale green and gold, and the other in green and silver.

With a slight gesture to her son, and a smiling invitation to Mrs. Jeffries and Nina, Mrs. Allingham immediately conducted the ladies to the first-mentioned suite, while Berthold Allingham accompanied Dr. Jeffries to the other.

"Your apartments," gracefully explained Mrs. Jeffries, "are in the second storey; but, knowing how tired you would all be on your arrival, I caused my own to be in readiness for your occupation till your retiring hour, and my son's for Dr. Jeffries."

"But the inconvenience for yourself!" protested Mrs. Jeffries and Nina in a breath.

Mrs. Allingham caressingly silenced Nina by a finger caressingly laid on the girl's lips, and Mrs. Jeffries by the entreaty that she would not give that mistaken idea one thought

They entered the dressing room as she spoke, and glancing to where Brigitta stood in modest waiting, she added, smilingly:

"And here is Brigitta. But I lay my commands upon you in the direction of careful toilets. Pray follow the good example I shall set you and simply freshen yourselves."

She was turning to leave the room when Nina interposed with a laughing inquiry.

"And so," she exclaimed, "Brigitta was also in the conspiracy?"

"Brigitta also," nodded Mrs. Allingham, gaily; adding the next moment with sudden gravity, "and I hope, my dear, I shall be able to make your happiness, now I have you here. I"——

"If she cannot be happy with you, dear Mrs. Allingham," interposed Mrs. Jeffries, "she cannot be happy with any one on earth."

"That is precisely what I think," echoed Nina, looking at Mrs. Allingham with a caressing gesture full of simple, earnest grace.

"I am glad to hear you say it, Miss Beauchamp," cried Mrs. Allingham, vehemently; "and, since you can, I am going to tell you the simple truth. I am"—

(To be continued.) 1439.

TOO SHARP FOR THEM.

First Student (winking at the rest) "Professor, I had a funny creature given me to-day—something like a cat only much smaller. If I bring it will you tell me to what family it belongs?"

The Professor of Natural History tumbles to the fact that the creature most like a cat, only smaller, is a kitten. He however, dissembles

Professor: "Certainly, Mr. Smith; bring it by all means. No doubt I will be able to classify it. By the way I had an animal sent me a little while ago to train. It was like a horse only smaller."

Second Student: "I didn't know you were a horse-trainer, professor."

Professor; "I'm not. But I endeavour to train asses."

SUBTERRANEAN WARFARE.

The siege of Port Arthur has proved that modern weapons of precision have rendered the art of underground fighting more important than ever.

The most desperate and hopeless enterprise in the history of this kind of fighting was when the Spaniards and French attempted to blow up Gibralter during the famous siege.

The project was chimerical, owing to the physical difficulties to be overcome, but the defending garrison thought it worth while to pelt the miners with hand grenades and with weighty fragments of rock, and as may be expected, the mine failed to answer its purpose. The notion of the engineer who proposed the mine must have been the result of desperation, for what sort of mine would be required to crumble such a huge mass of compact rock, nearly 1,400ft. in height?

The Russians have always excelled in this description of warfare. During the Crimea, General Gordon, who was then an energetic young subaltern in the sappers, wrote:

"Whenever the Russians commence a battery they lay down first a line of wires to the magazine, with which they could blow it up at any time."

During the Crimea the Russian general Prince Menschikoff, when the mining operations were at their height, was responsible for an act of humanity the like of which is too seldom to be found in Russian history. This prince was good enough to inform the French commander-in-chief that the works in the French trenches were on the point of being carried into a part of the cemetery of Sabastopol, in which persons had been buried who had died of the plague! If the trenches had been driver through these plague pits, the horrors of the conflict must have been intensified almost beyond human endurance, and Prince Menschikoff is entitled to every credit for his humane conduct.

THE SIEGE OF VARNA.

At the siege of Varna the Russians depended upon mines to such an extent that the successful termination of the siege was made to depend upon subterranean works instead of the powerful effect of breaching batteries. Descending galleries were pushed towards the foot of the counterscarp, but without success, and as additional guns could scarcely be mounted at this critical moment in face of an enemy so brave and enterprising as the Turks, another descending gallery was commenced by the besiegers, with the intention of reaching the body of the place by passing beneath the outlying works. After tedious exertions in working through a chalky soil, the Russian sappers perceived by a ray of light that, owing to a miscalculation of the levels, the gallery, would be exposed to the enemy's fire.

Luckily for the assailants, this discovery was made just in time to close the aperture before it was perceived. The garrison, however, were made aware by the noise that mines were advancing, and a fierce attack was made on the covering parties by the Turks, who only retired after a bloody contest of upward of two hours. In order to cover the sappers blinds were let down into the ditch, but they were burned by the garrison with firepots. Gabions were then resorted to, and a lodgment was effected by the besiegers. Upon this the Turks brought a gun to bear upon the exterior of the gallery, and with musketry and hand- grenades the miners were so severely handled that they were forced to abandon their advanced position.

This extraordinary underground fighting was carried on with great ferocity on both sides, when a cartload of Russian heads were sent to Constantinople. Later on in the war the Turks substituted the salted ears of the Russians as being more portable proofs of their success.

A QUEER KIND OF BATH.

Boys who make a fuss because their parents oblige them to take frequent baths should be glad they are not Eskimo children, living on the shores of Norton Sound. In the cold region of Alaska all the boys are obliged to take a sweat bath every weak, and this bath is no joke. A fire of driftwood is built in the centre of the floor of the kashim —the one-roomed house where the men and boys of the village pass their time—and when the smoke has passed off, and the wood is reduced to red, glowing coals, a cover is put over the smoke-hole in the roof, and the place becomes intensely hot. The boys must take off their clothes and sit about the furnace-like apartment until their skins become as red as the shell of a boiled lobster, and seems on the point of blistering.

Owing to the intense heat the bathers are allowed to wear respirators to protect their lungs. These respirators are pads of shavings bound together, concave on the inside, and convex on the outside and large enough to cover the mouth, nose, and part of the cheek of the wearer. Across the inside runs a little wooden bar, which is held in the teeth to keep the respirator in place. The boys sit there until they are dripping wet with perspiration. Then they rush outside into the intense cold, and roll in the snow.

Although the Eskimo boys seem to withstand such a bath as this all right, and even to enjoy it, it would in all probability kill any white boy who tried it.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Always make starch with soapy water, which will give a better gloss to the linen, and prevent the irons from sticking.

When washing silk add a tablespoonful of methylated spirits to each gallon of rinsing water, and the silk with look bright and new.

The best way to clean bamboo furniture is to wash it well in warm water containing a gill of salt to each quart. This will preserve the colour.

Silk stockings coloured or black, should never be washed with soap. Warm bran water should be used, and the stockings should be squeezed, not wrung, and dried in the shade.

To lacquer brasswork, buy a bottle of gold medium at the ironmonger's. Heat on a cool stove, till the bottle is as hot as the hand can bear. Dip a camel-hair brush into the lacquer, and go over the brass with light, soft strokes. Do not brush backwards, or go over the same piece twice.

DEEP-SEA DIVING.

ITS DEVELOPMENTS and LIMITS.

A distinguished gentleman who is a foreigner, is hard at work in the attempt to recover a vast amount of sunken treasure and imaginative journalists have already deliriously pictured him as the richest man in the world.

"Do you not think it probable, Cavaliere Pino, that in a short time you will become the richest man alive?" asked a special correspondent recently; and "Pino, the treasure hunter," modestly replied—given luck and no mistakes in business arrangements—"Yes, I think I shall become the richest man. I am convinced that I hold the secret, not only for finding all the treasures of the sea, but for recovering them also." Then he spoke of £8,000,000 worth of gold and silver which is to be "picked up" from a Spanish treasure fleet that sank off Vigo in 1702. This is only one of the trifles which are to be taken from the seabed.

Cavaliere Pino is going to secure this vast wealth by means of two things—an instrument called a hydroscope, which reflects all the objects in clear water within a wide range, regardless of depth, and divers, who are to descend and annex the treasure when it has been located through the hydroscope. Apparently the question of treasure-trove is to be posponed for the present, to remain for future settlement.

All this sounds very attractive, and as simple as it is attractive; but in the present state of deep-sea

SALVAGE OPPERATIONS.

the enterprising foreigner's ambitions must remain something in the nature of a cherished dream. It is a common custom to talk and write glibly of the ease with which sunken ships can be raised and treasure recovered from the depths of the ocean but as a matter of fact, no work which is carried out or attempted, is more difficult and dangerous than that which relates to submarine undertakings. Not long ago a writer spoke of the achievements of a diver at a depth of a quarter of a mile, (1,320ft.), regardless, or probably ignorant of the fact, that no diver has ever got below a depth of 204ft. and even that was an extraordinary and unique achievement.

Deep-sea diving has its ironbound limitations, and it may well be that the efforts of Chevaliere Pino will be fruitless, unless he confines himself to depths and localities in which ordinary men can work with ordinary methods.

The pressure of water upon a diver at any considerable depth is enormous. Even at a depth of 32ft. the total pressure is not less than forty-thousand pounds, half of which is caused by the air and half by the water. The ratio increases as he descends, until at the usual

LIMIT DEPTH OF 150 FEET.

it equals 65½lb. to the square inch. At 204ft., the greatest depth to which any diver has ever descended, the pressure is 88½lb. to the square inch. Only the strongest and most experienced diver dare undertake such a task, and his stay under the water is necessarily brief—a few minutes. Much time is occupied in going down and coming up, operations demanding the utmost care, to allow for the body adapting itself to the varying pressure of water in proportion to the depth.

If it were not for the

PERFECTION of MODERN DIVING APPLIANCES.

the ill-fated sub-marine A1 would have been at the bottom of the ocean still, and only the incessant efforts to improve the means of under-water work have made it possible for great sums of valuable cargo to be recovered, and for the accomplishment of vast undertakings like the new harbour works of Dover.

Here are a few of the most famous instances of the recovery of treasure and cargo with recent appliances:

The steamship Alphonso—Spanish gold coin of the value of £90,000, in nine chests, recovered from the great depth of 160ft. by the late Alexander Lambert, a famous diver.

The steamship Skyro.—Silver bars worth £9,000 recovered from the enormous depth of 180ft.

The steamship Hamilla Mitchell.—Mexican dollars of the value of £50,000 recovered from a depth of 160ft.

These operations are specially noteworthy because of the unusual depths from which the treasure was recovered, but great

HAULS of BULLION and CARGO

have been made at depths of lesser magnitude. Of these there may be mentioned the following cases:

The steamship Carnatic.—Six boxes of bar gold and 30 boxes of bar silver, valued at £40,000, as well as large quantities of valuable cargo.

The steamship Malabar.—Treasure worth more than £250,000.

The steamship Woosung.—A cargo which, when sold in London, realized £80,000.

The steamship Queen Elizabeth.—Cargo and specie to the value of £120,000.

The steamship Darling Downs.—A cargo of wool worth more than £100,000. The divers recovered all but five bales out of a total of 725.

The case of the Hamilla Mitchell was remarkable. The ship was lost near Shanghai, carrying down with her a rich cargo of specie of the value of £50,000.

An extraordinary and startling incident marked the operations. As the diver was very thirsty, an assistant volunteered to ascend to the top of the island to fetch some water from a spring. While filling his bucket he was amazed to discover a whole fleet of

CHINESE PIRATE JUNKS

bearing down upon them. There was nothing for it but a desperate run, and so the anchor and chain were slipped; but the wind was light, and it was necessary to use oars to get away. They pulled until a breeze sprang up. The sail was hoisted, and as night came on the pirates were evaded, and Shanghai was safely reached with the whole of the sum, about £40,000 which had been recovered. Later a further trip was made to the wreck, and the remaining £10,000 secured.

But deep-sea diving has not necessarily reached its ultimate development. At present, however, there are few men who can live, much less move and work, at a depth of 200ft. in spite of the wonderful perfection to which diving apparatus generally has been carried.—Walter Wood, in "The Budget."

Few people in India eat more than twice a day, and thousands only once.

THE RIGHT WAY TO DEAL WITH THE UNEMPLOYED.

[illegible library stamp]

The problem of the unemployed is [illegible] a problem of the unemployable. The present tendency in industry is towards a high average [illegible] of wages and efficiency which those who are handicapped by a weakness for drink, a lurking [illegible], or inferior physical or mental powers cannot attain to. Employers cannot be expected to make it a part of their business policy to employ such inefficient labourers as an act of philanthropy, nor is it wise or just to treat as criminals those members of this class who take to vagrancy or begging. Belgium, in her system of labour colonies, has, for generations past, been employing a vastly better system.

Near Antwerp there are three great colonies for men, the largest numbering from four to five thousand, while at Bruges there are two similar institutions for women. The key to the success of the system in Belgium is found in the power conferred by law upon the Juges de paix to order the detention of the person found to be unwilling or unable to maintain his place in the ranks of industry. But although by this compulsory feature, the system avoids the weaknesses of voluntary colonies, yet, on the other hand, every care is taken to avoid treating the colonists as criminals. They are not closely guarded, and if a man escapes and succeeds in establishing and maintaining himself in normal economic relations to society, he is left undisturbed. If such a runaway should resume his former ways and should again be sent to the colony, any further attempt at escape would be punished by the director of the colony.

A 20th CENTURY WORKERS' COLONY.

The work and the discipline maintained have had a most beneficial effect upon the colonists; they are cheerful and efficient, and lead a fairly comfortable life free from the peculiar temptations and the competition which they have been unable to withstand in the twentieth-century world of industry outside. The aim is to make the colonies self sufficing, and to this end the number of industries carried on is determined by the deeds of the colonies themselves.

Long terms varying from one to five years, are necessary in order to insure any degree of success in the work of reformation. Habits of idleness and shiftlessness cannot be exchanged for industry and technical skill in a few months. In order to stimulate interest, a very small money wage is paid in addition to the maintenance of the workmen.

From the financial standpoint, the cost to the State is about sixpence a day for every "able-bodied" man in the largest of these colonies, and a shilling for the aged and infirm. This includes the entire capital cost of the buildings, and of the reclamation of the land, beyond the comparatively small sum originally paid for the property, and also the whole cost of the staff and its pensions. As about half of this sum represents the wages of bonus paid to the colonists, the actual net cost to the State is reduced to about £5 per head a year, as against £16 in an average country workhouse, £22 in a local prison, or £28 in a convict prison. Both the latter figures, be it noted, do not include the capital cost.

A DEATH-DEALING SUBMERGIBLE BOAT.

Submarine boats are a factor which have not as yet played a part in war; but they already have been brought to a degree of perfection which is sure to render them dangerous opponents. Their low speed when submerged (eight to ten knots) limits the conditions under which they can be used successfully. This, to some extent, requires their playing a waiting game, unless the enemy is at anchor. It may be claimed that their best role would be the defensive in protecting a harbour.

The greatest objection to these is the time taken to submerge them. The reports of French experiments give from five to fifteen minutes as the time required for fully submerging boats. Much may happen to the boat under the showers of quick-firing gun projectiles at short range.

A new class have a low-lying surface hull, carrying the operating body of the boat several feet below water. This form is comparatively invisible, and permits higher speed than is attained by submarine boats The design is somewhat similar to heavy dirigible torpedoes on a much enlarged scale.

The armament consists chiefly of Whitehead torpedoes; but it is also proposed to place a large-calibre torpedo gun in the bow. This will increase much the possibility of making hits at the longer ranges and that, too, with large charges.

This submergible boat has already demonstrated its great possibilities under many conditions; while enforcing on the part of war vessels the greatest vigilance to guard against their assaults, they must be utilized for the defence of such from their attacks under water. Science has provided electrical devices which will aid the surface vessel in detecting the otherwise unseen approach of this subtle little foe.

Another method of meeting the attacks of submergible boats will be to have a number of quick-firing guns throwing at low velocities torpedo shells containing from ten to twenty pounds of guncotton. As the boats will be practically invisible, it will be necessary to shower their path liberally with torpedo shells, to increase the probability of disabling or destroying them. A low velocity is demanded to ensure the shell's entering the water directly.

A naturalist says that if the world were to become birdless, man could not inhabit it after nine years' time. In spite of all the sprays and poisons that could be manufactured for the destruction of insects, such pests would simply eat up orchards and crops.

A man who was wanted by the police had been photographed in six different positions, and the pictures were duly circulated among the police. The chief of one of the departments wrote to head-quarters a few days after the set of portraits were issued, as follows:

"Sir,—I duly received the portraits of the six miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested five of them, and the sixth is under observation and will be secured shortly."

MODERN JAPANESE WAR CHARM.

The custon of the Sen Nin Riki is one that arose during the war with Russia. At all times of the day and even night, small groups of women can be seen gathering in the streets. One or more of the women will have a piece of cotton cloth with 1,000 marks or dots stamped upon it.

"Sen" is the Japanese word for 1,000. "Nin" is the word for human being—either man or woman. "Riki" is, in the Japanese language, strength. In combination the words mean, "the strength of a thousand people."

Each one of these 1,000 dots or marks in the cloth is to indicate the place where a stitch or knot is to be made by a woman, who, while making the knot, gives her best thought, wish, or prayer for the safety and protection of the soldier who will wear this piece of cotton cloth as an "obi" or belt, while fighting for the country of his birth.

The prayer of 1,000 women for one man is believed to protect him from all dangers, and to give him strength to overcome and conquer the enemies of his beloved Japan.

TYPING WITH AIR WAVES.

DANISH INVENTOR'S EXPERIMENT.

A Danish electrician named Paulsen is credited with having successfully attempted a curious feat. It is said that he is able to operate the keyboard of a typewriter at a distance without any visible connection between it and the instrument at hand. It is added that he has also discovered a new kind of "electric wave," whose existence has been suspected, but which has never until now been revealed.

Paulsen has invented several exceedingly clever instruments to the typewriter before this.

For this reason the latest announcement about Paulsen should be treated with respect. Other men have done something of the kind with Hertz waves. Several inventers have shown how to control the steering apparatus of a submarine torpedo from the land or a ship without a wire, but the system has not yet been adopted by any navy in the world.

A MASTER MIND.

Scene: Editor's sanctum.

Printer (rushing in excitedly): "Here's a go! Johnson, the murderer, has just been found innocent, and the Government have telegraphed a pardon. We've got the whole account of the hanging set up, with illustrations, and the forme is on the machine."

Editor (coolly): "Don't get excited man. Put over the account in large capitals, 'Johnson Pardoned! Full Account of What He Escaped.'"

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Automobile watering carts are now being used in Paris.

France has just over four million acres of vineyards.

Japanese children are taught to write with both hands.

Hearing, as a rule, is more acute with the right ear than with the left.

The dolphin, it is said, can swim faster than any other creature in the sea.

The swallow has a larger mouth in proportion to its size than any other bird.

The first iron steamship to reach Australia from England was the "Australian," in 1852.

As one travels south along the Pacific coast the shells become more brilliant in their colourings.

Wireless telegraphy is to be introduced in Switzerland to furnish distress signals for too venturesome Alps climbers.

A million acres of forest are cut down every year to supply European railway companies with sleepers on which the lines are laid.

Take regular exercise in the open air every day in all weathers; ride, walk, row, swim or play; but keep out of doors as much as possible.

Do not let anything interfere with regular hours of rest and sleep, but get plenty of sleep, especially what is called "beauty sleep," before midnight.

Sealskin shoes for dogs are made in Labrador. The dogs attached to sledges travel at great speed over the rough ice, and some protection for the feet is necessary.

China and Japan are pre-eminently the seaweed eating nations of the world. Among no other people are seaweeds so extensively eaten and relished as food substances.

The baya, or weaver-bird, of India has a curious habit of fastening fire flies to its nest with moist clay. On a dark night such a nest shines with the brilliancy of a small electric lamp.

The oldest document on linen paper belongs to the year 1308. The first European paper-mills were at the Castle of Fabriano, near Ancona, in 1340.

The ring is a relic of the time when men sealed their documents with it instead of writing their signatures, while the walking-stick was originally a stout cudgel carried for purposes of offence and defence.

It often happens that sailors run short of water when they are off the northern coast of South America. They then make for the mouth of the Amazon, where they can procure fresh water 200 miles from the coast The volume poured out by the river is so great and so strong that it sweeps back the ocean itself.

A certain kind of marigold forms a kind of vegetable barometer. If the day is going to be fine the flowers open about seven o'clock in the morning and close between three and four in the afternoon, but if the weather is going to be wet they do not open at all. 1439.

(All Rights Reserved.)

THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK.

A ROMANTIC NARRATIVE OF LOVE, TERROR AND DESPAIR.

PART 3.

CHAPTER IV.

The two friends looked at each other in impressive silence for a moment, and spake never a word. Not that they were astonished—they were long past the power of that emotion; and, if a cloud had dropped from the sky at their feet, they would probably have lookeh at it passively, and vaguely wondered if the rest would follow. Sir Norman especially, had sunk into a state of mind that wards are faint and feeble to describe. Ormiston, not being quite so far gone, was the first to open his lips.

"Upon my honor, Sir Norman, this is the most astonishing thing I ever heard of. That certainly was the face of our half-dead bride! What, in the name of all the gods, can it mean, I wonder?"

"I have given up wondering," said Sir Norman, in the same helpless tone. "And if the earth were to open, and swallow London up I would not be the least surprised. One thing is certain, the lady we are seeking and that page are one and the same."

"And yet La Masque told you she was two miles from the city, in the haunted ruin; and La Masque most assuredly knows."

"I have no doubt she is there. I shall not be the least astonished if I find her in every street between this and Newgate."

"Really, it is a most singular affair! First you see her in the magic caldron, then we find her dead; then, when within an ace of being buried, she comes to life; then we leave her in your room, and fifteen minutes after, she vanishes as mysteriously as a fairy in a nursery legend. And, lastly, she turns up in the shape of a court page, and swaggers along London Bridge at this hour of the night, chanting a love song. Faith! it would puzzle the sphinx herself to read the riddle, I've a notion!"

"I for one, shall never try to read it," said Sir Norman, "I am about tired of this labyrinth of mysteries, and shall leave time and La Masque to unravel them at their leisure."

"Then you mean to give up the pursuit?"

"Not exactly! I love this mysterious beauty too well to do that, and when next I find her, be it where it may, I shall take care she does not slip so easily through my fingers."

"I cannot forget that page," said Ormiston, musingly. "It is singular, since he wears the Earl of Rochester's livery, that we have never seen him before among his followers. Are you quite sure, Sir Norman, that you have not?"

"Seen him? Don't be absurd, Ormiston! Do you think I could ever forget such a face as that?"

"It would not be easy, I confess. One does not see such every day. And yet—and yet—it is most extraordinary!"

"I shall ask Rochester about him the first thing to-morrow; and unless he is an optical illusion—which I vow I half believe is the case—I will come to the truth in spite of your demoniac friend, La Masque."

"Then you do not mean to look for him to-night?"

"Look for him? I might as well look for a needle in a haystack. Not I! I have promised La Masque to visit the old ruins, and there I shall go forthwith. Will you accompany me?"

"I think not. I have a word to say to La Masque; and you and she kept talking so busily, I had no chance to put it in."

"Besides, I have no doubt it is a word you would not like to utter in the presence of a third party, even though that third party be your friend and Pythias, Kingsley. Do you mean to stay here like a plague-sentinel until she returns?"

"Possibly; or if I get tired I may set out in search of her. When do you return?"

"The fates, that seem to make a football of my best affections, and kick them as they please, only know. If nothing happens—which, being interpreted, means if I am still in the land of the living—I shall surely be back by daylight."

"And I shall be anxious about that time to hear the result of your night's adventure; so where shall we meet?"

"Why not here? It is as good a place as any."

"With all my heart. Where do you propose getting a horse?"

"At the King's Arms — but a stone's throw from here. Farewell."

"Good-night, and God speed you!" said Ormiston. And wrapping his cloak close about him, he leaned against the doorway, and, watching the dancing lights on the river, prepared to await the return of La Masque.

With his head full of the adventures and misadventures of the night, Sir Norman walked thoughtfully on until he reached the King's Arms—a low inn on the bank of the river. To his dismay he found the house shut up, and bearing the dismal mark and inscription of the pestilence. While he stood contemplating it in perplexity, a watchman, on guard before another plague-stricken house, advanced and informed him that the whole family had perished of the disease and that the landlord himself, the last survivor, had been carried off not twenty minutes before, to the plague-pit.

"But," added the man, seeing Sir Norman's look of annoyance, and being informed what he wanted, "there are two or three horses round there in the stable, and you may as well help yourself, for if you don't take them, somebody else will."

This philosophic logic struck Sir Norman as being so extremely reasonable, that without more ado he stepped round to the stables and selected the best it contained. Before proceeding on his journey it occurred to him that, having been handling a plague-patient it would be a good thing to get his clothes fumigated; so he stepped into an apothecary's store for that purpose, and provided himself also with a bottle of aromatic vinegar. Thus prepared for the worst, Sir Norman sprang on his horse like a second Don Quixote striding his good steed Rozinante, and sallied forth in quest of adventures. These, for a short time, were of rather a dismal character; for hearing the noise of a horse's hoofs in the silent streets at that hour of the night, the people opened their doors as he passed by, thinking it the pest cart, and brought forth many a miserable victim of the pestilence. Averting his head from the revolting spectacles, Sir Norman held the bottle of vinegar to his nostrils, and rode rapidly till he reached Newgate. There he stopped until his bill of health was examined, and that small manuscript being found all right, he was permitted to pass on in peace. Everywhere he went the trail of the serpent was visible over all. Death and Desolation went hand in hand. Outside as well as inside the gates, great piles of wood and coal were arranged, waiting only the midnight hour to be fired. Here, however, no one seemed to be stirring, and no sound broke the silence but the distant rumble of the death-cart, and the ringing of the driver's bell. There were lights in some of the houses, but many of them were dark and deserted, and nearly every one bore the red cross of the plague.

It was a gloomy scene and hour, and Sir Norman's heart turned sick within him as he noticed the ruin and devastation the pestilence had wrought everywhere around. And he remembered with a shudder the prediction of Lilly, the astrologer, that the paved streets of London would be like green fields, and the living be no longer able to bury the dead. Long before this he had grown hardened and accustomed to death from its very frequence; but now, as he looked around him, he almost resolved to ride on and return no more to London till the plague should have left it. But then came the thought of his unknown lady-love, and with it the reflection that he was on his way to find her; and, rousing himself from his melancholoy reverie, he rode on at a brisker pace, heroically resolved to brave the plague or any other emergency, for her sake. Full of this laudable and lover-like resolution, he had got on about half a mile further, when he suddenly checked in his rapid career by an exciting, but in no way surprising, little incident.

During the last few yards Sir Norman had come within sight of another horseman, riding on at a rather leisurely pace, considering the place and the hour. Suddenly three other horsemen came galloping down upon him, and the leader, presenting a pistol at his head, requested him in a stentorian voice for his money or his life. By way of reply the stranger instantly produced a pistol of his own, and before the astonished highwayman could comprehend the possibility of such an act, discharged it full in his face. With a loud yell the robber reeled and fell from his saddle, and in a twinkling both his companions fired their pistols at the traveller, and bore, with a simultaneous cry of rage, down upon him. Neither of the shots had taken effect, but the two enraged highwaymen would have made short work of their victim had not Sir Norman, like a true knight, ridden to the rescue. Drawing his sword, with one vigorous blow he placed another of the assassins hors de combat; and delighted with the idea of a fight to stir his stagnant blood, was turning (like a second St. George and the Dragon) upon the other, when that individual, thinking discretion the better part of valor, instantaneously turned tail and fled. The whole brisk little episode had not occupied five minutes, and Sir Norman was scarcely aware the fight had begun before it had triumphantly ended.

"Short, sharp and decisive!" was the stranger's cool criticism, as he deliberately wiped his blood-stained sword and placed it in a velvet scabbard." Our friends there got more than they bargained for, I fancy. Though, but for you, sir," he added, politely, raising his hat and bowing, "I should probably have been ere this in heaven, or the other place."

Sir Norman, deeply edified by the easy sang froid of the speaker, turned to take a second look at him. There was very little light; for the night had grown darker as it wore on, and the few stars that had glimmered faintly had hid their diminished heads behind the piles of inky clouds. Still there was a sort of faint phosphorescent light whitening the gloom, and by it Sir Norman's keen bright eyes discovered that he wore a long dark cloak and slouched hat. He discovered something else, too—that he had seen that hat and cloak, and the man inside of them on London Bridge, not an hour before. It struck Sir Norman that there was a sort of fatality in their meeting; and his pulses quickened a trifle as he thought he might be speaking to the husband of the lady to whom he had so suddenly conceived such a rash and inordinate attachment. That personage, meantime, having reloaded his pistol, with a self-possession refreshing to witness, replaced it in his doublet, gathered up the reins, and, glancing slightly at his companion, spoke again:

"I should thank you for saving my life, I suppose, but thanking people is so little in my line, that I scarcely know how to set about it. Perhaps, my dear sir, you will take the will for the deed."

"An original, this," thought Sir Norman, "whoever he is." Then aloud: "Pray don't trouble yourself about thanks, sir. I should have done precisely the same for the highwaymen, had you been three to one over them."

"I don't doubt you in the least; Nevertheless I feel grateful, for you have saved my life all the same, and you have never seen me before."

"You are mistaken," said Sir Norman, quietly. "I had the pleasure of seeing you scarce an hour ago."

"Ah!" said the stranger, in an altered tone, "and where?"

"On London Bridge."

"I did not see you."

"Very likely, but I was there none the less."

"Do you know me?" said the stranger; and Sir Norman could see he was gazing at him sharply from under the shadow of his slouched hat.

"I have not that honor, but I hope to do so before we part."

"It was quite dark when you saw me on the bridge — how comes it, then, that you recollect me so well?"

"I have always been blessed with an excellent memory," said Sir Norman carelessly, "and I knew your dress, face and voice instantly."

"My voice! Then you have heard me speak — probably to the watchman guarding the plague-stricken house?"

"Exactly, and the subject being a very interesting one, I listened to all you said."

"Indeed! and what possible interest could the subject have for you, may I ask?"

"A deeper one than you think!" said Sir Norman, with a slight tremor in his voice as he thought of the lady, "the watchman told you the lady you sought had been carried away dead, and thrown into the plague-pit."

"Well," cried the stranger, starting violently, "and was it not true?"

"Only partly. She was carried away in the pest-cart sure enough, but she was not thrown into the plague-pit."

"And why?"

"Because, when on reaching that horrible spot she was found to be alive."

"Good heavens! And what then?"

"Then," exclaimed Sir Norman in a tone almost as excited as his own, "she was brought to the house of a friend, and left alone for a few minutes, while that friend went in search of a doctor. On returning they found her—where do you think?"

"Where?"

"Gone!" said Sir Norman, emphatically; "spirited away by some mysterious agency; for she was dying of the plague, and could not possibly stir hand or foot herself."

"Dying of the plague, O Leoline!" said the stranger, in a voice full of pity and horror, while for a moment he covered his face with his hands.

"So her name is Leoline?" said Sir Norman to himself. "I have found that out, and also that this gentleman, whatever he may be to her, is as ignorant of her whereabouts as I am myself. He seems in trouble, too. I wonder if he really happens to be her husband?"

The stranger suddenly lifted his head, and favored Sir Norman with a long and searching look.

"How came you to know all this, Sir Norman Kingsley?" he asked abruptly.

"And how came you to know my name?" demanded Sir Norman, very much amazed, notwithstanding his assertion that nothing would astonish him more.

"That is of no consequence! Tell me how you learned all this?" repeated the stranger, in a tone of almost stern authority.

Sir Norman started and stared. That voice! he had heard it a thousand times! It had evidently been disguised before; but now, in the excitement of the moment, the stranger was thrown off his guard, and it became perfectly familiar. But where had he heard it? For the life of him, Sir Norman could not tell, yet it was as well known to him as his own. It had the tone, too, of one far more used to command than entreat; and Sir Norman, instead of getting angry, as he felt he ought to have done, mechanically answered:

"The watchamn told you of the young men who brought her out and laid her in the dead-cart — I was one of the two."

"And who was the other?"

"A friend of mine, one Malcolm Ormiston."

"Ah! I know him. Pardon my abruptness, Sir Norman," said the stranger, once more speaking in his assumed sauve tone, "but I feel deeply on this subject, and was excited at the moment. You spoke of her being brought to the house of a friend—now, who may that friend be, for I was not aware that she had any?"

"So I judged," said Sir Norman, rather bitterly, "or she would not have been left to die alone of the plague. She was brought to my house, sir, and I am the friend who would have stood by her to the last."

Sir Norman sat up very straight and haughty on his horse; and had it been daylight, he would have seen a slight derisive smile pass over the lips of his companion.

"I have always heard that Sir Norman Kingsley was a chivalrous knight," he said; "but I scarcely dreamed his gallantry would have carried him so far as to brave death by the pestilence for the sake of an unknown lady—however beautiful. I wonder you did not carry her to the pest-house."

"No doubt! Those who could desert her at such a time would probably be capable of that or any other baseness."

"My good friend," said the stranger, calmly, "your insinuation is not over courteous, but I can forgive it, more for the sake of what you have done for her to-night than for myself."

Sir Norman's lip curled.

"I'm obliged to you! and now, sir, as you have seen fit to question me in this free and easy manner, will you pardon me if I take the liberty of returning the compliment, and ask you a few in return?"

"Certainly; pray proceed, Sir Norman," said the stranger, blandly; "you are at liberty to ask as many questions as you please — so am I to answer them."

"I answered all yours unhesitatingly, and you owe it to me to do the same," said Sir Norman somewhat haughtily. "In the first place, you have an advantage of me, which I neither understand, nor relish; so to place us on equal terms, will you have the goodness to tell me your name?"

"Most assuredly! My name," said the stranger, with glib airiness, "is Count L'Estrange."

"A name unknown to me," said Sir Norman, with a piercing look, "and equally unknown, I believe, in Whitehall. There is a Lord L'Estrange in London, but you and he are certainly not one and the same."

"My friend does not believe me," said the count, almost gayly, "a circumstance I regret, but cannot help. Is there anything else Sir Norman wishes to know?"

"If you do not answer my questions truthfully, there is little use in my asking them," said Sir Norman, bluntly. "Do you mean to say you are a foreigner?"

"Sir Norman Kingsley is at perfect liberty to answer that question as he pleases," replied the stranger, with most provoking indifference.

Sir Norman's eyes flashed, and his hand fell on his sword; but, reflecting that the count might find it inconvenient to answer more questions if he ran him through he restrained himself, and went on.

"Sir, your are impertinent, but that is of no consequence, just now. Who was that lady—what was her name?"

"Leoline!"

"Was she your wife?"

The stranger paused for a moment, as if reflecting whether she was or not, and then said meditatively:

"No—I don't know as she was. On the whole, I am pretty sure she was not."

Sir Norman felt as if a ton weight had been suddenly hoisted from the region of his heart.

"Was she anybody else's wife?"

"I think not. I am inclined to think that, except myself, she did not know another man in London."

"Then why was she dressed as a bride?" inquired Sir Norman, rather mystified.

"Was she? My poor Leoline!" said the stranger, sadly. "Because —" he hesitated, "because — in short, Sir Norman, said the stranger decidedly, "I decline answering any more questions."

"I shall find out, for all that," said Sir Norman, "and here I shall bid you good night, for this by-path leads to my destination."

"Good night," said the stranger, "and be careful, Sir Norman—remember the plague is abroad."

"And so are highwaymen!" called Sir Norman after him, a little maliciously; but a careless laugh from the stranger was the only reply as he galloped away.

CHAPTER V.

The by-path down which Sir Norman rode led to an inn, The Golden Crown, about a quarter of a mile from the ruin. Not wishing to take his horse, lest it should lead to discovery, he proposed leaving it till his return; and, with this intention and a strong desire for a glass of wine — for the heat and his ride had made him extremely thirsty—he dismounted at the door, and consigning the animal to the care of a hostler, he entered the bar-room. It was not the most inviting place in the world, this same bar-room — being illy-lighted, dim with tobacco smoke, and pervaded by a strong spirituous essence of stronger drinks than malt or cold water. A number of men were loitering about, smoking, drinking and discussing the all-absorbing topic of the plague, and the fires that might be kindled. There was a moment's pause as Sir Norman entered, took a seat, and called for a glass of sack, and then the conversation went on as before. The landlord hastened to supply his wants by placing a glass and a bottle of wine before him, and Sir Norman fell to helping himself, and to ruminating deeply on the events of the night. Rather melancholy these ruminations were, though to do the young gentleman justice, sentimental melancholy was not at all in his line; but then you will please to recollect he was in love, and when people come to that state, they are no longer to be held responsible either for their thoughts or actions. It is true his attack had been a rapid one, but it was no less severe for that; and if any evil-minded critic is disposed to sneer at the suddenness of his disorder, I have only to say, that I know from observation, not to speak of experience, that love at first sight is a lamentable fact, and no myth.

Love is not a plant that requires time to flourish, but is quite capable of springing up, like the gourd of Jonah, full grown in a moment. Our young friend, Sir Norman, had not been aware of the existence of the object of his affections for a much longer space than two hours and a half, yet he had already got to such a pitch that if he did not speedily find her he felt he would do something so desperate as to shake society to its utmost foundations. The very mystery of the affair spurred him on, and the romantic way in which she had been found, saved, and disappeared, threw such a halo of interest around her that he was inclined to think sometimes she was nothing but a shining vision from another world. Those dark, splendid eyes, that lovely marble-like face, those wavy ebon tresses, that exquisite figure—yes, he felt they were all a great deal too perfect for this imperfect and wicked world. Sir Norman was in a very bad way, beyond doubt, but no worse than millions of young men before and after him; and he heaved a great many profound sighs and drank a great many glasses of sack and came to the sorrowful conclusion that Dame Fortune was a malicious jade, inclined to poke fun at his best affections, and make a shuttle-cock of his heart for the rest of his life. He thought, too, of Count L'Estrange; and the longer he thought the more he became convinced that he knew him well, and had met him often. But where? He raked his brain until, between love, Leoline and the count, he got that delicate organ into such a maze of bewilderment and distraction that he felt he would be a case of congestion shortly if he did not give it up. That the count's voice was not the only thing about him assumed, he was positive; and he mentally called over the muster-roll of his past friends, who spent half their time at Whitehall and the other half going through the streets making love to the honest citizens' pretty wives and daughters; but none of them answered to Count L'Estrange. He could scarcely be a foreigner — he spoke English with too perfect an accent to be that; and then he knew him, Sir Norman, as if he had been his brother. In short, there was no use driving himself insane trying to read so unreadable a riddle; and inwardly consigning the mysterious count to Old Nick, he swallowed another glass of sack, and quit thinking about him.

So absorbed had Sir Norman been in his own mournful musings, that he paid no attention whatever to those around him, and had nearly forgotten their very presence, when one of them, with a loud cry, sprang to his feet, and then fell writhing to the floor. The others, in dismay, gathered about him, but the next instant fell back with a cry out of, "He has the plague!" At that dreaded announcement, half of them scampered off inconsistently; and the other half with the landlord at their head, lifted the sufferer, whose groans and cries were heartrending, and carried him out of the house. Sir Norman, rather dismayed himself, had risen to his feet, fully aroused from his reverie, and found himself and another individual sole possessors of the premises. His companion he could not very well make out; for he was sitting, or rather crouching, in a remote and shadowy corner, where nothing was clearly visible but the glare of a pair of fiery eyes. There was a great redundancy of hair, too, about his head and face, indeed, considerable more about the latter than there seemed any real necessity for, and even with the imperfect glimpse he caught of him the young man set him down in his own mind about as hard-looking a customer as he had ever seen. The fiery eyes were glaring upon him like those of a tiger, through a jungle of busy hair, but their owner spoke never a word, though the other stared back with compound interest. There they sat, beaming upon each other—one fiercely, the other curiously, until the reappearance of the landlord with a very lugubrious and woe-begone countenance. It struck Norman that it was about time to start for the ruin; and, with an eye to business he turned to cross-examine mine host a trifle.

"What have they done with that man?" he asked, by way of preface.

"Sent him to the pest-house," replied the landlord, resting his elbows on the counter and his chin in his hands, and staring dismally at the opposite wall. "Ah, Lord a mercy on us! these be dreadful times."

"Dreadful enough!" said Sir Norman, sighing deeply, as he thought of his beautiful Leoline, a victim of the merciless pestilence. "Have there been many deaths here of the distemper?"

"Twenty-five to-day," groaned the man. "O Lord, what will become of us?"

"You seem rather disheartened," said Sir Norman, pouring out a glass of wine and handing it to him. "Just drink this, and don't borrow trouble. They say sack is a sure specific against the plague."

Mine host drained the bumper and wiped his mouth, with another hollow groan.

"If I thought that, sir, I'd not be sober from one week's end to the other; but I know well enough I will be in a plague-pit in less than a week. O Lord, have mercy on us!"

"Amen;" said Sir Norman impatiently. "If fear has not taken away your wits, my good sir, will you tell me what old ruin that is I saw but a little above here as I rode up?"

The man started from his trance of terror, and glanced, first at the fiery eyes in the corner, and then at Sir Norman, in evident trepidation of the question.

"That ruin, sir? You must be a stranger in this place, surely, or you would not need to ask that question."

"Well, suppose I am a stranger? What then?"

"Nothing, sir, only I thought everybody knew about that ruin."

"But I do not, you see. So, fill your glass again, and while you are drinking it, just tell me what that everything comprises."

Again the landlord glanced fearfully at the fiery eyes in the corner, and again hesitated.

"Well," exclaimed Sir Norman, at once surprised and impatient at his taciturnity, "can't you speak, man! I want you to tell me all about it."

"There is nothing to tell, sir," replied the host, goaded to desperation. "It is an old, deserted ruin that's been there ever since I remember; and that's all I know about it."

While he spoke, the crouching shape in the corner reared itself upright, and keeping his fiery eyes still glaring upon Sir Norman, advanced into the light. Our young knight was in the act of raising his glass to his lips; but as the apparition approached he laid it down again, untasted, and stared at it in the wildest surprise and intensest curiosity. Truly it was a singular-looking creature, not to say a rather startling one startling one. A dwarf of some four feet high, and at least five feet broad across the shoulders, with immense arms and head—a giant in everything but height. His immense skull was set on such a trifle of a neck as to be scarcely worth mentioning, and was garnished by a violent mat of coarse black hair, which also overran the territory of his cheeks and chin, leaving no neutral ground but his fiery eyes and a broken nose all twisted awry. On a pair of short, stout legs he wore immense jack-boots, his Herculean shoulders and chest were adorned with a leathern doublet, and in the belt round his waist were conspicuously stuck a pair of pistols and a dagger. Altogether, a more ugly or sinister gentleman of his inches it would have been hard to find in all broad England. Stopping deliberately before Sir Norman, he placed a hand on each hip, and in a deep, gutteral voice, addressed him:

"So, sir knight, for such I perceive you are, you are anxious to know something of that old riun yonder?"

"Well," said Sir Norman, so far recovering from his surprise as to be able to speak, "suppose I am? Have you anything to say against it, my little friend?"

"Oh, not in the least," said the dwarf with a chuckle. "Only instead of waisting your breath asking this good man, who professes such utter ignorance, you had better apply to me for information."

Again Sir Norman surveyed the little Hercules from head to foot for a moment in silence, as one, nowadays, would an intelligent guerilla.

"You think so—do you? And what may you happen to know about it, my pretty little friend?"

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the landlord to himself, with a frightened face, while the dwarf "grinned horribly a ghastly smile" from ear to ear.

"So much, my good sir, that I would strongly advise you not to go near it, unless you wish to catch something worse than the plague. There have been others—our worthy host there, whose teeth, you may perceive, are chattering in his head, can tell you about those that have tried the trick, and——"

"Well?" said Sir Norman, curiously.

"And who have never returned to tell what they found," concluded the little monster, with a diabolical leer. And as the landlord fell, gray and gasping, back in his seat, he broke out into a loud and hyena-like laugh.

"My dear little friend," said Sir Norman, staring at him in displeased wonder, "don't laugh, if you can help it. You are unprepossessing enough at best, but when you laugh, you look like the very (a downward gesture) himself!"

Unheeding this advice, the dwarf broke again into a unearthly cachinnation, that frightened the landlord nearly into fits, and seriously discomposed the nervous system even of Sir Norman himself. Then, grinning like a baboon, and still transfixing our puissant young knight with the same tiger-like and unpleasant glare, he nodded a farewell, and in this fashion, grinning and nodding and backing, he got to the door, and concluding the interesting performance with a third hoarse and hideous laugh, disappeared in the darkness.

For fully ten minutes after he was gone, the young man kept his eyes blankly fixed on the door, with a vague impression that he was suffering from an attack of nightmare; for it seemed impossible that anything so preposterously ugly as that dwarf could exist out of one. A deep groan from the landlord, however, convinced him that it was no disagreeable midnight vision, but a brawny reality; and turning to that individual, he found him gasping, in the last degree of terror behind the counter.

"Now, who in the name of all the demons out of hades may that ugly abortion be?" inquired Sir Norman.

"O Lord, he merciful; it's Caliban; and the only wonder is he did not leave you a bleeding corpse at his feet!"

"I should like to see him try it. Perhaps he would have found that is a game two can play at. Where does he come from and who is he?"

The landlord looked over the counter and placed a very pale and startled face close to Sir Norman's.

"That's just what I wanted to tell you, sir, but I was afraid to speak before him. I think he lives up in that same old ruin you were inquiring about — at least, he is often seen hanging around there; but people are too much afraid of him to ask him any questions. Ah, sir, it's a strange place, that ruin, and there be strange stories afloat about it," said the man, with a portentous shake of the head.

"What are they?" inquired Sir Norman. "I should particularly like to know."

"Well, sir, for one thing, some folks say it is haunted, on account of the queer lights and noises about it sometimes; but again, there be other folks, sir, that say the ghosts are alive, and that he"—nodding toward the door — "is a sort of ringleader among them."

"And who are they that cut up such cantraps in the old place, pray?"

"Lord only knows, sir. I'm sure I don't. I never go near it myself; but there are others who have, and some of them tell of the most beautiful lady, all in white, with long, black hair, who walks on the battlements moonlight nights."

"A beautiful lady, all in white, with long, black hair! Why, that description applies to Leoline exactly."

And Sir Norman gave a violent start and arose to proceed to the place directly.

"Don't you go near it, sir," said the host warningly. "Others have gone, as he told you, and never come back, for these be dreadful times, and men do as they please. Between the plague and their wickedness, the Lord only knows what will become of us!"

"If I should return here for my horse in an hour or two, I suppose I can get him?" said Sir Norman, as he turned towards the door.

"It's likely you can, sir, if I'm not dead by that time," said the landlord, as he sank back again, groaning dismally, with his chin between his hands.

(To be continued.) 1439.

PATERNAL WISDOM.

Good Advice From Pa Caused a Youth to Hustle a Bit.

"My father was a nice, level headed old gentleman," said a Washington man who has struck his gait and settled down after a few years of continent wide tumultuousity, when they were all telling hard luck stories the other night, "but he was addicted occasionally to a savage sort of humor. 'Member that time I got the western fever, about ten years ago? Well, I went west. The old gentleman gave me $300 with which to go west and get sick thereof, and off I started. He said to me before I started:

" 'Young fellow, I know whereof I talk, and I tell you that I wouldn't give 20 cents for all the west that the setting sun ever shone upon. But, go ahead. Shoot your wad. Go on out west.'

"Well, as I say, away I went. I was broke by the time I got to Chicago. I wired the guv'nor for $50 and got it. I wired him for $50 more when I reached Cheyenne and got it. When I reached Sacramento I wired him for another $100: got it. About a week later I woke up one morning on the sands of the Pacific ocean in front of the Hotel Del Norte, Monterey, without a soumarkee. I wired a collect message to the guv'nor, saying:

" 'Broke on the brink of the Pacific.

"In a couple of hours I got the old gentleman's reply. It read:

" 'Keep right on going west.'

"That was all—no mun, no nothing. Translated, the message just invited me to walk into the seething waters of the misnamed Pacific and submerge myself. Well, it was a good thing, that dry message. I hoofed it to San Francisco, got a job and went to work, and I took a tumble to myself from that time on."

A Fine Investment.

Talking about possible damage to the fruit crop recalls a little story.

A few years ago, during a severe "spell" in April, a peach grower came to town and said:

"I saw icicles on my peach trees this morning. I'll sell out the chances of the whole business for $25."

A citizen took him up on that proposition, planked down the money and received a deed to that year's crop.

It was certainly bad business on the peach grower's part, but he was "game" and wouldn't back out.

That year the man to whom he sold out realized $700 on his $25 investment. But he and the peach grower were never seen to shake hands afterward. They didn't get along well together

His Wonderful Popularity.

"My book," said the author proudly, "has passed to its third edition."

"Amazing! And how many copies in each edition?"

The author lowered his voice. "Well," he said, "it's a state secret, but I don't mind telling you. The first edition was 50 copies, the second 25, the third 15. But you needn't tell the world about it. I'll take care of that myself."

Beauty Everywhere.

Little Eph—Mammy, who was Venus?

Mammy—Fo' de law's sake! I knows so many Venuses! Venus Jonsing, Venus Smiff, and—look heah, chile, yo' must be mo' splicit.

Crisis Not Past.

He—Your husband is much better, I hear?

She—Oh, yes! The doctor has recommended him to ride a bicycle, and he is doing it

"Oh, then he's not out of danger yet!"

A Change of Heart.

"Would you give your seat to a lady in a street car?" she asked of the man who prides himself on being a bear

"Yes, I would gladly," he answered, "if I could find the street car."

AMERICA'S NEW GUN.

WHAT UNCLE SAM WOULD FIGHT WITH IF HE WENT TO WAR.

The United States has just adopted for use in the army and navy a gun capable of greater rapidity of fire than any gun of the same calibre and class in existence. The new weapon is a six-pounder, and by that is meant that it fires a shell weighing six pounds, though the cartridge complete weighs about fourteen pounds. The extraordinary rate of fire of sixty shots per minute has been obtained from the new gun in firing tests. Heretofore the best work recorded for a six-pounder has been at a rate of fire of 22 shots per minute.

The secret of the firing prowess of the new weapon lies in the semi-automatic character of its mechanism. When guns

LOAD AND FIRE THEMSELVES

without any other assistance than the placing of the initial load in the bore and in the maintaining of pressure on the trigger they are known as "automatic weapons." When the gun ejects its empty cartridge case and opens its breech as the result of the recoil occasioned by the firing of the weapon it is termed "semi-automatic." The new six-pounders are of the latter type.

Ordinarily only two men are necessary to work the semi-automatic gun, one to aim and fire and one to load, but where great rapidity of fire is demanded additional men are detailed to the piece who serve in the capacity of ammunition passers. Working with a total crew of six men, or for maximum conditions eight men, the ammunition can be fairly shovelled into the gun

LIKE COALS INTO A FURNACE.

One shot per second means an almost continuous roar from the piece, and this four men are capable of effecting. The action of the gun's crew as it tosses ammunition from one member to another demands the greatest precision and nicety of judgment. The slightest overthrow or miscalculation would break the otherwise perfect action of the crew.

The most exacting work is demanded of Gunner No. 2. He it is who shoves the cartridge home, and there must not be the slightest hitch in the movement. He fairly throws the projectile with its case and charge into the breech. The shell rings home, and as it does the rim of the brass case brings up sharp against the base of the bore, and also in contact with a couple of steel attachments, which, acting under the sudden shock, cause the breech block to fly up vertically, and the gun is loaded. The instant Gunner No. 1, who is aiming, hears the click of the closing breech block he fires, and

THE ACT OF FIRING

causes the gun to open automatically the breech block and eject the empty cartridge case. Scarcely has the empty case left the breech when Gunner No. 2 tosses home a new cartridge. There is another sharp click, another fire, and again the breech is open for a new cartridge The rapidity with which the fire can be kept up depends wholly on the expertness of the gun's crew in tossing home ammunition.

Officers of the army and navy are speculating as to the amount of ammunition which would in all probability be expended in action when these new semi-automatic pieces are employed. The comparatively slow-firing six-pounders of the American fleet before Santiago succeeded in expending on July 3, 1898, something like

SEVEN THOUSAND SHELLS.

It is pretty safe to assume that had semi-automatic weapons been employed there would have been fired in the same time two and one-half times as many shots. It was the six-pounder ammunition at Santiago which so early in the fight drove the Spanish gunners from their pieces. Had the six-pounder fire been intensified, as would have been possible had semi-automatic weapons been employed, it is fair to presume that the action would have ended in even shorter time than it did.

DOT NAUGHTYMOBILE.

Dot naughtymobile vagon
Vot runs der streets aboudt,
I never ride alretty yet
In him ven I go oudt.

So ven I vatch him chase himself
I recollection me,
To take mine frau dot wagon on
To pleasure me und she.

But now, I dinks, I made mistook,
For ven I see Katrine
She looks der face all over black
Because of dot machine.

It makes mine hair stand straight right oop,
Mine frau shake in her boots,
I run like red-hot lightnings quick,
Or ven you "shoot der chutes."

Der wheels is wrapped mit garden hose
Vots filled mit vind, und so
Der driver he yust lets it loose,
To make der vagon go.

Its queerness—sometimes always yet
It droubles me to saw
Such vonderments. Dot vagon turns
"Gee," rightaway, or "Haw."

Und I would not surprised be
If I would vake some day
To hear of some improvements vot
Vill make der ting eat hay.

Budt my experience frightens me
Und I let people dalk,
For ven I ride dot vagon more
I guess, by jinks—I valk.

THE STORY OF A GREAT ESCAPE.

"The Battle of Trafalgar" is described in a stirring letter written by Captain Cumby, of the Bellerophon, and recently published for the first time. Many hand grenades were thrown on board the Bellerophon from L'Aigle while the ships were closely engaged.

"One of these grenades had been thrown in at the lower deck port, and in its explosion had blown off the scuttle of the gunners' store-room, setting fire to the store-room, and forcing open the door into the magazine passage: most providentially this door was so placed with respect to that opening from the passage into the magazine that the same blast which blew open the store room door shut to the door of the magazine, otherwise we must all in the ship inevitably have been blown up together. The gunner, who was in the store-room at the time, went quietly up to Lieutenant Saunders on the lower deck, and, acquainting him the store-room was on fire, requested a few hands, with water, to extinguish it: these being instantly granted, he returned with them and put the fire out without its having been known to any person on board except to those employed in its extinction."

Sure to Be Violent.

"I suppose," said the philosophic observer, "that we will all take great pleasure in telling about the storm of 1899 in future years."

"I won't dare talk about it," said the man who wanted to go down town and couldn't. "I'll never be able to phrase my remarks in such a way as to make it a permissible topic."

Fatal Blunder.

Squallop (who has just received his commission as a justice of the peace)—Miss Wellup, when you make up your mind it is not good for woman to be alone I want the job of marrying you.

Miss Wellup—La, Mr. Squallop, how unconventional you are! Well, go and ask papa.

A CHRISTMAS WITHOUT PRESENTS!

Who can imagine it?

Every day of our business life we are THINKING HARD, and puzzling out the momentous question, as to how we can offer something OUT OF THE COMMON LINE to the discriminating taste of our customers.

*

At this time of the year you are probably on the look-out for something in the way of Presents. They must be uncommon and tasty, or you feel that you are not doing the best in the matter of selection.

*

For this Season's Novelties we have

BEEN TO ENGLAND.

We have imported something new in Fancy Goods and Novelties suitable for presents for Christmastide, and we have the greatest confidence in inviting inspection—merely remarking that

Early Shoppers get the Best Selection.

*

We have also

BEEN TO JAPAN

for Chinaware and Novelties.

Nothing gives more of an artistic effect to the Dining-room than fine Chinaware, and our collection is without a peer.

* * *

Before buying you should certainly inspect our stock. Nobody pressed to buy. All invited; only COME EARLY.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT

AND

BUANGOR.

THE WAR.

FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.

TERMS OF SURRENDER FINALLY SIGNED.

JAPANESE OCCUPYING THE FORTS.

RUSSIAN OFFICERS LIBERATED ON PAROLE.

The commissioners signed the terms of surrender at Port Arthur last Monday night. The Japanese are already occupying several of the forts at Port Arthur. The Russian officers and officials are returning to St. Petersburg on parole, and are being allowed to retain their swords.

Colonel Kartzkoff, commander of the first-class Russian torpedo-boat destroyer, Vlastny, which escaped from Port Arthur to Chifu, in the course of an interview with a newspaper correspondent gives a thrilling account of the last days of the great siege. He stated that Port Arthur fell by reason of the exhaustion of the men and ammunition, coupled with the effective use of artillery and tunnels by the Japanese. "The Russians," said the captain, "were literally shelled out," and he proceeded to relate a ghastly instance of the destruction wrought by the terrible fire preceding the capture of 203-Metre Hill. General Kondratchenko, commander of the seventh division of the Siberian Rifles, and seven other officers were discussing their plans in a casement of the principal fort of Metre Hill. An 11-inch shell suddenly burst, and the general and all the other officers were killed instantly. Captain Kartzkoff went on to say that General Stoessel on Sunday last, at the grand council of war, still wanted to fight on, that he might fulfil his promise to the Czar not to surrender Port Arthur. The other generals replied that it was impossible, as the men were going to sleep standing up, and prevailed upon the gallant commander to capitulate.

A vivid description of the fighting which preceded the surrender is supplied by the Port Arthur correspondent of the "Daily Mail." The end, he says, came with dramatic suddenness. For five days the fortress had been surrounded by an unceasing hail of fire. The assaults on the eastern side were renewed on Saturday evening with amazing vehemence, and were persisted in all night. The Russians resisted stubbornly, but were over-weighted, and slowly driven back, leaving the town open to attack. On Sunday morning Wantai was stormed, after a bloody struggle of six hours. When it fell, many of the Russians surrendered, and began to explode their magazine and warships.

General Stoessel's despatch of the 28th December intimated that he was only able to resist a few days longer.

The news of the surrender of Port Arthur fell as a thunderbolt on Russia. It was at first disbelieved, and then accepted with quiet resignation and almost relief.

Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Ambassador in London, admits that the surrender in no way affects the glory of the splendid defence. The question of peace, he says, now rests entirely with Russia. Baron Suymatsu, a special representative of Japan in England and on the Continent, says that considering the nature of the fortifications Port Arthur was reduced at comparatively small cost. Blockade runners, he maintains, were treated too leniently by Japan. They ought to have been regarded as spies.

The French press, while applauding the stoic heroism of the defence of Port Arthur, consider that the capture will produce an overwhelming moral effect in the Far East. It will appeal to the yellow races as the awakening of their solidarity, and the withdrawal of Europe before them will now seem no mere possibility, but a reality. General Nogi's success, the papers think, is also bound to exercise crushing weight in the future military operations between the two powers.

The agreement for the capitulation of Port Arthur stipulates that the fortress, ships, arms, ammunition, materials, and all Government property shall be surrendered. It is understood that the soldiers will be interned in Japan. The plans of the forts and of the torpedoes and mines, and the naval lists, are also to be given up. In the event of any property being destroyed or injured by the Russians after the signing of the agreement, the Japanese regain full liberty of action. All soldiers, sailors, volunteers, and officials become prisoners, but, owing to their brave defence, the military and naval officers and the civil officials may retain their arms and their private property of immediate necessity to life. They are also allowed to return to Russia on parole. The agreement was signed at 20 minutes to 10 on Monday night, and at noon on Tuesday the forts at Itzushan and Antzushan were surrendered.

"The Times" says that the terms amount to an unconditional surrender, tempered by military honors for the officers. According to the "Daily Mail" correspondent at Port Arthur, the Japanese first insisted on an unconditional surrender, but as the Russians refused to concede this, the Japanese yielded something to them.

The Russians think that the capture of the fortress cost Japan 200,000,000 yen (about £20,000,000).

The newspapers in Tokio make strong comments upon the conduct of General Stoessel in causing warships in Port Arthur Harbour to be blown up during the settlement of the terms of surrender. This action is contrasted by the Japanese journalists with the magnanimity exhibited by the Mikado in directing that the honors of war should be accorded to the garrison. The hospital ships Kasan and Mongolia are also afloat.

Three Russian torpedo launches succeeded in escaping from Port Arthur, and taking refuge with the destroyers, which preceded them in the flight from the harbour, at Chifu.

The Czar has suddenly returned to St. Petersburg.

Admiral Enelkersahm's squadron has been seen off the Bay of Passandova, Madagascar, and Admiral Rosdestvensky's squadron in Adontil Bay (?). Cruisers supposed to be Japanese have been sighted in the vicinity of Reunion and Diego Suarez.

(Reunion is an island under French control east of Madagascar, and Diego Suarez is a harbour in the island of Madagascar.)

The "Standard" correspondent states that Admiral Togo intends to force the Baltic fleet to fight or return to Europe.

Beaufort Police Court.

THURSDAY, 5TH JANUARY, 1905.

(Before Messrs W. Dickson, P.M., and M. Flynn, J.P.)

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.

A woman named Jessie Ferguson, a stranger to the district, was charged by the police with being drunk and disorderly on 4th inst., and also with behaving in an offensive manner, the latter consisting of having her clothing disarranged whilst lying drunk in the street. She admitted the drunkenness, but did not remember anything else. She said she had come from the other side of Stawell, expecting to get a situation as cook, as she had good testimonials, and now wanted to get away to Ballarat, although she had not enough money to pay her railway fare, and would have to walk there. The accused, when arrested, had 1s. 6d. As she had not been before the court before, and promised to leave the town, she was discharged with a caution.

VACCINATION CASES.

Several cases in which parents were proceeded against under the Compulsory Vaccination Act were withdrawn, as the law had been complied with since the summonses were issued.

CYCLING AT NIGHT WITHOUT A LIGHT.

William Miles was charged with riding a bicycle without a light at Beaufort on 19th November. Defendant did not put in an appearance. Constable Deeley gave evidence to the effect that at about 10 p.m. on the date mentioned he saw Miles riding a bicycle without a light along the Ararat road. The night was not dark, but fairly light. When he asked him his name defendant did not seem disposed to give it until witness said he would have to be arrested. He had since seen Miles, who told him he was a new arrival from Western Australia and did not know he had to carry a light. He had gone to Melbourne to undergo an examination.

The P.M. asked the police to withdraw the case under the circumstances, and Senior-constable Nicholson consented.

CARRIERS' LICENSES.

Carriers' licenses were granted to Mrs M. McIntosh and Richard Sitter.

CARELESS USE OF FIRE.

A bricklayer named Thomas Kydd and his two sons, George and William, with another lad named Patrick Callender, were charged with having, at the Trawalla Estate, on 4th December, left a fire in the open air before it was thoroughly extinguished. They all pleaded guilty.

According to the statement of Senior-constable Nicholson, it appeared that the defendants had been on a fishing excursion at the Emu Creek, on Admiral Bridges' Trawalla Estate, on Sunday night, 4th ult., and lit a fire on the bank of the creek at a very dangerous place, where the grass was very dry all around, and left it without being properly extinguished. There was another matter, which he did not wish to be used against defendants, as it had been settled by Admiral Bridges, and compensation paid for the damage done, and that was that the fence had been broken down and the rails used to replenish the fire. As this was a case of public importance, proceedings had been taken to show the seriousness of the offence, not with a view to getting them severely punished, but to act as a warning to other people who might be similarly inclined. He read statements from each of the defendants, containing admissions of the offence, and giving as a reason for not putting the fire out that they thought it was safe through being close to the water.

William Smith, a boundary rider, employed on Trawalla Estate, gave evidence of having visited the scene of the fire on the 6th, and said that if a fire was left there it would be dangerous to property, as it was practically on the edge of the grass. It must have been a fairly large fire, as nine rails and four posts had been taken out of the fence and used during the night. The fire was four yards from the creek. The grass—barley grass, of a combustible nature—was very short, but dry, and fire would go over it very quickly. It was about a mile from the home station and in a hidden portion of the run.

The age of George Kydd was given as 17 years, of William as 16 years, and of Callender as 19 years.

Thomas Kydd pleaded that being ill the lads persuaded him to go fishing, and through his illness the fire was lit, as the harness had broken, and they could not get away before daybreak. He considered it was only 6 feet from the creek that the fire was.

Senior-Constable Nicholson said Mr Smith's evidence was correct, as he and Mr Smith had measured the distance with a tape.

Kydd said there was no danger of the fire getting away, as it was on the creek side, and the grass was quite green and short, and he did not believe it would burn if it were tried. He was not a child, and knew whether a fire was safe or not. Only a handful of hot ashes had been left, and if he had thought there was any danger he would have put them out; in fact, the fire was nearly out when they left.

The P.M. remarked that it was never safe to leave a fire, as the wind would soon scatter it and make it dangerous. The penalty was very heavy, defendants being liable to a fine of £100, or to be sent to gaol for six months.

Kydd said it had already cost him 34s, all but threepence, to pay for the fencing, and he had not averaged 15s a week since the beginning of last year. Callender had also paid his share (11s 3d). He had never been in court before. It was just a temporary illness—a bilious attack. He had to leave his employment, a fairly good job, to-day. The elder boy drove a whim, and the younger helped him.

Callender said he was feeding a battery at the Barbon.

Senior-Constable Nicholson said Kydd was a respectable, hardworking, industrious man.

The P.M. wondered that he had not known better than to leave a fire. If he had gone out drunk he could have understood it. If he had a fence himself he would make enough noise if anyone came and burnt it, and perhaps let the sheep out and cause a lot of annoyance.

Kydd said it was not like a fence that would keep anything out, as it had been broken down before he went there.

The P.M.—It is not a fence now that you have done for it.

The P.M. remarked that if each of the defendants were fined £10, it would be a warning to them all their lives. Kydd said they would never be able to pay it. He had a family to keep, and pleaded poverty.

The P.M. said Kydd could consider himself very fortunate that he had been able to settle with the owner of the land, and pointed out that the fires that had lately happened had caused immense damage to property. As the police did not press for a heavy penalty, Thos. Kydd was fined £1, or seven days' imprisonment, and the lads were each fined 5s, or 24 hours' imprisonment, three weeks' time being allowed in which to pay the fines.

A CAUTION ADMINISTERED.

Patrick Callender and Roy Thompson some time ago were charged with insulting behaviour (fighting in the street), and the case was adjourned to see how they conducted themselves in the meantime. The police now said that, taking it altogether, the boys had behaved themselves very well. They were discharged with a caution, the P.M. specially warning Callender that, having had two chances, he would not get off with impunity if he offended again, and that he had better take it to heart and make up his mind to behave himself.

OLD AGE PENSION.

Mary Ann Smith applied for an increase from 5s 6d per week in her old age pension and was recommended an increase to 7s per week.

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS' of Mountain Flax. Agreeably Aperient. Worthy of trial.

The following members were appointed to the Country Fire Brigades Board for the ensuing term of two years, viz.:—Government representatives—Messrs J. Sternberg, William Wallace, and W. B. Grose. Insurance Companies—Messrs A. Campbell and Thomas B. Bell. Municipal Councils—Messrs H. A. Crawford and T. Casey; and for the brigades, Messrs J. Lynch, jun., and A. Pinkerton.

CAUTION!

Persons when travelling should exercise care in the use of drinking water. As a safeguard it is urged that every traveller secure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy before leaving home, to be carried in the hand baggage. This may prevent distressing sickness and annoying delay. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

CLARKE'S 41 B PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, Gravel and Pains in the Back. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

E. R.

NELSON PROVINCE.—BEAUFORT DIVISION.

THE General List for the above Division is now printed, and a copy may be inspected, free of charge, until the day appointed for revision, the 18th January, 1905, at my office, and at every Post-office within the Division.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar.

Beaufort, 29th Decr., 1904.

Funeral Notice.

THE friends of MR. HENRY BENDING are respectfully requested to follow the remains of his son, WILLIAM THOMAS, to the place of interment, the Beaufort Cemetery.

The funeral will leave Mr. Bending's residence at half-past 3 o'clock this afternoon.

A. H. SANDS, Undertaker.

FOR SALE, PONY, Single-seated BUGGY, and HARNESS. W. GIBSON, Beaufort.

Beaufort Jockey Club.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held at the Mechanics' Institute on WEDNESDAY evening next, 11th inst., at 8 o'clock, to fix the date of the annual races and elect officers, etc. A full attendance of members and intending members is requested.

A. PARKER, Secretary.

SONS OF FREEDOM JUNCTION GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort.—A CALL (the 20th) of Threepence (3d.) per share has been made on the capital of the above-named company, due and payable to the undersigned, at the company's office, Lydiard-street north, Ballarat, on Wednesday, 11th January, 1905.

A. J. PEACOCK, Manager.

SCHEDULE A.—[RULE (4b).]

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within ten days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan an application for a Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of applicant or applicants, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on—Edward Milligan; "Sons of Freedom Consols G.M. Co."

Full address of each applicant—Victoria Avenue, Ballarat.

Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—2675 acres; both on and below the surface.

Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as the applicant has been able to learn— — Jess, senr., Middle Creek; J. Starr, Eurambeen; M. Kelly, Eurambeen; W. Gibbons, Raglan; W. Welsh, Raglan; D. Panther, Raglan; J. Wotherspoon, Beaufort; E. Stevens, Raglan; R. Stevens, Raglan; G. Clarke, Middle Creek; E. Welsh, Raglan; W. G. Stevens, Beaufort; J. Panther, Raglan; W. Hall, Raglan; A. Ball, Raglan; J. Ball, Beaufort; P. Millan, Raglan; J. Ryan, Raglan; T. Welsh, Raglan; T. Caulfield, Eurambeen; M. O'Brien, Eurambeen.

Full description and precise locality of the ground—West and south of the Sons of Freedom Junction mine, Raglan.

Term required—Fifteen years.

Time of commencing operations—On the granting of the lease.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road, or subject to any public rights—None.

General remarks—None.

Date and place—5th January, 1905, Raglan.

The metals or minerals for the winning of which this application will be made are—Gold.

If for gold, state whether it is intended to work for quartz or alluvial—Both.

If of private land state whether a prospecting area is required—No.

Signature of Applicant—E. MILLIGAN.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President of the Shire of Ripon, and enclosing five per cent. cash deposit (minimum deposit £1, in cash or marked cheque), will be received up till 11 a.m. on Monday, 9th January, 1905, for the following works:—

Contract 279.—Supply of Ironmongery to the Shire for a period of twelve months.

Contract 280.—Supply of Timber to the Shire for a period of 12 months.

EAST RIDING.

Contract 281.—Supplying 150 cubic yds. bluestone maintenance metal on roads Ballarat, Carngham, and Beaufort.

Contract 282.—Construction of two Monier Pipe Culverts on the Snake Valley and Smythesdale road.

NORTH RIDING.

Contract 283.—Forming, draining, &c., parish of Raglan.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Mechanics' Institute, Skipton; Greyhound Hotel, Snake Valley; and Shire Hall, Beaufort.

E. J. MUNTZ, B.C.E., Shire Engineer.

Shire Office, Beaufort, 30th December, 1904.

A CARD.

CLEGG & MILLER,
ARCHITECTS,
LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

J. B. COCHRAN,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

Wishes to thank his numerous customers for past favours, hoping for a continuance of same, and wishing them all a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year, with health and prosperity. He has just opened up a large assortment of choice Toys, Xmas and New Year Cards, Perfumery and Fancy Goods.

At very Moderate Prices. Come and see.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

IN thanking my many customers for the liberal support accorded me for the past number of years, I beg to announce that I have, this 2nd day of January, 1905, sold the well-known Boot business so successfully carried on for the past 45 years, to Mr. R. J. THUSTAIN (who has been in my employ for the past 4½ years), and trust the same support will be accorded to him.

W. INGRAM.

I BEG to announce to the Public of Beaufort and district that I have purchased Mr. W. Ingram's well-assorted stock of Boots and Shoes at considerably under cost price, and am therefore in a position to sell same at exceptionally low rates. The business in future will be carried on by me. All kinds of Boots and Shoes made to order, and Repairs neatly and cheaply executed. Satisfaction guaranteed. A trial solicited.

R. J. THUSTAIN.

Thanks.

MRS. DE GRAAFF wishes to tender her heartfelt thanks to all those who assisted in any way in the recent effort on her behalf, and Dr. Eadie for his constant and untiring attention, free of charge, to her late husband, during his illness.

EMILY DE GRAAFF.

Waterloo, 29th Decr., 1904.

FOR SALE—Double-seated BUGGY, in first-class order.

WM. C. PEDDER, Blacksmith, Beaufort.

Mrs. MULLINS,
MIDWIFE,
LATE OF CASTERTON,

HAS taken Mr. Halpin's house (next door to Mr. McKeich's). Ladies accommodated indisposition. Medical attendance. Terms moderate. Will also attend ladies at their own homes. Address Post Office, Beaufort.

Here's Your Chance.

OUR MR. E. H. ROGERS WILL OPEN

Sale and Sample Room,

NEILL-ST., BEAUFORT,

From 23rd inst.

Special Lines from all Depts...

NOTE.—GREAT VARIETY OF XMAS. AND NEW YEAR GIFTS...

Any Order you may favor him with will receive our best attention....

Yours faithfully,

Lincoln Stuart & Co. Proprietary Ltd.,

General Outfitters, Household Furnishers, &c., &c.,

Flinders Street, Melbourne.

Baker and Rouse

PROPY. LTD.

Largest and Most Complete Stock of

PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS

In the Commonwealth

Cameras from a few shillings

Up-to-date AMATEUR OUTFITS at all prices

MANUFACTURERS OF

"AUSTRAL" DRY PLATES & PRINTING PAPERS

The Best on the Market

Importers of Edison Phonographs and Records. Optical Lantern Goods

Illustrated Catalogue posted free on Application.

260 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE

WHEN ORDERING MENTION THIS PAPER

Furniture OF EVERY KIND.

Wall Papers 200 DISTINCT PATTERNS.

.. PICTURES .. AN ARTISTIC SELECTION.

Crockery, IN DELICATE DESIGNS.

Linoleums, A GREAT VARIETY.

Anything You Require,

Hawkes Bros. Have it.

We Can Supply.

Fenders, WITH FIRE-IRONS TO MATCH.

Glassware, A DAINTY SHOW.

Dinner and... ...Tea Sets, NEW SHAPES & COLORS.

Wire Mattresses, COOL AND RESTFUL.

Bamboo Blinds ALL SUN-PROOF.

The Ironmongers, BEAUFORT.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1416 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1905. | PRICE THREEPENCE

A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.

GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.

2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET

FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.

GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.

SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.

COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.

WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY

AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.

REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Address—

GEORGE PAYNE,
WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,
BALLARAT
(Two doors down Sturt-street from the Post Office.)

FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS
(Late Wm. Baker),
UNDERTAKER,
Opposite the State School,
HAILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,
Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Picture Framer.

A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

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

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 is 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 way. If the printer gets a few pounds worth of printing and advertising 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 L3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis L1 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 loan of 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 Despatch.

Bear in mind that

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.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—it cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For

SCROFULA,	BAD LEGS,
SCURVY,	BLOTCHES,
ECZEMA,	SPOTS,
BLOOD POISON,	BLACKHEADS,
ULCERS,	PIMPLES,
SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES,	and SORES OF ALL KINDS,

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

TRIED MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNTIL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Mr F. E. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Row, Chester, writes:—"Just a line in favour of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"—June 13, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr W. G. Weston, care of Messrs Knott, of 49, Essex-street, Kingsland-road, N.E., writes:—"Gentlemen,—"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from eczema and an irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. While an out-patient at one of the big London hospitals a doctor informed me that my disease was the result of looking after foreign horses. I have had as many as thirty horses under my care, my father being a horsedealer and jobmaster. He (my father) was speaking one day to a friend of mine who mentioned that he was being cured of an ulcerated leg, due to a horse-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I continued, however, to suffer until April 4 last, when my friend told me he was completely cured. Then I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myself, and I am now completely cured, after suffering and being disfigured for several years. I am able to follow my employment, and am very pleased to think there is such a valuable remedy obtainable for such a small sum. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case."—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES

Mr James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an out-patient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make whatever use you like of this letter."—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.—"We have seen hosts of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, in which the writers acknowledge the benefit they have received from Clarke's Blood Mixture, which as a curative agent cannot be too highly estimated, since it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition." This is a good testimonial from the *Family Doctor*, the popular medical weekly, which goes on further to say:—"It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science and skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

RE MINING LEASES.

It is notified for general information that applicants for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J.'s.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridges. Fourth Tuesday.—Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Beggs.

THROAT AFFECTION AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight" cold, or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

GENERAL PRINTING
AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,
"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	... 8 and	4.50
Ballarat ...	... 8 and	4.50
Geelong ...	... 8 and	4.50
Trawalla ...	... 8 and	4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

Ararat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. (including Sundays.)

Stawell ... 11.50 } 8 p.m. Sundays, Middle Creek, 11.50 } Tuesdays, and Murtoa .. 11.50 } Thursdays. Buangor ... 11.50 }

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

English mail per Mail Steamer, via Adelaide, 8 p.m. every Wednesday.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan ...	... 9.15
Waterloo ...	... 9.15
Waterloo S.,	... 9.15
Main Lead, ...	... 9.15
Chute ...	... 9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.	
Nerring ...	... 9.15
Lake Goldsmith	... 9.15
Stockyard Hill	... 9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Enrambeen ...	... 12.45
Shirley, ...	... 12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—12.20 p.m. daily and 8.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat daily at 7 a.m., 12.20 and 8.40 p.m.

From Ararat, Stawell, Middle Creek, and Murtoa.—5.30 p.m. daily. Ararat, Stawell, and Buangor, 8.30 a.m. daily.

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Enrambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

Office is open daily for transaction of postal and telegraph business, sale of stamps and postal notes from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

From 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., Saturdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SAVINGS BANK.

From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. for receiving deposits only.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

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

Of you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Besides dere ish dese differences: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can somedimes shenerally always make der advertising come right avay quick off, all der year round, mit some moneys.—Joseph.

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

TAKE
BEECHAM'S
PILLS

To avoid Indigestion

That distressed feeling is simply a poorly-working stomach—it needs a little help—but no matter how bad it may be, a dose of BEECHAM'S PILLS will SPEEDILY GIVE RELIEF. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS for a few days and the trouble will disappear.

To Cure Sick Headache

Sick headache means an overtaxed stomach and a derangement of the digestive organs. BEECHAM'S PILLS have proved themselves a boon for removing that distressed feeling and discomfort. A dose will remove the immediate cause, and if repeated for a few days will enable your system to work normally.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes.
Price 1s. 1½d. (56 Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills.)

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,
SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER
SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.

All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

We have resolved to REDUCE the SUBSCRIPTION to "THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" (with which is published 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per quarter, in trust that this concession will be appreciated and taken advantage of.

The Advertising Rates have also been considerably reduced, and advertisers will find it to their benefit to avail themselves of the columns of "The Riponshire Advocate," which is the only newspaper that is printed and published within the boundaries of the Shire. As the advocate of the interests and for the welfare of this district, it has a claim for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of Beaufort.

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

Business man—"You remember that 'ad.' I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again." Editor—"Why, I thought you said no one noticed it while it was in." Business man (humbly)—"They didn't seem to until I took it out." The mere fact of your advertising lets people know you are still in business; also that your business is sufficiently important to stand advertising. If you are in business you cannot afford to do without advertising, as it is too much of an admission to the world at large.—Extract from an interview with a man who has profited by newspaper advertising.

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to or run and advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, bill-heads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for getting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give it your job printing.

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWSAGENT, BOOKSELLER, and STATIONER, begs to announce to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district that he is Sole Agent for the *Argus*, *Age*, *Herald*, *Star*, *Courier*, Melbourne *Punch*, Sydney *Bulletin*, *Riponshire Advocate*, *Leader*, *Weekly Times*, *Australasian*, *Australian Journal*, *Sportsman*, and all other Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts, by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all Melbourne and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agent advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Wotherspoon & Co.

STEVENSON BROS.,
BUILDERS
AND
CONTRACTORS,
HAVELOCK STREET,
BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

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

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

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

Very few are too poor now-a-days to take their country paper, and it is false economy to try and get along without it. Hardly a week passes that something or other does not appear in its columns that will be of financial benefit to the subscriber, and by the end of the year he had made or saved or won twenty times the subscription paid for it. The city papers don't take the place of the country ones, though some people appear to think they do. The city papers are all right in their way, but they do not give you that in which you are most interested—your country news. You cannot learn from them when and where your country meetings are to be held, who are dying or who are marrying, who are moving in or who are moving out, court proceedings, who wants to buy or sell farm or land produce, in fact hundreds of things of which it might be of particular importance for you to know. If you can afford to take only one paper, by all means take the one that is published in the country or district where you live. It will cost you less, and thereby you will be assisting yourself and keeping the money in the district.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

A country paper kindly supplies this beautiful simile:—"You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

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

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

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

"The Riponshire Advocate",

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

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

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

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

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

And another writer has said that—

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

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,
Printer and Publisher,
LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS.
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILLHEADS, POSTERS,
DELIVERY BOOKS
DRAPERS' HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c.

PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE
AT MELBOURNE PRICES.
Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing
Of Every description executed at the
"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE"
OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING
ON REASONABLE TERMS

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPTS
DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.
Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

Drapery, Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

COUGLE'S

UP-TO-DATE STORE. . . Filled with New and Up-to-Date Goods. . .

When you want anything in

DRAPERY,

COME TO US.

Our GOOD VALUE is our Best Friend, as it speaks our Praises louder than Words.

Ladies, Inspect.
OUR STOCK OF
MILLINERY, BLOUSINGS, DRESSES, &C.
WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

Ladies, Inspect.
THIS IS THE BEST PLACE FOR
CHOICE GOODS.
Our Prices are the Lowest.

LATEST NOVELTIES, NEWEST GOODS, In All Departments.

G. H. COUGLE,
The People's Draper,
Havelock St., BEAUFORT.

W. H. HALPIN,
* AUCTIONEER, *
HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, AND VALUATOR.

Highest Prices given for Produce of all kinds. Loans negotiated.
Money to Lend on Land.

MONTHLY STOCK SALE,
Thursday, 19th Jan., 1905.

Agent for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manure.
SEVERAL LINES OF SHEEP FOR SALE.
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT—Live Stock and Vehicles Insured.

CAMP HOTEL,
BEAUFORT.

The above Hostelry having changed hands, the present Proprietress wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and no effort will be spared to make customers comfortable.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.
FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/-
Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

First-class Groom always in attendance. Stabling Free. Horses and Vehicles on hire.

The Proprietress trusts that with every attention, combined with civility, she will receive a fair share of patronage.
—A TRIAL SOLICITED.—
M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Notice to Advertisers.

OWING to the inconvenience caused by Advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue.

In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees.

Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday.

A. PARKER, Proprietor.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 15TH JANUARY, 1905.

Church of England.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.—Lay Helper. Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Trawalla, 3.15 p.m.; Beaufort 7 p.m.—Rev. A. J. Pearce.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Raglan 3 p.m.—Rev. H. Yeo. Chute, 3 p.m.; Ararat 7.30 p.m.—Mr W. G. Davis. Main Lead, 3 p.m.—Mr. Brown.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Chute, 7.30 p.m.—Mr A. McLeod. Waterloo, 7.30 p.m.—Mr J. M. Carroll. Lexton, 11 a.m.; Waterloo 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. F. McQueen (of Skipton).

PHOSPHOL EMULSION

(Finest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda).

A Very Valuable Remedy for DISEASES of the CHEST, MINERS' COMPLAINT & GENERAL WEAKNESS.

A Free Sample Bottle will be sent upon receipt of 4d. to cover Postage.

Obtainable of all Chemists.
PRICE, 2s. BOTTLE.

ROCKE, TOMPSITT & CO.,
Flinders St., Melbourne.

RICHARDS & CO.,
The Leading and Fashionable Ballarat
PHOTOGRAPHERS.
GRAND NEW EXHIBITION OF HIGH-ART PHOTOGRAPHS.

Read Press Opinions. . . .
"The Ballarat Courier" says:—"The Xmas show at Richards and Co.'s studio surpasses all previous efforts in artistic photography yet produced by this progressive firm."
"The Ballarat Star" says:—"Each picture is marked by originality, artistic taste, and skill, which makes the picture in each case a masterpiece."
All the Latest Styles in Artists' Proofs, Aristo Platinos in Sepia and Blue; and the Newest Styles of Bridal Portraits.
Richards & Co.'s Studio has become quite famous for their Bridal Pictures.
Bridal Veils, Bouquets, Wreaths, etc., kept at the Studio.

Richard & Co.'s Famous Studio,
23 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr J. W. HARRIS,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, REGISTERED DENTIST, AND DRUGGIST,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT.
Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.
HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS.
Homeopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, R.D.S.,
Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,
HAVELOCK-STREET, BEAUFORT,
May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Teeth fitted accurately in vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.
PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teeth extracted painlessly with cocaine ether chloride of ethyl, laughing gas, &c.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—
HAVELOCK-STREET
(Next Mechanics' Institute),
BEAUFORT.

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,
Barrister and Solicitor,
Proctor and Conveyancer,
BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits.
TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

A. N. A.,

BEAUFORT BRANCH,
Meets at 8 p.m. on TUESDAY next, at the SOCIETIES' HALL.
Syllabus Item.—Debate, "Should Branch hold a Musical and Elocutionary Competition?"
All meetings open to the public.
W. T. HILL, Secretary.

THE
Ripon shire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1905.

We regret to record the death of Mr Thos. H. Wilson, miner, of Beaufort, from cancer, at the Ballarat Hospital on Thursday, at the age of 43 years. He leaves a widow and four children, and his remains are to be interred in the Beaufort Cemetery at 3 p.m. to-day.

The infant son of Mr and Mrs John McCracken, aged four weeks, died somewhat suddenly at Raglan on Thursday night from the effects of the heat.

Harry Batten, a farm hand engaged by Mr John Lancey, on the plains of Yalla-y-Poora, whilst following a binder on 6th inst, was bitten by a snake on the left leg. Mr Lancey promptly cut a piece out of Batten's leg, sucked the wound well and applied a ligature, after which the patient was driven into Beaufort, a distance of 20 miles, and successfully treated by Dr. G. A. Eadie.

Henry Dunn, a boy of about 16 years of age, the son of Mr Henry Dunn, farmer, of Middle Creek, was riding a pony on Friday week, when it reared and threw its head back, striking the lad in the jaw, loosening some of his front teeth, and causing a considerable slit in his tongue. The cut was stitched up by Dr. G. A. Eadie, of Beaufort.

A meeting of the Beaufort Mechanics' Institute committee was held on Tuesday evening. Present — Messrs S. Young (president), Breen (secretary), J. Jackson, Eastwood, Carroll, D. F. Troy, Menzies, and Dr. Eadie. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. A letter was received from the Chief Secretary's office, forwarding cheque for £12 12s 8d, Government grant. The secretary stated the grant was £11 5s last year. He also reported that the balance to their credit in the bank was £26 13s 9d, including £9 14s 9d billiard takings to 31st December (10 weeks), leaving the ordinary balance £16 19s. The president and he had also paid off Hawkes Bros.' account of £13. This was added to the following accounts, which were passed for payment:—J. B. Cochran, £3 2s; E. Schlicht, 9s. In accordance with the usual custom, the Revs. A. J. Pearce and R. McGowan were, on the motion of the president and Dr. Eadie, elected honorary members of the Institute. It was decided to adopt Dr. Eadie's suggestion and open an account in the Savings Bank, with the billiard table receipts; the syndicate who purchased the table to receive the balance on hand quarterly. The secretary stated that about a tin of kerosene a fortnight was being used for the billiard table, which was a little more than it took to light the rest of the Institute. He also said the levels of the billiard table had gone if very much, and he had asked Mr Sands for an estimate of the cost of putting in box blocks. The president stated that the manufacturer expected the table would settle down, and left some wedges to put under it. The secretary to get Mr Sands, on motion of Messrs Eastwood and Carroll, to make the table level by wedging it up; Mr Sands to also repair some chairs, on the suggestion of Mr Troy. The secretary was instructed to call the committee meetings for the 1st Tuesday in the month when the regular meeting clashed with that of the Natives. The secretary submitted for the information of the committee a balance-sheet for the past year, showing the receipts to have amounted to £139 0s 6d and the expenditure to £122 1s 6d, thus leaving a credit balance of £16 19s. The liabilities were £3 2s. The billiard takings amounted to £9 14s 9d, and £85 was owing on the table. He enumerated a number of increases in revenue, the principal being £7 in subscriptions.—Received and referred to auditors for examination and report, on motion of Messrs Carroll and Menzies. Mr Eastwood moved that the annual meeting be held on Tuesday, 7th February. Seconded by Dr. Eadie, and carried.

A big grass fire broke out on Tuesday near Streatham, owing, it is reported, to a traveller, while boiling his billy, letting the fire away. It first burnt towards Skipton, then the wind, changing to the east, altered the fire's course. A thousand acres of grass were burnt in Blythvale station. Mr Russell had a narrow escape, and but for willing helpers his wheat would have been burnt, the fire coming within 200 yards of it.

A fire broke out between nine and ten on Wednesday morning, in a house owned by Mr Falconer at Carngham, and everything was destroyed. Half an hour previously, the place was apparently safe, but the strong north wind blew a pane of glass out of the window, and then, it is supposed, blew live ashes out of the fire-place. Mr Falconer was away, and the neighbours did all they could to save the place, without avail. Everything was lost, including a sum of money, and there was no insurance. The grass caught fire, and it was only with difficulty that the fire-fighters prevented the flames spreading over the neighbouring property.

Three small bush fires have occurred in this district since our last issue, but fortunately were extinguished before much damage was done. On Saturday night, at 11 o'clock, some Stockyard Hill residents, going home from Beaufort, discovered a fire on the Mawallok Estate. It had been left by a swagman near the road, caught the grass, and got into the paddock. About 30 acres of grass was burnt. On Sunday a fire was noticed just as it broke out in Mr Jas. Grant's 20-acre paddock on the ranges at Waterloo, but it was extinguished before it had had time to get away. No damage therefore was done. The previous day 15 acres of grass was burnt. On Monday a fire broke out in Mr John Robertson's paddock at Waterloo. About 100 people were quickly on the spot, and the fire was got under control after about an acre of grass was burnt. The thermometer from Monday to Friday registered up to 101 degrees.

The practice of allowing cattle to graze on the roads without proper regulation or control is a great nuisance, not only to the traveller, but to the occupiers of land adjoining roads. These straying cattle frequently break down fences along the roads, and obtain access to the paddocks on either side. The owner or occupier of the land thus trespassed upon is often reluctant to impound, because he fears to cause unpleasant relations between himself and his neighbour. At present, no man has any more right than another to graze his cattle on the public roads, but in many rural districts some men practically establish a monopoly in road grazing, and turn their cattle out whether they have grass on their own paddocks or not. It has been suggested as a remedy for this grievance (says the "Age") that licenses should be issued by the Lands Department for the right to graze on the public roads under regulations which would prevent the practice from becoming a nuisance.

LINEED COMPOUND. The "Stockport" Remedy for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

A cheap excursion train to Melbourne will be run from Beaufort on Wednesday, 25th inst., in connection with the A.N.A. great fete at the Exhibition building and grounds, Melbourne, on 28th and 30th inst., to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the Commonwealth. Tickets and all information may be obtained from local station; the time of departure and fares are advertised in another column.

Mr Andrews has shown us a letter received from Mr D. S. Oman, M.L.A., stating that Mr McLeod will fix the date of his visit to Beaufort as soon as he possibly can. Mr Oman promises to write later as to the exact date.

LINEED COMPOUND, the "Stockport" Remedy for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years proven efficacy.

The anniversary services in connection with the Stockyard Hill Presbyterian Church are to be held to-morrow at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., the preacher being the Rev. R. McGowan, of Beaufort. On Wednesday evening a high-class concert will be held in the Church. The following well-known artists have consented to contribute towards the programme, viz.: Misses Jean Rorke, Amy Andrews, and Rose Eccles, L.I.C.M.; Messrs J. R. Wotherspoon, J. Hastie, B. Carthew, A. McLean, and others. The prices of admission are 2s and 1s.; children half-price.

The highest shade temperature for many years past at Beaufort was registered yesterday, viz., 101 degrees. This extraordinary heat was in a large measure due to the bush fires surrounding the town. Calls were received from both Raglan and Trawalla, and a large number of men went to both places to assist in fighting the fire. It was reported that Mr C. Dunn's house at Graveyard Hill, and also Mr Jamieson's, had been burnt to the ground, but the report lacks confirmation. It is certain that many thousands of acres of grass and miles of fencing, besides fencing, have been destroyed. At 7 o'clock last night the fire was within a mile of Waterloo. No houses had been burnt at that time, but two were saved with difficulty. The Trawalla fire also travelled through Ercildoune and Langi-Kal-Kal stations, and passed on to Carngham.

"LINEED COMPOUND," for Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Jockey Club was held at the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday night. Present—Mr Sinclair (president), Dr Eadie, Messrs O'Sullivan, Broadbent, Woodfine, Vowles, Hellyer, Parker, H. Jaensch, and W. H. Halpin. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. With regard to Mr Loft's motion, that a meeting be called in October to decide on a day on which to hold the races, and to consider the advisability of changing the site of the racecourse, the president said that as two meetings had lapsed in October for want of a quorum, and it was evident the members did not want the races held on New Year's Day, he had instructed the secretary not to call a meeting till after the holidays. After a conversational discussion, it was decided on the motion of Messrs Woodfine and Broadbent to hold races on the present course on a date to be fixed. Mr Broadbent then moved that the races be held on Friday, 17th March. Seconded by Mr Vowles, and carried. The election of office-bearers resulted as follows:—President, Mr Sinclair (who was pressed to accept the position, Mr Halpin and Dr. Eadie declining it); secretary, Mr Halpin (Mr Parker declining re-election); judge, Mr McKeich; clerk of scales, Mr O'Sullivan; clerk of course, Mr Jas. Vowles; starter, Mr C. Loft; handicapper, Mr A. Vowles; treasurer, Mr J. R. Wotherspoon; timekeeper, Mr Stokell; committee, Crs. Flynn and Stewart, Drs. Eadie and Jackson, Messrs C. W. and G. Vowles, J. W. Harris, A. Holdsworth, H. F. Watkin, C. Broadbent, Hellyer, F. Rogers, J. E. Loft, Welsh, Hancock, Prince, C. W. Jones, Couple, T. Schlicht, H. Jaensch, W. Kelly, W. Lynch, R. G. Kirkpatrick, Bravo, Woodfine, T. Sands, Parker, and Ridgwell; stewards, Dr. Eadie, Messrs Jaensch, Woodfine, Broadbent, G. Vowles, Parker, and Welsh. Messrs Sinclair and Halpin returned thanks for the honor conferred upon them. A hearty vote of thanks was, on the proposition of Dr. Eadie, seconded by Mr O'Sullivan, accorded Mr Parker for his services as secretary during the past 14 years; Mr Parker returning thanks. The following programme of races was adopted:—Maiden Plate, of £5, half-a-mile; Welter Handicap, of £7, five furlongs; Handicap Trot, of £4, two miles; Beaufort Handicap, of £12, one mile; Pony Race (14.1 hands), of £5, six furlongs; Flying Handicap, of £5, half-a-mile; Hack Race, of £3, half-a-mile, weight to be 9st., and winner to pull a ton 300yds. Nominations for all events except Trot and Hack Race close on Wednesday, 1st March. The secretary was instructed to register the meeting under the V.R.C. The secretary and Messrs Jaensch and Parker were appointed to inspect the course and report to next meeting as to the work required. Messrs O'Sullivan and Welsh were appointed local handicappers. A sum of £1 was passed as petty cash to the secretary, who was instructed to get the same printing done as last year, and the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chair.

LINSEED COMPOUND." Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

A case of alleged incendiarism is to come under the notice of the Supreme Court next week. John Hehir, of Trawalla, is charged on criminal summons with having set fire to a four-roomed weatherboard house, the property of Jeremiah Collins, of Sailor's Gully, on the 24th ult. It is alleged that the house, which formed a portion of the estate of a relative of Hehir, was sold to Collins only a few days prior to the fire. It is further alleged that Hehir was engaged to remove some furniture from the house, and that shortly after he left the fire broke out, and the house was destroyed. Detectives Rogerson and Senior-Constable Nicholson have enquired into the matter, with the result that the summons has been served on Hehir.

Mining News.

All Nations Consols.—Troy and party—Driven reef drive 190 feet in advance of No. 1 shoot. Now driving incline crosscut for wash, same in 10 feet. Blocking and panelling up No. 1 shoot in fair dirt. Yield, 15oz. Grant and party Stripping back south end with fair results. Yield, 6oz. 0dwt. 18grs. Adamthwaite and party—Driving and blocking with fair returns. Yield, 7oz. 7dwts. Morris and party—Machinery completed; will start bailing to-day. Saddleir and party—Prospecting in improved wash. Yield, 2oz. Full yield, 30oz. 10dwts.

Sam Slick, Beaufort.—Sunk main engine shaft to 119 feet in good sinking reef. Blocking on wash in the old shaft with poorer returns. Yield, 10oz. 18dwts.

Sons of Freedom Junction, Raglan.—Main south advanced 17ft. for week; total from shaft, 111ft.; in tight slate country, giving out a little more water.

The following are the reported yields for the week ending last Saturday:—All Nations Consols—Troy and party 13oz. 9½dwt.; Adamthwaite and party 6oz. 2dwt.; Sam Slick Company—Jaensch and party, 5oz. 12½dwt; Last Chance, 3oz. 15dwt.; Sons of Freedom, 4oz. 5dwt., 15gr; Brown's Company, 15oz 12 dwt.; average 13oz.

Ripon shire Council.

MONDAY, 9TH JANUARY, 1905.

Present—Crs. Stewart (voted to the chair), Slater, Sinclair, Roddis, Flynn, Beggs, Lewis, and Stevenson.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Under-Treasurer, asking payment of £39 16s 7d, interest, etc., on water supply loans to 31st ult.—Included in pay-sheet.

From F. G. Prince, Beaufort, W. Kelly, Eurambeen, and W. B. Wright, Snake Valley, applying for renewal of slaughtering licence.—Granted under usual conditions.

From Constable P. W. Brown, Snake Valley, reporting that the slaughteryards of Messrs David Brown (of Chepstowe) and Walter Wright (of Snake Valley) were clean, well drained, and in good order.—Received.

From Rabbit Inspector Percy Bowker, asking if it would be convenient for the council, for the convenience of landholders, to order a supply of rabbit poison, as it assists very much to facilitate the work of vermin destruction in the district.—No action taken, on motion of Crs. Slater and Flynn, the latter stating that when poison was similarly procured before it was kept for years and not applied for, and was ultimately handed over to the managers of the Beaufort Common.

From Secretary Municipal Association of Victoria, forwarding for councillors copies of report of annual session and legal opinions and decisions of Supreme Court on questions affecting municipalities.—Received.

From Constable J. McDonald, Skipton, asking for secretary's signature under Cr. Stewart's to form to get an old man named James Kelly into the Benevolent Asylum.—Form to be signed, on motion of Cr. Slater (who had known the applicant for 20 years and certified to his being a fit subject for admission), seconded by Cr. Sinclair.

From A. Parker, secretary Beaufort Athletic Club, intimating that gate receipts at sports were £59 11s 6d, forwarding cheque for £5 19s 1d, percentage charge made by council, and asking for refund of same in accordance with resolution of council when application was made by the club for use of park.—The secretary said there was the question of payment of the gatekeeper's fee (£1) to consider. He did not know whether the council would deduct it or not. Cr. Sinclair thought that under the circumstances, as the club had done a lot to improve the park and put the track in excellent order, the whole of the amount should be refunded, and moved accordingly. Seconded by Cr. Flynn. Cr. Boggs was of a contrary opinion, thinking it fair to the Athletic Club to deduct the gatekeeper's fee, and moved as an amendment that that amount be deducted. Seconded by Cr. Roddis. Cr. Sinclair asked the council to remember that 12 months ago there was an accident on the track, and that £40 had been spent in improvements by the council and the Athletic Club, which was the only club that gave them any money. The secretary said some others did also. Cr. Sinclair—Very little. This club held sports every year in the interests of the town, and it was only splitting straws to deduct the £1. The amendment was carried; only Crs. Sinclair, Flynn, and Lewis supporting the motion.

From S. W. Wallace, Director of Agriculture, intimating that the Department will refund half of the money expended by municipalities in the destruction of starlings, subject to conditions as stated, the price to be paid to be 6d per dozen.—Received.

From Shire of Ararat, stating that this council will agree to the lowering of the "V" at the division of the waters into the Middle and Buangor creeks, provided an equal distribution of the water be given to the two creeks, as was proposed by this council when this matter was previously under consideration.—Received. Cr. Flynn remarked it was useless to say anything, as it was quite clear the Ararat shire Council did not mean to do any work there, and it was also clear that they did not mean to adhere to the conditions drawn up by their predecessors under which the quantity of water to be distributed was allotted. They must know that Ripon Council had no power to alter it. It would be very nice for some councillors of the Ararat shire to have half the water, but he for one would not consent to it. Cr. Sinclair agreed with Cr. Flynn that it was a matter of impossibility to give Ararat shire half the water, because in doing that they would make themselves liable. He moved that a copy of the letter be forwarded to Mr Liston. Seconded by Cr. Roddis, and carried. Cr. Flynn thought it would be necessary for this council to take some steps for a final settlement of this question, and was afraid that under the circumstances they would be compelled, unfortunately, to move against Ararat shire. It was useless to get further legal opinions, and as the damages were apparently increasing with every flood, he did not think that ratepayers who were suffering would much longer sit quietly by and wait. Cr. Lewis agreed with Cr. Flynn, and moved that a report be brought up by the North Riding members. Cr. Beggs pointed out that 25 years ago the land in question was a swamp, and as it was now being cultivated he could not see how the damages were increasing. Cr. Flynn remarked that the more the country was inhabited and cultivated the quicker the floods came down, and consequently the more damage was done. This land now being washed away was the flower of the farms. Cr. Sinclair referred to a promise made by Ripon shire to lower the "V," but that Ararat shire would not allow them to do so unless they gave Ararat half the water. Ararat shire was therefore more responsible for the damage than Ripon shire. Cr. Beggs said the main fact remained that before the "V" was formed the land was untouched by a plough. Cr. Stewart seconded the motion, which was carried.

From Postmaster-General's Dept., per Hon. Thos. Skene, M.P., forwarding copy of reports submitted to Deputy Postmaster-General, Melbourne, regarding the desirability of providing improved accommodation for the transaction of public business at the Beaufort post-office, and stating the Minister has approved of the recommendation that the improved accommodation be provided, and action is being taken accordingly. The proposed alteration is to partly remove partition wall, put up proper counter, and fix folding door at the entrance from street to minimise the draughts.—Received, and, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Roddis, a letter of thanks be tendered to Mr Skene for his action in the matter.

From Chas. Bradshaw, Skipton, stating that he had been summoned for stealing metal. He did not reckon he stole it, as his man took it in daylight, as he had seen others take metal at times. His engine was bogged in his yard, and as he could not shift it he thought the best thing to do was to get some metal, not thinking he was doing wrong. He had explained to Cr. Slater that he had about 50 yards of metal at Streatham, about four chains from the Ripon shire boundary, and was willing to give 20 yards for what his man has taken or tip the same quantity where the metal was taken from.—No action taken, on motion of Crs. Sinclair and Stevenson; the council having previously given instructions to the engineer to prosecute, and the case coming off at Skipton on Wednesday. [As Bradshaw did not appear at the court a warrant was issued for his arrest.]

From A. Nicholson, health inspector, reporting that he had visited the slaughter-houses and yards of this district several times during the past year and all of them during December. Some of the slaughter-yards were not as cleanly kept as he should liked to have seen them on former visits, but they have all complied with his instructions since, and are all in fair condition now. In fairness to Mr Pitcher, of Raglan, he must say that he found his slaughteryard clean and in good order on each occasion he visited it. In future he intended to rigorously enforce the act as regards the cleanliness of slaughteryards, particularly the town and district generally, and certainly would give no further warnings. He would apply to the council for a summons against any person he might find offending from this time. He trusted this report would prove sufficient notice to all concerned. He was quite satisfied that the council would support him in this action. He recommended that the whole of the slaughtering licenses be renewed, viz., Holdsworth's, Pitcher's, Kelly's, and Prince's.—Received, and Senior-Constable Nicholson to be thanked for his vigorous report, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Roddis.

From A. Parker, Beaufort, offering to supply stationery at much cheaper rates than are at present being paid, if allowed the loan of a sample of each article required, guaranteeing quality to be equal to sample.—In answer to Cr. Flynn as to why tenders had not been called, as per resolution carried at last meeting, the secretary said that no stationery was required, as an order had already been given, and he understood the resolution to apply to the future. Cr. Flynn wondered the secretary had not mentioned that at last meeting when the resolution was carried. The secretary said he could not cancel the order already given. The resolution having been read, Cr. Flynn said the council had no explanation as to why tenders had not been called. The secretary said the explanation was given, and asked what more was needed. Cr. Flynn thought that explanation should have been given at last meeting, and that it was time the council exercised its authority over the officers. When the council carried a resolution, there should be some account given as to why it was not carried out. Now the secretary gives a casual excuse. Mr Carroll—It seems a reasonable one to me. Cr. Sinclair thought no time had been specified for calling for tenders. Mr Parker would be put on the same footing as other firms. If the officers did not require any stationery it would be a farce to call for tenders now. He moved that the letter be received, and that Mr Parker be given the required information. Seconded by Cr. Flynn, and carried.

From A. Parker, Beaufort, stating he was sorry to have to complain of the insanitary state of the drain at the intersection of Pratt and Lawrence streets, but in the interests of public health it was absolutely necessary that more attention be paid to this vile-smelling spot. On Friday afternoon last the drain was cleaned out and flushed; the filth that was shovelled out it being left at the side of the drain to fester and stink for 24 hours before being carted away. Such gross neglect of the ordinary precautions for the preservation of good health was, he thought they would agree with him, a disgrace to the town, and his object in directing their attention to it was to prevent a recurrence thereof.—Consideration deferred till the health officer was present; the engineer stating the correspondent was wrong—he meant the facts were wrong.

From J. Corbett, Skipton, asking permission to enter F. Craig's paddock at Cheptstowe and Mr Russell's paddock at Carngham to obtain material for contract.—Permission granted, on motion of Crs. Slater and Beggs.

Postponed application of W. R. Greenwood, on behalf of a company of working miners, to mine under the road at the foot of Mopoke Gully and on the eastern and southern boundary of the Beaufort goldfields reservoir.—Considered with engineer's report.

From Jas. Whitla and 18 ratepayers, Snake Valley, calling attention to a syndicate having obtained, or is likely to obtain a license to dredge for gold in that branch of Baillie's creek which runs through Snake Valley and Carngham. As residents lower down the stream they view with alarm the grave danger of contamination to their water supply if steps are not taken to retain the sludge and prevent it being washed down in times of flood. The creek water is all they have to depend on for their stock and if dams and lagoons become silted up the loss to them will be very serious, and travelling stock will also suffer, as there are several water reserves along the creek largely used as camps by drovers. They prayed that the council would instruct the engineer to inquire into the matter, and on receiving his report that they would take such steps as he may consider necessary to guard against what may be a serious nuisance, while dredging operations are continued, and a permanent injury to the channel of Baillie's Creek.—Referred to engineer, and attention of Mines Department to be also called to the matter.

FINANCE.

The following accounts were passed for payment on the recommendation of the Finance Committee:—Salaries, £39 11s 8d; Mrs Hill, £1 10s; G. Carver, 15s; Municipal Association, £4 4s; fox rewards (advance to secy.), £5; postage advance, £5; President's quarterly allowance, £13; W. G. Stevens, £8 1s 8d; Government of Victoria, £39 16s 7d; A. Parker, £6 6s 6d; Country Fire Brigades' Board, £2 10s; D. D. Cameron, 12s 6d; J. Daly, £5 9s; C. Wright, £8 18s 4d; J. Whitfield, £10 10s; C. Ball, £9 13s 4d; W. Edward, 6s 3d; J. Danks & Son, £4 10s 6d; W. Buchanan, £2 2s 9d; E. Schlicht, £1 0s 2d; H. F. Watkin, £1 15s; T. Nugent, £10 10s; J. Wilson, £5; A. Corrigan, 13s 6d; J. McIntyre, 18s 8d; T. Cleveland, £5; R. A. Brown, £1 6s 8d; J. Tait, £8; R. Ward, 15s; J. Gillespie, £10 6s 6d; W. Ingram, 10s 5d; Broadbent Bros. and Co., £19 9s 5d; W. O'Sullivan, 10s 6d; W. C. Pedder, £2 13s 9d; H. M. Stuart, £3 14s 7d; B. A. Stuart, 7s 6d; S. George, £10; Stevenson Bros., £4 17s 6d. Deposits—Hawkes Bros., £5; Thos. Haggis, £4 16s 8d; W. T. Hayward, £4 6s 11d. Total, £267 11s 4d.

REPORTS.

The engineer (Mr E. J. Muntz, B.C.E.) reported as under:—

(1). In reference to W. R. Greenwood's application to mine under road, the shaft, if sunk, would be well within the catchment area of the Beaufort Park reservoir, and should not be allowed. (2.) I submit for approval of the Council return of reserves in the Shire, not already held under license. (3). As I require a fresh supply of general conditions of contract, I have, in accordance with the resolution of the Council as I understand it, invited prices from different firms which I now submit. (4). I have made up schedule for ironmongery contract in accordance with instructions received from the Council, with the exception of a few small items, which could not be conveniently included. I would point out to the Council that the effect of this last resolution will probably be the Shire paying increased prices for the goods that are required. (5). I have had repairs effected to the bank of Beaufort Park reservoir, but have not dealt with the question of removal of fences. I do not consider this necessary, and would suggest that it be referred back to the Department. (6). Several contracts have been advertised; tenders returnable this meeting.

Clause 1.—In answer to Cr. Sinclair, the engineer said the sludge was almost sure to go into the reservoir; even after the men had left, there was danger of its being washed in, as they were right on the edge of the water. They did not know when they might want to use the water. When the Beaufort Common was cut up they had applied for a V-piece to be reserved, so that the reservoir would not be polluted. The men were not mining there. Cr. Flynn moved that no action be taken, but at the same time he thought the engineer should keep an eye on the men to see that no damage was done to the reservoir. Withdrawn. The engineer's action was endorsed, on the motion of Crs. Beggs and Lewis; the former stating the lake was in the care of the council, whose duty it was to protect it; an amendment by Crs. Sinclair and Flynn, that this council feel unable to give the necessary permission to mine under a road, and to inform applicant that if the water is polluted the council will take action at once, being only supported by the mover and seconder and Cr. Roddis. Clause 2.—Adopted, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Sinclair. Clause 3.—Dealt with in tenders. Clause 3.—In reply to Cr. Flynn, the engineer said he required the conditions of contract adopted. Cr. Flynn remarked that it was known full well that by calling tenders for one item they would get a cut price, and he was surprised to find that a special contract had been made for printing this line, while other items of stationery had been left out. The engineer replied that it was not a contract, but a quotation. Cr. Flynn said a resolution had been carried for tenders to be called for stationery, but it had not been done. He did not know whether it was because the officers felt that councillors were treading on their ground or whether they wanted to flout the opinions of councillors. It would have been better if they had prepared schedules and called for tenders as instructed, instead of taking this action. It did not say much for the management of the offices if the two officers could not say what they required for six months. Why was this not delayed till the schedules for stationery were prepared and tenders for the whole lot called at once? Cr. Sinclair considered this should not be included in stationery, but in printing, and understood the work had always been done at the local printing office before. He did not believe in sending everything to Melbourne, and was going to stick up for the town he lived in. The secretary said that most of their printing was done locally. But they must remember the officers had got instructions to deal in the cheapest market. Cr. Sinclair—That is Arnall and Jackson. The secretary—Not altogether. They could not carry out the resolution to get it done locally when they could get it cheaper in Melbourne. The engineer, in answer to Cr. Flynn, said the officers had no desire to flout the wishes of the council, as this action showed. No harm had been done, for if the council wished to have this printing done locally they could still do it, but they could not expect the local man to compete with big firms in Melbourne. The secretary stated that the office expenses last year, referred to by Cr. Flynn at last meeting, amounting to £46 13s 4d, did not include printing and stationery, and that stationery only amounted to £20 13s 11d. Stationery included certain printing, such as forms; in fact, it was very hard to distinguish between printing and stationery. Cr. Flynn said there was no overlooking the fact that certain instructions had been given at last meeting, and no explanation had been given about it. He repeated that the council should be been told that stuff had been ordered for 12 months before the resolution was carried. The secretary said he understood the resolution applied for future time. Cr. Flynn demanded the production of the invoice to see when the stationery had been ordered. Cr. Lewis moved that Cr. Flynn see it after the council meeting, and that they proceed with the next business. Seconded by Cr. Slater, and carried; Cr. Flynn stating he was entitled to see any document he wanted to. The engineer then read the quotations, a Ballarat and Melbourne firm quoting £2 17s 6d, another Ballarat firm £4 5s, and the local printer £8 10s. Cr. Sinclair moved, and Cr. Slater seconded, that Mr. Parker's price be accepted. The engineer said that the work was required once in five years, and that previous to this Mr Parker had done it without question. Upon the motion being declared carried, the engineer said the officers were in a worse position than ever in face of the resolution to deal in the cheapest market. Cr. Sinclair said that seeing they had a quotation of £4 5s from a big Ballarat firm he thought they should encourage the local man. They had quite enough centralisation as it was. Cr. Beggs thought at the same time the local man should come down to the lowest price. The secretary said the position was that the officers did not know where they were, and did not know how to expend £2. Cr. Sinclair replied that as to not knowing where they were, they brought forward prices and were instructed to get the work done by Mr Parker. Surely that was sufficient for them. Cr. Flynn asked why tenders were called at all, and Cr. Beggs replied, "because the officers knew the councillors." Cr. Beggs said he was getting angry at the way things were being done. The officers were instructed to buy in the cheapest market, and yet every time they brought anything before the council this was not carried out, but the work was given to a local man. While no one was more pleased than he that the local man had got it, still he hated this shilly-shally way of doing things. The Chairman said that a mistake was made in calling tenders at all; it should have remained as it was in the past. The subject then dropped. Clause 4.—The engineer said he had to leave out small items which were not likely to be required, and, if they were, would only cost 5s. To Cr. Flynn—They certainly would not be ordered indiscriminately. Clause 5.—The engineer's suggestion to be carried out, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Lewis.

TENDERS.

Supply of ironmongery to the Shire for a period of twelve months.—Hawkes Bros., £68 2s 3d (accepted); Ballarat Hardware Co., £69 19s 10d.

Supply of timber to the Shire for a period of 12 months.—Three tenders, of which only Hawker Bros. was on the proper form. Cr. Flynn maintained that the council was not justified in throwing away £20 on a technicality, and moved that the matter be allowed to stand over for a month to see if McVitty & Son would sign a schedule at rates tendered at. Not seconded; Cr. Slater contending that it should be treated as informal, and the engineer also considering the council would make a mistake in accepting any tender that was not on the proper form, as had been done last year, when they were only quotations and not tenders. Mr Muntz also stated that he did not believe in tenders being called for, as he could buy timber at cheaper rates. Cr. Slater moved, and Cr. Lewis seconded, that Hawkes Bros.' tender be accepted. Cr. Flynn moved as an amendment that McVitty & Son's tender be accepted. Seconded by Cr. Stevenson. Upon this being negatived, Cr. Flynn moved as a further amendment that no tender be accepted, and that the matter of ordering timber be left to the engineer. This was carried, only the mover and seconder supporting the motion.

Supplying 150 cub. yds. bluestone maintenance metal on the Ballarat, Carngham, and Beaufort road.—J. Corbett (accepted), £40 16s 8d; R. A. Brown, £42 10s.

Construction of two Monier pipe culverts on the Snake Valley and Smythesdale road.—R. Butisell & Co. (accepted), £32.

Forming, draining, &c., parish of Raglan.—H. F. Watkin (accepted), £28 6s; J. Carmichael, £30 1s; Thos. Broadbent, £31 10s 6d

e bank of Beaufort Park
ot dealt with the question
I do not consider this
d suggest that it be referred
ent. (6). Several contracts
d; tenders returnable ...

swer to Cr. Sinclair, the
sludge was almost sure to
ir; even after the men
as danger of its being
y were right on the edge
ey did not know when
to use the water. When
mon was cut up they had
ce to be reserved, so that
d not be polluted. The
ining there. Cr. Flynn
ion be taken, but at the
ight the engineer should
men to see that no dam-
e reservoir. Withdrawn.
ion was endorsed, on the
ggs and Lewis; the former
as in the care of the coun-
t was to protect it; an
Sinclair and Flynn, that
able to give the necessary
under a road, and to in-
t if the water is polluted
ake action at once, being
the mover and seconder
Clause 2.—Adopted, on
nn and Sinclair. Clause
nders. Clause 3.—In re-
, the engineer said he
ons of contract ...
d that it was known ...
ling tenders for one item
ut price, and he was sur-
at a special contract had
ting this line, while other
had been left out. The
hat it was not a contrac...
Cr. Flynn said a resolu-
ed for tenders to be call d.
it had not been done. He
ther it was because the
councillors were t ending.
whether they wanted to
of councillors. It would
if they had prepared
ed for tenders as instruct-
king this action. It did
the management of the
fficers could not say what
six months. Why was
till the schedules for sta-
pared and tenders for the
t once? Cr. Sinclair con-
d not be included in sta-
nting, and understood the
been done at the local
re. He did not believe in
g to Melbourne, and was
for the town he lived in.
that most of their print-
ly. But they must remem-
l got instructions to deal
rket. Cr. Sinclair—That
son. The secretary—Not
could not carry out the
t done locally when they
per in Melbourne. The
ver to Cr. Flynn, said the
ire to flout the wishes of
this action showed. No
done, for if the council
his printing done locally
it, but they could not ex-
an to compete with big
e. The secretary stated
penses last year, referred
t last meeting, amounting
not include printing and
nt stationery only amount-
Stationery included cer-
h as forms; in fact, it
distinguish between print-
ry. Cr. Flynn said there
the fact that certain in-
en given at last meeting,
n had been given about it.
the council should be
ff had been ordered for 12
e resolution was carried.
d he understood the reso-
future time. Cr. Flynn
duction of the invoice to
tionery had been ordered
that Cr. Flynn see it after
ng, and that they proceed
iness. Seconded by Cr.
; Cr. Flynn stating he
any document he wanted
then read the quotations,
Melbourne firm quoting
r Ballarat firm £4 5s, and
r £3 10. Cr. Sinclair
Slater seconded, that Mr.
accepted. The engineer
was required once in five
revious to this Mr Parker
ut question. Upon the
ared carried, the engineer
were in a worse position
of the resolution to deal
arket. Cr. Sinclair said
had a quotation of £4 5s
rat firm he thought they
the local man. They had
ralisation as it was. Cr.
t the same time the local
down to the lowest price.
d the position was that the
how where they were, and
to expend £1. Cr. Sin-
as to not knowing where
rought forward prices and
get the work done by Mr
that was sufficient for
asked why tenders were
Cr. Beggs replied, "be-
s knew the councillors."
e was getting angry at the
being done. The officers
to buy in the cheapest
every time they brought
the council this was not
the work was given to a
le no one was more pleased
local man had got it, still
illy-shally way of doing
airman said that a mistake
ng tenders at all; it should
it was in the past. The
ped. Clause 4.—The en-
d to leave out small items
kely to be required, and,
uld only cost 5s. To Cr.
any would not be ordered
Clause 5.—The engineer's
arried out, on motion of
wis.

TENDERS.

ongery to the Shire for a
onths —Hawkes Bros., £68
Ballarat Hardware Co., £69
to the Shire for a period of
tenders, of which only
on the proper form. Cr.
that the council was not
away £20 on a technical-
at the matter be allowed to
onth to see if McVitty & Son
edule at rates tendered at.
Slater contending that it
s informal, and the engineer
e council would make a mis-
any tender that was not on
s had been done last year,
y quotations and not tenders.
ted that he did not believe in
d for, as he could buy timber
Cr. Slater moved, and Cr.
hat Hawkes Bros.' tender be
on moved as an amendment
Son's tender be accepted.
tevenson. Upon this being
n moved as a further amend-
r be accepted, and that the
timber be left to the engin-
rried, only the mover and
g the motion.
o. yds. bluestone mainten-
Ballarat, Carngham, and
orbett (accepted), £40 16s
32 10s.
Monier pipe culverts on
d Smythesdale road.—R.
232.
, &c., parish of Raglan.—
ccepted), £28 6s; J. Car-
es. Broadbent, £31 10s 6d

(All Rights Reserved.)

THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK.

A ROMANTIC NARRATIVE OF LOVE, TERROR AND DESPAIR.

PART 4.

The night was profoundly dark; but Sir Norman knew the road and ruin well, and, drawing his sword, walked resolutely on. The distance between it and the ruin was trifling, and in less than ten minutes it loomed up before him, a mass of deeper black in the blackness. No white vision floated on the broken battlements this night, as Sir Norman looked wistfully up at them; but neither was there any ungainly dwarf, with two-edged sword, guarding the ruined entrance; and Sir Norman passed unmolested in. He sought the spiral staircase which La Masque had spoken of, and, passing carefully from one ancient chamber to another, stumbling over piles of rubbish and stones as he went in, he reached it at last. Descending gingerly its tortuous steepness he found himself in the mouldering vaults, and as he trod them, his ear was greeted by the sound of faint and far-off music. Proceeding further, he heard distinctly, mingled with it a murmur of voices and laughter, and through the chinks in the broken flags, he perceived a few faint rays of light. Remembering the directions of La Masque, and feeling intensely curious, he cautiously knelt down and examined the loose flagstones until he found one he could raise; he pushed it partly aside, and lying flat on the stones, with his face to the aperature, Sir Norman beheld a most wondrous sight.

"Love is like a dizziness," says the old song. Love is something else—it is the most selfish feeling in existence. Of course I don't allude to the fraternal or the family, or any other such nonsensical old-fashioned trash that artless people still believe in, but to the real genuine article that Adam felt for Eve when he first saw her, and which all who read this—above the innocent and unsusceptible age of 12—have experienced. And the fancy and the reality are so much alike that they amount to about the same thing. The former, perhaps, may be a little short-lived; but it is just as disagreeable a sensation while it lasts as its more enduring sister. Love is said to be blind, and it also has a very injurious effect on the eyesight of its victims—an affect that neither spectacles nor oculists can aid in the slightest degree, making them see, whether sleeping or walking, but one object and that alone.

I don't know whether these were Mr. Malcolm Ormiston's thoughts, as he leaned against the doorway, and folded his arms across his chest to await the shining of his day star. In fact, I am pretty sure they were not; young gentlemen, as a general thing, not being any more given to profound moralizing in the reign of His Most Gracious Majesty, Charles II., than they are at the present day; but I do know that no sooner was his bosom friend and crony, Sir Norman Kingsley, out of sight, than he forgot him as teetotally as if he had never known that distinguished individual. His many and deep afflictions, his love, his anguish and his provocations; his beautiful, tantilizing, and mysterious lady-love; his errand and its probable consequences all were forgotten; and Ormiston thought of nothing or nobody in the world but himself and La Masque! La Masque! that was the theme on which his thoughts ran, with wild variations of alternate hope and fear, like every other lover since the world began, and love was first an institution. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," truly, truly it is an odd and wonderful thing. An you and I may thank our stars, dear readers, that we are a great deal too sensible to wear our hearts on our sleeves for such a bloodthirsty daw to peck at. Ormiston's flame was longer-lived than Sir Norman's; he had been in love a whole month, and had it badly, and was now at the very crisis of a malady. Why did she conceal her face—would she ever disclose it—would she listen to him—would she ever love him? feverishly asked Passion; and Common Sense (or what little of that useful commodity he had left), answered — probably because she was eccentric—possible she would disclose it for the same reason that he had only to try and make her listen; and as to her loving him, why Common Sense owned he had her there.

I can't say whether the adage, "Faint heart never won fair lady," was extant in his time, but the spirit of it certainly, was, and Ormiston determined to prove it. He wanted to see La Masque and try his fate once again; and see her he would if he had to stay there as a sort of an ornamental prop to the house for a week. He knew he might as well look for a needle in a haystack as his whimsical beloved through the streets of London—dismal and dark now as the streets of Luxor and Tadmor in Egypt; and he wisely resolved to spare himself and his Spanish leathern boots the trial of a one-handed game of "hide-and-go-to-seek." Wisdom, like virtue, is its own reward; and scarcely had he came to this laudable conclusion, when, by the feeble glimmer of the house-lamps, he saw a figure that made his heart bound, flitting through the night gloom toward him. He would have known that figure on the sands of Sahara, in an Indian jungle, or an American forest—a tall, slight, supple figure, bending and springing like a bow of steel, queenly and regal as that of a young empress. It was draped in a long cloak reaching to the ground, in color as black as the night, and clasped by a jewel whose glittering flash he saw even there. A velvet hood of the same color covered the stately head; and the mask — the tiresome, inevitable mask — covered the beautiful—he was sure it was beautiful—face. He had seen her a score of times in that very dress, flitting like a dark graceful ghost through the city streets, and the sight sent his heart plunging against his side like an inward sledge hammer. Would one pulse in her heart stir ever so faintly at sight of him? Just as he asked himself the question, and was stepping forward to meet her, feeling like the country swain in love—"hot and dry like, with a pain in his side like"—he suddenly stopped. Another figure came forth from the shadow of an opposite house, and pronounced her name. It was a short figure—a woman's figure. He could not see the face, and that was an immense relief to him, and prevented his having jealousy added to his other pains and tribulations f La Masque paused as well as he, and her soft voice softly asked:

"Who calls?

"It is I, madame—Prudence."

"Ah! I am glad to meet you. I have been searching the city through for you. Where have you been?"

"Madame, I was so frightened that I don't know where I fled to, and I could scarcely make up my mind to come back at all. I did feel dreadfully sorry for her, poor thing; but you know, Madame Masque, I could do nothing for her, and I should not have come back, only I was afraid of you."

"You did wrong, Prudence," said La Masque, sternly, or at least as sternly as so sweet a voice could speak; "you did very wrong to leave her in such a way. You should have come to me at once, and told me all."

"But, madame, I was frightened!"

"Bah! You are nothing but a coward. Come into this doorway, and tell me all about it."

Ormiston drew back as the twain approached, and entered the deep portals of La Masque's own doorway. He could see them both by the aforesaid faint lamplight, and he noticed that La Masque's companion was a wrinkled old woman that would not trouble the peace of mind of the most jealous lover in Christendom. Perhaps it was not just the thing to hover aloof and listen; but he could not for the life of him help it; and stand and listen he accordingly did. Who knew but this conversation might throw light on the dark mystery he was anxious to see through, and could his ears have run into needle-points to hear them better, he would have had the operation then and there performed. There was a moment's silence after the two entered the portal, during which La Masque stood, tall, dark, and commanding, motionless as a marble column; and the little withered old specimen of humanity beside her stood gazing up at her with something between fear and fascination.

"Do you know what has become of your charge, Prudence?" asked the low vibrating voice of La Masque, at last.

"How could I, madame? You know I fled from the house, and I dared not go back. Perhaps she is there still."

"Perhaps she is not. Do you suppose that sharp shrieks of yours was unheard? No; she was found; and what do you suppose has become of her?"

The old woman looked up and seemed to read in the dark stern figure, and the deep solemn voice, the fatal truth. She wrung her hands with a sort of cry.

"Oh, I know, I know; they have put her in the dead-cart and buried her in the plague-pit. Oh, my dear sweet young mistress."

"If you had stayed by your dear, sweet young mistress, instead of running screaming away as you did, it might not have happened," said La Masque, in a tone between derision and contempt.

"Madame," sobbed the old woman, who was crying, "she was dying of the plague, and how could I help it? They would have buried her in spite of me."

"She was not dead; there was your mistake. She was as much alive as you or I at this moment."

"Madame, I left her dead," said the woman positively.

"Prudence, you did no such thing, you left her fainting, and in that state she was found and carried to the plague-pit."

The old woman stood silent for a moment, with a face of intense horror, and then she clasped both hands with a wild cry.

"O my God! And they buried her alive—buried her alive in that dreadful plague-pit."

La Masque, leaning against a pillar, stood unmoved; and her voice, when she spoke, was as coldly sweet as modern ice cream.

"Not exactly. She was not buried at all, as I happen to know. But when did you discover that she had the plague, and how could she possibly have caught it?"

"That I do not know, madame. She seemed well enough all day, though not in such high spirits as a bride should be. Toward evening she complained of a headache and a feeling of faintness; but I thought nothing of it and helped her to dress for the bridal. Before it was over the headache and faintness grew worse, and I gave her wine, and still suspected nothing. The last time I came in, she had grown so much worse, that, notwithstanding her wedding dress, she had lain down on her bed, looking for all the world like a ghost, and told me she had the most dreadful burning pain in her chest. Then, madame, the horrid truth struck me—I tore down her dress, and there, sure enough, was the awful mark of the distemper. "You have the plague!" I shrieked; and then I fled down stairs and out of the house, like one crazy. O madame, madame! I shall never forget it—it was terrible! I shall never forget it! Poor, poor child; and the count does not know a word of it!"

La Masque laughed—a sweet, clear deriding laugh.

"So the count does not know it, Prudence? Poor man! he will be in despair when he finds it out, won't he? Such an ardent and devoted lover as he was you know!"

Prudence looked up a little puzzled.

"Yes, madame, I think so. He seemed very fond of her; a great deal fonder than she ever was of him. The fact is, madam," said Prudence, lowering her voice to a confidential whisper, "she never seemed fond of him at all, and wouldn't have been married, I think, if she could have helped it."

"Could have helped it? What do you mean, Prudence? Nobody made her, did they?"

Prudence fidgeted, and looked rather uneasy.

"Why, madam, she was not exactly forced, perhaps, but you know you told me—"

"Well," said La Masque coldly.

"To do what I could," said Prudence, in a sort of desperation, "and I did it, madam, and harassed her about it night and day. And then the count was there, too, coaxing and entreating; and he was handsome and had such ways with him, that no woman could resist, much less one so little used to gentlemen as Leoline. And so, Madame Masque, we kept at her till we got her to consent to it at last; but in her secret heart I know she did not want to be married — at least to the count," said Prudence, on serious afterthought.

"Well, well, that has nothing to do with it. The question is, where is she to be found?"

"Found!" echoed Prudence. "Has she, then, been lost?"

"Of course she has, you old simpleton! How could she help it, and she dead, with no one to look after her?" said La Masque, with something like a half-laugh. "She was carried to the plague-pit in her bridal robes, jewels and lace; and when about to be thrown in, was discovered, like Moses in the bulrushes, to be all alive."

"Well," whispered Prudence, breathlessly.

"Well, O most courageous of guardians, she was carried to a certain house, and left to her own devices, while her gallant rescuers went for a doctor; and when they returned she was missing. Our pretty Leoline seems to have a strong fancy for getting lost."

There was a pause, during which Prudence looked at her with a face full of mingled fear and curiosity. At last:

"Madam, how do you know all this? Were you there?"

"No; not I. Indeed. What would take me there?"

"Then how do you happen to know everything about it?"

La Masque laughed.

"A little bird told me, Prudence. Have you returned to resume your old duties?"

"Madam, I dare not go into that house again. I am afraid of taking the plague."

"Prudence, you are a perfect idiot! Are you not liable to take the plague in the remotest quarter of this plague-infested city? And even if you do take it, what odds? You have only a few years to live at the most, and what matter whether you die now or at the end of a year or two?"

"What matter?" repeated Prudence, in a high key of indignant amazement. "It may make no matter to you, Madam Masque, but it makes a great deal to me, I can tell you; and into that infected house I'll not put one foot."

"Just as you please, only in that case there is no use for further talk, so allow me to bid you good-night."

"But madam, what of Leoline? Do stop one moment and tell me of her."

"What have I to tell? I have told you all I know. If you want to find her, you must search in the city or in the pest-house."

Prudence shuddered and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, my poor darling, so good and so beautiful. Heaven might surely have spared her! Are you going to do nothing further about it?"

"What can I do? I have searched for her, and have not found her, and what else remains?"

"Madam, you know everything — surely, surely you know where my poor little nursling is, among the rest."

Again La Masque laughed, another of her low, sweet, derisive laughs.

"No such thing, Prudence. If I did I should have her here in a twinkling depend upon it. However, it all comes to the same thing in the end. She is probably dead by this time, and would have to be buried in the plague-pit, anyhow. If you have nothing further to say, Prudence, you had better bid me good-night, and let me go."

"Good-night, madam," said Prudence with a sort of groan, as she wrapped her cloak closely around her and turned to go.

La Masque stood for a moment looking after her, and then placed a key in the lock of the door. But there is many a slip—she was not fated to enter as soon as she thought; for just at that moment a new step sounded beside her, and a new voice pronounced her name, and looking around, she beheld Ormiston. With what feelings that young person had listened to the neat and appropriate dialogue I have just had the pleasure of immortalizing, may be — to use a phrase you may have heard before, once or twice — better imagined than described. He knew very well who Leoline was, and how she had been saved from the plague-pit; but where in the world had La Masque found it out? Lost in a maze of wonder, and inclined to doubt the evidence of his own ears, he had stood perfectly still, until his lady-love had so coolly dismissed her company, and then roused himself just in time, he had come forward and accosted her. La Masque turned round, regarding him in silence for a moment, and when she spoke, her voice had an accent of mingled surprise and displeasure.

"You, Mr. Ormiston! How many more times am I to have the pleasure of seeing you again to-night?"

"Pardon me, madam; it is the last time. But you must hear me now."

"Must I? Very well, then; if I must, you had better begin at once, for the night air is said to be unhealthy, and as good people are scarce, I want to take care of myself."

"In that case, perhaps you had better let me enter, too.. I hate to talk on the street, for every wall has ears."

"I am aware of that. When I was talking to my old Prudence two minutes ago I saw a tall shape that I have reason to know, since it haunts me, like my own shadow, standing there and paying deep attention. I hope you found our conversation improving, Mr. Ormiston?"

"Madam," began Ormiston, turning crimson.

"Oh, don't blush; there is quite light enough from yonder lamp to show that. Besides," added the lady easily, "I don't know as I had any objection; you are interested in Leoline, and must feel curious to know something about her."

"Madam, what must you think of me? I have acted unpardonably."

"Oh, I know all that. There is no need to apologize, and I don't think any the worse of you for it. Will you come to business, Mr. Ormiston? I think I told you I wanted to get in. What may you want of me at this dismal hour?"

"Oh, madam, need you ask? Does not your heart tell you?"

"I am not aware that it does. And to tell you the truth, Mr. Ormiston, I don't know that I even have a heart. I am afraid I must trouble you to put it in words."

"Then, madame, I love you."

"Is that all? If my memory serves me right, you have told me that little fact several times before. Is there anything else tormenting you, or may I go in?"

Ormiston ground out an oath between his teeth, and La Masque raised one jewelled, snowy, taper finger reprovingly.

"Don't Mr. Ormiston — it's naughty, you know! May I go in?"

"Madame, you are enough to drive a man mad. Is the love I bear you worthy of nothing but mockery?"

"No, Mr. Ormiston, it is not; that is, suppasing you really love me, which you don't.

"Madam!"

"Oh you needn't flush and look indignant. It is quite true. Don't be absurd, Mr. Ormiston. How is it possible for you to love one you have never seen?"

"I have seen you. Do you think I am blind?"

"My face, I mean. I don't consider that you can see a person without looking in her face. Now you have never looked in mine, and how do you know I have any face at all?"

"Madam, you mock me."

"Not at all. How are you to know what is behind this mask?"

"I feel it, and that is better; and I love you all the same."

"Mr. Ormiston, how do you know but I am ugly?"

"Madam, I do not believe you are; you are too perfect not to have a perfect face; and even were it otherwise, I still love you!"

She broke into a laugh; one of her low, short, deriding laughs..

"You do! O man, how wise thou art! I tell you, if I took off this mask, the sight would curdle the very blood in your veins with horror—would freeze the life-blood in your heart, I tell you!" she passionately cried, "there are sights too horrible for human beings to look on and live, and this—this is one of them!"

He started back and stared at her aghast.

"You think me mad," she said in a less fierce tone, "but I am not; and I repeat it, Mr. Ormiston, the sight of what this mask conceals would blast you. Go! now, for heaven's sake, and leave me in peace, to drag out the rest of my miserable life; and if ever you think of me, let it be to pray that it might speedily end. You have forced me to say this; so now be content. Be merciful, and go!"

She made a desperate gesture, and turned to leave him, but he caught her hand and held it fast.

"Never!" he cried fiercely. "Say what you will; let that mask hide what it may, I will never leave you till life leaves me."

"Man, you are mad! Release my hand and let me go!"

"Madam, hear me! There is but one way to prove my love and my sanity, and that is—"

"Well!" she said, almost touched by his earnestness.

"Raise your mask and try me. Show me your face, and see if I do not love you still."

"Truly, I know how much love you will have for me when it is revealed. Do you know that no one has looked in my face for the last eight years?"

He stood and gazed at her in wonder.

"It is so, Mr. Ormiston, and in my heart I have vowed to plunge headlong into the most loathsome plague-pit in London rather than ever raise it again. My friend, be satisfied. Go and leave me, and forget me."

"I can do neither until I have ceased to forget everything else earthly. Madam, I implore you to hear me."

"Mr. Ormiston, I tell you you but court your own doom. No one can look on me and live."

"I will risk it," he said, with an incredulous smile. "Only promise to show me your face."

"Be it so, then," she cried passionately. "I promise, and be the consequences on your own head."

His face flushed with joy.

"I accept them. And when is that happy time to come?"

"Who knows? What must be done, had best be done quickly; but I tell thee it were safer to play with the lightning's chain than tamper with what thou art about to do."

"I will take the risk. Will you lift that mask now?"

"No, no, I cannot. But yet I may before the sun rises. My face" —with bitter scorn — "shows better by darkness than by light. Will you be out to see the grand illumination?"

"Most certainly."

"Then meet me here an hour after midnight, and the face so long hidden shall be revealed. But, once again, on the threshold of doom, I entreat you to pause."

"There is no such word for me!" he said fiercely and exultingly cried, "I have your promise, and I shall hold you to it. And, madam, if, at last, you discover my love is changeless as fate itself, then—may I not dare to hope for a return?"

"Yes, then you may hope," she said, with cold mockery. "If your love survives the sight it will be mighty, indeed, and worthy a return."

"And you will return it?"

"I will."

"You will be my wife?"

"With all my heart!"

"My darling," he cried rapturously — "for you are mine already—how can I ever thank you for this? If a whole lifetime devoted and consecrated to your happiness can repay you, it shall be yours."

During this rhapsody her hand had been on the handle of the door. Now she turned it.

"Good-night, Mr. Ormiston," she said and vanished.

CHAPTER VII.

Shocks of joy, they tell me, seldom kill. Of my own knowledge, I cannot say, for I have had precious little experience of such shocks in my lifetime, heaven knows; but in the present instance, I can safely aver they had no dismal effect on Ormiston. Nothing earthly could have given that young gentleman a greater shock of joy than the knowledge he was to behold the long-hidden face of his idol. That that face was ugly, he did not for a moment believe, or, at least, it never would be ugly to him. With a form so perfect — a form a sylph might have envied — a voice sweeter than the Singing Fountain of Arabia, hands and feet the most perfectly beautiful the sun ever shone on, it was simply a moral and physical impossibility, then, that they could be joined to a repulsive face. There was a remote possibility that it was a little less exquisite than those ravishing items, and that her morbid fancy made her imagine it homely, compared with them, but he knew he would never share in that opinion. It was the reasoning of love — or, rather the logic; for when love glides smiling in at the door, reason stalks gravely, not to say sulkily, out of the window, and, standing afar off, eyes disdainfully the didoes and antics of her late tenement. There was very little reason, therefore, in Ormiston's head and heart, but a great deal of something sweeter — joy — joy that thrilled and vibrated through every nerve within him. Leaning against the portal, in an absurd delirium of delight — for it takes but a trifle to jerk those lovers from the slimiest depths of the Slough of Despond to the topmost peak of the mountain of ecstasy — he uncovered his head that the night air might cool its feverish throbbings. But the night air was as hot as his heart; and, almost suffocated by the sultry closeness, he was about to start for a plunge in the river, when the sound of coming footsteps and voices arrested him. He had met with so many odd adventures to-night that he stopped now to see who was coming, for on every hand all was silent and forsaken. Footsteps and voices came closer; two figures took shape from the gloom, and emerged from the darkness into the glimmering lamplight. He recognized them both. One was the Earl of Rochester; the other his dark-eyed, handsome page—that strange boy with the face of the lost lady! The earl was chatting familiarly, and laughing obstreperously at something or other, while the boy merely wore a languid smile, as if anything further in that line were quite beneath his dignity.

"Silence and solitude," said the earl, with a careless glance around, "I protest. Hobert, this night seems endless. How long is it till midnight?"

"An hour and a half at least, I should fancy," answered the boy, with a strong foreign accent. "I know it struck ten as we passed St. Paul's."

"This grand bonfire of our most worshipful lord mayor will be a sight worth seeing," remarked the earl. "When all these piles are lighted the city will be one sea of fire."

"A slight forecast of what most of its inhabitants will see in another world," said the page, with a French shrug. "I have heard Lilly's prediction that London is to be purified by fire, like a second Sodom; perhaps it is to be verified to-night."

"Not unlikely; the dome of St. Paul's would be an excellent place to view the conflagration."

"The river will do almost as well, my lord."

"We will have a chance of knowing that directly," said the earl as he and his page descended to the river, where the little gilded barge lay moored and the boatman waiting.

As they passed from sight Ormiston came forth and walked thoughtfully after them. The face and figure were that of the lady, but the voice was different; both were clear and musical enough; but she spoke English with the purest accent, while his was the voice of a foreigner. It must have been one of those strange, unaccountable likenesses we sometimes see among perfect strangers, but the resemblance in this case was something wonderful. It brought his thoughts back from himself and his own fortunate love, to his violently smitten friend, Sir Norman, and his plague-stricken beloved; and he began speculating what he could possibly be about just then, or what he had discovered in the old ruin. Suddenly he was aroused; a moment before the silence had been almost oppressive, but now on the wings of the night there came a shout. A tumult of voices and footsteps were approaching.

"Stop her! Stop her!" was cried by many voices; and the next instant a fleet figure went flying past him with a rush, and plunged head foremost into the river. A slight female figure, with floating robes of white; waving hair of deepest blackness, with a sparkle of jewels on neck and arms. Only for an instant did he see it; but he knew it well, and his very heart stood still. "Stop her! stop her! she is ill of the plague!" shouted the crowd, pressing, panting on; but they came too late; the white vision had gone down into the black, sluggish river, and disappeared.

"Who is it? What was it? Where is it?" cried two or three watchmen, brandishing their halberds and rushing up; and the small crowd — a mob of a dozen or so, answered all at once: "She is delirious with the plague. She was running through the streets; we gave chase, but she outstepped us, and is now at the bottom of the Thames."

Ormiston waited to hear no more, but rushed precipitately down to the water's edge. The alarm had now reached the boats on the river, and many eyes within them were turned in the direction whence she had gone down. Soon she reappeared on the dark surface — something whiter than snow, whiter than death; shining like silver, shone the glittering dress and marble face of the bride. A small batteau lay close to where Ormiston stood; in two seconds he had sprang in, shoved it off, and was rowing vigorously toward that snow wreath in the inky river. But he was forestalled; two hands, white and jeweled as her own, reached over the edge of a gilded barge, and, with the help of the boatmen, lifted her in. Before she could be properly established on the cushioned seats, the batteau was alongside, and Ormiston turned a very white and excited face toward the Earl of Rochester.

"I know that lady, my lord! She is a friend of mine, and you must give her to me!"

"Is it you, Ormiston?" Why, what brings you here alone on the river at this hour?"

"I have come for her," said Ormiston, pressing over to lift the lady, "May I beg you to assist me, my lord, in transferring her to my boat?"

"You must wait till I see her first," said Rochester, partly raising her head and holding a lamp close to her face, "as I have picked her out, I think I deserve it. Heavens! what an extraordinary likeness!"

The earl had glanced at the lady, then at his page, then at the lady, and lastly at Ormiston, his handsome countenance full of the most unmitigated wonder. "To whom?" asked Ormiston, who had very little need to inquire.

"To Hubert, yonder. Why, don't you see it yourself? She might be his twin sister."

"She might be, but as she is not, you will have the goodness to let me take charge of her. She has escaped from her friends, and I must take her back to them."

He half-lifted her as he spoke; and the boatman, glad enough to get rid of one sick of the plague, helped her into the batteau. The lady was not insensible, as might be supposed, after her cold bath, but extremely wide-awake, and gazing around her with great black shining eyes. But she made no resistance; either she was too faint or frightened for that, and suffered herself to be hoisted about, "passive to all changes." Ormiston spread his cloak in the stern of the boat, and laid her tenderly upon it, and though the beautiful, wistful eyes were solemnly and unwinkingly fixed on his face, the pale, sweet lips parted not—uttered never a word. The wet bridal robes were drenched and dripping about her, the long bark hair hung in saturated masses over her neck and arms, and contrasted vividly with a face, Ormiston thought, at once the whitest, most beautiful, and most stonelike he had ever seen.

"Thank you, my man; thank you, my lord," said Ormiston, preparing to push off.

(To be continued.) 1440.

HE WAS PUZZLED.

And Perhaps He Is Yet; He Alone Can Tell.

"Christine!"

The young man's soul was in his voice.

"Christine," he repeated, "listen to me!"

"I ought not to, Mr. Spoonamore. You don't know"—

"You are going to say I don't know you well enough. We have been acquaintances only a few months. What does that signify? When a man loses his heart at first sight, does he need to wait"—

"I ought not to let you go on this way, Mr. Spoonamore"—

"It is too late for that. I've got started, and a steam brake couldn't stop me now. I've been bottled up too long already! You've got to listen to me. If you can't even be a sister—what are you laughing at?"

"You think you know me, do you, Mr. Spoon"—

"Could I know you any better in a thousand years? Oh, Christine"—

"That's it!" she broke in, with a peal of laughter. "You are not talking to me at all, Mr. Spoonamore. This is my twin sister!"

All the way home—for which he started shortly afterward — young Spoonamore, with a hopelessly puzzled look on his face, was trying to figure out how that could possibly be.

But John Thinks.

Mrs. Wayte—Oh, John, that's the very chair we need for the sitting room! John—(No, John doesn't say a word.)

Not Taking It, Perhaps.

Customer (handing over the money)—This mixture will cure the grip, will it?

Druggist—It will knock it every time, ma'am. We sell more of this stuff to grip patients than all other kinds put together.

Customer—You're a new prescription clerk, aren't you? What has become of the young man who generally stands behind this counter?

Druggist—He's down with the grip, ma'am.

At Last.

Mae—Isn't that Cholly Litewaite and Gussie Smallhead coming toward us?

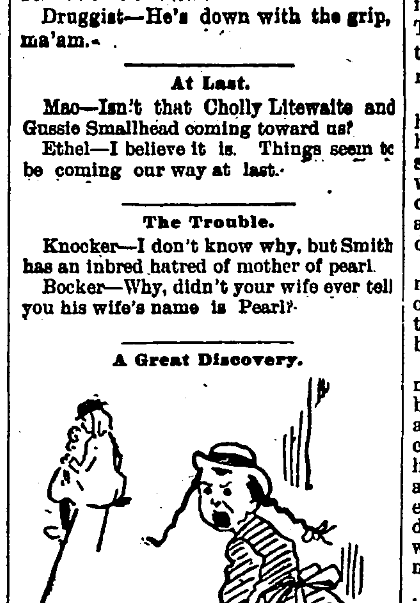
Ethel—I believe it is. Things seem to be coming our way at last.

The Trouble.

Knocker—I don't know why, but Smith has an inbred hatred of mother of pearl.

Bocker—Why, didn't your wife ever tell you his wife's name is Pearl?

A Great Discovery.



"Oh, girls, here's a cinch! Dat new girl says she likes to take care of babies.'

Cleared.

"Now," said Bunker, "I can once more face the world an honest man. The last of my debts is outlawed.'

The Aunt.

Polly—Aunt Sally seems woefully downcast tonight.

Jennie—Yes, poor thing! She hasn't been able to get her feelings hurt at any time today.

Easily Obtained.

Visiting Englishman—You have no titles here in America?

Chicago Man (with a business air)—None in stock, sir, but we can send out any time and get one.

A Matter of Aim.

The Maid—Whose fault is it if women lead aimless existences?

The Man—Women's, of course! They ought to practice throwing.

Not For Tiny Ears.

Mrs. Screecham—You were not at the musicale?

Mrs. Beecham—No, I couldn't go. My husband was there.

"What did he say about my singing?"

"Wait until the children go out of the room and I'll tell you.'

An Easy Method.

Miss Fuzzle—I want to break my engagement with Mr. Sappie, but I don't know how to do it without driving the poor fellow to suicide.

Little Brother—Why don't you let him see you in curl papers just once?

Retort Courteous.

Mrs. Saddensole—When I'm dead, you will think of all the cruel things you've said to me.

Mr. Saddensole—And it will be just like you to go and die in order to give me a chance to think of them.

THE TIGER OF THE SEAS.

An exceptionally interesting article in the November Number of "Pearson's Magazine," gives a description of the habits of the shark, and describes the various methods employed in shark hunting.

"If sharks talk amongst themselves, one of their pleasantest topics of conversation must be the growth of steam traffic in shark-infested seas. In the old days of the sailing ship, when voyages were long and tedious, and delays of indefinite length through calm were the ordinary experience of every sailor, shark-hunting was one of the most popular methods of killing time which the calm bound voyager possessed; and every ancient mariner had his tale of finny gore to barter for a few 'fills' of tobacco. But in these modern times of steam-driven hurry and mathematically predicted knottage, it is quite easy to find seamen of age and experience who have never seen a shark outside the walls of a museum.

"Shark-fishing from steamers is not to be done. Even from a slow-moving old tramp it would be impossible. And the reason is simple—our excellent old friend, the shark, is not a fish of speed. The novelist makes him swirl along at an untold knottage, but in reality his limit is reached at about four-and-a-half miles an hour; and it is only the species known as the blue shark which can touch even this very moderate figure.

"The shark is undoubtedly a 'dog with a bad name.' He is called opprobriously 'The Tiger of the Seas,' or 'The Sailor's Foe,' or any other scurrilous name which happens to be handy. Much mud is thrown at him, and, as he seldom finds a defender, most of it sticks. Hard lines this! Because in reality this blue water bogie is an humble and useful public servant, who performs uncomplainingly the duties (necessary, but hardly attractive) connected with the sanitation of the seas.

"The shark is the common scavenger and general undertaker of the ocean. He is not, and, for reasons connected with his very moderate speed-limit, never can be primarily a fish of prey. Open any captured shark and you will find clear proof that this is so. A few tangled bits of rope yarn, a battered corn-beef tin, a corked bottle containing an insulting message to the finder (thrown overboard by some nautical wag, or a sailor's cap which has been lost in a gale, all tend to show that the shark is a fish of business-like habits, with a keen eye to any chance windfalls which may come in his way; but the more digestible contents of his stomach, consisting mainly of carrion of every kind, all give the clearest olfactory evidence that the original owners of them were not alive (and, in fact, were very much dead) when this marine sanitary inspector came along, and, condemning them as nuisances, removed them into his own internal refuse bin."

CHARACTER SHOWN BY THE MOUSTACHE.

Much has been said of late about telling character by the mouth. This (writes a man of observation) is all right so far as it goes—that is with the women, or with men who always wear a smooth face, but most men wear moustaches. The shape and size of the moustache may tell as much as the shape and size of the mouth.

A man rarely hides a fine mouth. If he wears a moustache he does so because his first experiment proved to his own satisfaction that his moustache was worthy of preservation, but he trains it carefully so that it will not entirely hide any marks of beauty or strength. Women do not have all the vanity.

There is the man who wears a heavy moustache to hide an ugly mouth or teeth or to disguise his feelings. He is in the habit of hiding a sarcastic smile behind the drooping moustache.

No dandy could be guilty of such a monstrous affair. His moustache must be fine and delicate, at least graceful, and readily trained into graceful little curls at the ends. If he is really fine in his nature the quality of the hair is silky and soft, easily curling, and perhaps even naturally wavy. An even-tempered disposition is indicated by the soft and well-curved lips showing beneath this moustache.

The very thin and light moustache is insipid, like its owner, and goes with thin lips and a selfish nature. This sort of a moustache goes with a very weak mouth and poor teeth.

The fierce, bristling moustache which hides nothing, but stands straight up, like stubble in a wheat field, shows an extremely harsh nature, bad temper, and general uncouthness. A man with a moustache constantly on the defensive, as it were, like sentinels, is one to be avoided.

This is quite different from the long military moustache, with waxed ends, which is supposed to be quite fierce, but which is not so, in fact. The military is quite distinctive from the French fashion, which is also a waxed moustache, and is arranged with as much care as any other part of the toilet.

As to colours, the same rules follow as in the colour of the hair. Black is the most intense in nature, blonde the least so, while the varying shades belong to as varied characteristics. The mixture of colours, such as a red moustache with dark brown hair, softens the disposition. An absolutely colourless hair often goes with the thin lipped mouth, which denotes obstinacy and lack of sympathy or feeling.

"THAT TERRIBLE DRINK TRAFFIC."

Among the occupants of a railway compartment were two young men in broadcloth, who, judging from their conversation, were on their way to speak at a teetotal meeting, and a third, a stranger to them and (apparently) to their convictions. At a pause in the denunciation of all things alcoholic, which coincided with a rather long wait at a wayside station, one of the two in broadcloth remarked, "What a long time we are getting to our destination!"

Then it was the unsympathetic man's turn. "Ah!" said he, "don't you know the cause?"

"No, what is it?"

"Why, it's that terrible drink traffic!"

A peep out of the window revealed the fact that the delay was occasioned by the loading and unloading of the milk cans! This was too much for the gravity even of the teetotalers, for they joined heartily in the laughter at the joke so mischievously pointed at themselves.

He: Darling, will you miss me when I am far away in a foreign land?

She: Yes, dear; but you will write to me often, won't you? What a chance it will be for me to increase my collection of foreign stamps!

Neighbob: And you expect to support my daughter on ten dollars a week?

Clarkets: Yes, sir.

Neighbob: Well, go ahead; my heart refuses, but my pocket-book consents. She costs me fifty dollars.

Hawkins: "I won't let a church sexton have charge of our wedding."

Miss Bliss: "Why?"

Hawkins: "When Tomkins married Miss Bronson the notice of the wedding began: 'Suddenly, on the 10th inst.'"

(All Rights Reserved.)

MY LADY'S SIN,

OR THE WICKED PLOT THAT FAILED.

By

The Author of "The Exchanged Will," "The Secret of the Grace Cup," "Counterfeit Claimants," Etc., Etc.

PART 11.

"Good heavens!" broke in Mrs. Jeffries, staring at Mrs. Allingham, in open dismay, "the doctor doesn't want her told."

"And the danger?" she whispered.

Nina looked in startled questioning from one to the other; but before she could speak, or Mrs. Jeffries utter another tell-tale word, Mrs. Allingham hastily, but shillingly continued:

"No, the doctor does not want her told, but it is such a trifle; only a business despatch, my dear"—turning to Nina—"which will hurry him away from the castle and back to London sooner than he anticipated."

Mrs. Jeffries breathed an inaudible "Oh!" and wisely closed her mouth

Mrs. Allingham proceeded, Nina looking at her with a relieved, interested countenance.

"He received it at Baden, my dear, but fearing to render you anxious, would not have it mentioned. He fancied you might feel nervous at the idea of being left so soon, and decided that the better way would be to leave the castle privately. But I think differently."

"And you think correctly," said Nina, "and I am deeply obliged to you. Not," she added, quickly, turning to Mrs. Jeffries—"but that I fail to appreciate the doctor's motives, but the pain of being so deserted would have been infinitely greater than the natural disappointment I feel at your"—

"Then I, too, am glad that Mrs. Allingham has told you," intercepted Mrs. Jeffries affectionately. "And, to confess the honest truth, my dear child, I have not been quite easy in my own mind. But, you know," she concluded, "I always agree with the doctor."

"I know you are the best wife in the world," laughed Nina. "But how soon do you leave?"

"To-morrow morning."

"So soon?"

"It is imperative, my dear. But you won't fret, will you?"

"Fret?" echoed Mrs. Allingham, gaily "No, indeed!"

Nina smiled, answering affectionately:

"I regret the necessity that separates us so unexpectedly, but I shall not sink into useless repinings, dear Mrs. Jeffries."

Having heard and duly applauded that reply, Mrs. Allingham retired, promising to await her guests in the reception room.

"It was," she said to herself as she hurried away to make her own toilet—"it was much better to tell her. I have won her confidence by my frankness, and shall aim to keep it. Until a full avowal of the conspiracy in which I am leagued against her is rendered absolutely necessary, she shall trust me, And then, the doctor's notion—poor old cat's-paw—was simply rediculous. It is wonderful how these people, who can be led by the nose in important matters, will insist upon their opinions in trifles."

As she reached this point in her meditations, a door communicating with her son's apartments at the further end, was suddenly thrown open, and Dr. Allingham stood before her.

She seized him breathlessly, by both shoulders.

"Thank heaven, you are safe," she cried, devouring his face idolatrously as she spoke. "But what success? Quick! I have only a moment."

"The best."

At that low, exulting reply, Mrs. Allingham's eyes blazed sympathetically a moment, and then softened to an infinite tenderness again.

"And the danger?" she whispered, shiveringly.

"I am not afraid of danger," replied Dr. Allingham drawing up his tall form with defiant pride.

"But I am—I am, Berthold!" exclaimed Mrs. Allingham. "And now, you will renounce this hazardous life won't you? Think! The girl is already enriching us, and when she and the old man are dead, our portion will be princely. Promise me, Berthold!"

At those concluding words, the eyes so like Mrs. Allingham's own, darkened with a sudden strange expression which Mrs. Allingham in her tender anxiety, wholly failed to observe.

After the briefest pause, the doctor answered:

"I will think of it, mother. I will think of it seriously."

With an almost fierce delight Mrs. Allingham threw an arm around his neck and kissed him.

"I can now be happy, as well as seem to be happy, Berthold," she said.

She was turning away with those words of impassioned tenderness, when she all at once checked herself.

"The police," she whispered, casting a quick, shuddering glance along the well-lighted corridor, and nervously grasping his wrist. "You are sure they are not upon your track? You are sure they have not penetrated your disguise?"

"As sure as I live."

So saying Dr. Allingham returned to the reception room.

He walked slowly to a great antique chair, laid his hand upon the back of it, and fell into a profound reverie.

"Yes," he breathed, softly, "she is an angel of loveliness. Shall I permit her to be sacrificed? Shall I not rather"—

He suddenly paused. A door had opened, showing Nina, hesitating, with a backward glance in the act of leaving the room.

Divested of hat and wraps, and standing there with the soft brilliant light streaming all over her, she looked, in spite of fatigue, and in spite of her simple toilet, indescribly beautiful.

Dr. Allingham's eyes glowed to a dangerous admiration.

"Ah!" he breathed again, "she is a thousand times worth the trouble. And—she is in my power. We shall see."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

As those ominous words passed Dr. Allingham's lips, Mrs. Allingham's sten came quickly along the corridor At the same moment Mrs. Jeffries joined Nina, who had waited for her in the doorway, and the three ladies entered the room together. Almost at the same moment Dr. Jeffries appeared.

Dr. Allingham immediately left Nina, whom he had just seated, and advanced to meet the old gentleman.

"I trust," he said, "my valet has made himself intelligently useful to you."

The doctor laughed,

"A capital fellow, that valet of yours, my dear Allingham," he cried "and as useful as a man can be. But to speak the truth, I hate the whole tribe of them! To please you Jeffries I have had a score of and on, but they all go the same road, in about the same time. A week is the limit of my endurance. On the seventh day the valet invariably found himself with a month's wages in his pocket, as conscience money."

The doctor's chuckling laugh was still at its height when the announcement of supper called the party to the table which had been spread for them.

Dr. Allingham presided at his table with the same courtier-like grace which had marked his welcome

But, despite her idolatrous pride, Mrs. Allingham was conscious of a growing anxiety.

"Is he," she thought—"is he going to commit the egregious folly of falling in love with her?—and at this crisis? But no, no!" she told herself the next moment. "I will not believe it! With all his reckless courage she would never be so insane."

Her uneasy speculations were at once ended by Nina's voice addressing Dr. Jeffries.

Taking advantage of a momentary lull in the conversation, the girl half reproachfully taxed him with his intention of secretly leaving the castle.

The doctor's utter consternation at the unexpected charge, brought Mrs. Allingham to his assistance.

As she finished her explanation, he cried heartily:

"Well, I'm glad you told her, Mrs. Allingham; and I beg you to accept my thanks. I hated to deceive you, my dear—" turning to Nina, "but you must never doubt I meant well. It was only one of my blunders."

"A blunder," said Dr. Allingham, with his eyes fastened admiringly on Nina's lovely face, "which I should never have made. Short as my acquaintance is with Miss Beauchamp, I know I could trust her to bear the inevitable with a true, womanly courage."

Nina looked up with a soft blush, and a word of thanks. But in a moment the faint damask had flamed to a crimson, which diffused her face from throat to forehead.

There was that in the gaze with which Dr. Allingham met her glance that there was no mistaking.

Mrs. Allingham's watchful eyes took in the whole. With a quick, abrupt movement she gave the signal to rise.

"He has gone mad!" she said to herself, "and the girl, innocent as she is, sees it! I'll get her out of the way early, and to-morrow I'll speak to him. Not to-night. He shall have to-night for reflection."

With Mrs. Allingham to determine was to act. But in this instance she was favoured with a most willing coadjutor. Nina was only too glad to escape the courtly attentions of her handsome and fascinating host. Her fine intuitions had taken alarm, and she was frightened and uneasy without knowing why.

Dr. Allingham saw it and with a silent curse at his own folly, vainly endeavoured to place her at her ease again. But in spite of his delicate and well-directed efforts, Nina retired to her apartments conscious of a deep regret that she had become Mrs. Allingham's guest.

"Shall I leave with the Jeffrieses to-morrow morning?" she asked herself as she tossed hour after hour on her sleepless couch. "But then, how can I? An elderly chaperone is as indispensable as a maid. and their hasty return to London precludes the possibility of supplying myself before their departure. What, then, am I to do? Shall I go into the world for an indefinite period with only Brigitta? No. Can I go back to my father's house and the deadly machinations of my unscruplous stepmother? Never!"

In her shuddering abhorrence of the idea she had started up in bed, uttering the words aloud.

As she did so her ear caught a quick, rustling sound at the other end of the great chamber. Startled, she turned her head in that direction

The fire rendered necessary in all the rooms by the chill dampness of the thick walls of the castle, still glowed in the hearth, and cast a faint sickly light among the antique hangings and heavy carved furniture.

By its light she saw dimly, close to the tapestried walls, a tall, motionless figure wrapped in a winding-sheet, its ghastly face turned toward her and its burning eyes fastened in a cold, death-like stare upon her own

She saw that and saw no more. The terrifying object, added to the fatigues of the day and the anxieties of the night, proved too much for her strength. Without a word or sigh she sank back among her pillows in a swoon.

When she recovered consciousness, the grey light of the early morning was creeping through the long windows, and Brigitta was softly stirring the smouldering fire to a blaze.

She lay quite still, not even replying when the woman cautiously spoke her name.

Brigitta, imagining her to be asleep stole away softly.

As soon as the morning was sufficiently advanced Nina rose, and donning her dressing-gown and slippers, directed her energies to making a careful examination of her room.

As she vaguely anticipated, it proved fruitless. There was no door behind the hangings—nothing to explain the sudden and mysterious presence which had so alarmed her. A long range of wall, the once elegant frescoing broken and discoloured by time, alone rewarded her patient search.

The question whether its entrance could have been made by one of its two doors was instantly answered in the negative.

During the whole of her vigil the previous night her eyes had been wide open, and the position of the massive bedstead was such as to render it absolutely impossible for any one to enter without her instant knowledge.

That question decided she gave her instant attention to the furniture to the various articles of furniture.

The result was the same. Nothing to unravel the mystery; no sliding doors, no movable panels.

Faint and sick, she sat down in a great, old-time chair, luxuriously upholstered and drawn close to the hearth.

From that point her eye took in the whole spacious length and breadth of the room.

The six high, narrow windows, the priceless tapestry hangings, the inlaid floor, with its costly rugs the four monster stationary mirrors, the massive chest of drawers, surmounted by an open cabinet rising to the vaulted ceiling, and furnished with glittering vases and cups of gold, silver and bronze—these, with the lighter, but no less costly articles comprised in statues, chairs, tables, small cabinets, and luxurious couches made the furnishing of the chamber devoted to the uses of a boudoir.

Beyond this was an alcove, in which stood the bedstead and toilet appurtenances.

Than the whole length of her chamber, and was partitioned with columns rising to the ceiling, and curtained with the same priceless tapestry which adorned the walls.

Nina traced the apartment from end to end with the fond, appreciative eye of an artist.

Gradual under these healthful influences and the rosy flood of the dawn, her mind drifted from the thoughts of the ghostly visitant of the night to that of the queenly mistress of the castle.

"They are comparatively poor, I heard, for tell Mrs. Jeffries," she mused, looking about her thoughtfully; "and yet there is a fortune in this chamber alone. She said they had paid their debts, and retired with their household gods to the castle, the only home that was left from the wreck. I suppose by 'poor' she meant it was not always easy to command money. And who could blame her for clinging to such household gods as these? Not I. I, too, would rather suffer than"—

At that instant a sharp gust of wind from the open windows caught the tapestry hangings against the wall, rustling them with the same sound that had startled her in the night.

In a moment her mind flew back to the mysterious occurrence.

Her hand was still on the hangings and her eyes still scanning the walls when the door opened and Brigitta addressed her by name.

Suppressing the scream that rose to her lips at the unexpected voice, she loosened her grasp and quickly turned round.

"I beg your pardon, miss," began the woman in apologetic tones. "I knocked; but you did not answer, so I concluded that you were asleep and as you wished to be waked early"—

She stopped with a startled exclamation.

Nina had advanced from the shadowing corner to the full glare of the morning light, showing, as she did so, a face of such deadly pallor that Brigitta was half-frightened.

Aware that the catastrophe of death was not expected at this time she asked, anxiously:

"Are you ill, Miss Beauchamp. I mean are you less well than usual?"

Nina hesitated, sat down, and then looking hastily up at the woman, asked:

"Is there anyone about the castle not quite settled in intellect?—any one who would conceive it a fine prank to secrete himself in this chamber for the purpose of"—— She hesitated, desiring to express herself in the most careful terms; "For the purpose of causing alarm?"

The fresh colour on Brigitta's face paled noticeably.

"What do you mean, Miss Beauchamp?" she asked faintly, a mingled surprise and dread in her voice.

Struck by the marks of agitation in the woman's air and tone, Nina answered plainly and to the point.

"Some one was in my room last night," she said—"a tall man with flowing white hair and beard, and completely wrapped in a winding-sheet."

She got no further.

"Oh, great heavens," grasped Brigitta, her voice scarcely audible and her face as white as her own white cap.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PICTURE AND A LUCKLESS MESSAGE.

"Great heavens!" repeated Brigitta shivering from head to foot. "You saw the master's ghost, miss!"

"It's always been said, miss," continued the girl, "that nobody sees it but the castle folks, and them only a little while before daybreak when it's darkest. There's many a guest slept here—the haunted chamber it is called—but not one before that ever saw the master, though this, just as it stands, was his favourite room. The Lord help us! Why should he show himself to you? Does he come in anger, or does he come in mercy?"

"The master's ghost—the haunted chamber—the guests that have slept here," she repeated impressively. "What do you know of these things, Brigitta? I thought you were a stranger at the castle, and yet you speak like one well acquainted with its secrets."

For an instant Brigitta hesitated, guilt depected on every feature. The next instant she answered with an assumed air of reproach.

"You forget, Miss Beauchamp," she said, "that I spent last evening in the servants' hall. The castle's ghost is no secret there, and all I know I learned there. I have only repeated what was told me, miss. And as all the servants speak of the dead Mr. Allingham as 'the master,' I naturally fell into"—

Nina stopped her, bowing her head upon one hand in a weary doubt and disgust.

"That will do," she said. Then, some subtle instinct warning her to be cautious, she added, quietly raising her head again: "I was hasty in my conclusions. I did not think of the servants."

Brigitta's face brightened under an immense sense of relief. She continued garrulously, though her cheeks paled a little as she spoke:

(To be continued.) 1440.

THE LIFE OF A SINNER.

Seven years in childhood sport and play;
Seven years in school from day to day;
Seven years at trade or college life,
Seven years to find a place and wife;
Seven years to pleasure's follies given,
Seven years to business hardly driven;
Seven years for fame, a wildgoose chase,
Seven years for wealth, a bootless race;
Seven years in hoarding for your heir,
Seven years in weakness spent and care;
Then die, and go—you know not where!

DRIED BANANAS.

Ripe peeled bananas only weigh about 45 per cent. of the full bunches, while the dried product—the latest idea—retaining all its flavour and nutrition, only weighs approximately one-nineth as much as the bunches, and has nearly the same reduction in space. These features alone will save a large amount in the cost of transportation and cold storage of the fresh fruit.

It is impossible to grind bananas when dry into flour, as they are as tough as evaporated apples, but they may be prepared in two ways; either to press them into barrels or boxes, just as they leave the drier, or chop them up fine with a large sausage-meat cutter, and pack them in attractive one-pound packages of paper.

In the latter shape they will make an excellent breakfast food, and can be used for cakes, puddings, ice creams, and numerous other purposes.

If heavily compressed in a small space, they will make an ideal ration for soldiers or travellers on long inland tours. Unquestionably bananas embody more nutritious matter than any other fruit, not excepting dates.

There is no reason, if this evaporated fruit is put up in insect-proof packages, why it should not keep for years in any climate. The saccharine and gluten contents of bananas naturally cause a little more difficulty in their evaporation than common fruit, but this may be overcome by some change in the driers.

We advise the adoption of mechanically-forced hot-air currents, which will nearly double their capacity and shorten the operation, thus furnishing a brighter coloured product, which increases its value. We believe further, that it will be necessary to substitute perforated sheets of non-corrosive metal for the bottom of the drying trays instead of the usual cheap galvanised-iron wire cloth.

The best evaporated fruit sells at from five to seven pence per pound, but dried bananas ought to bring higher prices, owing to their fine flavour, and the fact that they require no sweating.—"Science Siftings."

A GIANT ALLIGATOR.

Perhaps the most extraordinary feat of surgery ever performed on an animal was sawing the teeth of "Mose," a monstrous, vicious alligator. Nobody and nothing that ventured near him was safe from the snap of his terrible jaws, and many smaller reptiles paid the penalty for over-temerity with their lives. One feeding-time while spectators were watching Mose feeding on big pieces of fish and meat, Cleopatra, another big alligator, ranged alongside. With a deep, rumbling bellow he churned the water to foam, and turning like a flash he opened his great maw wide, and rushed upon the smaller "gator." There was a moment of wild confusion and seething water, then Cleopatra floated to the surface in a dying condition. The terrible wound very soon proved fatal. The curator of the reptile house, to check Mose's career of slaughter decided that the points of his teeth must be sawed. A platform of heavy boards was placed in the bottom of the tank, the alligator having been previously blind-folded by a huge bag—was driven upon it, and ropes were then stealthily placed under the platform and over the alligator.

When about a dozen ropes were ready they were suddenly drawn tight, holding Mose fast. The powerful flapping tail was fastened down to the boards, the clawed feet were secured, and all was ready for the work to begin. The surgeon jumped into the pit. With one stroke of his knife he cut the noose of the bag over the 'gator's head, and with the haft rapped him across the nose. The pink maw opened wide in the vain attempt to catch his enemy. Before it could close the surgeon had jammed an eighteen-inch piece of plank into it, and locked the jaws apart. Then he settled himself on a three-legged stool, produced a brightly-polished saw, and sawed off the top of a front tooth. Another and another tooth was rasped through, until all in the foreground were cut off, and the operator had to reach deep into the maw to get at the back teeth. One by one the pride of Mose's life were cut off, calmly as if he were a little pup, troubled with his milk teeth. Mose has been a paragon of virtue ever since.

A FOX-HUNTING STORY.

A correspondent of "Country Life" says:—"I remember once sitting down in a wood on my horse, and, looking down, I saw a fine dog fox curled up asleep close to my horse's feet. I remained perfectly quiet and almost held my breath; hounds were all around us, and I could only hope that he would escape notice. A hound will comparatively seldom see a fox, and apparently there is no odour as long as the fox remains perfectly still. The fox was quiet until he met my eye. No wild animal will stay if he does this; it is by the eye that he seems to realize the presence of a possible foe.

He jumped up and (as, of course, I was silent) darted away from the hounds. At last one caught a view or a whiff, and threw her tongue loudly. The hounds in advance who might have cut off the fox's escape, looked back in the direction of the sound, and came tearing towards those who were chasing the fox. One hound actually met the fox, and so intent was he on reaching the cry that he leapt over him, without showing any consciousness of the presence of his quarry till he caught the scent, which he did the moment he had passed. Then he wheeled round, and throwing his tongue angrily, hurled himself through the undergrowth in pursuit. The fox got clear away, and we had an excellent gallop. I suggest the means by which 'fox' is realized in the brain of the hound is not by his shape and colour, which after all must be unfamiliar to the hounds, but by his scent; and I further suggest that the fox does not realize the hound except by ear, i. e., by the cry of hounds in chase."

A highwayman and a chimney sweep were to be hanged at the same time at Tyburn. A clergyman was devoutly praying for their souls when the highwayman said to the sweep: "Keep farther off, can't you."

"Sir," replied the sweep, "I won't keep off. I have as much right to be here as you."

MEN OF THE RED SHIELD.

THE FAMOUS FAMILY WHICH FINANCES THE WARS OF THE WORLD.

Not only States, but countless embarrassed nobles have from time to time been "put upon their feet" by calling at one of the banking houses of the Rothschilds.

Their relations with all the European Governments are of the most cordial character, for certainly the Governments find that most profitable in more ways than one. Not only do the bankers lend these Governments the money they want, but refuse to finance any of the many schemes to seize thrones on the part of numerous pretenders.

Since 1815 they have raised for Great Britain over £200,000,000. They have lent to Austria, in the same time £50,000,000; Prussia, £40,000,000; France, £80,000,000; Italy, £60,000,000; Russia something like £25,000,000 and Brazil, £14,000,000. They also conduct a private banking business of large proportions, and are easily the first bankers in the world.

LIFE STORY LIKE A ROMANCE.

The story of the rise of the Rothschilds is as remarkable as any in fiction. The first of the family to become a banker was Mayer Auselm Rothschild, who was born in Frankfort in 1743. His father kept a store and he worked in it, but it was the parental desire that he become a Rabbi. Mayer, however, was more practical and worldly than spiritual, and he objected vigorously to being trained for the sacred calling. He was therefore allowed to consecrate himself to business.

He entered the banking house of Oppenheim at Hanover, where he served his apprenticeship, and later he returned to Frankfort and opened an establishment of his own. He became Court banker of the Landgrave of Hesse who was afterwards the Elector of Hesse-Cassel.

During the Napoleonic wars Mayer Rothschild showed the shrewdness and ability which made his name famous.

FOUNDER'S DEATH-BED ADVICE.

The founder of the great banking business died in 1812, and while he was lying upon his death-bed he called his five sons and gave them the advice which enabled them to add enormously to their fortune. He impressed upon them to be faithful to the laws of Moses, to remain to the end united, and to undertake nothing without consulting their mother.

"Observe these rules," he added, as a parting injunction, "and you will be rich among the richest, and the world will belong to you."

The brothers, however, improved upon their father. In a sense they did not remain united, for they believed more money was to be made by establishing banks in different cities. They remained united in idea and one assisted the other in need. In order to keep the money in the family they intermarried.

There are now twenty branches of the Rothschild family, and the London, Paris, and Vienna houses are all managed by descendants of Mayer Anselm Rothschild.

OTHER LANDS.

In twenty years the number of factories in the United States for the manufacture of electrical plant has increased from 26 to 580, and the annual output has increased from £520,000 to £18,000,000. The capital invested in this business is £16,000,000.

* * * * * *

Egypt was densely populated in ancient times. In the reign of Augustus (says a writer in the Quarterly Revew") there were 18,000,000 inhabitants; at the time of the Arab conquest, half that number; at the date of the expedition of Napoleon, 2,460,000; at the first official census in 1846, 4,463,000; at that of 1882, 6,806,000.

The census of 1897 shows a population of 9,734,000, or an increase at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum during the British occupation. In the same period, under the tyranny of the Mahdi and the Khalifax, Sir Rudolf Slatin estimates that three-quarters of the population of the Soudan perished.

* * * * * *

It was only recently that a Japanese woman was allowed to act on the stage. Madame Sada Yacco, who was the first to do so was a dancer; when one of the young actors fell ill she induced her husband to allow her to take his place, to which he finally consented, and she appeared and achieved a very great success. In every town in which Madame Yacco made her appearance, both she and her husband were reminded by the Japanese Consul of the punishment they would receive when they returned to their native country. It is said that it was only by the express desire of Queen Victoria that the Mivada made an exception and forgave them. Madame Sada Yacco is now a famous actress.

* * * * * *

The wealthiest woman in the world is Senora Cousino, of Chili, and she is not by any means an idle one, but has managed her own affairs since the death of her husband twenty-five years ago, and managed them so well that it would be difficult for anyone to suggest the possibility of improvement. She is believed to possess £40,000,000. She has two daughters, named Pacifica and Isidora, and they are both said to be exactly what their mother was at their age. She is now nearly fifty, and is an extremely well-preserved woman, with clear, dark complexion, magnificent black hair, and large, liquid-brown eyes. In figure she is neither too plump or too thin, and is as brisk and agile as her girls.

Senora Cousino is frequently called the Queen of Santiago, and it is no wonder, for she owns a fleet, and is surrounded by a court. Her chateau is a palace, and a few years ago she gave the best furnishing firm in Paris carte blanche in fitting it up. All the portiere curtains were specially woven, and cost £50,000. The exterior is comparatively plain, but the style of the interior is Louis Quinze, and it is a perfect museum of pictures and statuary, with all sorts of artistic belongings, and really fine old furniture. The estate stretches from the gates of Santiago to the slopes of the Cordilleras, and hundreds of workpeople are employed on it. The vineyards furnish the greater part of the wine consumed in the whole country, quantities of cattle are raised, a famous stud of the very best English horses is always kept up, and the racing stables are splendid.

TUNNELLING A VOLCANO.

Popocatopetl—"The Hill that Smokes" of the Aztecs—is not only the second highest peak in the North American Continent, but near the summit of its cone, far above the line of perpetual snow, and 17,852 ft. above sea level, is situated one of the most ancient of sulphur mines; certainly the oldest in the New World. First wrought by the Spanish conquerors for the sake of procuring material to manufacture gunpowder, it has been worked ever since by various possessors, and it has recently come into the market in order that it may be further developed by one of the most singular plans ever seriously contemplated by responsible engineers. The mountain itself, of course, is an active volcano; having a crater almost four miles in circumference, whose walls descend sheer down for fully 2,000 feet, so far as they have ever been definitely fathomed. It is within this immense cauldron that the sulphur is formed from the mass of semi-liquid matter bubbling and seething in its interior. The mineral is deposited upon the inside of the crater in masses, and mingles in grains with the sandy ash underlying the snow which covers the outside of the cone. It is from the former source that the Spaniards first procured the sulphur. Diego Ordaz, along with nine other companions of Cortes, reached the summit after incredible hardships, and after being deserted by their native guides, whose superstitious fears were roused by the terrifying spectacle presented by the burning mountain. Ordaz, as reward, was allowed to add the representation of a volcano to his shield, but he brought down no sulphur worth mentioning. Two years later Francisco Montano, with five others, reached the edge of the crater, and there cast lots as to who should descend in a basket into the pit to procure the mineral. It fell to Montano to do so, and he procured sufficient to supply the small Spanish army then in Mexico.

After that for close upon three centuries it was worked by native labour; a kind of village being established 12,000 feet in the air, from which the men climbed to the crater edge, and to which, until recently, they sent down the sulphur by means of a slide; which also served as a shoot by which to precipitate themselves, when their day's labour was ended. Latterly wire ropes were tried in place of the slide.

But work at such an altitude, amidst volcanic fumes, is a deadly business, and however profitable it might be to the proprietors, it could not continue when modern ideas and American "push" penetrated into Mexico. The concession covering the sulphur in the mountain fell into the hands of a Mexican general, who offered it in the United States, and the result of surveys, in which Mr. Rockfeller and the Greens of Pittsburg are reputed to be concerned, has been the evolution of two plans to exploit the valuable deposit. One of these contemplates the making of a railway up to and over the lip of the crater right down into the boiling pond inside which is believed to be the chief source from which sulphur comes. An objection to this is that the friable nature of the stuff from which the foundations of the line must necessarily rest does not provide sufficient security for its permanence, and an even more daring plan has been presented as an alternative. This is nothing less than the foundation of a tunnel, commencing on the outside of the cone about 2,000 feet below the summit, and penetrating into the bottom of the crater at the level of the sulphur lake. Into this lake it is proposed to convey a wire cable, running through the tunnel, and bearing a series of letal buckets which will dredge out the molten sulphur, and bring it to the outside at a point where it can be conveniently handled It is estimated that this arrangement can be put into operation for £100,000, and as the present value of the sulphur is £8 per ton, it appears probable that before long Popocatepetl will be pierced by engineering skill, as no active volcano has ever been pierced before. What the ancient Aztecs would think of this treatment of the mountain that was once one of their chief deities is quite another matter.

A BOGUS POLICEMAN.

The motor-car was ripping along at a good thirty miles an hour when a man in blue stepped from behind a tree, held up a full-size hand, and a promising little scorch terminated.

"You are exceedin' the legal pace," remarked the blue-garbed policeman, producing an official-looking, pocket-book. "I must ask for your name and address."

The be-goggled chauffeur fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and produced a half-sovereign.

"What name?" was the query, as the man in blue wetted his pencil and altogether ignored the proffered bribe.

Another golden coin found its way alongside the first. There was a moment's seeming hesitation, then the pocket-book closed with a snap, and the coins jingled in that full-sized hand.

"That makes the fourth chap I've had this morning," mused the man in blue as he watched the disappearing motorist. "I struck something good when I got old of this second-hand police uniform."

A STORY FROM INDIA.

A story is told of a high Indian officer who was in the habit of soundly thrashing his servants when they displeased him. One day he ordered his Khansamah to go to a summer-house in the compound and wait for him there. Presently turning up with a heavy whip he thus addressed the offender:

"Now, scoundrel, I've got you in a place where no one will hear, and I will thrash you within an inch of your life."

The servant, though a man of powerful physique, squirmed, native-like, "Sah, you sure no one can hear?"

"Yes, you scoundrel, I've brought you here on purpose."

"Then, sah, I think I thrash you," and he did it so thoroughly that his master was not visible for a week.

NONSENSE RHYME.

A fishy old fisher named Fischer,
Fished fish from the edge of a fissure
A cod with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in—
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

IN THE EDITOR'S PRIVATE ROOM.

Successful authors often have droll tales to tell of the early days of their careers. Mr. George Ade, the American writer, for instance, before the "Fables in Slang" had brought him fame, called one morning in Chicago upon a Sunday editor, on a mission from a theatrical manager. "I have brought you this manuscript," he began, but the editor looking up at the tall, nervous youth, interrupted: "Just throw the manuscript in the waste-paper basket please," he said, "I'm very busy just now, and haven't time to do it myself."

Mr. Ade calmly obeyed, and resumed:

"I have come from the — Theatre, and the manuscript which I have just thrown into the waste-paper basket is your comic farce of 'The Erring Son' which the manager asked me to return to you with thanks and suggests that you sell it to undertakers, to be read at funerals." Then Mr. Abe smiled gently and withdrew.

A SIMPLE AND CHEAP TONIC.

A raw egg is an excellent tonic and is very strengthening. If prepared in the following way, is really a delicious drink. Put the yoke of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice, and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the white on a plate and add a pinch of salt; then, with a broad-bladed knife, beat it to a stiff froth. Now, as lightly as possible, mix all together in the dish, then transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It must not stand in a warm place, as it soon becomes liquid, and loses its snowy look. Any fruit juice may be used in place of orange or lemon.

MOTHER AND SON.

"I am glad," said the proud mother to the hope of the family, "that you noticed my silk dress, Charlie—it is a beautiful dress, is it not?"

"My word," said Charlie.

Now Charlie's mother was one of those instructive ladies who never miss a chance of imparting useful information if they happen to have it about them. "Isn't it a wonderful thing, Charlie, that this beautiful dress is provided for us by an insignificant worm?"

"Do you mean father?" asked the observant heir.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

The Sandwich Islanders estimate the value of a woman by her weight.

In Belgium there are no extensive forests or timber lands, and wood for all purposes must be imported.

The screw of an Atlantic liner revolves something like 630,000 times between Liverpool and New York.

The Emperor of China has to fast sixty-four days in each year for the sake of his religion.

There is now a settlement containing 600 persons on the top of the Mount of Olives.

Spain holds the record for cheap management of her railways. Only 48 per cent. of the gross earnings are spent in management.

Trained falcons, to carry despatches in time of war, have been tested in the Russian Army. Their speed is four times as rapid as carrier pigeons.

There are about 2,000 persons in France who are set down as Anarchists, and are under the constant watch of the police of the various European countries.

The use of red parasols has been officially forbidden in many villages of the Tyrol. The peasants say that the colour irritates the grazing cattle.

A favourite dish with the Esquimaux is an ice-cream made of seal oil, into which snow is stirred until the desired consistency has been obtained; then frozen berries of different kinds are added.

Cucumber cream is an excellent cosmetic, and may be made at home at less expense than it can be bought. While it will remove sunburn, it is one of the best toilet aids for all times of the year.

A bride in some parts of Switzerland receives from her friends a Gruyere cheese. It is not eaten, but is preserved by her, and all the important family events are marked on the rind.

Hawks have been known to follow in the wake of a moving railway train and swoop down on small birds that were suddenly disturbed and frightened by the noise, and, therefore, for the moment off their guard.

The apple is one of the most beneficial of fruits. It is said that a diet of stewed apples eaten three times a day has worked wonders in cases of confirmed drunkeness, giving the patient an absolute distaste for alcohol in any form.

"Motorpathia cerebralis" is a new disease to which automobilists are subject. It is said to be caused by the vibration of the car, especially at high rates of speed, and "produces a temporary disorder of function in the semi-circular canals and their nervous supplies, causing nausea, giddiness and headache."

A Continental scientist of distinction declares that women are less sensitive to pain than men, and actually feel less of it in a given operation. Experiments on a hundred women led him to the conclusion that they were not more than half as sensitive to pain at the top of the forefinger as the average mere man. This is confirmativory of a fact well known to surgeons and dentists.

Up-to-date divers' suits have a telephone attachment, so that the submerged person can converse with his aids at the surface. The telephone is stated to have proved itself to be trustworthy, and a great improvement on the rope system of signalling. 1440.

17 JAN 05

The treasurer (Mr E. J. Muntz) reported that £1336 1s 8d had been received and banked since last meeting, that £213 8s 8d had been paid away during December, that the interest on overdraft amounted to £7 0s 10d, that the bank balance was £878 3s 2d, as against an overdraft of £237 4s at last meeting, and that the balance to the credit of the vermin destruction account was £6 9s 9d, as against £6 14s 9d at last report.—Received.

Cr. Sinclair moved—"That this council most emphatically protest against the action of the Railway Commissioners in putting cattle pits at Lawrence and King street crossings at Beaufort; this council considering same to be dangerous to the life of the public." Seconded by Cr. Flynn, and carried.

Cr. Slater moved that Murray's spring at Lake Goldsmith be cleaned out. Seconded by Cr. Roddis and carried; the engineer stating the work was being done.

On the motion of Cr. Flynn, the standing orders were suspended to hear Mr Parker with respect to his complaint about the drain in front of his office. Mr Parker, in reply to Mr Muntz's remark that his statements were incorrect, said he was not in the habit of telling deliberate barefaced lies. The surfaceman had cleaned out the drain on Friday afternoon about 3 o'clock; the filth shovelled out of it was lying beside the drain at 6 o'clock, when he left the office, and was there at 8.30 the following morning and until 5 o'clock. The drain was so bad that he often had to keep his office door shut, and certainly required better attention than it had been receiving. Mr Muntz said he had the surfaceman's statement that the drain was cleaned out on Friday and Saturday, and he believed the statement of the surfaceman without wishing to throw any doubt on the veracity of Mr Parker.

Cr. Sinclair thought the engineer ought to impress upon the surfaceman that he allowed the stuff to remain too long beside the drains, and should shake him up. This was a bad-smelling drain, due to the want of level, and to a urinal having been allowed to run into it, but that had now been remedied. Not much assistance had been given by [illegible], who allowed filthy stuff to go into the drains, and they should be prosecuted [illegible]. During the hot weather the drains would be flushed out frequently, and the Beaufort people would be better looked after than they had been. [The drain in question has been flushed and cleaned daily since the complaint.]

The secretary stated two anonymous letters had been received, but following the usual custom no notice would be taken of them. He also pointed out that while adjoining shires had received special grants Ripon's claims had been ignored, and was instructed, on motion of Crs. Flynn and Sinclair, to inquire as to what had become of the applications.

Cr. Sinclair spoke of the foolish alteration made by the council in calling up rates on 31st Decr., at a time when the officers were on holidays, causing great inconvenience to people in the district, and Cr. Flynn also referred to ratepayers' complaints about the same matter, and thought in future when it was decided to close the offices the public should be notified thereof by advertisement. The rates should be called up on 10th Decr.

Cr. Sinclair gave notice to move at next meeting that the charitable vote be cut down from £170 to £100 and allocated at next meeting.

Beaufort Cemetery Trust.

The annual meeting of the above was held at the secretary's (Mr Browne's) office on Wednesday afternoon. Present—Messrs J. Humphreys (in the chair), Cameron, Parker, and O'Sullivan.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The secretary submitted the following report, which was received and adopted on the motion of Messrs O'Sullivan and Cameron:—

In submitting this report for the year ended 31st December, 1904, I beg to state that the lodge is in good order and repair; this also applies to the main entrance gate. One of the side gates has been repaired and is now thoroughly secure. The fence around the cemetery has been attended to and kept in secure order by the sexton, who has also given good attention to the cemetery generally by keeping the roads and paths clean and burning off the long grass where possible to do so. During the past year 40 interments took place, being five in excess of the previous year. Eleven graves have also been sold, realizing £14 7s 6d. There are now 225 certificates of private ground in existence, representing 381 sold graves, all of which are entered in the register and marked on the office plan of the cemetery. The expenditure on works during the year amount to £12 1s 3d, as against £7 5s 9d for the previous period. The works referred to include £7 4s expended in cutting down and removing trees mostly adjoining the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic grounds; also in cutting a drain to prevent any further overflow of water on to the Dissenters' ground from the higher portion of the cemetery. The credit balance to-day is £27 7s 8d, as against £24 18s 3d balance at this date last year. I am sorry to say that former remarks re the neglect by some of the owners of graves to keep in order the monuments, &c., they have had erected, still holds good.—J. W. Browne, Secretary.

The balance-sheet showed receipts amounting to £91 5s 9d and expenditure to £69 8s 1d, thus leaving a credit balance of £21 17s 8d.

Messrs Humphreys and Parker certified to the correctness of the accounts in every particular, and to the books being well and neatly kept.

The balance-sheet and auditors' report were received and adopted, and the secretary was instructed, on the motion of Messrs Cameron and O'Sullivan, to forward the abstract of accounts to the Board of Public Health.

The Public Health Department wrote, notifying appointment and gazettal of Mr Wm. O'Sullivan as a trustee.—Received.

The chairman proposed the usual bonus of £4 4s be passed to the secretary. Seconded by Mr O'Sullivan, and carried. Mr Cameron moved that bonuses of £1 1s to each of the auditors, and £4 4s to the sexton be passed, which was seconded by Mr O'Sullivan, and carried.

The secretary was instructed to get certain angles of ground in the Church of England portion of the cemetery included in the plan.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' "The Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Give immediate relief.

The appointments to the Land Purchase Commission under the Closer Settlement Act will probably be made on Tuesday next. The applications for the three positions number 130. The fees to be paid to each member are £3 3s per sitting, but no annual payment is to exceed £300. The departmental officials hope that the commission will get to work sufficiently early to enable settlement to be made in time for next season's sowing.

CLARKE'S B 41 PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, Gravel, and Pains in the Back. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

What—Full Stocks Now?

YES—WHY NOT?

Believing that our Customers will appreciate efforts to keep up assortments, we keep Stocks complete—prepared to supply needs as no other house attempts to...

NIPPING PROFITS IN THE BUD.

Just when the Summer Season is at its best, and Summer Goods are in demand, we start to NIP THE PROFITS.

If you haven't procured cool dresses now is the time to buy them from us at a great reduction. Don't suffer the hot weather—provide for it—ENJOY IT. Just a little planning, just a little outlay, and the hot weather can have no terrors for you. * * * * * *

DOES YOU WIFE WANT A HAT?

Perhaps she does, and doesn't know it. If such be the case, SEND HER TO US. We are well satisfied with the past achievements of our Millinery Dept., and we are now giving real bargains in this dept., profit being no consideration whatever. *

We are Pushing Everything....

Everybody who has to do with this Store's doings is working with a will. With the start of another year's selling, the same wide-awake Storekeeping (the kind you like) again takes us to the head of the procession.

Make us a Visit.

We gladly invite all to walk through.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT & BUANGOR.

The flight of time makes our Summer Goods of less value to us, but it makes the purchasing power of each of our Customers about Double.

Outbreak of Diphtheria at Beaufort.

With regard to the serious outbreak of diphtheria at Beaufort (referred to in our last issue), Dr Eadie, at the meeting of the Riponshire Council on Monday, reported the following cases:—Violet May Goode, Lucy Ann Johnston (fatal), William Bending (fatal), Margaret Doyle, Maurice Bending, Margaret Bending, Teresa Bending, Henry Bending, James Bending, and Ada Goode.—Received.

A telegram was received from the Secretary, Health Dept., asking for an immediate report as to whether active measures were being taken to prevent the spread of diphtheria, the department having been informed that this had not been done.

Cr. Sinclair would like to know how the Health Dept. had received such a report, for it seemed a peculiar thing to say that no active measures are being taken to prevent the spread of the disease.

The secretary said that nothing went from the office, and Dr. Jackson said he had not communicated with them, but in the ordinary course the doctor attending the cases would report to the department as well as to the local board.

Mr Andrews said he had communicated with the Health Department, asking that active steps should be taken to cope with the disease. He saw by to-day's "Age" that there were 11 cases and two deaths, and thought such a state of affairs required active steps to be taken. He lived within 50yds. of the outbreak, and owed a duty to his family and the public, and so came here to verify need for active measures. Some two years ago a child named Bell, suffering from malignant sore throat, died in 48 hours. Subsequently Mrs Hellyer, living in the same house, was attacked with typhoid fever, and 12 months ago a child named Baker died of malignant laryngitis or diphtheria. He referred to the George Hotel, and said the drainage from the stables, water closet, urinal, piggery and fowlhouse flowed under the floor, which was in a most rotten condition. The sewerage remained in the cellar, and could be dipped out by the bucketful. Dr. Jackson had inspected the dwelling, and recommended that it be raised a foot, the earth to be removed from underneath it and covered with lime. He asked the council to declare the house unfit for habitation while these improvements were being carried out—if they did not do so it would be a regular fever-bed—and then quarantine the house so as to prevent children going to and from school and idlers in the street from carrying about on them the dreadful disease germs. The floor, although only put down three years ago, was rotten. He asked that precautions be taken to disinfect the place and quarantine the workmen while repairs were being effected. In reply to Cr. Sinclair, Mr Andrews would not say that the hotel was the cause of the outbreak of diphtheria, as a germ could not be ear-marked like a disease. It was a matter of impossibility to say where the disease came from, and where it was attempted to shift the responsibility from neglectful property-owners to the shire council was not fair.

Cr. Sinclair considered Mr Andrews deserved every credit for bringing the matter before the council, but he could not say no action was being taken.

Mr Andrews said the doctor had given a month for the improvements to be made.

Dr. Jackson said he had no power to give any time.

Mr Andrews remarked that when a building had to be raised a foot and lime put under it, any sensible man could see it was not fit to live in, and were they going to allow people to go there when the present weather was the hottest they had had for 15 years?

Cr. Sinclair—You think the council are showing neglect?

Mr Andrews—No.

Cr. Sinclair—And yet you are going over our heads by reporting it to the Central Board of Health.

Mr Andrews said he wanted to see precautions taken to prevent the spread of the disease. If that were not done it would soon mean 20 or 40 cases. In 1878 there was an outbreak of diphtheria at Hamilton, with six deaths a day. He believed that two persons after visiting the houses where the deaths had occurred had gone to Ararat that morning by train, and that was only spreading the disease from town to town.

Dr. Jackson, the health officer, really did not know what to say in reply to Mr Andrews. Certainly there were 11 cases and two deaths, but to assume that the disease originated at the George Hotel, as Mr Andrews represented, was taking too much upon himself, as there was no evidence of it. The first case occurring was that of Lucy Ann Johnston, who died. It arose at a marine store kept on her husband's premises, and that was far more likely to have been the cause of the outbreak than the George Hotel, which certainly was not in a good state, and he had made recommendations for improvements, but he knew of more places in the town that could be described as plague-stricken spots than the George Hotel.

Mr Andrews maintained that Mrs Johnston had been nursing her sister—a widow living about 20ft. from the George Hotel, and that the Bendings were in the habit of visiting the George Hotel nightly. He asked Dr. Jackson whether he thought, with drainage coming from the outhouses, the hotel was habitable.

Dr. Jackson admitted it was insanitary.

Mr Andrews pointed out that the council had power under section 98 to proclaim a house unfit for habitation, and asked them to take this step. The hotel had been described by Dr. Eadie as a death-trap, and people should be stopped from staying there until the improvements were made. He was making a reasonable request.

Cr. Sinclair referred to the health officer and inspector going to Mr Schlicht, the owner of the property, who said he would do anything they recommended.

Dr. Jackson remarked that nothing was said about a month's time, that being a matter for the inspector.

Cr. Sinclair said the owner of the property was going to comply with the recommendations made by the health officer, and the council could only act upon the doctor's suggestions. So far as the two doctors were concerned they were doing everything in their power to prevent the spread of diphtheria, and had provided antitoxin. If the disease spread they would have to provide tents, as had been done at Hamilton. It was quite possible that the marine store carried infectious rags.

Mr Andrews said Johnston had not carried on the business for three months.

Dr. Jackson said the persons who had travelled by train were liable to a heavy penalty.

Cr. Beggs said he was glad that Mr Andrews had not only brought it before the council, but also the Central Board of Health, and would like Dr. Jackson to tell them what was the right thing to do, and how to isolate the cases.

Dr. Jackson said the only thing he could recommend was that ordinary precautions be taken, and that was being done.

Cr. Flynn could not agree with that, seeing that two visitors to the patients had been allowed to go away by train. It was only those who had had the sad experience that knew what the dreaded scourge was. When they heard of people who had been attending the sick going away by train there was something wrong. He did not mean to cast blame on anyone, but something should be done to stop a recurrence of it.

Mr Andrews said that when he heard of a case of malignant diphtheria he went to see Senior-Constable Nicholson, but found he was away in Ararat. Then he tried to see the secretary of the local Board of Health, who was also away on holidays; but Mr Muntz had done all he could, and Senior-Constable Nicholson afterwards saw the councillors. Dr. Jackson told him he had done all he could to stamp it out, but when Senior-Constable Nicholson said a month was to be given for the improvements to be carried out, he told him it was ridiculous. He traversed his grounds of complaint, and again pointed out the remedy.

Dr. Jackson had great hesitation in saying that Broadbent's house should be closed. No case of diphtheria had occurred in that house, but there were cases in the neighborhood. No doubt the sooner the alterations were carried out the better. So long as precautions were being taken he believed the epidemic would be stopped, provided the people were prevented from going from house to house. He had spent a lot of time going about trying to lay down the law, but he could not watch them night and day, nor could he stop people from going away by train. That was the duty of the police. He could not say in his heart of hearts that the disease originated from the George Hotel; if he believed it he would say at once, burn it down.

Mr Andrews—That's what should be done.

After further discussion, in which there was much repetition of the statements already made, Mr Andrews said if he failed with the council he would invoke the help of the Central Board of Health. He had asked for a fair thing, and requested the council as a body of sensible men to enforce their powers.

Dr. Jackson again declined to say that the George Hotel was unfit for habitation; Bending's and Goode's houses were far more worthy of condemnation than the George Hotel.

Cr. Beggs—At the same time, you must see the urgency of the case and the necessity of doing something strong.

Dr. Jackson—I have already given my advice that the building be altered as quickly as possible.

Mr Andrews remarked that the council could not shield themselves behind the doctor, and Cr. Sinclair replied that they would not cover his head.

Dr. Jackson said he could point out 10 places in Beaufort that were insanitary, but to say they were unfit for habitation would be ridiculous.

Cr. Flynn pointed out that [illegible] certificate from two doctors [illegible] unfit for habitation before they [illegible] their powers under section 98.

Mr Andrews would be quite satisfied if Dr. Jackson would take the responsibility of a further outbreak; but though his kindness to the landlord was blinding his better judgment.

Dr. Jackson said he hardly knew him.

Cr. Sinclair considered Mr Andrews' remark was most uncalled for.

Mr Andrews admitted that Dr. Jackson had acted in a gentlemanly manner and with the greatest kindness.

It was decided to instruct the police to isolate the cases as far as possible, on the motion of Cr. Flynn, seconded by Cr. Slater.

The health officer was also instructed, on the motion of Cr. Sinclair, seconded by Cr. Slater, to get what disinfectants were required to keep the epidemic down, and to take all steps necessary to abate the nuisance.

The secretary was instructed to telegraph a reply to the Central Board of Health that the health officer had taken all necessary steps to cope with the outbreak.

During the discussion Cr. Flynn asked why the flume at Cuthbertson's corner, decided upon some time ago, had not been erected.—The engineer said the work had been done.

Mr Andrews thanked the council for the courtesy shown him, and hoped the epidemic would be stamped out.

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION CURED.

Fred. Gillett, Esq., Walgett, N. S. W., writes: "For years I had been a sufferer from chronic constipation, due to my sedentary occupation, tutor. I sent for a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and the results were so satisfactory that I have since used half a dozen bottles. The Tablets have certainly done me a great deal of good, for when I first began to use them I had to take four tablets twice a week to produce the desired effect, but now two Tablets a month keeps the bowels in good order. Sold by J. R WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS' of Mountain Flax. Agreeably Aperient. Worthy of trial.

The secretary of the Beaufort Athletic Club desires to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of a donation of £1 towards the funds of the Club from Mr L. Bravo.

ARNOLD'S BALSAM

FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION.

YOU CAN QUICKLY CURE A COUGH, overcome an attack of bronchitis, strengthen a weak chest, or remove hoarseness with Arnold's Balsam.

YOU CAN CURE YOUR LITTLE ONE'S HACKING COUGH, caught from exposure, and thus prevent the seeds of consumption being sown. Keep it in the house against Croup and Whooping Cough.

YOU CAN GIVE A DOSE TO THE AGED AND INFIRM, and ensure them repose at night and ease during the day.

YOU CAN STRENGTHEN YOUR VOCAL ORGANS AND CHEST by taking a dose before speaking and immediately after. This will prevent any feeling of weariness.

YOU SHOULD REFUSE IMITATIONS.—The genuine has Brinsmead, Chemist, St. Kilda, on label and wrapper. Sold by all stores and chemists. A good saving on the larger sizes.

E. R.

CROWN LANDS AVAILABLE.

The following APPLICATIONS are hereby declared abandoned, and the land the subject of them is available for further application under section 47 and 98 The Land Act, 1901.

All applications for same lodged with me before or on 31st January, 1905, will be considered as simultaneously made.

Parish of Beaufort—Albert Ball, allotment 6, sec. I, 66 acres. Parish of Eurambeen—James Andrew Baker, allotment 7J, 64 acres, and allotment 7H, 66 acres. Parish of Raglan—Robert Henry Broadbent, allotment 41, section 3, 48 acres; Charles Broadbent, allotment 40, section 3, 68 acres; Mary Teresa Flynn, allotment 32, section 1, 26 acres; William Albert Kewley, allotment 43, section 3, 23 acres; David Herbert Panther, allotment 5X, section 63A, 57 acres; Henry Roland Kewley, allotment 42, section 3, 27 acres. Parish of Trawalla—Edward Dawson, allotment 430, 28 acres; Winifred May Andrews, allotments 59K and 59L, 35 acres. Parish of Langi-Kal-Kal—Hamilton A. Webster, allotment 7A, section C, 64 acres.

CHAS. J. JOY,
Land Officer.

Lands and Survey Office,
Ballarat, 12th January, 1905.

SINGING.—MISS ANDREWS resumes Tuition next Tuesday.

Beaufort Agricultural Society.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the above Society will be held in the SHIRE HALL, on SATURDAY, the 28th instant, at 2.30 o'clock p.m. A full attendance is requested to obtain an expression of opinion on the advisability of altering the date of holding the Show.

JOHN HUMPHREYS, Secy.

Beaufort, 13th Jany., 1905.

Stockyard Hill Presbyterian Church.

ANNIVERSARY!

WEDNESDAY, 18TH JANUARY, 1905.

A GRAND CONCERT!

Will be held in the above Church, to celebrate the Opening of the new Church.

Front Seats, 2s; children half-price.

Concert at 8 o'clock. Moonlight.

D. R. HANNAH, Hon. Sec.

IN the ESTATE of MORIGAN O'BRIEN late of Eurambeen, farmer, deceased.—Persons having claims against this Estate are requested to furnish particulars in writing thereof to the undersigned, the proctor for the executors, on or before the eighteenth day of January.

SAMUEL YOUNG, Proctor, Beaufort.

J. A. HARRIS,

In thanking his numerous customers for past patronage, begs to announce that he has procured a FURNITURE VAN, and is prepared to remove Furniture to any part of the country at exceptionally cheap rates.

Having had the services for the past 20 years of an experienced furniture packer, customers can rely upon safety of removal.

Picnic and Shooting Parties a specialty.

Office at Railway Station (Broadbent Bros., Permewan, Wright & Co., McCulloch & Co.)

VICTORIAN RAILWAYS.

A.N.A. EXCURSION.

Wednesday, 25th January.—To Melbourne from Casterton at 7.20 a.m., and all stations to Windermere inclusive, and from Coleraine at 10.10 a.m. Fares:—2nd class from Casterton, 21s 5d; Branxholme, 18s 9d; Hamilton, 17s 6d; Ararat, 11s 11d; Beaufort, 9s 7d; first class nearly 50 per cent. additional. Tickets close noon, 23rd January. Particulars at station.

L. McLELLAND, Secretary.

TENDERS are invited for the erection of Sheep Races and Crushes at Middle Creek station. Particulars at Beaufort and Middle Creek stations. Preliminary deposit—£3. Tenders, endorsed "Tender for Middle Creek Sheep Races," must be lodged, with the preliminary deposit, in the Tender Box, Railway Offices, Melbourne, at or before One p.m., on Monday, 23rd January.

No tender will necessarily be accepted.

L. McLELLAND, Secretary.

A CARD.

CLEGG & MILLER,
ARCHITECTS,
LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

J. B. COCHRAN,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

Wishes to thank his numerous customers for past favours, hoping for a continuance of same, and wishing them all a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year, with health and prosperity. He has just opened up a large assortment of choice

Toys, Xmas. and New Year Cards, Perfumery and Fancy Goods,

At very Moderate Prices. Come and see.

CHEAP RAILWAY EXCURSION
TO MELBOURNE,

Wednesday, January 25th, 1905.

IN connection with the A.N.A. Sixteenth Great National Fete, 28th and 30th January, Exhibition Building and Grounds, Melbourne. Train will leave Beaufort Station at 2.19 p.m. Fares—Adults, First-class, 13s 11d; Second, 9s 7d; Children under 12, half fare. Tickets good for return within one month. Purchase early from local Stationmaster.

F. L. W. ASHBY, Secretary.

Cheap Trains—Remember, Cheap Trains.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

IN thanking my many customers for the liberal support accorded me for the past number of years, I beg to announce that I have, this 2nd day of January, 1905, sold the well-known Boot business so successfully carried on for the past 45 years, to Mr. R. J. THUSTAIN (who has been in my employ for the past 4½ years), and trust the same support will be accorded to him.

W. INGRAM.

I BEG to announce to the Public of Beaufort and district that I have purchased Mr. W. Ingram's well-assorted stock of Boots and Shoes at considerably under cost price, and am therefore in a position to sell same at exceptionally low rates. The business in future will be carried on by me. All kinds of Boots and Shoes made to order, and Repairs neatly and cheaply executed. Satisfaction guaranteed. A trial solicited.

R. J. THUSTAIN.

Mrs. MULLINS,
MIDWIFE,
LATE OF CASTERTON,

HAS taken Mr. Halpin's house (next door to Mr. McKeich's). Ladies accommodated in disposition. Medical attendance. Terms moderate. Will also attend ladies at their own homes. Address Post Office, Beaufort.

Here's Your Chance.

OUR MR. E. H. ROGERS
WILL OPEN
Sale and Sample Room,
NEILL-ST., BEAUFORT,
From 23rd inst.

Special Lines from all Depts...

NOTE.—GREAT VARIETY OF XMAS. AND NEW YEAR GIFTS...

Any Order you may favor him with will receive our best attention...

Yours faithfully,

Lincoln Stuart & Co. Proprietary Ltd.,
General Outfitters, Household Furnishers, &c., &c.,
Flinders Street, Melbourne.

Baker and Rouse
PROPY. LTD.
Largest and Most Complete Stock of
PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS
In the Commonwealth
Cameras from a few shillings
Up-to-date AMATEUR OUTFITS at all prices
MANUFACTURERS OF
"AUSTRAL" DRY PLATES & PRINTING PAPERS
The Best on the Market
Importers of Edison Phonographs and Records. Optical Lantern Goods
Illustrated Catalogue posted free on Application
260 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE
WHEN ORDERING MENTION THIS PAPER

"In for a Long Spell of it"

is the forecast of Mr. Baracchi with regard to the hot weather we are now experiencing. We can help to make life less unpleasant by offering some "cooling" lines at "refreshingly" low prices.

Meat Safes...

14-inch.	16-inch.	18-inch.
7/6	9/6	13/6 each.

Water Bags...

1/3 1/6 1/9

Green or White Bamboo Blinds...

All Sizes. Low Prices.

Garden Hose...

5½d., 6½d., 8½d. per foot.

We can fix up a hose for you to fit any tap or tank.

Seltzogenes or Sparklets...

With Charges for Both.

Disinfectants and Phenyle...

From 6d. per tin to 4/6 per gal.

Fly Catchers...

In great variety, from Tanglefoot Sheets to Gauze Traps that will clear a room in less than no time.

Our Store is noted as one of the coolest spots in Beaufort, and as we stock all those numberless little Summer Sundries that help to make life run easily, we can make shopping a pleasure for you.

HAWKES BROS.,
THE IRONMONGERS,
BEAUFORT.

MAKING TURPENTINE

AN EXTENSIVE INDUSTRY IN CERTAIN SOUTHERN STATES.

How the Trees Are Tapped and the Resinous Gum Gathered—Departments and Divisions In the Work All Under the Keen Eye of the "Rider."

Dialect writers find a fruitful field among the "Tar Heels" of the Carolinas, Alabama and Georgia. In the cool depths of the turpentine woods, with the gashed trees yielding up their resinous gum, the balmy air and the picturesque "hackers," "dippers" and "scrapers," with the ever vigilant "rider" watching everything, is a phase in southern life which has long been the delight of authors and the pleasure of artists. The sturdiy of the implements and the stills used in making turpentine and rosin lend additional interest to this old industry, and the gypsylike habits of the turpentine makers add to their ragged, illiterate charms.

Turpentine is the distilled gum of the pine trees of North and South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and part of Florida. The season begins when the first spring sap rises and ends when cold weather checks the flow of the tree's blood. In January or February the "hacker," with his keen bladed ax, begins the round which ends with the season. He is the expert of the woods and knows his trees and just how much hacking they will stand. His task is to cut the "boxes" in which the thick gum of the wounded tree will collect. A box is a wide incision about six inches deep, a wedge shaped cut in the tree, and he hacks from 90 to 100 boxes a day. The first boxes are cut near the roots of the tree, and they are cut as close together to the height of a man's head as can be done without killing the pine. The hacker leaves a width of bark between each box so as to preserve the vitality of the tree. When the trees are leased to the turpentine makers, the terms of the lease limit the number of boxes to each tree, but when it is desired to work the pine to the fullest extent the gashes are carried up to a height of 20 feet or more.

After the hacker comes the man who "corners" the boxes. This "corner" is a cut in the top of the box to guide the sap into the cavities left for the gum, and the man who "works" the "crop" goes systematically from box to box, starting the sap anew with fresh incisions, working in this way 10,000 boxes during the season. The sap or gum fills the boxes with a clear, sticky, thick fluid, and this is removed by the "dipper." Scattered through the woods are barrels in which the "dipper" deposits the gum, which is then hauled to the still. About a quart of sap is taken from each box by means of the trowel shaped scoop used by the dipper, and then the hacker comes along and starts the flow afresh by wounding the tree again. The turpentine maker watches his men closely, for the Tar Heels are an easy going people and require to be urged by the "rider," who goes through the woods on horseback examining the crop, hurrying the dippers and hackers and sending the barreled gum to the still.

The first or "virgin" sap which flows in the spring makes the best rosin, and the poorest is the product of the hardened gum which is left on the sides of the boxes when the sap "turns down" in the fall. This is removed by the "scraper," who moves through the woods with his scraping tool, gathering the leavings.

The still is a large copper vat hooded with a close fitting cover in which is a funnel which in turn is connected with the "worm" of the still. This worm runs down into another vat near at hand, and in this vat the fumes or vapor of the heated gum is distilled into turpentine. Fire under the copper vat heats the gum, and the volatile parts rise to the funnel, pass into the still and are condensed by the water in the second vat into spirits of turpentine. The residuum left in the vat is the rosin of commerce, which is passed through a series of strainers and sieves to the barrels, which are made on the spot. The turpentine, however, cannot be barreled so easily, for it will work through an ordinary barrel. It is placed in white pine barrels which have been coated inside with several coats of strong, hot glue until the barrel is impervious to the subtle fluid.

The trees are worked for five or six seasons, and then the turpentine maker moves to another part of the woods. He started in North Carolina, crossed over to South Carolina and is still moving toward the gulf. Forest fires destroy the pines faster than the hacker does, for the flames sweep over large areas before they die out. Careful owners of turpentine woods have the pine straw and fallen underbrush raked away from their trees before the season begins, and collecting this material in some safe spot wait for a quiet day when no wind will cool the wet finger, and then they burn the rakings.

Negroes are common laborers of the turpentine woods, but white men are plentiful. They live in rough shanties in the woods, with the stables for the mules and horses near at hand. No work is more healthful than turpentine making, for it is all out of doors in the depths of the balmy, health giving pines, free from the malaria of the swamps and from sudden changes of weather.—Chicago Record.

Horsepower.

The difference between nominal, indicated and effective horsepower often puzzles people. Nominal horsepower is an assumed quantity, used for the convenience of makers and buyers in describing the dimensions of the engines. Indicated horsepower is the amount shown by computations of the indicator diagram. Effective or actual horsepower is the work an engine can do or the difference between the indicated horsepower and the horsepower required to drive the engine when unloaded.—New York Tribune.

BE FIRM.

When you ask for a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, do not allow the dealer to sell you a substitute. Be firm in your conviction that there is nothing so good. This medicine has been tested in the most severe and dangerous cases of cramps, colic and diarrhœa, and has never been known to fail. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

A WHITE DESPERADO.

The Sheriff of a Western mining camp tells the following pathetic story:—"It was a good while ago, just after they first got to electing me sheriff. I had a man in the gaol, and two deputies were staying right with him all the time, 'cause we couldn't take no chance of his getting away, him being convicted of murder and waiting for his day to come to be hung in. It was a mighty mean, low down murder too. Jury wasn't out more'n five minutes over it. His lawyers had tackled all the courts he could get into, but it was no go, and the fellow's time was sure coming—only a couple of days off it was; I think even right then old man Dunn and his carpenters were out in the gaol-yard working away on the gallows.

"Well, on this day, when you could hear them carpenters knocking and sawing back in the yard, who comes into my office room, where I was sorting out some papers, but this feller's lawyer, and a little old lady dressed in black clothes. She was a mighty nice looking old lady, looking considerably against the lawyer, like she was nervous and tired. The lawyer tells me she has an idea that the feller we were going to hang was her boy. He's been loose from her a good lot of years, and she wasn't certain it was him, but she's took up the notion somehow and wanted to see to make sure.

"Course I couldn't do nothing but agree, and I went with them, unlocking the doors and feeling bad. When we got to the cell, there was the feller sitting on a stool reading a book in the light that sifted through the bars of his little window hole. The two deputies were right there too, one on each side, looking glum and sour, for this guardian business is a tough, mean job.

"The feller was a big stout man, over six foot high. He had thick whiskers over his jaws and chin. They were black as a crow, and his face had the prison bleach on. He hadn't taken any care of himself, so he had a shaggy, animal sort of look about him.

"It wasn't much light in there, and there wasn't much room. The guards stood a little to one side, and the man stood up as we come in, looking mighty curious at the little old lady.

"She was all in a tremble and staggered toward him, her poor old shaking hands stretched out. She was saying:

"'George, George! My poor, poor boy! It's your old mother come to you.'

"I'll never forget to my dying day how pitiful her voice sounded. There come a big lump in my throat right there. But the man kinder drew back and looked at her sorrowfullike for a second or two. His face never gave him away nor his voice either. He says:

"'Madam, there is one happiness still left for me. I can convince you of your mistake. Some likeness there might be, but I am not your son. I never saw you before in my life. My mother died years ago. She has been spared the pain of seeing me here, as you can also go away relieved of the thought that your son is as I am.'

"He talked so steady, so sure, so naturally sorry for the little old lady, too, and yet so like the gospel truth, that you bet I felt relieved and glad for her sake. She drew back and caught her lawyer's arm, saying:

"'It has been so long ago. I am very feeble and don't see well. The voice seems like, yet unlike. I must be mistaken. Poor fellow, I am indeed sorry for you and will pray for you!'

"Even at this the feller never turned a hair. Then we all turned and went out, leaving him and his guards just as they were before.

"It was all a lie. It was his mother. He begged, as I never heard a man beg, for me and the deputies not to tell, to save his mother from such a truth and her heart from breaking. We never told her nor nobody else. She's dead herself now so it's no difference.

"Gentlemen, that was acting. Think of a man pulling himself together, meeting her so sudden, and then fooling his own mother, without any preparing or nothing. That feller's nerve was iron, I tell you. There must have been some sort of a good streak in him anyhow. He died plump game, too. I was a heap shakier at the hanging than he was. I hated to do it, but I had to."

Wanted an Answer.

It is related of the Marchioness of Londonderry—she who was the wife of the Peninsular hero—that one morning a note was handed to her by the page, which had evidently been opened, and not a little fingered in the manipulating process. Taking no notice of this awful breach of confidence, the Marchioness sat down and penned a few lines to her gallant husband, who was as fine a specimen of a gallant hussar as ever mounted horse, requesting him to give the bearer what at Winchester is called "tunding"—anglice, "cane-whipping"—which, if not too strongly applied, would teach him that reading notes was not one of the duties of a servant; adding, by way of postcript, that a slight chastisement might prevent a repetition of so grave an offence, which otherwise might be attended by immediate and ignominious dismissal.

Whether the boy looked over her ladyship when writing, whether he had a prescient idea of what was to follow, or whether he again by some clever process opened the strongly adhesive note, was never known, but with a sharpness that reflected greatly upon his genius, with whatever other failings he may be charged, he gave the missive to one of the tallest footmen in the establishment, and desired him, by his mistress's command, to deliver it into the hands of his lordship, and wait for an answer. This was accordingly done, and great was the noble Marquis' surprise when a man, some inches taller than himself, presented a note, and said it required an immediate answer.

As a cavalry officer, Charles Stuart—such was his famed Peninsular name—would have charged fifty such messengers in the battlefield; but to cane a strong, athletic man of six feet three was a service, brave as he was, that he did not fancy. So, "I'll send an answer," was the Marquis' reply.

Fritz Hufnagle is a professional gravedigger, who does not always pay his debts promptly. One day while he was hard at work digging down about five feet into the bowels of the planet he perceived a dark shadow between himself and the sun. Looking up, he perceived his landlord. "Vat's de madder now?" "I've just dropped round to see you about last month's rent." "Mine Gott!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, protruding his head from the hole in the ground, "a man has no peace even in da grave. Vat a country! vat a peebles!"

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," for it *will positively restore in every case Greyor White hair* to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Wholesale depôt 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

THE FIRST SIGHT OF HIS MOTHER.

A minister living in an Indiana village received a call one night from a parishioner. "Will you go to Indianapolis for me?" he asked. "We have decided to send Johnnie there for an operation. We have received encouragement that he may yet be made to see."

Johnnie had been born without sight, and now, a little lad of six, bright and sunny, and hardly realising that he lacked anything to make life happy, he was facing a future of darkness, little hope having till now been given to the parents that anything could be done for his eyes.

"Go with my wife and Johnnie," said the father. "I cannot go; I dare not go. But stay with her till it is all over, and either rejoice with us or comfort us, and send me word as fast as the lightning can fetch it."

The minister went, and stayed with the lad while the oculist, not over confident, began his work, and till at last, with a thrill of triumph in his tone, he said, "That boy will see!"

The glad wire tingled with the message to the father, and the minister with the overjoyed mother, retired to wait for the time when the bandaged eyes could bear light enough for a first look at the beautiful world.

At last came the notification of the expected test. In the dimly lighted room the mother and the minister stood breathless while the doctor carefully raised the shade. The little lad overwhelmed by the sudden possession of a new sense, cast a bewildered look from one to another of the three.

"Johnnie," said the minister, "this is your mother."

The little arms went up and clasped her neck, the happy boy verifying his new sense by those already tested; and caressing the loving face that he saw leaning above him, he cried, "O mother! Is this really you, or is it heaven?"

It was indeed like a glimpse into heaven.

THE SECRET.

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humour, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance.

Meeting him one morning I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy spirits.

"No secret, doctor," he replied, "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and she is sure to be ready; and she has done so many things during the day to please me, that I cannot find in my heart to speak unkind to anybody."

What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful."

PRECEPT WITHOUT PRACTICE.

A lady had in her employ an excellent servant who had one fault—her face was always grimy. The lady was anxious to tell her to wash her face, but did not want to offend her, so at last she resorted to strategy.

"Don you know, Bridget," she one day said, quite confidently, "that if you wash your face every day in hot soap and water, it will make you beautiful?"

"Will it, mum?" answered the wily Bridget; and then, after a pause, she added: "I wonder you never tried it, mum?"

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF COMMON TERMS.

The late Lord Tennyson could take a blank and worthless piece of paper, and by writing a poem upon it could make it worth £10,000—that was genius.

Vanderbilt could write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth £1,000,000—that's capital.

The Mint can take 123.27447 grains of gold and stamp upon it the King's head, and make it worth £1—that's money.

A mechanic can take material worth £1, and make it into watch springs worth £200—that's skill.

A merchant can take an article worth 2/6 and sell it for 5/—that's business.

A lady can purchase a hat for 2/6, but she prefers one that costs £5—that's folly.

A farm labourer works ten hours a day, and handles several tons of earth for 5/—that's labour.

The writer of these lines could draw a cheque for £20,000, but no banker in the world would pay it—that's a shame.

MERE CURIOSITY.

She cycled up to the butcher's shop and came in with a smiling face.

"I want you to cut me off twenty-five pounds of beef, please," she said.

The butcher was incredulous. "Twenty-five pounds?"

"Yes, please."

It was a big job, and when he had finished he asked her whether she would take it or have it sent home.

"Oh, I don't want to buy it," she exclaimed. "You see, my doctor tells me I have lost twenty-five pounds of flesh through cycling, and I wanted to see what it looked like in a lump. Thank you so much."

FLOWERS FOR THE WEDDING

The days of banked mantelpieces and flowers tortured into wedding bells and other "set" forms are passing away. The Japanese have taught us that to arrange flowers so as to preserve the effect of the growing blossoms is to conform to artistic principles.

A few flowers in bowls or vases, growing plants at the windows and massed where the bridal pair are to stand, give a more pleasing effect, because more natural, than ambitious and elaborate attempts.

The crown which was worn at the coronation of the Czar of Russia is one of the richest treasures in the possession of European Royal or Imperial families. Catherine the Great had it made by a jeweller from Geneva in the last century. She gave orders at the time that it was to be the most valuable crown in Europe. The Genevan was successful in fulfilling all the requirements and the crown to-day is valued at nearly £90,000. On the top is a ruby, surmounted by a cross of five magnificent diamonds, and the rest of it is fairly covered with diamonds and pearls.

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

New Mining Boards.

THE REGULATIONS.

The new regulations for the constitution of mining boards for the seven mining districts of the State, as provided by the Mines Act 1904, were approved of by the Governor-in-Council on Saturday. The new Act provides that future boards are to be constituted as follows:—An inspector of mines to be appointed by the Governor-in-Council, two representatives of registered companies carrying on mining operations in the mining district, two representatives of the Amalgamated Miners' Association (members residing in the district), and two representatives elected by the holders of miners' rights.

To give effect to the requirements of the Act, it has been found necessary to draft different sets of regulations for the election of members for the different interests represented in the new boards. For mining companies the procedure is as follows:—The district returning officer for mining board elections is to notify, on or before 1st February, each registered company carrying on operations in the district that nominations will be received by him up to 5 p.m. on the 11th February, and that such nominations must be signed by at least two directors and the legal manager or secretary, and be under the seal of the company. Thereupon the returning officer, if more than two candidates are nominated, sends to each company a statement of the names of the candidates, and requires the company before 5 p.m. on the 25th February to send him a voting paper, setting out the names of the two persons for whom the company votes, which must be signed by the legal manager or secretary and at least two directors, and be duly sealed. The returning officer is then required to examine publicly the voting papers submitted, and to declare the result of the election.

In the case of the Amalgamated Miners' Association representatives, the returning officer, on or before the 1st February, notifies each branch in the district that he will be prepared to receive nominations on or before 5 p.m. on the 11th February, and that the nomination papers must be signed by the chairman and secretary to a branch, or by ten members of the Amalgamated Miners' Association residing in the district. Immediately after the 11th of February, the returning officer will advise each branch (if more than two persons have been nominated) of the names of those nominated, and require each branch to take a ballot in accordance with its rules for the election of two members on or before the 25th February, and to inform him of the result as soon as possible after the ballot has been taken. Upon receipt of the ballot papers and the statements of results from the various branches, the returning officer makes up in public the total vote recorded, and declares the two candidates receiving the highest number duly elected. Secretaries of branches are called upon to send to the returning officer on the last day for nomination, viz., the 11th February, a statement—verified by statutory declaration—setting out the number of members in the branch who are then residing in the mining district, for it must be remembered that only such members of the branch as reside in the mining district have any legal right to take part in the election. It should be pointed out that a ballot is not required in the case of mining companies, as the Act provides for the companies acting as corporate bodies, while it specifically enacts that each individual member of the Amalgamated Miners' Association resident in a mining district to be represented, thus rendering a ballot necessary. The existence of the branches is recognised by the statute to the extent that it entrusts to them the conduct of the elections, subject of course so far as the mode of procedure is concerned to the requirements of the regulations.

As regards the representatives of the holders of miners' rights, public notice must be given by the returning officer on or before 1st February of his intention to take a poll for the election of two representatives, and nominations invited, which must be signed by at least 10 holders of miners' rights, and must be lodged before 5 p.m. on the 11th February. Thereupon he arranges to take a poll on the 25th, unless only two candidates are nominated. The poll will be taken as under the old law, with this qualification, that the candidates will represent the whole of the mining district instead of divisions as formerly. The nominators must send to the returning officer their miners' rights for inspection. Only such persons as have been the holders of miners' rights for three months continuously prior to the date of election will be entitled to vote. Where two candidates only are nominated, the returning officer has the power to declare them duly elected immediately after the time for nomination has expired.

The remuneration to be paid to members is fixed at £2 2s per sitting, exclusive of travelling expenses. The regulations also deal with the election of chairman, place and times of sittings, appointment of returning officer, the punishment of returning officer, secretaries to Amalgamated Miners Association branches, legal managers, and all other persons who fail to carry out or in any way contravene any of the regulations.

CAUTION!

Persons when travelling should exercise care in the use of drinking water. As a safeguard it is urged that every traveller secure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy before leaving home, to be carried in the hand baggage. This may prevent distressing sickness and annoying delay. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Lake Goldsmith Reserve.

At Monday's meeting of the Riponshire Council, the following letter and petitions were read with regard to leasing the Lake Goldsmith Reserve:—

Postponed letter from A. M. Hannah, Stockyard Hill, offering £20 per annum for right to graze on Lake Goldsmith reserve, and to destroy rabbits and thistles, and with an option of 10 years' lease he was prepared to fence where necessary, reserving the right to remove same at end of his term.

From A. M. Hannah and 29 ratepayers, considering it was high time the reserve should be self-supporting and let by public tender.

From Wm. Lynch and 15 ratepayers Lake Goldsmith, stating that at a meeting of the West Riding ratepayers, held on 23rd ult., to consider the Lake Goldsmith water reserve question, it was unanimously agreed by those present who were making use of the said reserve for watering and depasturing stock, to undertake the destruction of rabbits and the cutting of thistles thereon, as has hitherto been done by the council, and they considered it inadvisable that the council should take any steps to have it leased to any person or persons. They would point out that on previous occasions the council have had considerable trouble with lessees in regard to the destruction of rabbits, notably the case of the Mount Emu reserve, and it is against the policy of public bodies to alienate the right of the ratepayers to the use of water at all times; and during the recent drought the people living on the lake fringe would undoubtedly have been put to considerable inconvenience had it not been for the numerous springs and wells which the council have at various times opened up there. The drought-stricken settlers also from the northern districts largely availed themselves of the privilege of running their stock on it, thus materially helping them through a very trying time, and hundreds of head of stock that in the ordinary course of events would most likely have been lost to their owners were enabled to drag out a precarious existence until such time as the drought had broken up. Thousands of sheep were allowed to remain on it for a time, although this was contrary to the regulations, and as they might have a recurrence of these droughts, the matter should be looked at from a national point and not from a purely local and sordid standpoint. During several months of the year the travelling public avail themselves of the lake bed for traffic, and in many cases it shortens the journey several miles. They had no hesitation in saying that the amount thus saved in maintenance (as the main road is then unused) would at least counterbalance the paltry amount derived from the leasing of the reserve, and a number of the ratepayers are of the opinion that with a small yearly outlay in tree-planting and other small matters it could be made one of the beauty spots of the district, where picnics, etc., could be held; but this was a matter for their future consideration.

From John Ellis and three other ratepayers within a radius of five miles of the Lake Goldsmith water reserve and entitled to depasture stock thereon, feeling that they should have a voice in the leasing of the reserve or otherwise, thought that if the ratepayers living on the lake fringe and making daily use of it for depasturing and watering stock, undertake the destruction of rabbits and cutting of thistles thereon, that it should not be leased to any person or persons, as they might wish at any time to avail themselves of their rights to graze and depasture stock thereon.

The standing orders having been suspended, Messrs P. Cushing, R. Boyle and A. Andrews addressed the council on the subject, speaking against the leasing of the reserve, as it was wanted for watering purposes. During the course of a long discussion it was elicited that the West riding members contemplated leasing the reserve for a year, in compliance with the wishes of the majority of the petitioners, but Mr Andrews pointed out that the council had no power to do that, seeing the reserve was a farmers' common. It was ultimately decided, on an amendment by Crs. Flynn and Roddis, that Mr Donald Cameron be appointed herdsman on a commission of 75 per cent. of the fees, and that the regulations be put into force at once; a motion by Crs. Sinclair and Slater, that the matter be allowed to stand over for a month, being negatived. Mr Cushing thanked the council, remarking that the ratepayers only wanted a fair thing.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

Applicants for leases within the district covered by *The Riponshire Advocate* are invited to peruse the following facts:—

The New Mining Regulations require that when a lease is marked out the applicant "shall insert in a newspaper PUBLISHED IN THE DISTRICT WHERE THE LAND IS SITUATED, or if no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed.

Ten days are allowed, after marking out the lease, in which to lodge the application with the Warden or his clerk, and forward a duplicate to the Minister of Mines.

The word "district" in the regulations has been defined by the Crown Solicitor to be read as locality, and not as mining district, and the lease should therefore be advertised in the paper nearest the and for which application is to be made. As TEN days (not seven as formerly) are given in which to complete the application, no valid excuse can now be urged for failure to advertise the lease in the district paper, though it has only a weekly, and not a daily issue.

This is borne out by the following memo. from the Mines Department received by Mr H. A. Adams, *Grenville Standard*, Linton.—"Sir,—Referring to your communication, I have the honor to inform you that the Warden's clerk at Smythesdale has been instructed to advise intending applicants for mining leases, where opportunity offers [i.e., for tendering such advice], that the regulation relating to advertising their applications should be STRICTLY ADHERED TO.—I have the honor to be, etc., P. Cohen, for Sec. of Mines and Water Supply."

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' of 38 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c.

FOLLOW THE RIGHT TRACK.

Here Is a Safe Leader.

The Case of Mr. T. J. HOLLAND.

(*By a Special Reporter.*)

Mr. Thomas James Holland, of No. 155 Bridge-street, Port Melbourne, is a native of that suburb, and has always been in business there. "I am also," he explained to a reporter, "athletic instructor at the Council's gymnasium, having held that position for the past three years."

"That ought to keep you in good fettle," said the scribe.

"Oh, yes, but even exercise can be overdone. For instance, some years ago I was overtrained and thoroughly run down, and you would hardly believe the misery it led me into. I did not have to knock off work altogether, but what I did was only accomplished with great difficulty, for I had lost all my energy. One doctor whom I consulted said I had heart weakness, and that I had better give up all violent exercise and rest as much as possible. This alarmed me, as you may well believe, and in order to make sure I went to another doctor, who said my heart was as sound as a bell, but that I was run down completely. He said I wanted six months constant rest, but I asked him what about my work, as I could not afford to neglect it as long as that. Well, he gave me some medicine which was to do me good; but it didn't. It did me harm, probably, for my teeth started to ache, and kept on till I had four of them extracted. Afterwards, when my teeth were gone, I discovered it was neuralgia I was suffering from."

"How unfortunate you were to lose them."

"Yes; but it can't be helped now, and at the time I thought more about my sufferings than anything else. I wasted away from ten stone six down to eight stone eleven, so that will give you an idea of how weak I was, and wasn't I languid, too?—had no thought or inclination for anything. My nerves were all of a throb, and whilst being in bed my heart seemed to give little jumps and miss a beat now and then, and the feelings that ran through me were dreadful, as though I was going to shuffle off. Often I thought it was all up with me, especially when I used to get so giddy that I would reel against my bench and for three or four hours would have to take a spell. It was enough to scare anybody. And I was troubled a lot with a feeling that I wanted to retch and could not, and when I had had some food the oppressiveness in my chest was unbearable, and what with that and the pains between my shoulders no wonder I felt so wretched and tired of everything. After my restless nights I got up with a taste in my mouth as if I had been drinking bitter ale; all the time I was drowsy and had severe headaches, while, to crown all, I was for ever tortured by the knowledge that apparently medicine was no use to me, and so a heavy oppression of mingled sorrow and dread weighed down my heart."

"You still attend to your business and your athletic engagements, don't you?"

"I do, I am thankful to say; but that's owing to Clements Tonic, not through any other medicine, and I also have to thank a friend for giving the advice which led to me using that remedy. Would you believe that I had only taken two or three bottles of Clements Tonic when I felt as sure of getting well again as I am of seeing you sitting there with your note book. The increase of vigor was really remarkable, and it would have done your heart good to see the way I could eat. I never saw anything like it in my life—going to bed and sleeping as well as if nothing had ever been wrong with me, and getting up with a freshness in my mouth that was delightful. My folks were greatly pleased to see me getting along so spendidly, and when once the right remedy had been found you may bet I did not neglect taking it till I was a sound man again. A month after starting on Clements Tonic I was a pound over weight, and now I go eleven four, so the good done to me speaks for itself. In or out of training the secret of success for all athletes is to keep the brain clear, the nerves sound, and the blood free from all impurities, and to do each of these I always advise the use of Clements Tonic, which thoroughly cured me, and you are at liberty to publish this conversation in any way it suits you.

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, THOMAS JAMES HOLLAND, of No. 155 Bridge-street, Port Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document consisting of three folios, and consecutively numbered from one to three, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my testimonial which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria, rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Thos. J. Holland

Declared at Port Melbourne, in the State of Victoria, this 18th day of January, 1904, before me, H. N. EDWARDS, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway time table:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Trawalla at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12.22, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54, and Buangor at 1.4. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.39). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell every week day at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and on every week day at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day, as follows:—Buangor, 7.46; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.16. The 8.20 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat, arriving at Beaufort at 11.10 p.m., runs every week day.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU NEED IT.

Do not wait until some of your family is taken with a violent attack of colic or diarrhœa. A bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy at hand when needed has saved many a life. Procure it at once. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures.

The following are the police magistrate's permanent engagements in the Ballarat district, with the necessary proviso, added by Mr Dickson, "unless otherwise engaged":—

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.
Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3rd Wednesday and fourth Thursday.
Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Tuesday.
Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th Monday.
Buninyong—3.25 p.m., 3rd Friday.
Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday.
Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd Monday.
Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday.
Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday.
Kaleno—11 a.m., 2nd Tuesday.
Scarsdale—Noon, 3rd Thursday.
Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.

HUNGER IS A GOOD SAUCE.

When you do not have hunger as a sauce for your food, try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They cleanse and invigorate the stomach and give a relish for the food, as no other preparation can. They are easy to take, pleasant in effect and are just what you need. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

L. BRAVO,
Hairdresser, Tobacconist, and Fancy Goods Depot,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
SHAVING, 3d.; HAIRCUTTING, 6d.
CHILDREN, 3d.
Every satisfaction guaranteed. Cleanliness and Civility.
A Good Assortment of PIPES, TOBACCO, and CIGARS kept in Stock.

WM. C. PEDDER,
Wheelwright and Blacksmith,
Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,
with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute any orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
In thanking the public for the support accorded me for the past 4½ years, I beg to announce that I have taken the
Golden Age Hotel,
Beaufort,
And trust by keeping the very
Best Liquors in Stock,
to receive a share of public patronage.
I will be in possession on and after Saturday, January 30th.
MEALS a Specialty, from 1s.
A careful Groom always in attendance.
C. W. JONES.

New Zealand Insurance Co.
Established 1859.
THE PREMIER COLONIAL COMPANY.
Dwellings, Farm Buildings, and Hay Stacks Insured at Current Rates.
Prompt Settlement of Losses.
Local Agent—John McDonald,
MIDDLE CREEK.
Ballarat Branch—Franklin Chambers, Lydiard Street. ROBT. J. SPARROW, Local Manager.

Say!
Don't it Make you Mad
To find that your Newspaper has not arrived to time? Of course it does.
This does not happen to the clients of
J. B. COCHRAN,
NEWS AGENT, &c., &c.
BEAUFORT.
Reliability and Promptness; Straight Dealing with Civility and Attention; combined with Large and Well-assorted Stocks of Confectionery, Toys, Books, Garden Seeds, &c., are always to be found here, where the good things are many.

W. EDWARD,
Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhangings, Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc.
All sorts of Vehicles Repainted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

F. G. PRINCE
Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT
(next door to Mr. T. Sands), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primest Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage.
Small Goods a Specialty.

R. G. KIRKPATRICK,
GENERAL CARRIER,
BEAUFORT.
In Soliciting a Share of Public Patronage, begs to announce that he is representing
A. M. Greenfield & Co., Ballarat,
AND
Nickols & Chesterfield,
Auctioneers, Beaufort,
And can Supply all kinds of . . .
Farm Implements,
Manures,
Twine,
Oil, Bags, &c.,
AT LOWEST PRICES.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD
(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS).
Auctioneers and General Commission, House, Land, and Insurance Agents,
BEAUFORT, ARARAT, and PITTFIELD.
MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.
MONEY TO LEND.
AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED in any part of the State of Victoria.
Every attention, and prompt returns.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD,
Auctioneers.

Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of *The Riponshire Advocate* newspaper, Lawrence-street, Beaufort, Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1417 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1905. | PRICE THREEPENCE

A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.

GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.

2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET

FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.

GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.

SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOW.
SEE THE WINDOWS.

COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.

WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY

AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.

REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Address—

GEORGE PAYNE,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

BALLARAT

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

FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker),

UNDERTAKER,

Opposite the State School,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Picture Framer.

A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

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

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 is 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 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 £3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis £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 loan of 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 Despatch.

Bear in mind that

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.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—it cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For

SCROFULA,	BAD LEGS,
SCURVY,	BLOTCHES,
ECZEMA,	SPOTS,
BLOOD POISON,	BLACKHEADS,
ULCERS,	PIMPLES,
SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES,	and SORES OF ALL KINDS,

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

TRIED MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNTIL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Mr F. E. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Row, Chester, writes:—"Just a line in favour of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"—June 13, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr W. G. Weston, care of Messrs Knott, of 49, Essex-street, Kingsland-road, N.E., writes:—"Gentlemen,—"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from eczema and an irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. While an out-patient at one of the big London hospitals a doctor informed me that my disease was the result of looking after foreign horses. I have had as many as thirty horses under my care, my father being a horsedealer and jobmaster. He (my father) was speaking one day to a friend of mine who mentioned that he was being cured of an ulcerated leg, due to a horse-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I continued, however, to suffer until April 4 last, when my friend told me he was completely cured. Then I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myself, and I am now completely cured, after suffering and being disfigured for several years. I am able to follow my employment, and am very pleased to think there is such a valuable remedy obtainable, for such a small sum. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case."—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES

Mr James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an outpatient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make whatever use you like of this letter."—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.—"We have seen hosts of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, in which the writers acknowledge the benefit they have received from Clarke's Blood Mixture, which as a curative agent cannot be too highly estimated, since it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition." This is a good testimonial from the *Family Doctor*, the popular medical weekly, which goes on further to say:—"It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science and skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

RE MINING LEASES.

It is notified for general information that applicants for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J.s.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridge. Fourth Tuesday.—Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Beggs.

THROAT AFFECTION AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight" cold, or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

CLOSING.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	...	4.00
Ballarat ...	...	8 and 4.00
Geelong ...	...	8 and 4.50
Trawalla ...	...	8 and 4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 20 minutes prior.

Ararat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. (including Sundays.)

Stawell ...	11.50	8 p.m. Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays.
Middle Creek,	11.50	
Murtoa ...	11.50	
Buangor ...	11.50	

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

English mail per Mail Steamer, via Adelaide, 8 p.m. every Wednesday.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan ...	9.15
Waterloo ...	9.15
Waterloo S.,	9.15
Main Lead, ...	9.15
Chute ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.	
Nerring ...	9.15
Lake Goldsmith ...	9:15
Stockyard Hill ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Eurambeen ...	12.45
Shirley, ...	12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—12.20 p.m. daily and 8.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat daily at 7 a.m., 12.20 and 8.40 p.m.

From Ararat, Stawell, Middle Creek, and Murtoa.—5.30 p.m. daily. Ararat, Stawell, and Buangor, 8.30 a.m. daily.

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

Office is open daily for transaction of postal and telegraph business, sale of stamps and postal notes from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

From 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., Saturdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SAVINGS BANK.

From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. for receiving deposits only.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS.

9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass nor heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Cares more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may disperse
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

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

Of you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Besides dere ish dese differences: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can somedimes shenerally always make der advertising come right avay quick off all der year round, mit some moneys.—Joseph.

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

TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

To avoid Indigestion

That distressed feeling is simply a poorly-working stomach—it needs a little help—but no matter how bad it may be, a dose of **BEECHAM'S PILLS** will SPEEDILY GIVE RELIEF. Take **BEECHAM'S PILLS** for a few days and the trouble will disappear.

To Cure Sick Headache

Sick headache means an overtaxed stomach and a derangement of the digestive organs. **BEECHAM'S PILLS** have proved themselves a boon for removing that distressed feeling and discomfort. A dose will remove the immediate cause, and if repeated for a few days will enable your system to work normally.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes,

Price 1s. 1½d. (56 Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills.)

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER

SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.

All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

We have resolved to REDUCE the SUBSCRIPTION to "THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" (with which is published 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per quarter, in trust that this concession will be appreciated and taken advantage of.

The Advertising Rates have also been considerably reduced, and advertisers will find it to their benefit to avail themselves of the columns of "The Riponshire Advocate," which is the only newspaper that is printed and published within the boundaries of the Shire. As the advocate of the interests and for the welfare of this district, it has a claim for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of Beaufort.

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

Business man—"You remember that 'ad.' I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again.' Editor—"Why, I thought you said no one noticed it while it was in." Business man (humbly)—"They didn't seem to until I took it out." The mere fact of your advertising lets people know you are still in business; also that your business is sufficiently important to stand advertising. If you are in business you cannot afford to do without advertising, as it is too much of an admission to the world at large.—Extract from an interview with a man who has profited by newspaper advertising.

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, billheads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions, but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give it your job printing.

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, BOOKSELLER, and STATIONER, begs to announce to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district that he is Sole Agent for the *Argus, Age, Herald, Star, Courier*, Melbourne *Punch*, Sydney *Bulletin*, *Riponshire Advocate*, *Leader*, *Weekly Times*, *Australasian*, *Australian Journal*, *Sportsman*, and all other Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts, by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all metropolitan and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agent advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Wotherspoon & Co.

STEVENSON BROS.,

BUILDERS

AND

CONTRACTORS,

HAVELOCK STREET,

BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

JOHN HUMPHREYS

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT

ACCOUNTANT ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

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

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

Very few are too poor now-a-days to take their country paper, and it is false economy to try and get along without it. Hardly a week passes that something or other does not appear in its columns that will be of financial benefit to the subscriber, and by the end of the year he had made or saved or won twenty times the subscription paid for it. The city papers don't take the place of the country ones, though some people appear to think they do. The city papers are all right in their way, but they do not give you that in which you are most interested—your country news. You cannot learn from them when and where your country meetings are to be held, who are dying or who are marrying, who are moving in or who are moving out, court proceedings, who wants to buy or sell farm or land produce, in fact hundreds of things of which it might be of particular importance for you to know. If you can afford to take only one paper, by all means take the one that is published in the country or district where you live. It will cost you less, and thereby you will be assisting yourself and keeping the money in the district.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

If they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

A country paper kindly supplies this beautiful simile:—"You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

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

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"Subscribers and Advertisers"

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

"The Riponshire Advocate',

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

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

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

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

Is

Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

Containing an

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

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

And another writer has said that—

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

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,

Printer and Publisher,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS.
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILLHEADS, POSTERS,
DELIVERY BOOKS
DRAPERS' HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c.,

PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE"

OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS

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

Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

Drapery, Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

COUGLE'S

UP-TO-DATE STORE . . . Filled with New and Up-to-Date Goods. . * *

When you want anything in

DRAPERY,

COME TO US.

Our GOOD VALUE is our Best Friend, as it speaks our Praises louder than Words.

Ladies, Inspect. OUR STOCK OF MILLINERY, BLOUSINGS, DRESSES, &C. WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

Ladies, Inspect. THIS IS THE BEST PLACE FOR CHOICE GOODS. Our Prices are the Lowest.

LATEST NOVELTIES, NEWEST GOODS, In All Departments.

G. H. COUGLE,

The People's Draper, Havelock St., BEAUFORT.

W. H. HALPIN,

* AUCTIONEER, *

HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, AND VALUATOR.

Highest Prices given for Produce of all kinds. Loans negotiated. Money to Lend on Land.

MONTHLY STOCK SALE, Thursday, 16th Feby., 1905.

Agent for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manure.
SEVERAL LINES OF SHEEP FOR SALE.
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.—Live Stock and Vehicles Insured.

RICHARDS & CO.,

The Leading and Fashionable Ballarat PHOTOGRAPHERS.

GRAND NEW EXHIBITION OF HIGH-ART PHOTOGRAPHS.

Read Press Opinions. . . .
"The Ballarat Courier" says:—"The Xmas. show at Richards and Co.'s studio surpasses all previous efforts in artistic photography yet produced by this progressive firm."
"The Ballarat Star" says:—"Each picture is marked by originality, artistic taste, and skill, which makes the picture in each case a masterpiece."
All the Latest Styles in Artists' Proofs. Aristo Platinos in Sepia and Blue; and the Newest Styles of Bridal Portraits.
Richards & Co.'s Studio has become quite famous for their Bridal Pictures.
Bridal Veils, Bouquets, Wreaths, etc., kept at the Studio.

Richard & Co.'s Famous Studio, 23 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr J. W. HARRIS,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, REGISTERED DENTIST, AND DRUGGIST, HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the DISPENSING DEPARTMENT.
Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.
HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS.
Homeopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, R.D.S., *Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,* HAVELOCK-STREET, BEAUFORT.
May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Teeth fitted accurately on vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.
PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teeth extracted painlessly with cocaine ether chloride of ethyl, laughing gas, &c.

☞ NOTE THE ADDRESS— HAVELOCK-STREET (Next Mechanics' Institute), BEAUFORT

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,

Barrister and Solicitor, Proctor and Conveyancer, BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits.
TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

United Ancient Order of Druids

THE usual FORTNIGHTLY MEETING will be held in the LODGE ROOM, SOCIETIES' HALL, on TUESDAY Evening next, at 7.30 o'clock sharp.

L. A. JAENSCH, Secy.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 22ND JANUARY, 1905.

Church of England.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Main Lead, 2 p.m.; Waterloo, 3.30 p.m.—Rev. A. J. Pearce.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.—Mr W. Chellew. Shirley, 11 a.m.; Raglan 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo. Chute, 3 p.m.; Raglan, 7.30 p.m.—Mr N. Davey.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Main Lead, 7.30 p.m.—Mr A. McLeod. Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Trawalla, 3 p.m.; Beaufort, 7.30 p.m.—Rev. R. McGowan.

CAMP HOTEL, BEAUFORT.

The above Hostelry having changed hands, the present Proprietress wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and no effort will be spared to make customers comfortable.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.
FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/-
Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

First-class Groom always in attendance. Stabling Free. Horses and Vehicles on hire.

The Proprietress trusts that with every attention, combined with civility, she will receive a fair share of patronage.
—A TRIAL SOLICITED.—
M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

THE Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning,
SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1905.

THE recent devastating bush fires in this district will undoubtedly forcibly bring home to the residents how careful they should be to prevent another outbreak occurring. The hot weather we have experienced, and which has dried up the grass and rendered it most inflammable, makes it essential that nothing should be left undone that will tend to do away with the possibility of a recurrence of so dreadful a fire. A striking lesson is to be derived from what has been done in the state forests, where many fire-breaks have been made, and the officers instructed how to act in case of a conflagration. Owing to these steps scores of fires have been nipped in the bud, and not only has the timber been saved, but farms, crops, stock and grazing lands adjoining have been preserved. An important point is that the expenditure has been small, being only £150, which is less than a detail when the interests involved are taken into consideration. The danger is as great as ever, and it is not too late to take precautions where they do not exist. The very serious fires just experienced and the extensive damage caused conclusively show the great need there is to take every measure of self-protection. Any small amount of money or labor spent in such directions is an excellent investment, and one which will pay well all the time. Co-operation among the farmers, graziers and landholders generally would be a wise procedure, and the making of combined breaks would give a reasonable feeling of security. The Department of Agriculture would do a good work in issuing instructions to country residents regarding the best means of preventing fires and checking them when they do break out. This might with advantage be made an annual work, and at the same time the children at the State schools should be impressed with the necessity of being careful in the use of fire. It would not cost much to put this into effect, and it may be the direct means of saving untold devastation. The situation is one that calls for the exercise of instant practicality, and not to take any steps in the direction indicated is like tempting Providence and inviting disaster. Last year bush fires were unknown, but this year they have come full upon us with a grim determination to make up for lost time. We have experienced an unprecedented heat wave, and until there is a heavy fall of rain the risk must be great, but those concerned need not add to the danger by refusing to avail themselves of the opportunities which are at their command.

Local and General News.

The following mining lease has been declared forfeited:—No. 1723, D. F. Troy, 46 acres, Raglan.

The marriage of Mr Herbert J. M. Finch, son of Mr Wm. Finch, to Miss Mary Ann Lamb, daughter of Mr Ralph Lamb, was celebrated in the Methodist Church, Beaufort, by the Rev. R. Yeo, on Wednesday, 11th inst. The contracting parties hail from Waterloo, and the wedding was a very quiet one.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' "The Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

A lad about 10 years of age named Thomas Roberts, son of Mrs Roberts, of Beaufort, was reclining on the limb of a tree close to the ground on Thursday afternoon, when he fell and struck his head against the rail of a fence, sustaining a nasty flesh-wound on the back of his head. Dr. G. A. Eadie closed the wound up with two stitches.

At the Skipton police court on Wednesday, before Messrs Earles and Slater, J's.P., James Watt, a Chinaman, was charged with careless use of fire at Streatham some days ago, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

A public meeting is convened for Wednesday evening, at the Mechanics' Institute, to consider the best means of raising a benefit for the widow and family of the late Mr Thomas Wilson.

The lists of names objected to upon the ratepaying and general lists of electors in the Beaufort division of Hampden are advertised in another column.

The business people of Beaufort intend to observe Monday, 30th inst. (Foundation Day), as a public holiday.

The Buangor Athletic Club hold their annual sports meeting on Monday, 30th inst. A good programme is assured, as record entries have been received.

Messrs Nickols and Chesterfield will offer for sale at the Railway Hotel, Beaufort, on Saturday, 28th inst., at 3 p.m., on account of Mr J. E. Loft, 20 acres of freehold land on the Waterloo Road. They will also submit to public auction on Saturday, 4th prox., 240 acres of freehold land known as Vance's property, in the parish of Langi-Kal-Kal.

The royalty system is to be enforced in the Beaufort district from 1st inst., but in the case of firewood no rate will be fixed until the promised visit of the Minister is carried out. Royalty permits are about to be issued.

At Wednesday's meeting of the Sons of Freedom Junction's board of directors, Mr R. A. D. Sinclair, of Beaufort, was nominated as one of the two representatives of mining companies to be elected on the new Mining Board for the Ararat and Stawell district.

LINSEED COMPOUND,' the 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years proven efficacy.

A miner named Charles Miles, a bachelor, residing at Waterloo, had the misfortune, on Wednesday afternoon, to get his one-roomed hut and contents completely gutted by fire. Miles, who was away at work at the time, does not know how the fire originated. He estimates his loss at £10.

The half-yearly meeting of the All Nations Consols G. M. Co. is announced for Thursday, 25th inst., at 11 a.m., at the George Hotel, Ballarat.

A general meeting of the Beaufort Athletic Club, to receive and adopt balance-sheet and auditor's report and to deal with motions by notice re giving bonuses of £5 5s and £2 2s to the secretary and Mr Stevens respectively, is to be held at the Mechanics' Institute on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis.

The half-yearly general meeting of the Raglan branch A.M.A., was held last Saturday night, the president, Mr W. G. Davis, in the chair. About 12 members were present. The minutes of last meeting were read and confirmed. The balance-sheet was received and adopted, and the following correspondence was received:—From General Secretary A.M.A., forwarding copies of paper dealing with affiliation, and report of Executive Council meeting. From Secretary for Mines, forwarding regulations relating to Mining Board elections. It was decided to nominate Mr J. Sargent for a seat on the Mining Board. There being only one nomination for delegate to conference, viz., Mr W. G. Davis, he was duly elected. The conference business-sheet was dealt with, and delegate instructed re same. Messrs J. Smith and J. Harrison were elected on committee. It was decided to hold the usual sports gathering on miners' holiday, and all present were formed into a committee, with power to add.

The time is approaching for the public to make their income tax returns. Every person whose income for 1904 consisted solely of salary, wages, allowance, pension, superannuation, or retiring allowance, or of rents or annuity, and whose gross income earned in or derived from Victoria amounted to £151 or upwards is required to furnish a return of such on or before the 1st February. Every other person or company liable to make a return must do so on or before 1st March. The penalty for failure to supply a return is not less than £2 or more than £100.

An unconscious humorist, one Hugh Quinn, appeared before Mr Dickson P.M., at the Skipton Court on Wednesday week (says the "Echo"). Quinn was charged, conjointly with Chas. Bradshaw, contractor, with stealing road metal of the value of 30s from the Shire of Ripon, at the instance of Mr E. J. Muntz, the municipal engineer. When the case was called on, Quinn grandiloquently observed that he had walked a distance of 23 miles to attend the court, and asked as a matter of right, that he should be granted his expenses. "But you are the defendant," interposed the Police Magistrate; "you are charged with theft." "Quite so," returned Quinn, airily, "but I withdraw that; I had nothing whatever to do with it." Mr Dickson laughed good-humouredly, but could not quite see his way to grant the defendant's unusual request. As Bradshaw had not put in an appearance, it was found necessary to put in a warrant for his arrest, the hearing of the charge against Quinn being meanwhile deferred until the former's attendance was ensured.

LINSEED COMPOUND.' Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

"Some people are prone to rush into a court of law, and Mr John Simper, of Carngham, appears, according to the statements made at the Carngham Court on Wednesday week (says the "Echo,") to have the failing. Before Mr Dickson, P.M., and a bench of honorary magistrates, he charged a little girl named Mary Smith with wilfully breaking down his fence. When the facts were disclosed, however, it appeared that the girl had merely removed a slip-panel on Simper's land in order to release the family cow at milking time. The irate landowner had remonstrated, but Mary, fearful of tea without milk, had calmly told him that she would not hesitate to act similarly again; hence the proceedings. Mr Dickson, P.M., after patiently listening to the evidence, simply advised Simper to try and live on better terms with his neighbours, and dismissed the case.

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS' of Mountain Flax. Agreeably Aperient. Worthy of trial.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Beaufort branch, A.N.A., was held in the lodge room, Societies' Hall, on Tuesday; President Carroll presiding. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. Correspondence was received from A.N.A. Fête Committee, re guarantee.—Received. From Board of Directors, re demonstration.—Received. From Port Melbourne branch, soliciting donation for widow of deceased member.—10s to be sent. From Board, re technical education.—Board to be informed that so far no action had been taken. From Fête Committee, re Australian manufactures.—Received. From same, forwarding ticket to fête dinner.—Received. Two new members were elected. Accounts to amount £10 1s 8d were passed for payment. The secretary read the half-yearly balance-sheet, showing the splendid financial position of the branch, the nett profit for the half-year being £75. It was adopted on motion of Messrs Menzies and Sands. The meeting then discussed Mr Halpin's motion—"That this branch hold a musical and elocutionary competition." This was seconded by Mr Prentice, and after some discussion it was lost. The treasurer reported the receipts for the evening as £3 17s 5d.

CLARKE'S A1 B PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, Gravel and Pains in the Back. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

Mining News.

Sons of Freedom Junction.—Main south drive has been extended 17 feet for week; total from shaft, 128 feet; country about the same. The chamber has also been cut over 8 feet.

All Nations Consols.—D. F. Troy and party—Driven incline crosscut off reef drive to 44 feet; expect wash in face to-morrow. Blocking back the S. wash drive, with payable returns. Yield, 28oz. 2dwt. Grant and party—Blocking back S. end, 20ft. wide, with payable results. Yield, 3oz. 16dwt. Adamthwaite and party—Driven S. wash drive to 140ft.; payable; panelled out all wash in N. end. Yield, 8oz. 7dwt. Morris and party—Reduced the water down to cap-piece. Saddler and party—Prospecting in poor wash. The company started boring to the west of Troy and party, and are now down 80ft. in clay. Full yield, 36oz. 5dwt.

Sam Slick Company.—Jaensch and party—Blocked out all the payable wash available at whim shaft, and drawn rails. Sunk engine shaft to 150ft. in good country.

Daughters of Freedom, Main Lead.—Yield for week, 7oz. 15dwt.

The following are the reported yields for the week ending Saturday, 14th inst.:—All Nations Consols—Troy and party's tribute, 15oz.; Grant and party's tribute, 6oz. 0dwt. 18gr.; Adamthwaite and party's tribute, 7oz. 7dwt. 6lwt.; Saddleir and party's tribute, 2oz.; Sam Slick—Jaensch and party's tribute, 10oz. 18lwt. 18gr.; Last Chance, 5oz. 18dwt.; Carmichael and party, 4oz. 7dwt.; Daughters of Freedom, 4oz. 5dwt.; sundries, 12oz.

CAUTION!

Persons when travelling should exercise care in the use of drinking water. As a safeguard it is urged that every traveller secure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy before leaving home, to be carried in the hand baggage. This may prevent distressing sickness and annoying delay. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Death Dismayed.

When sleep withheld its slumbers light,
And thought gave thought for mental pain,
I took me out into the night,
To seek relief for aching brain.

I wandered through a quiet street,
Where dire miasmic odours dwell;
When suddenly my eyes did meet
Grim Death with shroud and sickle fell.

"Hail, Death!" quoth I, "what brings you here
At this strange hour to meditate,
With rueful countenance, and tear,
That unbecome thy hoary state?"

He made reply—"I bring disease
To divers towns left unphenyled,
What time my ministers, the germs, increase,
And councils dream o'er work beguiled.

"But now my sport has lost its charm;
My brave germ-hordes have suffered rout,
And councils sit to quell alarm;—
The Shire has flushed its gutters out!"

SANITAS.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU NEED IT.

Do not wait until some of your family is taken with a violent attack of colic or diarrhœa. A bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy at hand when needed has saved many a life. Procure it at once. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Bush Fires.

Destructive bush fires raged in the surrounding district on Friday and Saturday last week, doing an immense amount of damage to grass and fences, thousands of acres of the former and miles of the latter being destroyed, besides a good many hundred head of sheep. In several cases it was with the greatest difficulty that homesteads and stacks were saved, breaks having to be burnt round the homes by the large number of men present. A heavy wind was blowing, and it was impossible to fight the bush fire, except by strategy. The flames are said to have been 12 feet high. The fire at Elmhurst crossed Mount Cole into Graveyard Hill, Chute, on Friday, and swept down upon Mr Charles Dunn's property. At this time there were only eight men to cope with the fire, and by almost superhuman efforts they succeeded in saving Mr Dunn's house, stack, and outbuildings. As the fire came across the mount on both sides of his property, Mr Dunn was fortunate to escape with the loss of only about 28 acres of grass. The work of devastation, so far as grass and fencing were concerned, continued through Messrs Lancey's, Wilkinson's and Drew's paddocks, and Galway's Flat; the second line of fire going through Mr L. Watkin's paddock, through King, Charlie's Gully, on through Trengove's, Crick's, and McNish's paddocks. The exact damage done is hard to ascertain, but we are informed that Mr Watkin lost 160 acres of grass, besides a large quantity of fencing; Messrs Drew, 200 acres of grass and 300 tons of stacked firewood; Mr Lancey, 75 acres of grass; Mr Wilkinson, about 200 acres of grass, Mr Trengove, 80 acres; Mr McNish, 20 acres; Mr Jas. Grant, about 100 acres; each person named also losing a good deal of fencing. Messrs McNish's, Baynes', Crick's and Thompson's houses were only saved with the utmost difficulty; in fact, but for a pot-to crop turning the fire it would have been impossible to save Messrs Crick's and Thompson's residences. The fire was raging very fiercely round Mr McNish's house when a strong detachment of the Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade arrived in the nick of time, and did splendid service. The men speak in the highest terms of the noble exertions of the women of the locality, who saw that the fire-fighters did not lack refreshment, and the food and drink proved very acceptable. Mr Jas. Grant's house had a narrow escape of being burnt to the ground on Saturday morning. One of the verandah posts was on fire, but Mr Grant was fortunately able, with the assistance of Mr Hutton, to extinguish it. Mr Pitcher also had about 125 tons of firewood burnt. The small landholders of Chute had a very trying experience; Mr Loft losing about 100 acres of grass. The bulk of the fire was in the ranges, and while a large quantity of valuable timber was destroyed, still there is the satisfaction of knowing that had it swept through the plains the destruction of homes and stock must, under such adverse circumstances, have been terrible. As it was no homes, fortunately, were burnt. The loss of stock was also comparatively small. A large body of men were engaged in watching the fire all Friday night, and property-owners in the locality had little or no rest. There were really three fires raging in the ranges on Saturday, viz., at Breakneck, between Raglan and Chute, and between Raglan and Waterloo. A body of over 200 men were fighting the fire all day on Saturday, and a big break was burnt to keep the flames away from the township of Waterloo. The thermometer fell on Saturday to 90 degrees—a difference of 10 degrees in the previous day's register, and in the evening a cool change set in, with light showers of rain, which was sufficient to extinguish the flames and avert all further danger. It was about 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon that Mr Cameron, secretary to the Bush Fire Brigade, received a message from Mr T. D. Bailes, Crown lands bailiff, to the effect that if the wind continued the fire at Lonarch ranges would take no time to reach Chute or Raglan, and stating that if the brigade were coming out Mr Cameron would find material for fighting the fire at his house. Mr Cameron at once busied himself in seeing that horses and vehicles were in readiness if a call came, and as bush fires could be seen in the distance, the firebell was tolled. A discussion took place as to whether the men should be taken out, seeing that Mr Lonarch was beyond the radius of 10 miles; but as Mr Bailes' note implied that Raglan and Chute were in danger, the fire-fighters decided to go out. Just as the lorries were loaded, a wire was received from Admiral Bridges as follows:—"Please inform residents and endeavour to get fire brigade to come to my assistance. Estate on fire about three miles Burrumbeet side of Trawalla." This reached Beaufort shortly before 4 o'clock, and as there had been no call for helpers from Raglan, the men decided to hurry to Trawalla, and between 50 and 60 men journeyed there. It was felt, however, that help must be wanted in the neighborhood of Raglan, and as reports that Scott's Hotel and 4 other houses at Raglan had been burnt to the ground were received, but afterwards found to be totally without foundation, another fifty men were quickly got together through the storekeepers thoughtfully and humanely doing all in their power to provide assistance. Business was entirely suspended, shops being closed and employer and employee alike going out to the rescue of the unfortunate landholders.

The fire at Trawalla on Friday assumed far greater dimensions than that in the ranges near Chute. It is supposed to have been caused by a spark from a passing locomotive, and started in the railway reserve near what is known as Kiley's gate. The flames jumped the Ballarat road and spread into a large paddock belonging to Mr Campbell's Langi-Kal-Kal Estate. This was devastated very quickly, the high wind driving the fire with tremendous speed, and eating up the grass and fencing in remarkably quick time. McCallum's (a boundary rider's) hut, in the centre of the Langi-Kal-Kal paddock, narrowly escaped destruction. The fire burnt very fiercely around the house, the yards and even the dog-kennels and fowls being destroyed; but a large body of men managed to save the house. It is said that the fire travelled over two miles of country in five minutes. Langi-Kal-Kal had about 2500 acres of grass and 5 miles of fencing burnt. Mr Campbell had the good fortune not to lose any stock; 1400 sheep having been sold and removed from this paddock the previous day. Near Mt. Callender there is a cultivation paddock belonging to the Langi-Kal-Kal Estate; and the crop was cut and stooked in the paddock. The furniture from the house and farm machinery were removed to a place of safety on the road; but the wind took the fire more in a southerly direction, and the house, crop, and machinery escaped. The road leading from the Trawalla woolshed to the Burrumbeet railway station checked the progress of the fire in that direction, and the lake effectually stopped it on the other side, otherwise the farmers of Burrumbeet must have had terrible losses. The Trawalla woolshed narrowly escaped destruction. Mr H. M. Turner, the manager, arrived with the fire express just as the entrance where the sheep are yarded and put into the shed was burnt, but through great exertions the woolshed was saved. A small stable close by was burnt, and also one of the drafting-yards. Langi-Kal-Kal lost a fine plantation, and Trawalla also had two splendid plantations destroyed, besides acacia hedges used for the purpose of providing shelter for the ewes in the lambing season. Wilson's hut also had a narrow shave. The fire was over two miles wide in parts and fully three miles in length, and as the flames swept through the country, almost everything before it was reduced to ashes. It extended for about 20 miles, leaving in its train a blackened waste. The panic-stricken sheep were mowed down by the huge fire-fiend, and even many of those that escaped at the time were afterwards found to have been either badly singed by the fire or had become blind and had to be destroyed. Admiral Bridges had the misfortune to lose no fewer than 300 of his stud sheep. They were in small paddocks, and owing to the terrible speed at which the fire travelled, it was impossible to get them to a place of safety. This loss is a very severe one, as the sheep were of a high-class quality. Altogether the Admiral lost about 600 sheep, 5000 acres of grass, and between 12 and 15 miles of fencing. His loss has been estimated at £5000. Mr Hugh McDougall, one of the overseers on the station, got into a very warm corner whilst endeavoring to rescue a mob of sheep, and had to stand by a dam till the flames swept past him. Mr James Russell, of Carngham, was by far the heaviest loser, no less than 20,000 acres of grass (nearly all the run), together with all his fences, yards, sheep-wash, and some of his plantations being destroyed, the fire going right up to the garden and homestead. Mr Russell's loss of stock, according to the following report in the "Age," was also very heavy. The report states:—"After the bush fires that occurred on Mr James Russell's Carngham Station, piles of dead sheep were to be seen in many places. Men were engaged all day in killing hundreds that had their eyes burnt out or their legs burnt off. In some cases sheep were to be seen alive, but almost disembowelled by the fire. It is estimated that nearly 2000 sheep were destroyed by the fire. Only about 5000 acres of grass out of 30,000 acres were saved. Most of the remaining stock has been sent to Mr George Russell's Langi Willi Station." The workers got no rest on Friday night, and with Saturday's dawn they were again called on to extinguish hundreds of burning logs, the sparks from which were continually breaking away. For 20 miles, in a strip of a mile, everything was swept bare. The magnificent pine plantation which borders the Carngham Estate, and which the residents of the district were particularly proud of, was almost all destroyed, and the sparks from the flaming pines rose high into the air, and were carried across the grass lands. This plantation was planted by the late Mr Philip Russell many years ago. In the old Carngham township the flames came so close that several of the buildings were fired. The fire-fighters had a terrible time here. A perfect wall of fire swept down through the country, the flames rising from 10 to 20 feet into the air, and roaring like thunder. Everyone thought the township doomed. Furniture was removed, in the hope of saving at least a little from the flames, but only one house was destroyed, that of Mr Frank Smith, which stood somewhat out of the township, and it, together with 200 tons of hay and all the outbuildings, was swept away. The fire bore down on the township at Snake Valley, but a two-chain road, and a change of wind, stopped it, the latter sending the flames back over the scorched country, where they died out through want of fuel. The fire then travelled slowly in the direction of Chepstowe. On Saturday evening the rain came, and though it was but light, it helped to extinguish the fires.

Mr Russell sent the following telegram to Captain Stevens, of Beaufort:—"Very many thanks for your assistance at fire."

Hundreds of men turned out to render whatever assistance lay in their power, and the handed proprietors are truly grateful for the splendid help rendered by neighbours and others from a distance, for everybody in the district lent a hand, and people drove for miles from Beaufort, Snake Valley, Carngham, Skipton, and Burrumbeet to help in fighting the flames. In many instances the beaters had to flee before the oncoming wall of fire, and several narrow escapes were recorded. A fishing party who were enjoying some angling in a big dam on Mr Russell's estate delayed their departure so long that eventually they had to take to the water until the flames had passed on. It was the biggest fire known in the district, and it was with feelings of thankfulness that the residents saw the rain falling and the ground receiving a soaking that for a time at least will obviate the danger of another outbreak. The total area burnt between Langi-Kal-Kal and Carngham would be over 30,000 acres.

In a letter to Mr Sinclair, treasurer of the Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade, Rear-Admiral Bridges, of the Trawalla Estate, states that he is sorry to hear rumours to the effect that those who came out and so kindly assisted were not supplied with refreshments, as they should have been. He could only say this was not the fault of anyone here, as on Friday no less than four vehicles took out refreshments from the time the fire broke out at 2.30 p.m. to 8 p.m., and much of this was returned to the homestead. There was also plenty on Saturday, but the line of fire was so wide—many miles—and the men so far apart that it was difficult to find them, more especially after dark. The Admiral has now arranged with a firm in the town, in case of a fire on Trawalla, and the Brigade are good enough to come out, to supply refreshments and charge same to him, which he trusts will meet the case in future. Mr Sinclair was asked to convey this information to the captain and officers of the Bush Fire Brigade.

Admiral Bridges has also written to Mr Sinclair, asking him to convey on his behalf to the captain, officers and members of the Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade and the many other friends and neighbours who helped to cope with the grass fire of Friday and Saturday last his warm and sincere thanks for their timely and efficient aid. He much appreciates the kindly and neighbourly spirit which induced employers and employees to close their places of business and travel so far and give such valuable assistance, and to one and all his best thanks were due and warmly given. He begged Mr Sinclair to accept the enclosed cheque for £15 towards the funds of the Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade.

OUTBREAK AT SNAKE VALLEY.

The most destructive fire that has ever taken place in this district broke out on the 13th inst., and thousands of acres of grass, miles of fencing, and hundreds of sheep have been destroyed. The fire was first noticed in the direction of Burrumbeet, and 60 residents of Snake Valley set out on horseback and in vehicles to fight it. On reaching Hope's-lane, four miles from the Valley, the wind chopped round to the N.E., and a huge wave of flame came rolling on towards Carngham with fearful rapidity, and in half an hour the whole of the country from Black Hill to Carngham was a huge blackened and smoking ruin. Travelling through Mr J. Russell's estate, it destroyed 25,000 acres of grass and a magnificent plantation of huge pines, the flames being fully 80ft. high. The fire came on towards the Carngham homestead, but the strenuous efforts of a sturdy body of workers turned the course of the devastating element. In a few minutes the fire was burning fiercely through the long grass and stubble on Smith's farm, and the almost superhuman efforts of the fire-fighters were unable to save Mr Smith's homestead and outbuildings. A stack of 200 tons of hay afforded fuel for the fire, and the fighters were compelled to rush to the farm of Mr J. O'Shaughnessy to save his home, leaving Smith's to be practically burnt out. The fire was now roaring through O'Shaughnessy's orchard, and came up to the back door of the dwelling. Mr O'Shaughnessy gave up all hope of saving his home, and removed his most valued possessions to the banks of the reservoir, but, thanks to the magnificent work of the fire-fighters, the house and stacks were saved. The fire, being beaten back from O'Shaughnessy's, re-entered Mr J. Russell's property, destroying the sheep-washes, drafting-yards, and miles of fencing. It swept through and destroyed the orchards of Messrs Webster, Woollard (two), and Crockett, the houses being saved after a severe struggle.

The fearful heat was telling on many of the fire-fighters, and the sheep-wash dam was a welcome refuge, many exhausted men throwing themselves into the water.

The greatest consternation prevailed in Carngham and Snake Valley townships, as, should the fire conquer the fighters and cross the creek, no human efforts could save these places. The furze and long grass is of such an inflammable nature that to attempt to face the fire would have been suicidal, and as the whole of the men were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the enemy, there was no one capable of burning breaks to retard the progress of the fire towards Snake Valley. Great excitement prevailed, and many residents prepared for the worst by removing furniture, valuables, etc., to the banks of dams, on the roads, etc., in the hope of saving them. The damage done cannot yet be estimated, but fully 20 square miles of country is an open blackened waste. The glare of the fire was visible in Ballarat at night, and, thinking that it was close to the city, the watchman on the city fire tower tolled the alarm, and the brake, followed by cab-loads of firemen and citizens, started for the scene, but after travelling some miles they returned to the city. A splendid rescue of 500 sheep belonging to Mr T. Phillips was made. They were almost surrounded by fire, but by magnificent efforts on the part of the fire-fighters, the animals were got on to the road, and after some trouble, safely yarded in Hayes's Hotel yard.

The band of workers at Buangor, who held themselves in readiness to repel any invasion from the fire fiend were subjected to two attacks, and it was only the energy and enthusiasm which they threw into the engagement which prevented a big area being laid waste. The first fire on Friday broke out in a paddock owned by Mr W. Jones, and which is used by the Buangor Athletic Club as a recreation reserve. When a huge volume of smoke denoted the unwelcome visitor a large number of residents from all parts assembled, and by dint of strenuous work succeeded in beating out the flames, which had ample substance to feed upon in the long grass. This work had scarcely been concluded when a wall of fire was seen in McCormick's paddock, on the side of the Ballarat road, leading to Warrak. Energies were immediately directed to its suppression, but with rapidity it spread into Clarke's paddock's, thence to Matthews', where 200 or 300 acres were eaten up, but the firebeaters succeeded in suppressing it when the Warrak road was reached. A lot of grass and fencing was destroyed. Had the conflagration (says the "Ararat Advertiser") been allowed to spread across the road it must have swept through Middle Creek, causing great destruction.

PHOSPHOL EMULSION

(Finest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda).

A Very Valuable Remedy for DISEASES of the CHEST, MINERS' COMPLAINT & GENERAL WEAKNESS.

A Free Sample Bottle will be sent upon receipt of 4d. to cover Postage.

Obtainable of all Chemists.
PRICE, 2s. BOTTLE.

ROCKE, TOMPSITT & CO., Flinders St., Melbourne.

...of this was returned to ... There was also plenty on ...line of fire was so ... ...nd the men so far ... ...to find them, more ...ark. The Admiral has ...a firm in the town, in ...rawalla, and the Brigade to come out, to supply ...d charge same to him, ...will meet the case in ...clair was asked to convey to the captain and officers Brigade.

...ges has also written to Mr ...him to convey on his be... ...officers and members Bush Fire Brigade and the ...nds and neighbours who with the grass fire of ...rday last his wa m and ...r their timely and efficient ...ppreciates the kindly and ...it which induced employ... ...s to close their places of ...val so far and give such ...ce, and to one and all his ...e due and warmly given. ...el...ir to accept the en... ...r £15 towards the funds Bush Fire Brigade.

AT SNAKE VALLEY.

...ructive fire that has ever this district broke out on ...nd thousands of acres of ...fencing, and hundreds of ...des royed. The fire was the direction of Burrum... ...dents of Snake Valley set ...s and in vehicles to fight ...Hope's-lane, four miles ...the wind chopped round ...nd a huge wave of flame ...towards Carngham with ..., and in half an hour the ...untry from Black Hill to ...huge blackened and smok... ...elling through Mr J. Rus... destroyed 25 000 acres of ...nificent pl... ...n of huge ...es being fully 80ft. high. ...towards the Carngham ...the strenuous efforts of ...workers turned the course ...ing element. In a few ...re was raging fiercely... ...grass and stubble ... ...of the almost superhuman ...fighters were unable to ...homestead and outbuild... ...tons of hay afforded ...and the fighters were ...to the farm of Mr J. ...to save his home, leaving ...practically burnt out. The ...through O'Shaugh... ...and came up to the back ... Mr O'Shaughnessy ...of saving his home, and ...possessions to... ...but, thanks to... ...of the fire-fighters, ...were saved. The ...from O'Shaugh... ...Mr J. Russell's pro... ...washes, draft... ...of fencing. It swept ...the orchards of ...Woollard (two), and ...being saved after a

...was telling on many of ...and the sheep-wash dam... ...refuge, many exhaus... ...themselves into the water. ...consternation prevailed in ...Snake Valley townships, ...fire conquer the fighters ...week, all human efforts could ... The furze and long ...an inflammable nature ...the fire would have ...and as the whole of the men ...hand-to-hand fight with ...was no one capable of ...the progress of ...Snake Valley. Great ex... ...and many residents ...by removing furni... ...etc., to the banks of dams, ...in the hope of saving ...damage done cannot yet be ...fully 20 square miles of ...been blackened waste. The ...was visible in Ballarat at ...thinking that it was close to ...watchman on the city fire ...the alarm, and the brake, ...loads of firemen and citi... ...the scene, but after trav... ...they returned to the ...rescue of 500 sheep be... ...Phillips was made. They ...by fire, but by ...on the part of the fire... ...were got on to the ...trouble, safely yarded ...yard.

...workers at Buangor, who ...in readiness to repel any ...the fire fiend were subjected ...and it was only the energy ...which they threw into the ...prevented a big area ... The first fire on Friday ...owned by Mr W. ...used by the Buangor ... ...of smoke denoted ...a large number ...assembled, and ...succeeded in ...which had ample ...upon in the long grass. ...been concluded ...seen in McCormick's ...of the Ballarat road, ... Energies were ...to its suppression, ...spread into Clarke's ...to Matthews', where ...eaten up, but the ...in suppressing it ...road was reached. ...fencing was destroyed, ...(says the "Ararat ...allowed to spread across ...have swept through ...great destruction.

...SPHOL EMULSION

...wegian Cod Liver Oil, with ...hites of Lime and Soda).

Valuable Remedy for ...of the CHEST, MINERS' & GENERAL WEAKNESS.

...mple Bottle will be sent ...t of 4d. to cover Postage.

...able of all Chemists.

...CE, 2s. BOTTLE.

...TOMPSITT & CO., ...rs St., Melbourne.

(All Rights Reserved.)

THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK.

A ROMANTIC NARRATIVE OF LOVE, TERROR AND DESPAIR.

PART 5

Rochester, who had been leaning from the barge, gazed in mingled curiosity, wonder and admiration at the lovely face, and turned to her champion.

"Who is she, Ormiston?" he said persuasively.

But Ormiston only laughed and rowed energetically for the shore. The crowd was still lingering, and half a dozen hands were extended to draw the boat up to the landing. He lifted the light form in his arms, and bore it from the boat; but before he could proceed further with his armful of beauty, a faint but imperious voice spoke: "Please put me down. I am not a baby, and can walk myself."

Ormiston was so surprised, or rather dismayed, by this unexpected address, that he complied at once, and placed her on her own pretty feet. But the young lady's sense of propriety was a good deal stronger than her physical powers, and she swayed and tottered, and had to cling to her unknown friend for support.

"You are scarcely strong enough, I am afraid, dear lady," he said kindly. "You had better let me carry you. I assure you I am quite equal to it, or even a more weighty burden, if necessisty required."

"Thank you, sir," said the faint voive quickly, "but I would rather walk. Where are you taking me to?"

"To your own house, if you wish—it is quite close at hand."

"Yes, yes, let us go there! Prudence is there, and she will take care of me."

"Will she?" said Ormiston doubtfully. "I hope you do not suffer much pain."

"I do not suffer at all," she said wearily, "but I am so tired. Oh, I wish I were home."

Ormiston half led, half lifted her to the stairs.

"You are almost there, dear lady—see, it is close at hand."

She half lifted her languid eyes, but did not speak. Leaning, panting, on his arm, he drew her gently on until they reached the door. It was still unfastened. Prudence had kept her word, and not gone near it, and he opened it and helped her in.

"Where now?" he asked.

"Upstairs," she said feebly; "I want to go to my own room."

Ormiston knew where that was, and assisted her there as tenderly as he could have done La Masque herself. He paused on the threshold; for the room was dark.

"There is a lamp and tinder-box on the mantel," said the faint, sweet voice, "if you will only please to find them."

Ormiston crossed the room — fortunately he knew the latitude of the place—and moving his hand with gingerly precaution along the 'mantelshelf lest he should upset any of the gimcracks thereon, soon obtained the articles named, and struck a light. The lady was leaning wearily against the door-post, but now she came forward, and dropped exhausted into the downy pillows of a lounge.

"Is there anything I can do for you, madame?" began Ormiston, with as solicitous an air as though he had been her father. "A glass of wine would be of use to you, I think and then, if you wish, I will go for a doctor."

"You are very kind. You will find wine and glasses in the room opposite this, and I feel so faint that I think you had better bring me some."

Ormiston moved across the passage, like the good obedient young man that he was, filled a glass of Burgundy, and as he was returning, was startled by a cry from the lady that nearly made him drop and shiver it on the floor.

"What under heaven has come to her now?" he thought, hastening in, wondering how she could possibly have come to grief since he left her.

She was sitting upright on the sofa her dress pulled down off her shoulder, where the plague-spot had been; and which, to his amzement, he saw now pure and stainless, and free from every loathsome trace.

"You are cured of the plague," was all he could cry.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, fervently clasping her hands. "But oh, how can it have happened? It must be a miracle."

"No, it was your plunge into the river; I have heard of one or two such cases before, and if ever I take it," said Ormiston, half laughing, half shuddering, "my first rush shall be for old Father Thames. Here, drink this; I am certain it will complete the cure."

The girl—she was nothing but a girl—drank it off and sat upright like one inspired with new life. As she set down the glass she lifted her dark, solemn, beautiful eyes to his face with a long, searching gaze.

"What is your name?" she simply asked.

"Ormiston," he said, bowing low.

"You have saved my life, have you not?"

"It was the Earl of Rochester who rescued you from the river; but I would have done it a moment later."

"I do not mean that, I mean"—with a slight shudder—"are you not one of those I saw at the plague-pit? Oh, that dreadful plague-pit!" she cried, covering her face with her hands.

"Yes, I am one of those."

"And who was the other?"

"My friend, Sir Norman Kingsley."

"Sir Norman Kingsley?" she softly repeated, with a sort of recognition in her voice and eyes, while a faint roseate glow stole softly over her face and neck. "Ah, I thought—was it to his house or yours, I was brought?"

"To his," replied Ormiston, looking at her curiously; for he had seen that rosy glow, and was extremely puzzled thereby; "from whence, allow me to add, you took your departure rather unceremoniously."

"Did I?" she said in a bewildered sort of way. "It is all like a dream to me. I remember Prudence screaming, and telling me I had the plague, and the unutterable horror that filled me when I heard it; and then the next thing I recollect is being at the plague-pit, and seeing your face and his bending over me. All the horror came back with that awakening, and between it and anguish of the plague sore I think I fainted again" (Ormiston nodded sagaciously) "and when I next recovered I was alone in a strange room, and in bed. I noticed that, though I think I must have been delirious. And then, half mad with agony, I got out to the street somehow, and ran, and ran, and ran, until the people saw me and followed me here; but the crowd pressed so close behind, and I felt through all my delirium that they would bring me to the pest-house, if they caught me, and drowning seemed to me preferable to that. So I was in the river before I knew it—and you know the rest as well as I do. But I owe my life to you, Mr. Ormiston—owe it to you and another; and I thank you both with all my heart."

"Madame, you are too grateful; and I don't know as we have done anything much to deserve it."

"You have saved my life; and, though you may think that a valueless trifle, not worth speaking of, I assure you I view it in a very different light," she said, with a half-smile.

"Lady, your life is invaluable, but as to our saving it, why, you would not have us throw you alive into the plague-pit, would you?"

"It would have been rather barbarous, I confess, but there are few who would risk infection for the sake of a mere stranger. Instead of doing as you did, you might have sent me to the pest-house, you know."

"Oh, as to that, all your gratitude is due to Sir Norman. He managed the whole affair, and what is more, fell—but I will leave that for himself to disclose. Meantime, may I ask the name of the lady I have been so fortunate as to serve?"

"Undoubtedly, sir——my name is Leoline."

"Leoline is only half my name."

"Then I am so unfortunate as to possess only half a name, for I never had any other."

Ormiston opened his eyes very wide indeed.

"No other! You must have had a father some time in your life; most people have," said the young man, reflectively.

She shook her head a little sadly.

"I never had, that I know, either father or mother, or anyone but Prudence. And, by the way," she said, half-starting up, "the first thing to be done is, to see about this same Prudence; she must be somewhere in the house."

"Prudence is nowhere in the house," said Ormiston, quietly, "and will not be, she says, for a month to come. She is afraid of the plague."

"Is she?" said Leoline, fixing her eyes on him with a powerful glance. "How do you know that?"

"I heard her say so not half an hour ago, to a young lady a few doors distant. Perhaps you know her—La Masque."

"That singular being! I don't know her; but I have seen her often. Why was Prudence talking of me to her, I wonder?"

"That I do not know; but talking of you she was, and she said she was coming back here no more. Perhaps you will be afraid to stay here alone?"

"Oh, no, I am used to being alone," she said, with a little sigh; "but where," hesitating and blushing vividly, "where is—I mean, I should like to thank Sir Norman Kingsley."

Ormiston saw the blush and the eyes that dropped, and it puzzled him beyond measure.

"Do you know Sir Norman Kingsley?" he suspiciously asked.

"By sight I know many of the nobles of the court," she answered, evasively, and without looking up; "they pass here often, and Prudence knows them all; and so I have learned to distinguish them by name and sight, your friend among the rest."

"And you would like to see my friend?" he said, with malicious emphasis.

"I would like to thank him," retorted the lady, with some asperity; "you have told me how much I owe him, and it strikes me the desire is somewhat natural."

"Without doubt it is, and it will save Sir Norman much fruitless labor; for even now he is in search of you, and will neither rest nor sleep until he finds you."

"In search of me!" she said, softly, and with that rosy glow again illuminating her beautiful face; "he is indeed kind, and I am most anxious to thank him."

"I will bring him here in two hours, then," said Ormiston, with energy; "and though the hour may be a little unreasonable, I hope you will not object to it, for if you do he will certainly not survive until morning."

She gayly laughed, but her cheek was scarlet.

"Rather than that, Mr. Ormiston, I will even see him to-night. You will find me here when you come."

"You will not run away again, will you?" said Ormiston, looking at her doubtfully. "Excuse me; but you have a trick of doing that, you know."

Again she laughed merrily.

"I think you may safely trust me this time. Are you going?"

By way of reply, Ormiston took his hat and started for the door. There he paused, with his hand upon it.

"How long have you known Sir Norman Kingsley?" was his careless, artful question.

But Leoline, tapping one little foot on the floor, and looking down at it with hot cheeks and humid eyes, answered not a word.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Sir Norman Kingsley entered the ancient ruin, his head was full of Leoline—when he knelt down to look through the aperture in the flagged floor, heart and head were full of her still. But the moment his eyes fell on the scene beneath, everything fled far from his thoughts, Leoline among the rest; and nothing remained but a profound and absorbing feeling of intensest amaze.

Right below him he beheld an immense room, of which the flag he had raised seemed to form part of the ceiling in a remote corner. Evidently it was one of a range of lower vaults, and as he was at least fourteen feet above it, and his corner somewhat in shadow, there was little danger of his being seen. So, leaning far down to look at his leisure, he took the goods the gods provided him, and stared to his heart's content.

Sir Norman had seen some queer sights during the four-and-twenty years he had spent in this queer world, but never anything quite equal to this. The apartment below, though so exceedingly large, was lighted with the brilliancy of noonday; and every object it contained, from one end to the other, was distinctly revealed. The floor, from glimpses he had of it in obscure corners, was of stone, but from end to end it was covered with richest rugs and mats, and squares of velvet of as many colors as Joseph's coat. The walls were hung with splendid tapestry, gorgeous in silk and coloring, representing the wars of Troy, the exploits of Coeur de Lion among the Saracens, the death of Hercules, all on one side; and on the other, a more modern representation, the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The illumination proceeded from a range of wax tapers in silver candelabra, that encircled the whole room. The air was redolent of perfumes, and filled with strains of softest and sweetest music from unseen hands. At one extremity of the room was a huge door of glass and gilding; and opposite it at the other extremity, was a glittering throne. It stood on a raised dais, covered with crimson velvet, reached by two or three steps carpeted with the same; the throne was as magnificent as gold and satin and ornamentation could make it. A great velvet canopy of the same deep, rich color, cut in antique points, and heavily hung with gold fringe, was above the seat of honor. Besides it, to the right, but a little lower down, was a similar throne, somewhat less superb, and minus a canopy. From the door to the throne was a long strip of crimson velvet, edged and embroidered with gold, and arranged in a sweeping semi-circle, on either side, was a row of great carved, gilded and cushioned chairs, brilliant, too, with crimson and gold, and each, for everyday Christians, a throne in itself. Between the blaze of illumination, the flashing of gilding and gold, the tropical flush of crimson velvet, the rainbow dyes on floor and walls, the intoxicating gushes of perfume, and the delicious strains of unseen music, it is no wonder Sir Norman Kingsley's head was spinning like a bewildered teetotum.

Was he sane—was he sleeping? Had he drank too much wine at the Golden Crown, and had it gone to his head? Was it a scene of earnest enchantment, or were fairy tales true? Like Abou Hassan, when he awoke in the palace of the facetious Caliph of Bagdad, he had no notion of believing his own eyes and ears, and quietly concluded it was all an optical illusion, as ghosts are said to be; but he quietly resolved to stay here, nevertheless, and see how the dazzling phantasmagoria would end. The music was certainly ravishing, and it seemed to him, as he listened with enchanted ears, that he never wanted to wake up from so heavenly a dream.

One thing struck him as rather odd; strange and bewildered as everything was, it did not seem at all strange to him, on the contrary, a vague idea was floating mistily through his mind that he had beheld precisely the same thing somewhere before. Probably at some past period of his life he had beheld a similar vision, or had seen a picture somewhere like this in a tale of magic, and satisfying himself with this conclusion, he began wondering if the genii of the place were going to make their appearance at all, or if the knowledge that human eyes were upon them had scared them back to Erebus.

While still ruminating on this important question, a portion of the tapestry, almost beneath him, shriveled up and up, and out flocked a glittering throng, with a musical mingling of laughter and voices. Still they came, more and more, until the great room was almost filled, and a dazzling throng they were. Sir Norman had mingled in many a brilliant scene of Whitehall, with the "merry monarch" at their head, but all he had ever witnessed at the king's court fell far short of this pageant. Half the brilliant flock were ladies, superb in satins, silks, velvets and jewels. And such jewels! every gem that ever flashed back the sunlight sparkled and blazed in blending array on those beautiful bosoms and arms—diamonds, pearls, opals, emeralds, rubies, garnets, sapphires, amethysts—every jewel that ever shone. But neither dresses nor gems were half so superb as the peerless forms they adorned; and such an army of perfectly faces, from purest blonde to brightest brunette, had never met and mingled together before.

Each lovely face was unmasked, but Sir Norman's dazzled eyes in vain sought among them for one he knew. All that "rosebud garden of girls" were perfect strangers to him, but not so the gallants who fluttered among them like moths around meteors. They, too, were in gorgeous array, in purple and fine linen, which being interpreted, signifieth in silken hose of every color under the sun, spangled and embroidered slippers radiant with diamond buckles, doublets of as many different shades as their tights, slashed with satin and embroidered with gold. Most of them wore huge powdered wigs, according to the hideous fashion then in vogue, and under those same ugly scalps laughed many a handsome face Sir Norman well knew. The majority of those richly-robed gallants were strangers to him as well as the ladies, but whoever they were, whether mortal men or "spirits from the vasty deep," they were in the tallest sort of clover just then. Evidently they knew it, too, and seemed to be on the best of terms with themselves and all the world, and laughed and flirted and flattered, with as much perfection as so many ball-room Apolios of the present day.

Still no one ascended the golden and crimson throne, though many of the ladies and gentlemen fluttering about it were arrayed as royally as any common king or queen need wish to be. They promenaded up and down, arm in arm; they seated themselves in the carved and gilded chairs; they gathered in little groups to talk and laugh, did everything, in short, but ascend the throne: and the solitary spectator up above began to grow intensely curious to know who it was for. Their conversation he could plainly hear, and to say that it amazed him, would be to use a feeble expression, altogether inadequate to his feelings. Not that it was the remarks they made that gave his system such a shock, but the names by which they addressed each other. One answered to the aspiring cognomen of the Duke of Northumberland; another was the Earl of Leicester; another the Duke of Devonshire; another was the Earl of Calarendon; another, the Duke of Buckingham; and so on, ad infinitum, dukes and earls alternately, like bricks and mortar in the wall of a house. There were other dignitaries besides, some that Sir Norman had a faint recollection of hearin were dead for some years—Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, the Earl of Bothwell, King Henry Darnley, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Southampton, the Duke of York, and no end of others with equally sonorous titles. As for mere lords and baronets, and such small beer, there was nothing so plebian present, and they were evidently looked upon by the distinguished assembly, like small beer in thunder, with pity and contempt. The ladies too, were all duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and looked fit for princesses. Sir Norman thought, though he had heard none of them styled quite so high as that. The tone of conversation was light and easy, but at the same time extremely ceremonious and courtly, and all seemed to be enjoying themselves in the most delightful sort of a way, which people of such distinguished rank, I am told, seldom do. All went merry as a marriage bell, and sweetly over the gay jingle of voices rose the sweet, faint strains of the unseen music.

Suddenly all was changed. The great door of glass and gilding opposite the throne was flung wide, and a grand usher in a grand court livery flourished a mighty grand wand, and shouted in a stentorian voice:

"Back, back, ye lieges, and make way for Her Majesty, Queen Miranda!"

Instantly the unseen band thundered forth the national anthem. The splendid throng fell back on either hand in profoundest silence and expectation. The grand usher mysteriously disappeared and in his place there stalked forward a score of soldiers, with clanking swords and fierce mustaches, in the gorgeous uniform of the king's body-guard. These showy warriors arranged themselves silently on either side of the crimson throne, and were followed by half a dozen dazzling personages, the foremost crowned with mitre, armed with crozier, and robed in the ecclesiastical glory of an archbishop, but the face underneath, to the deep surprise and scandal of Sir Norman, was that of the fastest young roue of Charles' court, after him came another pompous dignitary, in such unheard of magnificence that the unseen looker-on set him down for a prime minister, or a lord high chancellor, at the very least. The somewhat gaudy looking gentleman who stepped after the pious prelate and peer wore the stars and garters of foreign courts, and were evidently ambassadors extraordinary to that of her midnight majesty. After them came a showy flock of fair young girls, angels all but the wings, slender as sylphs, and robed in purest white. Each bore on her arm a basket of flowers, roses and rose buds of every tint, from snowy white to darkest crimson, and as they floated in they scattered them as they went. And then after all came another vision, "the last, the brightest, the best!"—the Midnight Queen herself. One other figure followed her, and as they entered, a shout arose from the whole assemblage, "Long live Queen Miranda!" And bowing gracefully and easily to the right and left, the queen with a queenly step, trod the long crimson carpet and mounted the regal throne.

From the first moment of his looking down, Sir Norman had been staring with all eyes in his head, undergoing one shock of surprise after another with the equanimity of a man quite used to it; but now a cry arose to his lips, and died there in voiceless consternation. For he recognized the queen — well he might! — he had seen her before, and her face was the face of Leoline!

As she mounted the stairs she stood there for a moment crowned and sceptered, before sitting down, and in that moment he recognized the whole scene. That gorgeous room and its gorgeous inmates; that regal throne and its regal owner, all became palpable as the sun at noonday; that slender exquisite figure: robed in royal purple and ermine; the uncovered neck and arms, snowy and perfect, ablaze with jewels; that lovely face, like snow, like marble in its whiteness and calm, with the great, dark, earnest eyes looking out, and the waving wealth of hair falling around it. It was the very scene, and room, and vision, that La Masque had shown him in the caldron, and that face was the face of Leoline, and the earl's page.

Could he be dreaming? Was he sane or mad, or were the three really one?

While he looked the beautiful queen bowed low, and amid the profoundest and most respectful silence took her seat. In her robes of purple, wearing the glittering crown, scepter in hand, crowned and canopied, royally beautiful she looked indeed, and a most vivid contrast to the gentleman near her, seated very much at his ease on the lower throne. The contrast was not of dress — for his outward man was resplendent to look at; but in figure or face, in grace or dignity, he was a very mean specimen of the lords of creation indeed. In stature he could scarcely reach to the queen's royal shoulder, bur made up sideways what he wanted in length—being the breadth of two common men; his head was in proportion to his width, and he was decorated with a wig of long, flowing flaxen hair, that scarcely harmonized with a profusion of the article whiskers, in hue most unmitigated black; his eyes were small, keen, bright and piercing, and glared on the assembled company as they had done half an hour before on Sir Norman Kingsley, in the barroom of the Golden Crown; for the royal little man was no other than Caliban, the dwarf. Behind the thrones the flock of floral angels grouped themselves; archbishop, prime minister and ambassadors, took their stand within the lines of the soldiery, and the music softly and impressively died away in the distance; dead silence reigned.

"My lord duke," began the queen, in the very voice he had heard in the plague pit, as she turned to the stylish individual next the archbishop, "come forward and read us the roll of mortality since our last meeting."

His grace, the duke, instantly stepped forward bowing so low that nothing could be seen of him for a brief space, but the small of his back, and when he reared himself erect, after this convulsion of nature, Sir Norman beheld a face not entirely new to him. At first he could not imagine where he had seen it, but speedily he recollected it as the very face of the highwayman who had beaten an inglorious retreat from him and Count L'Estrange that very night. The ducal robber drew forth a roll of parchment and began reading in lachrymose tones a select litany of defunct gentlemen with high-falutin titles, who had departed from this life during the present week. Most of them had gone with the plague, but a few had died from natural causes, and among these were the Earls of Craven and Ashley.

"My lords Craven and Ashley dead," exclaimed the queen, in tones of some surprise, but very little anguish; "that is singular, for we saw them not two hours ago, in excellent health and spirits."

"True, Your Majesty," said the duke, dolefully, "and it is not an hour since they quitted this vale of tears. They and myself rode forth at nightfall according to custom to lay your Majesty's tax on all travellers, and soon chanced to encounter one who gave vigorous battle; still, it would have done him little service had not another person came suddenly to his aid, and between them they clove the skulls of Ashley and Crabben; and I," said the duke, modestly, "am left."

"Were either of the travellers young, and tall, and of courtly bearing?" exclaimed the dwarf, with sharp rudeness.

"Both were, your highness," replied the duke, bowing to the small speaker, "and uncommonly handy with their weapons."

"I saw one of them down at the Golden Crown, not long ago,' said the dwarf; "a forward young popinjay, and mighty inquisitive about this, our royal palace. I promised him, if he came, a warm reception—a promise that I will have the greatest pleasure in fulfilling."

"You may stand aside, my lord duke," said the queen, with a graceful wave of her hand, "and if any new subjects have been added to our court since our last weekly meeting, let them come forward and be sworn."

A dozen or more courtiers immediately stepped forward, and, kneeling before the queen, announced their name and rank, which were both ambitiously high. A few silver-toned questions were put by that royal lady, and satisfactorily answered, and then the archbishop, armed with a huge tone, administered a severe and searching oath, which the candidates took with a great deal of sang froid, and were then permitted to kiss the hand of the queen — a privilege worthy any amount of swearing — and retire.

"Let any one who has any reports to make make them immediately," again commanded her majesty.

A number of gentlemen of high rank presented themselves at this summons and began relating, as a certain sect of Christians do in church, their experience! Many of these consisted, to the deep disapproval of Sir Norman, of accounts of daring highway robberies, one of them perpetrated on the king himself, which distinguished personage the duplicate of Leoline styled, "our brother Charles," and of the sums thereby obtained. The treasurer of state was then ordered to show himself, and give an account of the said moneys, which he promptly did; and after him came a number of petitioners, praying for one thing and another, some of which the queen promised to grant, and some she didn't. These little affairs of state being over, Miranda turned to the little gentleman beside her, with the observation:

"I believe, your highness, it is on this night the Earl of Gloucester is to be tried on the charge of high treason, is it not?"

His highness growled a respectful assent.

"Then let him be brought before us," said the queen. "Go, guards, and fetch him."

Two of the soldiers bowed low and backed from the royal presence amid dead and ominous silence. At this interesting stage of the proceedings, as Sir Norman was leaning forward, breathless and excited, a footstep sounded on the flagged floor beside him, and someone suddenly grasped his shoulder with no gentle hand.

CHAPTER IX.

In one instant Sir Norman was on his feet and his hand on his sword. In the tarry darkness neither the face or the figure of the intruder could be made out, but he merely saw a darker shadow behind him standing in the sea of darkness. Perhaps he might have thought it a ghost but that the hand which grasped his shoulder was unmistakably of flesh, and blood, and muscle, and the breathing of its owner was distinctly audible by his side.

"Who are you?" demanded Sir Norman, drawing out his sword and wrenching himself free from his unseen companion.

"Ah! it is you, is it? I thought so," said a not unknown voice. "I have been calling you until I am hoarse, and at last started after you in despair. What are you doing here?"

"You, Ormiston!" exclaimed. Sir Norman, in the last degree astonished. "How—when—what are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here? that's more to the purpose. Down flat on your face with your head stuck through that hole. What is below there, anyway?"

"Never mind," said Sir Norman, hastily, who, for some reason quite unaccountable to himself, did not wish Ormiston to see. "There's nothing there in particular but a low range of vaults. Do you intend telling me what brought you here?"

"Certainly; the very fleetest horse I could find in the city."

"Pshaw! you don't say so?" exclaimed Sir Norman, incredulously. "But I presume you had some object in taking such a gallop? May I ask what? Your anxious solicitude on my account, very likely?"

"Not precisely. But, I say, Kingsley, what light is that shining through there? I mean to see."

"No you won't," said Sir Norman, rapidly and noiselessly replacing the flag. "It's nothing, I tell you, but a number of will-o'-wisps having a ball. Finally, and for the last time, Mr. Ormiston, will you have the goodness to tell me what has sent you here?"

"Come out to the air, then. I have no fancy for talking in this place; it smells like a tomb."

"There is nothing wrong, I hope?" inquired Sir Norman, following his friend, and threading his way gingerly through the piles of rubbish in the profound darkness.

"Nothing wrong, but everything extremely right. Confound this place! It would be easier walking on live eels than through these winding and lumbered passages. Thank the fates, we are through them at last! for there is the daylight, or rather the nightlight, and we have escaped without any bones broken."

They had reached the mouldering and crumbling doorway, shown by a square of lighter darkness, and exchanged the damp, chill atmosphere of the vaults for the stagnant, sultry open air. Sir Norman, with a notion in his head that his dwarfish highness might have placed sentinels around his royal residence, endeavored to pierce the gloom in search of them. Though he could discover none he still thought discretion the better part of valor, and stepped out into the road.

"Now, then, where are you going?" inquired Ormiston, following him.

"I don't wish to talk here; there is no telling who may be listening. Come along."

Ormiston glanced back at the gloomy ruin looming up like a black specter in the blackness.

"Well they must have a strong fancy for eavesdropping, I must say, who would go to that haunted heap to listen. What have you seen there, and where have you left your horse?"

"I told you before," said Sir Norman, rather impatiently, "that I have seen nothing—at least, nothing you would care about; and my horse is waiting me at the Golden Crown."

"Very well; we have no time to lose: so get there as fast as you can, and mount him and ride as if the demon were after you back to London."

"Back to London? Is the man crazy? I shall do no such thing, let me tell you, to-night."

"Oh, just as you please," said Ormiston, with a great deal of indifference, considering the urgent nature of his former request. "You can do as you like, you know, and so can I—which translated means, I will go and tell her you have declined to come."

"Tell her? Tell whom? What are you talking about? Hang it man!" exclaimed Sir Norman, getting somewhat excited and profane, "what are you driving at? Can't you speak out and tell me at once?"

"I have told you," said Ormiston, testily: "and I will tell you again, she sent me in search of you, and if you don't choose to come, that's your own affair, not mine."

This was a little too much for Sir Norman's overwrought feelings, and in the last degree of exasperation he laid violent hands on the collar of Ormiston's doublet and shook him as if he would have shooken the name out with a jerk.

"I tell you what it is, Ormiston, you had better not aggravate me! I can stand a good deal, but I am not exactly Moses or Job, and you had better mind what you are at. If you don't come to the point at once and tell me who 'she' is, I'll throttle you where you stand; and so I give you warning."

Half indignant and wholly laughing, Ormiston stepped back out of the way of his excited friend.

"I cry you mercy! In one word, then, I have been dispatched by a lady in search of you, and that lady is—Leoline."

(To be continued.) 1441.

THE GAME OF LAW.

[A defendant in an action the other day asked for an adjournment on the ground that he had no counsel to "twiddle the facts."]

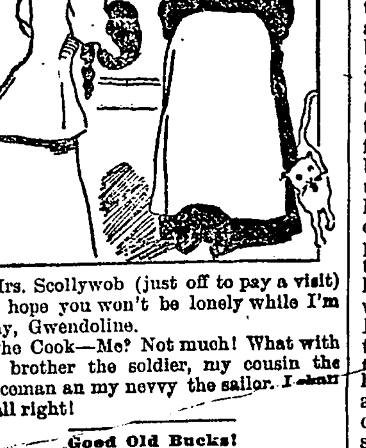
If you want to learn litigation
And play the game of law,
You must first get clear of the vague idea
That you've merely got to jaw.
It isn't enough for silk and stuff
To tell an unvarnished tale.
You must play with the court in the way one ought,
Or your suit is doomed to fail.

You must tell a man that he lies, you know,
In a delicate sort of way.
To call black white is not polite,
But it may be a neutral gray.
There's a virtue in knots and tangled plots
When the truth appears too thin,
And the man who can twiddle and riddle
Is the man who's bound to win.

You must quote a case with an easy grace
And make the ruling plain,
Then hasten to smother that case with another
Till the court is dark again;
You must put an end to your legal friend,
Whatever he tries to do;
Deny him flat—"I object to that!
See order A, rule two!"

If he tries to stump your witnesses
Or quotes an awkward fact,
Don't stay for correction, but quote a sub-section
Of the judicature act,
For law is a sport of a tricky sort
For the hand that's always in,
And the man who can twiddle and riddle
Is pretty safe to win.

No Danger.



Mrs. Scollywob (just off to pay a visit)—I hope you won't be lonely while I'm away, Gwendoline.

The Cook—Me? Not much! What with my brother the soldier, my cousin the policeman an my nevvy the sailor. I shall be all right!

Good Old Bucks!

An amusing bit of law was pronounced a few years ago in a small town in Buckinghamshire. A dispute had arisen between a new vicar and the parish bellringers as to the right of ringing the bells. The ringers did not like "the newfangled ways of the parson," as they termed them, and he at last closed the belfry.

An "indignation meeting" was held at the public house, and after a spirited discussion and considerable abstraction from the beer barrel, it was discovered beyond all doubt that the vicar "hadn't a leg to stand upon," and that every parishioner had a right to enter the loft and use the bells, because, as one of the worthies told the curate in charge:

"You see, sir, the very name tells us that, for it is called the bell free, and this shows as the bells is free to all."

Explained.

"How did this happen?" asked the surgeon as he dressed the wound in the cheek and applied a soothing poultice to the damaged eye.

"Got hit with a stone," replied the patient.

"Who threw it?"

"My—my wife," was the reluctant answer.

"Hum! It's the first time I've heard of a woman hitting anything she aimed at," muttered the surgeon.

"She was throwing at the neighbor's hens," explained the sufferer. "I was behind her."

An Unhappy Reference.

Simpkins—Brace up, old man. Take a more cheerful view of life. Why borrow trouble?

Addison—Speaking of borrowing, I would find it much easier to get along without borrowing trouble if you would let me have the $10 you borrowed from me for two days about a year and a half ago.

Didn't Catch On.

Tom Mentor—Muggins' new gag didn't bring down the house, as he expected.

Ham Fatter—No; the house didn't tumble to it.

A CHAIN OF LOVE.

THE STORY OF LOLITA.

The air was dense with the scent of orange-blossoms, violets, and roses; music, languorous Mexican music, drifted through the vines and trees; over all was the blue-black starry sky of the Southern land, and in the heart of Lolita, as her great, pathetic eyes met the eyes of Manuel, awoke love and the short romance of her life.

Manuel was a great and rich caballero; he was privileged to walk upon the wide inner-pavement of the plaza where the senoritas, who wore beautiful gowns and hats, filed round and round in an unbroken stream, and where a peon dared not so much as set his sandaled foot. But Lolita was only a moa. In her veins there was Indian blood, enough to tinge her skin to a pale bronze, to put the history of a mysterious and conquered people in her eyes, to give to her face a classic mould and to her step the dignity of a queen led into captivity. The senoritas shuffling by lacked Lolita's grace, for it came of carrying jars of water upon her head, and from being unfettered in every lithe Indian muscle, through fifteen toiling years.

Manuel observed it as he loitered upon a bench and watched the crowding toilers and their women moving by in the outer narrow walk allotted to them, an unending line of colour under the shadows of the orange-trees. And waiting until the current brought her by him again, he fastened his eyes unwaveringly upon hers. Lolita returned the steady stare—for so begins the love-making of these people—each time that she passed the bench where he sat, a tall, fine figure of a man of indolence and plenty, so near that she could have put out her hand and touched him, so near that she could hear him whisper the words of the song that came from the band hidden among the trees: "Dulce la caña, pero mas lo es su voz. La amargura quitas, del corazon." How the soft voice dwelt on that last word, as though his own heart were breathed out to her in it. Her glance lingered upon him as she went by. Then she looked up to the white towers of the cathedral, gleaming against the night, and made a prayer to her name-saint, Nuestra Senora de Dolores.

And when the music had stopped and the plaza began to be deserted, she glided off down the narrow street, keeping in the light of the electric lamp. that she might not be lost to the sight of Manuel, who was following her, across on the opposite sidewalk, swinging along with the careless, leisurely grace of the men of his race, confident of his conquest when he should speak to her at the door of her house. And it was an easy conquest. How should it have been other with this child of servitude, and instinct? He had but to make the sign, had but to murmur "I love thee," and she was his, forgetting earth and heaven.

He had loved before, had Manuel. The spice of novelty lacked for him in the desperate devotion of Lolita. Yet it was sweet at first, when they wandered at night through the wide, tree-arched paths of the dark alameda or sat upon the quaint stone benches, her head upon his breast and her firm little hand in his. When they met by day in the fields, he having ridden on his silver-trapped, Kentucky horse to the trysting-place, and she having come by the mule-cars and afterwards afoot, pushing her way through the growth of flowers that met, a waving glory of colour, over her head, until she saw him leaning against the trunk of some great oak or against some vine-grown fence of stones.

The world was paradise then; the short-lived paradise between the downpour of the rains and the withering heat of the dry season; when the valleys blossom to the base of the blue mountains, one rippling sea of pink and white and yellow and red and blue, when the very parasite upon the trees is orange and scarlet, when the sky is always fair, when the air is so clear that the gleaming spires of the churches show from miles away among the foot-hills, and when the land that its conquerors knew as Nueva Galicia is the most beautiful spot upon earth.

In those days when they met among the fields by the banks of the lily-grown river, he gave her a golden chain, long and thick. "It is like the golden chain of the love which binds us, Dolores mia, strong, and without end," and she forgot. as, bending toward her, he threw it over her head, that the little medal which hung from it bore the picture of the Mother of Sorrows and was set round about with pearls, the jewels of tears. She was too happy then to know the meaning of the upturned, grieving face of the dainty bit of enamel, but the time came, ere long, when she understood.

It was upon a day when she waited by the river edge from noon until nightfall and Manuel did not come. She went back across the fields in the twilight, and then, for the first time, she saw that the season of the flowers had passed, that they were dry and brittle stalks, that far away to where the mountains faded into violet shadows the land was burned and brown, while the dust rose under her lagging feet and hung about her. She walked alone amidst a group of men who carried great loads of red pottery and coops full of chickens on their backs, and a herd of thin, red-haired hogs which were driven by a wizened old man and a beautiful boy. Lolita walked because she had no money to ride in the mule-cars which ran to the city. Manuel had forgotten to give her so much as a cuartillo. Now and again she looked up longingly at the cars as they passed, and of a sudden she stood quite still, gazing with grief-strained eyes, for in one of them was Manuel, bending to talk to a stout old lady and to cast soft glances at the brown-haired, fair-skinned senorita who sat beside her.

The car passed on and the little Indian continued her weary way. That night she went to the alameda with only the faintest hope that Manuel would be there. But he came, and answered her reproaches and tears with kisses and explanations. "My father sent me, Lolita." he told her; "he sent me to the finca to sell grain to a Gringo." And Lolita did not know that the finca, the vast estate of the Cotillas, was far away in another direction from that in which Manuel had been travelling. "I walked because I had not a centavo," she sobbed, "and when I came near the city I saw you talking to a beautiful senorita who wore a hat."

The hat caused Dolores bitter envy. Had she but a hat, perhaps Manuel would love her more. For she began to feel that his love was waning, though she would not admit it, even in her own heart, at first; not until he had failed many times to be at the meeting-places, not until she had waited night after night upon the bench in the alameda and had crept home, towards morning, all alone.

Then she began to reproach him fiercely. At first he defended himself, but finally he came to laugh, and at length he answered brutally. "Aie! I am weary of your tears," he said, showing his pointed, white teeth and turning away. "Take care that I do not cease to come altogether."

Lolita was frightened. She choked back her sobs and caressed him. She would not cry any more, if he would promise that he would not go away. He promised carelessly.

"I am wrong to think that you forget me, I know," she whispered, penitently, clinging about his neck, "for have you not told me that our love is strong as this chain?" She put the tiny face of Nuestra Senora de Dolores to her lips. But the look in her eyes was a despairing question, not undoubting trust.

(All Rights Reserved.)

MY LADY'S SIN,

OR

THE WICKED PLOT THAT FAILED.

By

The Author of "The Exchanged Will," "The Secret of the Grace Cup," "Counterfeit Claimants," Etc., Etc.

PART 12.

"It's easy to satisfy yourself, Miss Beauchamp, as to whether it was Mr Allingham's ghost you saw. The other door there opens into the room where your luggage has been put. In that room is a small portrait of Mr. Allingham. One of the men who carried up the luggage pointed it out and told me who it was."

Seized with an uncontrollable desire to see the picture, Nina hastily rose to her feet.

But she as quickly dropped back to her chair.

"You are faint, miss," cried Brigitta running to a bracket and taking up a flask of perfumed water.

Nina interposed.

"I need nothing, she said, "It will pass over if I remain quiet for a little."

The woman hesitated a moment, and then stole into the next room, returning with the picture of which she had spoken.

At the sound of her approach, Nina opened her eyes, and with a quick, eager gesture, commanded her to turn the picture towards the light.

"When you are better, miss," answered Brigitta, not willing to run any risks. "I only brought it so as to have it ready, amd lest you from exerting yourself. It might, you know, be a shock. It might be the face of him you saw last night."

"I shall not be shocked. Turn it"

At this second command the woman obeyed.

The event proved her right, and Nina wrong.

In spite of herself the girl's blood seemed suddenly chilled in her veins.

"I said so!" cried Brigitta, noticing the wild stare and shivering breath with which her eyes fell upon the pictured face.

With these words she made a hurried movement towards the room from which she had just come.

"Stay!" cried Nina in clear, calm tones. "I am not frightened. How could I be, gazing at such a face as that? a face instinct with every noble aspiration. For a moment I was startled, and still am deeply mystified."

"It is the same!" breathed Brigitta.

"It is the same. The young man's face surrounded by the old man's snowy hair and beard."

"He went grey in a night," said Brigitta. "Some shock or other, but what it was nobody knows but the mistress—not ever Dr. Allingham it seems."

Once more the glib utterance of 'the mistress."

But this time it escaped Nina's notice.

Her intent, fascinated gaze still riveted upon the striking head, she was revolving a certain question.

As Brigitta ceased speaking, she suddenly looked up, and asked.

"I have never heard the particulars of Mr. Allingham's death. Do you say he is dead?—that he is really known to be dead, I mean?"

To Brigitta the question was a grim joke.

Had she not seen the coffin lid screwed down over the master's dead face, and had she not seen the coffin placed in the ground?

A quick smile showed itself about her mouth an instant, unnoticed by Nina.

"They told me," she said, "that he died of a slow fever and in his bed like a Christian. There's so use in thinking he's alive, miss. It was his ghost you saw, and nothing more."

Brigitta's face paled a little over those last words. She could speak lightly enough of her master as dead or dying; but the master's ghost was a more serious matter.

Nina made no reply. She felt it was useless to combat the woman's superstitious notions, and silently resolving to henceforth sleep with locked doors, she directed her to restore the picture to its place.

When Brigitta returned, Nina was already making hasty preparations for her toilet. Dr. and Mrs. Jeffries were to start for Baden immediately after an early breakfast, and she desired, above all things, to be present at the meal.

She had, however, been on her feet but a little while, when the return of the prostrating faintness compelled her to relinquish the idea.

"Put the room in order, and make me presentable, Brigitta," she said, "and then go down and tell them I am greatly disappointed; but most however, breakfast here."

Mrs. Allingham was the first to appear, running up immediately on receiving Brigitta's report.

Her stay was short—breakfast being about served—but her utterances were many, and effectively anxious and tender.

As soon as breakfast was over Dr. and Mrs. Jeffries came to make their adieux, the latter in full readiness for her journey.

Both felt a certain distress at leaving the girl, but preserved a cheerful demeanour.

Nina on her part, was as considerate of them.

"I have made my choice," she thought, "and shall abide by it without indulging in foolish fears or useless repinings. For the present I must remain at the castle."

Dr. Jeffries examined her carefully, but felt no increase of alarm. The faintness was an old symptom, and its temporary aggravation easily accounted for by over-fatigue and want of rest.

"A few hours' sleep will set you right again," he said cheerfully. "Do not be afraid to trust yourself in Allingham's care. He is a man of superior intellect, and of most thorough knowledge of his profession After you ladies retired last night I had a long and exhaustive conversation with him, and can conscientiously say he understands your case as well as I do."

After some further conversation, and the many "last words" which precede a parting, the kindly but thoroughly duped pair, took their leave.

"You will not forget," cried Nina as the pair reached the door, "to mention my wishes to papa, immediately on your return? If anything should happen to me, I want them carried out to the letter, remember."

"Happen to you," echoed the doctor. "Nothing is going to happen to you but a renewal of your health and the merry approach of your wedding day. But never fear, my child. I'll report every word faithfully, and, more than that, in case of the sad necessity, I will see that your wishes are sacredly carried out."

Warned by his rising emotions, he hastily closed the door. As he did so both he and Mrs. Jeffries were aware of the presence of Mrs. Allingham.

The surprised, questioning look depicted on her face plainly proved that she had heard both request and reply. But, quick to perceive the doctor's gesture, intimating that he would explain below, she silently turned and led the way down stairs.

At the foot of the stairs she spoke

"Have her fears become excited, doctor? Does she begin to fear her recovery?"

"I think not! I think not!" answered the doctor, with forced cheerfulness; "though she may be a trifle depressed this morning."

"Her voice certainly indicated it," remarked Mrs. Allingham as he paused.

"And her message to her father indicated it," supplemented Mrs. Jeffries.

Dr. Allingham had joined them as they were speaking, and Dr. Jeffries turned to him.

"The message," he explained, "referred to the event of her death."

"Ah!" ejaculated young Allingham, rather startled.

Dr. Jeffries went on.

"She entertains some peculiar ideas in that direction—ideas which were engendered by a great shock received in her childhood, through looking unexpectedly upon a coffined face and which she has persisted should be carried out at the time of her own death and burial."

"Ah! I understand," exclaimed Dr. Allingham leaping at once to the nature of the message. "And may I inquire just what those ideas are?"

Without an instant's hesitation Dr Jeffries told him.

Young Allingham listened with hushed intentness and a growing exultation it was barely possible to conceal.

He listened to the end. Then he breathed deep down in his soul one ominously-triumphant word.

"Eureka!" he said.

CHAPTER XXV.

ALONE AT THE CASTLE.

Mrs. Allingham saw her guests depart with the profoundest sense of relief. The instant they were gone, she returned to Dr. Allingham.

Never dreaming that he had listened to Dr. Jeffries with other than her own supreme indifference to Nina's peculiar ideas she said, eagerly:

"Now, Berthold, give me an hour. I had no chance to speak to you last night, and am now absolutely pining to do so."

But Dr. Allingham felt himself scarcely prepared for so momentous an interview. He was not without his own shrewd suspicions in regard to his mother's anxiety, and desirous of having his mind clear and fixed as to his intentions, found a prompt excuse.

He promised, however, to meet her in the drawing room before noon, and with that promise, at once hastened away,

Mrs. Allingham looked after him a moment and then, shaking her head with an uncomfortable sense of increased anxiety, went to her own rooms.

She found Brigitta there engaged in her usual tasks.

"Miss Beauchamp is lying down," the woman explained, in reply to Mrs. Allingham's inquiry, "and as she directed me not to go to her till I heard her bell, I thought I would make you confortable, mistress."

Mrs. Allingham nodded her head in acquiescence, and walking to a window opening on one of the smaller courtyards looked thoughtfully out.

But she saw nothing of its beauty. One thought alone occupied her—the thought of the coming interview with her son. She was finally recalled by Brigitta's voice.

"He showed himself to Miss Beauchamp. last night, mistress!"

Mrs. Allingham neither cried nor spoke. She turned round and looked at the woman with an awful look of mute white terror, for which there seemed to be no adequate words.

Directly the words came. Slowly, painfully, as if by a great effort she began hoarsely:

"Did he—did he"—

Her voice failed her. Brigitta hastened to answer.

"He said nothing, mistress—just looked at her, and she fainted."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Allingham, sinking into a chair. "No wonder she fainted! No wonder! I should faint!—I did you know!"

"Yes, I know, mistress," answered the woman, her voice awed and anxious. "But he never comes here?"

"Never! It is only the other and more dilapidated portion of the castle he haunts. But—but she is a guest!"

As she uttered those last shuddering words she raised her eyes in terrified inquiry to Brigitta's face.

The woman spoke the very thought that was in her mind.

"It is in mercy, mistress?" Brigitta whispered.

The answer roused Mrs. Allingham's slumbering spirit.

She rose to her feet, still pale and trembling, but with the fire of her natural imperiousness and determination blazing from her eyes.

"In mercy!" she repeated harshly "No man living or dead shall stand between me and my project! Have I gone this far to be baulked? No, a thousand times no! And, Brigitta"—turning her flaming gaze upon the awed maid—"there is to be no change of rooms! That one is best adapted to our purpose. To that one she must and shall be kept."

"She has no wish to change, mistress. I asked her."

"No wish!" echoed Mrs. Allingham.

Brigitta repeated all that had passed between herself and Nina from the moment of her first entrance into the haunted chamber that morning to the moment of her dismissal.

As she came to a close, Mrs. Allingham nodded her head approvingly.

"So," she remarked, "you told her I disbelieved in its appearance? That was wise."

For a little she stood in silent thought. Then, saying she would go up and see if Miss Beauchamp were still asleep she moved to the door. There she suddenly looked back.

"Do not," she said, "intrude upon her till she rings. Remember that you are to scrupulously obey her most trifling directions, unless—they happen to clash with mine."

With that charge she disappeared.

She went straight to Nina's room. Fearful of awaking the girl if asleep, she entered without knocking She found her stretched upon a broad, luxurious couch in front of the fire, and, as she anticipated, wrapped in a still, dreamless slumber.

The window curtains were carefully arranged to exclude a dangerous stream of sharp mountain air and the too brilliant rays of the sun. But in the soft, subdued light the sleeper looked inexpressibly pure and beautiful.

Mrs. Allingham stood gazing down upon her for a while, and then stole softly away to the drawing room to await the tardy appearance of her son.

"If it were not for Berthold," she mused, "I would not imbrue my hands in her blood. She is too good and lovely—too good and lovely to be"—

She broke off there, exclaiming passionately the next moment:

"What is she in comparison to Berthold's safety and aggrandizement? Nothing!—less than nothing Let her die that he may rise high, or let"—

For some two hours she sat in the lonely drawing room absorbed in her wicked plans, and for some two hours Nina slumbered peacefully in her distant chamber.

At the end of that time the girl awoke;

She lay still for some time, and then, concluding not to summon Brigitta, rose and made her simple toilet without assistance.

"I feel better, very much better," she thought, drawing aside the curtains and allowing the sun to pour unobstructed into the chamber. "This pure, balsamic air is, as Mrs. Allingham says, sure to invigorate me."

Her gaze wandered delightedly over the superb view, stretching out from the beetling precipice, on the verge of which the southern side of the castle rose, and then sought the wider but no less beautiful scene opening through the windows facing the east.

"I should hardly like to be imprisoned here," she smiled to herself as she stepped to the latter and looked down from her dizzy height to the courtyard below. "Escape might be contemplated as an entertaining problem, but that would be all."

The courtyard belonged to the portion of the castle which had been suffered to fall into decay, and offered no wilderness of beauty like that upon which Mrs. Allingham's windows opened.

For many minutes Nina stood contemplating the scene in a rapt delight too profound for words.

At last, with a deep, pleasurable sigh, she turned away, and, resolving to visit the ruins as soon as possible, left her chamber.

With much doubt and several halts she threaded the network of corridors which connected it with the inhabitated portion of the castle, finally arriving at the one which separated the reception room from the private apartments of Mrs. Allingham and her son.

Still restrained by the fear of intruding into a strictly private apartment, she passed a bewildering range of doors, stopping at last before the one which she believed to be that of the reception room.

She was right. But in her hesitancy she tapped lightly, and after a moment opened the door.

A glance was sufficient. She entered.

Voices which she recognized as those of her young host and his mother reached her unintelligibly from the farther drawing room, and she at once proceeded in that direction.

But just as her outstretched hand pressed back the sweeping hangings between the two central apartments, she stopped as if suddenly turned to stone,

Just at that moment Dr. Allingham's voice broke upon his mother's low, rapid tones, in a thunderous outburst that revealed only too plainly the murderous plot that threatened her life.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SURPRISING THE TRUTH.

"And by the heavens above us both, I swear you shall never execute Lady Beauchamp's plot! I swear that Nina Beauchamp shall live."

In those passionate words, Dr. Allingham declared his unalterable purpose. In those passionate words Nina learned the frightful doom to which she had been consigned.

Mrs. Allingham's voice rose instantly in a passionate reply.

"You are mad!"

"Mad or sane, I swear it shall be so!"

Mrs. Allingham went on, heedless of the interruption.

"You are mad! Am I not pledged to complete the work that Lady Beauchamp has so effectively begun? Are not your own interests concerned in its fun and speedy execution? Ungrateful boy! Is it not for you and you alone, that I have consented to become a partner in Lady Beauchamp's well-laid plan? Is it not that you may be enriched, and so withdrawn from the dangerous associates; and more dangerous life, that you have"—

At that point Dr. Allingham silenced her. Leaning across the little table at which they were seated, he cried, exultingly:

"You mistake, mother. My best interests lie in another direction. My game is worth, to us, a dozen of Lady Beauchamp's! Mother, I intend to marry Nina!"

Mrs. Allingham burst into an angry, mocking laugh.

(To be continued.) 1441.

ICEBERGS AS WIND INDICATORS.

In the investigation of the currents round the coast of Newfoundland it has been observed that there is at times a wide difference in the direction of the drift icebergs and that of the flat ice, which, having no great depth is governed in its motions by the surface currents and the winds, whereas the icebergs, the larger part of which are submerged to a great depth, follow only the movement of the ocean water as a whole, and are uninfluenced by the winds.

In consequence, a large berg may often be seen majestically maintaining its slow advance in opposition to the wind and across the general motion of the field of flat ice surrounding it.

The sealers often take advantage of this fact by mooring their vessels to an iceberg in order to prevent a drift to leeward.

MAKING A WELSBACH MANTLE.

The incandescent gas mantle was invented by Auer von Welsbach in 1885, and patented all over the world. The manufacture and use of mantles was first taken up in Austria, and has since found its way in all of the civilized countries where gas is introduced. At the present time it is estimated that no less than one hundred and fifty millions of mantles are manufactured annually. In the United States, although there are about forty millions manufactured annually, the industry is only partly developed. The public is gradually learning to use the mantle

The mantle is made as follows: A "cone" or spool of No. 40 white cotton thread is knitted into a stocking or hose, about two inches in diameter. This stocking is washed and dried. Then it is saturated with a solution of nitrate of thorium and one per cent of nitrate of cerium. The thorium is manufactured from a sand called monazite, which is found in Brazil and in the State of Carolina, and is rather expensive, being sold at 6 dollars 50 cents per pound.

One pound of nitrate of thorium yields from 300 to 350 mantles, depending on the quality distilled. After the cone has been washed and dried it is either cut to proper size and impregnated with the thorium solution, or is first impregnated and then cut to the required lengths. The impregnated stockings after being cut and dried, are sewed at one end with asbestos thread, so as to form a head provided with a loop, which serves to hold the mantle in process of manufacturing and when in use on the burner.

Then the impregnated stocking is hung on a wire by an asbestos loop, and heated in a gas flame of Bunsen type. This is done in order to burn out the thread. The next process is called the shaping. The mantle now consists only of ashes of thorium (oxide of thorium)and is carefully held over a Bunsen flame, and gradually given the right shape, at the same time being hardened. As soon as the mantle is shaped and hardened it is practically completed; but in order to protect it from breakage it is "dipped" in a stiffening solution. There are many forms of "dip," but the one most used is made of soluble cotton (guncotton) dissolved in good alcohol and acetone. To this mixture castor oil and shellac are added. before the mantle can be used on a burner this "dip," or coating must be burned off —"Scientific American."

LIFTING A 7,000-TON BUILDING.

There has just been completed, in what is known as the flooded district of Brooklyn, one of the most remarkable and successful pieces of engineering ever attempted in the United States, if not in the world. The feat consisted in raising from its foundations to a height of thirty four inches the building known as Public School No. 85.

This structure, which is of brick, measures 150 by 884 feet along the base line, is four stories high, contains thirty-one class rooms and weighs about 16,800,000 pounds.

The preparations for this huge venture were begun by digging a trench eight feet wide around the building, to the depth of the foundation, and placing heavy yellow pine timbers, running parallel with the walls in it.

Above the intrenched timbers, and on either side of the foundation walls, were built the cribbing blocks of various dimensions, upon which were placed jack-screws, and resting thereon were screwing timbers. Upon these were placed, at right angles with each other, the cross timbers and top-sticks, the last-named carrying the beams of the building. After the above-described raft was built, the actual work of raising began.

Seventy-five men selected for the purpose, were sent into the foundation, and were there divided into small gangs upon the different sections of cribbing, each gang patrolling its own section. In single file the men followed each other, giving each of the twelve hundred screws a quarter turn.

In this manner the twelve hundred jack-screws were operated, and the massive structure lifted safely to the desired height, and securely held until the new foundation was built under it. The average weight lifted by each of the seventy-five men was 100 tons or 220,000 pounds.

The lifting of the building was deemed necessary by the New York Board of education, to prevent the flooding of the lower part of the building, which has been very frequent, especially after heavy rain.

WONDERFUL INTELLIGENCE OF A PIG.

A pig and a dog who were passengers on the same ship used to eat their food from the same dish, and but for one thing would have had no trouble—the dog had a kennel and the pig had none. The pig disputed the ownership of the kennel, and every night there was a race for it. If the dog won the pig had to lie on the softest plank he could find. If the pig got in first, "Toby" could not drive him out. One rainy afternoon the pig found it rather unpleasant slipping about on deck and made up his mind to retire early. But when he reached the kennel he found the dog snug and warm inside. Suddenly an idea flashed upon him, and trudging off to the place where the dinner-plate was lying, he carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it and began rattling the plate and munching as though he had a feast before him. This was too much for the dog. A good dinner and he not there! The pig kept on till Toby had come round in front of him and pushed his nose into the empty plate Then he turned and was safe in the kennel before Toby knew whether there was any dinner on the plate or not!

Bob: "How do you stand so well with your employer Tom; you never laugh at his jokes?"

Tom: "No; but I dine at his restaurant, and, pretending not to see him, I re-tell all his stories, saying loudly, 'I can't tell it as well as he can, but here's a rattling good yarn Mr. Davidson told us this morning.' I've been promoted three times this year."

One of the most singular of the many curious fossils yielded by the famous opal fields at White Cliffs, in N.S.W., is an opalised shark. It is 3½ft. long and 18 inches in its greatest circumference, and is encircled from tip to tip with thin veins of purple opal.

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

BY MARY ELLICOTT STURGEON.

My old Aunt Jemima was a good soul, but had very odd ways. She was naturally eccentric, and became very deaf in her latter days, which added very much to her peculiarity. The real business of her life was to attend funerals, and as she had a large family connection she was quite busy without going outside of her relatives; with her large circle of acquaintances added she had plenty to do.

One morning Aunt Jemima was looking over the current news—that is to say, she was engaged reading her favourite department, viz, the marriages and deaths—when she suddenly put down the paper in her lap, and, taking out her handkerchief, commenced wiping her spectacles. The earnest expression of her face indicated that something unusual had transpired. Having completed her work, she placed the spectacles carefully astride her fine aquiline nose, then turning round so the bright sunlight might fall on the paper with all its force, she read a paragraph in her peculiar whisper, and turning to me, said: "Cynthia Jones is dead; she was Deacon Blasdell's stepdaughter; here's the announcement: "Funeral this afternoon at 4—o'clock.' We must go, child!"

Now, I was a young girl not 15 years old, and I didn't know any of Aunt Jemima's old acquaintances, and I innocently asked: "Who is Cynthia Jones, Aunty?"

"Why, bless you, child!" said Aunt Jemima, looking at me with an expression of mingled sorrow and regret; "don't you remember Cynthia Jones, the girl whose father was killed with a bone sticking in his throat while eating roast turkey on Christmas Day? It was very affecting. I attended the funeral and sat at the head of the coffin while the service was being read, and everybody said I would be married before the end of the year, but I wasn't, because the funeral was on the 27th of December, only four days before New Year's, and of course there was not time enough to court and get engaged in, to say nothing of getting married."

"And how long ago was that, Auntie?" I asked, putting my mouth to her speaking trumpet.

"It might be 30 years, and Cynthia then was grown-up, and now she's dead," said Aunt Jemima with a sad expression on her face. "Dead and dead, too, when only 56 years of age or thereabouts," and having thus given vent to her feelings, she cut the announcement of the death from the paper and carefully pinned it to the bosom of her dress. This done she placed her hands upon her knees, and looking at me with a sort of resigned expression, said, very emphatically, "We must go to the funeral."

The sad event was announced to take place at 4 p.m. from the late residence of the deceased, which was a long way from where Aunt Jemima and I lived. There was scarcely time to get ready and reach the house before the funeral, but Aunt Jemima proceeded with great perseverance to put on her best dress, and while engaged in the work, commenced making up what we young folk called "Aunt Jemima's funeral face."

It was a curious transformation that open blessed face of Aunt Jemima's underwent when she got ready to go to funerals. Her fine, laughing blue eyes grew gray and forbidding, her smooth forehead became wrinkled and severe, and her mouth, which was all sweetness and laughter, was turned down at the corners and was fairly grim—a terrible old Aunty when she was ready to attend a funeral.

In due time we left home, and under Aunt Jemima's lead, started for the "late residence of Cynthia Jones." As we proceeded on foot Aunt Jemima gave me many reminiscences of the deceased. She told me how, one night at singing-school, Cynthia enticed away her sweetheart, who was the handsomest young man in the village, and how her sweetheart got the impression that one of his fellow-clerk's pocket books was his property, left the village in consequence, and how Cynthia and she made it up, and cried on each other's necks, and afterwards became better friends than ever. And Cynthia did not carry her age well, but failed terribly the latter days of her life, and became very wrinkled and old.

And with this, and more, we finally reached the house, which fact was announced by a long row of carriages, the particular house being designated by a piece of crape hanging from the door-bell and by very solemn-looking men and very very unhappy looking women passing up the steps and disappearing within the doorway. Aunt Jemima and I followed the crowd, and entered the front parlour. It was already filled every chair being occupied. The moment Aunt Jemima was within the sad circle her face grew longer and more distressed than ever, and when she finally got seated she was the most unhappy and miserable-looking individual in the crowd. Her "funeral face" was now complete.

The body lay in the back parlour. I had a dread that I could not express of death, and as I saw in the distance the black-draped coffin covered with flowers, I shuddered.

"Death is a sad thing," said an old lady, who sat next to Aunt Jemima.

"It is," said Aunty, with great difficulty, relaxing the severity of her face to assent to a remark she could not hear, but guessed at by the movement of the speaker's lips.

"And to die so young," continued the old lady.

"What?" said Aunty, with uncommon earnestness, putting her hand behind her ear.

"To die so young," repeated the old lady.

"Young! Young!" repeated Aunty, a sort of bewilderment taking the place of her former mournful expression. "Young!" and with this last expression I saw Aunty's eyes wandering round the room.

She eyed with anxiety the furniture, and scanned with singular earnestness the faces of the parsons who stood in respectful silence about her. Even when the sonorous voice of the clergyman rose, giving utterance to the beautiful service of the Church for the burial of the dead, Aunty, to say, surprise grew more and more restless. At last, the ceremonies being concluded, Aunty and myself following the train of mourners, proceeded to take a "last view" of the body.

There lay all that remained of Cynthia Jones, but there was no indication of age on that sweet face. Instead of a half century of care wrinkling the brow, only 15 summers had been permitted to adorn a face that even in death, was uncommonly beautiful.

Aunt Jemima's eyes as she looked opened to their widest extent and the official funeral expression passed entirely away. It was only a moment that she gazed and then, turning to me, she seized my hand, and, hurrying me almost rudely away, whispered, as was her wont, so loudly that all present might hear, "Why child, this is the wrong funeral."

GREENLAND'S EAST COAST.

FOUND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

So far as we know, the natives of Greenland's east coast had never come into cantact with the white man until twenty years ago, when they were discovered by Captain Holm, a Danish explorer.

It was six years later, before anything but fragmentary information about them was given out, and then Denmark published a sumptuous work in three volumes devoted to the people and their habitat. Probably no other book so exhaustive and costly has ever been printed about a handful of primitive people. They numbered only 548 when they were discovered.

They are pure-blooded Esquimaux, the only unmixed natives in Greenland, excepting in the Smith Sound region; but their features are thinner and longer than those of other Esquimaux, and they are a little taller than those of the west coast.

They have the dimmest tradition that their fathers came from the north, and considerable evidence has accumulated pointing to the probability that they are the descendants of natives who reached northwest Greenland from the archipeligo north of the American continent, and then skirted the north and east of Greenland to their present abode.

QUEER WAYS OF JAPANESE.

HOW WIDOWS SHOW THEIR GRIEF.

Foreigners in Japan disagree as to the attractiveness of the Japanese women. They do not disagree, however, as to the beauty of the hair which adorns the head of the homiest little woman of Japan. Dark, lustrous, of a length to fall to the knees or heels when free, but arranged always with the exquisit orderliness and the artistic effectiveness which shows

THE PRIDE OF A WOMAN

in her supreme adornment, it crowns the lady and the coolie's wife alike with the coiffure of the princess.

Throughout Japan to-day a sight so unusual as to seize and hold attention is to be seen. Young native women, some with their tiny brown babies on their backs, bow heads which are entirely shorn of their beauty. Sometimes, standing before a temple of the God of War, you will see a Japanese woman attaching to the bamboo pole supporting a banner, a black and glossy streamer. It is her hair.

The banner commemorates the departure of her husband for the front. It was carried by his friends and neighbours in procession to the station from which he departed to the war. Then it was placed with the banners of other soldiers before the temple door, and his wife has come to it daily, alone or with her babies to gaze upon the lettering which announces

HIS GLORY AND HER PAIN.

Some day word comes that her husband has fallen on the field. Then the young widow—young because Japan sent only the flower of her youth to the front—shears off her hair and carries it to the banner, to which she attaches it, a mourning drape.

This dusky veiling on a soldier's banner means that he will not come back.

The young widows of Japan who thus voluntarily destroy their greatest charm by this act, cut themselves off from the gaiety of the world and vow fidelity to the memory of their dead husbands for the rest of their lives. The act is not symbolical only. The shorn woman in Japan is marked. She has sacrified all, and lives but to cherish in silence the memory of one who esteemed his country above all things—who died for it.

CURIOUS TURKISH FOODS.

Three singular preparations of grape juice are known in Turkey.

"Basduk" consists of sheets resembling leather, made by evaporating grape juice to the consistency of molasses, then mixing flour with it and drying it on cotton cloth in the sun.

"Kessme" is in cakes ¼in. thick. It is made by using course wheat grits instead of flour to mix with the grape molasses, and is dried on metal plates.

"Sujuk," a still more savory preparation, is made by stringing walnut kernals on twine and then immersing the strings thus formed in the mixture of flour and grape juice. When coated about a ¼in. thick the strings are hung up to dry.

TIME HE HAD ONE.

A stockbroker returning home, entered a bus and gave the conductor 6d. telling him to have a drink with the change, whereupon a fellow-passenger rebuked him for encouraging intemperance, adding that he himself had not had a drink for twenty years.

Handing him a small coin the stockbroker remarked "Poor devil, it's time you had one."

A TALE OF "BLACK MARIA."

Some years ago when the shipping strike was at its height in Sydney, N.S.W., a large number of special constables were sworn in. These were divided into companies, and every morning the various companies used to assemble at a different rendezvous to be ready in case of emergency.

One morning Company D had assembled at the Water Police Court, and, the roll being called, they were ordered to wait about the yard.

Presently in came the Prison van, "Black Maria," to take off to Darlinghurst Gaol the prisoners "run in" overnight. As the prisoners filed into the van, the special constables were much amused to hear an old woman, who was the last of the string, cry out to a young prisoner in front:

"Now then, come out of it, you've got my corner!"

Needless to say the old lady obtained her accustomed corner-seat, and then as the door was closed to and the police conductor stepped up behind, she put her face to the bars and said to him in delightfully dulcet tones:

"Home, John!"

✻ OTHER LANDS. ✻

The President and Vice-President of the United States never travel by rail together. It is one of the precautionary measures that hedge about the lives of the foremost men in that Government, the idea being that, if an accident upon the rail should cause the death of one of the illustrious men, the other would still be spared to the country.

* * * * * *

The Moorish Sultan's army is a wonderful affair. It fights by making a noise rather than by killing the enemy. The army consists of 25,000, men. Some are armed with discarded British Martini-Henrys; others with home-made imitations of the Martini-Henry, which jam and refuse to fire; while others have the old flint-lock muzzle-loader, which is of doubtful habits.

* * * * * *

In East Indian schools mental arithmetic is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of this country. Catch questions are numerous, and pupils of ten years are taught to remember the multiplication table up to 40 times 40.

* * * * * *

Roquefort cheese, like many other unique food productions, has its legend of accidental origin. A shepherd lad having for once more luncheon than he could eat, whilst tending his flock of sheep, laid a portion of his bread and cheese upon a natural shelf in one of the caverns near by. Boylike, he forgot all about it, until several months later, on returning to that cavern he found his lunch. The cheese instead of being dried up or rotten, was rich, moist and creamy, and streaked with greenish-blue veins of mould. He told his mother of his discovery and shared his piece of cheese with others. The villagers were quick to recognise the improved texture and quality of the cheese, and henceforth all their cheeses were taken to these caves to ripen. Now the value of these caves to the little hamlet is inestimable.

* * * * * *

The Mukden of to-day is an imposing-looking city, being well planned and laid out compared with Eastern cities generally. The brick walls are about 60ft. high, and rest on stone, beneath which is a deep, concrete foundation. The eight noble gateways, with huge bastions pierced by two gateways at right angles to the inner, surmounted by high watch-towers and batteries, immediately impress the visitor. The main roads run from gateway to gateway, cutting the central city into regular segments, which are in their turn cut through by lesser lanes. Numerous roads also cut through the suburban quarters. The inner walls are crenulated throughout; the outer wall surrounding the suburbs is a lesser affair altogether, being a comparatively low mud wall. Most of the walled cities of Manchuria have suburbs outside the old walls in this fashion. The inner city is about a mile long on either side. The suburbs extend more or less for a mile in either direction. A curious point about the city is that it has no gateway or exit for water. The architect was severely punished for such a serious omission as it was thought; but in after ages his wisdom was proved, and a temple erected to propitiate his offended spirit. The soil being very porous, everything sinks into it, and apparently the drinking water of the numerous wells is not contaminated.

* * * * * *

No young man who is heir to a title starts life in London without his presence being discovered by some heiress or heiresses, in the United States. The American colony in England has established itself in a most favourable position, and generally perceives at once when the eligible fledgling breaks into the open. Without delay the news is privately announced in America, and even some of the newspapers herald the fact to their readers! Moreover the ladies of the American colony make a point of becoming acquainted with him, and "nursing" him until "reinforcements" arrive from across the Atlantic! The intelligence, energy, enterprise and ingenuity shown by the American girls and women have entirely defeated the ordinary British chaperon, who generally leaves her charges to hunt for themselves and where they will!

* * * * * *

The two Brighton men who recently started on a perilous voyage to Western Australia in a fourteen-ton ketch have had many predecessors as daring voyagers. Nine years ago Captain Slocum, of Boston, started on a trip round the earth in a vessel 40ft. long, 14ft. wide, and 5½ft. deep, and four years later he moored his boat safely in Boston harbour In 1899 Captain Blackburn, of Massachusetts, crossed the Atlantic in a small cutter-rigged boat 30ft. long; and in 1878 Captain Andrews performer the feat in a tinier vessel still. On March 24, 1887, the "Homeward Bound," a boat 20ft. long and 7ft. broad, reached Dover, after a most adventurous voyage from Port Natal in South Africa; and perhaps the most wonderful voyage of all was when two daring Norwegians in 1897 actually brought a rowing-boat from New York and within two months moored off the Scilly Islands. 1441.

What—Full Stocks Now?

YES—WHY NOT?

Believing that our Customers will appreciate efforts to keep up assortments, we keep Stocks complete—prepared to supply needs as no other house attempts to...

NIPPING PROFITS IN THE BUD.

Just when the Summer Season is at its best, and Summer Goods are in demand, we start to NIP THE PROFITS.

If you haven't procured cool dresses now is the time to buy them from us at a great reduction. Don't suffer the hot weather—provide for it—ENJOY IT. Just a little planning, just a little outlay, and the hot weather can have no terrors for you. * * * * * *

DOES YOU WIFE WANT A HAT?

Perhaps she does, and doesn't know it. If such be the case, SEND HER TO US. We are well satisfied with the past achievements of our Millinery Dept., and we are now giving real bargains in this dept., profit being no consideration whatever. *

*

We are Pushing Everything....

Everybody who has to do with this Store's doings is working with a will. With the start of another year's selling, the same wide-awake Storekeeping (the kind you like) again takes us to the head of the procession.

Make us a Visit.

We gladly invite all to walk through.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT & BUANGOR.

The flight of time makes our Summer Goods of less value to us, but it makes the purchasing power of each of our Customers about Double.

Presbyterian Church, Stockyard Hill.

The anniversary services in connection with the Stockyard Hill Presbyterian Church were held last Sunday, the preacher both morning and evening being the Rev. R. McGowan, of Beaufort. The sermon at the morning service was from I. Corinthians, xv., 3, 4; an able address being given on the necessity for the resurrection of our Saviour, the rev. gentleman pointing out that the regeneration of the world had been sought first by the flaming sword at the Garden of Eden, secondly by the Flood, and thirdly by fire, as illustrated by the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and lastly as a matter of love by the Crucifixion and Resurrection. At the evening service the subject taken was from I. Timothy, vi., 12—"Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life." Mr McGowan pointed out that to become a good soldier of the Lord the essential qualities were courage, obedience, and discipline, not questioning the orders given, but having implicit faith in the Leader, and pressing forward to the goal. Hymns appropriate to the occasion were sung, and in the evening the anthem, "The Lord is my Shepherd," was rendered by the choir.

THE CONCERT.

It having been decided to dispense with the usual tea meeting this year, and to hold a concert instead, the latter event took place in the church on Wednesday night, the building being crowded by a large and appreciative audience. The Rev. F. McQueen presided. After the Hundredth Psalm, and a short prayer from the Rev. R. McGowan, the concert was opened with a brilliant pianoforte overture by Miss Rose Earles, L.I.C.M. Mr B. E. Carthew gave "Asleep in the Deep" to the evident satisfaction of the audience. Miss Andrews followed with a very finished and expressive rendering of "Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer," and in response to an encore the singer complied with a charming coon-song. Mr J. Hastie displayed his rich and powerful voice to advantage in "True till Death," and for an encore gave "Because I love you." Miss Rorke captured the audience completely with her charming rendition of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," and responded to the inevitable encore with another captivating Scotch ditty. Mr J. R. Wotherspoon proved himself an able exponent of Scottish song in his manner of singing "The Bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee," and more being demanded, he gave "Loch Lomond" equally well. Miss Rose Earles sang "Little Blue Pigeon" with an artistic refinement which the audience were not slow to recognise, and she replied to the encore with another charmingly rendered song, "Sing me to sleep." Miss Andrews displayed her talent for serio-comic songs in "Taking the Toll," the encore being "Keep off the Grass." Mr J. Hastie again pleased greatly with "The Skipper," and gave further pleasure with his encore number, "Rory O'More." The old favorite, "Killarney," was done full justice to by Miss Rorke, and another being called for with much insistence, the singer gave "A letter from over the sea." Mr Wotherspoon sang with true Scotch humour and artistic management of his voice, "The Laird o' Cockpen," which pleased immensely, and the singer gave as an encore "Rise up and bar the door, O." Miss Andrews sang "At my window" in finished style, but had to decline the encore, owing to having sung all the songs she had brought with her. Mr Carthew gave a good account of himself in "The Miner," and in response to a well-merited encore gave "The Diver." Mr Hastie gave "A Dream of Paradise" in excellent style; and a most delightful rendering of Tosti's "Good-bye" by Miss Rorke concluded an exceptionally enjoyable concert. The accompaniments were played by Miss McDonald and Miss Taylor.

Mr McQueen said the success of the concert was very gratifying to all concerned. He was especially grateful to the performers, who had been most generous in the matter of encores—the insistence on which showed how their efforts were appreciated by the audience. He wished also to thank Mr Dan. Hannah for his valuable work in connection with the concert.

The proceedings were closed with the National Anthem.

Correspondence.

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

LAKE GOLDSMITH RESERVE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your report of last meeting of the Ripon shire Council, the petition presented by the Lake Goldsmith ratepayers contains so many glaring inaccuracies that in justice to the ratepayers signing the petition in favor of letting the lake, I cannot allow them to go uncontradicted. In the first place, the meeting in question was attended by only eight ratepayers, five of whom were in favor of destroying vermin, etc., the other three urging the necessity of the lake being leased, thus turning a quite unnecessary outlay into a substantial asset. Further, the mention of starving sheep depasturing on the lake was ill-advised; as a matter of fact, early in 1903 a lad from the Mallee, with a few hundred of his father's starving sheep, who was allowed to run them in the stubble paddocks of a Stockyard Hill farmer, the watering of which necessitated him taking them to the reserve, when he was warned by one of the presenters of the petition that as the lake was leased by a local syndicate, he must remove his sheep—the penalty for not doing so being the Beaufort pound. Surely this instance (only one of a great many) makes light of the beautiful metaphor contained in the "national standpoint," and lowers it to the level of a "local and sordid" point of view. With regard to the saving of the roads by using the lake bed for traffic, I would like to point out that it is only one year in six that it is possible to so use it, and then for only a couple of months in the year. Again, as public tenders were never called for the lease of the lake, I do not see how the revenue derived would be paltry, as the petition states, knowing as I do that there are more than one willing to give a rental of £100 a year, if the council will still be as beneficent as they have been in the past; and destroy vermin, etc. The reference to making beauty spots on the lake, in the form of tree-planting, will call to the minds of old residents the experiment tried in that direction some 15 years ago, which is to-day a shelter for a neighbouring farmer's livestock. Now, Sir, it seems that although the West Riding members were supposed to be in favor of leasing the lake, they showed scant courtesy to the 30 ratepayers signing the counter petition, inasmuch as none of them thought it worth while to move a motion to that effect, or is it that these things are decided in camera before the council meets publicly, as one of the West Riding councillors informs me that it was no use moving in that direction, as the majority were against them; and so they allowed one of the most important questions that has been before the council for some time, to be allocated by members for other ridings, who were evidently influenced by the conclusions (whether right or wrong) come to by the self-appointed adviser of the Riponshire Council, who appears to be only permitted to attend the business, and not the social, meetings of the council. In conclusion, I would suggest that if the lake, which is to be still kept for the sole use of half-a-dozen farmers at a yearly cost of between £50 and £60 of the council's money, were made a revenue-producing asset, there would be no need of Cr. Sinclair's motion, to be dealt with at the next council meeting, advocating the cutting down of the charitable vote by £70.—Yours, etc.,

A. M. HANNAH.

Mrs George Daly, wife of the gatekeeper at the railway crossing on the Raglan Road, Beaufort, had a remarkably narrow escape of being mangled by a goods train yesterday afternoon. The train, heavily laden, was coming down the Beaufort bank, and the driver, seeing the gates across the line, sounded his whistle. Mrs Daly at once ran to open the gates, and managed to open one, but as she was trying to get the other open she tripped and fell on the permanent way. Fortunately for Mrs Daly, Mr D. F. Troy happened to be close at hand, and seeing her danger, pluckily dragged her off the line, almost under the very nose of the engine. People standing on the platform at the railway station thought Mrs Daly had been killed, so close was the engine to her. The unopened half of the gate was smashed to pieces.

R. R.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF HAMPDEN.—BEAUFORT DIVISION, 1904-5.—LIST OF NAMES OBJECTED TO UPON LIST OF RATEPAYING ELECTORS:—

No. 7, Aldrich, George; No. 19, Austin, William; No. 22, Bailey, James; No. 41, Barber, John A.; No. 59, Bending, John; No. 61, Bennett, Charles Henry; No. 62, Bennett, Charles Henry; No. 80, Boyd, Alfred J.; No. 86, Brantigan, Louis; No. 92, Broadbent, Charles; No. 107, Brumby, George; No. 108, Brumby, George; No. 132, Campbell, Alexander; No. 148, Carter, Alfred; No. 149, Chapman, Stephen Seth; No. 156, Chibnall, Alfred C.; No. 179, Connelly, Henry; No. 181, Cook, James A.; No. 187, Cordy, Enos; No. 225, Daniels, George; No. 226, David, John; No. 236, DeGraaff, Henry; No. 257, Drummond, John S.; No. 297, Flowers, Albert; No. 303, Fox, Charles C.; No. 309, Francis, John; No. 315, French, William; No. 333, Gillespie, Andrew; No. 338, Gilloch, Frederick; No. 345, Gourlay, William J.; No. 347, Graham, John, junior; No. 350, Grant, Peter, senior; No. 379, Hamilton, William; No. 385, Hannah, William; No. 386, Harke, Frederick V.; No. 390, Harrison, William; No. 395, Hehir, Thomas; No. 401, Hill, William J.; No. 404, Hinchliff, William; No. 413, Horne, George; No. 430, Hull, Frederick; No. 433, Jaensch, Henry; No. 450, Johnston, Walter, junr.; No. 452, Johnstone, J. Butler; 478, Kennedy, Henry G.; 479, Kennedy, Richard T.; 480, Kennedy, Thomas; 481, Kennedy, Thomas; 496, Knight, Henry; 497, Knight, Henry; 498, Knight, John; 500, Knox, William; 515, Leuenhagen, Frederick; 525, Lewis, Thomas; 533, Loft, George; 553, Maibocker, John F.; 560, Martin, Frederick; 567, Mathieson, Donald; 593, Morris, George; 614, McCracken, Edward; 629, McFadzean, David; 637, McKay, Alexander; 638, McKay, John; 642, McKenzie, Donald; 649, McNaughton, John; 667, Newling, Paul; 676, Nicholson, Malcolm; 689, Nothnagel, Valentine, junior; 708, O'Meara, John, junior; 712, O'Sullivan, Patrick J.; 714, O'Sullivan, Patrick, junior; 721, Panther, Charles J; 724, Parsons, William; 739, Phillips, William; 764, Roberts, Digory; 765, Roberts, Digory P.; 772, Roddis, James; 801, Sandilant, George; 809, Scarf, James; 812, Scarf, James; 822, Shepherd, Joseph; 823, Shepherd, Joseph; 830, Simper, Albert; 831, Simper, John; 838, Smith Albert; 844, Smith, George Henry; 857, Stathes, Alexandrates; 880, Stokes, William J.; 897, Tait, John; 917, Tompkins, Joel; 919, Topp, William; 940, Vance, Frederick; 971, White, Donald; 973, White, Henry; 991, Wills, James; 1007, Woodfine, Charles; 1021, Yeoman, Richard.

The numbers correspond with those shown on Electoral List for the above-mentioned Division. Full particulars of persons objected to may be seen without fee at my office.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar.

Beaufort, 18/1/1905.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF HAMPDEN.—BEAUFORT DIVISION, 1904-5.—LIST OF NAMES OBJECTED TO UPON THE GENERAL LIST OF ELECTORS:—

217401, Alexander, Thomas Henry; 228553, Alsop, Thomas, junior; 72929, Baker, William Ernest; 196888, Ball, Frank; 196880, Bath, Josephus; 228576, Bell, John; 228559, Bending, Maurice; 196694, Blurton, Charles; 215757, Booth, John Sladen; 217426, Bowker, Percy John; 217428, Brown, George; 86035, Bruton, Thomas; 73255, Cameron, Peter; 187732, Cavagna, John; 152294, Collins, Samuel; 217431, Connolly, Harry Esmond; 259105, Cordy, Enos; 72949, Corrigan, Patrick Joseph; 221952, Daly, Cornelius; 57984, Daly, John Patrick; 228552, Day, William Thomas; 196863, Dickson, Robert; 171000, Dunham, Edward James; 196980, Eva, Frederick; 196862, Finn, Frederick; 112340, Glenister, Frederick; 91601, Gray, Robert James; 196877, Green, Cornelius; 259104, Green, Cornelius; 105915, Hall, Edward; 128574, Hall, William; 88030, Hannah, Archibald McAllum; 215755, Hartney, William Alexander; 87500, Hennessey, John; 230608, Holyoak, George Henry; 162236, Jones, David King; 165514, Jones, Edwin James; 228604, Jones, Thomas Samuel; 87492, Jones, William George; 228611, Keating, Mathew; 228573, Kelly, Mathew; 28607, Lamb, Ralph; 17415, Lewis, William; 228554, Lindsay, William; 196879, Moysey, William Bradford; 86051, McCarthy, Maurice; 87971, McFadzean, Thomas; 228570, McGregor, Alexander; 217433, Nelson, Robert Simeon; 73278, O'Connor, Charles Patrick; 217405, O'Meara, Thomas Charles; 215752, O'Shaughnessy, James Patrick; 217402, O'Sullivan, Jeremiah; 72939, Parkin, John; 112317, Perry, George Albert; 228601, Pollard, John Charles; 196896, Richards, Thomas Francis; 72936, Riley, William; 196893, Roberts, William; 196876, Rossina, Francis Alexander; 152253, Rowe, Charles Henry; 106680, Rowsell, George; 228622, Saddler, Alfred; 196897, Sampson, Philip; 259106, Sargent, John; 215751, Sheehan, Francis Joseph; 228607, Smith, Charles Percy; 228620, Smith, Frederick Ransom; 196869, Smith, William Duke; 72927, Stephen, John; 87451, Stevensen, Samuel; 259107, Sadweeks, Henry Charles; 228655, Thomas, Thomas Moslek; 228626, Thompson, Hugh Taylor; 228581, Tinworth, George; 228614, Trainor, John; 87442, Turner, Henry Melville; 72938, Wendt, Victor Rudolph; 196906, Wheeler, Frederick; 109899, White, Archibald; 228618, Williams, John; 196857, Willox, Charles Vincent; 162255, Wood, Arthur; 72935, Wookey, Herbert Bruce.

The numbers are those of the Rights shown on the General List. Full particulars of persons objected to may be seen without fee at my office.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar.

Beaufort, 19/1/1905.

FOR SALE, 30 tons 2ft. Gum WOOD.—J. McCRACKEN, Raglan.

FOR SALE, a Good Two-horse WAGGON. Apply to H. WILLOX, Raglan.

FENCERS WANTED. Apply, DONALD FERGUSON, Langi-Kal-Kal.

Beaufort Agricultural Society.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the above Society will be held in the SHIRE HALL, on SATURDAY, the 28th instant, at 2.30 o'clock p.m. A full attendance is requested to obtain an expression of opinion on the advisability of altering the date of holding the Show.

JOHN HUMPHREYS, Secy.

Beaufort, 13th Janv., 1905.

BEAUFORT,
Parish of Langi-Kal-Kal.

SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1905.

AT NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD'S ROOMS, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, At 2 o'clock.

Splendid Freehold Property.

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD (Mr J. H. Chesterfield, Auctioneer) having received instructions from the owner, MRS. LEWIS, will submit to Public Auction, as above, all that piece of Land, being allotments 1 and 5, section A, parish of Langi-Kal-Kal, situate near Waterloo, containing 240 acres (more or less), and at present leased to Messrs. G. Vowles, H. Anderson and J. McNaughton. The Land is securely fenced and well watered, and is in first-class order.

Possession will be given on 19th March, 1905. The Land will be offered in lots to suit buyers. For positive sale. Terms liberal at sale. For particulars, apply

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers, Ararat, Beaufort and Pitfield.

FREEHOLD LAND.

SALE BY AUCTION.

SATURDAY, 28TH JANUARY, 1905.

At the RAILWAY HOTEL, PRATT STREET, BEAUFORT, At 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD (Mr Chesterfield, Auctioneer) are instructed by MR. J. E. LOFT to submit to Public Auction, as above, all that valuable piece of Land, containing 20 acres (more or less), being Crown allotment 48, in the parish of Beaufort, situate on the Waterloo Road, about one mile from the the township of Beaufort, having a frontage to Waterloo Road of 1891 links, securely fenced and well watered.

For Positive Sale. Terms Cash. Immediate Possession.

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

NOTICE.

A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in the Mechanics' Institute on WEDNESDAY, January 25th, at 8 p.m., to consider the best means of raising a Benefit for the Widow and Family of the late Mr. THOMAS WILSON. Everybody invited.

J. E. LOFT, L. A. JAENSCH } Conveners.

SCHEDULE A.—[RULE (4b).].

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that, within ten days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan an application for a Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of applicant or applicants, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on—John O'Keefe; "Beaufort Gold Estates."

Full address of each applicant—Oxford Chambers, Bourke-street, Melbourne.

Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—120 acres; surface and below.

Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as the applicant has been able to learn—Mrs. Collins, Sailor's Gully; Gerald Collins, Sailor's Gully.

Full description and precise locality of the ground—Little Sailor's Gully, Mickey's, Bull's Wool and Harden Gullies.

Term required—Fifteen years.

Time of commencing operations—On the granting of the lease.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road, or subject to any public rights—None.

General remarks—None.

Date and place—20th January, 1905, Beaufort.

The metals or minerals for the winning of which this application will be made are—Gold.

If for gold, state whether it is intended to work for quartz or alluvial.—Alluvial.

If of private land state whether a prospecting area is required—No.

Signature of Applicant—JOHN O'KEEFE (COLIN MCPHEE, Agent).

Beaufort Jockey Club's Annual Races,

To be held on the Racecourse, WATERLOO FLAT, on

FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1905.

Member's Ticket, 10s.

Admission to Course, 1s.; Children under 15, 6d.

MAIDEN PLATE, of £5.
Half-a-mile. For all horses that have never won an advertised race. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5s.

WELTER HANDICAP, of £7.
Five furlongs. 1st, £6; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 7s.

HANDICAP TROT, of £4.
Two miles. Post entry, 4s. 1st, £3; 2nd, £1.

BEAUFORT HANDICAP, of £12.
One mile. 1st, £10; 2nd, £2. Nomination, 12s.

PONY RACE (14.1 hands and under), of £5.
Six furlongs. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5s.

FLYING HANDICAP, of £5.
Half-a-mile. 1st, £4; 2nd, £1. Nomination, 5s.

HACK RACE, of £3.
Half-a-mile. Weight not less than 9st. Winner to pull a ton and a spring dray 300yds. on the course immediately after the race, or forfeit the stake. 1st, £3. Post entry, 2s.

Nominations for Maiden Plate, Beaufort Handicap, Welter Handicap, Pony Race, and Flying Handicap positively close with the Secretary on Wednesday, 1st March, 1905.

A copy of the handicaps will be posted to nominators.

Nominations must be accompanied by the fees.

First race to start at 12.30 o'clock sharp.

V.R.C. Rules strictly adhered to.

Jockeys must ride in colors.

W. H. HALPIN, Hon. Secy.

A CARD.

CLEGG & MILLER, ARCHITECTS, LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

J. A. HARRIS,

In thanking his numerous customers for past patronage, begs to announce that he has procured a FURNITURE VAN, and is prepared to remove Furniture to any part of the country at exceptionally cheap rates.

Having had the services for the past 20 years of an experienced furniture packer, customers can rely upon safety of removal.

Picnic and Shooting Parties a specialty.

Office at Railway Station (Broadhent Bros.; Pernewan, Wright & Co.; McCulloch & Co.)

Beaufort Athletic Club.

A GENERAL MEETING of the above Club will be held at the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE on MONDAY evening, 23rd inst., at 8 o'clock. Business—To receive and adopt balance-sheet and auditor's report, and deal with motions by notice re giving bonuses of £5 5s. and £2 2s. to the Secretary and Mr. Stevens respectively.

A. PARKER, Secretary.

SONS OF FREEDOM JUNCTION GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort. The postponed SALE of SHARES, forfeited for non-payment of 19th call of threepence (3d.) per share, will positively take place at the Mining Exchange, Lydiard-street, Ballarat, at 12.30 o'clock p.m. on Tuesday, 24th January, 1905, unless calls be previously paid.

A. J. PEACOCK, Manager.

Lydiard-street north, Ballarat.

ALL NATIONS CONSOLS GOLD MINING COMPANY, No Liability, Beaufort.—The half-yearly general MEETING of shareholders in the above-named company will be held on Thursday, 26th January, 1905, at 11 o'clock, at George Hotel, Ballarat.

Business.—

Receive reports and balance-sheets.

Elect directors and auditors.

General.

W. D. THOMPSON, Manager.

Exchange, Ballarat.

J. B. COCHRAN,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

Wishes to thank his numerous customers for past favours, hoping for a continuance of same, and wishing them all a Merry Xmas. and Happy New Year, with health and prosperity. He has just opened up a large assortment of choice

Toys, Xmas. and New Year Cards, Perfumery and Fancy Goods,

At very Moderate Prices. Come and see.

BEAUFORT SHOPKEEPERS' ASSOCIATION.

BEAUFORT BUSINESS PLACES WILL BE

CLOSED

ON

MONDAY, JANUARY 30th, 1905

(Foundation Day).

C. W. JONES, Hon. Secy.

SPORTS! SPORTS!

BUANGOR ATHLETIC CLUB'S

MEETING

Will be Held

Monday, 30th January, 1905.

Good Programme. Record Entries.

A. E. NEATE, H. MATHEWS, } Joint Secretaries.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

I BEG to announce to the Public of Beaufort and district that I have purchased Mr. W. Ingram's well-assorted stock of Boots and Shoes at considerably under cost price, and am therefore in a position to sell same at exceptionally low rates. The business in future will be carried on by me. All kinds of Boots and Shoes made to order, and Repairs neatly and cheaply executed. Satisfaction guaranteed. A trial solicited.

R. J. THUSTAIN.

Mrs. MULLINS, MIDWIFE,

LATE OF CASTERTON,

HAS taken Mr. Halpin's house (next door to Mr. McKeich's). Ladies accommodated indisposition. Medical attendance. Terms moderate. Will also attend ladies at their own homes. Address Post Office, Beaufort.

Here's Your Chance.

OUR MR. E. H. ROGERS WILL OPEN

Sale and Sample Room,

NEILL-ST., BEAUFORT,

From 23rd inst.

Special Lines from all Depts...

NOTE.—GREAT VARIETY OF XMAS. AND NEW YEAR GIFTS...

Any Order you may favor him with will receive our best attention....

Yours faithfully,

Lincoln Stuart & Co. Proprietary Ltd.,

General Outfitters, Household Furnishers, &c., &c., Flinders Street, Melbourne.

Baker and Rouse

PROPY. LTD.

Largest and Most Complete Stock of

PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS In the Commonwealth

Cameras from a few shillings

Up-to-date AMATEUR OUTFITS at all prices

MANUFACTURERS OF

"AUSTRAL" DRY PLATES & PRINTING PAPERS

The Best on the Market

Importers of Edison Phonographs and Records Optical Lantern Goods

Illustrated Catalogue posted free on Application

260 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE

WHEN ORDERING MENTION THIS PAPER

"In for a Long Spell of it"

is the forecast of Mr. Baracchi with regard to the hot weather we are now experiencing. We can help to make life less unpleasant by offering some "cooling" lines at "refreshingly" low prices.

Meat Safes...

14-inch.	16-inch.	18-inch.
7/6	9/6	13/6 each.

Water Bags... 1/3 1/6 1/9

Green or White Bamboo Blinds...

All Sizes. Low Prices.

Garden Hose...

5½d., 6½d., 8½d. per foot.

We can fix up a hose for you to fit any tap or tank.

Seltzogenes or Sparklets...

With Charges for Both.

Disinfectants and Phenyle...

From 6d. per tin to 4/6 per gal.

Fly Catchers...

In great variety, from Tanglefoot Sheets to Gauze Traps that will clear a room in less than no time.

Our Store is noted as one of the coolest spots in Beaufort, and as we stock all those numberless little Summer Sundries that help to make life run easily, we can make shopping a pleasure for you.

HAWKES BROS.,

THE IRONMONGERS,

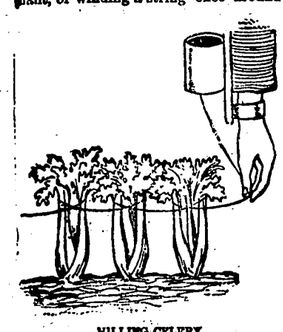
BEAUFORT.

FARM AND GARDEN

HANDLING CELERY.

A Plan Suggested by Professor Green of the Ohio Experiment Station.

When the celery plants are large enough for handling or firming, this may be done either in the old way, by drawing soil around the base of each plant, or winding a string once around



HILLING CELERY.

each, as recommended by Professor Green. Here is what he says about it in a manual on celery culture published by the Rural Publishing company, New York:

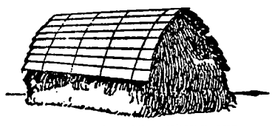
In handling we tried string by winding once around each plant and then going on to the next, keeping the string taut enough to hold the stalks in place. This was a decided improvement over the way of holding the stalks in place by earth until the rest of the soil was put in, but when it came to taking the string off the soil would be tramped around the plants, and the leaves and upper part of the stalks would be torn off. Some one thought that paper string might do, and it would rot off and not hurt the plant. We put it on several thousand plants and found that very little injury was done, and this happened by the careless putting on of the string. The plants were held in position by the string until a rain came and settled the dirt around the plant and wet the string enough so it would give way to the growing plant. To some of the plants we gave a second banking before the string gave way and let the plant spread. We invented a little device for putting the string on. I took a tomato can and punched a hole through the bottom of it, nailed it to a stick, and then taking a piece of suspender with the buckles fastened it to the right arm above the elbow and at the wrist, letting the string run out at the bottom of the can between the thumb and front finger. With this one can wind celery all day.

The final blanching may be done with boards, and these need not be excessively wide either.

Covering Haystacks.

Much hay is lost annually, even on well constructed haystacks. It is often difficult to get good wild grass to top out stacks, and timothy and clover make a poor covering to a stack. Numbered with various devices for cavering stacks is the one here depicted and thus described in The Country Gentleman by an Ohio farmer:

Use good, clear 12 inch pine lumber, which paint on one side. Lay down one board along comb of track, stretch about



A BOARD COVER FOR HAYSTACKS.

four large No. 9 wires over board, down side of stack, long enough to reach down as far as you want roof to extend; staple wire to top board. The wire should then be coiled up loosely, so that the ends may not be in the way. Then put second board of roof in place, its upper edge underlapping crest board; staple to wire: do this on each side, so as to balance, and so on down as far as covering is needed. In spring draw the staples. The cut plainly shows all. One staple in lower edge of board holds all; boards rest right on stack.

Crop Bound Fowls.

Fowls are often troubled with a watery craw, though this is not so usual as the ailment known as crop bound, where the crop hardens and swells from the indigestion of the dry food the bird eats. It is the same trouble, only in the one case the contents of the crop are watery and in the other hard and dry. Stoddard's remedy is to place the affected fowl on very low diet, keep drink away from him for a day and physic him with a teaspoonful of castor oil and powdered rhubarb. He does not consider this a fatal disease at all if properly and seasonably treated.

Treatment of the Asparagus Bed.

The best time to apply manure to the asparagus bed is late in autumn, the few inches added keeping the ground warmer during winter. It is not necessary to work it during summer, except to keep the soil mellow and destroy weeds. Young roots, never older than 2 years, are the best. The old roots would be torn and injured in the attempt to remove them and stunted in growth. New land must be quite rich or made rich. The best time to work the bed is in the early spring as soon as the soil becomes friable and loose enough and before cutting begins.

Drought and Catch Crops.

The following quick growing plants are named by The Mark Lane Express as valuable for drought and catch crops: Italian rye grass, tares, kale, rape, mustard, buckwheat, sorghum, lupins and lamdilla. Mustard is especially recommended as useful for sheep when turnips have failed through drought.

BE FIRM.

When you ask for a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, do not allow the dealer to sell you a substitute. Be firm in your conviction that there is nothing so good. This medicine has been tested in the most severe and dangerous cases of cramps, colic and diarrhœa, and has never been known to fail. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Her New Vaccination Mark.

She was a pretty girl and his fate, and he was telling her so. She listened angelically, and by watching her left eyelid he knew he was successful.

The left eyelid is always a true indicator of a girl's feelings.

Finally he ventured to slip his arm about her, and it was all right for a minute, when she sprung to her feet with anguish on her face.

"How can you!" she sobbed. "Brute!"

"My own," he protested.

"Go!" she wept. "I can never love you! You have no heart, no tenderness! You are inhuman!"

"What have I done?" cried the miserable young man, and then she lifted her streaming eyes.

"You have no regard for my vaccination at all," she said. "Oh, how it hurts!" So he was obliged to finish his proposal minus the encircling arm act. He isn't the only man in a like plight just now.—Boston Traveller.

He Knew All but Two.

Mother—Oh, Johnnie! Did you know all your lessons today?

Johnnie—Yes'm, all but two.

Mother—How many did you have?

Johnnie—Two.—Truth.

A Little Thing Like That.

"I saw a funny thing down in West Virginia not long ago," said the drummer, flicking the ashes from his cigar on his boot heel. "A bride and groom were on a Cincinnati and Ohio train from Lexington, Ky., got off for a platform promenade while the train was being made up at Huntington, and after a few minutes he put her back on the car and went to the restaurant for some fruit. As he came into the car he stopped for a few minutes to speak to a friend in the smoker, and when he came on in to where he supposed his new wife was he couldn't find her. He looked everywhere without success; then he began to go crazy.

"'Where's my wife? Where's my wife?' he shouted as he tore up and down the car, and the conductor came hurriedly in to see what the matter was. As he was trying to get a coherent answer from him an old fellow said he had seen her get off the car after the young man had put her on at the last station, and he guessed she was left. Then the groom raved and tore his hair and demanded that the train go back after her. To this the conductor objected, and a committee of five married men waited on the groom.

"'Was it your wife that was left?' inquired the spokesman.

"'Yes, yes, and the train must go back for her.'

"'Hold on a minute, will you?' said the old spokesman testily. 'How long have you been married?'

"'A week only, and the train must go back after her,' he moaned as he rocked himself to and fro.

"'Well, I guess not!' said the old fellow emphatically. 'When you've been married as long as we have, you won't want to be inconveniencing a trainload of passengers for a little thing like leaving your wife behind,' and the groom had to go on to the next station and wait for his bride.—Detroit Free Press.

Those Lovers.

They had been engaged, but now were suffering from one of those quarrels which sometimes ruffle the course of true love.

They had not spoken for three days, and neither wished to be the first to yield.

But with the hankering which afflicts murderers and lovers with reference to the scene of the late unpleasantness he called at the house on a trumped up business mission to her father.

By chance (?) she answered his ring at the door.

Gathering himself, he, with a cold, slow voice, begins the following dialogue:

He—Does Mr. Dudley reside here?

She—He does.

He—Is he in?

She—He is not.

He—Will he be in soon?

She—He will.

He—Thank you. I will call again. (Turns to go.)

She—Excuse me, who shall I say called?—Life.

She Hit One.

Mr. Binks (after an absence)—And so you shot a burglar while here and unprotected? You are a brave little woman. What became of him?

Mrs. Binks—The other burglar carried him off.

Mr. Binks—Which other burglar?

Mrs. Binks—The one I aimed at.—Puck.

Method In It.

"Bobbie," said the visitor, "isn't it rather selfish in you to send your little sister after a piece of cake?"

"I don't know," replied Bobbie. "Mother wouldn't give it to me."—Truth.

Ought to Be Grateful.

Softly—I'd have you to understand, sir, that I'm not such a fool as I look.

Sarcast—Well, then, you have much to be thankful for.—Tit-Bits.

A Gentle Hint.

He (driving with a young lady)—I never try to do more than one thing at a time.

She—Then let me drive, Mr. Squeezeman.—Brooklyn Life.

Old and New.

The "sturdy oak and clinging vine" are out of fashion now;
The modern maiden stands alone, with triumph on her brow.
She buffets bravely with the world, she fares as best she can
And gaily thinks her way through life without the help of man.
Her broken yoke of servitude she tramples 'neath her feet;
Her ancient tyrant she defies and finds her freedom sweet.
Yet sometimes when the road is hard and things look rather black
The independent woman's thoughts insist on harking back.
The sheltered life seems very fair amid earth's crowding ills,
And restful the old fashioned plan—a man to pay the bills!

—Life.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," for it *will positively restore in every case Greyor White hair to its original* colour, without leaving that disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It quickly stops the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promotes the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sole by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Wholesale: Joubt 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

Marconi's Early Life.

The influence of mothers on the world's progress in science, art, and commerce is not sufficiently recognised. Some of the cleverest men in all professions and industries have been chiefly indebted to their mothers for their success. I could name a dozen well-known men as instances of this. A daily paper adds another to the list. An Irish lady, Annie Jameson, daughter of the famous distiller—a beautiful and high-spirited girl, was given every educational advantage that money and Ireland could afford, and then was sent to Italy to complete her musical studies. There she met and married a young Italian of good family. She had two sons and devoted her life to their training. She took her eldest with her on her travels about Italy, England, and Ireland. He began to show an interest in electricity and chemistry, and to construct little instruments. His mother bought him books and periodicals to guide and instruct him. Money was spent on him, and every encouragement was given him in his work. One of the rooms of the house was given up to him as a laboratory. His mother took the greatest interest in all he did. Between mother and son there always was, and still is, a strong bond of sympathy and love. Marconi, the famous electrician, used to accompany his mother on her travels; now she accompanies him on his. She who encouraged him in his early efforts, is now the happy witness of his marvellous success.

THE CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE.

A cheery heart makes a pleasant face and from the same source proceeds the hearty impulse to speak the kind word.

The bright face and hopeful, helpful tone are like the warm ray of sunlight that reaches through clouds and gloom, and stirs to happy life and action. A cheerful person is such a comfort.

Of course, some dispositions are naturally more cheerful than others, and surroundings may have their influence. Yet, cheerfulness is a virtue that can be cultivated.

It is not to be wondered at if the clouds that enshroud us seem, at the time, to be darker and heavier than were ever any before. It requires a tremendous effort, sometimes, to even try to lift one's head to the light, while it is utterly impossible to think of the idea of reflecting it.

Perhaps, if we knew, those who appear the most light-hearted and sunny have burdens of sorrow and trouble and perplexities that we might consider more than we could possibly bear. To those who so uncomplainingly carry them, day after day, and year after year, they may be redoubled and intensified beyond what we have any conception of. These seem to be the very ones who, ever ready to bear others' burdens, yet never inflict theirs on another. Still, in real need, they would gratefully accept a helping hand, and are always glad of the cheery word.

NOT A VIRTUE.

Those uncomfortable people who pride themselves upon saying just what they think, on all occasions, are unpopular, and deserve to be. Their boasted frankness is generally ill-concealed malice, and their unsolicited opinions are generally of an impertinent nature. We have no right to say what we think, unless we think first of all justly, then kindly and lovingly: no right to unload our jealousies, envies, bad moods, and miserable spites upon the hearts of our neighbours. If we must be bad tempered, we should at least keep our venom locked up in our breasts, and not let it out to wound others. Truths need not be unpleasant in order to be accurate. Are there no lovely, charming, gracious truths in the world? If there are, why cannot people diligently tell these, making others happier for the telling, rather than hasten to proclaim all the disagreeable ones they can discover?

The judicious flatterer is sure to be a favorite, for—no matter what is said to the contrary—there is no one quite impervious to compliments, for even those who have a humble opinion of themselves cannot fail to be pleased by the kind intention shown. So far from desiring to say disagreeable things, kindly folk are continually on the alert lest they even unconsciously wound others. They make a point of avoiding unpleasant generalities which may seem to include any member of the company in which they find themselves. Strange to say, this class of people are considered light-minded, false and worldly by stern moralists who cannot recognise truth in a pleasant garb; but why anyone should consider it more Christian-like to utter unpleasant facts than pleasing ones is a puzzling question.

IN HASTE.

I used to love her dainty notes,
That always ended—"Yours in haste.
I clung with rapture to each word
In violet ink so deftly traced.

Each note I'd read, and read again,
Until I knew them quite by heart;
They seemed, as I perused them o'er,
Of her sweet self a very part!

How eagerly I kissed her, when
At last she named our wedding-day;
I told her she should be my queen,
And in my heart should reign alway!

We're married now—but, saints defend!
Look at her slipshod shoes unlaced!
Her tousled hair! But when I chide
She always says—"Tom, I'm in haste."

Disorder reigns in every room;
There's not one hint of cultured taste!
Alas! I realise—too late—
I married Ethelind in haste.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Marriage is a study. To be a husband or wife is a world more than the priestly benediction has foreshadowed. It is the business of a lifetime, as the prelude to an eternal existence. Its rewards are in the delights and perfections which are incident to maturity; the penalties are the griefs and discontents that attach themselves for indefinite periods to the spirit, and will not disappear at command. Love is not a passion, but a principle of being, not merely essential to the happiness of life, but to the actual life itself. It is the great departure from selfishness, and all those ideas and considerations that revolve round self as their common centre. There is no lowering of the tone, the character, the humanity, but the exaltation to a higher moral and spiritual plane. There is no real surrender or curtailing of freedom, but a direction of it in its legitimate channel.

COACULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO WASH CLOTHES IN PARAFFIN SOAP.—Cut down ½lb. paraffin soap and put it into a boiler of water to melt. Rub the clothes well out of the soda water, in which they have been previously soaked, put them into the boiler and let them boil for half an hour; then put them into a tub with plenty of cold water; wash them thoroughly, then rinse in blue water and dry.

TO CLEAN EMBROIDERY.—Gold and silver fancy-work of this description may be most easily cleaned with spirits of wine, either alone, or diluted with an equal weight of water. The common practice of using alkaline or acidulous liquors is very injurious, and frequently destroys the beauty of the articles, instead of cleaning them.

TO RESTORE SCORCHED LINEN.—Ingredients: Two onions, ½oz. white soap, 2oz. of fuller's earth, half a pint of vinegar. Mode: Extract the juice of the onions by pounding and pressing them; cut up the soap and fuller's earth, and boil all together. When cool, cover the scorched linen with this mixture, and let it dry. Wash the linen, and the scorches will disappear, if not so bad as to damage the texture.

BED-ROOM FLOORS.—Some mistresses make a practice of ordering the floors of bed-rooms to be frequently washed. I wish to guard both mistresses and servants against this practice. It is most dangerous to the health of the person who occupies the bed-room, to wash it or scour it, unless the weather be very fine or warm, in order to allow the window to be opened for thoroughly drying the room before night. The utmost that should be done, except in favourable circumstances, is to pass a damp cloth lightly over the floor.

HOW TO CLEAN DECANTERS AND CRUETS.—The best way is to wash them out with a little pearlash and warm water, adding a spoonful or two of fresh slaked lime if necessary. To facilitate the action of the fluids against the sides of the glass, a few small cinders or pieces of raw potato may be used. A spoonful of strong oil of vitriol put into a dry bottle will, if allowed to run round its inner surface, rapidly remove any kind of dirt. It should then be drained, and afterwards rinsed with clean water. Where they have become furred by holding hard water, a little hydro-chloric acid (spirits of salts) diluted with three times its weight of water will remove it.

TO WASH CLOTHES WITH PARAFFIN OIL.—To every eight gallons of cold water put ½lb. of soap, shred fine, one and a-half tablespoonful of paraffin oil, into a boiler, put in the clothes, let them come to the boil, keep the lid close on boiler, and steam for half an hour, take out each article separately, and wring them out. When all are finished, hang them out to dry. If possible, bleach your clothes on grass after boiling; but where this cannot be done, it is yet possible with care to keep your linen white and clear. Laces and muslin should not be rubbed, but squeezed with the hands in melted soap and warm water. Be careful, in boiling them, to tie them up in a handkerchief to prevent their being torn.

PIANO KEYS.—These can be whitened by washing in a solution composed of 1oz. of nitric acid to 10oz. of soft water. Apply with a brush, taking care that it does not flow on the wood part upon which the ivory is veneered, for the joint will be spoiled. Cleanse carefully with clean water and a piece of flannel. Or, sulphorous acid with an equal quantity of water may be used as above. If the discolouration has not gone too far, rub the keys carefully with pure lemon juice. While still damp, put on a coating of whiting or prepared chalk, mixed with a little lemon juice. When dry, brush off with a dry brush, taking care that none of the mixture gets between the keys. If, however, the keys are thoroughly worn and discoloured, they must be dismounted, scraped, bleached, and repolished, which is a long and tedious affair, and requires to be done by a skilled workman.

TO CLEAN BRUSSELS CARPETS.—Brussels carpets may be cleaned in the following manner:—First, stretch the carpet tightly on the floor, nail it at the sides, and sweep it clean. Procure an ox gall from a butcher, and mix it with a pail of cold water. Have another pail ready with cold water only. Have also two woollen cloths and several dry towels. Commence by dipping a woollen cloth in the gall-water, and then rub the carpet with it. This will produce a froth on the carpet, and you will now take the other woollen cloth dipped in clean water, with which you will rub the carpet till no more froth rises from it, rinsing the cloth occasionally in the clean water. The water in this pail should be changed when it becomes dirty. You then rub the carpet as dry as possible with the towels.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—In washing flannels (notice particularly), to keep them a good colour, and to prevent their shrinking. Get from the grocer 1lb. or 2lb. (according to the size of your washing) of soap parings, which you will get cheap; for 1lb. of soap parings, put three quarts of water; boil to a jelly, and with this wash your flannels. Be sure you have plenty of warm water, not too hot; put in a handful of your soap jelly, and mix thoroughly in the water; then take the flannels, one at a time, shake all dust out of them first; then sluice the articles up and down well; rub as little as possible, for rubbing knots the little loops of wool together, and thickens the flannel; wring them in a machine, if you have one; if not, squeeze them well. Dry in the open air, if the weather permits, as quickly as possible. In washing scarlet or blue flannel, put one tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia in the rinsing water.

Lime-washing is a much more effectual mode of purification than white-washing, but is not so often used, as few persons know how to make lime-wash. If glue is used it is destroyed by the lime, and the wash easily rubs off the walls when dry. This also happens if the lime be simply slaked in water and used without any fixing material. Lime-wash should be made by placing some freshly burned quicklime in a pail, and pouring on sufficient water to cover it; if the lime is fresh, great heat is giving out; boiled oil (a preparation of linseed oil, sold by all oilmen) should then be added, one pint to each gallon of wash. For cheapness, any refuse fat, such as dripping, may be used instead of the boiled oil. The whole should then be thinned with water. The brush should not be left in the lime-wash, or the bristles will be destroyed. Should coloured wash be required, 1lb. of green vitriol added to every two gallons of wash gives a pleasing drab. Quick-lime slaked with skimmed milk, and afterwards thinned with water, makes an excellent wash for out-door walls, as it is not acted on by the weather.

WORKING DRESSES.—It is best to wear washing dresses to work in as much as much as possible; of course washing them or having them washed is troublesome and expensive, but dirt and grease do not ruin them, and they look fresher and better than stuff dresses, especially in summer. Never trim a washing dress with flounces or frills; they look out of place, are soon crumpled, and are very troublesome to starch and iron. Do not have a working dress made long; it is waste of stuff, and would be very much in the way. Keep your working dress clean and tidy by wearing over it a large thick apron with a bib, and turning up your sleeves.

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION CURED. Fred. Gillett, Esq., Walgett, N. S. W., writes: "For years I had been a sufferer from chronic constipation, due to my sedentary occupation, tutor. I sent for a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and the results were so satisfactory that I have since used half a dozen bottles. The Tablets have certainly done me a great deal of good, for when I first began to use them I had to take four tablets twice a week to produce the desired effect, but now two Tablets a month keeps the bowels in good order. Sold by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co.,

The Majesty of Harmony.

(BY A BANKER.)

With the exception of the rendering of the choruses of the great oratorios by a combined orchestra and choir of several thousand intruments and voices, perhaps the majesty and the stately sublimity of music be best appreciated by a visit to Antwerp Cathedral at an hour when the celebrated carillon is about to be played.

Ascending the lofty spire by a somewhat monotonous climb of more than five hundred steps, the visitor finds himself in a fairly spacious chamber crowded with bells of all sizes, varying in weight from seven or eight tons down to a few ounces.

And now the powerful machinery is set in motion, and the visitor finds himself in the midst of a mighty outburst of melody; now swelling from the silvery notes of the lesser bells, upwards and onwards, until, as the ponderous hammers strike and strike again those massive giants, the chamber is surcharged with a tumultous, almost affrighting cartaract of swelling melody; a pealing whirlwind of rythmical harmony. A very frenzy of passion and convulsive fury now appears to possess and overwhelm the wildly agitated, reverberating bells; the palpitating air trembles and quivers; and the bewildered listener, alternating between a sensation of startled wonder and amazement, and of a fascinated awe and stupor, is thrilled through and through with the solemn grandeur and the august sublimity of the mighty diapason; and, with closed eyes and a throbbing heart, imagines for a moment that he must have cast off the trammels of earth and is listening to the music of some other sphere.

And then gradually this whirling terror of melody sinks in gentle cadence down and down, softer and softer, ever more and more hushed and restful, the tuneful, rythmical chords flowing on, a liquid, melodious measure, its melting, silvery notes a very idyll of purling, rippling euphony.

And so it goes on; now for a moment a solemn, half muffled dirge, a knell almost of despair; now a psean of hallelujah and chaunt of doxology, and now again a rolling peal of triumphant and jubilant exultation, until at length the last note is struck, the last resounding echo of all that glorious melody has faded away, and the quivering bells gradually cease to pulsate, soon resuming their quiescence until the time comes when again they are to delight the listeners far and near with their pealing harmony.

But, many centuries ago, a pæaen of melody was heard which far surpassed this or any other music ever performed on this earth. For, hovering over the rolling plains of Bethlehem, a choir of the angelic host was singing the music of high heaven, singing the praises of the Eternal, and hymning the advent of Him who had then taken upon Himself human form in order to make a great atonement for sin. And those who with the aid of the Holy Spirit accept that atonement, and who thereby attain to an inheritance in the glory-land, will join with those same angels—though with more exultant gratitude than they, for those angels have never fallen—in singing the praises of Him who has redeemed them.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

Applicants for leases within the district covered by *The Riponshire Advocate* are invited to peruse the following facts:—

The New Mining Regulations require that when a lease is marked out the applicant "shall insert in a newspaper PUBLISHED IN THE DISTRICT WHERE THE LAND IS SITUATED, or if no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed.

Ten days are allowed, after marking out the lease, in which to lodge the application with the Warden or his clerk, and forward a duplicate to the Minister of Mines.

The word "district" in the regulations has been defined by the Crown Solicitor to be read as locality, and not as mining district, and the lease should therefore be advertised in the paper nearest the and for which application is to be made. As TEN days (not seven as formerly) are given in which to complete the application, no valid excuse can now be urged for failure to advertise the lease in the district paper, though it be only a weekly, and not a daily issue.

This is borne out by the following memo. from the Mines Department received by Mr H. A. Adams, *Grenville Standard*, Linton.—"Sir,—Referring to your communication, I have the honor to inform you that the Warden's clerk at Smythesdale has been instructed to advise intending applicants for mining leases, where opportunity offers [i.e., for tendering such advice], that the regulation relating to advertising their applications should be STRICTLY ADHERED TO.—I have the honor to be, etc., P. Cohen, for Sec. of Mines and Water Supply."

On Monday last, the Premier received a lengthy document from the State Electoral Office showing the analysis of the recent referendum on Scripture instruction in State schools. The return showed that 161,639 electors voted, and of this number the papers of 20,429 voters had been sealed by returning officers. Of the remaining 141,210, 53,083 answered "yes" to question 1, and "no" to questions 2 and 3, thus signifying that they did not desire any change in the present law. There were 49,599 who voted "no" for the first question, and "yes" to the others; 16,175 answered "yes" to the three questions; and 3819 answered no to the three questions.

A STORY FOR WEAK AND Downcast Sufferers.

The Case of Mrs. C. RUSSELL.

(*By a Melbourne Reporter.*)

This is just the story that many a weary and downcast mortal will revel in reading, for in it contains the very information which should inspire that delicious thrill of hope which Mrs. Charlotte Russell felt when she read something similar on the occasion in reference to which a conversation took place at her residence, 67 Buckley-street, Footscray. To our representative Mrs Russell remarked:—

"For years I had been ailing from various distressing complaints, and I was singularly unfortunate in not being able to get anything to do me good."

"Where did you seek for your remedies?" interrupted the reporter.

"From what I then considered the best sources—the doctors," was the reply. "But what a sorry mistake I made! Why, their medicines did not mend my health in the least, and I fear to say how badly off I would be now if I had not chanced to drop across a reference to Clements Tonic, the particulars concerning which so fitted in with my own troubles that I became inspired with hope at once. I straightway bought some of that remedy, and, to my unspeakable delight, from that time on my condition improved. Just fancy what a glorious surprise it was to me to realise so much after living in suffering and despair so long, and I have no doubt there are plenty of people who are situated like I was before my hopes were raised."

"More than likely," assented the writer. "But what were your troubles mainly composed of?"

"For one thing I was never without headaches, and only those who continually suffer from them know how completely they can wreck one's happiness; and giddiness often attacked me. Once I went up Collins-street, and was taken so giddy that I nearly fell backwards, and besides being affected like this I was awfully nervous. The least thing upset me, and caused a fit of fretfulness, and I almost felt ashamed to let people see how easy it was to frighten me, but I couldn't help it. Oh, I got very ill in the end. So weak that I could hardly get about for months, it being almost too much for me to walk even a very short distance, and all the while my chest and back were giving me the utmost agony. In regard to food there were lots of things I could not touch, and even after the lightest diet the pains in my stomach and along my right side were unbearable."

"How did you fare at nights?"

"Very badly," said Mrs. Russell, with a sigh; "for if I slept a little while I always woke up in a fright and all of a tremble from some dream or other, but most of the time I spent in bed was in a wearying, wakeful and restless state, turning about with sharp pains between my shoulders as if somebody had stabbed me, and with severe aches in my loins that were enough to keep anybody awake. No wonder, I felt so lonely and miserable, and had no interest in anything, and there is no wonder, either, that after suffering like this for years, I should think so much of Clements Tonic for releasing me in the effective manner it did when no other medicine could do so. It is because of this that when customers come to my store and ask advice concerning their various ailments my answer is always the same—'Try some Clements Tonic,' and I have never known it to fail. Shall I ever forget how greatly strengthened I felt after the first few bottles? Never. And the way it restored my appetite and cured my headaches was wonderful. Moreover, my nervous system was thoroughly re-organised, and in my sleep at nights, which soon became sound and refreshing, I never dreamt, and on arising the old feelings of weariness and despondency never again troubled me."

"What about the other pains you spoke of?"

"Well, I can say in all sincerity that every one of them left me in peace, and not only was this so, but the bitter taste I used to have of a morning left me, and I could walk about or work with the utmost energy without the slightest sense of giddiness affecting me. Yes! it was a grand thing to be so healthy and strong again, and nothing save Clements Tonic helped me in the least, so I can candidly give that medicine all the credit it is entitled to for making a sound woman of me."

"Shall I announce this in the usual way?"

"You may publish what I've told you in any manner you please."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, CHARLOTTE RUSSELL, of No. 67 Buckley-street, Footscray, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios, and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements—which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria, rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Charlotte Russell

Declared at Footscray, in the State of Victoria, this 15th day of January, 1904, before me, F. E. SHILLABEER, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway time-table:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Trawalla at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12 22, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54, and Buangor at 1.4. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.39). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell every week day at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m. and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and on every week day at 5.15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7.30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.48; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.16. The 8.20 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat, arriving at Beaufort at 11 10 p.m., runs every week day.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' of 38 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures.

The following are the police magistrate's permanent engagements in the Ballarat district, with the necessary proviso, added by Mr Dickson, "unless otherwise engaged":—

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.

Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3rd Wednesday and fourth Thursday.

Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Tuesday.

Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th Monday.

Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday.

Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday.

Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd Monday.

Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday.

Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday.

Kaleno—11 a.m., 2nd Tuesday.

Scarsdale—Noon, 3rd Thursday.

Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.

HUNGER IS A GOOD SAUCE.

When you do not have hunger as a sauce for your food, try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They cause and invigorate the stomach to give a relish for the food, as no other preparation can. They are easy to take, pleasant in effect and are just what you need. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

L. BRAVO,
Hairdresser, Tobacconist, and Fancy Goods Depot,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
SHAVING, 3d.; HAIRCUTTING, 6d.
CHILDREN, 3d.
Every satisfaction guaranteed. Cleanliness and Civility.
A Good Assortment of Pipes, Tobacco, and Cigars kept in Stock.

WM. C. PEDDER,
Wheelwright and Blacksmith,
Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address,
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,
with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute any orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod.

SPECIAL NOTICE.
In thanking the public for the support accorded me for the past 14 years, I beg to announce that I have taken the
Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort,
And trust by keeping the very
Best Liquors in Stock,
to receive a share of public patronage.
I will be in possession on and after Saturday, January 30th.
MEALS a Specialty, from 1s.
A careful Groom always in attendance.
C. W. JONES.

New Zealand Insurance Co.
Established 1859.
THE PREMIER COLONIAL COMPANY.
Dwellings, Farm Buildings, and Hay Stacks Insured at Current Rates.
Prompt Settlement of Losses.
Local Agent—John McDonald, MIDDLE CREEK.
Ballarat Branch—Franklin Chambers, Lydiard Street. ROBT. J. SPARROW, Local Manager.

Say!
Don't it Make you Mad
To find that your Newspaper has not arrived to time? Of course it does.
This does not happen to the clients of
J. B. COCHRAN,
NEWS AGENT, &c., &c.
BEAUFORT.
Reliability and Promptness; Straight Dealing with Civility and Attention; combined with Large and Well-assorted Stocks of Confectionery, Toys, Books, Garden Seeds, &c., are always to be found here, where the good things are many.

W. EDWARD,
Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.
Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhangings Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc.
All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters Requisites kept in stock.

F. G. PRINCE
Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in
NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT
(next door to Mr. T. Sands), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Primest Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage.
Small Goods a Specialty.

R. G. KIRKPATRICK,
GENERAL CARRIER,
. . . BEAUFORT,
In Soliciting a Share of Public Patronage, begs to announce that he is representing
A. M. Greenfield & Co., Ballarat,
AND
Nickols & Chesterfield,
Auctioneers, Beaufort,
And can Supply all kinds of . . .
Farm Implements,
Manures,
Twine,
Oil, Bags, &c.,
AT LOWEST PRICES.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD
(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS),
Auctioneers and General Commission, House, Land, and Insurance Agents,
BEAUFORT, ABARAT, AND PITFIELD.
MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer.
MONEY TO LEND.
AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED in any part of the State of Victoria.
Every attention, and prompt returns.
W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD,
Auctioneers.

Printed and published by the Proprietor, ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of *The Riponshire Advocate* newspaper, Lawrence street, Beaufort, Victoria.

The Riponshire Advocate.

No. 1418 | Registered at General Post Office, Melbourne, for transmission by post as a newspaper. | BEAUFORT, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1905. | PRICE THREEPENCE

A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.
A SALE OF MAGNITUDE.

GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.
GEORGE PAYNE, JEWELLER.

2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET
2 DOORS DOWN STURT STREET

FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.
FROM THE POST OFFICE.

GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.
GENUINE SALE—
GENUINE REDUCTIONS.

SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOWS.
SEE THE WINDOW.
SEE THE WINDOWS.

COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.
COMPARE PRICES.

WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY
WATCHES AND JEWELLERY

AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.
AT SALE PRICES.

REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.
REPAIRS A SPECIALITY.

FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.

Address—

GEORGE PAYNE,

WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER,

BALLARAT

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

FUNERAL REFORM.
Established 1860.

A. H. SANDS

(Late Wm. Baker),

UNDERTAKER,

Opposite the State School,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Hearse and other requisites supplied in town or country.

Funerals of all classes furnished at the lowest possible charges.

Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Messages promptly attended to.

A. H. SANDS,

Cabinet Maker, Upholsterer, and Picture Framer.

A well-assorted stock of Softwood Timber, Picture Framing, Paints, Oils, and Window Glass kept on hand.

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

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 is 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 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 L3 worth of goods, and the grocer's man or draper will not throw in gratis L1 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 loan of 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 Despatch.

Bear in mind that

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.

A Safe Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases.

If you suffer from any disease due to an impure state of the Blood, from whatever cause arising, you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. This medicine has 40 years' reputation, and is to-day more popular than ever, the reason of this being undoubtedly because this wonderful remedy does what it professes to do—it cures skin and blood diseases permanently.

Clarke's Blood Mixture

IS THE FINEST BLOOD PURIFIER EVER DISCOVERED.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For

SCROFULA, SCURVY, ECZEMA, BLOOD POISON, ULCERS, SKIN and BLOOD DISEASES,	BAD LEGS, BLOTCHES, SPOTS, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, and SORES OF ALL KINDS,

it is a safe and permanent remedy.

It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

NOTE.—This mixture is pleasant to the taste and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it.

TRIED MANY THINGS WITHOUT BENEFIT UNTIL I TOOK CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE.

Mr F. R. Lewis, 48 Bridge Street, Row, Chester, writes:—"Just a line in favour of 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I had eczema for seven months, and tried many things without benefit until I took your remedy. After the eighth bottle I was quite well again. Please accept this letter as a token of gratitude to your wonderful 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.'"—June 13, 1903.

ECZEMA AND IRRITATING SKIN TROUBLE CURED.

Mr W. G. Weston, care of Messrs Knott, of 49, Essex-street, Kingsland-road, N.E., writes:—"Gentlemen,—"I feel it my duty to inform you of the great benefit in health I have received through taking your famous 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I have been a sufferer from eczema and an irritating skin trouble since the age of thirteen. While an out-patient at one of the big London hospitals a doctor informed me that my disease was the result of looking after foreign horses. I have had as many as thirty horses under my care, my father being a horsedealer and jobmaster. He (my father) was speaking one day to a friend of mine who mentioned that he was being cured of an ulcerated leg, due to a hor-e-kick, by 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I continued, however, to suffer until April 4 last, when my friend told me he was completely cured. Then I started to take 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' myself, and I am now completely cured, after suffering and being disfigured for several years. I am able to follow my employment, and am very pleased to think there is such a valuable remedy obtainable for such a small sum. I should be pleased to answer any inquiries concerning my case."—July 17, 1903.

ANOTHER PERMANENT CURE OF BAD LEGS AND ABSCESSES

Mr James Waring, of Clay Coton Lodge, near Rugby, writes:—"It is with great pleasure that I write to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' For a long time I suffered with bad legs and abscesses. I was under a doctor for five months, and, not getting much better, I went as an outpatient to the local hospital for nine weeks. The doctor then told me I should have to go inside before he could do anything for me. I went in and stayed for thirteen weeks, and after undergoing two operations I got a little better. Before I had been out of hospital a week I became worse than ever, so my wife told me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' I did so, and after taking five bottles and using four pots of your salve I was completely cured. I have waited twelve months to see if my legs broke out again, but, thanks to your 'Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture,' I am as well to-day as I have ever been in my life. You can make what ever use you like of this letter."—Oct. 15, 1903.

IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD.—"We have seen hosts of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, in which the writers acknowledge the benefit they have received from Clarke's Blood Mixture, which as a curative agent cannot be too highly estimated, since it cleanses and clears the blood from all impurities, and restores it to its normal condition." This is a good testimonial fr m the *Family Doctor*, the popular medical weekly, which goes on further to say:—"It is certainly the finest blood purifier that science and skill have brought to light, and we can with the utmost confidence recommend it to our subscribers and the public generally."

Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

Ask for

Clarke's Blood Mixture,

and beware of worthless imitations and substitutes.

RE MINING LEASES.

It is notified for general information that applicants for Mining Leases are required, within seven days previous to lodging the application, to insert in a newspaper published in the district where the land is situated, or if no such newspaper, then in one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked "A" in the schedule relating to Mining Leases.

Justices' Fixtures.

The local J's.P. have arranged to attend the Beaufort Courts of Petty Sessions as under:—Second Tuesday.—Messrs F. Beggs, J. R. Wotherspoon, and Rear-Admiral Bridger. Fourth Tuesday.—Messrs M. Flynn, G. Topper, and T. Beggs.

THROAT AFFECTION AND HOARSENESS.—All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous "lozenges" are now sold by most respectable chemists in this country. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight" cold, or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious Pulmonary and Asthmatic Affections. See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.—Prepared by JOHN I. BROWN & SONS, Boston, U.S. European Depot, 33, Farringdon Road, London, England.

GENERAL PRINTING

AT LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES,

"The Advocate" Office, Beaufort

Postal Intelligence.

LOCAL ARRANGEMENTS.

MAIL TIME TABLE.

RAILWAY.

Daily.	Closing Time. a.m.	p.m.
Melbourne ...	...	8 and 4.50
Ballarat ...	...	8 and 4.50
Geelong ...	...	8 and 4.50
Trawalla ...	...	8 and 4.50

Registered mail and parcels post close 30 minutes prior.

Ararat, 11.50 a.m., and 8 p.m. (including Sundays.)

Stawell ...	11.50	8 p.m. Sundays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays.
Middle Creek,	11.50	
Murtoa ...	11.50	
Buangor ...	11.50	

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

English mail per Mail Steamer, via Adelaide, 8 p.m. every Wednesday.

COUNTRY.

Daily	a.m.
Raglan ...	9.15
Waterloo ...	9.15
Waterloo S.,	9.15
Main Lead, ...	9.15
Chute ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Nerring ...	9.15
Lake Goldsmith ...	9.15
Stockyard Hill ...	9.15

Reg. mail and p.p., 9 a.m.

Eurambeen ...	12.45
Shirley, ...	12.45

Reg. mail and p.p., 20 minutes prior.

MAILS INWARD.

Arrive Daily.

From Melbourne, Ballarat, Geelong, and Trawalla.—12.20 p.m. daily and 8.40 p.m. on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. From Melbourne and Ballarat daily at 7 a.m., 12.20 and 8.40 p.m.

From Ararat, Stawell, Middle Creek, and Murtoa.—5.30 p.m. daily. Ararat, Stawell, and Buangor, 5.30 a.m. daily.

From Waterloo, Waterloo South, Main Lead, Raglan, and Chute.—4.30 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

From Stockyard Hill, Nerring, and Lake Goldsmith.—4.30 p.m.

From Eurambeen and Shirley.—4.30 p.m.

From England.—Weekly.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Two deliveries by postman daily.

Office is open daily for transaction of postal and telegraph business, sale of stamps and postal notes from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. till 8 p.m.

MONEY ORDER BUSINESS.

From 9 a.m. till 5 p.m., Saturdays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SAVINGS BANK.

From 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturdays, 10 to 12 a.m. and 7 to 8 p.m. for receiving deposits only.

REGISTRATION OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS. From 10 a.m. till 3 p.m.

OLD AGE PENSION PAYMENTS. 9 a.m. till 3 p.m.

G. M. CREAGH, Postmistress.

The Man Who Doesn't Advertise

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
That to himself he hath not said,
"My trade of late is getting bad,
I'll try another ten-inch ad."
If such there be, go mark him well,
For him no bank account shall swell—
No angel watch the golden stair
To welcome home a millionaire.

To such a man the noisy din
Of traffic may not enter in,
For bargain hunters by the score
Shall pass not heed his dingy door;
For tho' his sign is on the wall
And on some barnyard gate a scrawl,
No people who have cash and sense,
Go prancing around to read the fence.

The man who never asks for trade
By local line or ad. displayed
Gives more for rest than worldly gain
And patronage but gives him pain;
Tread lightly, friends, let no rude sound
Disturb his solitude profound.
Here let him live in calm repose
Unsought except by men he owes.

And when he dies, go plant him deep
That naught may break his dreamless sleep,
Where no rude clamor may dispel
The quiet that he loved so well,
And that the world may know its loss
Place on his grave a wreath of moss
And on the stone above, "Here lies
A chump who wouldn't advertise."

—Mortimer Crane Brown.

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

Of you dry to do peesnis mitowt advertising, you will find yourself already like a boy drying to shlide a hill down mitowt shnow. Besides dere ish dese tifferencea: ven you don't got some shnow you gant make 'em; but you can somedimes shenerally always make der advertising come right avay quick off, all der year rount, mit some moneys. —Joseph.

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

TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS

To avoid Indigestion

That distressed feeling is simply a poorly-working stomach—it needs a little help—but no matter how bad it may be, a dose of BEECHAM'S PILLS will SPEEDILY GIVE RELIEF. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS for a few days and the trouble will disappear.

To Cure Sick Headache

Sick headache means an overtaxed stomach and a derangement of the digestive organs. BEECHAM'S PILLS have proved themselves a boon for removing that distressed feeling and discomfort. A dose will remove the immediate cause, and if repeated for a few days will enable your system to work normally.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes.

Price 1s. 1½d. (56 Pills) and 2s. 9d. (168 Pills.)

P. J. O'SULLIVAN,

SADDLER AND HARNESS MAKER

SNAKE VALLEY.

A large Assortment of Saddlery and Harness Requisites kept in stock.

All kinds of Harness bought, sold, or exchanged.

Repairs neatly and promptly executed.

Also Cash Buyer of Hides, Horse-hair, Beeswax, Furred Skins, &c., &c.

NOTICE.

We have resolved to REDUCE the SUBSCRIPTION to "THE RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE" (with which is published 14-column supplement containing well-selected reading matter) to 3s per quarter, and trust that this concession will be argel taken advantage of.

The Advertising Rates have also been considerably reduced, and advertisers will find it to their benefit to avail themselves of the columns of "The Riponshire Advocate," which is the only newspaper that is printed and published within the boundaries of the Shire. As the advocate of the interests and for the welfare of this district, it has a claim for a considerable amount of support, and has a greater scope for extended usefulness than any other journal or journals within a given radius of Beaufort.

Job Printing, plain and ornamental, of every description, is executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch, and on the most reasonable terms.

We take this opportunity of thanking our patrons for past favors, and while respectfully soliciting a renewal of support, desire to state that increased attention will be given to all matters of local and general interest. As a record of news we will always endeavour to make our columns as comprehensive as possible. In all departments, in fact, we will aim at improvement, and, therefore, confidently appeal to the public for increased support.

ARTHUR PARKER,
Proprietor

Business man—"You remember that 'ad.' I had in your paper, and took out two months ago? Well, I want to have it put back again." Editor—"Why, I thought you said no one noticed it while it was in." Business man (humbly)—"They didn't seem to until I took it out." The mere fact of your advertising lets people know you are still in business; also that your business is sufficiently important to stand advertising. If you are in business you cannot afford to do without advertising, as it is too much of an admission to the world at large.—Extract from an interview with a man who has profited by newspaper advertising.

The greatest aid you can give your newspaper is your job printing; if you do not feel able to run an advertisement, surely you can afford to give the newspaper your cards, dodgers, billheads, letter-heads, envelopes, and all business printing to execute. The newspaper man needs it, and it helps him to pay his printers for setting up the thousand and one free notices he gives you and your town; but don't give it to the printer or job printing office that can give you no such return, and is spending neither time, money, nor brains in helping you to build up your town. The time may come when a newspaper can live simply upon the revenue derived from advertising and subscriptions; but no ordinary newspaper in any ordinary town can exist without the auxiliary support derived from job printing. Therefore, if you want a *good* newspaper—one that can still further help you and your town—give it your job printing.

J. B. COCHRAN, NEWS AGENT, BOOKSELLER, and STATIONER, begs to announce to the inhabitants of BEAUFORT and district that he is Sole Agent for the *Argus*, *Age*, *Herald*, *Star*, *Courier*, Melbourne, *Punch*, Sydney *Bulletin*, *Riponshire Advocate*, *Leader*, *Weekly Times*, *Australian Journal*, *Sportsman*, and all other Periodicals. All School Requisites kept in stock. Advertisements received for all the above-named papers. While thanking his numerous customers for past favors, he trusts, by strict attention to the delivery of all papers, to merit a fair share of their support. Advertisements received for all Melbourne and Ballarat papers. By sending through local agent advertisers save postage. Note the address—Next door to Wotherspoon & Co.

STEVENSON BROS.,

BUILDERS

AND

CONTRACTORS,

HAVELOCK STREET,

BEAUFORT.

Estimates submitted for all work in building line.

JOHN HUMPHREYS

COMMISSION & INSURANCE AGENT

ACCOUNTANT ETC.,

Neill Street, Beaufort.

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

Agency Business of all kinds attended to.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

Very few are too poor now-a-days to take their country paper, and it is false economy to try and get along without it. Hardly a week passes that something or other does not appear in its columns that will be of financial benefit to the subscriber, and by the end of the year he had made or saved or won twenty times the subscription paid for it. The city papers don't take the place of the country ones, though some people appear to think they do. The city papers are all right in their way, but they do not give you that in which you are most interested—your country news. You cannot learn from them when and where your country meetings are to be held, who are dying or who are marrying, who are moving in or who are moving out, court proceedings, who wants to buy or sell farm or land produce, in fact hundreds of things of which it might be of particular importance for you to know. If you can afford to take only one paper, by all means take the one that is published in the country or district where you live. It will cost you less, and thereby you will be assisting yourself and keeping the money in the district.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, in writing, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the post-office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they settle their bills, and ordered the newspapers to be discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, the subscribers are responsible

5. The court has decided that is refusing to take periodicals from the post-office or leaving them uncalled for, "*prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud."

6. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

HINTS TO FRIENDLY READERS

You want to see the local paper a successful institution.

Talk about it wherever you go

Mention it to the tradespeople with whom you do business.

It they don't advertise in it, try and induce them to do so.

If you are induced to buy anything from what you have read in its advertising columns mention the fact to the tradesman.

Don't lend your paper to any person who can afford to become a subscriber but is too mean to support local enterprise.

A country paper kindly supplies this beautiful simile:—"You might as well try to shampoo an elephant with a thimbleful of soapsuds as attempt to do business and ignore advertising."

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

To our Readers and Patrons.

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

Therefore,

Support Local Industry and Local Enterprise.

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

"*Subscribers and Advertisers*"

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

"The Riponshire Advocate",

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

ONLY NEWSPAPER

That is

Printed and Published within the boundaries of the Shire,

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

The Circulation

of the

Riponshire Advocate

is

Steadily Increasing,

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

"The Advocate,"

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,

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

With every issue of the Paper is given

A FOURTEEN-COLUMN

SUPPLEMENT,

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

Business Men, Read

It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote—

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

And another writer has said that—

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

And advertisers cannot do better than make the *Riponshire Advocate* the medium for their announcements.

Arthur Parker,

Printer and Publisher,

LAWRENCE STREET, BEAUFORT.

JOB PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

BALL TICKETS & PROGRAMMES,
ADDRESS & BUSINESS CARDS,
MINING SCRIP, REPORTS, &c.,
PAMPHLETS, CIRCULARS,
BILLHEADS, POSTERS,
DELIVERY BOOKS
DRAPERS' HANDBILLS,
CATALOGUES, MOURNING CARDS,
SOIREE & DINNER TICKETS,
&c., &c.,

PRINTED in FIRST CLASS STYLE

AT MELBOURNE PRICES.

Office:—Lawrence Street, Beaufort.

Plain & Ornamental Printing

Of Every description executed at the

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE"

OFFICE.

BOOKBINDING

ON REASONABLE TERMS.

MINING SCRIP, CALL RECEIPT DELIVERY BOOKS, &c.

Prepared on the Shortest Notice.

Drapery, Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

COUGLE'S

UP-TO-DATE STORE.....

Filled with New and Up-to-Date Goods.. * *

When you want anything in

DRAPERY,

COME TO US.

Our GOOD VALUE is our Best Friend, as it speaks our Praises louder than Words.

Ladies, Inspect.
OUR STOCK OF
MILLINERY, BLOUSINGS, DRESSES, &C.
WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

Ladies, Inspect.
THIS IS THE BEST PLACE FOR
CHOICE GOODS.
Our Prices are the Lowest.

LATEST NOVELTIES, NEWEST GOODS,
In All Departments.

G. H. COUGLE,
The People's Draper,
Havelock St., BEAUFORT.

W. H. HALPIN,

* AUCTIONEER, *

HOUSE, LAND, STOCK, GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT, AND VALUATOR.

Highest Prices given for Produce of all kinds. Loans negotiated.
Money to Lend on Land.

MONTHLY STOCK SALE,
Thursday, 16th Feby., 1905.

Agent for best brands Artificial Manures. Special Potato Manure.
SEVERAL LINES OF SHEEP FOR SALE.
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.—Live Stock and Vehicles Insured.

RICHARDS & CO.,
The Leading and Fashionable Ballarat
PHOTOGRAPHERS.
GRAND NEW EXHIBITION
OF HIGH-ART PHOTOGRAPHS.

Read Press Opinions. . . .
"The Ballarat Courier" says:—"The Xmas. show at Richards and Co.'s studio surpasses all previous efforts in artistic photography yet produced by this progressive firm."
"The Ballarat Star" says:—"Each picture is marked by originality, artistic taste, and skill, which makes the picture in each case a masterpiece."
All the Latest Styles in Artists' Proofs. Aristo Platinos in Sepia and Blue; and the Newest Styles of Bridal Portraits.
Richards & Co.'s Studio has become quite famous for their Bridal Pictures.
Bridal Veils, Bouquets, Wreaths, etc., kept at the Studio.

Richard & Co.'s Famous Studio,
23 STURT STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr J. W. HARRIS,
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
REGISTERED DENTIST,
AND
DRUGGIST,
HAVELOCK STREET, BEAUFORT.

In this established profession the first attention is devoted to the
DISPENSING DEPARTMENT.
Every care is ensured in the art and preparation of prescriptions, &c. The latest appliances are used in the Laboratory in Medical Tinctures and British Pharmacopœa Preparations, the Purest Chemicals and Drugs being used. Medicines at Ballarat Prices, sent to all parts of the State by post, rail, coach, &c., and all letters receive prompt and careful attention.
HARRIS'S ANÆMIA MIXTURE, an excellent and invaluable remedy.
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HERBS.
Homœopathic Medicines. Horse and Cattle Medicines.

Mr J. W. HARRIS, R.D.S.,
Surgical & Mechanical Dentist,
HAVELOCK-STREET, BEAUFORT,
May be consulted DAILY from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.
Teeth fitted accurately n vulcanite or gold at lowest prices.
PAINLESS DENTISTRY.—Teet extracted painlessly with cocaine ether chloride o thyl, laughing gas, &c.

NOTE THE ADDRESS—
HAVELOCK-STREET
(Next Mechanics' Institute),
BEAUFORT

Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG,
Barrister and Solicitor,
Proctor and Conveyancer,
BEAUFORT.

A Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the State of Victoria for taking Affidavits.
TRUST and other MONIES TO LEND on freehold and other securities.

A. N. A.,
BEAUFORT BRANCH,
Meets at 8 p.m. on TUESDAY next, at the SOCIETIES' HALL.
Lecturette—Dr. A. G. Jackson.
All meetings open to the public.
W. T. HILL, Secretary.

CAMP HOTEL,
BEAUFORT.

The above Hostelry having changed hands, the present Proprietress wishes to notify the residents of Beaufort and district that the house has been thoroughly renovated, and no effort will be spared to make customers comfortable.

Only Best Brands of Wines, Spirits and Ales Kept.
FIRST-CLASS BEDS, 1/-
Meals a Specialty, at any hour, 1/-

First-class Groom always in attendance.
Stabling Free. Horses and Vehicles on hire.

The Proprietress trusts that with every attention, combined with civility, she will receive a fair share of patronage.
—A TRIAL SOLICITED.—
M. HALPIN, Proprietress.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

SUNDAY, 29TH JANUARY, 1905.

Church of England.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Main Lead, 3 p.m.; Rev. A. J. Pearce.

Methodist Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Raglan 3 p.m.—Rev. R. Yeo.

Presbyterian Church.—Beaufort, 11 a.m. (children's service) and 7 p.m. (In Memoriam service); Chute, 3 p.m.—Rev. R. McGowan. Middle Creek, 11 a.m.; Raglan, 3 p.m.; Lexton, 7. p.m.—Mr A. McLeod.

Death.

TULLOCH.—On the 22nd January, Angus, the beloved husband of Jean Tulloch. Aged 68 years.

THE
Riponshire Advocate
Published every Saturday Morning.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1905.

'LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS' of Mountain Flax. Agreeably Aperient. Worthy of trial. Crowded Out.—Middle Creek correspondence, sports of Athletic Club, I.O.R., Church of England, and All Nations Consols meetings, cricket match, and other items.

The Raglan A.M.A. sports take place on 8th March.

Messrs Nickols and Chesterfield will offer for sale at the Railway Hotel, Beaufort, on Saturday, 28th inst., at 3 p.m., on account of Mr J. E. Toft, 20 acres of freehold land on the Waterloo Road. They will also submit to public auction on Saturday, 4th prox., 240 acres of freehold land known as Vance's property, in the parish of Langi-Kal-Kal.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' The 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

Handicaps for Buangor Athletic Club's sports on Monday appear on our fourth page.

Thirty-four tickets were issued at Beaufort on Wednesday in connection with the A.N.A. excursion to Melbourne.

We regret having to record the deaths of two children at Beaufort this week. Rita Irene Whitfield, the daughter of Mr J. Whitfield, and aged two years, sustained a sunstroke on Saturday, and died from enteritis on Wednesday. William Leslie Hains, aged 12 months, the infant son of Mr Lionel Hains, succumbed to exhaustion on Thursday.

MEETINGS.—Beaufort Agricultural Society, Shire Hall, 2.30 p.m. to-day; Scottish sports supporters, Mechanics' Institute, Friday night; Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade, Shire Hall, Thursday night.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' the 'Stockport Remedy' for Coughs and Colds. Of 38 years proven efficacy.

The treasurer (Mr Sinclair) acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following additional donations towards the funds of the Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade:—Mr L. Watkin, 10s; Mr T. Whitfield, 5s; Mr G. Halpin, 5s; Mr J. Patterson, 5s; Mr J. W. P. Miller, 5s; Mr J. McMillan, 2s 6d; Mr A. Dalgleish, 2s 6d.

Mr D. S. Oman, M.L.A., kindly informs us that the Hon. D. McLeod, Minister of Forests, will probably visit Beaufort (the date not yet being definitely fixed) on Wednesday, 8th February, arriving by the express, and accompanied by Sir Alex. Peacock and Mr Oman. The chief object of the Ministerial visit is to afford those interested in the wood business an opportunity of placing their views before Mr McLeod re the proposed royalty charges, and to see the conditions now imposed under which timber is obtained.

Mr W. G. Stevens, captain of the Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade, has received a letter from Mr Donald Ferguson, manager of Langi-kal-kal Estate, stating that Mr Campbell has desired him to write and thank Captain Stevens and his men for his and their valuable assistance in putting out the recent bush fire on Langi-kal-kal. He had no doubt he would hear personally from Mr Campbell during the course of the next few weeks; at present he is laid up in Melbourne and unable to write. A few days later Mr Charles Campbell wrote to Mr Sinclair, treasurer of the brigade, as follows:—I enclose you cheque (£10) as a donation to the funds of your brigade and the helpers at the fires, Langi-kal-kal, Trawalla and Carngham, on the 13th inst. Many of the helpers were friends whom we cannot identify, and I suggest that when you can identify helpers outside your brigade to pay them something from brigade funds, which you will be able to assess better than I. I also desire to be an annual contributor to the funds of your brigade, and would be pleased to learn the amount of the annual subscription, and to what radius from Beaufort it extends.

The death of Mr Angus Tulloch, an old and respected resident of Beaufort, occurred on Sunday. Deceased had a paralytic stroke (the third seizure) 15 months ago, and has been almost helpless since. He was 68 years of age, and death was due to paralysis and syncope. Deceased (who leaves a widow, but no family) was a native of Kingcardine, on the Forth, Scotland. He had been a soldier, and came to Victoria 25 years ago on a holiday trip. Being a man of independent means, he settled at Beaufort, where his brother (who predeceased him) then resided. He invested money in hotel property at Ballarat, and his wife also carried on for some years a fruit and fancy goods business at Beaufort. He also resided at Geelong for a few months. Mr and Mrs Tulloch had a trip to Scotland about three years ago. The deceased was one of the eight foundation members of the Fiery Creek Lodge (of whom only three are now living), and in 1883 he was the Worshipful Master of the Lodge. Subsequently he occupied the position of tyler. The deceased was interred in the Beaufort Cemetery with Masonic honors on Tuesday. The funeral was attended by 25 of the brethren and a number of other friends. The pall-bearers were Wor. Bros. Breen, Eastwood, Gibson, Wotherspoon, and Bros. Halpin, S.W., and Bartley, J.W. Bros. Jones, Cochran, R. Stevenson, and McKeich acted as coffin-bearers. The Presbyterian burial service was read by the Rev. R. McGowan, and the Masonic burial service by Wor. Bro. Muntz, W.M. The funeral arrangements were carried out by Mr A. H. Sands, undertaker, Beaufort.

Mr S. Young, solicitor, Beaufort, made application to Mr W. Dickson, P.M., at the Beaufort Police Court on Tuesday, under section 19 of the new act, for the transfer of the license of the George hotel, Beaufort, from W. P. Schlicht, the owner of the hotel, to Chas. Broadbent, his nominee. The license had been granted to Broadbent at the annual Licensing Court, but he failed to pay the license fee in time, and the owner then obtained the license. The P.M. pointed out that although it was a formal matter, it could only be dealt with by the full Licensing Court. The application was therefore struck out.

LINSEED COMPOUND. Trade Mark of Kay's Compound Essence of Linseed, for Coughs and Colds.

Mr W. Dickson, P. M., sat as a revision Court at Beaufort on Tuesday for the purpose of revising the voters' lists for the Beaufort division of the Nelson Province. There were no claims or objections, and the lists as submitted by the registrar, Mr C. W. Minchin, were duly allowed.

Mr and Mrs Lane, of Germantown; Mrs Carroll, of Beaufort, and three children were driving in a double seated buggy along Ryrie-street, Geelong, when the near fore wheel of the conveyance fell off, and caused the horse to bolt from the Yarra-street crossing. Though Mr Lane is an elderly man, and the buggy travelling on three wheels bumped and swayed very much, he stuck to the reins, until the run-away was checked at James-street by some cabmen. Mrs Carroll and one of the little girls were thrown out just before the horse reached Moorambool Street, and when they were afterwards seen by the doctor it was found that Mrs Carroll's ankle and elbow were sprained, and that she was suffering from shock, but the girl escaped with a few abrasions.

'LINSEED COMPOUND,' for Coughs and Colds. Gives instant relief to Asthma and Bronchitis.

Bush Fires at Beaufort.

THREE MEN ARRESTED.

Three small bush fires occurred on Sunday at Beaufort. The first happened about mid-day, near the railway line, behind McCurdy's, close to the Ararat road, but was extinguished before much damage was done, only about a quarter of an acre of grass on the common being burnt. At about four o'clock in the afternoon a fire broke out on Camp Hill, and on the fireball tolling a large crowd quickly assembled. Messrs. Troy, Humphreys, D. Cameron, and several boys were on the spot shortly after the fire broke out, and soon had it under control. This one occurred in a gully on the town side of the hill, and while it was in progress another was seen to start at the back of the hill. Here were to be seen traces of a fire having been lit in two places. Three men were noticed by boys clearing out through the bush, and afterwards it was discovered that Mr G. Jaensch's garden had been robbed. The men were traced by the police in plain clothes along the railway line to the Beaufort bank, but when they noticed that they were being followed they ran into the bush, leaving the food they were eating behind them. Senior-Constable Nicholson telegraphed a description of the men to Buangor, as they had been seen at Burrambeen, and Constable Green effected their arrest. On Tuesday they were brought before the Beaufort Police Court, and admitted lighting the fire near the railway reserve, to boil their billy, but thought it was out when they left. They gave their names as Harold Thompson, Leslie Taylor, and George Horden, and although they had no swags or luggage of any kind, and had only ninepence amongst the lot, they said they had walked from Melbourne and were going to look for work grape-picking. They were fined 40s each, or 14 days' imprisonment, and had perforce to serve the term.

DON'T WAIT UNTIL YOU NEED IT.

Do not wait until some of your family is taken with a violent attack of colic or diarrhœa. A bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy at hand when needed has saved many a life. Procure it at once. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Beaufort Police Court.

TUESDAY, 24TH JANUARY, 1905.

(Before Messrs W. Dickson, P.M., and M. Flynn and G. Topper, J's.P.)

DEBT.

J. R. Wotherspoon and Co. v. Mrs Redman.—Goods sold and delivered, £6, 9s 3d. Order for amount, with 5s. costs.

Same v. J. Johnston.—Goods sold and delivered, £17 10s 8d. Order for amount, with 2s 6d costs.

Two other debt cases were settled out of court.

CARELESS USE OF FIRE.

Three youths, giving the names of Harold Thompson, Leslie Taylor, and George Horden, aged respectively 17, 18, and 16 years, were charged by the police with leaving a fire lighted in the open air at Beaufort on 22nd inst. before the same was thoroughly extinguished. Supt. Young conducted the prosecution.

William Holdsworth, butcher, Beaufort, gave evidence to the effect that at about half-past 12 o'clock on Sunday he was driving along the Ararat road, about a quarter of a mile from Beaufort, when he saw a grass fire on the reserve and put it out. About a quarter of an acre was burnt. He did not see the young fellows there. The fire was about 50yds. from his father's paddock, where there was plenty of grass. If he had not put it out, it would very likely have been a big fire. He traced the fire to where it started. It did not get out of the reserve.

Robert Pedder, blacksmith, Beaufort, deposed that he noticed a fire on Camp Hill on the 22nd inst. This was about three-quarters of a mile distant from the other fire. Several people were there, and he saw the three accused coming away from Camp Hill five minutes after the fire.

To Horden—He had no idea of the time he saw them coming away from Camp Hill, but it was in the afternoon while the fire was burning.

Constable D. Green, of Buangor, deposed that he had arrested the accused from information received from Beaufort. He asked them if they knew anything about a fire, and Taylor said they had lit a fire to boil a billy, and when it spread they put it out; but that it must have started again. They had neither billy nor swag with them. He told them they were wanted. One of them had ninepence; the others had no money. They said they came from Sydney by boat, and were going to the vineyards (Great Western, he presumed) to see if they could get any grape-picking.

Horden said they had a billy which they were boiling. A woman living near where the fire occurred gave it to them.

Taylor said they threw the billy away, as it was not a good billy, as the solder had melted and the handle came off. They did not think any fire was there.

Horden said there was no caution up, and as it was their first offence he asked the Bench to give them a chance.

The P.M. said there were cautions on the trees all through the country.

Horden said they had worked their passage to Melbourne from Sydney on the Coolgardie and worked their way up. They came with the intention of getting work.

The P.M.—I do not know if you are suspected of the second fire.

Taylor said they were not near it.

In answer to the P.M., Supt. Young said that nothing was known by the police of the accused.

The P.M. did not quite understand why these young fellows were wandering about the country as they were doing, or why they left Sydney. They were liable to a very heavy penalty, but fortunately for them no serious damage was done, although the fire might have been very serious. The Bench hardly knew what to do with them, as they had no money, and if they were fined there was no alternative but to send them to gaol. He supposed the fire was caused partly through carelessness and thoughtlessness on their part. They would be each fined 40s, or 14 days' imprisonment.

ARSON AT NERRING.

Joseph Rogerson charged John Hehir, a young man residing at Nerring, with unlawfully, maliciously, and feloniously setting fire to the building of Gerald Collins.

Supt. Young conducted the prosecution, and Mr S. Young appeared for the accused.

Gerald Collins, laborer, of Nerring, deposed that he had known accused since they were boys, having gone to school together. They were not on friendly terms; there had been old grievances between the two families which had not been mended. The place in question had belonged to accused's uncle. There were 40 acres of freehold, 75 acres of leasehold, with a weatherboard house of four rooms, situated on the Trawalla and Nerring road, a little over half-a-mile from Nerring. This place was sold by auction on the 7th December last. He purchased it. No particular time was stated as to when he was to take possession, and as the Hehirs had some things in it he did not go to take possession. Hehir spoke to him on the road to Beaufort one day, saying he had some things in it, and witness told him he could stay there till he told him to go out. On 1st January he went to this place and saw Hehir and a lad removing things from the house. Witness had not given them notice to go out. They had a dray, and the time was about 7 o'clock in the evening. He approached the place from the back, and saw accused leaving the house, coming from the back door, which was closed. Witness was not a quarter of a mile away. After accused came out of the back door he went towards the dray, which was on the road. He did not then see anything strange about the place, but as he walked in the direction of the house he saw smoke coming out of the chimney, and as he got to within 200 or 250 yards of the house he saw it was on fire. He could see no earthly chance of saving it, and he ran across to Dawson's place for help to save the grass from getting on fire. He met some men on bicycles and spoke to the last one, sending him back to his mother's place for help. Accused came to the fire with a lad about 15 or 20 minutes after he saw him go away. The house was burnt right to the ground. Witness made no examination before accused arrived. He said to accused, "It's a funny thing how the house got on fire." Accused said, "Yes; I know nothing about it; it's no good to me." That was all that was said. He and others made an examination of the place after it was burnt down, and noticed a quantity of stuff, like smouldering hay in the back bedroom. It was burnt, and he could not tell how much had been there. He couldn't build another house like it for less than £70 or £80. He insured it for £250 the day before it was burnt. It was a wooden house, lined with canvas and paper. He was through the house once before he purchased it. The house was not kept locked. Two or three days before 1st January he visited the house. As far as he knew no one lived in it then, but Hehir's people occupied the place for a little while after the uncle died. He died about a week or a fortnight after he (witness) purchased it. He could not say if accused stayed in it at night. He had another place about a quarter of a mile from it.

Cross-examined—The house was situated on land held under a grazing license. He had a receipt for it, in the late T. Hehir's name, given to him by the auctioneer. The license expired on the last day of the year, he thought. The late T. Hehir paid the last license fee—he supposed to the Lands Department.

Mr. Young said his first point was that it was not Collins' property. Permission to occupy was granted to the late Thos. Hehir, who died some time ago.

Continuing, witness said he had not lately had a quarrel with defendant. On the day he met him on the road to Beaufort he gave him permission to remove his furniture out of the house, and there was nothing to stop him from doing so at any time. On 1st January he left home about 6 o'clock. He did not take the straight road down to the house, because he had some young cattle in the paddock and wanted to see them. He got on the ground between 6 and 7 o'clock. It took 10 or 15 minutes to walk over, and it was bright daylight then. He was about three-quarters of a mile behind the property, but when he first saw it, as the hills and timber obstructed the view, he would be within a quarter of a mile of it. He saw the horse and dray from that distance. The reason he did not come forward was because he did not wish to see defendant remove his things. He just lingered about till he saw him leave the place. He saw him come out of the house. There were two or three trees around the dam and outhouses and stables, but there was nothing to obstruct his view from where he was (marked by witness on a plan, as also position of dams and outhouses). After Hehir closed the back door he saw smoke come out of the chimney. At this time witness was about 200yds. behind the house. He did not think anything was wrong, but that possibly some of the Hehirs were staying for the night. He found the straw in the back bedroom (marked on plan). There was a partition between that room and the kitchen. If the straw was set alight in the back bedroom he thought the smoke would come through the chimney first. It was not an old house, but it had been there for twenty years. It might be likely that smoke would come through the chinks in the door and window before coming through the chimney. The straw in the back room seemed more like hay to him, but it might have been portion of a mattress. When Hehir came down he said nothing about the place being insured. To the best of his belief, the whole of the place was lined with hessian and paper. The bicyclists were the two McCrackens and another man he did not know. They were coming towards the fire, and as he also saw Dawson coming he ran back towards the house. He remembered Dawson asking him to help put out the grass fire, but did not know what he said; but witness said nothing of the kind as "Let it burn to ——." That (burnt straw) was portion of the stuff that was burning. He did not see Hehir carry any hay into the house. He did not notice anything in the shape of a mattress or parcel of hay when he visited the house a few days before, nor did he examine the fireplace after the fire to see if there was any trace of a fire in it. There was much grass near the house, and there was great danger of a grass fire. He had had no conversation with defendant since 1st January. The sale note he got from the auctioneer was at home. He paid cash for the house and the grazing license before 31st December, and the auctioneer gave him a receipt. Defendant afterwards said to him, "I was that careful I didn't even smoke in the house." He said it of his own accord. No one asked him how the fire started. Witness did not hear him speak to anyone else. He was sober so far as witness could see, and did not seem very excited. From the time he saw him leave, defendant had time to get to his house with his load and walk back. From the time he saw the smoke till he came back he thought was about 20 to 30 minutes. Defendant was hurrying on foot when he was near the fire, and gave good assistance in putting out the grass fire. The wind was blowing towards Hehir's house. When defendant came back from the fire he said nothing about having a fire in the kitchen fireplace. The house had an iron roof, and the fire broke through first in the back bedroom. Accused did not say how long he had been in the house. Witness thought it was in the north-eastern corner where the fire first broke out. The smoke first came through the chimney. He was back about 200 or 300 yards, coming towards the fire, when the flames burst through.

W. H. Halpin, auctioneer and commission agent, Beaufort, deposed that he had a clearing sale of property, furniture and effects on behalf of Thos. Hehir, on the ground. Mr Dawson bought one portion of the property, and Mr G. Collins the other where the house was. This part was held under a grazing license at the nominal rent of 3d a year. He sold the improvements on the grazing license, including the house and outhouses, dams, etc. The grazing license was held from year to year. He had power to sell, having before he sold got instructions from the Lands Department to sell the improvements, so as to make himself safe.

Cross-examined—He could produce that letter, but not now. He saw the grazing license, and read it as a permit to occupy so many acres as a grazing license. He said he would insure the property at once, but could not say if accused heard him. It was not done on the day of the sale, but on the 31st, when the purchaser completed the sale to his satisfaction.

John Owen, 20 years of age, a farm laborer employed by Mr Creelman at Burrumbeet, deposed that at the end of December and 1st Jany. he was working for Jack Creelman at Trawalla, the son of the people he was working for at Burrumbeet. He knew accused, and was at his place on 1st Jany. It was a friendly visit. He said, "Jack would you mind coming with me; we'll get a load of wood." He had Creelman's horse and dray, which Hehir asked Creelman for. Both of them went over. He said he did not want it for anything else. The second load was wood, and the first was furniture from the house that got burnt. It was after a late dinner. They took the furniture to Hehir's house. Witness went into the house for the first load of furniture. Nobody was living in it, and there was no fire in any of the chimneys. It took about half an hour to get the load of wood afterwards. Then they went back to Collins' house, but had no tea. They went back to the back door for some flower pots and bottles, having removed all the furniture previously. He was not in the house this time. After they had loaded the pots and bottles, both of them went to the stable and sucked a few eggs. Then they went towards the dray. Witness got up in it. Before that Jack Hehir asked him for matches, coming up to the house from the stable. He said, "Jack, have you any matches?" Witness said, "No." Hehir then put his hand in his waistcoast pocket and pulled out a box with three matches in it—an ordinary box and wax matches. He opened it and witness saw the three matches in it. He put it in his pocket again. When they were going down for the first load, he said, "Jack, do you smoke cigarettes?" Witness said, "No." He said, "I won't smoke either." Nothing was said about matches on the second trip. He could not say what accused did with the matches. He put them in his pocket again. When they got to the house the load was all ready, and witness got up in the dray and drove away. He left accused near the dray, a bit away from the back door, which was open at that time. He did not see any sign of fire in the fireplace, nor any smoke about, when he was leaving. Accused gave no reason why he did not get up in the dray, but he said, "I'll go and shut the back door, Jack." Witness drove north up to the slip panels at the side of the house. He had just got there and Jack came. Witness looked to see if he was coming and heard the door slam. When he was getting to the panel he looked round and saw accused coming. He walked part of the way and then did a bit of a canter—just a steady run. He only looked round once because he was watching the mare; she was pretty frightened and required attention. When accused got up they drove away towards his house. The journey would be about a quarter of a mile. On the way he asked witness for matches again. He said, "Jack, have you any matches? I want to have a smoke." Witness said, "No, I told you down there I had no matches." He had two boxes—one with a watch key in and the other with matches. Witness was not certain what was inside, but saw about a couple of matches. He looked round to the house along the road on going up a bit of rise, but saw no smoke. They were then about a quarter way home and about a hundred yards away from the house. It was a bit of a billy place, and the more one got to Hehir's place the more one lost sight of the house. He noticed the fire first when they were in Hehir's yard. Katie Hehir (a sister of accused) and Mary Dawson said, "There's a fire down at the house." Hehir and he were then at the back of Hehir's house out of the dray. Witness looked round, and the smoke seemed to be just coming up. That was from the house they had just left a few minutes previously. Accused said, "It might be Dawson burning bushes." Witness did not know if Dawson's house was in that direction. Hehir did not look around then, but took off a few flower pots. He afterwards took off his coat, and they both ran down to the fire. It was about five minutes before accused looked where the fire was. When they got to the house it had all tumbled down to the ground. He stopped a good while, and Jack Hehir saw it out. Witness did not know where the dam was. Dawson asked Collins to put the fire out. No buckets were there then, but Jack Hehir got some that his brothers brought down. Everything was taken away; they just left the empty house. All he saw in the house were a few scattered straws; there was no bundle of straw except at the stable, and it was not much like hay to him. Accused had not time to go to the stable and get the straw from the time he stayed behind till he got in the dray with witness. He did not notice whether the bedroom had any remains of straw in it.

Cross-examined—He had heard of Hehir's people before, but did not know him, that being his first acquaintance with him when they met at Creelman's. Hehir was smoking from Creelman's to his place. He did not smoke while gathering wood nor while the furniture was in the dray. It was after they sucked the eggs he asked witness for matches. Hehir took the lid off the box, and anyone having eyes could see the matches. He was standing close beside him. They were walking along as he opened the box. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled the box out. He pulled the lid off for about a second. Hehir said he would close the back door, and witness got up in the dray and left. He gave no reason for closing the door. When witness got into the dray Hehir went towards the door. That was when they came away from the stable. He drove to the panels and sat in the dray and waited. Hehir was about 5 or 10 minutes away. He did not know how long it was exactly, as he had no watch. It was about 50yds. to the panels. It would take about a minute to drive there. He was not waiting more than another minute before he saw Hehir coming. He could not say for certain that it was about a minute he waited; but it was a big difference between that and 10 minutes. The mare was frightened at Hehir running up. Hehir put up the panels. They drove away more slowly than with the first load. Hehir asked for matches again, and then opened the box. There were two or three matches in it, but not four. Witness was driving, and Hehir pulled the box out with the watch key in it on the road home. He said, "I thought, Jack, I had no matches at all." When he went through the house he did not look very carefully, but saw no bedding at all, and took none away. There were only a few straws about. There were frames of beds outside which they took away in the dray. He did not go into the house the second time at all. He did not carry any straw or hay into the house, nor see anyone else do it. He went into the back bedroom, but did not notice any straw or mattress in it. He took no furniture out of that room. He did not think they could see the house from Hehir's house. When he got back to the fire Collins said, "This is a funny thing this fire starting like this." Hehir said, "Have you got it insured?" He heard Dawson ask Collins to put the grass fire out. Collins said, "Let it go to ——." He did not see Hehir go into the house the second time. That man over there (pointing to Constable Deeley) was "bullocking" me, not Mr Rogerson. Accused saw him after the police had seen him. He asked what he had told the police, and witness told him a few things. He asked about the matches, and said, "I don't remember asking you for them." The mare was a bit frightened, but had never bolted with him. Defendant was quite sober so far as he knew. The matches were blue-headed ones. There was no fire in the kitchen fire-place, and no cooking was done in the house. There were only a few straws scattered through the house—just an odd one. He did not see Collins till they went down to the fire. Defendant assisted to put the fire out, and was working away at it all the time. He never said anything about Collins to him. Mrs Collins went to Hehir, and said, "Jack, it's a funny thing how the fire started." Jack said, "You might as well blame me," and then walked away. Hehir did not tell him he was going to burn it down. Witness did not think he had burnt it down either. Senior-constable Nicholson blamed witness, saying that Jack Hehir saw him carry hay into the house. Witness said, "I did nothing of the sort." He was saying that to see if he (witness) would go against Jack Hehir, he supposed.

Supt. Young—He was "bullocking" you; that was a shot that did not take effect.

Andrew McCracken having been assured that the Crown would pay his expenses, gave evidence to the effect that he was a wood-cutter living at Nerring, and on 1st Jany. was riding a bicycle along the road from Nerring, and met last witness and accused between 200 and 300 yards from the house that had been burnt down going towards Hehir's place in a dray. He noticed Collins after he got past the house, which was not burnt then. Collins was coming from some paddocks behind the house as he was passing in the evening, and was about 300 yards from the house when he saw him. Witness went along the road, and meeting his brother stopped and spoke to him. They then looked towards the house and noticed smoke coming from it. Collins was at this time fully 300 yards from the house. Witness went down to the fire and met Collins on the road coming towards Dawson's. He was running. He and his brother and Henry Dawson were first on the scene, Collins not having got back then. The house was burnt through on one side and was all on fire when they got to it. He saw nobody near the fire. Accused came afterwards. The grass was on fire. Accused came afterwards. The grass was on fire, and he helped to put it out. They were not all close together, and he did not hear conversations between Collins and Hehir or Dawson and Collins.

Cross-examined—Defendant was not smoking when he passed him, nor did he see any smoke issuing from the house when he passed it. Collins could have gone to the house from the time he first saw him till he was going towards the fire. They rode a quarter of a mile. It was about five minutes after he passed the house before he saw the smoke, and five minutes before that when Collins was 300 yards from the house. Collins was in the paddock when he sang out to them—the shortest way to Dawson's, and then he turned back. The house wasn't a minute within his view on his passing it. It was when he passed the house that he saw Collins coming down the paddock with a greyhound dog. From the time he saw Collins till he got to Dawson's, Collins would not pass the house, as he was about 200 yards from Dawson's then and had to come about 300 yards. He did not know where Collins went between the time he saw him passing the house and when he sang out to them.

Henry Dawson, farmer, residing between Trawalla and Nerring, deposed that he was present at the fire at Hehir's house on 1st January. He lived about a quarter of a mile from it. The fire occured, he thought, between 6 and 7 o'clock. Some young fellows and his girls were outside his place and drew his attention to it. When he got there the flames had a good hold, and were coming out of the top of the house. He did not notice where they came out first, but it seemed to be from the kitchen part. He stayed till the house was burnt down. Collins drew his attention to the burnt straw in the back bedroom. There appeared to be a good quantity—perhaps about an armful. He did not examine it, but just looked at it. That produced resembles the stuff he saw. It is oaten straw. Accused was there when witness went to the house that was burning. They could do nothing with the house and set to work on the grass. He thought he did say, "All we can do is to put the fire out and prevent it spreading." Hehir did not make any reply that witness knew of. He could not say he heard Collins say, "Let it burn to ——." They were a bit excited putting the fire on, but if it were said he thought he could have heard it. He did not hear Collins make use of the expression.

Cross-examined—It was quite possible for this straw to have been portion of an old bedding. He should say it was this year's hay if he expressed an opinion.

Alexander Nicholson, senior-constable of police, in charge of Beaufort station, deposed that on 2nd January he received information about the fire, and went to the place that evening. He saw the accused on the way to the place. Witness said, 'I believe you were taking furniture from the house that was burnt just previous to the fire.' Accused said, 'I was.' Witness said, 'What time elapsed from the time you left the house until you noticed it on fire?' Accused said, 'Half-an-hour or 25 minutes.' Witness went to the scene of the fire on the following morning, 3rd inst., in company with Constable Deeley. He noticed some burnt straw or burnt material among the *debris* and collected some of it, which he produced. He got it in a lump, and there appeared to have been a big bundle of the stuff, there being a lot of it in the ashes similar to that. It was at the south-east corner of the building—he should say at the back corner and the opposite part of the building from the kitchen chimney. He saw the accused that day again, and took down a statement, which he signed. Witness then read this statement, as follows:—"I am a laborer and reside at Nerring. In company with Jack Owen, I took two loads of furniture from the late Thomas Hehir's house on the 1st January last. I took a lot of bedding on the last load, and put it on the dray and came straight home. When I left the house I came out by the back door and closed it after me. When I got to the aliprail I did not go back to the house. When I left the house the last time I did not run. I put up the aliprail, got into the dray and went home. Twenty minutes after leaving the house my attention was called to the fire. I said, 'I don't think it can be where we came from,' meaning the house; 'it must be Dawsons burning rubbish.' I looked at once and went over to the fire. I did not ask Owen for a match before entering the house. I did not have any matches before entering the house. The last time coming back I asked Owen for a match. When I got to the fire I noticed Collins and Dawson there. There was no straw or hay in the house."

Cross-examined—He collected the burnt material on the morning of the 3rd. There was no moss, but just the *debris* and the charred ashes in the burnt ruins. He could not see any blocks; the house appeared to have been built on the ground. The straw was lying above and under the charcoal and ashes, and only partly covered up. What produced, was only a small portion taken from it. There was a good lot of it. He could not say if the house had a wooden floor or otherwise. He had no other conversation with accused.

Joseph Rogerson, senior-constable of police attached to the C.I. branch, and stationed at Ballarat, deposed that on the 5th inst. he went to Nerring and inspected the *debris* where there had been a fire at the house in question. He saw a quantity of hay as described by previous witnesses. He subsequently saw defendant at his mother's place. He said, 'My name is Rogerson; I am a detective; I've come to inquire into the cause of this fire.' Defendant said, 'Yes.' Witness said, 'You made a statement to Senior-constable Nicholson; is that statement correct?' He said, 'Yes.' Witness said, 'Have you anything to add to it?' He said, 'I may have run from the house up to the slip-rails.' Witness said, 'Have you seen John Owen?' He said, 'Yes.' Witness said, 'You had a conversation with him; you asked him what he had told the police?' He said, 'Yes.' Witness said, 'Don't you know that he says you ran?' He made no reply. Witness said, 'Was there any straw or hay in the house?' He said, 'No.' Witness said, 'There must have been, because different people have seen the remains of it; I have seen it myself, and have some here'—which I showed him. He said he left a mattress containing hay in the back room. Witness said, 'Why did you not take that away when you took the other things?' He made no reply. Witness then said to him that he had seen bedding thrown out on the manure heap, and asked him if there was any bad feeling between himself or his family and Collins. He said, 'Yes, there is.' Witness said, 'Will you tell me what it is about?' He said, 'They have done their best to ruin us.' His mother was standing by, and she said, 'Yes, that is so.' Witness asked him to explain what had caused the bad feeling, but he made no reply. He said that the mattress had been filled by his brothers. His mother, who was there, also said the same words. There were a couple of little boys. One of them referred to was not at home, but witness questioned the other little lad, who said he had helped his brother to fill the mattress with hay some time previous. Witness said to defendant, 'Well, Hehir, it looks very suspicious; I am afraid you will have to defend yourself in court.' Witness then left.

Cross-examined—When defendant said he might have run to the slip-panels he made no

n having been assured
!1 pay his expenses,
effect that he was a
Nerring, and on 1st
cycle along the road
met last witness and
and 300 yards from
en burnt down going
ace in a dray. He
he got past the house,
nt then. Collins was
paddocks behind the
ssing in the evening,
yards from the house
Witness went along the
is brother stopped and
then looked towards
d smoke coming from
his time fully 300 yards
tness went down to the
on the road coming to-
He was running. He
Henry Dawson were
, Collins not having
e house was burnt
and was all on fire
He saw nobody near
me afterwards. The
ccused came afterwards,
e, and he helped to put
not all close together,
conversations between
Dawson and Collins.
Defendant was not
ssed him, nor did he
g from the house when
ns could have gone to
time he first saw him
owards the fire. They
mile. It was about five
ssed the house before
, and five minutes be-
ins was 300 yards from
s was in the paddock
to them—the shortest
nd then he turned back.
minute within his view
it was when he passed
aw Collins coming down
greyhound dog. From
ins til he got to Daw-
not pass the house, as
r is from Dawson's then
about 200 yards. He
Collins went between
n passing the house and
them.
armer, residing between
ng, deposed that he was
Hehir's house on 1st
about a quarter of a
ire occured, he thought,
lock. Some young fel-
were outside his place
tion to it. When he got
d a good hold, and were
top of the house. He
they came out first,
from the kitchen part.
ouse was burnt down,
attention to the burnt
bedroom. There ap-
ood quantity—perhaps
He did not examine it,
at it. That produced
if he saw. It is oaten
was there when witness
hat was burning. They
ith the house and set to
He thought he did say,
to put the fire out and
time.' Hehir did not
t witness knew of. He
ard Collins say, "Let
They were a bit ex-
ire on, but if it were
could have heard it.
ollins make use of the ex-

t was quite possible for this
portion of an old bedding.
this year's hay if he ex-

n, senior-constable of police,
station, deposed that on
ved information about the
place that evening. He
way to the place. Wit-
e you were taking furniture
was burnt just previous to
, 'I was.' Witness
posed from the time you left
noticed it on fire?' Accused
or 25 minutes.' Witness
the fire on the following
in company with Constable
some burnt straw or burnt
debris, and collected some of
. He got it in a lump,
have given a big bundle of
ng a lot of it in the ashes
was at the south-east corner
should say at the back corner
of the building from the
He saw the accused that day
in a statement, which he
on of this statement, as
borer and reside at Nerring.
I took two loads
late Thomas Hehir's house.
. I took a lot of bedding
and put it on the dray and
When I left the house I
k door and closed it after me
liprail. I did not go back to
left the house the last time
up the sliprail, got into
ome. Twenty minutes after
attention was called to the
it can be where we
the house; 'it must be
. I looked at once
. I did not ask Owen
the house. I did not
entering the house.
back I asked Owen for a
to the fire I noticed Collins
there was no straw or hay

He collected the burnt mate-
of the 3rd. There was no
debris and the charred ashes
He could not see any blocks;
to have been built on the
was lying above and under
es, and only partly covered
was only a small portion
re was a good lot of it. He
house had a wooden floor or
no other conversation with

senior-constable of police
branch, and stationed at
at on the 5th inst. he went
ected the *debris* where there
house in question. He saw
described by previous wit-
nently saw defendant at his
He said, 'My name is Roger-
; I've come to inquire into
. Defendant said, 'Yes.'
made a statement to Senior-
; is that statement correct?'
itness said, 'Have you any-
He said, 'I may have run
to the slip-rails.' Witness
n John Owen?' He said,
d, 'You had a conversation
ed him what he had told the
'Yes.' Witness said, 'Don't
ys you ran?' He made no
, 'Was there any straw or
' He said, 'No.' Witness
ave been, because different
remains of it; I have seen
ome here'—which I showed
ft a mattress containing hay
Witness said, 'Why did you
when you took the other
no reply. Witness then said
seen bedding thrown out on
nd asked him if there was any
himself or his family and
Yes, there is.' Witness said,
what it is about?'. He said,
their best to ruin us.' His
ng by, and she said, 'Yes,
s asked him to explain what
feeling, but he made no reply.
attress had been filled by his
her, who was there, also said
There were a couple of little
referred to was not at home,
oned the other little lad, who
his brother to fill the mat-
e time previous. Witness said
ll, Hehir, it looks very suspi-
you will have to defend your-
tness then left.
—When defendant said he
the slip-panels he made no

(All Rights Reserved.)

THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK.

A ROMANTIC NARRATIVE OF LOVE, TERROR AND DESPAIR.

PART 6.

It has always been one of the inscrutable mysteries in natural philosophy that I never could fathom, why men do not faint. Certain it is that I never yet heard of a man swooning from excess of surprise or joy, and perhaps that may account for Sir Norman not doing so on the Present occasion. But he came to an abrupt standstill in their rapid career; and if it had not been quite so excessively dark his friend would have beheld a countenance wonderful to look on, in its mixture of utter astonishment and sublime consternation.

"Leoline!" he faintly gasped. "Just stop a moment, Ormiston, and say that again—will you?"

"No," said Ormiston, hurrying unconcernedly on: "I shall do no such thing, for there is no time to loose, and if there were I have no fancy for standing in this dismal road. Come on, man, and I'll tell you as we go."

Thus abjured, and seeing there was her dip in cold water has effectually cured her of the plague; not a trace of it remains."

Sir Norman dropped his hand and walked on, staring straight before him, perfectly speechless. In fact, no human language in the world could have done justice to his feelings at that precise period; for three different times that night, in three different shapes had he seen this same Leoline, and at the same moment he was watching her decked out in royal state in the ruin. Ormiston had probably been assisting her from her cold bath in the river Thames.

Astonishment and consternation are words altogether too feeble to express his state of mind: but one idea remained clear and bright amid all his mental chaos, and that was, that the Leoline he had fallen in love with dead, was waiting for him, alive and well, in London.

"Well," said Ormiston, "you don't speak! What do you think of all this?"

"Think! I can't think—I've got past that long ago!" replied his friend hopelessly. "Did you really say Leoline was alive and well?"

"And waiting for you—yes, I did, and I repeat it; and the sooner you get back to town, the sooner you will see her; so don't loiter."

"Ormiston, what do you mean? Is it possible I can see her to-night?"

"Yes, it is; the dear creature is waiting for you even now. You see, after we got to the house, and she had consented to become a little rational, mutual explanations ensued, by which it appeared she had ran away from Sir Norman Kingsley in a state of frenzy, had jumped into the river in a similarly excited state of mind and was most anxious to go down on her pretty knees and thank the aforesaid Sir Norman for saving her life. What could any one as gallant as myself do under the circumstances, but to offer to set forth in quest of that gentleman, and she promptly consented to sit up and wait his coming and dismissed me with her blessing. And, Kingsley, I've a private notion she is as deep-began Ormiston, bowing low. "Mistress Leoline, allow me to present Sir Norman Kingsley."

Sir Norman Kingsley bent almost as profoundly before the lady as the lord high chancellor had done before Queen Miranda; and the lady courtesied in return, until her pink satin skirt ballooned all over the floor. It was quite an affecting tableau. And so Ormiston felt, as he stood eyeing it with preter-natural gravity.

"I owe my life to Sir Norman Kingsley," murmured the faint, sweet voice of the lady, "and could not rest until I thanked him. I have no words to say how deeply thankful and grateful I am."

"Fairest Leoline! one word from such lips would be enough to repay me, had I done a thousandfold more," responded Norman, laying his hand on his heart with another deep genuflection.

"Very pretty indeed!" remarked Ormiston to himself, with a little approving nod; "but I'm afraid they won't be able to keep it up, and go on talking on stilts like that till they have finished. Perhaps they may get on all the better if I take myself off, there being always one too many in a case like this." Then aloud: "Madame, I regret that I am obliged to depart, having a most particular appointment; but, doubtless, my friend will be able to express himself without my assistance, I have the honor to wish you both good-night."

With which neat and appropriate speech, Ormiston bowed himself out, and was gone before Leoline could detain him, even if she wished to do so. Probably, however, she thought the care of one gentleman sufficient responsibility at once; and she did not look very seriously distressed by his departure; and, the moment he disappeared, Sir Norman brightened up wonderfully.

It is very discomposing to make love in the presence of a third party; and Sir Normao had no intention of wasting his time on anything, and went at it immediately. Taking her hand, with a grace that would have beaten Sir Charles Grandison or Lord times speak louder than words; and Leoline was perfectly convinced that her declaration had not fallen on insensible ears. At the end of that period the space between them on the couch had so greatly diminished that the ghost of a zephyr would be crushed to death trying to get between them; and Sir Norman's face was fairly radiant. Leoline herself looked rather beaming; and she suddenly, and without provocation, burst into a merry little peal of laughter.

"Well, for two people who were perfect strangers to each other half an hour ago, I think we have got on remarkably well. What will Mr. Ormiston and Prudence say when they hear of this?"

"They will say what is the truth—that I am the luckiest man in England. O Leoline! I never thought it was in me to love any one as I do you."

"I am very glad to hear it; but I knew it was in me long before I ever dreamed of knowing you. Are you not anxious to know something about the future Lady Kingsley's past history?"

"It will all come in good time; it is not well to have a surfeit of joy in one night."

"I do not know that this will add to your joy; but it had better be told and be done with it, at once and forever. In the first place, I presume, I am an orphan, for I have never known father or mother, and I have never had any other name but Leoline."

"So Ormiston told me."

"My first recollection is that of Prudence; she was my nurse and governess, both in one; and we lived in a cottage by the sea — I don't know where, but a long way from this. When I was about 10 years old we left it and came to London, and lived in a house in Cheapside for five or six years: and then we moved here. And all this time Sir Norman—you will think it strange — I never made any friends or acquaintances, and knew no one but Prudence and an old Italian professor who came to our lodgings in Cheapside every week to give sunrise, and shortly after that radiant period, I will make my appearance with two horses—one of which I shall ride, and the other I shall lead; the one I lead you shall mount, and we shall ride to the nearest church, and be married without any pomp or pageant; and then Sir Norman and Lady Kingsley will immediately leave London, and in Kingsley Castle, Devonshire, will enjoy the honeymoon and blissful repose till the plague is over. Do you understand that?"

"Perfectly," she answered, with a radiant face.

"And agree to it?"

"You know I do, Sir Norman; only—"

"Well, my pet, only what?"

"Sir Norman, I should like to see Prudence. I want Prudence. How can I leave her behind?"

"My dear child, she made nothing of leaving you when she thought you were dying; so never mind Prudence, but say, will you be ready?"

"I will."

"That is my good little Leoline. Now give me a kiss, Lady Kingsley, and good-night."

Lady Kingsley dutifully obeyed; and Sir Norman went out with a glow at his heart, like a halo round a full moon.

CHAPTER X.

The night was intensely dark when Sir Norman got into it once more; and to any one else would have been intensely dismal, but to Sir Norman all was bright as the fair hills of Beulah. When all is brightness within there is no darkness without; and just at that moment our young knight had got into one of those green and golden glimpses of sunshine that here and there checker life's rather dark pathway, and with Leoline beside him would have thought the dreary shores of the Dead Sea itself a very paradise.

It was now near midnight, and there was an unusual concourse of people in the streets, waiting for Just the person, but one, in the world that I wanted most to see."

"Indeed! And pray, whom have I the honor of addressing?" inquired Sir Norman, deeply edified by the cold familiarity of the accoster.

"They call me Hubert—for want of a better name, I suppose," said the lad, easily. "And, may I ask, Sir Norman, if you are shod with seven-league boots, or if your errand is one of life and death, that you stride along at such a terrific rate?"

"And what is that to you?" asked Sir Norman, indignant at his free-and-easy impudence.

"Nothing, only I should like to keep up with you, if my legs were long enough; and as they're not, and as company is not so easy to be had in these forlorn streets, I should feel obliged to you if you would just slacken your pace a trifle and take me in tow."

The boy's face in the moonlight, in everything but expression, was exactly like that of Leoline, to which softening circumstances may be attributed Sir Norman's yielding to the request, and allowing the page to keep alongside.

"I've met you once before to-night?" inquired Sir Norman, after a prolonged and wondering stare at him.

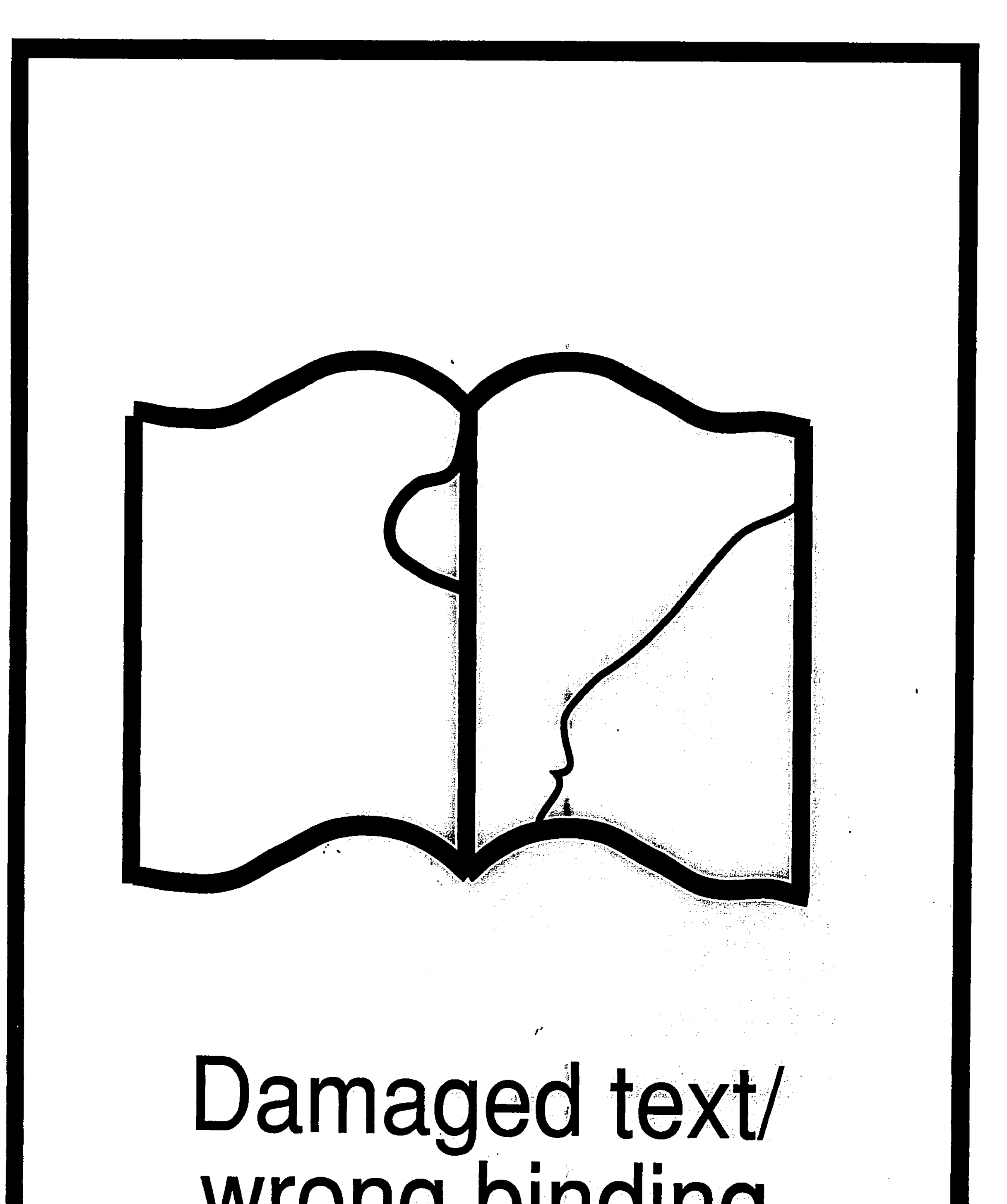
"Yes, I have a faint recollection of seeing you and Mr. Ormiston on London Bridge, a few hours ago, and, by the way, perhaps I may mention I am now in search of that same Mr. Ormiston."

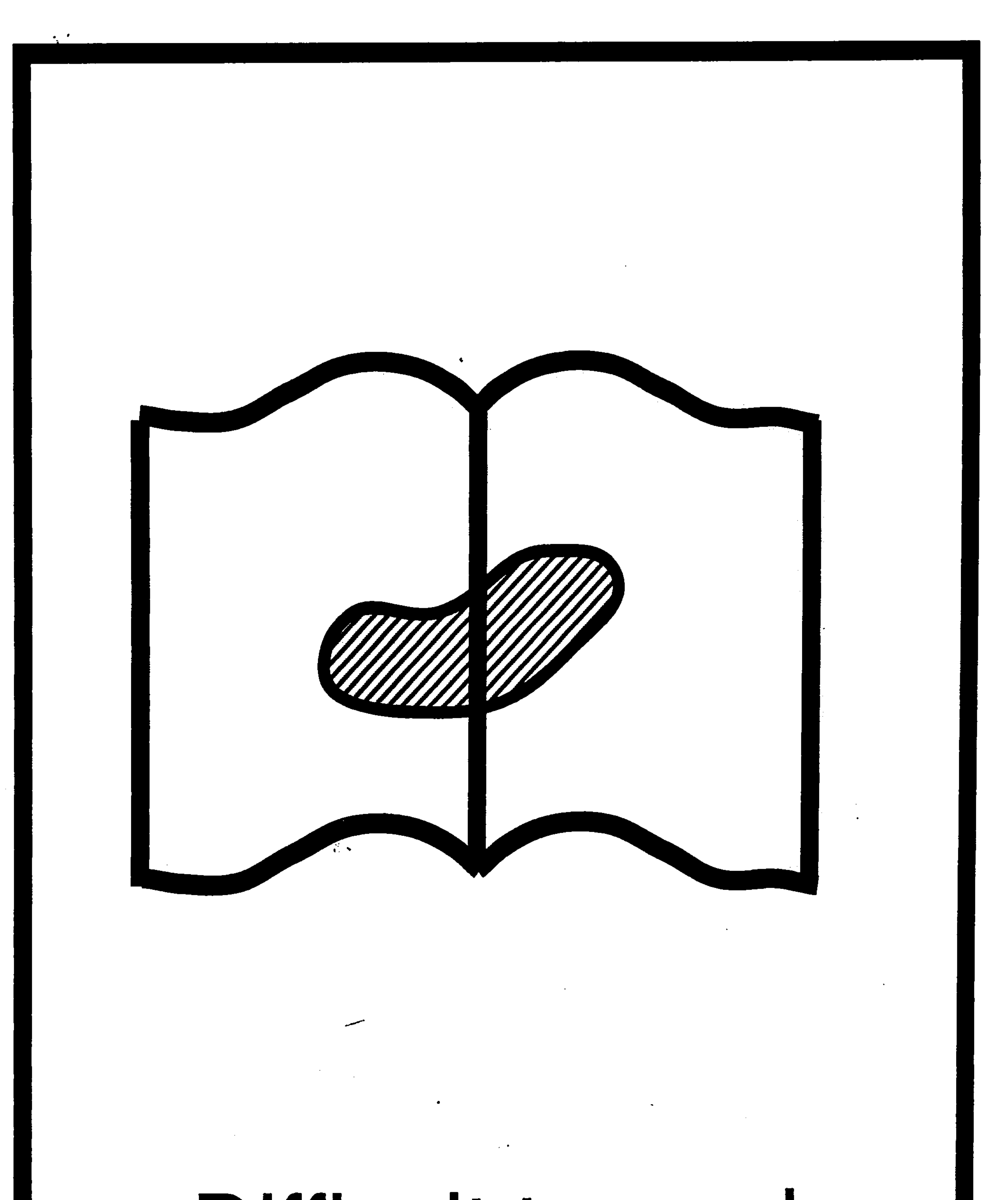
"You are? And what may you want of him, pray?"

"Just a little information of a private character—perhaps you can direct me to his whereabouts?"

"Should be happy to oblige you, my dear boy, but, unfortunately, I cannot. I want to see him, myself, if I could only find anyone good enough to direct me to him. Is your business pressing?"

"Very—there is a lady in the case; and such business, you are aware, is always pressing. Probably you have heard of her—a youthful angel, in virgin white, who took a notion to jump into the Thames not a great





heart!"

"Thank you! After that she left me, and I walked away in such a frenzy of delight that I couldn't have told whether I was treading this earth or the shining shores of the seventh heaven, when suddenly there flew past me a figure all in white—the figure of a bride, Kingsley, pursued by an excited mob. We were both near the river, and the first thing I knew, she was plump into it, with the crowd behind, yelling to stop her, that she was ill of the plague."

"Great Heavens! and was she drowned?"

"No, though it was not her fault. The Earl of Rochester and his page—you remember that page, I fancy—were out in their barge, and the earl picked her up. Then I got a boat, set out after her, claimed her—for I recognized her, of course—brought her ashore, and deposited her safe and sound in her own house. What do you think of that?"

"Ormiston," said Sir Norman, catching him by the shoulder, with a very excited face, "is it true?"

"True as preaching, Kingsley, every word of it! And the most extraordinary part of the business is, that

"Come in."

Ormiston promptly obeyed, and the next instant they were in the room, and in the presence of the dead bride. Certainly she did not look dead, but very much alive, just then, as she sat in an easy chair drawn up before the dressing table, on which stood the solitary lamp that had illumined the chamber. In one hand she held a small mirror, or, as it was then called, a "sprunkling glass," in which she was contemplating her own beauty, with as much satisfaction as any other girl might justly do. She had changed her drenched dress during Ormiston's absence, and now sat arrayed in a swelling amplitude of rose-colored satin, her dark hair clasped and bound by a circle of milk white pearls, and her pale, beautiful face looking ten degrees more beautiful than ever, in contrast with the bright rose silk, shining dark hair and rich white jewels. She rose up as they entered, and come forward with the same light in her eyes that one of them had seen before, and stood with drooping eyelashes lovely as a vision, in the center of the room.

"You see, I have lost no time in obeying your ladyship's commands."

of a precept commanding us to love our neighbors. Now, I'm your nearest neighbor at present; so, to keep up a consistent Christian spirit, just be good enough to say that you love me!"

Again Leoline laughed; and this time the bright, dancing eyes beamed in their sparkling darkness full upon him.

"I am afraid your theory is not very sound, my friend, and I have a dislike to extremes. There is a middle course between hating and loving. Suppose I take that?"

"I will have no middle courses—either hating or loving it must be! Leoline! Leoline!" (bending over her! and imprisoning both hands this time) do say you love me!"

"I am a captive in your hands, and must, I suppose. Yes, Sir Norman, I do love you!"

Every man hearing that for the first time from a pair of loved lips is privileged to go mad for a brief season, and to go through certain manœuvers much more delectable to the enjoyers than to society at large. For fully ten minutes after Leoline's last speech, there was profound silence. But actions some-

"Yes, Sir Norman; and horrible as that was I do assure you I almost preferred it to marrying him."

"Leoline, tell me how long it is since you've known me?"

"Nearly three months," said Leoline, blushing again celestial rosy red.

"And how long have you loved me?"

"Nonsense. What a question! I shall not tell you."

"You shall—you must—I insist upon it. Did you love me before you met the count? Out with it."

"Well, then—yes!" cried Leoline, desperately.

Sir Norman raised the hand he held in rapture to his lips.

"My darling! But I must reserve my raptures, for it is growing late, and I know you want to go to rest. I have a thousand things to tell you, but they must wait for daylight; only I will promise before parting, that this is the last night you must spend here."

Leoline opened her bright eyes very wide.

"To-morrow morning," went on Sir Norman, impressively, and with dignity, "you will be up and dressed by

streets of London ... one the stars that all night had been obscured glanced and sparkled over the town. Everybody had quitted the dome in terror and consternation; and now Sir Norman, who had been lost in awe, suddenly bethought him of his ride to the ruin, and hastened to follow their example. Walking rapidly, not to say recklessly, he abruptly knocked against some one sauntering leisurely before him, and nearly pitched headlong on the pavement. Recovering his center of gravity by a violent effort, he turned to see the cause of the collision, and found himself accosted by a musical and foreign-accented voice.

"Pardon," said the sweet, and rather feminine tones; "it was quite an accident, I assure you, monsieur, I had no idea I was in anybody's way."

Sir Norman looked at the voice, or rather in the direction whence it came, and found it proceeded from a lad in gay livery, whose clear, colorless face, dark eyes and exquisite features were by no means unknown. The boy seemed to recognize him at the same moment, and slightly touched his gay cap.

"Ah, it is Sir Norman Kingsley!

EPIGRAMS OF BATTLE.

HAPPY THOUGHTS OF WARRIORS.

An epigram is so generally the outcome of a careful studied neatness and nice refinement of expression that one could scarcely expect to find it in connection with the stress and confusion of the battlefield. Yet it is a curious fact that a considerable number of vivid phrases and memorable utterances, such as may fairly be grouped under the generic term epigram, have had their origin amid the rush of war. It must be admitted that some of these are apocryphal, and have, perhaps, been manufactured after the event.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS."

The famous signal at Trafalgar. Its popular form is "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." There is still some controversy upon the point, but it is certain that these are not the precise words used. They have, in fact, been expanded to meet the metrical exigencies of Braham's song. No matter; it is enough to know that the kernel is there. This was a spontaneous epigram, but it has achieved immortality. It has grown into a national watchword, not merely because of its association with a great and a splendid victory, but also because it embodies a sermon on conduct and patriotism in terms so pithy and so pointed that no professional rhetorician could have bettered them.

TRIUMPHANT—PATHETIC.

There is a proud ring of triumph in Commodore Perry's despatch to his Government after the capture of the British flotilla on Lake Erie:—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Intensely pathetic, on the other hand, are the dying words of Captain Lawrence, on board the Chesapeake, spoken at the very moment when his flag was being hauled down to the Shannon. Yet, "Don't give up the ship" would make a noble motto for the Navy of the United States. Perry's message reads almost like an echo of the "Veni, Vidi, Vici," of Julius Cæsar; but both are eclipsed by the single cunning word, "Peccavi," in which Sir Charles Napier announced the conquest of Scinde.

TRADITIONS OF WATERLOO.

Amongst those sayings of more than doubtful authenticity which it seems impossible to dislodge from popular favour one stands prominent on either side in the traditions of Waterloo. Cambronne's mythical

grammatic definition of the fact of international kinship in the phrase now familiarised in the two continents—"Blood is thicker than water."

He—You don't seem to care even if I do love you devotedly.

She—Why should I? You also love a good cigar. Is that any reason for the cigar to congratulate itself upon your affection?

Mr. Asbury Peppers.

"By the way," asked the supercilious boarder, "which vein is supposed to be the vein of humor?"

"I think," said Asbury Peppers, "that it is the jocular vein.'

Not That Kind.

Jaffier Jenkins—'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange! A senator has had a ham named after him.

Romeo Scruggs—Legitimate or vaudeville?

Logical.

She—Why do they call a battleship "she," do you suppose?

He—I suppose because there are so many arms about her.

He Can Afford to Like It.

"Well, how do you like the cold weather?"

"Fine! I expect to start for Florida next week."

Her Ladyship: "And why did you leave your last place, Jane?"

Jane: "Please, madam, because the master, used to kiss me. I didn't mind, but the missus objected.

Capital Punishment.—Marie (newly engaged).—Now, George, remember you are a prisoner for life!

George.—A life sentence, ha, ha! Why, it's capital punishment;

Secrets.—Madge: I'm miserable.

Lulu: Why?

Madge (absent-mindedly): Josie Denton told me a secret, and——

Lulu: Oh, do tell me what it was!

Madge: That's why I'm miserable; I've forgotten the name of the man who kissed her.

"How still they are!" remarked Mrs. Frobb, apropos of the young couple in the next room.

"Yes," replied Mr. F., "it reminds me of my army days. It was always wonderfully quiet just previous to an engagement."

having been assured
pay his expenses,
that he was a
Norring, and on 1st
along the road
last witness and
and 200 yards from
burnt down going
in a day. He
he got past the house,
nt then. Collins was
paddocks behind the
sing in the evening,
yards from the house
Witness went along the
is brother stopped and
then looked towards
d smoke coming from
his time fully 300 yards
tness went down to the
on the road coming to-
fe was running. He
Henry Dawson were
Collins not having
house was burnt
and was all on fire
He saw nobody near
me afterwards. The
cue came afterwards.
, and he helped to put
ot all close together,
conversations between
Dawson and Collins.
Defendant was not
sed him, nor did he
g from the house when
as could have gone to
time he first saw him
wards the fire. They
mile. It was about five
sed the house before
and five minutes be-
ns was 300 yards from
was in the paddock
to them—the shortest
d then he turned back
minute within his view
t was when he passed
w Collins coming down
greyhound dog. From
ins till he got to Daw-
I did pass the house, as
rds from Dawson's then
at 200 yards. He
Collins went between
e passing the house and
time.
mer, residing between
ng, deposed that he was
Hehir's house on 1st
about a quarter of a
fire occured, he thought.
Some young fel-
ence outside his place
fire. When he got
d hell, and were
of the house. He
they came out first,
from the kitchen par-
house was burnt down.
attention to the burnt
between. There ap-
ed quantity—perhaps
do not examine it.
That produced
the saw. It is often
as there when witness
that was burning. They
and set to
He might have did say,
fire out and
Hehir did not
witness knew of. He
ed Collins say, "Let
They were a bit ex-
that if it were
would have heard it.
Collins make use of the ex-
was quite possible for this
portion of burnt bedding.
this was hay if he ex-
on the mantle of police,
stated, deposed that on
had information about the
place on evening. He
was in the place. Wit-
taking furniture
out just previous to
fire. Witness
fire at the time he left
Accused
Witness
following
with Constable
Witness
burnt
connected some of
in a lamp,
a big bundle of
it in the ashes
these two east corner
in the back corner
coming from the
the accused that day
statement which he
this statement, as
beside at Norring-
I took two loads
from Hehir's house.
a lot of bedding
on the dray and
left the house I
drove and closed it after me
gate. I did not go back to
close the last time
spiral, got into
Twenty minutes after
was called to the
can be where we
; it must be
looked at once
I did not ask Owen
house. I did not
the house.
Asked Owen for a
to the fire I noticed Collins
was no straw or hay
burnt mate-
There was no
and the charred ashes
He could not see any blocks;
have been built on the
was lying above and under
, and only partly covered
was only a small portion
was a good lot of it. He
house had a wooden floor or
no other conversation with
senior constable of police
, stationed at
on the 5th inst., he went
the *debris* where there
house in question. He saw
described by previous wit-
recently see defendant at his
he said, 'My name is Roger-
I've come to inquire into
Defendant said, 'Yes.'
made a statement to Senior-
; is that statement correct?'
Witness said, 'Have you any-
He said, 'I may have run
to the slip-rails.' Witness
John Owen?' He said,
'You had a conversation
him what he had told the
Yes.' Witness said, 'Don't
you run?' He made no
'Was there any straw or
He said, 'No.' Witness
have been, because different
remains of it; I have seen
some here'—which I showed
a mattress containing hay
Witness said, 'Why did you
when you took the other
no reply. Witness then said
seen bedding thrown out on
and asked him if there was any
himself or his family and
Yes, there is.' Witness said,
what it is about?' He said,
their best to ruin me.' His
ng-by, and she said, 'Yes,
asked him to explain what
feeling; but he made no reply.
attress had been filled by his
her, who was there, also said
There were a couple of little
referred to was not at home,
oned the other little lad, who
his brother to fill the mat-
three previous. Witness said
ll, Hehir, it looks very suspi-
you will have to defend your-
ness then left.
When defendant said he
the slip-panels he made no

(All Rights Reserved.)

THE FACE BEHIND THE MASK.

A ROMANTIC NARRATIVE OF LOVE, TERROR AND DESPAIR.

PART 6.

It has always been one of the inscrutable mysteries in natural philosophy that I never could fathom, why men do not faint. Certain it is that I never yet heard of a man swooning from excess of surprise or joy, and perhaps that may account for Sir Norman not doing so on the Present occasion. But he came to an abrupt standstill in their rapid career; and if it had not been quite so excessively dark his friend would have beheld a countenance wonderful to look on, in its mixture of utter astonishment and sublime consternation.

"Leoline!" he faintly gasped. "Just stop a moment, Ormiston, and say that again—will you?"

"No," said Ormiston, hurrying unconcernedly on: "I shall do no such thing, for there is no time to loose, and if there were I have no fancy for standing in this dismal road. Come on, man, and I'll tell you as we go."

Thus abjured, and seeing there was no help for it, Sir Norman, in a dazed and bewildered state, complied; and Ormiston promptly and briskly relaxed into business.

"You see, my dear fellow, to begin at the beginning, after you left, as I stood at ease at La Masque's door, awaiting that lady's return, and was presently rewarded by seeing her come up with an old woman called Prudence. Do you recollect the woman who rushed screaming out of the house of the dead bride?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, that was Prudence. She and La Masque were talking so earnestly they did not perceive me, and I—well, the fact is, Kingsley, I stayed and listened. Not a very handsome thing, perhaps, but I couldn't resist it. They were talking of some one they called Leoline, and I, in a moment, knew that it was your flame, and that neither of them knew any more of her whereabouts than we did,"

"And yet La Masque told me to come here in search of her," interrupted Sir Norman.

"Very true! That was odd—wasn't it? This Prudence, it appears, was Leoline's nurse, and La Masque, too, seemed to have a certain authority over her; and between them, I learned she was to have been married this very night, and died—or, at least, Prudence thought so—an hour or two before the time."

"Then she was not married?" cried Sir Norman, in an ecstasy of delight.

"Not a bit of it; and what is more, didn't want to be; and judging from the remarks of Prudence, I should say, of the two, rather preferred the plague."

"Then why was she going to do it? You don't mean to say she was forced?"

"Ah, but I do, though! Prudence owned it with the most charming candor in the world."

"Did you hear the name of the person she was to have married?" asked Sir Norman, with kindling eyes.

"I think not; they called him the count, if my memory serves me, and Prudence intimated that he knew nothing of the melancholy fate of Mistress Leoline. Most likely it was the person in the cloak and slouched hat we saw talking to the watchman."

Sir Norman said nothing, but he thought a good deal, and the burden of his thoughts was an ardent and heartfelt wish that the Count L'Estrange was once more under the swords of the three robbers, and waiting for him to ride to the rescue—that was all.

"La Masque urged Prudence to go back," continued Ormiston; "but Prudence respectfully declined, and went her way bemoaning the fate of her darling. When she was gone, I stepped up to Madame Masque, and that lady's first words of greeting were an earnest hope that I had been edified and improved by what I had overheard."

"She saw you, then?" said Sir Norman.

"See me? I believe you! She has more eyes than Argus ever had, and each one is as sharp as a cambric needle. Of course I apologized and so on, and she forgave me handsomely, and then we fell to discoursing—need I tell you on what subject?"

"Love, of course," said Sir Norman.

"Yes, mingled with entreaties to take off her mask that would have moved a heart of stone. It moved, what was better—the heart of La Masque; and, Kingsley, she has consented to do it, and she says that if, after seeing her face, I still love her, she will be my wife."

"Is it possible? My dear Ormiston, I congratulate you with all my heart!"

"Thank you! After that she left me, and I walked away in such a frenzy of delight that I couldn't have told whether I was treading this earth or the shining shores of the seventh heaven, when suddenly there flew past me a figure all in white—the figure of a bride, Kingsley, pursued by an excited mob. We were both near the river, and the first thing I knew, she was plump into it, with the crowd behind, yelling to stop her, that she was ill of the plague."

"Great Heavens! and was she drowned?"

"No, though it was not her fault. The Earl of Rochester and his page—you remember that page, I fancy—were out in their barge, and the earl picked her up. Then I got a boat, set out after her, claimed her—for I recognized her, of course—brought her ashore, and deposited her safe and sound in her own house. What do you think of that?"

"Ormiston," said Sir Norman, catching him by the shoulder, with a very excited face, "is it true?"

"True as preaching, Kingsley, every word of it! And the most extraordinary part of the business is, that her dip in cold water has effectually cured her of the plague; not a trace of it remains."

Sir Norman dropped his hand and walked on, staring straight before him, perfectly speechless. In fact, no human language in the world could have done justice to his feelings at that precise period; for three different times that night, in three different shapes had he seen this same Leoline, and at the same moment he was watching her decked out in royal state in the ruin. Ormiston had probably been assisting her from her cold bath in the river Thames.

Astonishment and consternation are words altogether too feeble to express his state of mind; but one idea remained clear and bright amid all his mental chaos, and that was, that the Leoline he had fallen in love with dead, was waiting for him, alive and well, in London.

"Well," said Ormiston, "you don't speak! What do you think of all this?"

"Think! I can't think—I've got past that long ago!" replied his friend hopelessly. "Did you really say Leoline was alive and well?"

"And waiting for you—yes, I did, and I repeat it; and the sooner you get back to town, the sooner you will see her; so don't loiter."

"Ormiston, what do you mean? Is it possible I can see her to-night?"

"Yes, it is; the dear creature is waiting for you even now. You see, after we got to the house, and she had consented to become a little rational, mutual explanations ensued, by which it appeared she had ran away from Sir Norman Kingsley in a state of frenzy, had jumped into the river in a similarly excited state of mind and was most anxious to go down on her pretty knees and thank the aforesaid Sir Norman for saving her life. What could any one as gallant as myself do under the circumstances, but to offer to set forth in quest of that gentleman, and she promptly consented to sit up and wait his coming and dismissed me with her blessing. And, Kingsley, I've a private notion she is as deeply affected by you as you are by her: for, when I mentioned your name she blushed, yea verily to the roots of her hair; and when she spoke of you, couldn't so much as look me in the face—which is, you must own, a very bad symptom."

"Nonsense," said Sir Norman, energetically. And had it been daylight his friend would have seen that he blushed almost as extensively as the lady. "She doesn't know me."

"Ah, doesn't she, though? That shows all you know about it! She has seen you go past the window many and many a time; and to see you," said Ormiston, making a grimace under cover of the darkness, "is to love! She told me so herself!"

"What! That she loved me!" said Sir Norman, his notion of propriety to the last degree shocked by such a revelation.

"Not altogether, she only looked that; but she said she knew you well by sight, and by heart, too, as I inferred from her countenance when she said it. There, now, don't make me talk any more for I have told you everything I know, and am about hoarse with my exertions."

"One thing only—did she tell you who she was?"

"No, except that her name was Leoline, and nothing else—which struck me as being slightly improbable. Doubtless, she will tell you everything, and one piece of advice I may venture to give you is, you may propose as soon as you like without fear of rejection. Here we are at the Golden Crown, so go in and get your horse and let us be off."

All this time Ormiston had been leading his own horse by the bridle, and as Sir Norman silently complied with this suggestion, in five minutes more they were in their saddles, and galloping at breakneck speed toward the city. To tell the truth, one was not more inclined for silence than the other, and the profoundest and thoughtfullest silence was maintained till they reached it. One was thinking of Leoline, one of La Masque, and both were badly in love and just at that particular moment very happy. Of course the happiness of people in that state never lasts longer than half an hour at a stretch, and then they are plunged back into misery and distraction; but while it does last it is very intense and delightful indeed.

Our two friends having drained the bitters had got to the bottom of the cup, and neither knew that no sooner were the sweets swallowed than it was replenished with a doubly bitter dose. Neither of them had dismounted until they had reached the house of Leoline, and there Sir Norman secured his horse, and looked up at it with beating heart. Not that it was very unusual for his heart to beat, seeing that it never did anything else; but on that occasion its motion was so much accelerated that any doctor feeling his pulse might easily have set him down as a bad case of heart disease. A small bright ray of light streamed like a beacon of hope from an upper window, and the lover looked at it like a beclouded mariner at the sight of the north star.

"Are you coming in, Ormiston?" he inquired, for the first time in his life almost bashful. "It seems to me it would only be right, you know."

"I don't mind going in and introducing you," said Ormiston; but after you have been delivered over you may fight your own battles and take care of yourself. Come on."

The door was unfastened, and Ormiston sprang up the stairs with the air of a man—quite at home, followed more decorously by Sir Norman. The door of the lady's room stood ajar, as he had left it, and in answer to his "tapping on the chamber door," a sweet feminine voice called "Come in."

Ormiston promptly obeyed, and the next instant they were in the room, and in the presence of the dead bride. Certainly she did not look dead, but very much alive, just then, as she sat in an easy chair drawn up before the dressing table, on which stood the solitary lamp that had illumined the chamber. In one hand she held a small mirror, or, as it was then called, a "sprunkling glass," in which she was contemplating her own beauty, with as much satisfaction as any other girl might justly do. She had changed her drenched dress during Ormiston's absence, and now sat arrayed in a swelling amplitude of rose-colored satin, her dark hair clasped and bound by a circle of milk white pearls, and her pale, beautiful face looking ten degrees more beautiful than ever, in contrast with the bright rose silk, shining dark hair and rich white jewels. She rose up as they entered, and come forward with the same light in her eyes that one of them had seen before, and stood with drooping eyelashes lovely as a vision, in the center of the room.

"You see, I have lost no time in obeying your ladyship's commands," began Ormiston, bowing low. "Mistress Leoline, allow me to present Sir Norman Kingsley."

Sir Norman Kingsley bent almost as profoundly before the lady as the lord high chancellor had done before Queen Miranda; and the lady courtesied in return, until her pink satin skirt ballooned all over the floor. It was quite an affecting tableau. And so Ormiston felt, as he stood eyeing it with preter-natural gravity.

"I owe my life to Sir Norman Kingsley," murmured the faint, sweet voice of the lady, "and could not rest until I thanked him. I have no words to say how deeply thankful and grateful I am."

"Fairest Leoline! one word from such lips would be enough to repay me, had I done a thousandfold more," responded Norman, laying his hand on his heart with another deep genuflection.

"Very pretty indeed!" remarked Ormiston to himself, with a little approving nod; "but I'm afraid they won't be able to keep it up, and go on talking on stilts like that till they have finished. Perhaps they may get on all the better if I take myself off, there being always one too many in a case like this." Then aloud: "Madame, I regret that I am obliged to depart, having a most particular appointment; but, doubtless, my friend will be able to express himself without my assistance, I have the honor to wish you both good-night."

With which neat and appropriate speech, Ormiston bowed himself out, and was gone before Leoline could detain him, even if she wished to do so. Probably, however, she thought the care of one gentleman sufficient responsibility at once; and she did not look very seriously distressed by his departure; and, the moment he disappeared, Sir Norman brightened up wonderfully.

It is very discomposing to make love in the presence of a third party; and Sir Normao had no intention of wasting his time on anything, and went at it immediately. Taking her hand, with a grace that would have beaten Sir Charles Grandison or Lord Chesterfield all to nothing; he led her to a couch, took a seat as near to her as was at all polite or proper, considering the brief nature of their acquaintance. The curtains were drawn; the lamp shed a faint light; the house was still, and there was no intrusive papa to pounce down upon them; the lady was looking down, and seemed in no way haughty or discouraging, and Sir Norman's spirits went up with a jump to boiling point. Yet the lady, with all her pretty bashfulness, was the first to speak.

"I'm afraid, Sir Norman, you must think this a singular time to come here; but, in these dreadful times, we cannot tell if we may live from one moment to another; and I should not like to die, or have you die, without my telling, and your hearing, all my gratitude. For I do assure you, Sir Norman," said the lady, lifting her dark eyes with the prettiest and most bewitching earnestness, "that I am grateful, though I cannot find words to express it."

"Madame, I would not listen to you if you would; for I have done nothing to deserve thanks. I wish I could tell you what I felt when Ormiston told me you were alive and safe."

"You are very kind, but pray do not call me madame. Say Leoline."

"A thousand thanks, dear Leoline!" exclaimed Sir Norman, raising her hand to his lips, and quite beside himself with ecstasy.

"Ah, I did not tell you to say that!" she cried, with a gay laugh and vivid blush. "I never said you were to call me dear."

"It arose from my heart to my lips," said Sir Norman, with thrilling earnestness and fervid glance: "for you are dear to me—dearer than all the world beside!"

The flush grew a deeper glow on the lady's face; but, singular to relate, she did not look the least surprised or displeased; and the hand he had feloniously purloined lay passive and contented in his.

"Sir Norman Kingsley is pleased to jest," said the lady, in a subdued tone, and with her eyes fixed pertinaciously on her shining dress; "for he has never spoken to me before in his life!"

"That has nothing to do with it, Leoline, I love you as devotedly as if I had known you from your birthday; and, strange to say, I feel as if we had been friends for years instead of minutes. I cannot realize at all that you are a stranger to me!"

Leoline laughed.

"Nor I; though, for that matter, you are not a stranger to me, Sir Norman!"

"Am I not? How is that?"

"I have seen you go past so often, you know; and Prudence told me who you were; and so I used—I used—" hesitating and glowing to a degree before which her dress paled.

"Well, dearest," said Sir Norman, getting from the positive to the superlative with a jump, and diminishing the distance between them, "you used to—what?"

"To watch for you!" said Leoline, in a sly whisper. "And so I have got to know you very well!"

"My own darling! And, O Leoline! may I hope—dare I hope—that you do not altogether hate me?"

Leoline looked reflective; though her black eyes were sparkling under their sweeping lashes.

"Why, no," she said, demurely, "I don't know as I do. It's very sinful and improper to hate one's fellow-creatures, you know, Sir Norman, and therefore I don't indulge in it."

"Ah! you are given to piety, I see. In that case, perhaps you are aware of a precept commanding us to love our neighbors. Now, I'm your nearest neighbor at present; so, to keep up a consistent Christian spirit, just be good enough to say that you love me!"

Again Leoline laughed; and this time the bright, dancing eyes beamed in their sparkling darkness full upon him.

"I am afraid your theory is not very sound, my friend, and I have a dislike to extremes. There is a middle course between hating and loving. Suppose I take that?"

"I will have no middle courses—either hating or loving it must be! Leoline! Leoline!" (bending over her) and imprisoning both hands this time) do say you love me!"

"I am a captive in your hands, and must, I suppose. Yes, Sir Norman, I do love you!"

Every man hearing that for the first time from a pair of loved lips is privileged to go mad for a brief season, and to go through certain manœuvers much more delectable to the enjoyers than to society at large. For fully ten minutes after Leoline's last speech, there was profound silence. But actions sometimes speak louder than words; and Leoline was perfectly convinced that her declaration had not fallen on insensible ears. At the end of that period the space between them on the couch had so greatly diminished that the ghost of a zephyr would be crushed to death trying to get between them; and Sir Norman's face was fairly radiant. Leoline herself looked rather beaming; and she suddenly, and without provocation, burst into a merry little peal of laughter.

"Well, for two people who were perfect strangers to each other half an hour ago, I think we have got on remarkably well. What will Mr. Ormiston and Prudence say when they hear of this?"

"They will say what is the truth—that I am the luckiest man in England. O Leoline! I never thought it was in me to love any one as I do you."

"I am very glad to hear it; but I knew it was in me long before I ever dreamed of knowing you. Are you not anxious to know something about the future Lady Kingsley's past history?"

"It will all come in good time; it is not well to have a surfeit of joy in one night."

"I do not know that this will add to your joy; but it had better be told and be done with it, at once and forever. In the first place, I presume, I am an orphan, for I have never known father or mother, and I have never had any other name but Leoline."

"So Ormiston told me."

"My first recollection is that of Prudence; she was my nurse and governess, both in one; and we lived in a cottage by the sea — I don't know where, but a long way from this. When I was about 10 years old we left it and came to London, and lived in a house in Cheapside for five or six years: and then we moved here. And all this time Sir Norman—you will think it strange — I never made any friends or acquaintances, and knew no one but Prudence and an old Italian professor who came to our lodgings in Cheapside every week to give me lessons. It was not because I disliked society, you must know; but Prudence, with all her kindness and goodness—and I believe she truly loves me — has been nothing more or less all my life than my jailer."

She paused to clasp a bit of silver brocade, fastened by a pearl buckle, close around her little waist, and Sir Norman fixed his eyes upon her beautiful face with a powerful glance.

"Knew no one—that is strange, Leoline! Not even the Count L'Estrange?"

"Ah! you know him?" she cried eagerly, lifting her eyes with a bright look; "do—do tell me who he is?"

"Upon my honor, my dear," said Sir Norman, considerably taken aback, "it strikes me you are the person to answer that question. If I don't greatly mistake, somebody told me you were going to marry him."

"Oh, so I was," said Leoline, with the utmost simplicity, "But I don't know him for all that; and more than that, Sir Norman, I do not believe his name is Count L'Estrange any more than mine is."

"Precisely my opinion; but why, in the name of —— no, I'll not swear; but why were you going to marry him, Leoline?"

Leoline half pouted, and shrugged her pretty pink satin shoulders.

"Because I couldn't help it—that's why. He coaxed, and coaxed; and I said no, and no, and no, until I got tired of it. Prudence too, was as bad as he was, until between them I got about distracted and at last consented to marry him to get rid of him."

"My poor, persecuted little darlin! Oh," cried Sir Norman, with a burst of enthusiasm, "how I should admire to have Count L'Estrange here for about ten minutes just now. I would spoil his next wooing for him, or I am mistaken!"

"No, no!" said Leoline, looking rather alarmed; "you must not fight, you know. I shouldn't at all like either of you to get killed. Besides, he has not married me; and so there's no harm done."

Sir Norman seemed rather struck by that view of the case, and after a few minutes' reflection on it, came to the conclusion that she knew best and settled down peaceably again.

"Why do you suppose his name is not Count L'Estrange?" he asked.

"For many reasons. First — he is disguised; wears false whiskers, mustache, and wig, and even the voice he uses appears assumed. Then Prudence seemed in the greatest awe of him, and she is not one to be easily awed. I never knew her to be in the slightest degree intimidated by any human being but himself and that mysterious woman, La Masque."

"Ah! you know La Masque, then?"

"Not personally; but I have seen her as I did you, you remember," with an arch glance; "and like you, being once seen, is not to be forgotten."

Sir Norman promptly paid her for the compliment in Cupid's own coin:

"Little flatterer! I can almost forgive Count L'Estrange for wanting to marry you; for I presume he is only a man, and not quite equal to impossibilities. How long is it since you knew him first?"

"Not two months. My courtships," said Leoline, with a gay laugh, "seem destined to be of the shortest. He saw me one evening in the window, and immediately insisted on being admitted; and after that he continued coming until I had to promise, as I have told you, to be Countess L'Estrange."

"He cannot be much of a gentleman, or he would not attempt to force a lady against her will. And so, when you were dressed for your bridal, you found you had the plague?"

"Yes, Sir Norman; and horrible as that was I do assure you I almost preferred it to marrying him."

"Leoline, tell me how long it is since you've known me?"

"Nearly three months," said Leoline, blushing again celestial rosy red.

"And how long have you loved me?"

"Nonsense. What a question! I shall not tell you."

"You shall—you must—I insist upon it. Did you love me before you met the count? Out with it."

"Well, then—yes!" cried Leoline, desperately.

Sir Norman raised the hand he held in rapture to his lips.

"My darling! But I must reserve my raptures, for it is growing late, and I know you want to go to rest. I have a thousand things to tell you, but they must wait for daylight; only I will promise before parting, that this is the last night you must spend here."

Leoline opened her bright eyes very wide.

"To-morrow morning," went on Sir Norman, impressively, and with dignity, "you will be up and dressed by sunrise, and shortly after that radiant period, I will make my appearance with two horses—one of which I shall ride, and the other I shall lead; the one I lead you shall mount, and we shall ride to the nearest church, and be married without any pomp or pageant; and then Sir Norman and Lady Kingsley will immediately leave London, and in Kingsley Castle, Devonshire, will enjoy the honeymoon and blissful repose till the plague is over. Do you understand that?"

"Perfectly," she answered, with a radiant face.

"And agree to it?"

"You know I do, Sir Norman; only—"

"Well, my pet, only what?"

"Sir Norman, I should like to see Prudence. I want Prudence. How can I leave her behind?"

"My dear child, she made nothing of leaving you when she thought you were dying; so never mind Prudence, but say, will you be ready?"

"I will."

"That is my good little Leoline. Now give me a kiss, Lady Kingsley, and good-night."

Lady Kingsley dutifully obeyed; and Sir Norman went out with a glow at his heart, like a halo round a full moon.

CHAPTER X.

The night was intensely dark when Sir Norman got into it once more; and to any one else would have been intensely dismal, but to Sir Norman all was bright as the fair hills of Beulah. When all is brightness within there is no darkness without; and just at that moment our young knight had got into one of those green and golden glimpses of sunshine that here and there checker life's rather dark pathway, and with Leoline beside him would have thought the dreary shores of the Dead Sea itself a very paradise.

It was now near midnight, and there was an unusual concourse of people in the streets, waiting for St. Paul's to give the signal to light the fires. He looked round for Ormiston; but Ormiston was nowhere to be seen—horse and rider had disappeared. His own horse stood tethered where he had left him. Anxious as he was to ride back to the ruin, and see the play played out, he could not resist the temptation of tingering a brief period in the city, to behold the grand spectacle of the myriad fires. Many persons were hurrying towards St. Paul's to witness it from the dome; and consigning his horse to the care of the sentinel on guard at the house opposite he joined them and was soon striding along at a tremendous pace towards the great cathedral. Ere he reached it is long-tongued clock struck 12, and all the churches, one after the other, took up the sound, and the witching hour of midnight rang from end to end of London town. As if by magic, a thousand forked tongues of fire shot up at once into the blind, black night, turning almost in an instant the darkened face of the heavens to an inflamed, glowing red. Great fires were blazing round the cathedral when they reached it, but no one stopped to notice them, but hurried on the faster to gain their point of observation.

Sir Norman just glanced at the magnificent pile—for the old St. Paul's was even more magnificent than the new—and then followed after the rest, through many a gallery, tower, and spiral staircase, till the dome was reached. And there was a grand and mighty spectacle before him—the whole of London swaying and heaving in one great sea of fire. From one end to the other the city seemed wrapped in sheets of flame, and every street, and lane, and alley within it shone in a lurid radiance far brighter than noonday. All along the river fires were gleaming, too; and the whole sky had turned from black to blood red crimson. The streets were alive and swarming—it could scarcely be believed that the plague-infested city contained half so many people, and all were unusually hopeful and animated; for it was popularly believed that these fires would effectually check the pestilence. But the angry fiat of a Mighty Judge had gone forth, and the tremendous arm of the destroying angel was not to be stopped by the puny hand of man.

It had been said the weather for weeks was unusual,y brilliant days of cloudless sunshine, nights of cloudless moonlight, and the air was warm and sultry enough for the month of August in the tropics. But now, while they looked, a vivid flash of lightning, from what quarter of the heavens no man knew, shot athwart the sky, followed by another and another, quick, sharp and blinding, then one great drop of rain fell like molten lead on the pavement. Then a second and a third—quicker, and faster, and thicker, until down it rushed in a perfect deluge. It did not wait to rain; it fell in floods—in great, slanting sheets of water, as if the very flood-gates of heaven had opened for a second deluge. No one ever remembered to have seen such torrents fall, and the populace fled before it in wildest dismay. In five minutes every fire, from one extremity of London to the other, was quenched in the very blackness of darkness, and on that night the deepest gloom and terror reigned throughout the city. It was clear the hand of an avenging diety was in this, and he who had rained down fire on Sodom and Gomorrah had not lost his might. In fifteen minutes the terrific flood was over; the dismal clouds cleared away, a pale, fair, silver moon shone serenely out and looked down on the black, charred heapes of ashes strewn through the streets of London. One by one the stars that all night had been obscured glanced and sparkled over the town. Everybody had quitted the dome in terror and consternation; and now Sir Norman, who had been lost in awe, suddenly bethought him of his ride to the ruin, and hastened to follow their example. Walking rapidly, not to say recklessly, he abruptly knocked against some one sauntering leisurely before him, and nearly pitched headlong on the pavement. Recovering his center of gravity by a violent effort, he turned to see the cause of the collision, and found himself accosted by a musical and foreign-accented voice.

"Pardon," said the sweet, and rather feminine tones; "it was quite an accident, I assure you, monsieur, I had no idea I was in anybody's way."

Sir Norman looked at the voice, or rather in the direction whence it came, and found it proceeded from a lad in gay livery, whose clear, colorless face, dark eyes and exquisite features were by no means unknown. The boy seemed to recognize him at the same moment, and slightly touched his gay cap.

"Ah, it is Sir Norman Kingsley! Just the person, but one, in the world that I wanted most to see."

"Indeed! And pray, whom have I the honor of addressing?" inquired Sir Norman, deeply edified by the cold familiarity of the accoster.

"They call me Hubert—for want of a better name, I suppose," said the lad, easily. "And, may I ask, Sir Norman, if you are shod with seven-league boots, or if your errand is one of life and death, that you stride along at such a terrific rate?"

"And what is that to you?" asked Sir Norman, indignant at his free-and-easy impudence.

"Nothing, only I should like to keep up with you, if my legs were long enough; and as they're not, and as company is not so easy to be had in these forlorn streets, I should feel obliged to you if you would just slacken your pace a trifle and take me in tow."

The boy's face in the moonlight, in everything but expression, was exactly like that of Leoline, to which softening circumstances may be attributed Sir Norman's yielding to the request, and allowing the page to keep alongside.

"I've met you once before to-night?" inquired Sir Norman, after a prolonged and wondering stare at him.

"Yes, I have a faint recollection of seeing you and Mr. Ormiston on London Bridge, a few hours ago, and, by the way, perhaps I may mention I am now in search of that same Mr. Ormiston."

"You are? And what may you want of him, pray?"

"Just a little information of a private character—perhaps you can direct me to his whereabouts?'

"Should be happy to oblige you, my dear boy, but, unfortunately, I cannot. I want to see him, myself, if I could only find anyone good enough to direct me to him. Is your business pressing?"

"Very—there is a lady in the case; and such business, you are aware, is always pressing. Probably you have heard of her—a youthful angel, in virgin white, who took a notion to jump into the Thames not a great while ago."

"Ah!" said Sir Norman, with a start that did not escape the quick eyes of the boy. "And what do you want of her?"

The page glanced at him.

"Perhaps you know her yourself, Sir Norman? If so, you will answer quite as well as your friend, as I only want to know where she lives."

"I have been out of town to-night," said Sir Norman, evasively, "and there may have been more ladies than one jump into the Thames during my absence. Pray, describe your angel in white."

(To be continued.) 1442.

A CRITIC CAUGHT.

His Opinion Was Candid, but Not Quite Correct.

"This is the third time that I have called," said the budding playwright to one of those professional critics who make suggestions, whip things into shape, praise, condemn, talk knowingly and charge exorbitantly for their alleged services. "It took you a good deal less time to decide that two of my former efforts were 'callow' and inadequate. What's the matter now?"

"I've given this latest play from your pen a great deal of patient and critical thought," in a stilted and pompous tone. "It bears many evidences of genius and is full of promise. But it is crude, my dear boy—at certain points alarmingly crude, don't you know. It is what I might term your architectural work that is deficient. You are prolific in beautiful and original ideas, but you don't put them together well, understand. You lack continuity and construction, so to speak. But don't be discouraged, my dear boy. Here is the manuscript. Work it over. You have the parts. Work out the harmonious whole."

Then the budding playwright took the manuscript. He untied the pink knot and muttered as to himself, "Full of promise," "Alarmingly crude," "Beautiful ideas," "Lack of continuity," "Brilliant career," and then a roar of anger as he spread the sheets before the astounded critic. Not a word had been written on them. The roll was blank paper, and the critic was trapped beyond the hope of escape. "I have caught you!" shouted the playwright. "I have had my comedy. Now for tragedy." There were a crash of glass, a shriek and a critic flying through the air. A minute later he emerged from a snowbank unhurt and "stood off" the broom boy who brushed him at the nearest barber shop.

His Will Versus Her Way.

Aged Husband (after a domestic storm)—Well, you can do as you please about going to this ball, but if you go I shall call on my lawyer in the morning and alter my will.

Young Wife—Oh, no, you won't! You seem to forget that when I married you I absorbed all the will power in the firm.

Kinsfolk We Miss.

"See that man over on the corner? Just now he rushed up to me and claimed to be my cousin."

"Was he?"

"No; he disowned me because I would not lend him $10."

His Winning Ways.

Fuller—What do you kick at everything for when you strike a restaurant? It makes me nervous.

Gradley—Impoliteness pays. The wheel that squeaks the most gets oiled the oftenest.

Quite the Reverse.

He—You don't seem to care even if I do love you devotedly.

She—Why should I? You also love a good cigar. Is that any reason for the cigar to congratulate itself upon your affection?

Mr. Asbury Peppers.

"By the way," asked the supercilious boarder, "which vein is supposed to be the vein of humor?"

"I think," said Asbury Peppers, "that it is the jocular vein.'

Not That Kind.

Jaffier Jenkins—'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange! A senator has had a ham named after him.

Romeo Scruggs—Legitimate or vaudeville?—

Logical.

She—Why do they call a battleship "she," do you suppose?

He—I suppose because there are so many arms about her.

He Can Afford to Like It.

"Well, how do you like the cold weather?"

"Fine! I expect to start for Florida next week."

EPIGRAMS OF BATTLE.

HAPPY THOUGHTS OF WARRIORS.

An epigram is so generally the outcome of a careful studied neatness and nice refinement of expression that one could scarcely expect to find it in connection with the stress and confusion of the battlefield. Yet it is a curious fact that a considerable number of vivid phrases and memorable utterances, such as may fairly be grouped under the generic term epigram, have had their origin amid the rush of war. It must be admitted that some of these are apocryphal, and have, perhaps, been manufactured after the event.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS."

The famous signal at Trafalgar. Its popular form is "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." There is still some controversy upon the point, but it is certain that these are not the precise words used. They have, in fact, been expanded to meet the metrical exigencies of Braham's song. No matter; it is enough to know that the kernel is there. This was a spontaneous epigram, but it has achieved immortality. It has grown into a national watchword, not merely because of its association with a great and a splendid victory, but also because it embodies a sermon on conduct and patriotism in terms so pithy and so pointed that no professional rhetorician could have bettered them.

TRIUMPHANT—PATHETIC.

There is a proud ring of triumph in Commodore Perry's despatch to his Government after the capture of the British flotilla on Lake Erie:—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours." Intensely pathetic, on the other hand, are the dying words of Captain Lawrence, on board the Chesapeake, spoken at the very moment when his flag was being hauled down to the Shannon. Yet, "Don't give up the ship" would make a noble motto for the Navy of the United States. Perry's message reads almost like an echo of the "Veni, Vidi, Vici," of Julius Cæsar; but both are eclipsed by the single cunning word, "Peccavi," in which Sir Charles Napier announced the conquest of Scinde.

TRADITIONS OF WATERLOO.

Amongst those sayings of more than doubtful authenticity which it seems impossible to dislodge from popular favour one stands prominent on either side in the traditions of Waterloo. Cambronne's mythical reply, "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders," stands balanced by the equally imaginary order attributed to Wellington of "Up Guards and at 'em." Yet both are so good and so nationally characteristic as to make it a pity that they are not true.

PHRASES THAT LIVE.

General Grant's reply to the remonstrances respecting the prolonged campaign before Richmond, "I mean to fight it out on this line if it takes all the summer" has been adopted by his countrymen and embedded in their speech as the typical expression of dogged, uncompromising persistence. For neatness and vigour it compares unfavourably with the somewhat similar message of MacMahon when asked to retire from the Malakoff, "J'y suis, J'y reste." And this too, has been incorporated as a current aphorism into the language of the user. Grant's companion in arms, Sherman, originated a phrase which rather curiously has been pressed into the service of religion, and his brief words of encouragement to his beleaguered comrades, "Hold the fort; I'm coming," have now an assured permanence as the refrain of one of the most popular hymns of the English-speaking race.

THE ODOUR OF MIDNIGHT OIL.

But battle epigrams, even when genuine, are not invariably unpremeditated. There is a suspicion of self-consciousness about Francis the First's letter after Pavia, "All is lost except honour." Yet perhaps it were more charitable to regard it as a real impromptu bearing the educated Frenchman's happy turn of expression. There is, however, an unmistakable odour of the lamp in the address of Napoleon to his army before the battle with the Mamelukes: "From the summits of yonder pyramids twenty centuries look down upon you." Still, the words deserve to be remembered as a striking summary of a highly dramatic situation. Usually the rallying cry in battle has been the name of some single leader or patron saint, but some times it took a more special and defined significance. Eminently effective and appropriate was that of the charging Huguenots at Ivry, when "Remember St. Bartholomew" was passed from man to man—a politico-religious harangue in three words.

LAST WORDS BEFORE BATTLE.

Sir John Astley's prayer in front of his troops at Naseby is, in its way, incomparable: "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be on this day. If I forget Thee, yet do not Thou forget me. March on, boys." In remarkable contrast, and typical, it may be, not less of the age than of the man, are the dare-devil words of the leader of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, "Here goes the last of the Cardigans." The observation recorded of Nelson at the commencement of the battle of the Nile, "A peerage or Westminster Abbey," has become historical like everything else of his. It is characteristic that he never contemplated even the possibility of defeat. Victory was to be inevitable, and the only alternatives were whether his own recompense should be a coronet or a tomb.

POTENT STILL.

William the Third's words to the French Protestant refugees at the Boyne still live in the lines of an Orange song:—

"God will be your King to-day
And I'll be general under."

Spoken to alien co-religionists fighting for the faith under a foreign flag, they were just of a kind to stimulate, and, of course, they accomplished their object. The Derry Apprentice Boys' defiance of Lundy was summed up in two words—"No surrender." Their effect was electric, and throughout Ulster, after two centuries, they remain to-day as potent as ever.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST.

There is something infinitely touching in the last exclamation of Sarsfield, as he watched his life-blood trickling away on the field of Landen, "Oh, that this was for Ireland." Few utterances of the kind have been marked by such quenchless patriotism, or invested with such pathos. It is worthy to rank in its lofty unselfishness with the better known incident at Zutphen, when Sir Philip

(All Rights Reserved.)

MY LADY'S SIN,

OR

THE WICKED PLOT THAT FAILED.

By

The Author of "The Exchanged Will," "The Secret of the Grace Cup," "Counterfeit Claimants," Etc., Etc.

PART 13.

"Marry Nina!" she echoed. "Why you know she has been engaged to Norman Devereux for a long time! More than that, she loves him! My son, you will find it much easier to destroy Nina than to marry her."

"Nina Beauchamp will marry me," Dr. Allingham said, "or she will"—

The deadly menace trembling on his lips was startlingly checked.

Before them stood Nina, partly shrouded among the hangings she still unconsciously grasped, and erect and motionless as a piece of marble.

Dr. Allingham was the first to recover himself.

"My sweet Nina! My beautiful darling!" he said. "Banish your fears, my love. Trust yourself to me without a doubt, for not a hair of your head shall be harmed!"

He got no further.

Mrs. Allingham was the one to anticipate what followed.

"Beware Berthold! Beware!" she cried.

It was a useless warning. Indeed, its very utterance precipitated the event she feared.

Almost as the words left her lips, Nina, with a lightning-like movement darted backwards, the friendly curtains falling together in a blood-red screen behind her.

Dr. Allingham stopped short in his impetuous advance, gazing at the folds of the curtain in sudden mortification. Under its spur he cried, quickly:

"Gone, and without so much as a word"—

"Fool!" burst out Mrs. Allingham "She has fled! The gates are open! Follow her while I try to head her off from the rotunda!"

With these words she pushed him towards the curtains, and flew to the door at the extreme end of the room

Those moments were precious to Nina.

She flew across the drawing room, dashed into the reception room, and thence to the echoing corridor which she had traversed with such different feelings so short a time before.

She reached the rotunda.

There a solitary servant was busy polishing the great brass lamps.

She never saw him. She only saw the open door, and the open gates without.

In an instant she has passed both.

The man, a strewd fellow (and only shrewd fellows were employed at the castle) dropped his leather, and started after her.

But the sound of his mistress's voice at one door, and his master's ringing voice along the corridor, brought him to an undecided stop.

"Did you see her!" panted Mrs. Allingham, pale to the lips. "Miss Beauchamp! Did she pass through here?"

"She did, mistress."

"Follow! Bring her back!" said Mrs. Allingham.

Again the man started for the door. Again he was stopped.

"Hold! Stay where you are!" thundered young Allingham, bounding into the rotunda, and spinning the fellow back with the case with which he would have turned a top.

The man, good-naturedly, shook himself straight in his garments again, and looked irresolutely at Mrs. Allingham again.

She was still ashy white, but there was an open pride in her blazing eyes now.

As Dr. Allingham disappeared, she answered the man's look.

Your master will need no help when he is like that, Bernard!" she smiled. "But," she continued rapidly, "follow him with the quietest horse and the easiest carriage."

Dr. Allingham's first flaming glance as he dashed through the gateway, caught a fluttering glimpse of Nina's white dress curving to the right from the tower gates.

It was only a glimpse. In a moment it was lost amid the sinuous windings of the steep, shaded descent that led to the little plateau below.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Dr. Allingham's deep blue eyes flamed with a new lustre. He swept on like a resistless whirlwind. Step by step he advanced nearer to the fleeing girl. Nina, turning her white face over her shoulder cast one despairing glance backward. Only too well she recognised the tall pursuer.

"Heaven help me!" she thougnt, "my strength is failing! Death would be preferable to falling into his hands! But I may not take the life Heaven"—

The thought ended in a low cry of thankfulness. On the little, wooded plateau, to which she had nearly descended, she all at once descried a rude cottage.

"The toy-maker's!" she gasped, recalling Mrs. Allingham's answer to a question which the lonely habitation had drawn from Dr. Jeffries the previous evening.

Inspired with fresh hope and courage her feet bore her swiftly towards the haven.

As she neared the cottage her flagging strength was plainly evidenced in her reeling steps and diminished speed.

Dr. Allingham watched her with a maddening anxiety.

"She will kill herself!" he thought. "I shall lose her after all Ten thousand curses on Lady Beauchamp and her cursed pellets."

Almost as the thought framed itself in his mind, Nina pulled open the rough gate leading to the toy-maker's humble home.

A moment more and she had flown across the porch and tottered into the room.

At the sight of the girl the artisan dropped his tools, rose hastily, and exclaimed in Gernian:

"Ah! What is this! What is this!"

"Oh, save me—save me!" cried Nina, flinging herself at his feet. "They are poisoning me! They are plot"—

The words died on her lips in a frantic scream.

The rush of feet, the loud bang of the gate told her her pursuer was at hand.

In the extremity of her terror she clasped the toy-maker's knees with the desperate clutch of the drowning

"Oh, save me from him! Pity me! Protect me!" she stricked, turning a swift, shuddering glance backward to the door.

As the wild appeal broke from her lips the doctor bounded into the room and to her side, and bent over her in a glow of passionate tenderness.

"My poor Nina! My darling girl my love!" he cried, his voice tremulous in its caressing fervour.

The words completed the girl's terror.

As her shuddering gaze met his, she uttered a low, moaning cry, and the next moment fainted at his feet

The toy-maker warned by her relaxing grasp, hastily extended his arms, but young Allingham had caught her, and lifted her to his breast.

"Water, Rudolph! water!" he shouted imperiously, bearing his insensible burden to a rude, cushioned settle against the wall. "Water! wine! brandy!—anything you have—and be quick!"

The toy-maker soon returned with a bowl of water and a bottle of Rhenish wine.

Taking a cup from his pocket Allingham hastily poured a spoonful of the wine into it, and gently raising Nina's head pressed the cup to her lips as she opened her eyes.

Too weak to resist, the girl sipped the contents and again sank back to her former position.

"Rudolph," said Allingham, "you must go to the castle. It won't do for me to leave the lady; and a carriage—— He stopped short, the air of hesitating doubt with which the man was looking at him all at once called up the recollection of Nina's accusation.

A half scornful, half angry smile, curled his lips.

"You idiot!" he exclaimed, "you are thinking of what she said. You can banish her words from your mind. She is insane. More than that, she is my patient and my betrothed wife. And Heaven grant she may be spared to me!"

These last words were spoken with such a depth and fervour that Rudolph's last doubt vanished.

"The master loves her," he said to himself. "It's all right. And true enough she looked as crazy as reed be, poor, pretty thing!"

This conclusion had scarcely been reached when a shuddering sigh from Nina broke upon their ears.

Allingham at once hastened to her side.

She still lay as he had left her, her eyes closed, and her face deathly pale.

"I wish," he thought, uneasily, "I could move her now before she is able to say more. Rudolph is too shrewd, and far too honest to"—

The anxious thought was suddenly lost in a smothered ejaculation. His quick ear had caught the beat of hoofs on the distant road.

He cast a glance at the doorway, and then another at Nina, and then he bounded lightly into the yard.

The sight of Rudolph's short sturdy figure was enough.

The man was running at full speed across the plateau, shouting and gesticulating as he went.

With a satisfied smile, the doctor ran back into the room.

"I'll get her out of this," he said to himself. "The colour—or such colour as she ever had, poor darling—is coming back to her face, and I won't risk her sweet voice against me. The sooner she is safe at the castle the better."

With that thought he stooped and gently took her in his arms.

At his first touch the girl's eyes flew wide open, wild and full upon his.

CHAPTER XXVIII

It was but a momentary look that Nina fixed upon her persecutor.

The horror of realizing herself his captive proved too much for her feeble remnant of strength, and without a struggle she again dropped into unconsciousness.

"Better so!" murmured young Allingham, bending down and pressing his lips against the lovely bronze hair. "Better so! Silent lips are safe lips. But she must be cared for quickly. I do not like these swoons"

Dr. Allingham hurried his light burden across the garden path and in a moment more was rapidly making his way towards the approaching carriage.

As the little gate crashed to behind him, a bent, decrepid man, probably eighty years of age, stepped from a tall, corner cupboard, and after a moment's hesitation, stole with a surprisingly quick step to a wide casement commanding a view of the scene enacting below.

Silent and motionless he stood there regarding it till the hasty arrangements for Nina's comfort were completed, and the carriage driven off.

His gaze then turned upon the returning Rudolph.

It was an earnest, questioning look as though reading, or striving to read, the secret of the man's thoughts.

"Is all as it should be, Rudolph?" he questioned.

"She is mad, sir, and his patient and sweetheart."

"Ah!"

There was a world of doubt, fear, and anxiety in that simple ejaculation.

Rudolph read the tone, and cried out cheerfully, once more resuming his seat at his work-table.

"Never fear, sir. It is all right, I promise you. I saw him, remember. He loves her as he loves his eyes, and no wonder. She's a beauty in spite of her wild looks."

The old man sat down without reply. His chin dropped to his breast He neither spoke nor moved, but sat with his eyes fastened upon the floor The toy-maker now and then looked at him, but silently pursued his work, with the air of one not unaccustomed to such moods.

Meanwhile Nina was driven rapidly to the castle.

Mrs. Allingham received them at the gates, where she had anxiously stood watching the road from the moment of her command to Bernard

She led the way into the entrance gate with feelings she had no intention of betraying.

But at the sight of Nina's pallid face, as the doctor tenderly lifted her down from the cushion, she forgot her caution, and cried in quick, smothered tones:

"Berthold! Is she dead?"

Dr. Allingham's eyes blazed upon her in a passion too deep for words.

Look and tone had said as plainly as look and tone could say, "I hope she is dead!"

Replying with a stern negative motion of his head, he strode into the rotunda.

Brigitta was there ready to receive her charge.

"Lead on!" sternly commanded the doctor.

The placid satisfaction of the woman's countenance changed as if by magic. Grave and frightened, she hastily obeyed.

The doctor sternly followed, Mrs. Allingham, pale and anxious, close behind him.

Arrived at Nina's chamber he placed the girl tenderly on the bed. He then paused to feel her pulse and then wheeled fiercely round to Brigitta. Seizing her roughly by the shoulder he pointed to Nina.

"Listen!" he panted, hoarsely. "I love her! I mean to marry her! Harm one hair of her head, utter one harsh or disrespectful word, and you will wish yourself fathoms deep in the sea! You know me! See that you obey me!"

He then turned to his mother, and firmly but courteously taking her by the arm, led her to the door, saying

"Brigatta is capable. She knows what to do and how to do it, and it is better that the poor child should not open her eyes on either of us. Besides I wish to talk with you."

As they passed into the corridor, he suddenly paused, with his hand on the door, and looked back at Brigitta.

"In less than five minutes I shall bring the necessary restoratives," he said, rapidly. "In the meanwhile get her to bed without delay."

With these words he cast an impassioned glance upon Nina and closed the door.

Addressing a hasty apology to his mother, he dashed past her and down to his study for the promised restoratives.

By no means sorry to be relieved of his companionship for a while, Mrs. Allingham pursued her way to the drawing room.

There Dr. Allingham a little later found her.

Mrs. Allingham received him in silence. Her eyes fastened solicitously upon his white, agitated face, she waited to hear what he had to say.

Flinging himself into a chair close to her own, he began harshly and abruptly, with a straightforward declaration.

"The best and indeed the only way to preserve our unity is to make it clear to your mind that my plot is eminently worthy of your full and earnest commendation—that it is one which wholly and solely considers our advantage, to the complete exclusion of Lady Beauchamp."

"Ah!" involuntarily said Mrs. Allingham.

"Lastly," pursued the doctor—"lastly, it is a plot deep as the sea and capable of being successfully developed down to the minutest particular."

He paused with darkening brow. Mrs. Allingham leaned towards him with breathless interest. He harshly resumed:

"I am determined on this thing. Not all the powers of Hades combined shall stop me"— He suddenly checked himself, and then continued in lowered tones, "But one thing could stop me—the power of hate! It is said that love can turn to hate. How can I be sure that she may not drive me to that by her"—

Again he paused, and Mrs. Allingham, shaking off his grasp, cried:

"The plot—the plot! Give me the plot!"

"Ah!" So I have interested you in the plot. Good! You shall have it!"

He paused, drew his chair a little closer to hers, and began.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Dr. Allingham outlined his plot in a dozen rapid words.

He then proceeded to details, giving them with the particularity their importance demanded.

Mrs. Allingham listened with rapt attention to the end. The end reached the two sat looking at each other in a silence far more expressive than words.

Young Allingham broke it.

"Well?" he said, his interrogative tone full of triumph.

"What do I think?" cried Mrs. Allingham breathlessly. "I think it a plot which only the genius of my son could conceive—a plot which only the genius of my son could develop—and a plot which the genius of my son will certainly bring to a glorious end! That is what I think Now, when do you set Franz to work?"

"This hour—this instant!" cried the doctor, bounding to his feet.

While the master and mistress of the castle were thus evilly deciding Nina's future, Nina herself was slowly recovering her strength in the haunted chamber.

Her eyes had opened on Brigitta's face with a vague wonder, quickly succeeded by a full and vivid recollection of the horrors of her position

Giving her no time to speak, Brigitta proceeded to administer the drops duly provided by Dr. Allingham.

The girl's first impulse was to refuse to take them. On second thoughts, however, remembering the doctor's determination to save her life she put a question to the woman.

"Where did you get that?" she whispered faintly, pointing to the bottle.

Brigitta told her, and in a voice so markedly soft and depreciating that the girl was seized with a new terror.

The woman had always been respectful, but this gentleness—born of the doctor's timely threats—was something entirely foreign to her ordinary manner, and therefore cause for wild suspicions to Nina.

Brigitta, observing the girl's evident fear and hesitation, said in the same, soft way:

"The master told me to call him, miss, if you refused to take the medicine."

As the doctor had foreseen in leaving that message, it had instant effect.

Nina swallowed the drops with almost eager haste. The dread of Dr. Allingham was more terrible than the dread of the woman's treachery.

(To be continued.) 1442.

HIS WAIT.

The vicar, curate, and churchwardens were in one of the vestries of their church. The matter under discussion was the selection of a new sexton. After they had interviewed a candidate they asked him to step outside.

Thinking the man might go away, the vicar told the curate to ask him to wait.

The young clergyman went to the door, and called out:

"Mr. C——, wait, please."

"Beg pardon," said the candidate.

"Wait, please," repeated the curate.

"Eleven stone six," replied the man, quickly.

Fully 4,000 student's duels are fought every year in the German Empire.

ADVENTURE WITH A SNAPPING TURTLE.

A grim story is told in the "New York Times" of the snapping turtle. When this creature once lays hold it resolutely declines to let go, and cutting off his head has comparatively little effect on his resolution.

The narrator of the turtle story describes how he caught the brute, and how, when he had got it into his boat, it pursued him!—"I simply retreated to the bow. The turtle followed me, and jumping over him I took up a position in the stern. My prize catch turned and closed in on me there, and I was forced to jump over him again and seek the bow. I cannot imagine an uglier-looking customer than that snapping turtle.

"His eyes fairly glared as he came towards me, his enormous shell supported on four wrinkled, powerful black legs, fully six inches long.

"As he advanced he would draw his head back in the cavernous shell and then shot it out to the full extent with a noise that sounded like the loud cracking of a coach-whip.

"The fierce beast, or fish, or reptile, or all three combined, would not give me a second's rest, but kept me dancing back and forth in that rickety boat until I made up my mind that unless succour came I must soon drop from exhaustion and fall a victom to my trophy.

"I began to yell lustily for help, and after awhile saw a farmer's wife who was the only person at home, come down to the lake's side. She rowed to the rescue, got into my boat, proposing to smash the creature with a big stone that did duty for an anchor; but in hauling it up the stone slipped out. However she drew the rope from the water, and, turning quickly, struck with it at the turtle's head.

"Like a flash the monster caught it in his jaws, and they closed upon it with a snap. 'There,' said the farmer's wife, 'that critter won't be no more trouble, 'cause he'll never let his jaws off that rope till he dies.'

"We had no difficulty in getting the captive out of the boat, for he seemed satisfied in having vented his rage on the rope, which he still held tightly in his jaws. My rescuer proceeded at once to chop the turtle's head off with an axe.

"The next morning the head was still as full of life as it was when on the body. The rope was still between the jaws, and when anyone approached it the eyes would turn and glare as savage as ever. I carried that head away with the rope still secure in the jaws, and not until 48 hours afterwards did the jaws relax and the head cease to give signs of life. The turtle weighed 48lbs, the head itself weighing almost a quarter as much as the body.

THE ART OF BREATHING.

Normal, unconscious breathing sustains life, but it does not thoroughly expand the lungs nor oxygenate the blood.

The lungs need to be bathed in air, as does the body in water. To do this requires intelligence, forethought, and a conscious act.

Deep, voluntary, systematic breathing materially strengthens weak lungs and protects the strong. Quick and deep inspirations of fresh air warm the blood when chilled by standing in the open air. Inhale always through the nostrils, so that the air may be warmed in its passage and any impurities arrested. Contagious diseases are rare among those who breathe through their nostrils.

Many of us use only the upper half of the lungs when breathing. Sometimes this arises from want of thought upon the subject, sometimes from restricted clothing which renders deep inspiration impossible.

To increase the lung power is to increase the life power! Deep breathing strengthens the entire muscular system. A full, slow inspiration of fresh air which penetrates the remote lung cells, and is held as long as possible, then exhaled slowly through the parted lips, builds up cells that have partially contracted through lack of use; it not only increases lung capacity, and enriches the blood, dispelling disfiguring humours, but has a decidedly beneficial effect upon the throat and vocal organs.

Deep, systematic breathing exercises will frequently break up a cold when practiced in its incipient stage, and often alleviate a headache.

A PLANT WITH A HISTORY.

GROWN FROM A SEED OVER 1,000 YEARS OLD.

Mr. John Noton exhibited a plant grown by a gentleman in Lurgan College, Belfast, with a curious history. It was grown from a seed taken from an Egyptian tomb, and it is stated to be not less than 1,200 years old.

About 15 years ogo, Mr. Noton explained, Professor Flinders Petrie found in the Fayume district of Egypt, a fertile tract of country in the ancient days, a number of mummies in their cases. Some of their cloths were sent in their cases to Rivers Vale, near Ashton, where a number of Egyptologists were accustomed to meet.

Seeds resembling small peas were found amongst the cloths, and one of the party presented them to Mr. Noton, and his friend in Belfast planted it.

The tombs from which the seed came belonged to Coptic times of from the second to the seventh century, so that the seeds must have been from 1,200 to 1,700 years old.

AN APPROPRIATE QUOTATION.

At a recent theological examination, several students were candidates for orders. Among them was a noted dunce. The examiners, who were four in all, sat at the table, and the students had to go up separately and quote a passage of the Scriptures. When the dunce's turn came he was floored, whereupon one of the examiners said:

"Well! we shall give you one minute, and if you cannot answer then we shall have to fail you."

There was a dead silence, when suddenly, as if by inspiration the candidate exclaimed:

"And round him sat four great beasts."

Collapse of examiners.

Swimming on the back in sea water says a doctor, is the most beneficial form of bathing. Swimming on the side is at times injurious to the muscels of the abdomen.

(Copyright.)

ON THE ROYAL BLUE.

BY L. M'MULLEN.

As the Royal Blue drew out from Mount Royal Station, Miss Kathleen Brian settled herself comfortably, and wondered if her trip North was to be made alone. Then fate led into the car Dick Johnson, who, catching sight of Miss Brian's red-gold hair, and lovely profile, would fain have sung for joy. What luck! Bowing low, he asked permission to sit beside her.

Yes, she was going to New York. She might go to Philadelia later in the season, but now everybody she knew was out of town. They chatted of the season's gaeties, past and future. She laughed at his description of the gown she wore the night they met first, and he enjoyed being laughed at. Time passed swiftly and pleasantly. Before either was aware the train was slowing up in Philadelphia. Conversation stopped while they watched their fellow-passengers filing out. A little dark man elbowed his way through the crowd at the door and looked keenly round. The glint of red-gold hair caught his twinkling eyes, which at once became mere pin points. He advanced, and without hesitation, demanded; "Ain't you Miss Brian?"

"Yes," she answered, wonderingly

"I thought you wouldn't try to fool me," said the little man. "I'm Detective Parks, and your pa telegraphed me to see that you didn't get any farther than Philadelphia. He didn't say what your young man was to do, but I guess if he got this far he can look out for himself. We ain't got too much time so you may as well get off the train."

Miss Brian's astonishment did not admit of speech, but Johnson rose to the occasion. "You have made a mistake," he said; "so there's no good annoying this young lady. You had best look elsewhere."

But Parks was quite undisturbed. "Your name's Johnson, ain't it?" he asked. This being the common interpretation of it, Johnston answered quite readily: "Yes."

"I knew it," said Parks shutting one eye, knowingly, "and you'd like to marry this young lady." Johnston, to save his life could not prevent a blush. Interested spectators tittered at the red flag of guilt. "But her pa thinks you'd better not, and as she ain't twenty-one, he can put a stop to it. You can settle with the old man when you get back."

"But indeed you have made a mistake," chorused Miss Brian and Johnston excitedly, and that irate youth added, rashly: "Now go, or I'll call"—

"Call the police," interrupted Parks, calmly. He held the trumps. Johnson choked.

Then Miss Brian, realizing the deep interest they were exciting, rose and said: "Perhaps it will be best to go out on the platform where we can explain." Johnston assented with almost a smile. Outside there would be more room for Park's annihilation. Parks looked triumphant

Safe in the waiting-room, Parks remarked affably: "We have just 15 minutes to wait for the next Baltimore train. Then I'll turn you over to your pa."

"Now we will show your mistake" began Miss Brian, forestalling Johnston.

"Mistake," echoed Parks. "Not much! You just fit the description. Now listen to this." And, flourishing a telegram, he read with great effect. The two stood before him like culprits. Miss Brian, with red cheeks, and eyes full of tears of mortification; Johnston with an air of helpless rage and embarrassment. Unconsciously the detective's voice rose as he read, while an amused audience surrounded them.

"'Girl of medium height, brown eyes, red hair'—there she stands," with an airy wave towards Miss Brian; "'man, tall, dark, smooth face.' Could anything be more exact?" appealing triumphantly to the audience.

Johnston was silent. The horror of a scene prevented him saying what rose in his mind. He reviewed the list of his Philadelphia acquaintances with a rapidity that astonished himself. In vain, all were out of town. He signed and blessed them and himself with great fervour. "Is there no one you know in town?" he asked Miss Brian. She shook her head. "No one. What can we do? I did so want to reach New York." Parks smiled significantly.

Ten of the precious 15 minutes had already passed. Miss Brian decided swiftly. "I will go back," she announced. "You have been delayed long enough, Mr. Johnston; you must go on." But Johnston indignantly refused to hear of such a proposition. His annoyance of the affair was somewhat modified by the knowledge that he would have her to entertain on the way home, and even mustered a smile as Parks, the triumphant marshalled them into the car. Their captor took a seat behind them, and his air of proprietorship created great interest. Someone inquired what was wrong, and, proud of his performance, he freely told. It circulated through the car and caused much merriment. Johnston wondered viciously why people could not mind their own affairs and how Miss Brian could look so unconscious of it all. His expression was so lugubrious that she tried to cheer him.

"It's a great joke to us," she said. "Won't there be a laugh when it's found out?" Johnston groaned; he could hear the laughter only too distinctly.

In vain they attempted to chat easily, they felt that every word of the spasmodic conversation was being carefully listened to. It was a slow journey.

But at last Mount Royal Station was reached. With the air of a conqueror exhibiting his spoils, Parks led his companions along the platform. His progress was checked by a heavy hand on his arm and a deep voice: "Parks, you scoundrel, where's Kate?"

Hand and voice belonged to a portly man whose rubicund face suggested beer, while a profusion of watch chain and rings gave an air of general propriety.

"Here," said Parks, with a careless wave towards Miss Brian and her escort, "and her beau, too."

The big man's face grew purple and his eyes fairly popped. Johnston glared scornfully at Parks.

Before anyone could speak the tableau was interrupted by a girl who rushed forward, exclaiming: "Oh popper! popper!" The newcomer was short and sandy-haired, and her round good-natured face was well-sprinkled with freckles. She was followed by a lanky youth, who seemed trying to hide his surplus length behind her. Unheeding the little group, she cast herself upon "popper" and poured forth a voluble tale about when, where, and why she had run away.

"Popper" seemed struggling in a fog; then he turned to pour the vials of his wrath upon Parks. But that worthy, making himself as unobtrusive as possible, had slipped away through the waiting-room, through the windows of which he saw Johnston helping Miss Brian into a cab.

Some months later Mr. Johnston and his bride, formerly Miss Kathleen Brian, boarded the Royal Blue for New York. At Philadelphia they remembered their former trip, and were laughing at the mishap as the train stopped. They turned to watch the incoming passengers, half expecting to see their old friend, Parks. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to see the little man coming towards them. At sight of them he looked sheepish, but stopped to speak.

"Are you going to stop us?" asked Johnston, laughing. Parks smiled. "Not this time," he said.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

HOW LONG TO COOK VEGETABLES.

The time required for cooking green vegetables is as follows:—

	Minutes.
Green peas, young and fresh	15
Green peas, old, not so fresh	30
Cabbage, sliced	30
Cabbage, chopped fine	20
Cauliflower and broccoli	30
Cucumber, cut in quarters	30
Onions, young	45
Celery, stewed	30
Spinach	10
Brussels sprouts, fresh	30
	Hours.
Cabbage, whole head, hard	2
Spanish onions, cut to eighths	1

All white and underground vegetables are, as a rule, rich in woody fibre, which is softened by gentle cooking in soft water. As salt hardens the water it should be added when the vegetables are partly done. The following table, if carefully followed will be found satisfactory:—

	Minutes.
Potatoes of medium size should be boiled until they can be pierced with a fork, which will require	30
Potatoes cut in cubes	10
Rice	30
Turnips, white, cut in blocks	20
Turnips, yellow, in blocks	45
Beets, new	45
Asparagus	45
	Hours.
Beans, winter or old, soaked overnight, cooked slowly	2
(If for baking, cook until the skin cracks.)	
Peas, old or split, soaked overnight	2
Carrots, sliced or cut up	1
Parsnips, cut into halves	1
Beets, old	4

POACHED EGGS AND TOMATOES.

Fry some rounds of bread and butter till a golden brown. Poach as many eggs as there are rounds of bread. Trim round the eggs nicely and place them on the fried bread, and serve with some baked tomatoes. To bake the tomatoes, put them in a baking tin with some pieces of butter or dripping on each tomato, pepper and salt to taste.

In poaching eggs it is best to use a deep frying pan; break each egg into a cup without breaking the yolk, and when the water boils, remove the pan to the side of the fire and gently slip the egg into it. Let the water kept simmering until the white is set. Use a slice to take them out.

TAPIOCA CUSTARD PUDDING.

Finely chop a small, fresh pineapple, cook it in two quarts of water for twenty minutes, and strain through a flannel bag, pressing out all the juice. To six cups of the liquid add three cupfuls of sugar, and boil for ten minutes. Cool, add two cupfuls of strawberry juice, the juice of three oranges, and of two lemons, and put in four cupfuls of water. Strain through a fine cloth and chill. To serve, fill small, thin glasses about a third full of cracked ice and fill up with punch.

MUSIC-CHARMED WATER.

Interesting experiments showing the influence of a tuning fork on jets of water have recently been made at the Royal College of Science in Dublin.

A jet of falling water consists ordinarily of two parts—a clear column and a troubled portion. When the troubled portion is photographed, with the aid of the electric spark, it is seen to be composed of a succession of drops following one another too rapidly to be separately perceived with the eye.

These drops are irregular in size, shape, and distance from one another. But if a vibrating tuning-fork is placed in contact with the stand from which the jet starts, the drops fall into order with beautiful precision, a drop being cast off with each vibration.

Many remarkable effects can thus be produced. A continuous jet may be thrown into a form like that of a vibrating string.

A DIFFERENT SORT.

A young preacher was recently called upon to officiate at a funeral in the absence of the pastor of the church.

He knew it was customary for the minister to announce after the sermon that those who wished should step up to view the remains; but he thought this was too hackneyed a phrase, and said instead:

"The congregation will now pass round the bier!"

And on the faces of the men-folk chaste resignation gave place to mild expectation.

OPEN-AIR EXPLOSION TEST.

Leon Thomas has been conducting experiments in Belgium with large quantities of dynamite in order to test the effects on surrounding objects.

There were erected around, at distances ranging from 16 feet to three miles 50 fixed or movable screens, and two cabins of wood covered with tiles, with doors and glazed windows.

The amount of dyanamite exploded ran from 50lb to a ton. The effect was found to be limited to a very small area. The discharge of 50lbs. was only felt for a distance of 53ft., while that of a ton extended to only 410ft. Beyond that distance the only effect was caused by the rush of air to the point of explosion to take the place of that which had been lifted up.

In the cabins the windows were all broken outward, the pains of glass falling outside. The dynamite forces upwards a volume of air, and then there is a rush of more air to take its place.

AN ADVENTURE IN CEYLON.

When Sir Samuel Baker was in Ceylon he was once attacked by a rogue buffalo. He was at the time armed only with a shot gun.

"With a stealthy step," he writes, "the bull again advanced a couple of paces towards me. He seemed aware of my helplessness, and he was the picture of rage and fury, pawing the water, and stamping violently with his forefeet.

"Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind. Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder in the right-hand barrel, and, tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, (3s. in six-penny pieces, I kept for paying the coolies). Quickly making them into a cartridge with the rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly well home when the bull again sprang forward. So quick was he that I had no time to replace the ramrod, but threw it in the water, bringing my gun to the ready at the same time. However, he again halted about seven paces from me.

"At this moment I heard my companion's voice explaining that he had but one barrel loaded, and no bullets left. I cautioned him to reserve his fire till the bull should be close to me. But he fired without effect. The horns were lowered their points on either side of me, and the muzzle of the gun nearly touched his forehead, when I pulled the trigger, and three shillings worth of small change rattled into his hard head.

Down he went, and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge. Away went my companion and I as fast as our legs would carry us through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead, but only stunned."

OTHER LANDS.

The tobacco grown in Beloochistan is exceedingly strong, and cannot be smoked by any but the most vigorous white men. The natives do not appear to in any way affected by it.

* * * * * *

Stored away in 10,000 boxes in the Bank of England are millions of notes which have been received back into the bank during the last five years, any one of which can be got at in a few minutes. No note is issued twice, and every one is made of new linen. It costs the bank a halfpenny to make a note for £1,000. The longest time a note has been away is 111 years. It was for £25.

* * * * * *

An emerald pendant belonging to an Indian prince realised £4,000 at auction the other day. The jewel was a State pendant, composed of a very fine emerald weighing six carats, and said to be the largest in existence, surrounded by six old Indian diamonds, the largest weighing eight carats and a half, with a fine pear-shaped emerald attached. The purchase was made on behalf of a South African magnate.

* * * * * *

Deep down in the Pacific Ocean, at a spot close to Wrangiel Land, British Columbia, the steamship "Islander" with £500,000 worth of gold aboard, lies buried. It has lain there since 1901 but it will be raised soon.

Divers who have examined the vessel are confident that they will be able to raise her. The wreck of the "Islander" was one of the biggest of the year's disasters. She struck on an iceberg off the coast of the south end of Douglas Island at two in the morning filling rapidly and sinking in twenty minutes. At the time there were 107 passengers, chiefly Americans returning from Dawson City, and miners, and a crew of sixty one on board.

* * * * * *

Food and drink and the sanitary conditions of his army are the principal cares of General Kuropatkin. He has seen the ravages of typhus during the Russo-Turkish war, and of dysentery in Turkestan, and he knows that the army ought not to be afraid of bullets or shells, but only of illness. It is for this reason that he consents to the sanitation trains and the convoys, carrying medicines being kept waiting for a time, in order that bread and meat may be freely distributed to all.

The General never raises his voice, he is never angry, but he is grieved and annoyed when he hears that the men have not received their rations. In going across country the General rarely passes a camp without stopping and tasting the food. The soldiers adore him! It is touching to see a man dip the big wooden ladle into the cabbage-broth and offer it to the great leader!

* * * * * *

Compared with some of the sieges of the nineteenth century campaigns, the siege of Port Arthur is not a very long one.

The longest siege occurred in the American Civil War, when the Confederates defended the town of Richmond for 1,485 days, or just over four years. Sebastopol, in the Crimean War, held out for seven months, General Gordon defended Khartoum against the Soudanese for 300 days. Fifteen thousand men held the fortress of Kars during the Crimean War for 163 days against a force of 50,000, and then surrendered through hunger.

In the Franco-German War Paris was besieged for 131 days. Belfort for 105 days; and Metz for 70 days. The sieges of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking, in the South African War, lasted 120, 123, and 261 days respectively. 1442.

LOSION TEST.

... been conducting ...lgium with large ...nite in order to ... surrounding ob-

...ed around, at dis-... 16 feet to three ... movable screens, ... wood covered with ... and glazed win-

...lyanamite exploded ... a ton. The effect ... limited to a very ... discharge of 50lbs. ... distance of 56ft., ... extended to only ... distance the only ... by the rush of air ... plosion to take the ...ch had been lifted

... windows were all ... he pains of glass ... he dynamite forces ... of air, and then ... more air to take

...E IN CEYLON.

...uel Baker was in ...e attacked by a ... was at the time ... a shot gun. ... step," he writes, ...lvanced a couple of ... He seemed aware ..., and he was the ...d fury, pawing the ...ping violently with

...ight thought flash-...ind. Without tak-... the animal before ...le charge of pow-...and barrel, and, ...ece of my shirt, I ...y from my pouch, ... pieces, I kept for ... Quickly making ...ridge with the rag, ...wn the barrel, and ... well home when ...rang forward. So ... I had no time to ...d, but threw it in ...ng my gun to the ...e time. However, ...bout seven paces

...t I heard my com-...xplaining that he ...el loaded, and no ...tioned him to re-... the bull should be ...t he fired without ... were lowered their ...de of me, and the ... nearly touched his ... pulled the trigger, ...s worth of small ...o his hard head. ... and rolled over ... checked momen-... Away went my ... as fast as our legs ...rough the water ..., knowing that he ... only stunned."

LANDS.

... in Beloochistan ... cannot be ... most vigor-... natives do not ... way affected by it.

* * *

...10,000 boxes in the ... are millions of ... received back ... the last five ... can be got ... note is is-... is made of ... bank a half-... for £1,000. ... has been a-... for £25.

* * *

... belonging to ... £1,000 at ... The jewel ... composed of a ... weighing six car-... the largest in ex-... by six old Indian ...gest weighing eight ... a fine pear-...attached. The pur-... behalf of a South

* * *

...e Pacific Ocean, at ... Wrangel Land, Brit-... steamship "Island-... worth of gold ...ried. It has lain ... but it will be rais-

...o examined the ves-... that they will be ... The wreck of the ... of the biggest of ...ers. She struck on ... coast of the south ... at two in the ...apidly and sinking ...es. At the time ... passengers, chiefly ...ning from Dawson ...s, and a crew of ...rd.

* * *

... and the sanitary ... army are the prin-... General Kuropatkin. ... ravages of typhus ...o-Turkish war, and ... Turkestan, and he ... army ought not to ... or shells, but ... it is for this reason ... to the sanitation ... convoys, carrying ... kept waiting for a ... bread and meat ...tributed to all. ... never raises his voice, ..., but he is grieved ... he hears that the ... ceived their rations. ... country the General ... camp without stop-... the food. The ...im! It is touching ... dip the big wooden ...bbage-broth and of-...eat leader!

* * *

...h some of the sieges ...h century campaigns, ...Port Arthur is not a

...ege occurred in the ... War, when the Con-...ed the town of Rich-... days, or just over ...bastopol, in the Cri-...held out for seven ...al Gordon defended ...nst the Soudanese for ...fteen thousand men ...s of Kars during the ...or 163 days against ...000, and then surren-... hunger. ...o-German War Paris ...or 131 days. Belfort ...and Metz for 70 days. ... Ladysmith, Kimber-...king, in the South ...sted 120, 123, and ...ctively. 1442.

mention of the horse being frightened, neither did the boy Owen, whom he interviewed. When conversing about the fire defendant did not say he had a fire lit in the fireplace. When the conversation about filling the mattress took place no mention was made as to where they got the hay from. There was a good deal of hay or straw in the stable when he inspected the place. When he looked on the ground five days after the fire there was a good armful of the remains of hay burnt. There was no quantity of bed-ticking except on the manure heap, but there were remains of hessian about the fire.

Having been duly cautioned, the defendant pleaded not guilty.

As no defence was entered into, the P.M. remarked—'Well, we think on the evidence defendant should be committed for trial at the Supreme Court, Ballarat, on 21st February.

The police offered no objection to bail, but pointed out that accused had no property himself.

The P.M. said that of course it was a very serious offence. Bail was allowed—defendant in his own recognisance of £200, with two sureties of £100 each. As the bail was not forthcoming, accused was removed to the watchhouse.

The Wilson Benefit.

About 40 residents attended a public meeting at the Mechanics' Institute on Wednesday night, to consider the best means of raising a benefit for the widow and family of the late Thomas Wilson. Mr J. E. Loft was voted to the chair, and explained that as the widow and family of the late Mr Wilson were in very straitened circumstances, the meeting had been called to see if the public were willing to raise a few pounds. Mr L. Jaensch was appointed secretary. He mentioned that sports, a concert, and straight-out giving had been suggested as means for raising money, and pointed out that with straight-out giving there would be no expense, and the weather would not have to be contended with. He also apologised for the absence of Messrs Eastwood and W. C. Jones. A letter was read from the Rev. R. McGowan, apologising for his absence, promising to help in any way that he could, and stating that if they had a subscription list they could put his name down for £1 1s, cheque for which he enclosed. Dr. Eadie and Mr Cougle having supported the proposal for straight-out giving, it was decided, on their motion, that subscription lists be prepared, a strong working committee formed, and straight-out giving adopted. Mr McDonald apologised for the absence of Mr Pedder, who was willing to fall in with whatever was decided upon. Dr. Eadie suggested that a subscription list be opened in the room, promising £1 1s, and also to give Mrs Wilson a clean receipt for a small account owing for medical attendance. The following subscriptions were also promised:—Messrs Loft, C. J. C. Baker, and J. R. Wotherspoon, £1 1s each; Messrs W. H. Halpin and M. Flynn, 10s 6d each. Mr Wotherspoon was informed by the chairman that Mrs Wilson had been seen by him and had agreed to accept help. Mr Wotherspoon said that most of them had known Tom Wilson from boyhood, and that it behoved them to do their best for his widow and family. He then spoke in support of a local concert in addition to the straight-out giving, and pointed out that by obtaining local performers and cutting down expenses a good profit could be made. With such a fine meeting success was assured. If they raised a good sum, Mrs Wilson could go into a small business, or get cows, and earn her own living. He moved that a concert be held as well. Seconded by Dr. Eadie, and carried. Mr Stevens thought his co-trustees would agree to give the use of the hall for the cost of lighting, which would be about 5s. Mr. A. Welsh was appointed assistant secretary, and Mr Loft treasurer. Collectors were appointed as follow:—Beaufort, Messrs Stevens, McKeirall, J. Jaensch, and Mrs J. R. Hughes; Waterloo, Messrs Felsenthall and Flynn; Raglan, Messrs Bartley and R. Stevenson; Stockyard Hill, Mr D. R. Hannah; Middle Creek, Mrs D. McDonald; Trawalla, Mr H. Jaensch; Eurambeen, Mr W. Kelly. The secretary was instructed to write to each collector, explaining the circumstances under which the appeal was made, and to also write specially to those decided upon by the committee, and to arrange with collectors not to call upon those. Mr Wotherspoon offered to buy produce given by farmers, but it was afterwards understood that Mr Halpin's offer to dispose of same by public auction without charging commission would be accepted. Messrs J. and R. Jackson, Wotherspoon, Halpin, Baker, Hill, Parker, Sinclair, Nicholson, and the Revs. R. McGowan and A. J. Pearce were appointed as a concert committee. The matter of fixing the date of the concert was left to the committee. It was decided that subscription lists should be returned by Monday, 13th February; also that a copy of the report of the meeting be enclosed with each letter of appeal, Mr Parker promising to supply the copies gratis. The secretary was instructed to write asking the Mechanics' Institute committee, in view of the exceptional circumstances of the case, to allow the room to be used free for meetings in connection with the movement. A vote of thanks to the chair terminated the meeting.

The committee afterwards met and decided to hold the concert on Wednesday, 22nd February. They also arranged to meet again on Wednesday evening.

Since the meeting, the secretary informs us, Mr Cougle has donated £1 1s and Mr H. F. Watkin 10s 6d.

CAUTION!

Persons when travelling should exercise care in the use of drinking water. As a safeguard it is urged that every traveller secure a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy before leaving home, to be carried in the hand baggage. This may prevent distressing sickness and annoying delay. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

"LINSEED COMPOUND," "The Stockport Remedy" for Coughs and Colds. Gives immediate relief.

PHOSPHOL EMULSION

(*Finest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.*)

A Very Valuable Remedy for DISEASES of the CHEST, MINERS' COMPLAINT & GENERAL WEAKNESS.

A Free Sample Bottle will be sent upon receipt of 4d. to cover Postage.

Obtainable of all Chemists. PRICE, 2s. BOTTLE.

ROCKE, TOMPSITT & CO., Flinders St., Melbourne.

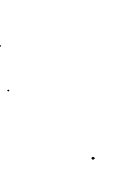
What—Full Stocks Now?

YES—WHY NOT?

Believing that our Customers will appreciate efforts to keep up assortments, we keep Stocks complete—prepared to supply needs as no other house attempts to...

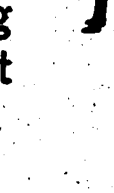
NIPPING PROFITS IN THE BUD.

Just when the Summer Season is at its best, and Summer Goods are in demand, we start to NIP THE PROFITS.



If you haven't procured cool dresses now is the time to buy them from us at a great reduction. Don't suffer the hot weather—provide for it—ENJOY IT. Just a little planning, just a little outlay, and the hot weather can have no terrors for you. * * * * * *

DOES YOU WIFE WANT A HAT?



Perhaps she does, and doesn't know it. If such be the case, SEND HER TO US. We are well satisfied with the past achievements of our Millinery Dept., and we are now giving real bargains in this dept., profit being no consideration whatever. *

*

We are Pushing Everything....

Everybody who has to do with this Store's doings is working with a will. With the start of another year's selling, the same wide-awake Storekeeping (the kind you like) again takes us to the head of the procession.

Make us a Visit.

We gladly invite all to walk through.

J. R. WOTHERSPOON & CO.,

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS,

BEAUFORT & BUANGOR.

The flight of time makes our Summer Goods of less value to us, but it makes the purchasing power of each of our Customers about Double.

HUNGER IS A GOOD SAUCE.

When you do not have hunger as a sauce for your food, try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They cleanse and invigorate the stomach and give a relish for the food, as no other preparation can. They are easy to take, pleasant in effect and are just what you need. For sale by J. R. WOTHERSPOON & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

Mining News.

All Nations Consols.—Troy and party—Driven S. off W. crosscut in N. end to 24ft. in good dirt. Panelling up No. 1 shoot in payable dirt. Yield, 46oz. 12½dwt. Grant and party—Panelling back S. end with fair results. Yield, 6oz. 5½dwt. Adamthwaite and party—Driving S.W.; prospecting drive in poorer wash. Yield, 3oz. 17½dwt. Morris and party—Laying permanent road preparatory to rising. Full yield, 56oz. 15½dwt.

Sam Slick Coy.—Taken out payable wash from the whim shaft. Engine shaft sunk to 183 feet, and opening set put in on W. side; now sinking the well. Yield, 11oz. 6¾dwt.

Sons of Freedom Junction.—Main south drive has been further extended 21ft., or a total from shaft of 149ft.

The following are the reported local yields for the week ending Saturday last:—All Nations Consols—Troy's tribute, 23oz. 2dwt.; Grant's tribute, 3oz. 16dwt. 6gr.; Adamthwaite's tribute, 9oz. 7dwts. 4gr. Daughters of Freedom, 7oz. 15dwt.; Last Chance, 2oz. 10dwt.; Brusher's, 11oz. 3dwt. 6gr.; sundries, 12oz.

Daughters of Freedom, Main Lead.—Yield for week, 7oz. 6dwt.

CLARKE'S 41 B PILLS are warranted to cure in either sex, all acquired or constitutional Discharges from the Urinary Organs, Gravel and Pains in the Back. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. Sold by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors throughout the world. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

The Skipton minstrel troupe gave a concert in aid of the Ballarat Hospital at Lismore on Friday. The concert was a success, about £10 being the result of the effort, and as the expenses are light, most of this will be available for the Hospital funds. Mr D. S. Oman, M.L.A., presided.

Wheat harvesting in this district is about completed, the yields being from 3 to 5 bags per acre. The latter is the return of Cushing Bros. on the Baangal Plains.

E. R.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF HAMPDEN—BEAUFORT DIVISION, 1904-5.—LIST OF NAMES OBJECTED TO UPON LIST OF RATEPAYING ELECTORS:—

No. 7, Aldrich, George; No. 19, Austin, William; No. 22, Bailey, James; No. 41, Barber, John A.; No. 59, Bending, John; No. 61, Bennett, Charles Henry; No. 62, Bennett, Charles Henry; No. 80, Boyd, Alfred J.; No. 86, Brantigan, Louis; No. 92, Broadbent, Charles; No. 107, Brumby, George; No. 108, Brumby, George; No. 182, Campbell, Alexander; No. 148, Carter, Alfred; No 149, Chapman, Stephen Seth; No. 156, Chibnall, Alfred C.; No. 179, Connelly, Henry; No. 181, Cook, James A.; No. 187, Cordy, Enos; No. 225, Daniels, George; No. 22?, David, John; No. 236, DeGraaff, Henry; No. 257, Drummond, John S.; No. 297, Flowers, Albert; No. 303, Fox, Charles C.; No. 309, Francis, John; No. 315, French, William; No. 333, Gillespie, Andrew; No. 338, Gilloch, Frederick; No. 345, Gourlay, William J.; No. 347, Graham, J hn, junior; No. 350, Grant, Peter, senior; No. 370 Hamilton, William; No. 385, Hannah, William; No. 386, Harke, Frederick V.; No. 390, Harrison, William; No. 395, Hehir, Thomas; No. 401, Hill, William J.; No. 404, Hinchliff, William; No. 413, Horne, George; No. 420, Hull, Frederick; No. 433, Jaensch, Henry; No. 450, Johnston, Walter, junr.; No. 452, Johnstone, J. Butler; 478, Kennedy, Henry G.; 479, Kennedy, Richard T.; 480, Kennedy, Thomas; 481, Kennedy, Thomas; 496, Knight, Henry; 497, Knight, Henry; 498, Knight, John; 500, Knox, William; 515, Leuenhagen, Frederick; 525, Lewis, Thomas; 533, Loft, George; 553, Maibecker, John F.; 560 Martin, Frederick; 567, Mathieson, Donald; 593, Morris, George; 614, McCracken, Edward; 629, McFadzean, David; 637, McKay, Alexander; 638, McKay, John; 642, McKenzie, Donald; 649, McNaughton, John; 667, Newling, Paul; 676, Nicholson, Malcolm; 689, Nothnusel, Valentine, junior; 708, O'Meara, John, junior; 712, O'Sullivan, Patrick J.; 714, O'Sullivan, Patrick, junior; 721, Panther, Charles J; 724, Parsons, William; 739, Phillips, William; 764, Roberts, Digory; 765, Roberts, Digory P.; 772, Roddis, James; 801, Sandilant, George; 809, Scarf, James; 812, Scarf, James; 892, Shepherd, Joseph; 823, Shepherd, Joseph; 830, Simper, Albert; 831, Simper, John; 836, Smith, Albert; 844, Smith, George Henry; 857, Stathes, Alexandratna; 880, Stokes, William J.; 897, Tait, John; 917, Tompkins, Joel; 919, Topp, William; 940, Vance, Frederick; 971, White, Donald; 973, White, Henry; 991, Wills, James; 1007, Woodfine, Charles; 1021, Yeoman, Richard.

The numbers correspond with those shown on the Electoral List for the above-mentioned Division. Full particulars of persons objected to may be seen without fee at my office.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar.

Beaufort, 18/1/1905.

ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF HAMPDEN—BEAUFORT DIVISION, 1904-5.—LIST OF NAMES OBJECTED TO UPON THE GENERAL LIST OF ELECTORS:—

217401, Alexander, Thomas Henry; 228553 Alsop, Thomas, junior; 72929, Baker, William Ernest; 196888, Ball, Frank; 196880, Bath, Josephus; 228576, Bell, John; 228559, Bending, Maurice; 108694, Blurton, Charles; 215757, Booth, John Sladen; 217426, Bowker, Percy John; 217428, Brown, George; 88035, Bruton, Thomas; 73255, Cameron, Peter; 187732, Cavagna, John; 162294, Collins, Samuel; 217431, Connolly, Harry Esmond; 259105, Corly, Enos; 72949, Corrigan, Patrick Joseph; 221952, Daly, Cornelius; 57984, Daly, John Patrick; 228552, Day, William Thomas; 196863, Dickson, Robert; 171900, Dunbar, Edward James; 196960, Eva, Frederick; 196863, Finn, Frederick; 112340, Glenister, Frederick; 91601, Gray, Robert James; 196877, Green, Cornelius; 259104, Green, Cornelius; 105915, Hall, Edward; 128574, Hall, William; 88030, Hannah, Archibald McAllum; 215755, Hartney, William Alexander; 87500, Hennessey, John; 230669, Holyoak, George Henry; 162236, Jones, David King; 165514, Jones, Edwin James; 228604, Jones, Thomas Samuel; 87492, Jones, William George; 229611, Keating, Mathew; 228573, Kelly, Mathew; 8607, Lamb, Ralph; 17415, Lewis, William; 228554, Lindsay, William; 196879, Moysey, William Bradford; 88031, McCarthy, Maurice; 87971, McFadzean, Thomas; 228570, McGregor, Alexander; 217438, Nelson, Robert Simeon; 73278, O'Connor, Charles Patrick; 217405, O'Meara, Thomas Charles; 215752, O'Shaughnessy, James Patrick; 217402, O'Sullivan, Jeremiah; 73285, Parkin, John; 112317, Perry, George Albert; 228601, Pollard, John Charles; 196898, Richards, Thomas Francis; 72936, Riley, William; 196893, Roberts, William; 106876, Rossina, Francis Alexander; 167258, Rowe, Charles Henry; 106680, Rowsell, George; 228622, Saddlier, Alfred; 196897, Sampson, Philip; 259103, Sargent, John; 215751, Sheehan, Francis Joseph; 228567, Smith, Charles Perry; 228620, Smith, Frederick Ransom; 165869, Smith, William Duke; 72927, Stephen, John; 87451, Stevenson, Samuel; 259107, Sudweeks, Henry Charles; 228555, Thomas, Thomas Mesick; 229624, Thompson, Hugh Taylor; 228581, Tinworth, George; 228614, Trainor, John; 87442, Turner, Henry Melville; 72908, Wendt, Victor Rudolph; 1968 6, Wheeler, Frederick; 108689, White, Archibald; 228618, Williams, John; 196857, Wilcox, Charles Vincent; 162255, Wood, Arthur; 72935, Wookey, Herbert Bruce.

The numbers are those of the Rightsshown on the General List. Full particulars of persons objected to may be seen without fee at my office.

C. W. MINCHIN, Registrar.

Beaufort, 19/1/1905.

MINING BOARD ELECTION.

ARARAT AND STAWELL DISTRICT.

NOTICE is hereby given that an election of two members as representatives of holders of miners' rights for the Ararat and Stawell Mining District will take place on Saturday, the 26th February, 1905.

Persons desirous of nominating candidates for the above district must forward to the Returning Officer, in writing, the christian and surnames of such candidates and their proposers, and also state on the nomination paper the number, date, and place of issue of the miners' rights of each of the persons nominating such candidates, and shall also produce or forward to the Returning Officer for his inspection each of the said miners' rights. Such nomination shall be signed by not less than ten persons duly qualified to vote at such election, and must be delivered to him before 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th day of February, 1905.

Dated at Stawell this 26th day of January, 1905.

F. W. BOND, Returning Officer.

NOTICE.

A REVISION COURT is appointed to be held at the Court-House, Beaufort, on Thursday, the 2nd day of February, 1905, at the hour of 1.30 o'clock in the afternoon, for the Revision of the List of Ratepaying Electors and the General List, A.D., 1904-5, for the Beaufort division of Hampden Electoral District.

C. W. MINCHIN, Clerk of said Court.

Beaufort, 24th January, 1905.

Mining Lease Declared Void.

ARARAT DISTRICT, RAGLAN DIVISION.—No. 1723; D. F. Troy 46a. 0r. 27p.; parish Raglan.

W. R. ANDERSON, Secretary for Mines.

Melbourne 19th January, 1905.

Beaufort Bush Fire Brigade.

A MEETING of the members of the above Brigade will be held at the SHIRE HALL, on THURSDAY, 2nd February, at 8 p.m. Business—Important.

D. D. CAMERON, Secy.

Scottish Picnic.

ALL interested in the above are invited to MEET at the MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BEAUFORT, on MONDAY next, at 8 p.m.

DONALD McDONALD, Convener.

THE MISSES JACKSON have resumed Tuition in Violin, Piano, theory, etc., at their residence, Stuart Street, Beaufort.

MISS C. V. BRINE, Teacher of Drawing, Painting, Modelling, Chip, Relief Carving, &c., resumes Tuition at Mechanics,' Beaufort, on Feb. 1st.

MISS NICKOLS resumes Tuition on Monday, 6th February. "The Firs," Beaufort.

MISS NORA TROY resumes tuition in Music, Wednesday, Feb. 1st. "Hillside," Beaufort.

SHIRE OF RIPON.

TENDERS, addressed to the President of the Shire of Ripon, and enclosing five per cent. cash deposit (minimum deposit £1, in cash or marked cheque), will be received up till 11 a.m. on Monday, 6th February, 1905, for the following works:—

NORTH RIDING.

Contract 285.—Supplying 800 cb. yds. of quartz and 300 cb. yds. gravel on the Beaufort and Waterloo road.

Contract 286.—Supplying 400 cb. yds. of quartz and 150 cb. yds. of gravel on the Beaufort and Main Lead road.

Contract 287.—Supplying 500 cb. yds. quartz and 150 cb. yds. gravel, Havelock and Neill streets, Beaufort.

Contract 288.—Forming, draining, &c., Speke street, Beaufort.

EAST RIDING.

Contract 289.—Forming, metalling, &c., on the Lake Goldsmith and Skipton road.

Contract 290.—20 chains re-forming and gravelling, Morcomb's Lane.

Contract 291.—Forming, supplying quartz, gravel, &c., Haddon road, Smythesdale road, and Preston Hill.

WEST RIDING.

Contract 292.—15 chains metalling and supply of 150 cb. yds. maintenance metal, Pretty Tower.

Contract 293.—Supplying 500 cb. yds. gravel, 300 cb. yds. maintenance metal, and squaring up old metal, Streatham and Skipton road.

Contract 294.—Supplying 150 cb. yds. maintenance metal, Lake Goldsmith and Beaufort road.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Mechanics' Institute, Skipton; Greyhound Hotel, Snake Valley; and Shire Hall, Beaufort.

E. J. MUNTZ, B.C.E., Shire Engineer.

Shire Office, Beaufort, 27th January, 1905.

SCHEDULE A.—[RULE (4b).]

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A MINING LEASE.

I, the undersigned, hereby give notice that within ten days from the date hereof, I will leave with the Warden of the Mining Division of Raglan an application for a Lease, the particulars whereof are hereunder set forth:—

Name in full of applicant or applicants, and style under which it is intended that the business shall be carried on—Thomas Edwin Sands; "The Zeno G.M. Co."

Full address of each applicant—Beaufort.

Supposed extent of ground applied for, and whether on or below the surface, or both, or a lode—about 300 acres; both on and below the surface.

Name and address of each person (if any) who is owner of and who is in occupation of the land, so far as the applicant has been able to learn—Charles Campbell, Langi-kal-kal, Trawalla.

Full description and precise locality of the ground—East of Trawalla Railway Station.

Term required—Fifteen years.

Time of commencing operations—On the granting of the lease.

Whether the boundaries of the land applied for will include any river, creek, deposit of permanent water, spring, artificial reservoir, public road, or subject to any public rights—One artificial dam.

General remarks—None.

Date and place—January 24th, 1905, Trawalla.

The metals or minerals for the winning of which this application will be made are—Gold.

If for gold, state whether it is intended to work for quartz or alluvial.—Both.

If of private land state whether a prospecting area is required—No.

Signature of Applicant—THOS. EDWIN SANDS.

A CARD.

CLEGG & MILLER, ARCHITECTS, LYDIARD STREET, BALLARAT.

Mr. Miller visits Beaufort periodically. Appointments made by letter.

"RIPONSHIRE ADVOCATE."

Notice to Advertisers.

OWING to the inconvenience caused by Advertisements being received after the appointed time, we beg to notify that unless ALTERATIONS TO STANDING ADVERTISEMENTS reach us by WEDNESDAY Morning, such alterations will not be made till the following issue.

In future this rule will be strictly enforced, in fairness to our employees.

Correspondents are also requested to send reports by Thursday.

A. PARKER, Proprietor.

NOTICE.

A REWARD will be given for information that will lead to the recovery of any sheep that may have strayed on to the roads from Carngham Estate in consequence of the destruction of fences by fire.

(Signed) JAMES RUSSELL.

TENDERS are invited for the following works:—

(1) Supplying 100 cb. yds. Sand, Blythvale.
(2) Breaking 50 cb. yds. Metal, Blythvale.
(3) Carting Building Material from Beaufort to Blythvale.

Conditions may be inspected at Blythvale, or at Welsh's Beaufort Hotel.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Tenders close Friday, 3rd Feby., at 8 p.m.

P. LEWIS, Manager.

BEAUFORT,
Parish of Langi-Kal-Kal.

SALE BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4TH, 1905.

AT NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD'S ROOMS, NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT, At 2 o'clock.

Splendid Freehold Property.

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD (Mr J. B. Chesterfield, Auctioneer) having received instructions from the owner, MRS. LEWIS, will submit to Public Auction, as above, all that piece of Land, being allotments 1 and 5, section A, parish of Langi-Kal-Kal, situate near Waterloo, containing 240 acres (more or less), and at present leased to Messrs. G. Vowles, H. Anderson and J. McNaughton. The Land is securely fenced and well watered, and is in first-class order.

Possession will be given on 19th March, 1905. The Land will be offered in lots to suit buyers. For positive sale. Terms liberal at sale. For particulars, apply

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers, Ararat, Beaufort and Pitfield.

FREEHOLD LAND.

SALE BY AUCTION,

SATURDAY, 28TH JANUARY, 1905.

At the RAILWAY HOTEL, PRATT STREET, BEAUFORT,

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD (Mr Chesterfield, Auctioneer) are instructed by MR. J. E. LOFT to submit to Public Auction, as above, all that valuable piece of Land, containing 20 acres (more or less), being Crown allotment 48, in the parish of Beaufort, situate on the Waterloo Road, about one mile from the the township of Beaufort, having a frontage to Waterloo Road of 1821 links, securely fenced and well watered.

For Positive Sale. Terms Cash. Immediate Possession.

NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneers.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL desires to express his most sincere thanks to all those who have so kindly assisted in extinguishing bush fires on Carngham Estate.

(For JAMES RUSSELL, Carngham)

JAMES L. CARSTAIRS.

FOR SALE or to Let, a 7-roomed COTTAGE, with three acres of Land, at Main Lead. Apply to MRS. LENNON.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

I BEG to announce to the Public of Beaufort and district that I have purchased Mr. W. Ingram's well-assorted stock of Boots and Shoes at considerably under cost price, and am therefore in a position to sell same at exceptionally low rates. The business in future will be carried on by me. All kinds of Boots and Shoes made to order, and Repairs neatly and cheaply executed. Satisfaction guaranteed. A trial solicited.

R. J. THUSTAIN.

Here's Your Chance.

OUR MR. E. H. ROGERS WILL OPEN

Sale and Sample Room,

NEILL-ST., BEAUFORT,

From 23rd inst.

Special Lines from all Depts...

NOTE.—GREAT VARIETY OF XMAS. AND NEW YEAR GIFTS...

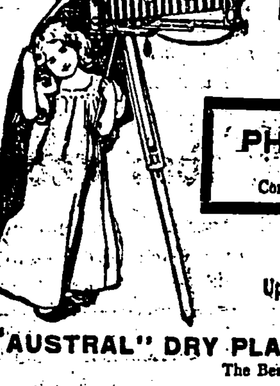
Any Order you may favor him with will receive our best attention....

Yours faithfully,

Lincoln Stuart & Co. Proprietary Ltd.,

General Outfitters, Household Furnishers, &c., &c.,

Flinders Street, Melbourne.



Baker and Rouse

PROPY. LTD.

Largest and Most Complete Stock of

PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS In the Commonwealth

Cameras from a few shillings

Up-to-date AMATEUR OUTFITS at all prices

MANUFACTURERS OF "AUSTRAL" DRY PLATES & PRINTING PAPERS

The Best on the Market

Importers of Edison Phonographs and Records Optical Lantern Goods

Illustrated Catalogue posted free on Application

260 COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE

WHEN ORDERING MENTION THIS PAPER

"In for a Long Spell of it."

is the forecast of Mr. Baracchi with regard to the hot weather we are now experiencing. We can help to make life less unpleasant by offering some "cooling" lines at "refreshingly" low prices.

Meat Safes...

14-inch. 16-inch. 18-inch.
7/6 9/6 13/6 each.

Water Bags...

1/3 1/6 1/9

Green or White Bamboo Blinds...

All Sizes. Low Prices.

Garden Hose...

5½d., 6½d., 8½d. per foot.

We can fix up a hose for you to fit any tap or tank.

Seltzogenes or Sparklets...

With Charges for Both.

Disinfectants and Phenyle...

From 6d. per tin to 4/6 per gal.

Fly Catchers...

In great variety, from Tanglefoot Sheets to Gauze Traps that will clear a room in less than no time.

Our Store is noted as one of the coolest spots in Beaufort, and as we stock all those numberless little Summer Sundries that help to make life run easily, we can make shopping a pleasure for you.

HAWKES BROS.,

THE IRONMONGERS

BEAUFORT.

LIGHT FROM PLANTS.

ONCE BELIEVED TO BE PURE FANCY, BUT NOW KNOWN AS REAL.

Trees and Bushes Which Produce Wonderful Luminous Effects—Some Experiences of Naturalists in Different Parts of the World.

One of the early naturalists, Mme. Merian, I think, describes an extraordinary spectacle which she observed in Asia. Her party was moving through a forest at night when without warning a large light appeared. At first dim, it increased in size, growing larger and larger until finally a tree was outlined in a soft pulsating light.

The natives were demoralized and refused to approach it, saying it was the sacred tree of fire. But the naturalist had little faith in trees of fire and investigated it, finding that the light was due to certain insects, which, by the way, has never been observed since.

That a tree or plant could give light was deemed a figure of the imagination, yet today it is known that light giving plants are not uncommon and among the most striking and remarkable of natural phenomena. Once in returning from a day's hunt through a deep forest in the heart of the Adirondack region I stumbled against a dead limb of a tree, when to my amazement I was at once surrounded by a silvery light that flew in all directions, like darts and arrows of fire, each piece burning where it lay. This was an unusually brilliant display of the best known of luminous plants, the "fox fire," or "witches' glow" of childhood days.

To the layman it is often mysterious, as investigation shows nothing but the decayed wood, and sometimes a soft, pulpy mass. The botanist will soon point out the light giver in the mycelium of some fungus that has permeated the old branch and fairly taken possession of it, converting it into a glorious spectacle when disturbed. The vividness of the light may be estimated when it is known that print can often be read by it, and the light of some has been known to penetrate through several thicknesses of paper.

Singular to say, the smallest plant is often the means of producing the greatest luminous effects. This is the diatom, which the naturalists of the Challenger found floating in the ocean in vast numbers, and as the nucleus of the diatom is often brilliantly phosphorescent some of the most remarkable displays of light observed by the naturalists were occasioned by these little plants. But what shall we say to a sight observed by a Norwegian bark in the bay of Funchal? The waters here are fairly alive with these little luminous plants the year round, and on the occasion referred to a waterspout formed among them. During the day it would have attracted little attention, as the phenomenon is a common one, but the crew of the ship were suddenly confronted at night by a literal pillar of fire or light that extended upward to a distance seemingly of 1,000 feet and moved along with a decided bend.

It emitted a pale yellow light that stood out in strong relief against the black night, a weird and formidable spectacle, rushing on before the wind.

An English naturalist, wishing to astonish some natives in a wild part of Asia in which he was traveling and impress them with his supernatural powers, secured a certain vine known as Euphorbia phosphorea, and rubbing it upon a big rock caused the latter to gleam with flame and present so remarkable a spectacle that the natives ran, believing that he had set the rock afire by simply touching it. The naturalist was aware that the milky juice of this plant, that resembled the dandelion, was brilliantly phosphorescent.

In the Hars mountains there has been for ages a cave known as the haunted cavern. An Englishman, traveling in the vicinity and hearing of it, determined to investigate the mystery. After a long climb he reached the cave. No sooner did complete darkness set in than the phantom of the cave appeared—a remarkable semblance to a human form, with arms outspread, outlined against the gloom. Making his way to the figure that had alarmed so many wayfarers, he found that it was a plant that grew upon the wall. It was the well known phosphorescent fungus, Rhizomorpha subterranea, frequently found in caves and familiar to miners. Its light is often so vivid that people have read by it.

These curious lights are not found in the tropics alone. Some years ago Mr. Morrell, editor of the Gardiner (Me.) Journal, wrote me that he had observed a brilliant steady light in his garden at times, totally unaccounted for by mechanical contrivance, and which, upon investigation, proved to be the phosphorescent light emitted by the young of the plant Tianus stydticus.

Perhaps the most startling exhibition was observed several years ago by an English traveler in Borneo. Belated, he was overtaken by night, and there being no moon he was fearful of losing his way, when, as the darkness came on, singular lights appeared here and there in the bushes and by the roadside. Some were yellow; others burned, or seemed to, with a bright greenish hue. As it grew darker the blaze of light increased, and finally the traveler was amazed to find that he was passing through lines of luminous bush which emitted light so brilliant that he could read by it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Pompous Vizier.

"I recall the story of a sultan," said Dean Hole, "who had a very pompous vizier, and desiring to rid himself of the vizier sold him in open market for a slave. The market was not brisk that day, and the vizier brought only eightpence. The sultan bought him in at this price, and thereafter whenever the vizier became pompous the sultan had only to mention 'eightpence,' or draw the figure '8' in the air, when the pompous minister immediately unbelted."

BE FIRM.

When you ask for a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, do not allow the dealer to sell you a substitute. Be firm in your conviction that there is nothing so good. This medicine has been tested in the most severe and dangerous cases of cramps, colic and diarrhœa, and has never been known to fail. For sale by J. E. Wotherspoon & Co., Merchants, Beaufort.

DOCKING HIS TAIL.

MAKING NOBBY CARRIAGE HORSES BY THE NEW OPERATION.

How the Job Is Done by One of the Professional Farriers—A Sharp Knife and a Redhot Iron—Keeping a Sharp Lookout For S. P. C. A. Spotters.

Horses' tails are now docked in a new and, it is claimed, a more humane way. The work is done by specialists, who call at the stables to perform the operation. Like dentists, who dull the pains of teeth extracting by seating the victims on luxurious plush chairs, modern farriers try to make their patients comfortable during the tail clipping. Still, despite these well meant efforts, docking is painful. But stablemen all say it is not as painful as tooth pulling.

In the present case a farrier was summoned to perform the operation. He arrived at the stable, carrying his outfit in a canvas bag, like a sailor's kit. After asking the coachman if the people present were "all right," the farrier carefully bolted and locked the doors and windows opening into the street and the back yard.

"Excuse me, gents," said the farrier briskly as he fastened the last window, "but I have to be on my guard. Only last week a bloke jumped me over a back fence, and that cost me $100, that did."

One of the back windows was left open from the top, although the shutters were closed, so that the draft would carry off the fumes of a small charcoal furnace, such as plumbers use, that the farrier started up. This was to bring the cauterising irons to a white heat.

The horse was then led into an end stall and fastened by an ordinary headstall to the manger, which was filled with oats. A piece of stout canvas, supported by a wooden framework previously built up in the stall, was swung under the horse's body. On one side this canvas hammock was secured by immovable fastenings, but on the other side the fastening ropes were tied to pulleys, so the horse could be raised up in the hammock.

Some stout wooden rails were built up to make a fence behind and almost touching his hind legs. The tail was laid across the top rail and a strap put over it. The hammock was then raised up until the horse was almost on his toe tips. Trussed in this way the horse could not kick or move his body or tail.

Now the actual operation began. The coachman tied a stout string around the tail at the place the incision was to be made and gathered up the long strands of hair that fell over it into a coil and fastened it back with a string, so as to expose the skin of the tail vertebræ. He then took a firm hold on the lower end of the tail, and the farrier began work.

The old fashioned docking shears with which the tail used to be divided are now out of use. The operation was done with a surgeon's amputating knife. The farrier poised the sharp edged lance over the vertebræ, and with short, deft strokes, wielding the knife with a steady hand, he cut through the flesh and cartilage, quickly severing the tail.

There was no flow of blood, the string tied above the cut checking the hemorrhage. While the farrier brought an iron at white heat from the furnace the coachman clipped a bunch of hairs from the severed end. He covered the raw cut thickly with the hairs, and then the cauterizing iron was pressed against the flesh. A sickening odor of burning hair and flesh arose at once, making the air of the closed up stable almost suffocating. This was the end of the operation. Both the cutting and the burning had been done inside of 60 seconds.

As a precaution the horse had not been fed that morning, and he began ravenously munching at the oats as soon as he was tied to the manger. During the cutting the horse did not quit eating, but he shook his head, and the body quivered when the iron burned the flesh. At this time, too, the horse gave a shrill neigh of pain, and but for the supporting hammock he might have fallen, for he tried to crouch down in the stall. As soon as the iron was removed the pain must have vanished, for the horse immediately began at the oats again and seemed at ease. By this improved method the operation is less cruel than under the old style of amputation.

The farrier's fear of detection was due to the vigilance of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which offers a standing reward of $100 to any one who will report a case of docking at its offices and give the evidence necessary to convict the offenders.—New York World.

John Wesley's Wife.

John Wesley married a widow, Mrs. Vizelle, who grew tired of his restlessly laborious life and complained. He paid no attention, and from complaint she went on to jealousy, thence to fury. He rebuked her sternly: "Do not any longer contend for mastery, for power, money or praise. Be content to be a private, insignificant person. Of what importance is your character to mankind? If you were buried just now or had never lived, what loss would it be to the cause of God?" She left him, taking with her a large number of his private papers, and he dismissed the subject by writing in his journal: "I did not forsake her. I did not dismiss her. I shall not call her back."

Food For Thought.

"How do you like my new dining room motto, 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you die?'" asked the boarding house landlady of the old boarder.

"I think it very appropriate," he said, with a suggestive glance at the famine before him.—Detroit Free Press.

Taken.

"I propose," began the deliberate old lawyer who called around to see a young widow on business, when his vivacious client exclaimed, "I accept." They are now partners.—Dallas News.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," for it *will positively restore in every case Grayor White hair* to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. Ask your Chemist for "THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER," sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere. Wholesale depôt 33, Farrington Road, London, England.

TRUTH UNVARNISHED!

No Fairy Tales Needed.

The Case of Mr. J. BROOKE.

(By a Special Reporter.)

How many people are there in Glenferrie who have not heard the story appearing below? They may be few or many, but we venture to express the opinion that Mr. Joseph Brooke, of No. 168 Glenferrie-road, especially favoured a reporter with the minutest detail on the occasion of his recent visit, "in the interest of humanity," as Mr. Brooke announced. Continuing he said:—

"It is twelve years ago since I first began business on this road. I have never left the neighbourhood all that time, and it was whilst living here that I had the bitter experience you enquire about."

"Does the circumstance date very far back?" enquired the writer.

"Several years ago, but I remember as though it were only yesterday, what my sufferings were like. They lasted a twelve-month or more, and all the time I could only get a little relief for a day or so now and then."

"How did you obtain it?"

"From the medicine which had been prescribed for me by my doctors. But, bless you, it was not worth mentioning, as if I got a little ease to-day I would be ten times worse to-morrow, so there was nothing in that. Indeed, I got tired of their treatment, and undertook to cure myself. I bought physic after physic, but the results were most unsatisfactory, and I dread to think how long my miseries would have continued only for a little circumstance that I am always glad to speak about."

"May I have the pleasure of hearing it?"

"Certainly. It was just through reading about Clements Tonic that the change I so longed to effect was realised, for I went into town one day and bought some, and that was the first time I noticed any real improvement in my health since I was taken ill over a year previously. I had suffered intensely from flatulence, and had a feeling in the stomach as though it was overloaded, even if I had not been eating anything at all. There was pain located between my shoulders, and I had to bear no end of misery through aching sensations in my back. The doctors said my liver was very sluggish, and I suppose they were right, for, truth to tell, it did not seem to be working at all. The whole day through I felt drowsy and had no desire whatever for work or anything, and often I knocked off for a day or two simply because I had no energy to keep going. Had I been able to eat well, goodness knows what my sufferings would have been like, for they were bad enough as it was, with no appetite at all. My chest had a nasty heaviness in it that caused difficulty in breathing, which was sometimes particularly distressing at nights, when I could rarely sleep owing to fits of restlessness which came on, and at other times I lost my sleep through having to get up and walk about the room owing to the excruciating pains in my stomach."

"No wonder you felt disinclined for work, with your rest broken like that."

"Of course, I could only expect to be continually weary when I slept so little, and I shall never forget the bitter taste I used to have in the mornings. That and the coated condition of my tongue were very disagreeable, and I was greatly pleased when Clements Tonic had so acted upon my internal organs that those unpleasantnesses were over. Now, does it not seem a strange thing that Clements Tonic should be capable of restoring one's appetite and digestion when so many other physics had failed? Well, that's a fact, and for building up the nervous system I do not think any medicine comes within reach of it. At all events it was a happy day for me when I began with that remedy, for in a short while afterwards it was good-bye to my years' suffering, and from then to the present time my health has been grand, which shows that Clements Tonic cured me properly. After spending so many restless nights it was glorious to retire and sleep soundly as Clements Tonic made me, and it would be base ingratitude on my part if I did not give that fine remedy a word of praise for restoring activity and strength to my body like it did, besides releasing me from every one of my painful ailments."

"These acknowledgments are useful to other people."

"They should be a guide, certainly, so please publish my statements in any style you think best."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, JOSEPH BROOKE, of 168 Glenferrie-road, Glenferrie, in the State of Victoria, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios, and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements—which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Parliament of Victoria rendering persons making a false declaration punishable for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Joseph Brooke.

Declared at Glenferrie, in the State of Victoria, this 19th January, 1904, before me, RICHARD ARDAGH, J.P., a Justice of the Peace in and for the Central Bailiwick of the State of Victoria.

Railway Time-Table.

The following is the local railway time-table:—A mixed train leaves Ballarat at 11.20 a.m., Trawalla at 12.7 p.m., reaching Beaufort at 12 22, and taking its departure at 12.30. It leaves Middle Creek at 12.54; and Buangor at 1.4. The Adelaide express leaves Melbourne at 4.40 p.m. (Sundays excepted), Ballarat at 7.50, and Beaufort at 8.44 (arriving here at 8.39). On the return journey to Melbourne (Monday excepted) the express leaves Beaufort at 6.25 a.m. (arriving here at 6.20). The afternoon mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat runs every week day. It departs from Buangor at 4.45 p.m., Middle Creek at 4.55, Beaufort at 5.30 (arriving here at 5.20), Trawalla at 5.54, and Burrumbeet at 6.9. A mixed train will also leave Ballarat and intervening stations to Stawell every week day at 5.10 a.m. (arriving here at 6.50 a.m., and leaving at 6.55 a.m.), and on every week day at 5 15 p.m., Burrumbeet at 6.9, Trawalla at 6.35, Beaufort at 7 (arriving here at 6.50), Middle Creek at 7 30, and Buangor at 7.42. The morning mixed train from Stawell to Ballarat leaves Stawell at 6 a.m. instead of 6.15 a.m., and is timed to leave the district stations every week day as follows:—Buangor, 7.48; Middle Creek, 8; Beaufort, 8.37 (arriving here at 8.27); Trawalla, 8.50; Burrumbeet, 9.16. The 8.20 p.m. train from Stawell to Ballarat, arriving at Beaufort at 11 10 p.m., runs every week day.

"LINSEED COMPOUND," of 38 years' proven efficacy, for Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis, &c.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO WASH CLOTHES IN PARAFFIN SOAP.—Cut down ½lb. paraffin soap and put it into a boiler of water to melt. Rub the clothes well out of the soda water, in which they have been previously soaked, put them into the boiler and let them boil for half an hour; then put them into a tub with plenty of cold water; wash them thoroughly, then rinse in blue water and dry.

TO CLEAN EMBROIDERY.—Gold and silver fancy-work of this description may be most easily cleaned with spirits of wine, either alone, or diluted with an equal weight of water. The common practice of using alkaline or acidulous liquors is very injurious, and frequently destroys the beauty of the articles instead of cleaning them.

TO RESTORE SCORCHED LINEN.—Ingredients: Two onions, ½oz. white soap, 2oz. of fuller's earth, half a pint of vinegar. Mode: Extract the juice of the onions by pounding and pressing them; cut up the soap and fuller's earth, and boil all together. When cool, cover the scorched linen with this mixture, and let it dry. Wash the linen, and the scorches will disappear, if not so bad as to damage the texture.

BED-ROOM FLOORS.—Some mistresses make a practice of ordering the floors of bed-rooms to be frequently washed. I wish to guard both mistresses and servants against this practice. It is most dangerous to the health of the person who occupies the bed-room, to wash it or scour it, unless the weather be very fine or warm, in order to allow the window to be opened for thoroughly drying the room before night. The utmost that should be done, except in favourable circumstances, is to pass a damp cloth lightly over the floor

HOW TO CLEAN DECANTERS AND CRUETS.—The best way is to wash them out with a little pearlash and warm water, adding a spoonful or two of fresh slaked lime if necessary. To facilitate the action of the fluids against the sides of the glass, a few small cinders or pieces of raw potato may be used. A spoonful of strong oil of vitriol put into a dry bottle will, if allowed to run round its inner surface, rapidly remove any kind of dirt. It should then be drained, and afterwards rinsed with clean water. Where they have become furred by holding hard water, a little hydro-chloric acid (spirits of salts) diluted with three times its weight of water will remove it.

TO WASH CLOTHES WITH PARAFFIN OIL.—To every eight gallons of cold water put ½lb. of soap, shred fine, one and a-half tablespoonful of paraffin oil, into a boiler, put in the clothes, let them come to the boil, keep the lid close on boiler, and steam for half an hour, take out each article separately, and wring them out. When all are finished, hang them out to dry. If possible, bleach your clothes on grass after boiling; but where this cannot be done, it is yet possible with care to keep your linen white and clear. Laces and muslin should not be rubbed, but squeezed with the hands in melted soap and warm water. Be careful, in boiling them, to tie them up in a handkerchief to prevent their being torn.

PIANO KEYS.—These can be whitened by washing in a solution composed of 1oz. of nitric acid to 10oz. of soft water. Apply with a brush, taking care that it does not flow on the wood part upon which the ivory is veneered, for the joint will be spoiled. Cleanse carefully with clean water and a piece of flannel. Or, sulphorous acid with an equal quantity of water may be used as above. If the discolouration has not gone too far, rub the keys carefully with pure lemon juice. While still damp, put on a coating of whiting or prepared chalk, mixed with a little lemon juice. When dry, brush off with a dry brush, taking care that none of the mixture gets between the keys. If, however, the keys are thoroughly worn and discoloured, they must be dismounted, scraped, bleached, and repolished, which is a long and tedious affair, and requires to be done by a skilled workman.

TO CLEAN BRUSSELS CARPETS.—Brussels carpets may be cleaned in the following manner:—First, stretch the carpet tightly on the floor, nail it at the sides, and sweep it clean. Procure an ox gall from a butcher, and mix it with a pail of cold water. Have another pail ready with cold water only. Have also two woollen cloths and several dry towels. Commence by dipping a woollen cloth in the gall-water, and then rub the carpet with it. This will produce a froth on the carpet, and you will now take the other woollen cloth dipped in clean water, with which you will rub the carpet till no more froth rises from it, rinsing the cloth occasionally in the clean water. The water in this pail should be changed when it becomes dirty. You then rub the carpet as dry as possible with the towels.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—In washing flannels (notice particularly), to keep them a good colour, and to prevent their shrinking. Get from the grocer 1lb. or 2lb. (according to the size of your washing) of soap parings, which you will get cheap; for 1lb. of soap parings, put three quarts of water; boil to a jelly, and with this wash your flannels. Be sure you have plenty of warm water, not too hot; put in a handful of your soap jelly, and mix thoroughly in the water; then take the flannels, one at a time, shake all dust out of them first; then sluice the articles up and down well; rub as little as possible, for rubbing knots the little loops of wool together, and thickens the flannel; wring them in a machine, if you have one; if not, squeeze them well. Dry in the open air, if the weather permits, as quickly as possible. In washing scarlet or blue flannel, put one tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia in the rinsing water.

Lime-washing is a much more effectual mode of purification than white-washing, but is not so often used, as few persons know how to make lime-wash. If glue is used it is destroyed by the lime, and the wash easily rubs off the walls when dry. This also happens if the lime be simply slaked in water and used without any fixing material. Lime-wash should be made by placing some freshly burned quicklime in a pail, and pouring on sufficient water to cover it; if the lime is fresh, great heat is giving out; boiled oil (a preparation of linseed oil, sold by all oilmen) should then be added, one pint to each gallon of wash. For cheapness, any refuse fat, such as dripping, may be used instead of the boiled oil. The whole should then be thinned with water. The brush should not be left in the lime-wash, or the bristles will be destroyed. Should coloured wash be required, 1lb. of green vitroil added to every two gallons of wash gives a pleasing drab. Quick-lime slaked with skimmed milk, and afterwards thinned with water, makes an excellent wash for out-door walls, as it is not acted on by the weather.

WEARING DRESSES.—It is best to wear washing dresses to work in as much as possible; of course washing them or having them washed is troublesome and expensive, but dirt and grease do not ruin them, and they look fresher and better than stuff dresses, especially in summer. Never trim a washing dress with flounces or frills; they look out of place, are soon crumpled, and are very troublesome to starch and iron. Do not have a working dress made long; it is waste of stuff, and would be very much in the way. Keep your working dress clean and tidy by wearing over it a large thick apron with a bib, and turning up your sleeves.

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION CURED.

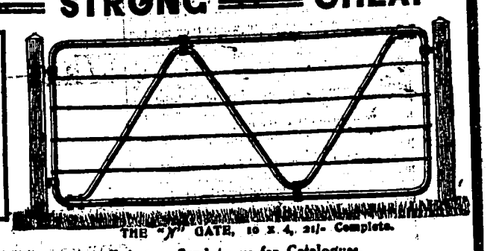
Fred. G Ilett, Esq., Walgett, N. S. W., writes: "For years I had been a sufferer from chronic constipation, due to my sedentary occupation, tutor. I sent for a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and the results were so satisfactory that I have since used half a dozen bottles. The Tablets have certainly done me a great deal of good, for when I first began to use them I had to take four tablets twice a week to produce the desired effect, but now two Tablets a month keeps the bowels in good order. Sold by J. E Wotherspoon & Co.

FENCING AND GATES

SAFE — STRONG — CHEAP

ACTUAL SIZE

THE "GYCLONE" DROPPER ...OF... No. 6 GAL'D ...WIRE... Cheap and Effective



THE "Y" GATE, 10 x 4, 21/- Complete.

This Advertisement is but a Sample of what we are offering. Send to us for Catalogues.

"CYCLONE" WOVEN WIRE FENCE AND GATE CO. FRANKLIN STREET MELBOURNE

A Lethal Fall.

(BY A BANKER.)

From time to time during the winter months the metropolis of great British Empire is shrouded in a dense, opaque pall of combined fog and smoke, day is turned into blackest night; and the entire city is plunged in a cimmerian darkness. In a severe—though happily rare—visitation like that which literally plunged London into mourning in the year 1879, when more than two thousand victims succumbed to the deathly, choking compound, and hundreds of oxen were suffocated in the Christmas cattle show, the black murky pall which overshadowed the city as though the sun had been obliterated from the firmament was so dense and so turbid that it was impossible to see an object a yard distant; even the lights in the shop windows failing to penetrate the sooty cloud which enveloped everything.

In the streets an appalling confusion reigned supreme. Men with links and torches preceded every vehicle, but notwithstanding this, constant and repeated collisions continually occurred; while, as omnibus collided with omnibus, or, with a crash, a heavy dray almost demolishes a cab or a carriage, females shriek, and men express themselves according to their several idiosyncrasies; while the shouting of the linkmen, who in the dimness look like ashy ghouls grasping a will-o-the-wisp, the stern commands of the policemen, and the hoarse, strident vociferations of the coachmen and drivers, create an uproar and rending discord quite impossible to describe. No one is quite certain where he is or in which direction he is proceeding; some, thinking they are going towards their home, find they are going in the opposite direction; others, finding it impossible to find their way, give up the attempt and take refuge in restaurants and inns; while many others continue helplessly to grope in the fuliginous darkness, to find themselves perhaps no nearer their destination than when they started long before. And so it goes on hour after hour, until suddenly a wind arises, and in an incredibly short space of time the fog has cleared off and the sun shines brightly in a cloudless sky.

Judging from traditions extant in China and other lands it is believed that the whole earth was once plunged in a supernatural darkness for a space of three hours. And surely that darksome eclipse of nature must have extended throughout the whole of the universe; must have not only darkened our own sun, but every other sun throughout the illimitable abysm of space. For He who had created them all was bearing the dread load of the sins of the universes; was being, as it were, suffocated by the revolting horror which like a foul loathsome vampire was resting upon Him, and crushing down His pure and holy soul with its hideous, noisome burden. And then with the joyous cry, "*Tetelestai*"—"It is finished,"—His released spirit bounds upwards to Paradise, the gates of the Kingdom of heaven are open to all believers, and sorrowing nature, which could not endure the dire tragedy which was being enacted, casts off the veil which had shrouded it all from her view.

Important to Applicants for Mining Leases.

Applicants for leases within the district covered by *The Ripon shire Advocate* are invited to peruse the following facts:—

The New Mining Regulations require that when a lease is marked out the applicant "shall insert in a newspaper PUBLISHED IN THE DISTRICT WHERE THE LAND IS SITUATED, or if no such newspaper, then in the one published nearest the district, an advertisement or notice in the form marked A in the schedule prescribed.

Ten days are allowed, after marking out the lease, in which to lodge the application with the Warden or his clerk, and forward a duplicate to the Minister of Mines.

The word "district" in the regulations has been defined by the Crown Solicitor to be read as locality, and not as mining district, and the lease should therefore be advertised in the paper nearest the and for which application is to be made. As TEN days (not seven as formerly) are given in which to complete the application, no valid excuse can now be urged for failure to advertise the lease in the district paper, though it has only a weekly, and not a daily issue.

This is borne out by the following memo. from the Mines Department received by Mr H. A. Adams, *Greenville Standard*, Linton.—"Sir,—Referring to your communication, I have the honor to inform you that the Warden's clerk at Smythesdale has been instructed to advise intending applicants for mining leases, where opportunity offers [i.e., for tendering such advice], that the regulation relating to advertising their applications should be STRICTLY ADHERED TO.—I have the honor to be, etc., P. Cohen, for Sec. of Mines and Water Supply."

Buangor Athletic Club.

The following are the handicaps for the Buangor Athletic Club's sports, to be held on the 30th January, 1905. Acceptances close on day of races. Competitors' tickets obtainable at gates:—

BUANGOR HANDICAPS,

130yds., 220yds., and 440yds.

	130y. yds.	220y. yds.	440y. yds.
A. W. Lewis ...	5	8	10
H. Briody ...	9	14	20
T. Robinson ...	9	14	20
J. Jackson (assumed)	11	18	30
A. V. Carroll ...	11	18	23
H. P. Vendy ...	12	19	28
E. Farish ...	12	18	23
A. E. Templer ...	12		
T. J. Little ...	12		
W. C. Moore ...		20	30
R. McLean ...		20	30
G. Abrahams ...	13		
J. Whelan ...	13	20	25
W. Hannah ...	13		
A. C. Welsh ...	13		
W. Earle ...	13	20	
A. McWhirter ...	13	20	
D. McPherson (Buangor)	13	22	
R. Robinson ...	14	22	
W. Bartlett ...	14	22	30
W. Isbel ...	14	22	33
C. Cooke ...	14	22	33
H. J. Clarke ...	14	22	
T. Orrock ...	14	22	
R. Murray ...	14		
A. Chinnock ...	15	23	35
L. C. Bickett ...	15	...	35
W. C. Gilbert ...		...	35
T. McArthur ...	15	...	35
G. Kent ...	15		
G. Baker ...	16	...	30
H. Ord ...		23	
F. E. Lewin ...		24	
Sheer Alie Khan ...		24	
J. J. Sargeant ...		25	38
H. J. Glenn ...		26	
C. Brittain ...		...	33
T. Baker ...		...	38
N. McDonald ...		...	38
W. Milne ...		...	40

The handicaps of the following are withheld till rules are complied with:—

G. H. Impey, A. Hyland, D. McPherson (Stawell), C. Fleming, T. A. Brudenall, A. Norman, T. E. Ball, W. Game, B. H. Lee, J. N. Lee, F. Taylor, T. Crosbie, F. Impey, F. J. Crosse.

DISTRICT HANDICAP, 120 yds.

	Yds. scr.
T. Robinson ...	3
E. Farish ...	3
A. E. Templer ...	4
J. Murray ...	5
D. McPherson ...	6
R. Robinson ...	6
W. Bartlett ...	7
W. Lees ...	7
W. C. Gilbert ...	8
H. Ord ...	9
G. Baker ...	10
F. E. Lewin ...	10
T. McDonald ...	10
N. McDonald ...	11
T. Baker ...	11
J. Meadows ...	12
H. J. Glen ...	12
W. Jones ...	12
C. Robinson ...	12

HANDICAP HURDLE RACE, 120 yds.

	Yds.
A. W. Lewis ...	3
A. V. Carroll ...	5
E. Wilkinson ...	7
T. J. Little ...	9
A. McWhirter ...	11
J. Jackson (assumed)	11
H. J. Clarke ...	12
S. W. Clarke ...	12
Sheer Alie Khan	14
G. Anderson ...	15

The handicaps of the following are withheld till rules are complied with:—

C. Fleming, F. J. Crosse, T. E. Ball.

BICYCLE RACES.

	1 Mile. scr.	2 Miles. scr.
J. M. Foster ...	80	160
C. Driver ...	80	160
P. Sheppard ...	80	160
V. Sheppard ...	95	190
H. Woodward ...	100	200
J. Melrose ...	115	230
W. Shalders ...	120	240
L. G. Chapman ...	120	240
K. R. Leslie ...	120	240
M. Kerby ...	125	250
M. Tyrrell ...	125	250
S. W. Clarke ...	125	250
L. McGuinness ...	130	260
C. P. Ashton ...	130	260
D. Middleton ...	130	260
A. W. Cheeseman ...	130	260
A. A. Ramsay ...	130	260
H. E. Ashton ...	135	270
H. Mason ...	150	
J. Ferguson ...		

The handicaps of the following are withheld till rules are complied with:—

A. E. Roberts, B. Gosch, T. Clarke, C. Fleming, J. A. Clelland.

S. S. PICKFORD, Handicapper.

Police Magistrate's Fixtures

The following are the police magistrate's permanent engagements in the Ballarat district, with the necessary proviso, added by Mr Dickson, "unless otherwise engaged":—

Ballarat—10 a.m., daily.

Ballarat East—10 a.m., 3rd Wednesday and fourth Thursday.

Beaufort—1.30 p.m., 1st Thursday and fourth Tuesday.

Bungaree—9 a.m., 4th Monday.

Buninyong—3.15 p.m., 3rd Friday.

Carngham—2 p.m., 2nd Wednesday.

Gordon—9 a.m., 2nd Monday.

Linton—2 p.m., 1st Saturday.

Learmonth—12.30 p.m., 1st Tuesday.

Kaleno—11 a.m., 2nd Tuesday.

Scarsdale—Noon, 3rd Thursday.

Skipton—10 a.m., 2nd Wednesday.

COAGULINE. Transparent Cement for broken articles.

J. A. HARRIS,

In thanking his numerous customers for past patronage, begs to announce that he has procured a FURNITURE VAN, and is prepared to remove Furniture to any part of the country at exceptionally cheap rates.

Having had the services for the past 20 years of an experienced furniture packer, customers can rely upon safety of removal.

Picnic and Shooting Parties a specialty.

Office at Railway Station (Broadbent Bros.), Permewan, Wright & Co.; McCulloch & Co.)

L. BRAVO,

Hairdresser, Tobacconist, and Fancy Goods Depot,

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

SHAVING, 3d.; HAIRCUTTING, 6d. CHILDREN, 3d.

Every satisfaction guaranteed. Cleanliness and Civility.

A Good Assortment of PIPES, TOBACCO, and CIGARS kept in Stock.

WM. C. PEDDER,

Wheelwright and Blacksmith,

Begs to thank the public of Beaufort and surrounding district for their patronage during the last 15 years, and to intimate that he is still carrying on business at the same old address

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT,

with a staff of skilled mechanics and up-to-date machinery, and is prepared to execute all orders entrusted to him with promptness and despatch. Prices as low as possible, consistent with good workmanship. Horses as usual carefully shod.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In thanking the public for the support accorded me for the past 4½ years, I beg to announce that I have taken the

Golden Age Hotel, Beaufort,

And trust by keeping the very

Best Liquors in Stock,

to receive a share of public patronage.

I will be in possession on and after Saturday January 30th.

MEALS a Specialty, from 1s.

A careful Groom always in attendance.

C. W. JONES.

New Zealand Insurance Co.

Established 1859.

THE PREMIER COLONIAL COMPANY.

Dwellings, Farm Buildings, and Hay Stacks Insured at Current Rates.

Prompt Settlement of Losses.

Local Agent—John McDonald, MIDDLE CREEK

Ballarat Branch—Frank in Chambers Lydiard street. ROBT. J. SPARROW Local Manager.

Say!

Don't it Make you Mad

To find that your Newspaper has not arrived to time? Of course it does.

This does not happen to the clients of

J. B. COCHRAN

NEWS AGENT, &c., &c.

BEAUFORT.

Reliability and Promptness; Straight Dealing with Civility and Attention; combined with Large and Well-assorted Stocks of Confectionery, Toys, Books, Garden Seeds, &c., are always to be found here, where the good things are many.

W. EDWARD,

Painter, Paperhanger, and Glazier

NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT.

Dealer in Paints, Oils, Colors, Paperhanging, Window Glass, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., etc.

All sorts of Vehicles Re-painted. Estimates given in town and country. All Painters' Requisites kept in stock.

F. G. PRINCE

Begs to intimate that he has STARTED BUSINESS as a BUTCHER in premises in NEILL STREET, BEAUFORT (next door to Mr. T. Sands), and hopes by strict attention to business and by keeping the Prime Meat, to merit a fair share of public patronage.

Small Goods a Specialty.

R. G. KIRKPATRICK

GENERAL CARRIER,

. . . BEAUFORT,

In Soliciting a Share of Public Patronage begs to announce that he is representing

A. M. Greenfield & Co., Ballarat

AND

Nickols & Chesterfield,

Auctioneers, Beaufort,

And can Supply all kinds of . . .

Farm Implements,

Manures,

Twine,

Oil, Bags, &c,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS

CHESTERFIELD

(LATE W. EDWARD NICKOLS),

Auctioneers and General Commission House, Land, and Insurance Agents

BEAUFORT, ARARAT, AND PITTFIELD

MR. J. H. CHESTERFIELD, Auctioneer

MONEY TO LEND.

AUCTION SALES CONDUCTED in any part of the State of Victoria.

Every attention, and prompt returns.

W. EDWARD NICKOLS & CHESTERFIELD Auctioneers.

Printed and published by the Proprietor ARTHUR PARKER, at the office of the *Ripon shire Advocate* newspaper, Lawrence street, Beaufort, Victoria.